

ROONEY, O'HARA, TEDDY, MORTIMER

[There is a knock at the door]

O'HARA: Come in!

[LIEUTENANT ROONEY *bursts in. He is a very tough, driving, dominating police officer*]

ROONEY: What the hell are you men doing here? I told you I was going to handle this.

KLEIN: Well, sir, we was just. . . . [KLEIN'S *eyes go to the prostrate* JONATHAN *and* ROONEY *sees him*]

ROONEY: What happened? Did he put up a fight?

BROPHY: This ain't the guy that blows the bugle. This is his brother. He tried to kill Klein. We kinda think he's wanted somewhere.

ROONEY: Oh, you kinda *think* he's wanted somewhere? If you guys don't look at the circulars we hang up in the station, at least you could read *True Detective*. Certainly he's wanted! In Indiana! Escaped from the Prison for the Criminal Insane—he's a lifer. For God's sake, that's how he was described—he looked like *Karloff!*

KLEIN: Was there a reward mentioned?

ROONEY: Yeah—and *I'm* claiming it.

BROPHY: He was trying to get us down in the cellar.

KLEIN: He said there was thirteen bodies buried down there.

START

ROONEY: Thirteen bodies buried in the cellar? And that didn't tip you off he came out of a nut house?

O'HARA: I thought all along he talked kinda crazy. [ROONEY *sees O'HARA for the first time*]

ROONEY: Oh—it's Shakespeare! Where have you been all night—and you needn't bother to tell me!

O'HARA: I've been right here, sir, writing a play with Mortimer Brewster.

ROONEY: Yeah? Well, you're going to have plenty of time to write that play. You're suspended!

O'HARA: Can I come over some time and use the station typewriter?

ROONEY: No! Get out! Take that guy somewhere else and bring him to. See what you can find out about his accomplice—the guy that helped him escape. He's wanted, too.

[KLEIN *and* BROPHY *are bending over* JONATHAN]

No wonder Brooklyn's in the shape it's in. With the police force full of flatheads like you. Falling for that kind of a story—thirteen bodies buried in the cellar!

TEDDY: But there are thirteen bodies in the cellar.

ROONEY: [*Turning on him*] Who are you?

TEDDY: I'm President Roosevelt. [ROONEY *goes slightly crazy*]

ROONEY: What the hell is this?

BROPHY: He's the fellow that blows the bugle.

ROONEY: Well, Colonel, you've blown your last bugle!

[TEDDY'S *attention has been attracted to the body on the floor*]

TEDDY: Dear me, another yellow fever victim! All the bodies in the cellar are yellow fever victims.

ROONEY: What?

O'HARA: No, Colonel, this is a spy we caught in the White House.

ROONEY: [*Pointing to* JONATHAN] Will you get that guy out of here.

TEDDY: If there's any questioning of spies—that's my department!

ROONEY: Hey, you—keep out of that!

TEDDY: You're forgetting! As President, I'm also head of the Secret Service. [*He exits into the kitchen, MORTIMER has come down*]

MORTIMER: Captain—I'm Mortimer Brewster.

ROONEY: [*Dizzy by this time*] Are you sure?

MORTIMER: I'd like to talk to you about my brother Teddy—the one who blew the bugle.

ROONEY: Mr. Brewster, we ain't going to talk about that—he's got to be put away.

MORTIMER: I quite agree with you, Captain. In fact, it's all arranged for. I had these commitment papers signed by Dr. Gilchrist last night.

ROONEY: Where's he going?

MORTIMER: Happy Dale. . . .

ROONEY: All right. I don't care where he goes as long as he goes!

MORTIMER: Oh, he's going all right. But I want you to understand that everything that's happened around here Teddy's responsible for. Now, those thirteen bodies in the cellar. . . .

ROONEY: Yeah—those thirteen bodies in the cellar! It ain't enough that the neighbors are afraid of him and his disturbing the peace with that bugle—but can you imagine what would happen if that cockeyed story about thirteen bodies in the cellar got around? And now he's starting a yellow fever scare. Cute, ain't it?

MORTIMER: *[with an embarrassed laugh]* Thirteen bodies! Do you think anybody would believe that story?

ROONEY: You can't tell. Some people are just dumb enough. You don't know what to believe sometimes. A year ago, a crazy guy started a murder rumor over in Irvine and I had to dig up a half-acre lot, just to prove ...

[There is a knock at the door]

STOP

WITHERSPOON: I'M Mr. Witherspoon, the Superintendent of Happy Dale.

ROONEY: Lieutenant Rooney. I'm glad you're here, Super, because you're taking him back with you today!

WITHERSPOON: Today! I didn't realize it was this immediate.

ROONEY: The papers are all signed. He goes today. *[TEDDY enters from the kitchen]*

TEDDY: It's insubordination! When the President of the United States is treated that way, what's this country coming to?

ROONEY: There's your man, Super.