

Rooney, Brophy, Klein

KLEIN. Well what do you know about that?

[*There is a knock on door R.*]

O'HARA. Come in.

[LIEUTENANT ROONEY *bursts in R., slamming door after him. He is a very tough, driving, dominating 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 about to — [KLEIN'S *eyes go to 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.

KLEIN. [*Feeling his throat.*] All I said was he looked like Boris Karloff.

ROONEY. [*His face lights up.*] Turn him over.

[*The two COPS turn JONATHAN over on his back. KLEIN steps back. ROONEY crosses front of BROPHY to take a look at JONATHAN. BROPHY drifts to R. of ROONEY. O'HARA is still at foot of stairs.*]

BROPHY. 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*. [*Big.*] 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.

ROONEY. [*Suspicious.*] Thirteen bodies buried in the cellar? [*Deciding it's ridiculous.*] 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. Turns to him.*]

ROONEY. Oh, it's Shakespeare! [*Crossing to him.*] Where have you been all night? And you needn't bother to tell me.