

ABBY. (*Stopping Jonathan.*) And this is another nephew, Jonathan.

O'HARA. (*Crosses below Mortimer and gestures to Jonathan with his night stick.*) Pleased to make your acquaintance. (*Jonathan ignores him. O'Hara speaks to aunts.*) Well, it must be nice havin' your nephews visitin' you. Are they going to stay with you for a bit?

MORTIMER. I'm staying. My brother Jonathan is just leaving.

(*Jonathan starts for stairs. O'Hara stops him.*)

O'HARA. I've met you here before, haven't I?

ABBY. I'm afraid not. Jonathan hasn't been home for years.

O'HARA. Your face looks familiar to me. Maybe I seen a picture of you somewheres.

JONATHAN. I don't think so. (*He hurries upstairs.*)

MORTIMER. Yes, Jonathan, I'd hurry if I were you. Your things are all packed anyway, aren't they?

O'HARA. Well, you'll be wanting to say your goodbyes. I'll be running along.

MORTIMER. What's the rush? I'd like to have you stick around until my brother goes.

(*Jonathan exits through arch.*)

O'HARA. I just dropped in to make sure everything was all right.

MORTIMER. We're going to have some coffee in a minute. Won't you join us?

ABBY. Oh, I forgot the coffee. (*She goes out to kitchen.*)

MARTHA. (*Crossing to kitchen door.*) Well, I'd better make some more sandwiches. I ought to know your appetite by this time, Officer

O'Hara. (*She goes out to kitchen as O'Hara follows as far as C.*)

O'HARA. Don't bother. I'm due to ring in in a few minutes.

MORTIMER. You can have a cup of coffee with us. My brother will be gone soon. (*He leads O'Hara below table to armchair.*) Sit down.

O'HARA. Say—ain't I seen a photograph of your brother around here some place?

MORTIMER. I don't think so. (*He sits R. of table.*)

O'HARA. He certainly reminds me of somebody.

MORTIMER. He looks like somebody you've probably seen in the movies.

O'HARA. I never go to the movies. I hate 'em! My mother says the movies is a bastard art.

MORTIMER. Yes, it's full of them.—Your, er, mother said that?

O'HARA. Yeah. My mother was an actress—a stage actress. Perhaps you heard of her—Peaches Latour.

MORTIMER. It sounds like a name I've seen on a program. What did she play?

O'HARA. Well, her big hit was *Mutt and Jeff*. Played it for three years. I was born on tour—the third season.

MORTIMER. You were?

O'HARA. Yep. Sioux City, Iowa. I was born in the dressing room at the end of the second act, and Mother made the finale.

MORTIMER. What a trouper! There must be a good story in your mother—you know, I write about the theatre.

O'HARA. You do? Saay!—you're not Mortimer Brewster, the dramatic critic!

MORTIMER. Yes.

O'HARA. Well, I certainly am glad to meet you. *(He moves his hat and stick preparatory to shaking hands with Mortimer. He also picks up the sport shoe which Martha has left on the table. He looks at it just for a split second and puts it on the D.S. end of table. Mortimer sees it and stares at it.)* Say, Mr. Brewster—we're in the same line of business.

MORTIMER. *(Still intent on shoe.)* We are?

O'HARA. Yeah. I'm a playwright. Oh, this being on the police force is just temporary.

MORTIMER. How long have you been on the force?

O'HARA. Twelve years. I'm collecting material for a play.

MORTIMER. I'll bet it's a honey.

O'HARA. Well, it ought to be. With all the drama I see being a cop. Mr. Brewster—you got no idea what goes on in Brooklyn.

MORTIMER. I think I have. *(He puts the shoe under his chair, then looks at his watch, then looks toward balcony.)*

O'HARA. Say, what time you got?

MORTIMER. Ten after one.

O'HARA. Gee, I gotta ring in. *(He starts for R. door but Mortimer stops him at C.)*

MORTIMER. Wait a minute, O'Hara. On that play of yours—I may be able to help you. *(Sits him in chair R.)*

O'HARA. *(Ecstasy.)* You would! *(Rises.)* Say, it was fate my walking in here tonight. Look—I'll tell you the plot!