

*of cellar and into Mortimer's arms. Jonathan makes a grab for Elaine but misses. This leaves him D.S. C. Einstein sneaks D.S. behind Jonathan.)*

ELAINE. Mortimer! *(He drops suitcase.)* Where have you been?  
MORTIMER. To the Nora Bayes Theatre and I should have known better. *(He sees Jonathan.)* My God!—I'm still there.

*(Abby is at R. of Mortimer.)*

ABBY. This is your brother Jonathan—and this is Dr. Einstein.

*(Mortimer surveys his aunts all dressed in black.)*

MORTIMER. I know this isn't a nightmare, but what is it?

JONATHAN. I've come back home, Mortimer.

MORTIMER. *(Looking at him, and then to Abby.)* Who did you say this was?

ABBY. It's your brother Jonathan. He's had his face changed. Dr. Einstein performed the operation.

MORTIMER. *(Taking a closer look at Jonathan.)* Jonathan! Jonathan, you always were a horror, but do you have to look like one?

*(Jonathan takes a step toward him. Einstein pulls on his sleeve. Elaine and Martha draw back to desk.)*

EINSTEIN. Easy, Chonny! Easy.

JONATHAN. Mortimer, have you forgotten the things I used to do to you when we were boys? Remember the time you were tied to the bedpost—the needles under your fingernails—?

MORTIMER. By God, it is Jonathan.—Yes, I remember. I remember you as the most detestable, vicious, venomous form of animal life I ever knew.

*(Jonathan grows tense. Abby steps between them.)*

ABBY. Now don't you two boys start quarrelling again the minute you've seen each other.

MORTIMER. *(Crosses to door, opens it.)* There won't be any fight, Aunt Abby. Jonathan, you're not wanted here—get out!

JONATHAN. Dr. Einstein and I have been invited to stay.

MORTIMER. Not in this house.  
ABBY. Just for tonight.  
MORTIMER. I don't want him anywhere near me.  
ABBY. But we did invite them for tonight, and it wouldn't be very nice to go back on our word.  
MORTIMER. *(Unwillingly.)* All right, tonight. But the first thing in the morning—out! *(He picks up his suitcase.)* Where are they sleeping?  
ABBY. We put them in Jonathan's old room.  
MORTIMER. That's my old room. *(Starts upstairs.)* I'm sleeping in that room. I'm here to stay.  
MARTHA. Oh, Mortimer, I'm so glad.  
EINSTEIN. Chonny, we sleep down here.  
MORTIMER. You bet your life you sleep down here.  
EINSTEIN. *(To Jonathan.)* You sleep on the sofa and I sleep on the window seat.

*(At the mention of window seat, Mortimer has reached the landing; after hanging his hat on hall tree, he turns and comes slowly downstairs, speaking as he reaches the floor and crossing over to window seat. He drops back at u.s. end of window seat.)*

MORTIMER. The window seat! Oh, well, let's not argue about it. That window seat's good enough for me for tonight. I'll sleep on the window seat. *(As Mortimer crosses above table, Einstein makes a gesture as though to stop him from going to window seat, but he's too late. He turns to Jonathan as Mortimer sits on window seat.)*  
EINSTEIN. You know, Chonny—all this argument—it makes me think of Mr. Spenalzo.  
JONATHAN. Spenalzo! *(He steps u.s. looking around for Spenalzo again. Realizing it would be best for them to remain downstairs, he speaks to Mortimer.)* Well, now, Mortimer—It really isn't necessary to inconvenience you like this—we'll sleep down here.  
MORTIMER. *(Rising.)* Jonathan, your sudden consideration for me is very unconvincing.  
EINSTEIN. *(Goes upstairs to landing.)* Come along, Chonny. We get our things out of the room, eh?  
MORTIMER. Don't bother, Doctor!  
JONATHAN. By the way, Doctor, I've completely lost track of Mr. Spenalzo.

MORTIMER. Who's this Mr. Spenalzo?

EINSTEIN. *(From landing.)* Just a friend of ours Chonny's been looking for.

MORTIMER. Well, don't bring anyone else in here!

EINSTEIN. It's all right, Chonny. While we pack I tell you all about it. *(He goes on up and through arch. Jonathan starts upstairs.)*

ABBY. *(Dropping D.S.)* Mortimer, you don't have to sleep down here. I can go in with Martha and you can take my room.

JONATHAN. *(He has reached the balcony.)* No trouble at all, Aunt Abby. We'll be packed in a few minutes. And then you can have the room, Mortimer. *(He exits through arch.)*

*(Mortimer crosses up to sofa. Martha crosses to above armchair at L. of table and as Mortimer speaks she picks up sport shoe belonging to Spenalzo, that Einstein puts there in blackout scene, unnoticed by anyone. She pretends to dust hem of her dress.)*

MORTIMER. You're just wasting your time—I told you I'm sleeping down here.

*(Elaine leaps up from stool into Mortimer's arms.)*

ELAINE. Mortimer!

MORTIMER. What's the matter with you, dear?

ELAINE. *(Semi-hysterical.)* I've almost been killed.

MORTIMER. You've almost been— *(He looks quickly at the aunts.)* Abby! Martha!

MARTHA. No! It was Jonathan.

ABBY. He mistook her for a sneak-thief.

ELAINE. No, it was more than that. He's some kind of maniac. Mortimer, I'm afraid of him.

MORTIMER. Why, darling, you're trembling. *(Seats her on sofa. To aunts.)* Have you got any smelling salts?

MARTHA. No, but do you think some hot tea, or coffee—?

MORTIMER. Coffee. Make some for me, too—and some sandwiches. I haven't had any dinner.

MARTHA. We'll make something for both of you.

*(Mortimer starts to question Elaine as Abby takes off her hat and gloves and puts them on sideboard. Talking to Martha at the same time.)*

ABBY. Martha, we can leave our hats downstairs here, now.

*(Mortimer turns and sees her. Steps L.)*

MORTIMER. You weren't going out somewhere, were you? Do you know what time it is? It's after twelve. *(The word twelve rings a bell.)*

TWELVE! *(He turns to Elaine.)* Elaine, you've got to go home!

ELAINE. Whaa-t?

ABBY. Why, you wanted some sandwiches for you both. It won't take a minute. *(She exits into kitchen.)*

*(Mortimer is looking at Elaine with his back to Martha. Martha crosses to him with shoe in hand by her U.S. side.)*

MARTHA. Why, don't you remember—we wanted to celebrate your engagement? *(She punctuates the word "engagement" by pointing the shoe at Mortimer's back. She looks at the shoe in wonderment. Wondering how that shoe ever got in her hand. She stares at it a moment [the other two do not see it, of course], then puts it on top of the table. Finally dismissing it, she turns to Mortimer again.)* That's what we'll do dear. We'll make a nice supper for both of you. *(She starts out kitchen door, then turns back.)* And we'll open a bottle of wine! *(She exits kitchen door.)*

MORTIMER. *(Vaguely.)* All right. *(Suddenly changes his mind and runs to kitchen door.)* No WINE! *(He closes the door and comes back to c. as Elaine rises from the sofa to him. She is still very upset.)*

ELAINE. Mortimer! What's going on in this house?

MORTIMER. *(Suspicious.)* What do you mean—what's going on in this house?

ELAINE. You were supposed to take me to dinner and the theatre tonight—you called it off. You asked me to marry you—I said I would—and five minutes later you threw me out of the house. Tonight, just after your brother tries to strangle me, you want to chase me home. Now, listen, Mr. Brewster—before I go home, I want to know where I stand. Do you love me?

MORTIMER. *(Taking her hands.)* I love you very much, Elaine. In fact I love you so much I can't marry you.

ELAINE. Have you suddenly gone crazy?

MORTIMER. I don't think so but it's just a matter of time. *(They*