

## Abby/Martha

**Mortimer:** All right—now—who was the first one?

**Abby:** Mr. Midgely. He was a Baptist.

**Martha:** Of course, I still think we can't claim full credit for him because he just died.

**Abby:** Martha means without any help from us. You see, Mr. Midgely came here looking for a room – Martha: It was right after you moved to New York.

**Abby:** – And it didn't seem right for that lovely room to be going to waste when there were so many people who needed it –

**Martha:** – He was such a lonely old man . . .

**Abby:** All his kith and kin were dead and it left him so forlorn and unhappy –

**Martha:** – We felt so sorry for him.

**Abby:** And then when his heart attack came – and he sat dead in that chair (*pointing to armchair*) looking so peaceful –remember, Martha—we made up our minds then and there that if we could help other lonely old men to that same peace – we would!

**Mortimer:** And that's how all this started – that man walking in here and dropping dead.

**Abby:** Of course, we realized we couldn't depend on that happening again. So –

**Martha:** You remember those jars of poison that have been up on the shelves in grandfather's laboratory all these years – ?

**Abby:** You know your Aunt Martha's knack for mixing things. You've eaten enough of her piccalilli.

**Martha:** Well, dear, for a gallon of elderberry wine I take one teaspoon full of arsenic, then add a half teaspoonful of strychnine and then just a pinch of cyanide.

**Mortimer:** Should have quite a kick.

**Abby:** Yes! As a matter of fact one of our gentlemen found time to say, "How delicious!"

**Abby:** I wish you could stay for dinner.

**Martha:** I'm trying out a new recipe.