

WAITER

Ladies don't scream in cafés!

GEORG

I'm afraid you don't quite understand. You see — there was a fly in the wine.

WAITER

What?

GEORG

*(Much louder)*

I said — a fly in the wine.

WAITER

SHHHHH! Where is it? Show it to me.

GEORG

Oh, no. I'm afraid that's quite impossible. You see, the lady swallowed it.

WAITER

*(Appalled)*

She swallowed...?

GEORG

Wouldn't *you* scream?

WAITER

Good God!

CUSTOMER

Waiter!

*(The WAITER goes to another table)*

AMALIA

Really, Mr. Nowack — no matter how much you despise me or how unhappy you are, haven't you had enough revenge? I don't understand you.

GEORG

How could you, Miss Balash? You've never listened to me — you've never really looked at me...

AMALIA

How wrong you are, Mr. Nowack! I'm looking at you now — and shall I tell you what I see? A smug, pompous, petty tyrant — very sure of himself and very

ambitious. But I see him ten years from now — selling shampoo. And twenty years from now — selling shampoo. And thirty years from now still selling shampoo! Because, basically, do you know what he is? Just a not-very-bright, not-very-handsome, not-very young man with balding hair and the personality of a python!

(GEORG EXITS)

Mr. Nowack — I didn't mean — *all* those things.

(GEORG *can't hear*)

Mr. Nowack!

(*The WAITER comes to the table as GEORG EXITS*)

WAITER

Don't *call* him! He'll come *back*.

(*To BUSBOY*)

It's almost closing time.

AMALIA

Closing time? But I'm still waiting for someone. He'll have a rose in his lapel —

WAITER

To match the one in your book?

(*AMALIA nods*)

How late *is* he?

AMALIA

Over two hours.

WAITER

You're a very patient young lady.

AMALIA

I've waited for him all my life. What's two hours?

(*The WAITER puts a clean glass and a small carafe of wine on AMALIA'S table*)

WAITER

This one is on the house — for luck.