

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

Humorous Reading

by

Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman



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Scene, the home of Martin Vanderhof in New York. The room we see is what is customarily described as a living room, but in this house the term is something of an understatement. For here meals are eaten, plays are written, snakes collected, ballet steps practiced--In short, this is a house where you do as you like, and no questions asked.

At the moment, Grandpa Vanderhof's daughter, Mrs. Penelope Sycamore, is doing what she likes more than anything else--writing a play.

Essie Carmichael, Mrs. Sycamore's eldest daughter, enters.

ESSIE: My, that kitchen's hot.

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

ESSIE: Well, Ed went out and got a whole bunch of new orders. (Leg limbering exercise.)

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

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

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

ESSIE: (Slowly drawing leg up behind her.) Only--eight--years. After all, Mother, you've been writing plays for eight years.

PENNY: Yes, but my first two years I was learning to type.

From the kitchen comes a colored maid named Rheba.

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

ESSIE: Oh, thanks, Rheba. (She goes into the kitchen.)

RHEBA: Finish the second act, Mrs. Sycamore?

PENNY: Oh, no, Rheba. I've just got Cynthia entering the monastery.

RHEBA: Do they let her in?

--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---