

~~MARTHA. It's all right where it is—until me  
JONATHAN. (*Looks at the book.*) I don't want to leave it in  
the street—that might be a law. (*He exits.*)~~

~~(*Edith closes him out, closing door. Abby and Martha sit down—  
and reach below table.*)~~

MARTHA. Abby, what are we going to do?

ABBY. Well, we're not going to let them stay more than one night in this house for one thing. What would the neighbors think? People coming in here with one face and going out with another. (*She has reached table D.S. Martha is at her R.*)

MARTHA. What are we going to do about Mr. Hoskins?

ABBY. (*Crosses to window seat. Martha follows.*) Oh, Mr. Hoskins. It can't be very comfortable for him in there. And he's been so patient, the poor dear. Well, I think Teddy had better get Mr. Hoskins downstairs right away.

MARTHA. (*Adamant.*) Abby—I will not invite Jonathan to the funeral services.

ABBY. Oh, no. We'll wait until they've gone to bed and then come down and hold the services.

(*Teddy enters from cellar, gets book from table and starts R. Abby stops him at C.*)

TEDDY. General Goethals was very pleased. He says the Canal is just the right size.

ABBY. (*Crosses to C.*) Teddy! Teddy, there's been another Yellow Fever victim.

TEDDY. (*Takes off pince-nez.*) Dear me—this will be a shock to the General.

MARTHA. (*Stepping R.*) Then we mustn't tell him about it.

TEDDY. (*Crosses below Abby to Martha.*) But it's his department.

ABBY. No, we mustn't tell him, Teddy. It would just spoil his visit.

TEDDY. I'm sorry, Aunt Abby. It's out of my hands—he'll have to be told. Army regulations, you know.

ABBY. No, Teddy, we *must* keep it a secret.

MARTHA. Yes!

TEDDY. (*He loves them.*) A state secret?

ABBY. Yes, a state secret.

MARTHA. Promise?

TEDDY. (*What a silly request.*) You have the word of the President of the United States. (*Crosses his heart.*) Cross my heart and hope to die. (*He spits.*) Now let's see— (*Puts pince-nez on, then puts arms around both aunts.*) how are we going to keep it a secret?

ABBY. Well, Teddy, you go back down in the cellar and when I turn out the lights—when it's all dark—you come up and take the poor man down to the Canal. (*Urging him to cellar door, which he opens.*) Now go along, Teddy.

MARTHA. (*Following U.S.*) And we'll come down later and hold services.

TEDDY. (*In doorway.*) You may announce the President will say a few words. (*He starts, then turns back.*) Where is the poor devil?

MARTHA. He's in the window seat.

TEDDY. It seems to be spreading. We've never had Yellow Fever there before. (*He exits, closing door.*)

ABBY. Martha, when Jonathan and Dr. Einstein come back, let's see if we can get them to go to bed right away.

MARTHA. Yes. Then by the time they're asleep, we'll be dressed for the funeral. (*Sudden thought.*) Abby, I've never even seen Mr. Hoskins.

ABBY. Oh, my goodness, that's right—you were out. Well, you just come right over and see him now. (*They go to window seat, Abby first.*) He's really very nice looking—considering he's a Methodist. (*As they go to lift window seat, Jonathan throws window open from outside with a bang. Aunts scream and draw back. Jonathan puts his head in through drapes.*)

MARTHA. (*Now at C.*) Jonathan, your rooms waiting for you. You can go right up.

(*Two dusty bags and a large instrument case are thrown through window by Einstein. Jonathan picks them up on floor.*)

JONATHAN. I'm afraid we don't keep Brooklyn hours—but you two run along to bed.

ABBY. Now, you're very tired, both of you—and we don't go to bed that way.

JONATHAN. Yes, we're very tired. It's time to go to bed.