

HARVEY

A Humorous Reading

by
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There is a festive look to the old Dowd family mansion this afternoon. Silver bowls with spring flowers are set about and from the parlor comes the sound of a bad female voice singing. Veta is at the phone answering a call from the Society Editor of the Evening News.

VETA: (Voice very sweet. Dignified pose) This is Mrs. Simmons. Yes—a tea for the Wednesday Forum.—Miss Tewksbury is the soloist. You might say that I am assisted by my daughter, Miss Myrtle Mae Simmons.

MYRTLE: Psst! Mother—Mrs. Chauvenet just came in!

VETA: (To phone) Oh, I must go. (Hangs up) Mrs. Eugene Chauvenet Senior! Her father was a scout with Buffalo Bill.

MYRTLE: So that's where she got that hat!

VETA: Myrtle, be nice! She has a grandson about your age.

MYRTLE: But what difference will it make—with Uncle Elwood? They say, "That's Myrtle Mae Simmons! Her uncle is Elwood P. Dowd, the screwball. Elwood P. Dowd and his pal."-- Blast Harvey!

VETA: Myrtle Mae! We agreed not to talk about that today!

MYRTLE: I'm sorry, but how do you know he won't come in and introduce Harvey to everybody? Oh, why can't we live like other people?

VETA: Oh, dear—Miss Tewksbury's voice is certainly fading!

MYRTLE: But not fast enough.—We must go in.

VETA: (Clapping hands) Lovely, Miss Tewksbury—perfectly lovely. Mrs. Chauvenet! It's so nice to see you—(proudly) This is Myrtle Mae, Mrs. Chauvenet.

MRS. C: How do you do, dear.—Where's Elwood?

VETA: He couldn't be here today, Mrs. Chauvenet.

MRS. C: Oh, that was the main reason I came. It's been years since I've seen Elwood. Your Uncle, Myrtle, is one of my favorite people.

And then Elwood enters.

--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---