

NICELY

Why, Lieutenant Brannigan! Mr. Southstreet, it is Lieutenant Brannigan of the New York Police Department.

BENNY

(Crosses to R.)

A pleasure.

(Moves away)

BRANNIGAN

Any of you guys seen Nathan Detroit?

BENNY

Which Nathan Detroit is that?

(BRANNIGAN folds his paper with an abrupt movement and faces the two men)

BRANNIGAN

I mean the Nathan Detroit who's been running a floating crap game around here and getting away with it by moving it to a different spot every night.

NICELY

Why are you telling us this – your honor?

BRANNIGAN

I am telling you this because I know you two bums work for Detroit, rustling up customers for his crap game.

NICELY

We do?

BRANNIGAN

Yeah!

NICELY

Oh!

BRANNIGAN

You can tell him for me: I know that right now he's running around trying to find a spot. Well, nobody's gonna give him a spot, because they all know that Brannigan is breathing down their neck!

(Starts to exit. NATHAN enters from above newsstand, not seeing BRANNIGAN)

NICELY

Hi, Nathan!

NATHAN

Fellows, I'm having terrible trouble. Everybody's scared on account of that lousy Brannigan, and I can't—

BRANNIGAN

Something wrong, Mr. Detroit?

NATHAN

(A sickly grimace)

Oh, hello, Lieutenant. I hope you don't think I was talking about you. There are other lousy Brannigans.

BRANNIGAN

Detroit, I have just been talking to your colleagues about your crap game. I imagine you are having trouble finding a place.

NATHAN

Well, the heat is on as you must know from the fact that you now have to live on your salary.
(BRANNIGAN glares and exits L.1)

BENNY

(Crosses to NATHAN)

Did you find a place?

NATHAN

What does that cop want from me? What am I – a sex maniac? I merely run a crap game for the convenience of those who want a little action, in return for which I take a small cut. Is that a crime? Yeah!

BENNY

Nathan! Did you find a place?

NICELY

Did you find a place for the game?

NATHAN

(Crosses to R. past NICELY)

Did I find a place! Did I find – yes, I found a place! We are holding a crap game tomorrow night in the Radio City Music Hall.

BENNY

How you gonna fix the ushers?

NATHAN

I tried all the regular places. The back of the cigar store, the funeral parlor—

NICELY

Nathan, you said once there might be a chance of the Biltmore Garage.

NATHAN

I was over to the Biltmore Garage.

(BENNY crosses to NATHAN)

– spoke to Joey Biltmore himself. He says he might take a chance and let me use the place, if I give him a thousand bucks.

BENNY

A thousand bucks!

NATHAN

In cash.

(Pushes BENNY)