

JONATHAN, EINSTEIN, ABBY & MARTHA

He walks in with assurance and ease as though the room were familiar to him. There is something sinister about the man— It his strange resemblance to Boris Karloff. He addresses someone outside the front door

JONATHAN: Come in, Doctor, This is the home of my youth, [DR. EINSTEIN *looks about him timidly*] As a boy, I couldn't wait to escape from this house. And now I'm glad to escape back into it.

EINSTEIN: [DR. EINSTEIN *enters. He is somewhat ratty in his appearance. His There is something about him that suggests the unfrocked priest.*] Yah, Chonny, it's a good hideout.

JONATHAN: The family must still live here. There's something so unmistakably Brewster about the Brewsters. I hope there's a fatted calf awaiting the return of the prodigal.

EINSTEIN: Yah, I'm hungry. Look, Chonny! Drinks!

JONATHAN: As if we were expected! A good omen.

ABBY: Who are you? What are you doing here?
[EINSTEIN *and* JONATHAN *turn and see the two sisters*]

JONATHAN: Aunt Abby! Aunt Martha! It's Jonathan.

MARTHA: You get out of here!

JONATHAN: I'm Jonathan! Your nephew, Jonathan!

ABBY: Oh, no, you're not! You're nothing like Jonathan, so don't pretend you are! You just get out of here.

JONATHAN: Yes, Aunt Abby. I *am* Jonathan. And this is Dr. Einstein.

ABBY: And he's not Dr. Einstein either.

JONATHAN: Not Dr. Albert Einstein—Dr. Herman Einstein.

ABBY: Who are you? You're not our nephew, Jonathan!

JONATHAN: I see you're still wearing the lovely garnet ring that grandma Brewster bought in England, And you, Aunt Martha, still the high collar—to hide the scar where Grandfather's acid burned you.

MARTHA: His voice is like Jonathan's.

ABBY: Have you been in an accident?

JONATHAN: No. . . My face. . . . [*He clouds*] Dr. Einstein is responsible for that. He's a plastic surgeon. [*Flatly*] He changes people's faces.

MARTHA: But I've seen that face before when we took the little Schultz boy to the movies—and I was so frightened. It was that face!

[JONATHAN *grows tense and looks toward* EINSTEIN]

EINSTEIN: Chonny—easy! Don't worry! The last five years I give Chonny three faces. I give him another one right away. The last face—I saw that picture, too—just before I operate. And I was intoxicated.

JONATHAN: You see, Doctor— what you've done to me. Even my own family.

EINSTEIN: [*To calm him*] Chonny—you're home!—in this lovely house! [*To the aunts*] How many times he tells me about Brooklyn—about this house—about his aunts that he loves so much! [*To JONATHAN*] They know you, Chonny. [*To the aunts*] You know it's Jonathan. Speak to him! Tell him so!

STOP

ABBY: Well—Jonathan—it's been a long time—what have you been doing all these years?

MARTHA: Yes, Jonathan, where have you been?

JONATHAN: [*Recovering his composure*] England, South Africa, Australia—the last five years, Chicago. Dr. Einstein and I have been in business together there.

ABBY: Oh! We were in Chicago for the World's Fair. We found it awfully warm.

EINSTEIN: Yah—it got hot for us, too.

JONATHAN: [*Turning on the charm*] It's wonderful to be in, Brooklyn again. And you—Abby—Martha—you don't look a day older. Just as I remembered you—sweet, charming, hospitable. And dear Teddy? [*He indicates with his hand a lad of eight or ten*] Did he go into politics? [*Turns to* EINSTEIN] My little brother, Doctor, was determined to become President.

ABBY: Oh, Teddy's fine! Just fine. Mortimer's well, too.