

**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)*