

(AMALIA nods)

SIPOS

How do you know?

RITTER

Mr. Kodaly's an expert on love. Which is really quite remarkable — considering he's never been in it.

(GEORG ENTERS from the workroom, carrying some boxes)

GEORG

(Flatly)

Good morning, Miss Balash.

AMALIA

(To RITTER)

He didn't yell at me. What's wrong with him?

RITTER

He has other things on his mind. Mr. Maraczek's very upset...

AMALIA

He is? Again?

RITTER

And you know who gets the worst of it...

(RITTER and AMALIA EXIT into the workroom as MARACZEK ENTERS from the office with a tube of cold cream)

MARACZEK

Mr. Nowack.

GEORG

Yes, sir.

MARACZEK

You see this?

GEORG

Yes.

MARACZEK

You know what it is?

GEORG

Of course. A tube of Mona Lisa cold cream.

MARACZEK

Here — let's see you try it.

(GEORG unscrews the cap and squeezes the tube. The cream gushes out the back and over GEORG'S coat)

GEORG

(Astonished)

The back came off.

MARACZEK

I was under the impression it was your responsibility to see that these tubes are correctly filled...?

(GEORG nods)

If that responsibility's too much for you, Mr. Nowack —

GEORG

Mr. Maraczek — I...

MARACZEK

Or is there something wrong with the tubes? Are they defective?

GEORG

No... I don't think so.

MARACZEK

You don't *think* so?! Then it wouldn't be asking too much for the cream to come out the right end?

GEORG

It wouldn't be asking too much.

MARACZEK

Thank you, Mr. Nowack. That's all I wanted to know!

(MARACZEK EXITS. GEORG starts after MARACZEK)

SIPOS

Georg!

(GEORG doesn't hear)

Georg!

(GEORG stops and turns to SIPOS)

Your coat, there's still Mona Lisa on it.

(SIPOS takes a cloth and cleans GEORG'S coat)

GEORG

Thanks, Ladislav.

SIPOS

You're so nervous. I can feel you vibrating.

GEORG

It's a new suit, Ladislav. I've never worn it to work before.

SIPOS

Oh? What's the occasion?

GEORG

The biggest ever. I'm meeting her tonight.

SIPOS

The letter girl? You mean — face-to-face at last?

GEORG

Face-to-face — at last.

SIPOS

Well — I just hope she lives up to your expectations.

GEORG

Can I tell you something, Ladislav? I hope she doesn't. I mean, I hope she isn't as beautiful as I think she is, or as brilliant as I think she is. Because what will she think of me? A very ordinary clerk in a very ordinary shop. And a terrible liar.

SIPOS

A liar?

GEORG

The things I wrote in those letters.

SIPOS

You lied?

GEORG

Well, I certainly exaggerated...

SIPOS

No wonder you're vibrating.

#17 *Tonight At Eight* (Georg)

GEORG

I'M NERVOUS AND UPSET
BECAUSE THIS GIRL I'VE NEVER MET
I GET TO MEET TONIGHT AT EIGHT.
I'M TAKING HER TO DINNER
AT A CHARMING OLD CAFE
BUT WHO CAN EAT TONIGHT AT EIGHT?
IT'S EARLY IN THE MORNING
AND OUR DATE IS NOT 'TIL
EIGHT O'CLOCK TONIGHT
AND YET ALREADY I CAN SEE
WHAT A NIGHTMARE THIS WHOLE DAY WILL BE!

I HAVEN'T SLEPT A WINK
I ONLY THINK OF OUR APPROACHING
TETE-A-TETE TONIGHT AT EIGHT.
I FEEL A COMBINATION OF
DEPRESSION AND ELATION,
WHAT A STATE TO WAIT 'TIL EIGHT!
3 MORE MINUTES, 2 MORE SECONDS, 10 MORE HOURS TO GO!
IN SPITE OF ALL I'VE WRITTEN
SHE MAY NOT BE VERY SMITTEN
AND MY HOPES, PERHAPS, MAY ALL COLLAPSE,
KAPUT, TONIGHT AT EIGHT.

(GEORG knocks over the music boxes)

I WISH I KNEW EXACTLY HOW I'LL ACT
AND WHAT WILL HAPPEN
WHEN WE DINE TONIGHT AT EIGHT.
I KNOW I'LL DROP THE SILVERWARE,
BUT WILL I SPILL THE WATER
OR THE WINE TONIGHT AT EIGHT?