

Arsenic and Old Lace

Abby (F) - Martha (F) - Mortimer (M) Side

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 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: He dropped dead right in that chair! How awful for you!

MARTHA: Oh, no, dear. Why, it was rather like old times. Your grandfather always used to have a cadaver or two around the house. You see, Teddy had been digging in Panama and he thought Mr. Midgely was a Yellow Fever victim.

ABBY: That meant he had to be buried immediately.

MARTHA: So we all took him down to Panama and put him in the lock. Now that's why we told you not to worry about it because we know exactly what's to be done.

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 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!"

MARTHA: Well, I'll have to get things started in the kitchen.

ABBY: I wish you could stay for dinner.

MARTHA: I'm trying out a new recipe.

MORTIMER: I couldn't eat a thing.