(*Reaches into his pocket, searching for it.*)
DEVERY. (*Annoyed.*) What's it about?
EDDIE. Ah, some louse just as we blew into town. Here. (*Hands over pink traffic summons.*)
DEVERY. (*Loud because irritated*) I should like to impress one thing on your non-existent intellect—the fact that I am a lawyer does not mean that I own the law.
EDDIE. (*Outraged innocence.*) What'd *I* do? What'd I *do?*
DEVERY. (*Resigned.*) All right. I'll see what I can manage. (*Takes deep, weary breath, puts traffic ticket in pocket.* EDDIE *goes to sideboard.*)
BROCK. (*To* DEVERY.) You plastered again?
DEVERY. (*With a smiling little shake of his head.*) Still.
BROCK. I told you I got a couple things can't wait.
DEVERY. Don't worry about me, massa, I can see a loophole at twenty paces.
BROCK. What'd we make out?
DEVERY. (*Crossing* L. *to* BROCK.) . . . going to be all right. May cost slightly more than we estimated, but no cause for alarm.
BROCK. (*Suspicious.*) How much more?
DEVERY. It's negligible.
BROCK. Why more?
DEVERY. Supply and demand, Harry. Crooks are becoming rare in these parts. Therefore they come high. Don't worry.
BROCK. What do you mean, don't worry? This kinda stuff ain't deductible, y'know.
DEVERY. (*Thinks a moment, smiling, then crossing* C.S.) I'm not so sure. Perhaps we should make a trial issue of it. (*As though dictating.*) "Item: one bribe, $80,000."
BROCK. (*Outraged.*) Eighty? (*Phone rings.*)
DEVERY. (*Turning to* BROCK.) What's the matter? (EDDIE *crosses to phone.*)
BROCK. You said—uh—negligible.
DEVERY. . . . figured fifty, didn't we?
EDDIE. (*Answering phone.*) Yeah?
BROCK. (*To* DEVERY.) You're very handy with *my* dough, you know it?
EDDIE. (*On phone.*) . . . Yeah, he is. Who wants 'im? . . . Wait a second. (*To* DEVERY.) Some guy for *you*. Verrall. (BROCK *chews on match-stick petulantly.*)
DEVERY. (*Going to phone.*) Thanks. (*Takes phone from* EDDIE.

EDDIE *takes* BROCK'S *coat and hat, and his own suitcase into service wing.* DEVERY, *into phone.*) How are you, Paul? . . . Good . . . . How's the crusade business? (*He laughs at* PAUL'S *reply.*) . . . Sure, any time now. Sooner the better. Fine. . . . See you. . . . (*Hangs up.*)
BROCK. What's all that?
DEVERY. Paul Verrall. I told you about him.
BROCK. I don' remember no Verrall.
DEVERY. (*Crossing to* BROCK.) He's a writer. New Republic. Wants an interview. Smart boy. He's just back from a long time in Europe with lots of ideas and lots of energy.
BROCK. I don' wanna talk to no writers. I gotta get shaved.
DEVERY. I think you'd better talk to this one.
BROCK. What's so important?
DEVERY. Just do it.
BROCK. Why?
DEVERY. This is one of the few fellows in Washington to look out for. Thing to do is take him in. Then he doesn't go poking.
BROCK. (*Loud.*) Eddie!
DEVERY. How's Billie?
BROCK. She's all right. Upstairs. (EDDIE *comes in from service wing.*) Get me a shave up here.
EDDIE. (*Crossing to table* D.R.C.) Right. (*Picks up phone.*)
DEVERY. Harry——
BROCK. What?
EDDIE. (*On phone.*) Barber Shop.
DEVERY. Tell Billie to wear something nice and plain for the Senator. He may be bringing his wife.
BROCK. Tell'er yourself. You ain't pregnant.
EDDIE. (*On phone.*) This is Harry Brock's apartment. Send up a barber and a manicure. Right away. . . . Harry Brock! . . . That's right. . . . Okay, make it snappy. (*Starts to hang up.*)
BROCK. And a shine!
EDDIE. (*An overlapping echo, into phone.*) And a shine! (HE *hangs up.*) Be right up.
DEVERY. (*At* C., *lighting cigarette.*) Eddie, how would you like to save my life?
EDDIE. Soda or plain water?
DEVERY. Neat.
EDDIE. Right! (*Goes to mix drinks up* R.)
BROCK. (*Rising, removing jacket.*) Don't worry about Billie. One