

... (Crossing to R. C.)
We'll get Kelly's. But you're going to ring in on the way.
O'HARA. (He exits R.) All right, that'll only take a couple of
minutes. (He's gone.)

(Mortimer takes his hat from the tree and crosses to open R. door.)

MORTIMER. I'll ditch this guy and be back in five minutes. I'll
expect to find you gone. (Changes his hat.) Wait for me. (He exits R.)

(Einstein sits R. of table.)

JONATHAN. We'll wait for him, Doctor. I've waited a great many
years for a chance like this.

EINSTEIN. We'll find him right where we want him. Did he look
guilty!

JONATHAN. (Rising.) Take the bags back up to our room, Doctor.

(Einstein gets up and reaches foot of table.)
(A woman enters from the door and speaks as she enters.)

ABBY. Have they gone? (Sees Jonathan and Einstein.) Oh—we
thought we heard somebody leave.

JONATHAN. (Crossing to R. C.) Just Mortimer, and he'll be back
in a few minutes. Is there any food left in the kitchen? I think Dr.
Einstein and I would enjoy a bite.

MARTHA. (L. of table.) But you won't have time.

ABBY. (At C.) No, if you're still here when Mortimer gets back he
won't like it.

EINSTEIN. (Dropping D.S. R.) He'll like it. He's gotta like it.

JONATHAN. Get something for us to eat while we bury Mr.
Spenalzo in the cellar.

MARTHA. (Crossing to below table.) Oh no!

ABBY. He can't stay in our cellar. No, Jonathan, you've got to take
him with you.

JONATHAN. There's a friend of Mortimer's downstairs waiting
for him.

ABBY. A friend of Mortimer's?

JONATHAN. He and Mr. Spenalzo will get along fine together.
They're both dead.

MARTHA. They must mean Mr. Hoskins.

EINSTEIN. Mr. Hoskins?

JONATHAN. You know about what's downstairs?

ABBY. Of course we do, and he's no friend of Mortimer's. He's one of our gentlemen.

EINSTEIN. Your chentlemen?

MARTHA. And we won't have any strangers buried in our cellar.

JONATHAN. (*Noncomprehending.*) But Mr. Hoskins—

MARTHA. Mr. Hoskins isn't a stranger.

ABBY. Besides, there's no room for Mr. Spenalzo. The cellar's crowded already.

JONATHAN. Crowded? With what?

ABBY. There are twelve graves down there now.

(*The two men draw back in amazement.*)

JONATHAN. Twelve graves!

ABBY. That leaves very little room and we're going to need it.

JONATHAN. You mean you and Aunt Martha have murdered—?

ABBY. Murdered! Certainly not. It's one of our charities.

MARTHA. (*Indignantly.*) Why, what we've been doing is a mercy.

ABBY. (*Gesturing outside.*) So you just take your Mr. Spenalzo out of here.

JONATHAN. (*Still unable to believe.*) You've done that—here in this house— (*Points to floor.*) and you've buried them down there!

EINSTEIN. Chonny—we've been chased all over the world—they stay right here in Brooklyn and do just as good as you do.

JONATHAN. (*Facing him.*) What?

EINSTEIN. You've got twelve and they've got twelve.

JONATHAN. (*Slowly.*) I've got thirteen.

EINSTEIN. No, Chonny, twelve.

JONATHAN. Thirteen! (*Counting on fingers.*) There's Mr. Spenalzo. Then the first one in London—two in Johannesburg—one in Sydney—one in Melbourne—two in San Francisco—one in Phoenix, Arizona—

EINSTEIN. Phoenix?

JONATHAN. The filling station. The three in Chicago and the one in South Bend. That makes thirteen!

EINSTEIN. But you can't count the one in South Bend. He died of pneumonia.

JONATHAN. He wouldn't have got pneumonia if I hadn't shot him.
EINSTEIN. (*Adamant.*) No, Chonny, he died of pneumonia. He don't count.

JONATHAN. He counts with me. I say thirteen.

EINSTEIN. No, Chonny. You got twelve and they got twelve.
(*Crossing to aunts.*) The old ladies are just as good as you are.

(*The two aunts smile at each other happily. Jonathan turns, facing the three of them and speaks menacingly.*)

JONATHAN. Oh, they are, are they? Well, that's easily taken care of. All I need is one more, that's all—just one more.

~~...ers ... him, ...
... with a nervous smile.)~~

MORTIMER. Well, here

(*Jonathan turns and looks ... with the ... someone
who ... problem, as the curtain falls.*)