

AUDITIONS

FOR
THE WINTER THEATRE PRODUCTION OF
You Can't Take It With You

AUDITION DATES/TIMES:

Wed. Dec. 7th from 2:30-6:00 p.m.

LOCATION:

The Little Theatre

REQUIREMENTS:

Be on time w/ completed **Audition Form**. Each person will do a prepared reading from at least one of the scenes provided. Please prepare all scenes (not memorized but familiar and with character). You will only read for your gender and you might read more than once.

Tentative REHEARSAL SCHEDULE:

Dec. 8 2:30-5:00—Cast Meeting

Dec. 12-14 2:30-5:30 p.m.

Plan on Mon-Thurs rehearsals from 3:00-7:00 for now. Things will change depending on parts and calendar.

SHOW WEEK

Feb. 27-Mar 1 Dress Reh. 3-8 p.m.

March 2 Sen. Perf 2-6 p.m.

March 3 & 4 Perfs 5:00 p.m. call
(Matinee on Sat)

WHAT ARE WE LOOKING FOR?

We are looking for your ability to create a believable and real character in the scene. Those who come unprepared and must read cold from the script will not do well. You should not stumble or be unfamiliar with words or the motivations. You are proving not only your acting ability & potential but also your work ethic and professionalism.

Questions?

See Ms. Weeks in room 704
before or after school.

Cast List will be posted

12/7 by 8 pm at
www.mhsperformingarts.com

First Cast Meeting:

Wed. 12/8 2:30-5:00 p.m.
Room 704

Bring Pencil, Calendar, \$40
(script fee & production fee).

No \$, no Script!!!

Synopsis: *You Can't Take It with You*

The Vanderhof family at the center of *You Can't Take It with You* is a collection of cheerful and erratic (yet lovable) incompetents. First, there's Grandpa Martin Vanderhof, the salty and philosophical patriarch of this wacky family and a man who made his peace with the world, if not the Internal Revenue Service, long ago. Then there is his daughter, Penelope Sycamore (a cheerful and unpublished playwright, at least at the moment) and her husband, Paul (who happily manufactures fireworks in the cellar). The third generation consists of Penelope and Paul's daughters and son-in-law: Essie Carmichael (the eternally optimistic, and inept, ballerina), her husband Ed (who has a passion for printing presses and xylophones), and Alice. Seemingly the only normal character in the household is Alice, a Wall Street secretary.

Into this whirlwind of activity comes Tony Kirby, Alice's boyfriend, the son of her boss, and the epitome of normality and success in the business world. Tony is amused by Alice's family and loves Alice in spite of the craziness in the family home. Alice, on the other hand, is sometimes merely chagrined, sometimes mortified by what happens when she brings Tony to the house. Despite the differences between the two families, Alice and Tony are soon engaged, and (over Alice's protests) a dinner party is planned for Tony's parents—at the Vanderhof home. Alice, of course, has misgivings about bringing Tony's strait-laced parents into this maelstrom of activity: as she explained when she introduced Tony to her family: "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." The family assures Alice that they will be on their best behavior, and the night is set.

However, as with most things in the Vanderhof family, things don't go exactly as planned. Tony arrives with his parents in tow—but mistakenly arrives the night before the planned dinner party. And the Vanderhof tribe, rather than being on their best behavior are at their unplanned and hilarious worst. The Kirbys, predictably, are appalled at the wild unorthodoxy of the Vanderhofs, which presently results in the arrest of the family—and of the Kirbys themselves. Alice, convinced that the two families will never get along, determines to leave hers; but Tony, seeing something deeper in the family that his parents or perhaps even Alice don't see, tries in vain to dissuade her and explains that he brought his parents to the party a night early on purpose: "I wanted [my parents] to see a real family—as they really were. A family that loved and understood each other."

The Kirbys are angry at their son and disturbed that he could love such a family, but he insists that he still wants to marry Alice. Everything, eventually, is brought back to the important center by Grandpa, as he talks to Mr. Kirby and to Tony about what is really important and teaches everyone some vital lessons about life: "You've got all the money you need. You can't take it with you. . . . 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. . . . We haven't got too much time, you know--any of us."

Characters: *You Can't Take It with You*

Penelope Sycamore: The daughter of Martin Vanderhof, mother of Essie and Alice, and wife of Paul, Penelope is the fluttery, gentle lady of the house. She decided to become a playwright when a typewriter was delivered to their house by mistake. Since that time this accidental playwright has spent much of her time writing works with titles such as *Poison Gas*.

Essie: The daughter of Penelope and Paul, granddaughter of Martin Vanderhof, and wife of Ed, Essie is a pixie in toeshoes. At the age of twenty-nine, she wants to be a dancer in the worst way--and, according to any unbiased observer, that is exactly what she is. The eternal student, she takes lessons from Boris Kolenkhov and is constantly dancing across the living room.

Rheba: The maid in the Vanderhof household, she probably understands this unusual family better than anyone.

Paul Sycamore: The husband of Penelope and father of Essie, Paul Sycamore is in his mid-fifties, but with a kind of youthful air. His quiet charm and mild manner are distinctly engaging. However, under that unassuming exterior lies a man who lives for his fireworks--the ones he manufactures in the cellar.

Mr. De Pinna: Years ago Mr. De Pinna was delivering ice to the Vanderhof home--and just decided to stay. Now the mad genius of pyrotechnics helps out Paul in the cellar.

Ed: The husband of Essie, Ed is a nondescript young man in his mid-thirties. However, he has two passions: the printing press and the xylophone.

Donald: Rheba's boyfriend, Donald spends a lot of comfortable time at the Vanderhof home.

Martin Vanderhof: The patriarchal head of the family, Grandpa Martin Vanderhof is about seventy-five, a man whom the years have treated kindly. He is a man who made his peace with the world long, long ago, and his whole attitude and manner are quietly persuasive of this. He does, however, have a long-standing "disagreement" with the Internal Revenue Service.

Alice: The daughter of Penelope and Paul and sister of Essie, Alice is a lovely, fresh young girl of about twenty-two. Because she is a secretary in a Wall Street office, she is in daily contact with the world and seems to have escaped the tinge of mild insanity that pervades the rest of the family; however, her familial devotion and love are readily apparent. In the course of the play she is engaged to marry Tony Kirby, her boss's son.

Tony Kirby: The boyfriend and later fiancé of Alice, Tony Kirby is a personable young man not long out of Yale and Cambridge. Although he fits all the physical requirements of a boss's son, his face (and his spirit) has something of the idealist in it, invoking in him a certain fondness for the Vanderhofs' quirkiness.

Boris Kolenkhov: Essie's dance teacher, Boris Kolenkhov is a hearty, explosive, Russian ballet-master.

Mr. Kirby: Tony's father and Alice's boss in the Wall Street office, Mr. Kirby is a successful businessman who wants his son to follow in his footsteps; thus, he is very disapproving of the Vanderhof family and of his son's engagement to Alice.

Mrs. Kirby: Tony's mother, Mrs. Kirby is of the same mind and temperament as her husband.

pression comes over her face. Abstractedly she takes a piece of candy out of the skull, pops it into her mouth. As always, it furnishes the needed inspiration—with a furious burst of speed she finishes a page and whips it out of the machine. Quite mechanically, she picks up one of the kittens, adds the sheet of paper to the pile underneath, replaces the kitten.

As she goes back to work, ESSIE CARMICHAEL, MRS. SYCAMORE'S eldest daughter, comes in from the kitchen. A girl of about twenty-nine, very slight, a curious air of the pixie about her. She is wearing ballet slippers—in fact, she wears them throughout the play.

#1

ESSIE. (*Enters U.R. as PENNY crosses back with skull and fanning herself takes paper out of typewriter.*) My, that kitchen's hot.

PENNY. (*Finishing a bit of typing.*) What, Essie? (*Rises and crosses to R. a step.*)

ESSIE. (*Crossing to R. of table.*) I say the 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. (*Leg limbering exercise on chair.*)

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

ESSIE. That's what Ed was saying last night (*She leans body forward.*), but I said No, I want to be a dancer. (*Points to C.*)

PENNY. (*Returning to her desk.*) The only trouble with dancing is, it takes so long. You've been studying such a long time.

ESSIE. (*Slowly drawing a leg up behind her as she talks.*) 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. (*At her desk.*)

(*From the kitchen comes a colored maid named RHEBA—a very black girl somewhere in her thirties. She carries eight napkins.*)

RHEBA. (*As she enters.*) I think the candy's hardening up now, Miss Essie. (*Puts napkins on U.S. chair of table.*)

ESSIE. Oh, thanks, Rheba. I'll bring some in, Mother—I want you to try it. (*She goes into kitchen U.R.*)

(*PENNY returns to her work, sits—puts fresh paper in and types—as RHEBA removes table centerpiece and goes to buffet.*)

#1
RHEBA. (*Taking a tablecloth from buffet drawer.*) Finish the second act, Mrs. Sycamore?

PENNY. Uh? What?

RHEBA. (*Returning to table, she throws tablecloth over back of a chair and removes table cover.*) I said, did you finish the second act?

PENNY. (*Crosses to R. a step with script, papers, and pencil.*) Oh, no, Rheba. I've just got Cynthia entering the monastery.

RHEBA. She was at the Kit Kat, wasn't she?

PENNY. (*Crosses to L. of table.*) Well, she gets tired of the Kit Kat Club, and there's this monastery, so she goes there.

RHEBA. Do they let her in?

PENNY. Yes, I made it Visitors' Day, so of course anybody can come.

RHEBA. Oh. (*As she spreads tablecloth.*)

PENNY. So she arrives on Visitors' Day, and—just stays.

RHEBA. You mean she stays all night?

PENNY. Oh, yes. She stays six years. (*Crosses to her desk and sits.*)

RHEBA. Six years? (*Starting for kitchen.*) My, I bet she busts that monastery wide open. (*She is gone.*)

PENNY. (*Half to herself, as she types.*) "Six Years Later." . . .

(PAUL SYCAMORE comes up from the cellar. Mid-fifties, but with a kind of youthful air. His quiet charm and mild manner are distinctly engaging. He is carrying a frying pan containing several small firecrackers. He is smoking a cigarette.)

PAUL. (*Turning back as he comes through door D.R.*) Mr. De Pinna! (*A voice from below: "Yah?"*) Mr. De Pinna, will you bring up one of those new skyrockets, please? I want to show them to Mrs. Sycamore. (*An answering "Sure!" from cellar as he crosses toward PENNY, who rises.*) Look, Penny—what do you think of these little firecrackers we just made? We can sell them ten strings for a cent. Listen. (*He puts one down in the pan on table and lights it. It goes off with a good bang.*) Nice, huh?

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

PAUL. (*Puts half of firecrackers in pan, quite calmly as he crosses to her.*) 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.

(DE PINNA enters.)

#1
PENNY. Sounds lovely. Did you do all that today? (*Crosses to desk chair.*)

PAUL. Sure. We made up—Oh, here we are. (*DE PINNA comes up from cellar. A bald-headed little man with a serious manner, carrying 2 good-sized skyrockets. He crosses to PAUL. PAUL takes one to show PENNY.*) 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 day you going to take the stuff up to Mount Vernon?

PAUL. (*Picking up his pan and firecrackers.*) About a week. You know, we're going to need a larger booth this year—got a lot of stuff made up. (*PAUL starts R.*) Come on, we're not through yet. (*DE PINNA follows.*)

DE PINNA. Look, Mr. Sycamore, (*Examining rocket in his hand.*) 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. (*He exits D.R.*)

DE PINNA. (*Starting off.*) All right.

PENNY. (*Rising and crossing two steps R.*) Mr. De Pinna, if a girl you loved entered a monastery, what would you do?

DE PINNA. Oh I don't know, Mrs. Sycamore . . . it's been so long.

(*PENNY sits at her desk, as DE PINNA exits D.R. She starts to type again as RHEBA enters from kitchen bringing a pile of plates and salt and pepper shakers.*)

RHEBA. (*Crossing down to table.*) Miss Alice going to be home to dinner tonight, Mrs. Sycamore? (*She puts pile of plates on table.*)

PENNY. (*Deep in her thinking.*) What? I don't know, Rheba. Maybe.

RHEBA. Well, I'll set a place for her, but she's only been home one night this week.

PENNY. Yes, I know.

RHEBA. (*She puts down a plate or two.*) Miss Essie's making some mighty good candy today. She's doing something new with cocoa-nuts. (*More plates.*)

PENNY. Uh-huh. That's nice.

RHEBA. Let's see . . . six and Mr. De Pinna, and if Mr. Kolen-

#1
khov comes that makes eight, don't it? (PENNY types. *At which point, a whistling sound of a rocket followed by a series of explosions comes up from cellar. PENNY and RHEBA, however, don't even notice it. RHEBA goes right on.*) Yes, I'd better set for eight. (*Puts napkins from chair to table. Puts down one more plate, looks over her setting of the table, and starts off U.R.*)

PENNY. (*Rising.*) Rheba, I think I'll put this play away for a while, and go back to the war play.

(*ESSIE returns from kitchen carrying a plate of freshly made candy.*)

RHEBA. Oh, I always liked that one—the war play. Boom, boom! (*She exits U.R.*)

ESSIE. (*Crossing over to PENNY.*) They'll be better when they're harder, Mother, but try one—I want to know what you think.

PENNY. Oh, they look lovely. (*She takes one.*) What do you call them?

ESSIE. I think I'll call 'em Love Dreams. (*She places them on c. table.*)

PENNY. Yes, that's nice. . . . (*Nibbling on one of the candies.*) I'm going back to my war play, Essie. What do you think?

ESSIE. (*Dances back to buffet.*) Oh, are you, Mother?

PENNY. (*Puts script down.*) Yes, I sort of got myself into a monastery and I can't get out.

ESSIE. (*Pointing her toe.*) Oh, well, it'll come to you, Mother. Remember how you got out of that brothel. . . . (*She looks at snake solarium, a glass structure looking something like a goldfish aquarium, but containing, believe it or not, snakes.*) The snakes look hungry. Did Rheba feed them?

(*RHEBA enters U.R. carrying silverware.*)

PENNY. (*As RHEBA re-enters, puts silverware down on table. Sets two places.*) I don't know. Rheba, did you feed the snakes yet?

RHEBA. No, Donald's coming and he always brings flies with him. (*ESSIE dances to R. of buffet.*)

PENNY. Well, try to feed them before Grandpa gets home. You know how fussy he is about them. (*Crossing to desk, she picks up file box with kittens in it.*)

RHEBA. (*Starts to go.*) Yes'm.

PENNY. (*Crossing to RHEBA. Handing her the kittens.*) And here, take Groucho and Harpo into the kitchen with you. (*RHEBA exits U.R.*) Believe I'll have another Love Dream. (*Sits at her desk.*)

(PAUL emerges from cellar again.)

PAUL. (Enters D.R. and crosses to ESSIE.) Mr. De Pinna was right about the balloon. It was too close to the powder.

ESSIE. (Points to plate.) Want a Love Dream, Father? They're on the table.

PAUL. (Starts for stairs.) No, thanks. I gotta wash.

PENNY. I'm going back to the war play, Paul.

PAUL. Oh, that's nice. We're putting some red stars after the bombs and then the balloon. That ought to do it. (He goes up stairs.)

ESSIE. (Crossing down to back of chair L. of table.) You know, Mr. Kolenkhov says I'm his most promising pupil.

PENNY. You'd think with forty monks and one girl that something would happen.

(ED CARMICHAEL comes down stairs. A nondescript young man in his mid-thirties. He removes his coat as he crosses to xylophone.)

ED. Essie! Heh! Essie! (PENNY sits as music starts. He hums a snatch of melody as he heads for the far corner of the room—the xylophone corner. Arriving there, he picks up the sticks and continues the melody on the xylophone. Immediately ESSIE is up on her toes, performing intricate ballet steps to ED's accompaniment.)

ESSIE. (After a bar, rising on toes—dancing—to R. below table.) I like that, Ed. Did you write it? (PENNY types.)

ED. (Pauses in his playing. Shakes his head.) No, Beethoven. (Music continues.)

ESSIE. (Never coming down off her toes.) Lovely. Got a lot of you in it. . . . I made those new candies this afternoon, Ed. (Dancing to the L.) (PENNY puts scripts from U.S. end to D.S. end.)

ED. (Playing away.) Yah?

ESSIE. (A series of leaping steps.) You can take 'em around tonight.

ED. All right. . . . Now, here's the finish. This is me. (He works up to an elaborate crescendo, but ESSIE keeps pace with him, right to the finish, pirouetting to the last note.) How's that?

ESSIE. That's fine. (PENNY picks up half of pile of scripts, D.S. end desk.) Remember it when Kolenkhov comes, will you?

PENNY. (Who has been busy with her scripts.) Ed, dear. Why don't you and Essie have a baby? I was thinking about it just the other day.

(ED puts xylophone hammers down—comes down from alcove.)

ED. (As ESSIE busies herself with her slippers.) I don't know—we

#2

could have one if you wanted us to. What about it, Essie? Do you want to have a baby?

ESSIE. Oh, I don't care. I'm willing if Grandpa is. (*And off into kitchen.*)

ED. (*Calling after her.*) Let's ask him.

PENNY. (*Running through a pile of scripts.*) Labor play, (*ED works printing press with a bang.*) religious play, (*Another bang. RHEBA enters U.R. with silverware. Puts table cover from chair on buffet arm.*) sex play— (*Still another bang.*) I know it's here some place.

DE PINNA. (*Coming out of cellar D.R., bound for kitchen to wash up.*) I was right about the balloon. It was too close to the powder.

ED. (*Who has crossed to his press.*) Anything you want printed, Mr. De Pinna? How about some more calling cards?

DE PINNA. No, thanks. I've still got the first thousand.

ED. Well, call on somebody, will you?

DE PINNA. All right! (*Exits U.R.*)

ED. (*Coming downstage—type stick in hand.*) What have we got for dinner, Rheba? I'm ready to print the menu.

RHEBA. Let's see. Corn flakes, watermelon, some of these candies Miss Essie made, and some kind of meat—I forget. (*Sets silverware.*)

ED. I think I'll set it up in bold face Cheltenham tonight. (*Going to printing press U.R.*) You know, if I'm going to take those new candies around I'd better print up some descriptive matter after dinner.

PENNY. Do you think anybody reads those things, Ed—that you put in the candy boxes? . . . Oh, here's the war play. (*She pulls a script out of pile.*) "Poison Gas." (*The doorbell rings. Changes tone.*) I guess that's Donald. (*RHEBA smiles and starts for hall door, U.L.*) Look at Rheba smile.

ED. The boy friend, eh, Rheba?

(*RHEBA is out of sight.*)

PENNY. They're awfully cute, Donald and Rheba. Sort of like Porgy and Bess.

DONALD. (*Off stage.*) Hello, Rheba.

RHEBA. Donald! (*RHEBA having opened door, DONALD now looms up in arch, straw hat in hand.*)

DONALD. Evening, everybody!

ED. Hi, Donald! How've you been?

#2

DONALD. (*Coming into room.*) I'm pretty good, Mr. Ed. How you been, Mrs. Sycamore. (*He starts R.*)

PENNY. Very well, thank you. (*Rises.*) Donald?

DONALD. Yes, ma'am?

PENNY. Were you ever in a monastery?

DONALD. No-o. I don't go no place much. I'm on relief. (*Reaching for bottle of flies in his pocket.*)

PENNY. Ah, yes, of course. (*Sits.*)

DONALD. (*Crossing to RHEBA. Pulling a bottle out of side pocket.*) Here's the flies, Rheba. Caught a big mess of them today.

RHEBA. (*Taking the jar.*) You sure did. (*RHEBA goes into the kitchen U.R.*) (*DONALD crosses to L.*)

DONALD. I see you've been working, Mrs. Sycamore.

PENNY. Yes, indeed, Donald.

DONALD. How's Grandpa?

PENNY. Just fine. He's over at Columbia this afternoon. The Commencement exercises.

DONALD. (*Crossing to table.*) My . . . my. The years certainly do roll 'round. M-m-m. (*Takes a candy.*)

ED. (*With his typesetting.*) M—E—A—T. . . . What's he go there for all the time, Penny?

PENNY. I don't know, it's so handy—just around the corner.

(*PAUL comes down stairs, an impressive looking tome under his arm.*)

PAUL. Oh, Donald! Mr. De Pinna and I are going to take the fireworks up to Mount Vernon next week. Do you think you could give us a hand?

DONALD. Yes, sir, only I can't take no money for it this year, because if the Government finds out I'm working they'll get sore.

PAUL. Oh! (*DONALD drifts up to buffet and feeds bits of candy to the snakes.*) Ed, I got a wonderful idea in the bathroom just now. I was reading Trotsky. It's yours, isn't it?

ED. (*Crossing down.*) Yah, I left it there.

PENNY. *Who* is it?

PAUL. (*A step to PENNY.*) You know, Trotsky. The Russian Revolution. (*Showing her book.*)

PENNY. Oh.

PAUL. (*DONALD turns.*) Anyhow, it struck me it was a great fireworks idea. Remember "The Last Days of Pompeii"?

PENNY. Oh, yes. Palisades Park. (*With a gesture of her arms she*

#2

loosely describes a couple of arcs, indicative of the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius.) That's where we met.

PAUL. Well, I'm going to do the Revolution! A full hour display.

DONALD. Say!

PENNY. Paul, that's wonderful!

ED. The red fire is the flag, huh?

PAUL. (*Crossing a step to R.*) Sure! And the Czar, and the Cossacks!

DONALD. And the freeing of the slaves?

PAUL. No, no, Donald—the Russian Revolution. (*The sound of the front door slamming. A second's pause, then GRANDPA enters living room. GRANDPA is about 75, a wiry little man whom the years have treated kindly. His face is youthful, despite the lines that sear it; his eyes are very much alive. He is a man who made his peace with the world long, long ago, and his whole attitude and manner are quietly persuasive of this.*) Hello, Grandpa. (*DONALD crosses to door U.R. ED up to L. of xylophone. PAUL sits above table.*)

GRANDPA. (*Putting his hat on newel post and surveying the group.*) Well, sir, you should have been there. That's all I can say—you should have been there.

PENNY. Was it a nice Commencement, Grandpa?

GRANDPA. Wonderful. They get better every year. (*He peers into snake solarium.*) You don't know how lucky you are you're snakes. (*Crossing to alcove for his house coat.*)

ED. Big class this year, Grandpa? How many were there?

GRANDPA. Oh, must have been two acres. *Everybody* graduated. (*Removes street coat.*) Yes, sir. And much funnier speeches than they had last year. (*Crossing down to his chair, putting on house coat.*)

DONALD. (*Coming D.S.*) You want to listen to a good speech you go up and hear Father Divine.

GRANDPA. I'll wait—they'll have him at Columbia. (*Sits R. of table, as DONALD crosses to R.*)

PENNY. Donald, will you tell Rheba Grandpa's home now and we won't wait for Miss Alice.

(*DE PINNA enters from kitchen, rolling down his sleeves.*)

DONALD. Yes'm . . . (*As he exits through kitchen door U.R.*) Rheba, Grandpa's home . . . we can have dinner.

PAUL. We made a new skyrocket today, Grandpa. Wait till you see it.

DE PINNA. Evening, Grandpa.

#3

(The voice of KOLENKHOV is heard at door, booming as usual.)

KOL. Rhebishka! My little Rhebishka!

RHEBA. (Delighted, as usual.) Yassuh, Mr. Kolenkhov!

PENNY. (As she goes up stairs.) Hello, Mr. Kolenkhov. Essie's in the kitchen.

KOL. Madame Sycamore, I greet you! (His great arm again encircling RHEBA, he drags her protestingly into room.) Tell me, Grandpa—what should I do about Rhebishka! I keep telling her she would make a great toe dancer—(Breaking away, she laughs.)—but she laughs only!

RHEBA. (Starts off for U.R.) No, suh! I couldn't get up on my toes, Mr. Kolenkhov! I got corns! (She goes into kitchen.)

KOL. (Calling after her.) Rhebishka, you could wear diamonds! (Throws his hat on buffet.) 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. (Summing it up.) It stinks. (Sits L. of table.)

GRANDPA. I know. (He indicates figure on couch.) How do you like that?

KOL. (Half rising. Peering over.) What is that?

GRANDPA. She's an actress. Friend of Penny's. (GAY mutters.)

KOL. She is drunk—no?

GRANDPA. She is drunk—yes. . . . 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. (Nods.) 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—gtrah! (He crushes Stalin and all in one great paw, just as ESSIE comes in from kitchen U.R. KOLENKHOV rises.)

~~ESSIE. I'm sorry I'm late, Mr. Kolenkhov. I'll get into my dancing clothes right away.~~

~~KOL. (Crossing up to stairs.) Tonight you will really work, Pav-~~

#3

~~Howa. (As ESSIE goes up stairs.) 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! (Lights cigarette.)

GRANDPA. Well, as long as she's having fun . . .

(DONALD ambles in from kitchen, chuckling, carrying tray. He crosses down to table.)

DONALD. You sure do tickle Rheba, Mr. Kolenkhov. She's laughing her head off out there. (Gathers up remaining cups, bottle and glass.)

KOL. (Sits L. of table.) She is a great woman. . . . Donald, what do you think of the Soviet Government?

DONALD. (Puzzled.) The what, Mr. Kolenkhov?

KOL. (Gesture.) I withdraw the question. What do you think of this Government?

DONALD. Oh, I like it fine. I'm on relief, you know.

KOL. Oh, yes. And you like it?

DONALD. Yassuh, it's fine. (Starts to go R.) Only thing is you got to go round to the place every week to get it, and sometimes you got to stand in line pretty near half an hour. Government ought to be run better than that—don't you think, Grandpa?

GRANDPA. (As he fishes envelope out of his pocket. Opens letter.) Government ought to stop sending me letters. Want me to be at the United States Marshal's office Tuesday morning at ten o'clock. Look at that. (Throws letter to KOLENKHOF.)

KOL. (Peering at letter.) Ah! Income tax! They have got you, Grandpa.

GRANDPA. (Puts letter back in pocket.) Mm. I'm supposed to give 'em a lot of money so as to keep Donald on relief.

DONALD. You don't say, Grandpa? You going to pay it from now on?

GRANDPA. That's what they want.

DONALD. You mean I can come right here and get it instead of standing in that line?

GRANDPA. No, Donald. I'm afraid you will have to waste a full half hour of your time every week.

DONALD. Well, I don't like it. It breaks up my week. (Exits U.R.)

KOL. He should have been in Russia when the Revolution came.

#3

Then he would have stood in line . . . a bread line. Ah, Grandpa, what they have done to Russia. Think of it! The Grand Duchess Olga Katrina, a cousin of the Czar, she is a waitress in Childs' Restaurant! I ordered baked beans from her, only yesterday. It broke my heart. A crazy world, Grandpa.

GRANDPA. Oh, the world's not so crazy, Kolenkhov. It's the people in it. Life's pretty simple if you just relax.

KOL. (*Rising, crosses U.C.*) How can you relax in times like these?

GRANDPA. Well, if they'd relax there wouldn't *be* times like these. That's just my point. Life is kind of beautiful if you let it come to you. (*Crossing to buffet for his target and darts.*) But the trouble is, people forget that. I know I did. I was right in the thick of it . . . fighting, and scratching and clawing. Regular jungle. One day it just kind of struck me, I wasn't having any fun. (GRANDPA, *having hung his target on cellar door, returns to table.*)

KOL. So you did what?

GRANDPA. (*Standing below the table.*) Just relaxed. Thirty-five years ago, that was. And I've been a happy man ever since. (*Throws a dart and sits.*)

ALICE. (*Entering from kitchen.*) Good evening, Mr. Kolenkhov.

KOL. (*Crossing up to ALICE C., he bows low over her hand.*) Ah, Miss Alice! I have not seen you to present my congratulations.

ALICE. Thank you.

KOL. May you be very happy and have many children. That is my prayer for you.

ALICE. That's quite a thought. (*She exits up stairs, humming a fragment of song.*)

KOL. (*Crossing down.*) Ah, love! Love is all that is left in the world, Grandpa.

GRANDPA. Yes, but there is plenty of that.

KOL. And soon Stalin will take that away, too, I tell you, Grandpa

...

(PENNY enters down stairs. She has on an artist's smock over her dress, a flowing black tie, and a large blue velvet tam-o'-shanter, worn at a rakish angle. She carries a palette and an assortment of paints and brushes.)

PENNY. Seems so nice to get into my art things again. They still look all right, don't they, Grandpa?

GRANDPA. Yes, indeed.

KOL. You are a breath of Paris, Madame Sycamore.

#4

PENNY. Oh, this is the best part. Now I read out your reactions.
(*Coming D.R.*)

KIRBY. I see. It's really quite an interesting game.

PENNY. I knew you'd like it. I'll read your paper first, Mr. Kirby.
(*To the others.*) I'm going to read Mr. Kirby's paper first. Listen, everybody! This is Mr. Kirby. . . . "Potatoes—steak." That's very good. See how they go together? Steak and potatoes?

KIRBY. (*Modestly, but obviously pleased with himself.*) I just happened to think of it. (*ALICE turns front.*)

PENNY. It's *very* good. . . . "Bathroom—toothpaste." Well! "Lust—unlawful." Isn't that nice? "Honeymoon—trip." Yes. (*Giggle.*) And "sex—male." Oh yes, of course . . . you are. That's really a wonderful paper, Mr. Kirby.

KIRBY. (*Taking a curtain call.*) Thank you. . . . It's more than just a game, you know. It's sort of an experiment in psychology, isn't it?

PENNY. Yes, it is—it shows just how your *mind* works. Now we'll see how *Mrs. Kirby's* mind works. . . . Ready? . . . This is *Mrs. Kirby*. . . . "Potatoes—starch." I know just what you mean, *Mrs. Kirby*. M-m—oh dear! . . . "Bathroom—Mr. Kirby."

KIRBY. What's that?

PENNY. "Bathroom—Mr. Kirby."

KIRBY. (*Turning to his wife.*) I don't quite *follow that*, my dear.

MRS. KIRBY. I don't know—I just thought of you in connection with it. After all, you *are* in there a good deal, Anthony. Bathing, and shaving—well, you *do* take a long time.

KIRBY. Indeed? I hadn't realized that I was being selfish in the matter. . . . Go on, Mrs. Sycamore.

ALICE. (*Worried. Comes down to KIRBY.*) I think it's a very silly game and we ought to stop it.

MRS. KIRBY. Yes.

KIRBY. No, no. Please go on, Mrs. Sycamore. (*ALICE crosses up.*)

PENNY. Where was I? . . . Oh, yes. . . . "Lust—human."

KIRBY. Human? (*Thin-lipped.*) 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.

ALICE. (*Crossing down to L. of KIRBY.*) Really, it's the most pointless game. Suppose we play Twenty Questions?

#4

MRS. KIRBY. Yes.

KIRBY. (*Raises hand. ALICE goes U.S.*) No, I find *this* game rather interesting. Will you go on, Mrs. Sycamore? What was the next word?

PENNY. (*Reluctantly.*) Honeymoon.

KIRBY. Oh, yes. And what was Mrs. Kirby's answer?

PENNY. Ah—"Honeymoon—dull."

KIRBY. (*Murderously calm.*) Did you say—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. (*Realizes she has gone too far.*)

KIRBY. That was not your reaction at the time, as I recall it.

TONY. (*Crosses in a step.*) Father, this is only a *game*.

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

PENNY. (*Brightly, having taken a look ahead.*) This one's all right, Mr. Kirby. "Sex—Wall Street."

KIRBY. Wall Street? What do you mean by that, Miriam?

MRS. KIRBY. (*Nervously.*) 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. (*Annoyed.*) 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? (*Rises. GRANDPA and KOLENKHOV rise. Also ESSIE, ED and PAUL.*)

I'm afraid this game has given me a headache.

ALICE. (*Quietly.*) I understand, Mrs. Kirby.

KIRBY. (*Rises. Clearing his throat.*) Yes, possibly we'd better postpone the dinner, if you don't mind. (*KOLENKHOV drifts U.C.*)

PENNY. But you're coming tomorrow night, aren't you?

MRS. KIRBY. (*Quickly.*) I'm afraid we have an engagement tomorrow night. (*Wrap is half on shoulders.*)

KIRBY. Perhaps we'd better postpone the whole affair a little while. The hot weather and—ah ———

TONY. (*Smouldering.*) I think we're being very ungracious, Father. Of course we'll stay to dinner—tonight.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

AUDITION FORM

*****Please bring COMPLETED form with you to Auditions
(December 7, 2016) *****

Name _____ Grade _____

Address _____

City _____ Zip Code _____ Phone _____

Email _____ Cell Phone _____

Height _____ Hair Color _____ Eye Color _____

Shirt Size: _____ Pant Size: _____ Shoe Size: _____

Theater Experience (Last 3 years)

Production

Organization/School

Role/Position

Extra curricular activities you are involved in?

1. Why do you want to be a part of this production? What do you expect to learn/achieve from this production?

2. Are you able to attend **all** rehearsals/performances?

Please list any conflicts you have that would prevent you from attending ANY rehearsal and/or performances (*sports, job, family obligations...*). Be as specific as possible: