**GRANDPA #1 / WILBUR C. HENDERSON**

HEND. Now, Mr. Vanderhof, you know there’s quite a penalty for not filing an income tax return.

GRANDPA. Look, Mr. Henderson, let me ask you something.

HEND. Well?
GRANDPA. Suppose I pay you this money – mind you, I don’t say I’m going to pay it – but just for the sake of argument – what’s the Government going to do with it?
HEND. How do you mean?

GRANDPA. Well, what do I get for my money? If I go into Macy’s and buy something, there it is – I see it. What’s the Government give me?

HEND. Why, the Government gives you everything. It protects you.

GRANDPA. From what?

HEND. Well – invasion. Foreigners that might come over here and take everything you’ve got.

GRANDPA. Oh, I don’t think they’re going to do that.

HEND. If you didn’t pay an income tax, they would. How do you think the Government keeps up the Army and Navy? All those battleships …

GRANDPA. Last time we used battleships was in the Spanish-American War, and what did we get out of it? Cuba – and we gave that back. I wouldn’t mind paying if it were something sensible.

HEND. Sensible? Well, what about Congress, and the Supreme Court, and the President? We’ve got to pay them, don’t we?
GRANDPA. Not with my money – no, sir.

HEND. Now wait a minute! I’m not here to argue with you. All I know is that you haven’t paid an income tax and you’ve got to pay it!

GRANDPA. They’ve got to show me.

HEND. We don’t have to show you! I just told you! All those buildings down in Washington, and Interstate Commerce, and the Constitution!

GRANDPA. The Constitution was paid for long ago. And Interstate Commerce – what is Interstate Commerce, anyhow?

HEND. There are forty-eight states – see? And if there weren’t Interstate Commerce, nothing could go from one state to another. See?

GRANDPA. Why not? They got fences?

HEND. No, they haven’t got fences. They’ve got laws! My God, I never came across anything like this before!

GRANDPA. Well, I might pay about seventy-five dollars, but that’s all it’s worth.

HEND. You’ll pay every cent of it. And let me tell you something else! You’ll go to jail if you don’t pay, do you hear that? That’s the law, and if you think you’re bigger than the law, you’ve got another thing coming. You’re no better than anybody else, and the sooner you get that through your head, the better… you’ll hear from the United States Government, that’s all I can say…

**GRANDPA #2**

GRANDPA. Well, what I feel is that Tony’s too nice a boy to wake up twenty years from now with nothing in his life but stocks and bonds.

KIRBY. How’s that?
GRANDPA. Yes. Mixed up and unhappy, the way you are.

KIRBY. I beg your pardon, Mr. Vanderhof. I am a very happy man.

GRANDPA. I don’t think so. What do you think you get your indigestion from? Happiness? No, sir. You get it because most of your time is spent in doing things you don’t want to do. You said last night that at the end of a week in Wall Street you’re pretty near crazy. Why do you keep on doing it? You’ve got all the money you need. You can’t take it with you.

KIRBY. That’s a very easy thing to say, Mr. Vanderhof. But I have spent my entire life building up my business.

GRANDPA. And what’s it got you? Same kind of mail every morning, same kind of deals, same kind of meetings, same dinners at night, same indigestion. Where does the fun come in? Don’t you think there ought to be something more, Mr. Kirby? You must have wanted more than that when you started out. We haven’t got too much time, you know – any of us. I have a lot of fun. Time enough for everything – read, talk, visit the zoo now and then, practice my darts, even have time to notice when spring come around. Don’t see anybody I don’t want to, don’t have six hours of things I have to do every day before I get one hour to do what I like in – and I haven’t taken bicarbonate of soda in thirty-five years. What’s the matter with that?

**PENNY SYCAMORE #1**

PENNY. Look! Why don’t we all play a game of some sort while we’re waiting? I’m sure Mr. and Mrs. Kirby would love this game. It’s perfectly harmless.

KIRBY. I’m not very good at games, Mrs. Sycamore.

PENNY. Oh, but any fool could play this game, Mr. Kirby. All you do is write your name on a piece of paper –

ALICE. But mother, Mr. Kirby doesn’t want –

PENNY. Oh, he’ll love it! Here you are, Mr. Kirby. Write your name on this piece of paper. And Mrs. Kirby, you do the same on this one.

ALICE. Mother, what is this game?
PENNY. I used to play it at school. It’s called Forget-Me-Not. Here you are, Grandpa. Now, I’m going to call out five words – just anything at all – and as I say each word, you’re to put down the first thing that comes into your mind. Is that clear? For instance, if I say “grass” you might put down “green” – just whatever you think of, see? Or if I call out “chair” you might put down “table”. It shows the reactions people have to different things. You see how simple it is, Mr. Kirby?

KIRBY. Very well. I shall be happy to play it.

PENNY. You see, Alice? He does want to play. Now, then! Are we ready? Remember – you must play fair. Put down the first thing that comes in your mind. The first word is “potatoes”… “Potatoes”… Ready for the next one? … “Bathroom”.

ALICE. Mother!
PENNY. Bathroom! Got that? … All ready? “Lust”.

ALICE. Mother, this is not exactly what you –

PENNY. Nonsense, Alice – that word’s all right. Now, you mustn’t interrupt the game … “Honeymoon” … All right. The last word is “Sex.”

ALICE. Mother!

PENNY. Everybody got “sex”? All right – now give me all the papers.

GRANDPA. What happens now?
PENNY. Oh, this is the best part. Now I read out your reactions.

**PENNY SYCAMORE #2 / PAUL SYCAMORE #2**

PAUL. She’s going, Penny.

PENNY. Yes. (She starts to weep, softly.)

PAUL. Now, now, Penny.

PENNY. I can’t help it, Paul. Somehow I feel it’s our fault.

PAUL. It’s mine more than yours, Penny. All these years I’ve just been – going along, enjoying myself, when maybe I should have been thinking more about Alice.

PENNY. Don’t say that, Paul. You’ve been a wonderful father. And husband, too.

PAUL. No, I haven’t. Maybe if I’d gone ahead and been an architect – I don’t know – something Alice could have been proud of. I felt that all last night, looking at Mr. Kirby.

PENNY. But we’ve been so happy, Paul.

PAUL. I know, but maybe that’s not enough. I used to think it was, but – I’m kind of all mixed up now.

PENNY. What time is she going?

PAUL. Pretty soon. Train leaves at half past seven.

PENNY. Oh, if only she’d see Tony. I’m sure he could persuade her.

PAUL. But she won’t, Penny. He’s been trying all day.

PENNY. Where is he now?

PAUL. I don’t know – I suppose walking around the block again. Anyhow, she won’t talk to him.

PENNY. Maybe Tony can catch her as she’s leaving.

PAUL. It won’t help, Penny.

PENNY. No, I don’t suppose so … I feel so sorry for Tony, too. It’s all so terrible.

**PAUL SYCAMORE #1**

PAUL. *(Calling)* Mr. De Pinna! Mr. De Pinna, will you bring up one of those new sky rockets, please? I want to show them to Mrs. Sycamore. Look, Penny – what do you think of these little firecrackers we just made? We can sell them ten strings for a cent. Nice, huh?

PENNY. Yes. Paul, dear, were you ever in a monastery?

PAUL. No, I wasn’t. . . Wait till you see the new rockets. Gold stars, then blue stars, and then bombs, and then a balloon. Mr. De Pinna thought of the balloon.

PENNY. Sounds lovely. Did you do all that today?

PAUL. Sure. We made up – Oh, here we are. (De Pinna hands Paul a skyrocket) Look, Penny. Costs us eighteen cents to make and we sell ‘em for fifty. How many do you figure we can make before the Fourth of July, Mr. De Pinna?

DE PINNA. Well, we’ve got two weeks yet – what days you going to take the stuff to Mount Vernon?

PAUL. About a week. You know, we’re going to need a larger booth this year – got a lot of stuff made up. Come on, we’re not through yet.

DE PINNA. Look, Mr. Sycamore. I’m afraid the powder chamber is just a little bit close to the balloon.

PAUL. Well, we got the stars and the bombs in between.

DE PINNA. But that don’t give the balloon time enough. A balloon needs plenty of time.

PAUL. Come on – come on. Let’s go down in the cellar and try it.

DE PINNA. All right.

**ESSIE SYCAMORE**

ESSIE. My, that kitchen’s hot.

PENNY. What Essie?
ESSIE. I say that kitchen’s awful hot. That new candy I’m making – it just won’t ever get cool.

PENNY. Do you have to make candy today, Essie? It’s such a hot day.

ESSIE. Well, I got all those new orders. Ed went out and got a bunch of new orders.

PENNY. My, if it keeps on I suppose you’ll be opening up a store.

ESSIE. That’s what Ed was saying last night, but I said No, I want to be a dancer.

PENNY. The only trouble with dancing is, it takes so long. You’ve been studying such a long time.

ESSIE. Only eight years. After all, Mother, you’ve been writing plays for eight years. We started about the same time, didn’t we?

PENNY. Yes, but you shouldn’t count my first two years, because I was learning to type.

RHEBA. I think the candy’s hardening up now, Miss Essie.

ESSIE. Oh, thanks, Rheba. I’ll bring some in, Mother- I want you to try it.

PENNY. I think I’ll put this play away for a while and go back to the war play.

ESSIE. They’ll be better when they’re harder, Mother, but try one – I want to know what you think.

PENNY. Oh, they look lovely. What do you call them?

ESSIE. I think I’ll call ‘em Love Dreams.

PENNY. Yes, that’s nice. I’m going back to my war play, Essie. What do you think?

ESSIE. Oh, are you, Mother?

PENNY. Yes, I sort of got myself into a monastery and I can’t get out.

ESSIE. Oh, well, it’ll come to you, Mother. Remember how you got out of that brothel.

**MR. DE PINNA**

DE PINNA. Mrs. Sycamore, look what I found! (He turns canvas around, revealing a portrait of a somewhat lumpy and largely naked discus thrower.) Remember?

PENNY. Why of course. It’s my painting of you as The Discus Thrower. Say, you’ve gotten a little bald, haven’t you, Mr. De Pinna?
DE PINNA. Is it very noticeable? Well, there’s still some right here.

PENNY. Well, it was a long time ago – just before I stopped painting. Let me see – that’s eight years.

DE PINNA. Too bad you never finished it, Mrs. Sycamore.

PENNY. I always meant to finish it, Mr. De Pinna, but I just started to write a play one day and that was that. I never painted again.

DE PINNA. (Meditatively.) My goodness, who would have thought, that day I came to deliver the ice, that I was going to stay here for eight years?

GRANDPA. The milkman was here for five, just ahead of you.

DE PINNA. Say, why did he leave, anyhow? I forget.

GRANDPA. He didn’t leave. He died.

DE PINNA. Oh yes. (Points to picture) I wish you’d finish that sometime, Mrs. Sycamore. I’d kind of like to have it.

PENNY. You know what, Mr. De Pinna? I think I’ll do some work on it. Right tonight.

DE PINNA. Say! Will you?

PENNY. Look, Mr. De Pinna. You go down in the cellar and put on your costume. Is it still down there?
DE PINNA. (Excited.) I think so!

**GAY WELLINGTON**

GAY. All right, I said to him, you can take your old job … (She drinks.)

PENNY. I’m ready to read you the new play, Miss Wellington, any time you are.

GAY. (Pours) Just a minute, dearie. Just a minute. (Drinks again.)

PENNY. You don’t drink when you’re acting, do you, Miss Wellington? I’m just asking, of course.

GAY. I’m glad you brought it up. Once a play opens, I never touch a drop. Minute I enter a stage door, the bottle gets put away until intermission.

GRANDPA. Have you been on the stage a long time, Miss Wellington?
GAY. All my life. I’ve played everything. Ever see “Peg o’ My Heart”?
GRANDPA. Yes.

GAY. I saw it too. Good show … My! Hot night, ain’t it?
DONALD. You want me to open the window, Miss Wellington?
GAY. No, the Hell with the weather … Say, he’s cute.

PENNY. Well, any time you’re ready, we’ll go up to my room and start. I thought I’d read the play up in my room.

GAY. All right, dearie. I’m ready. (Stops. She sees the snakes. She shakes her head in disbelief.) When I see snakes, it’s time to lay down.

**ED CARMICHAEL**

ED. Penny, did you see the new mask I made last night? Guess who it is.

PENNY. Don’t tell me now, Ed. Wait a minute. . . Helen of Troy?

ED. (Disappointed.) It’s Mrs. Roosevelt.

(MR. DE PINNA enters carrying boxes of candy.)

ED. Look, Mr. De Pinna- would you open the door and see if there’s a man standing in front of the house?
DE PINNA. Why, what for?

ED. Well, the last two days, when I’ve been out delivering candy, I think a man’s been following me.

ESSIE. Ed, you’re crazy.

ED. No, I’m not. He follows me, and he stands and watches the house.

DE PINNA. Really? I’ll take a look and see.

GRANDPA. I don’t see what anybody would follow *you* for, Ed.

ED. (As De Pinna returns) Well? Did you see him?

DE PINNA. There’s nobody out there at all.

ED. You sure?
DE PINNA. Positive. I just saw him walk away.

ED. You see?

ESSIE. Oh, it might have been anybody, walking along the street. Ed, will you hurry and get back?
ED. Oh, all right.

**ALICE #1 / TONY KIRBY #1**

ALICE. Tony, I want to make it clear to you. Listen, you’re of a different world . . . a whole different kind of people. Oh I don’t mean money or socially . . . that’s too silly. But your family and mine . . . it just wouldn’t work, Tony. It just wouldn’t work.

TONY. Oh I don’t mind that. Anyhow, we’re not going to live with your family. It’s just you and I.

ALICE. No it isn’t . . . it’s never quite that. I love them, Tony . . . I love them deeply. Some people could break away, but I couldn’t. I know they do rather strange things. . . But they’re gay and they’re fun and . . . I don’t know . . . there’s a kind of nobility about them.

TONY. Alice, you talk as though only you could understand them. That’s not true. Why every family has got curious little traits. What of it? My father raises orchids at ten thousand dollars a bulb. Is that sensible? My mother believes in spiritualism. That’s just as bad as your mother writing plays, isn’t it?

ALICE. It goes deeper, Tony. Could you explain Donald to your father? Could you explain Grandpa? You couldn’t, Tony, you couldn’t! I love you, Tony, but I love them too! And it’s no use, Tony! It’s no use!

TONY. There’s only one thing you’ve said that matters, that makes any sense at all. You love me. Darling, won’t you trust me and go on loving me, and forget every thing else?

ALICE. How can I?

TONY. Because nothing can keep us apart. You know that. You must know it. They want you to be happy, don’t they? They must.

ALICE. Of course they do. But they can’t change, Tony. I wouldn’t want them to change.

TONY. They won’t have to change. They’re charming, loveable people, just as they are. Everything will work out . . . you’re worrying about something that may never come up.

ALICE. Oh, Tony, am I?

TONY. All that matters right now is that we love each other. That’s so, isn’t it?

ALICE. Yes.

TONY. Well, then!

ALICE. Tony, Tony!
TONY. Now! I’d like to see a little gayety around here. Young gentleman calling, and getting engaged and every thing.

ALICE. What do I say?

TONY. Well, first you thank the young man for getting engaged to you.

ALICE. Thank you, Mr. Kirby, for getting engaged to me.

TONY. And then you tell him what it was about him that first took your girlish heart.

ALICE. The back of your head.

TONY. Huh?

ALICE. Uh-huh. It wasn’t your charm, and it wasn’t your money . . . it was the back of your head. I just liked it.

TONY. What happened when I turned around?
ALICE. Oh, I got used to it after a while.

TONY. Oh, Alice, think of it. We’re pretty lucky, aren’t we?
ALICE. I know that I am. I’m the luckiest girl in the world.

**TONY KIRBY JR #2 / ANTHONY KIRBY SR**

KIRBY. That’s a very dangerous philosophy, Mr. Vanderhof. It’s – It’s un-American. And it’s exactly why I’m opposed to this marriage. I don’t want Tony to come under its influence.

TONY. What’s the matter with it, Father?
KIRBY. Matter with it? Why, it’s – it’s downright Communism, that’s what it is.

TONY. You didn’t always think so.

KIRBY. I most certainly did. What are you talking about?
TONY. I’ll tell you what I’m talking about. You didn’t always think so, because there was a time when you wanted to be a trapeze artist.

KIRBY. Why - Why, don’t be an idiot, Tony.

TONY. Oh, yes, you did. I came across those letters you wrote to Grandfather. Do you remember those?

KIRBY. NO! . . . How dare you read those letters? How dare you? I was fourteen years old at the time.

TONY. Yes, but at eighteen you wanted to be a saxophone player, didn’t you?
KIRBY. Tony!
TONY. And at twenty-one you ran away from home because Grandfather wanted you to go into the business. It’s all down there in black and white. You didn’t always think so.

KIRBY. I may have had silly notions in my youth, but thank God my father knocked them out of me. I went into the business and forgot about them.

TONY. Not altogether, Father. There’s still a saxophone in the back of your clothes closet.

KIRBY. That’s enough, Tony. We’ll discuss this later.

TONY. No, I want to talk about it now. I think Mr. Vanderhof is right – dead right. I’m never going back to that office. I’ve always hated it, and I’m not going on with it. And I’ll tell you something else. I didn’t make a mistake last night. I knew it was the wrong night. I brought you here on purpose. Because I wanted to wake you up. I wanted you to see a real family – as they really were. A family that loved and understood each other. You don’t understand me. You’ve never had time. Well, I’m not going to make your mistake. I’m clearing out.

**ALICE KIRBY #2**

ALICE. And so the beautiful princess came into the palace, and kissed her mother, and her father, and her grandfather –

GRANDPA. Hello darling!

ALICE. Hi Grandpa – and what do you think? They turned into the Sycamore family. Surprised?

ESSIE. (Examining Alice’s new dress) Oh, Alice, I like it.

ALICE. Do you?
ESSIE. Where’d you get it?
ALICE. Oh, I took a walk during lunch hour.

GRANDPA. You’ve been taking a lot of walks lately. That’s the second new dress this week.

ALICE. I just like to brighten up the office once in a while. I’m known as the Kay Francis of Kirby & Co . . . Well, what’s new around here? In the way of plays, snakes, ballet dancing or fireworks.
PENNY. I’m going back to my war play Alice.

ALICE. Really, mother?

ESSIE. Ed, play Alice that Beethoven thing you wrote.

(Chaos & noise ensues)

ALICE. Listen, people. . . Listen. I’m not home to dinner. A young gentleman is calling for me. I did everything possible to keep him from coming here but he’s calling for me.

PENNY. Why don’t you both stay for dinner?

ALICE. No, I want him to take you in easy doses. I’ve tried to prepare him a little, but don’t make it any worse than you can help. Don’t read him any plays, Mother, and don’t let a snake bite him, Grandpa, because I like him. And I wouldn’t dance for him, Essie, because we’re going to the Monte Carlo ballet tonight.

GRANDPA. Can’t do anything. Who is he? President of the United States?
ALICE. No, he’s vice president of Kirby & Co. Mr. Anthony Kirby, Jr. The boss’s son. Just like the movies.

**BORIS KOLENKHOV #1**

KOL. Now, I wonder if I know you well enough to ask of you a great favor.

PENNY. Why, of course. What is it?

KOL. You have heard me talk about my friend, the Grand Duchess Olga Katrina. She is a great woman, the Grand Duchess. Her cousin was the Czar of Russia, and today she is a waitress in Childs’ Restaurant, Times Square.

PENNY. Yes, I know. If there’s anything at all that we can do. . .

KOL. I tell you. The Grand Duchess Olga Katrina has not had a good meal since before the Revolution.

GRANDPA. She must be hungry.

KOL. And today the Grand Duchess not only has her day off - Thursday -but it is also the anniversary of Peter the Great. A remarkable man!

PENNY. If you mean you’d like the Grand Duchess to come to dinner, why, we’d be honored.

KOL. In the name of the Grand Duchess, I thank you.

PENNY. I can hardly wait to meet her. Where is she now?
KOL. She is outside in the street, waiting. I bring her in.

GRANDPA. You know, if this keeps on I want to live to be a hundred and fifty.

KOL. (His voice booming) The Grand Duchess Olga Katrina!

**BORIS KOLENKHOV #2**

KOL. Madame Sycamore, I greet you! Tell me, Grandpa – what should I do about Rhebishka! I keep telling her she would make a great toe dancer – but she laughs only!

RHEBA. No, suh! I couldn’t get up on my toes, Mr. Kolenkhov! I got corns!

KOL. Rhebishka, you could wear diamonds! A great girl, Grandpa. (Suddenly he sights portrait of DE PINNA) What is that?

GRANDPA. It’s a picture of Mr. De Pinna. Penny painted it.

KOL. It stinks.

GRANDPA. I know. How are you, Kolenkhov?

KOL. Magnificent! Life is chasing around inside of me, like a squirrel.

GRANDPA. Tis, huh? . . . What’s new in Russia? Any more letters from your friend in Moscow?

KOL. I have just heard from him. I saved for you the stamp.

GRANDPA. Thanks, Kolenkhov.

KOL. They have sent him to Siberia.

GRANDPA. They have, eh? How’s he like it?
KOL. He has escaped. He has escaped and gone back to Moscow. He will get them yet if they do not get him. The Soviet Government! I could take the whole Soviet Government and – grrah! (He crushes Stalin and all in one great paw.)

ESSIE. I’m sorry I’m late, Mr. Kolenkhov. I’ll get inot my dancing clothes right away.

KOL. Tonight you will really work, Pavlowa. Tonight we will take something new.

GRANDPA. Essie making any progress, Kolenkhov?
KOL. (First making elaborately sure that Essie is gone, then in a voice that would carry to Long Island.) Confidentially, she stinks!

**RHEBA / DONALD**

DONALD. “. . . for appearance in the West Side Court this morning. After spending the night in jail, the defendants, thirteen in all, were brought before Judge Callahan and given suspended sentences for manufacturing fireworks without a permit.”

RHEBA. Yah. Kept me in the same cell with a strip teaser from a burlesque show.

DONALD. I was in the cell with Mr. Kirby. My, he was mad!
RHEBA. Mrs. Kirby and the strip teaser- they were fighting all night.

DONALD. Whole lot about Mr. Kirby here. “Anthony W. Kirby, head of Kirby & Co., 62 Wall Street, who was among those apprehended, declared he was in no way interested in the manufacture of fireworks, but refused to state why he was on the premises at the time of the raid. Mr. Kirby is a member of the Union Club, the Racquet Club, the Harvard Club, and the National Geographic Society.” My, he certainly is a joiner!

RHEBA. All them rich men are Elks or something.

DONALD. I suppose, after all this, Mr. Tony ain’t ever going to marry Miss Alice, huh?

RHEBA. No, suh, and it’s too bad, too. Miss Alice sure loves that boy. I don’t know what I’m going to do with all that food out in the kitchen. Ain’t going to be no party tonight, that’s sure.

DONALD. Ain’t we going to eat it anyhow?

RHEBA. Well, I’m cooking it, but I don’t think anybody going to have an appetite.

DONALD. I’m hungry.
RHEBA. Well, they ain’t. They’re all so broke up about Miss. Alice.

DONALD. What’s she want to go ‘way for? Where’s she going?
RHEBA. I don’t know- mountains some place. And she’s going, all right, no matter what they say. I know Miss Alice when she gets that look in her eye.

DONALD. Too bad, ain’t it?

RHEBA. Sure is.

**MIRIAM KIRBY**

KIRBY. “Lust – Human” Really! Miriam!

MRS. KIRBY. I just meant, Anthony, that lust is after all a human emotion.

KIRBY. I don’t agree with you, Miriam. Lust is not a human emotion. It is depraved.

MRS. KIRBY. Very well, Anthony. I’m wrong.

KIRBY. I find this game rather interesting. Will you go on, Mrs. Sycamore? What was the next word?
PENNY. “Honeymoon – dull”

MRS. KIRBY. What I meant, Anthony, was that Hot Springs was not very gay that season. All those old people sitting on the porch all afternoon, and – nothing to do at night.

KIRBY. A very illuminating game. Go on, Mrs. Sycamore!

PENNY. “Sex – Wall Street”

KIRBY. What do you mean by that, Miriam?

MRS. KIRBY. I don’t know what I meant, Anthony. Nothing.

KIRBY. But you must have meant something, Miriam, or you wouldn’t have put it down.

MRS. KIRBY. It was just the first thing that came into my head, that’s all.

KIRBY. But what does it mean? Sex – Wall Street.

MRS. KIRBY. Oh, I don’t know what it means, Anthony. It’s just that you’re always talking about Wall Street, even when – (She catches herself.) I don’t know what I meant… Would you mind terribly, Alice, if we didn’t stay for dinner? I’m afraid this game has given me a headache.

PENNY. But you’re coming tomorrow night, aren’t you?
MRS. KIRBY. I’m afraid we have an engagement tomorrow night.

TONY. I think we’re being very ungracious, Father. Of course we’ll stay to dinner- tonight.

MRS. KIRBY. I have a very bad headache, Tony.

KIRBY. Come, come, Tony. I’m sure everyone understands. Alice, I’m sorry, my dear- very sorry. . . Are you ready, Miriam?

MRS. KIRBY. Yes, Anthony.

KIRBY. It’s been very nice to have met you all.

MRS. KIRBY. Yes, lovely.

**GRAND DUCHESS**

GRANDPA. Quite a lot of your folks living over here now, aren’t there?

GRAND DUCHESS: Oh, yes – many. My uncle, the Grand Duke Sergei – he is an elevator man at Macy’s. A very nice man. Then there is my cousin, Prince Alexis. He will not speak to the rest of us because he works at Hattie Carnegie. He is in ladies’ underwear.

KOL: When he was selling hot dogs at Coney Island he was willing to talk to you.

GRAND DUCHESS: Ah, Kolenkhov, our time is coming. My sister, Natasha, is studying to be a manicurist, Uncle Sergei they have promised to make floorwalker, and next month I get transferred to the Fifth Avenue Childs’. From there it is only a step to Schraffts’, and then we will see what Prince Alexis says!

GRANDPA. I think you’ve got him.

GRAND DUCHESS: You are telling me?

PENNY. Your Highness – did you know the Czar? Personally, I mean.

GRAND DUCHESS: Of course – he was my cousin. It was terrible, what happened, but perhaps it was for the best. Where could he get a job now?

DE PINNA. Tell me, Grand Duchess, is it true what they say about Rasputin?
GRAND DUCHESS. Everyone wants to know about Rasputin… Yes, my dear sir, it is true. And how.

KOL. Your Highness, we have to watch the time.

GRAND DUCHESS: Yes, I must not be late. The manager does not like me. He is a communist! Where is your kitchen? I will help, too.

ESSIE. Right through here, but you’re the guest of honor, Your Highness.

GRAND DUCHESS: I love to cook! Come, Kolenkhov. If they have got sour cream and pot cheese I will make you some blintzes!

**“THE MAN” (OR WOMAN) - DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE**

THE MAN. Stay right where you are, everybody. Don’t move.

KIRBY. I demand an explanation!
THE MAN. Keep your mouth shut, you! Which one is it?

ED. Heh! What are you doing?
THE MAN. What’s your name?

ED. Edward Carmichael. I haven’t done anything.

THE MAN. You haven’t, huh?

GRANDPA. What’s it all about?

THE MAN. Department of Justice. Ever see these before?

ED. They’re my – circulars.

THE MAN. You print this stuff, huh?

ED. Yes, sir.

THE MAN. And you put ‘em into boxes of candy to get ‘em into people’s homes.

ED. But I didn’t mean anything –

THE MAN. You didn’t huh? (He reads circulars) “Dynamite the Capitol!” “Dynamite the White House!” “Dynamite the Supreme Court!” “God is the State; the State is God!”

ED. But I didn’t mean that. I just like to print.

THE MAN. Everybody in this house is under arrest. Line up, you people! Line up, all of you!