

*(Abby enters from balcony as Jonathan comes in, muffled S. C. from below. His clothes are dirty.)* Oh, Jonathan, you might well stop what you're doing.

JONATHAN. It's all done. Did I hear Mortimer?

ABBY. Well, it will just have to be undone. You're going to be out of this house by morning. Mortimer's promise.

JONATHAN. Oh, are we? In that case, you and Aunt Martha can go to bed and have a pleasant night's sleep.

MARTHA. *(Always a little frightened by Jonathan, starts upstairs.)* Yes. Come, Abby.

*(Abby follows Martha upstairs.)*

JONATHAN. Good night, Auntier.

ABBY. Not good night, Jonathan. Goodbye. By the time we get up you'll be out of this house. Mortimer's promised.

MARTHA. *(On balcony.)* And he has a way of doing it too!

JONATHAN. Then Mortimer's back.

ABBY. Oh, yes, he's up here talking to Freddy.

MARTHA. Goodbye, Jonathan.

ABBY. Goodbye, Jonathan.

JONATHAN. Perhaps you'd better say goodbye to Mortimer.

ABBY. Oh, you'll see Mortimer.

JONATHAN. *(Sitting on stool.)* Yes—I'll see Mortimer.

*(Abby and Martha exit. Jonathan sits without moving. There is a murder in thought. Einstein enters from cellar. He dusts off his trousers, coughs, and goes on.)*

EINSTEIN. Whew! That's all fixed up. Smooth like a lake. Nobody'd ever know they were down there. *(Jonathan still sits without moving.)* That bed feels good already. Forty-eight hours we didn't sleep. *(Crossing to second stair.)* Come on, Chonny, let's go up, yes?

JONATHAN. You're forgetting, Doctor.

EINSTEIN. Vat?

JONATHAN. My brother Mortimer.

EINSTEIN. Chonny—tonight? We do that tomorrow or the next day.

JONATHAN. *(Just able to control himself.)* No, tonight! Now!

EINSTEIN. (*Down to floor.*) Chonny, please—I'm tired—and tomorrow I got to operate.

JONATHAN. Yes, you're operating tomorrow, Doctor. But tonight we take care of Mortimer.

EINSTEIN. (*Kneeling in front of Jonathan, trying to pacify him.*) But, Chonny, not tonight—we go to bed, eh?

JONATHAN. (*Rising. Einstein straightens up too.*) Doctor, look at me. You can see it's going to be done, can't you?

EINSTEIN. (*Retreating.*) Ach, Chonny—I can see. I know dat look!

JONATHAN. It's a little too late for us to dissolve our partnership.

EINSTEIN. OK, we do it. But the quick way. The quick twist like in London. (*He gives that London neck another twist with his hands and makes a noise suggesting strangulation.*)

JONATHAN. No, Doctor, I think this calls for something special. (*He walks toward Einstein, who breaks U.S. Jonathan has the look of beginning to anticipate a rare pleasure.*) I think perhaps the Melbourne method.

EINSTEIN. Chonny—no—not that. Two hours! And when it was all over, what? The fellow in London was just as dead as the fellow in Melbourne.

JONATHAN. We had to work too fast in London. There was no esthetic satisfaction in it—but Melbourne, ah, there was something to remember.

EINSTEIN. (*Dropping D.S. as Jonathan crosses him.*) Remember! (*He shivers.*) I vish I didn't. No, Chonny—not Melbourne—not me!

JONATHAN. Yes, Doctor. Where are the instruments?

EINSTEIN. I won't do it, Chonny.—I won't do it.

JONATHAN. (*Advancing on him as Einstein backs D.S.*) Get your instruments!

EINSTEIN. No, Chonny!

JONATHAN. Where are they? Oh, yes—you hid them in the cellar. Where?

EINSTEIN. I won't tell you.

JONATHAN. (*Going to cellar door.*) I'll find them, Doctor. (*He exits to cellar, closing door.*)

(*Teddy enters on balcony and lifts his bugle to blow. Mortimer dashes out and grabs his arm. Einstein has rushed to cellar door. He stands there as Mortimer and Teddy speak.*)