

ABBY. This looks more the way you used to look, but still I wouldn't know you.

JONATHAN. I think we'll go back to that face, Doctor.

EINSTEIN. Yah, it's safe now.

ABBY. *(Rising.)* Well, I know you both want to get to—where you're going.

JONATHAN. *(Relaxing even more.)* My dear aunts—I'm so full of that delicious dinner I'm unable to move a muscle.

EINSTEIN. *(Relaxing too.)* Yah, it's nice here.

MARTHA. *(Rises.)* After all—it's very late and—

*(Teddy enters on balcony wearing his solar topee, carrying a book, open, and another topee.)*

TEDDY. *(Descending stairs.)* I found it! I found it!

JONATHAN. What did you find, Teddy?

TEDDY. The story of my life—my biography. *(He crosses above to L. of Einstein.)* Here's the picture I was telling you about, General. *(He lays open book on table showing picture to Einstein.)* Here we are, both of us. "President Roosevelt and General Goethals at Culebra Cut." That's me, General, and that's you.

*(Einstein looks at picture.)*

EINSTEIN. My, how I've changed.

*(Teddy looks at Einstein, a little puzzled, but makes adjustment.)*

TEDDY. Well, you see that picture hasn't been taken yet. We haven't even started work on Culebra Cut. We're still digging locks. And now, General, we will both go to Panama and inspect the new lock.

*(Hands him topee.)*

ABBY. No, Teddy—not to Panama.

EINSTEIN. We go some other time. Panama's a long way off.

TEDDY. Nonsense, it's just down in the cellar.

JONATHAN. The cellar?

MARTHA. We let him dig the Panama Canal in the cellar.

TEDDY. (*Severely.*) General Goethals, as President of the United States, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy and the man who gave you this job, I demand that you accompany me on the inspection of the new lock.

JONATHAN. Teddy! I think it's time you went to bed.

TEDDY. I beg your pardon! (*He crosses above to L. of Jonathan, putting on his pince-nez as he crosses.*) Who are you?

JONATHAN. I'm Woodrow Wilson. Go to bed.

TEDDY. No you're not Wilson. But your face is familiar. Let me see—You're not anyone I know now. Perhaps later—On my hunting trip to Africa—yes, you look like someone I might meet in the jungle.

(*Jonathan stiffens. Abby crosses in front of Teddy, getting between him and Jonathan.*)

ABBY. It's your brother, Jonathan, dear.

MARTHA. (*Rising.*) He's had his face changed.

TEDDY. So that's it—a nature faker!

ABBY. And perhaps you had better go to bed, Teddy—Jonathan and his friend have to go back to their hotel.

JONATHAN. (*Rising.*) General Goethals, (*To Einstein.*) inspect the canal. (*He crosses to U. C.*)

EINSTEIN. (*Rising.*) All right, Mr. President. We go to Panama.

TEDDY. Bully! Bully! (*He crosses to cellar door, opens it.*) Follow me, General. (*Einstein goes up to L. of Teddy. Teddy taps solar topee in Einstein's hand, then taps his own head.*) It's down south you know. (*He exits downstairs.*)

(*Einstein puts on topee, which is too large for him. Then turns in cellar doorway and speaks.*)

EINSTEIN. Well—bon voyage. (*He exits, closing door.*)

JONATHAN. Aunt Abby, I must correct your misapprehension. You spoke of our hotel. We have no hotel. We came directly here—

MARTHA. Well, there's a very nice little hotel just three blocks down the—

JONATHAN. (*Cutting her off.*) Aunt Martha, this is my home.

ABBY. But, Jonathan, you can't stay here. We need our rooms.

JONATHAN. You need them?

ABBY. Yes, for our lodgers.