

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.