

MYRTLE. (*As she exits L.*) Wait till I show you, Judge.
JUDGE. All right. I'll wait. (*WILSON enters from R.*)
WILSON. (*Crosses to table R.*) Okay—is he here?
JUDGE. (*Crosses to chair R. of table R.*) What? What's this?
WILSON. That crackpot with the rabbit. Is he here?
JUDGE. No—and who, may I ask, are you?
WILSON. (*Stepping into hallway, calling.*) Not here, Doctor—
okay—(*To JUDGE.*) Doctor Chumley's comin' in, anyway.
What's your name?
JUDGE. Chumley—well, well, well—I've got something to say
to him! (*Sits.*)
WILSON. What's your name? Let's have it.
JUDGE. I am Judge Gaffney—where is Chumley?
WILSON. The reason I asked your name is the Doctor always
likes to know who he's talkin' to. (*Enter CHUMLEY.*) This guy
says his name is Judge Gaffney, Doctor.
JUDGE. Well, well, Chumley —
CHUMLEY. Good evening, Judge. Let's not waste time. Has he
been here? (*Crosses to L. of table.*)
JUDGE. Who? Elwood—no—but see here, Doctor —
WILSON. Sure he ain't been here? He's wise now. He's hidin'.
It'll be an awful job to smoke him out.
CHUMLEY. It will be more difficult, but I'll do it. They're sly.
They're cunning. But I get them. I always get them. Have
you got the list of the places we've been, Wilson? (*Crosses to
WILSON.*)
WILSON. (*Pulling paper out of his pocket.*) Right here, Doctor.
CHUMLEY. (*Sits.*) Read it.
WILSON. (*Crosses to CHUMLEY.*) We've been to seventeen bars,
Eddie's Place, Charlie's Place, Bessie's Barn-dance, the Fourth
Avenue Firehouse, the Tenth and Twelfth and Ninth
Avenue firehouses, just to make sure. The Union Station, the
grain elevator—say, why does this guy go down to a grain
elevator?
JUDGE. The foreman is a friend of his. He has many friends—
many places.
CHUMLEY. I have stopped by here to ask Mrs. Simmons if she
has any other suggestions as to where we might look for him.
JUDGE. Doctor Chumley, I have to inform you that Mrs. Sim-
mons has retained me to file suit against you —

DR. CHUMLEY. What?

JUDGE. —for what happened to her at the sanitarium this afternoon . . .

CHUMLEY. A suit!

JUDGE. And while we're on that subject —

WILSON. (*Crosses to back of table.*) That's pretty, ain't it, Doctor? After us draggin' your tail all over town trying to find that guy.

CHUMLEY. What happened this afternoon was an unfortunate mistake. I've discharged my assistant who made it. And I am prepared to take charge of this man's case personally. It interests me. And my interest in a case is something no amount of money can buy. You can ask any of them.

JUDGE. But this business this afternoon, Doctor —

CHUMLEY. Water under the dam. This is how I see this thing. I see it this way — (*MYRTLE has come into the room. She is carrying a big flat parcel, wrapped in brown paper. Stands it up against wall and listens, by chair L.*) The important item now is to get this man and take him out to the sanitarium where he belongs.

MYRTLE. (*Coming forward.*) That's right, Judge—that's just what I think —

JUDGE. Let me introduce Miss Myrtle Mae Simmons, Mr. Dowd's niece, Mrs. Simmons's daughter. (*CHUMLEY rises.*)

MYRTLE. How do you do, Dr. Chumley.

CHUMLEY. (*Giving her the careful scrutiny he gives all women.*) How do you do, Miss Simmons.

WILSON. Hello, Myrtle —

MYRTLE. (*Now seeing him and looking at him with a mixture of horror and intense curiosity.*) What? Oh —

CHUMLEY. Now, then—let me talk to Mrs. Simmons.

MYRTLE. Mother won't come down, Doctor. I know she won't. (*To Judge.*) You try to get Mother to talk to him, Judge. (*Puts package down.*)

JUDGE. But, see here; your mother was manhandled. She was—God knows what she was—the man's approach to her was not professional, it was personal. (*Looks at Wilson.*)

CHUMLEY. Wilson—this is a serious charge.

WILSON. Dr. Chumley, I've been with you for ten years. Are you gonna believe—what's your name again?

JUDGE. Gaffney. Judge Omar Gaffney.

WILSON. Thanks. You take the word of this old blister Gaffney —

CHUMLEY. Wilson!

WILSON. Me! Me and a dame who sees a rabbit!

JUDGE. It's not Mrs. Simmons who sees a rabbit. It's her brother.

MYRTLE. Yes, it's Uncle Elwood.

JUDGE. If you'll come with me, Doctor —

CHUMLEY. Very well, Judge. Wilson, I have a situation here. Wait for me. (HE and JUDGE exit R.)

WILSON. O K, Doctor. (MYRTLE MAE is fascinated by WILSON. She lingers and looks at him. HE comes over to her, grinning.)

WILSON. So your name's Myrtle Mae?

MYRTLE. What? Oh—yes — (She backs up. HE follows.)

WILSON. If we grab your uncle you're liable to be comin' out to the sanitarium on visiting days?

MYRTLE. Oh, I don't really know—I —

WILSON. Well, if you do, I'll be there.

MYRTLE. You will? Oh —

WILSON. And if you don't see me right away—don't give up. Stick around. I'll show up.

MYRTLE. You will—? Oh —

WILSON. Sure. (He is still following her.) You heard Dr. Chumley tell me to wait?

MYRTLE. Yeah —

WILSON. Tell you what—while I'm waiting I sure could use a sandwich and a cup of coffee.

MYRTLE. Certainly. If you'll forgive me I'll precede you into the kitchen. (She tries to go. HE traps her.)

WILSON. Yessir—you're all right, Myrtle.

MYRTLE. What?

WILSON. Doctor Chumley noticed it right away. He don't miss a trick. (Crowds closer; raises finger and pokes her arm for emphasis.) Tell you somethin' else, Myrtle —

MYRTLE. What?

WILSON. You not only got a nice build—but, kid, you got something else, too.

MYRTLE. What?

WILSON. You got the screwiest uncle that ever stuck his puss