

**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!

MARACZEK

Oh! You've been training...?