

SCENE 2: *Scene is the same. Early the next morning. When the curtain rises again, daylight is streaming through the windows. All doors closed. All drapes open. MORTIMER is still tied in his chair and seems to be in a semi-conscious state. JONATHAN is asleep on sofa. EINSTEIN, pleasantly intoxicated, is seated L. of table, his head resting on table top. O'HARA, with his coat off and his collar loosened, is standing over the stool which is between him and MORTIMER. He has progressed to the most exciting scene of his play. There is a bottle of whiskey and a water tumbler on the table along with a plate full of cigarette butts.*

O'HARA. —there she is lying unconscious across the table in her lingerie—the chink is standing over her with a hatchet—[*He takes the pose.*]—I'm tied up in a chair just like you are—the place is an inferno of flames—it's on fire—when all of a sudden—through the window—in comes Mayor LaGuardia. [EINSTEIN raises his head and looks out the window. Not seeing anyone he reaches for the bottle and pours himself another drink. O'HARA crosses above to him and takes the bottle.] Hey, remember who paid for that—go easy on it.

EINSTEIN. Vell, I'm listening, ain't I? [*He crosses to JONATHAN on the sofa.*]

O'HARA. How do you like it so far?

EINSTEIN. Vell, it put Chonny to sleep.

[O'HARA has just finished a swig from the bottle.]

O'HARA. Let him alone. If he ain't got no more interest than that—he don't get a drink. [EINSTEIN takes his glass and sits on bottom stair. At the same time O'HARA crosses, puts stool under desk and whiskey bottle on top of desk, then comes back to center and goes on with his play—] All right. It's three days later—I been transferred and I'm under charges—that's because somebody stole my badge. [*He pantomimes through following lines.*] All right. I'm walking my beat on Staten Island—forty-sixth precinct—when a guy I'm following, it turns out—is really following me. [*There is a knock on door. EINSTEIN goes up and looks out landing window. Leaves glass behind d. s. drape.*] Don't let anybody in.—So I figure I'll outsmart him. There's a vacant house on the corner. I goes in.

EINSTEIN. It's cops!

O'HARA. I stands there in the dark and I see the door handle turn.

EINSTEIN. [*Rushing downstairs, shakes JONATHAN by the shoulder.*] Chonny! It's cops! Cops! [JONATHAN doesn't move. EINSTEIN rushes upstairs and off through the arch.]

[O'HARA is going on with his story without a stop.]

O'HARA. I pulls my guns—braces myself against the wall—and I says—"Come in." [OFFICERS BROPHY and KLEIN walk in R., see O'HARA with gun pointed at them and raise their hands. Then, recognizing their fellow officer, lower them.] Hello, boys.

BROPHY. What the hell is going on here?