

ACT TWO**SCENE ONE**

#39 *Entr'acte* (Orchestra)

#40 *Opening — Act II* (Orchestra)

(AT RISE: A private room in a hospital. Morning. MR. MARACZEK is in bed — his left arm in a sling. HE is sitting up while a NURSE feeds him his breakfast. There is a knock at the door)

MARACZEK

Come in.

(ARPAD ENTERS)

ARPAD

I'm back!

MARACZEK

Good.

(To the NURSE, indicating the breakfast tray)

You can take this away.

(The NURSE takes the tray and EXITS)

ARPAD

Well — I did everything you told me to...

MARACZEK

You went to the shop?

ARPAD

(Nodding)

Here's the key.

MARACZEK

What did you tell them about last night?

ARPAD

That you shot yourself accidentally. You were cleaning your gun.

MARACZEK

Good.

ARPAD

Then I delivered your message to Mr. Nowack. That is — I left it with his landlady. He was out.

MARACZEK

Very good.

ARPAD

Oh — there's something else. Miss Balash is sick. Her mother called us. She won't be in today. And that's everything.

MARACZEK

Arpad, you're a credit to your profession.

ARPAD

Thank you Mr. Maraczek. You know — I'm not afraid of responsibility. I welcome it. In fact, I'd welcome a lot more...

MARACZEK

I'll keep it in mind...

ARPAD

And I can't help thinking — Christmas is almost here — all that Christmas shopping — we're going to be very short-handed in the shop.

MARACZEK

We'll have to manage...

ARPAD

But one more clerk would certainly come in handy.

MARACZEK

What is it? You know someone who wants a job?

ARPAD

Mr. Maraczek — you've got to stop thinking of me as just a delivery boy. In a suit — with a tie — I look — old. And I've been training myself to be a sales clerk — training hard — for two years!

~~III Try Me~~

~~(Arpad)~~

~~MARACZEK~~

~~Oh! You've been training...?~~