

(The aunts look at each other with dismay.)

ABBY. Well, Martha, we mustn't let what's on the stove boil over.
(She starts to kitchen, then sees Martha isn't following. She crosses back and tugs at Martha, then crosses toward kitchen again. Martha follows to C., then speaks to Jonathan.)

MARTHA. Yes. If you'll excuse us for a minute, Jonathan. Unless you're in a hurry to go somewhere.

(Jonathan looks at her balefully. Martha crosses around above table, takes bottle of wine and puts it back in sideboard, then exits with Abby. Abby, who has been waiting in kitchen doorway for Martha, closes door after them. Einstein crosses U. L. around to behind Jonathan.)

EINSTEIN. Well, Chonny, where do we go from here? We got to think fast. The police. The police have got pictures of that face. I got to operate on you right away. We got to find some place for that—and we got to find a place for Mr. Spenalzo too.

JONATHAN. Don't waste any worry on that rat.

EINSTEIN. But, Chonny, we got a hot stiff on our hands.

JONATHAN. *(Flinging hat onto sofa.)* Forget Mr. Spenalzo.

EINSTEIN. But you can't leave a dead body in the rumble seat. You shouldn't have killed him, Chonny. He's a nice fellow—he gives us a lift—and what happens?

JONATHAN. *(Remembering bitterly.)* He said I looked like Boris Karloff! *(He starts for Einstein.)* That's your work, Doctor. You did that to me!

EINSTEIN. *(He's backed away to D. L. of table.)* Now, Chonny—we find a place somewhere—I fix you up quick!

JONATHAN. Tonight!

EINSTEIN. Chonny—I got to eat first. I'm hungry—I'm weak.

(The aunts enter from kitchen. Abby comes to Jonathan at C. Martha remains in kitchen doorway.)

ABBY. Jonathan—we're glad that you remembered us and took the trouble to come in and say "Hello." But you were never happy in this house and we were never happy while you were in it—so, we've just come in to say goodbye.