

Rooney/Mortimer

Rooney: Yeah – yeah—those thirteen bodies in the cellar! It ain't enough that the neighbors are all afraid of him, and his disturbing the peace with that bugle – but can you imagine what would happen if that cock-eyed story about thirteen bodies in the cellar got around? And now he's starting a Yellow Fever scare. Cute, ain't it?

Mortimer: *(Greatly relieved, with an embarrassed laugh)* Thirteen bodies. Do you think anybody would believe that story?

Rooney: Well, you can't tell. Some people are just dumb enough. You don't know what to believe sometimes. About a year ago a crazy guy starts a murder rumor over in Greenpoint, and I had to dig up a half acre lot, just to prove them wrong. Now let's be sensible about this, ladies. For instance, here I am wasting my morning when I've got serious work to do. You know there are still murders to be solved in Brooklyn.

Mortimer: Yes! *(Covering)* Oh, are there?

Rooney: It ain't only his bugle blowing and the neighbors all afraid of him, but things would just get worse. Sooner or later we'd be put to the trouble of digging up your cellar.