

ELAINE. Mortimer, that's ancient history.

MORTIMER. No, the whole family . . . [*He rises and points to a picture of Grandfather over the sideboard.*] Take my grandfather—he tried his patent medicines out on dead people to be sure he wouldn't kill them.

ELAINE. He wasn't so crazy. He made a million dollars.

MORTIMER. And then there's Jonathan. You just said he was a maniac—he tried to kill you.

ELAINE. [*Rises, crosses to him.*] But he's your brother, not you. I'm in love with you.

MORTIMER. And there's Teddy, too. You *know* Teddy. He thinks he's Roosevelt. No, dear, no Brewster should marry. I realize now that if I'd met my father in time I'd have stopped him.

ELAINE. Now, darling, all this doesn't prove *you're* crazy. Look at your aunts—they're Brewsters, aren't they?—and the sanest, sweetest people I've ever known.

[MORTIMER crosses above table to window-seat, speaking as he goes.]

MORTIMER. Well, even they have their peculiarities.

ELAINE. [*Turning and drifting R.*] Yes, but what lovely peculiarities!—Kindness, generosity—human sympathy——

[MORTIMER sees ELAINE'S back is to him. He lifts window-seat to take a peek, and sees Mr. Spenzalo instead of Mr. Hoskins. He puts window-seat down again and staggers to table, and leans on it.]

MORTIMER. [*To himself.*] There's another one!

ELAINE. [*Turning to MORTIMER.*] Oh, Mortimer, there are plenty of others. You can't tell me anything about your aunts.

MORTIMER. I'm not going to. [*Crossing to her.*] Look, Elaine, you've got to go home. Something very important has just come up.

ELAINE. Up, from where? We're here alone together.

MORTIMER. I know I'm acting irrationally, but just put it down to the fact that I'm a mad Brewster.

ELAINE. If you think you're going to get out of this by pretending you're insane—you're crazy. Maybe you're not going to marry me, but I'm going to marry you. I love you, you dope.

MORTIMER. [*Urging her to R. door.*] Well, if you love me will you get the hell out of here!

ELAINE. Well, at least take me home, won't you? I'm afraid.

MORTIMER. Afraid! A little walk through the cemetery?

[ELAINE crosses to door, then changing tactics, turns to MORTIMER.]

ELAINE. Mortimer, will you kiss me good night?

MORTIMER. [*Holding out arms.*] Of course, dear. [*What MORTIMER plans to be a desultory peck, ELAINE turns into a production number. He comes out of it with no less of poise.*] Good night, dear. I'll call you up in a day or two.

ELAINE. [*She walks to R. door in a cold fury, opens it and turns to MORTIMER.*] You—you critic! [*She slams door after her.*]

[MORTIMER looks at the door helplessly then turns and stalks to the kitchen door.]

MORTIMER. [*In doorway.*] Aunt Abby! Aunt Martha! Come in here!

ABBY. [*Offstage.*] We'll be in in a minute, dear.

MORTIMER. Come in here now! [*He stands down by U. S. end of window-seat.*]

[ABBY enters from kitchen.]

ABBY. Yes, dear, what is it? Where's Elaine?

MORTIMER. I thought you promised me not to let anyone in this house while I was gone!

[*The following speeches overlap.*]

ABBY. Well, Jonathan just walked in——

MORTIMER. I don't mean Jonathan——

ABBY. And Dr. Einstein was with him——

MORTIMER. I don't mean Dr. Einstein. Who's that in the window-seat?

ABBY. We told you—Mr. Hoskins.

[MORTIMER throws open the window-seat and steps back U. L.]

MORTIMER. It is not Mr. Hoskins.

[ABBY, a little puzzled, walks to window-seat and looks in at D. S. end then speaks very simply.]

ABBY. Who can that be?