

(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—grrah! (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-