LIBRETTO VOCAL BOOK

SHE LOVES ME

Book by Joe Masteroff
Music by Jerry Bock
Lyrics by Sheldon Harnick

Based on a Play by Miklos Laszlo. Originally Directed on Broadway by Harold Prince. Originally Produced on Broadway by Harold Prince in Association with Lawrence N. Kasha and Philip C. McKenna

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LADISLAV SIPOS
ILONA RITTER
STEVEN KODALY
GEORG NOWACK
MR. MARACZEK
AMALIA BALASH
KELLER
BUSBOY
WAITER
CUSTOMERS
COUPLES
CAROLERS
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SCENE ONE

#1A Overture (Orchestra)
#1B Opening — Act I (Orchestra)
#1C Good Morning,
    Good Day (Sipos, Arpad, Ritter, Kodaly, Georg)

(AT RISE: The front of MARACEK’S Parfumerie. A city in Europe. The 1930s. It is early morning in midsummer. The stage is empty. Then LADISLAV SIPOS ENTERS, his nose buried in a newspaper. SIPOS is about 45 — but he looks older. A moment later, ARPAD ENTERS, riding a bicycle. ARPAD is 15 or 16 — and indefatigable)

ARPAD
GOOD MORNING.

SIPOS
GOOD DAY.

ARPAD
HOW ARE YOU THIS BEAUTIFUL DAY?
ISN’T THIS A BEAUTIFUL MORNING?

SIPOS
VERY.

ARPAD
HEY, SIPOS —
HOW’S THIS?

SIPOS
THAT’S AN AWFULLY ELEGANT POSE
BUT IS ALL THAT ELEGANCE NECE —
’SARY?

ARPAD
And why not? I represent Maraczek’s, don’t I? We’re not a butcher shop — or a hardware store... we’re a parfumerie. That means we’re... we’re...
(HE looks for the word)

SIPOS
WE’RE STYLISH.
ARPAD
THAT'S IT.

SIPOS
WITH A QUIET DIGNITY.

ARPAD
YES,
AND WE GET THE TILT OF OUR HATS RIGHT.

SIPOS
THAT'S RIGHT.

ARPAD
WHEN I RIDE MY BIKE,
PEOPLE SEE WHAT MARACZEK'S LIKE.
SO I THINK IT'S VERY IMPORTANT
THAT I LOOK MY BEST.

SIPOS
(Matter-of-factly)
And how many people did you run over today?

ARPAD
Not one.

SIPOS
Well — it's early.

ARPAD
Here comes Miss Ritter.

SIPOS
Hmm...

ARPAD
She spent the night with Mr. Kodaly.

SIPOS
Again?

ARPAD
They always kiss goodbye at the newsstand. Then she walks around the block to
make us think she's been home.
(MISS RITTER ENTERS. 30ish — sexy — SHE gives the impression of a girl who’s been around)

RITTER
GOOD MORNING.

ARPAD, SIPOS
GOOD DAY.

RITTER
HOW ARE YOU THIS GLORIOUS DAY?
HAVE YOU SEEN A LOVELIER MORNING?

ARPAD, SIPOS
NEVER.

RITTER
IT’S TOO NICE A DAY
TO BE INSIDE SHUFFLING SOAP.
I HAVE NO MORE ENERGY WHAT-SO-
(SHE yawns)
EVER.

Anybody mind if I take the day off? Arpad — why aren’t you old enough to take me away from all this?

ARPAD
I’m old enough!

RITTER
Then marry me and I’ll quit my job.
(SHE gives ARPAD a close scrutiny)
No. I’m afraid you’re really not — quite — old enough.

ARPAD
(Innocently)
It won’t be long, though. I’m catching up. You know, Miss Horvath always used to say I’d get to be thirty-five before you ever did.

(STEVEN KODALY ENTERS jauntily. HE is in his middle 20s — handsome, dapper and shallow)

KODALY
GOOD MORNING.
ARPAD, SIPOS, RITTER
GOOD DAY.

KODALY
HOW ARE YOU THIS RADIANT DAY?
WHAT A RARE MAGNIFICENT MORNING!

ARPAD, SIPOS

(Downbeat)
IS IT?

KODALY

(To RITTER)
GOOD MORNING, MY DEAR.
HOW ARE YOU THIS RAVISHING DAY?
DO YOU KNOW YOU’VE NEVER LOOKED MORE EXQUISITE.

RITTER

(Curtseying archly)
THANK YOU, KIND SIR.

KODALY

(To RITTER)
What a lovely dress.

ARPAD
It’s the same one she had on yesterday, Mr. Kodaly.

SIPOS
Ah — Mr. Nowack.

(GEORG NOWACK ENTERS. HE is in his late 20s — soft-spoken, personable, shy, capable)

GEORG
GOOD MORNING.

SIPOS, ARPAD, RITTER, KODALY
GOOD DAY.

GEORG
ISN’T THAT A BEAUTIFUL SKY?
WHAT A PERFECT SAMPLE OF SUMMER WEATHER.
IT’S TOO NICE A DAY
TO BE INDOORS COUNTING OUT CHANGE.
WHAT A WASTE OF HOLIDAY WEATHER ALTOGETHER...
LET'S ALL RUN AWAY!

*(THEY all dreamily consider this possibility for a moment)*

**RITTER**
WOULDN'T IT BE SOMETHING IF WE ALL TOOK OFF FROM WORK?

**SIPOS**
LEAVING MR. MARACZEK WITHOUT A SINGLE CLERK!

**ARPAD**
WHY NOT HAVE A PICNIC?

**SIPOS**
I COULD BRING MY WIFE'S PRESERVES.

**KODALY**
CHAMPAGNE MIGHT BE NICE WITH HOT HORS D'OEUVRES.

**ALL**

*(In canon)*
IT'S TOO NICE A DAY
TO BE STUCK INSIDE OF A STORE.
WE COULD ALL BE GETTING OUR FACES SUNTANNED.
IT'S SO NICE A DAY
TO BE DOZING UNDER A TREE —

**SIPOS**
AND WE'LL ALL BE OUT OF A JOB.

**RITTER**
IF IT COSTS THAT MUCH TO GET SUNTANNED —

**SIPOS**
I'LL STAY UNTANNED.

**KODALY**
PALE — BUT SOLVENT.

**ARPAD**

*(Wistfully)*
A PICNIC —
ALL

A PICNIC —
(Spoken-sighed)
Oh, well...

(The dream is ended)

KODALY

Well, Mr. Nowack — was the chicken the usual success?

GEORG

Hmm?

KODALY

Last night. Your weekly dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Maraczek.

GEORG

Oh. Yes.
(HE nods)

SIPOS

(To GEORG)
Did you talk to Mr. Maraczek about replacing Miss Horvath?

GEORG

I mentioned it.
(HE shakes his head)
Absolutely not. After all — with business the way it’s been...

KODALY

Yes, but it’s bound to pick up — now that Hammerschmidt’s has closed.

(MR. MARACZEK ENTERS. HE is about 60 — genial-looking but quite capable of being difficult when the occasion arises. As he enters, two FEMALE WINDOW SHOPPERS ENTER and stop at one of the windows. MR. MARACZEK watches them)

FIRST WINDOW SHOPPER

Did you ever try their hand-cream?

SECOND WINDOW SHOPPER

I wonder if it’s any good?
(MR. MARACZEK walks up to the ladies and speaks to them)

MARACZEK
Good? My dear woman — my wife's been using their products for years! In fact, I often wondered why theirs are always so much better than everyone else's.

FIRST WINDOW SHOPPER
You should know, Mr. Maraczek.

(The WINDOW SHOPPERS EXIT. MR. MARACZEK approaches the group at the front door)

CLERKS
Good morning, Mr. Maraczek.

MARACZEK
Good day.

#2 Opening The Shop (Orchestra)

(Set turns. We are in the Parfumerie. CLERKS pantomime getting the shop ready for business. GEÖRG opens the door. The doorbell sounds its characteristic four notes and THREE CUSTOMERS ENTER)

#3 Sounds While Selling (Customers, Sipos, Kodaly, Georg)

GEÖRG
(To FIRST CUSTOMER)
Good day, madam, may I help you?

KODALY
(To SECOND CUSTOMER)
Good day, madam, may I help you?

SIPOS
(To THIRD CUSTOMER)
Good day, madam, may I help you?

THIRD CUSTOMER
I WOULD LIKE TO SEE A

KODALY
FACE LIKE YOURS

FIRST CUSTOMER
CRACKED
SIPOS
BUT WE CARRY

FIRST CUSTOMER
DO YOU HAVE A CREAM FOR

SECOND CUSTOMER
CHERRY RED

THIRD CUSTOMER
SKIN

KODALY
OH, I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN.

GEORG
YOU WILL LOOK ENCHANTING.

THIRD CUSTOMER
DRY

FIRST CUSTOMER
LIPS

KODALY
GLAMOROUS AS GARBO

SIPOS
BIG

GEORG
MOUTH

KODALY
I WOULD RECOMMEND A

SIPOS
BATH

GEORG
TODAY

SECOND CUSTOMER
ON SALE, DID YOU SAY?
GEORG
PUT A LITTLE LIPSTICK

KODALY
ON YOUR NOSE

SIPOS
TWICE

SECOND CUSTOMER
MORNING AND EVENING

FIRST CUSTOMER
AND A LITTLE BRUSH FOR

THIRD CUSTOMER
COMBING MY

GEORG
TEETH

KODALY
ABSOLUTELY

CUSTOMERS
WRAP IT UP AND SEND IT.
THANK YOU SO MUCH.

CLERKS
IS THERE SOMETHING ELSE BEFORE YOU GO?

CUSTOMERS
YES...

(The THREE CUSTOMERS sing a round)

THIRD CUSTOMER
WHAT HAVE I FORGOTTEN?
I KNOW THERE WAS
SOMETHING ELSE,
WHAT COULD IT
BE?
SOMETHING UNIMPORTANT.
SOMETHING FOR MY HUSBAND.
REALLY DOESN'T MATTER,

SECOND CUSTOMER
WHAT HAVE I FORGOTTEN?
I KNOW THERE WAS
SOMETHING ELSE,
WHAT COULD IT
BE?
SOMETHING UNIMPORTANT.
SOMETHING FOR MY HUSBAND.
LET'S GET BACK TO ME.

FIRST CUSTOMER
THERE IS SOMETHING I'VE FORGOTTEN
I REMEMBER IT WAS SOMETHING FOR MY HUSBAND.
MIGHT AS WELL GET BACK TO ME.

I COULD ALSO USE A

SECOND CUSTOMER
BOTTLE OF

THIRD CUSTOMER
HAIR

GEORG
WE HAVE A SPLENDID

KODALY
HERE'S AN INEXPENSIVE PERFUME CALLED

SIPOS
RAT

THIRD CUSTOMER
I'VE NEVER USED ONE.

GEORG
IF YOU WANT TO CLIP YOUR

KODALY
EAR LOBES

SIPOS
YOU MAY WANT TO DYE YOUR

GEORG
HANGNAILS

KODALY
DAB A LITTLE ON YOUR
She Loves Me

SIPOS
HUSBAND'S FACE

CUSTOMERS
WON'T HE BE SURPRISED!

FIRST CUSTOMER
I WOULD LIKE AN EYEBROW

SECOND CUSTOMER
UNDER MY

THIRD CUSTOMER
CHIN

FIRST CUSTOMER
THERE'S AN IDEA!

KODALY
MADAM, I AM FILLED WITH

GEORG
VERY SOFT

SIPOS
SOAP

CUSTOMERS
THAT SHOULD DO IT.
WRAP IT UP AND CHARGE IT.
THANK YOU SO MUCH.

CLERKS, CUSTOMERS
ALWAYS SUCH A PLEASURE...
SEEING YOU.

(The door opens)

CLERKS
THANK YOU, MADAM.
PLEASE, CALL AGAIN.
DO CALL AGAIN, MADAM.
(The THREE CUSTOMERS EXIT)

SIPOS

(To GEORG)
Did you see that? Looks like business is picking up.

GEORG
Ladislav — I got another letter today.

SIPOS
From her?

GEORG
It's so beautiful — I've got to read it to you...

SIPOS
Did she enclose a snapshot this time?

(GEORG shakes his head)

Does she say anything about meeting you — face-to-face?

#4 Reading The Letter (Orchestra)

GEORG
(Evasively)
Oh — we're going to — very soon...
(Opens the letter)
But just listen to this — “Dear Friend: Yesterday morning I ran through the rain to the Post Office. I had the key in my hand — the key to box 1433. Trembling, I opened the door and reached inside. And oh, my dear friend, there you were. I took you out, held you in my hand and looked at you for a moment. Then I sat down, gently opened you and read you.”

(MARACZEK ENTERS from the office)

MARACZEK
Mr. Sipos, could you spare me one of your stomach pills?

SIPOS
Yes, sir. Of course, sir.
(SIPOS brings the box of stomach pills to MARACZEK, who takes one)

MARACZEK
Thank you. You know whose fault this is?

SIPOS
No, sir.

MARACZEK
(Point to GEORG)
Yours.

GEORG
(Laughs)
Mine?

MARACZEK
Every time you come to dinner — Mrs. Maraczek tries to fatten you up. She has the cook make dumplings and cream gravy — and what happens? You stay thin and I get heartburn.

GEORG
I'm sorry, sir.

MARACZEK
Georg, it's time you were married. Haven't you had enough of living in furnished rooms — running around to cabarets and dance-halls?...

GEORG
Mr. Maraczek — I haven't been to a dance-hall in... years.

#5 Days Gone By (Maraczek)

MARACZEK
I know what you bachelors are like. Remember — I was once one myself. And what a bachelor...

YOUNG, STRONG, OH, I WAS SOMETHING
IN DAYS GONE BY
WITH SOME GIRL WHO JUST
HAPPENED TO CATCH MY EYE.
SLIM, STRAIGHT, LIGHT ON MY FEET,
SHOES JUST SKIMMING THE GROUND.
1-2-3, 1-2-3, FOLLOW THE BEAT
AROUND, AROUND, AROUND.
ALL NIGHT CIRCLING THE FLOOR
'TIL DAWN LIT UP THE SKY,
NO ONE YOUNGER THAN I
IN DAYS GONE BY.

And then I met Mrs. Maraczek and ever since I've danced only with her. I bet you think that's incredible.

GEORG
No. Mrs. Maraczek's a beautiful woman.

MARACZEK
YOUNG, STRONG, OH, I WAS SOMETHING
IN DAYS GONE BY

GEORG
The fact is — I'm a terrible dancer.

MARACZEK
WITH SOME GIRL WHO JUST HAPPENED
TO CATCH MY EYE.

(MARACZEK dances with GEORG)

GEORG
No, no, no, Mr. Maraczek. I can do it with my hands. It's just —

MARACZEK
SLIM, STRAIGHT, LIGHT ON MY FEET,

GEORG
I always have trouble with my feet.

MARACZEK
SHOES JUST SKIMMING THE GROUND.

MARACZEK, GEORG
1-2-3, 1-2-3, FOLLOW THE BEAT
AROUND, AROUND, AROUND.

MARACZEK
Miss Ritter...
(GEORG dances with RITTER)

GEORG

MARACZEK
Very good, Georg.

SIPOS
Relax.

RITTER
And go back-2-3, back-2-3.

SIPOS
Smile.

ARPAD
That's it, Mr. Nowack.

RITTER
Spin me around and go back-2-3, back-2-3.

(ARPAD EXITS)

MARACZEK
ALL NIGHT CIRCLING
'TIL DAWN LIT UP THE SKY,
NO ONE YOUNGER THAN I
IN DAYS GONE BY.

Take my advice, Georg: find yourself one person to dance with. Believe me, it's not necessary to change partners every night...

GEORG
Mr. Maraczek, I...

MARACZEK
Or even every other night. You just think it's necessary.

(ARPAD ENTERS carrying an armful of boxes and a sign — "10/6")

Oh, here they are!
GEORG

What?

MARACZEK

A little surprise for you.

GEORG

What is it?

#6  Music Box #1  (Orchestra)

MARACZEK

A genuine leather box. Wait — listen —
(Opens the box. It plays a tune)
Isn’t that lovely? Here, you try it.
(Hands box to GEORG.

GEORG opens the box, and looks at it as it plays the tune)

GEORG

(Downbeat)
What else does it do?

MARACZEK

What do you mean, what else?! It’s a genuine leather musical cigarette box. And only ten-and-six. How’s that for a bargain?

GEORG

But who will buy it?

MARACZEK

I can see you’re in a difficult mood today. Now, let’s ask some of the other people around here, get their honest opinions. Mr. Kodaly —

KODALY

Yes, sir.

MARACZEK

Will it sell?

KODALY

I can’t imagine why not, sir. I’d even go further — I think this will make music lovers out of cigarette smokers, and cigarette smokers out of music lovers!
MARACZEK
Thank you, Mr. Kodaly.

KODALY
You're welcome, sir.
(KODALY returns to his counter)

MARACZEK
All right, Georg — now I'll make you a bet. I'll bet you — ten-and-six — we'll sell the first of these boxes within one hour.

GEORG
I don't want to take your money —

MARACZEK
Ten-and-six — one hour — no more — no less. Is it a bet?

GEORG
Well —

MARACZEK
Ah ha! He's not so confident now!

GEORG
It's a bet.

#7 You Will Pay Through The Nose (Maraczek)

MARACZEK
(Sings the music box melody)
YOU WILL PAY THROUGH THE NOSE,
YOU WILL PAY THROUGH THE NOSE...

(The door opens, the bell rings and the FIRST CUSTOMER ENTERS. MARACZEK goes to her)

Good day, madam. May I help you?

FIRST CUSTOMER
I'd like a large tube of Mona Lisa.

MARACZEK
Mona Lisa Cold Cream. Certainly, madam.
#8 Music Box #2 (Orchestra)

(HE opens the box and lets it play close to the FIRST CUSTOMER'S ear)
Isn't that a lovely melody?

FIRST CUSTOMER
Is seven-and-four the largest size — or is there a larger?

MARACZEK
Oh — eh — we also have a nine-and-six.

FIRST CUSTOMER
I'd like to see it.

MARACZEK
This is a musical cigarette box.

(FIRST CUSTOMER once again doesn't rise to the bait)

FIRST CUSTOMER
Do you carry "Flowers of Spring" in the one ounce bottle?

MARACZEK
(Closing the box)
The one ounce bottle? Certainly. Mr. Sipos — your customer.

SIPOS
(To CUSTOMER)
Yes, sir. Over here, madam.

#9 Doorbell #1 (Orchestra)

(Another CUSTOMER ENTERS)

MARACZEK
Good day, madam. May I help you?

#10 Music Box #3 (Orchestra)

CUSTOMER
Who do I see about returning a jar of sour face cream?

MARACZEK
Oh — Mr. Kodaly... your customer.
She Loves Me

KODALY

Right this way, madam.

(MARACZEK EXITS. AMALIA BALASH ENTERS. SHE is attractive, very bright and very, very nervous)

#11 Amalia's Entrance (Orchestra)

GEORG

(To AMALIA)
Good day, madam. May I help you?

AMALIA
No. Yes! —

GEORG
We have a complete stock of perfumes, soaps, shampoos.

AMALIA
No!

GEORG
Bath oils, bath salts.

AMALIA
No!

GEORG
Cold creams, face creams, nail polishes.

AMALIA
No!

GEORG
Brushes — hard, soft and medium —

AMALIA
No!

GEORG
Toilet water? There's a special — this week only — on "Roses of Italy." I'll show it to you...
(GEORG goes to the toilet water)

FIRST CUSTOMER
(To SIPOS)
Thursday? Good. I'll stop by for it.

SIPOS
Thank you very much, madam.

(FIRST CUSTOMER goes to the door and opens it, the bell rings)

#12 Thank You, Madam #1 (Ritter, Kodaly, Georg, Sipos)

RITTER, KODALY, GEORG, SIPOS
THANK YOU, MADAM.
PLEASE, CALL AGAIN.
DO CALL AGAIN, MADAM.

(FIRST CUSTOMER EXITS. GEORG returns to AMALIA with an atomizer)

GEORG
Let me spray a little on your hand —

AMALIA
No!

GEORG
No?

AMALIA
Actually you see — I'm not going to buy any. Not today. I'm not going to buy anything. Is Mr. Maraczek here?

GEORG
He's in the back room.

AMALIA
Could I speak to him, please?

GEORG
Perhaps I can help you.

AMALIA
I don't think so.
GEORG

He's quite busy.

AMALIA

Then I'll wait. I don't mind. Really, I'll just sit somewhere quietly and wait 'til he's free.

GEORG

May I ask — the nature of your business?

AMALIA

I think I'd better speak to Mr. Maraczek personally.

GEORG

Very well. May I have your name, please?

AMALIA

Balash. Amalia Balash.

GEORG

Very well, Miss Balash, I'll tell him you're here.

(GEORG starts for the back room)

AMALIA

Oh — just one thing. Miss Horvath — who used to work here — the one who's having a baby — she hasn't been replaced yet — has she?

GEORG

Are you looking for a job?

AMALIA

No! I guess you could call it that.

(Eagerly)

I'm a very good salesgirl. Really! Very good! And I know the parfumerie business — inside and out! I worked at Hammerschmidt's — five years! Five years and eight months! And they were always very satisfied with me. I have a letter here — from Mr. Hammerschmidt himself...

(Searches in her pocketbook)

somewhere here. It says: "Miss Balash is honest, dependable, dedicated."

(With emphasis)

"Dedicated."

(Frantically looking through the pocketbook)

It's here somewhere. "She also has an abundance of those qualities which go toward making a superior salesperson. I highly recommend her. Signed: Herman Hammerschmidt..."
Act I Scene 1

(Remembers something)

Oh!

(AMALIA finds the letter and gives it to GEORG)

Here —

GEORG

I’m sure it’s just as you say. But — unfortunately — we’re not replacing Miss Horvath right now. If you’d like to leave your name...

AMALIA

Balash. Amalia Balash.

GEORG

And then — if anything should come up...

AMALIA

I’d like to speak to Mr. Maraczek, please.

GEORG

I’m afraid — if it’s only about a job...

AMALIA

Please!

GEORG

I’m sorry.

(MARACZEK ENTERS)

It just can’t be done.

MARACZEK

What can’t be done? At Maraczek’s, nothing is impossible.

(To AMALIA)

Perhaps I can help you.

GEORG

She wants a job.

MARACZEK

What?

AMALIA

I know this business — inside and out! I worked at Hammerschmidt’s...
MARACZEK
(Shaking his head emphatically)
I'm sorry.

AMALIA
I have a letter from Mr. Hammerschmidt himself!

MARACZEK
It's out of the question.

AMALIA
I'm honest — dependable — dedicated!

MARACZEK
Really, Georg — why can't you handle this sort of thing without calling me in?

AMALIA
I'm a very good salesgirl!

(MARACZEK starts to EXIT)

MARACZEK
If you'll excuse me...

AMALIA
Really! I am! I'm very good!!

(The CUSTOMER, while waiting for her package, has been wandering around the store. For a moment, her interest is taken by the leather boxes. AMALIA, noting this, tears off her hat — tosses it aside — and approaches the customer energetically)

Aren't these marvelous boxes! And only —
(Reading the sign)
ten-and-six. Can you imagine?

CUSTOMER
What are they for?

AMALIA
(Not at all sure)
Oh —
(Taking the plunge)
candy.
CUSTOMER

Candy?

AMALIA

Why, yes, madam, it’s the latest thing. And just look at the workmanship.

#13  Music Box Surprise  (Orchestra)

(AMALIA takes a box and opens it. The music plays. AMALIA —
taken by surprise — jumps back)

Oh!

CUSTOMER

A musical candy box?

AMALIA

(Improvising wildly)

Why, certainly, madam! It combines the three elements of good taste: attractive to
the eye, attractive to the ear and — functional!

CUSTOMER

How — functional?

#14  No More Candy  (Amalia)

AMALIA

How?

(SHE wishes she knew — and then —)

Let me tell you. This little box has been a lifesaver to many, many women, who
have a slight tendency to overweight. And don’t we all? We sit at home reading a
good book — or listening to a symphony — and, without realizing it, our hand
slips into the candy box.

WE BECOME INDISCREET,
EATING SWEET AFTER SWEET —
THO’ WE KNOW ALL TOO WELL
WHERE THAT MAY LEAD.

SO THIS BOX WAS DESIGNED
WITH THE TWO OF US IN MIND
AS THE KIND OF REMINDER WE NEED.

WHEN YOU RAISE THE LID, THE MUSIC PLAYS
LIKE A DISAPPROVING NOD.
AND IT SINGS IN YOUR EAR:
NO MORE CANDY, MY DEAR!
IN A WAY, IT'S A LITTLE LIKE THE VOICE OF GOD.

CUSTOMER

(Eagerly)
I'll take it!

AMALIA

Thank you, madam!!

KODALY

(To the CUSTOMER)
If you'll step over here, please...
(To RITTEN)
That will be three-and-eight for the large jar of face cream.

AMALIA

(Proudly)
And ten-and-six for the box! Thank you very much, madam. Thank you!

(AMALIA returns to MARACZEK, who is beaming with pure joy)

MARACZEK

(To AMALIA)
You're hired! Miss —

AMALIA

Balash. Amalia Balash!

MARACZEK

Miss Balash, welcome to Maraczek's.
(Turning triumphantly to GEORG and sticking out his hand)
And now, Mr. Nowack — if you please —

(GEORG counts out ten-and-six and hands it to MARACZEK. Meanwhile, the cash register rings)

RITTEN

(Counting out change)
Fourteen-and-four — fourteen-and-five — fifteen —

KODALY

Your packages, madam.
(The CUSTOMER goes to the door and opens it. The bell rings)

#15 Thank You, Madam #2 (Amalia, Ritter, Kodaly, Georg, Sipos)

AMALIA, RITTER, KODALY, GEORG, SIPOS
THANK YOU, MADAM.
PLEASE, CALL AGAIN.
DO CALL AGAIN, MADAM.

(The CUSTOMER EXITS. AMALIA looks at GEORG triumphantly. HE glares back as the LIGHTS FADE)

END OF SCENE ONE
SCENE TWO

#16A The First Letter — Summer (Georg)

(Set turns to show the outside of the shop. GEORG ENTERS, writing a letter)

GEORG

Dear Friend:

WHEN A DAY BRINGS PETTY AGGRAVATIONS
AND MY POOR FRAYED NERVES ARE ALL ASKEW,
I FORGET THESE UNIMPORTANT MATTERS
POURING OUT MY HOPES AND DREAMS TO YOU.
AS I REST MY PEN AND LOOK AROUND ME,
I CAN SEE THE SUMMER DISAPPEAR.
OH, DEAR FRIEND — ALL AT ONCE — AUTUMN’S HERE.

(GEORG EXITS as ARPAD and RITTER ENTER)

ARPAD

Good morning, Miss Ritter.

RITTER

Good morning, Arpad.

ARPAD

Look!

(Leaves fall)

Autumn!

(ARGAD EXITS as KODALY ENTERS)

#16B The Second Letter — Autumn (Georg)

KODALY

Good morning, Ilona. Here you are on this first October day — the quintessence of autumn. I hope you’ve forgiven me about our little misunderstanding last night. I can’t bear it when we quarrel. Can you, darling? Truthfully?

RITTER

Go to hell.
(THEY EXIT into the shop. More leaves fall. GEORG ENTERS, wearing his coat and reading a letter aloud)

GEORG

Dear Friend:

WITH NOVEMBER JUST AROUND THE CORNER,
I'VE A FEELING YOU MAY ALSO SHARE.
DO YOU FEEL AN UNDERTONE OF DISCORD
AND A SENSE OF TENSION IN THE AIR?

(MARACZEK ENTERS angrily)

MARACZEK

Mr. Nowack — must this sidewalk always be covered with leaves?

GEORG

No, sir. But... Mr. Maraczek, Mr. Maraczek...

(MARACZEK goes into the shop and slams the door. ARPAD ENTERS with a broom and starts sweeping the leaves)

IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOUR ENDEARING LETTERS,
I'D BE FLYING SOUTH WITH ALL THE GESE!
BY THE WAY, HAVE YOU READ "WAR AND PEACE"?

(AMALIA ENTERS. GEORG quickly ducks the letter)

AMALIA

Good morning, Mr. Nowack.

GEORG

I see you're on time today, Miss Balash. Congratulations.

(SIPOS ENTERS and watches)

AMALIA

I'm sorry to disappoint you.

GEORG

Oh, but I'm not disappointed. Far from it. Let's just call it surprised.
(Their argument continues softly)

ARPAD

(To SIPOS)
They always argue — why is that?

SIPOS
A simple chemical reaction. You see — sometimes when two people like each other very much...

(AMALIA goes into the shop, slamming the door in GEORG'S face. Then GEORG goes in)

ARPAD
They like each other?!

SIPOS
I think so.

ARPAD
They like each other very much?

(SIPOS nods)

Don’t you think we should tell them?

SIPOS
Arpad — my boy — they’d never believe us!!

ARPAD

Look!

(Icicles come down)

Winter!

(ARGPAD and SIPOS go into shop. We hear GEORG'S voice. Then AMALIA ENTERS, reading a letter)

#16C The Third Letter — Winter (Georg, Amalia)

GEORG

Dear Friend:

HAVE YOU SET YOUR CALENDAR FOR TUESDAY, WHEN WE BRING THIS
AMALIA, GEORG
CHAPTER TO A CLOSE?
WHEN I MEET MY LADY OF THE LETTERS
WHO PUTS TINY FACES IN HER “O’S.”

(GEORG fades out)

IN THE FREEZING WEATHER OF DECEMBER
I’LL BE WARMLY WAITING FOR OUR DATE.

AMALIA
UNTIL THEN — COUNT THE HOURS —

Oh! I’m late for work! I’m late!

(AMALIA runs into the shop)

Good morning.

ALL

Good morning.

AMALIA
Am I very late? Did Mr. Nowack say anything?
(SHE takes off her coat and starts into the workroom)
Where is he?

RITTER
In the workroom. You’re all new! The shoes — the dress — the hat —

AMALIA
Top to bottom. I’m surprised you recognized me. Do I look all right?

SIPOS, RITTER, KODALY, ARPAD
(Ad libbing)
Lovely! Very nice! Wonderful! etc...

AMALIA
It took me three hours to get dressed. That’s why I’m so late.

KODALY
I have a feeling our little Miss Balash must be in love.
(To AMALIA)
And you have a rendezvous with him — this evening...
(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?
TONIGHT I'LL WALK RIGHT UP AND SIT RIGHT DOWN BESIDE THE SMARTEST GIRL IN TOWN AND THEN IT'S ANYBODY'S GUESS. MORE AND MORE I'M BREATHING LESS AND LESS.

IN MY IMAGINATION I CAN HEAR OUR CONVERSATION TAKING SHAPE TONIGHT AT EIGHT. I'LL SIT THERE SAYING ABSOLUTELY NOTHING OR I'LL JABBER LIKE AN APE, TONIGHT AT EIGHT.

2 MORE MINUTES, 3 MORE SECONDS, 10 MORE HOURS TO GO! I'LL KNOW WHEN THIS IS DONE IF SOMETHING'S ENDED OR BEGUN AND IF IT GOES ALL RIGHT, WHO KNOWS? I MIGHT PROPOSE TONIGHT AT EIGHT!

#18 Shop To The Back Room (Orchestra)

(BLACKOUT.

The workroom. AMALIA and RITTER are sitting at a long table, Christmas-wrapping packages)

RITTER
This is fun. I love Christmas-wrapping.

AMALIA
It's certainly a pleasant change. You know — for the last month, I've done practically nothing but fill those darn tubes of Mona Lisa.

RITTER
Well — what do you care? You're in love with some nice, eligible young man. Pretty soon you'll be able to kiss all this goodbye. Tell me — what's he like? Tell me all about him. I love to suffer.

(AMALIA hesitates noticeably)

AMALIA
Well —

RITTER
Is he tall?
AMALIA

(Evasively)
So-so.

RITTER
So-so six feet? So-so five feet?

AMALIA
I never measured.

RITTER
Color of hair? Color of eyes?

AMALIA

And the eyes —?

AMALIA
Bluish — greenish —

RITTER
(Beginning to smell something fishy)
Brownish?

AMALIA
A little.

RITTER
Is he handsome?

AMALIA
It's difficult to say. I mean — at times he is — and then again at times he's not.

RITTER
Well-built?

AMALIA
Oh — average.

RITTER
Would you like a piece of good advice?
(AMALIA nods)

Don't lose him in a crowd.

(There is a brief pause)

AMALIA

Why — oh, why — am I such an unconvincing liar? The fact is I've never met him — ever, really.

RITTER

Never?

AMALIA

(Nodding)

That's why I don't know if he's tall, wide, short, narrow, pink or green — or even what his name is.

RITTER

You mean all of this fuss is just for a blind date? My God, you're even more desperate than I am.

AMALIA

It's not a blind date! I know him!

RITTER

How?

AMALIA

Letters. Many, many letters.

RITTER

You belong to a Lonely Hearts Club?

AMALIA

(Shaking her head)

I've never done that sort of thing. I used to read the advertisements in the papers...

RITTER

Who hasn't? Young man wants young lady. Young lady wants young man.
AMALIA
But I never took them seriously. Until — one day — I saw his advertisement. Even then, I tried not to answer it. Really. But it kept calling out to me...

RITTERTe could be seventy-five!

AMALIA
(Shaking her head)
The advertisement said: “Young man.”

RITTERTe haven’t even asked for a photograph?

AMALIA
I DON’T KNOW HIS NAME OR WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE
BUT I HAVE A MUCH MORE CERTAIN GUIDE:
I CAN TELL EXACTLY WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE INSIDE.

WHEN I UNDERTOOK THIS CORRESPONDENCE,
LITTLE DID I KNOW I’D GROW SO FOND;
LITTLE DID I KNOW OUR VIEWS WOULD SO CORRESPOND.

HE WRITES ME WHAT HIS FEELINGS ARE
ON SHAW, FLAUBERT, CHOPIN, RENOIR.
THE MORE I READ, THE MORE I FIND
WE’RE ONE IN MIND AND HEART.

I KNOW THE KIND OF HOME WE’D SHARE —
THE BOOKS, THE PRINTS, THE MUSIC THERE,
A HOME, A LIFE, THAT’S WARM AND FULL
AND RICH IN LOVE AND ART.

I DON’T NEED TO SEE HIS HANDSOME PROFILE.
I DON’T NEED TO SEE HIS MANLY FRAME.
ALL I NEED TO KNOW IS IN EACH LETTER —
EACH LONG REVEALING LETTER.
I COULDN’T KNOW HIM BETTER
IF I KNEW HIS NAME.

I know him so well, Ilona. I know that he’s a very successful person and terribly well educated. And he’s gentle and kind, soft spoken... I know all this about him! And so much more! I’ve just never met him — that’s all.
AMALIA  RITTER

(Softly)  IF HE ISN'T TOO HANDSOME,
HE WRITES HIS DEEPEST TRUE, IT DOESN'T MUCH MATTER
THOUGHTS TO ME BUT HIS PERSONAL HABITS
ON SWIFT, VERMEER ARE MORE IMPORTANT THAN HIS LOOKS.
AND DEBUSSY,

ON MAUGHAM, SUPPOSING HE SNORES
REMARQUE, LIKE A LOCOMOTIVE?
DUMAS, SUPPOSING HE
DUCAS, GRINDS HIS TEETH?
DUFY, SUPPOSING HE'S A KNUCKLECRACKER,
DUFAY, AMALIA?
DEFOE. GOOD LUCK WITH YOUR BOOKS!

HE THINKS AS I, AND ANOTHER SMALL DETAIL
HE FEELS AS I, THAT YOU HAVEN'T YET MENTIONED:
HE SHARES THE SAME I AM SPEAKING OF SEX, DEAR,
IDEALS AS I. WHEN YOU AND HE ARE ALL ALONE.
I'LL NEVER FIND COME TO THINK OF IT,
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT.
A MAN WHO'S SO MAYBE IT DOESN'T MATTER AT THAT.
SIMPATICO, MAYBE I'D DO MUCH BETTER MYSELF
WITH A LIBRARY CARD
I KNOW. AND A GRAMOPHONE.

AMALIA  I DON'T NEED TO SEE HIS HANDSOME PROFILE.

RITTER  I WAS TAKEN IN BY SOMEONE'S PROFILE.

AMALIA  (Overlapping)  I DON'T NEED TO SEE HIS MANLY FRAME.

RITTER  I WAS TAKEN IN BY SOMEONE'S FRAME.

AMALIA  (Overlapping)  ALL I NEED TO KNOW IS IN EACH LETTER,
EACH —
Act I Scene 2

ITTER
HOW I COULD HAVE USED ONE —

AMALIA, RITTER
— LONG, REVEALING LETTER.

AMALIA
I COULDN'T LOVE HIM BETTER

RITTER
(Overlapping)
I HOPE YOU DO MUCH BETTER.

AMALIA
IF I KNEW HIS NAME.

RITTER
I KNEW HIS NAME.

AMALIA, RITTER
WHAT'S IN A NAME?

#20 Back Room To The Shop (Orchestra)

(The perfume shop. KODALY has a CUSTOMER. GEORG is at the cash register. SIPOS is arranging the music boxes into a pyramid. MARACZEK ENTERS and approaches GEORG)

MARACZEK
Mr. Nowack — perhaps you can help me...

GEORG
Yes, sir?

MARACZEK
I'm looking for the Christmas decorations. I don't see them.

GEORG
We haven't started them yet. I meant to talk to you about it in a day or two...

MARACZEK
I'm sick and tired of your running to me — like a baby — on every little matter that comes up!
GEORG
Mr. Maraczek — that's not fair!

(SIPOS comes up behind MARACZEK)

SIPOS

(Very gently)
Excuse me... Georg!
(SIPOS is ignored)

MARACZEK
Kindly inform all the employees they'll have to stay late tonight. Now, is that clear — even to you?

GEORG
It's perfectly clear. But I'm afraid I can't make it. I have an appointment.

SIPOS

Excuse me...

GEORG
I can stay tomorrow night — Thursday night — Friday...

MARACZEK
That won't be necessary. I assure you we'll get on splendidly without you. That's all. Thank you.

GEORG
That's not all, Mr. Maraczek. For the past month, I can't seem to do anything right. Everything's changed. What is it? Is it me? Is it you? If my work is bad now, it's been bad for fifteen years! Why the hell did you wait 'til now to start telling me?

(Meanwhile, SIPOS has been pulling on GEORG'S coat. GEORG has ignored him through the preceding speech)

MARACZEK
How dare you raise your voice in this shop?

(SIPOS intentionally pushes over the music boxes. MARACZEK turns around to see what happened)

Clumsy idiot!

#21 Thank You Madam # 3 (Ritter, Georg, Kodaly, Sipos)
(MARACZEK storms into his office. GEORG helps SIPOS pick up the music boxes)

GEORG
You did that on purpose, didn’t you?

SIPOS
I had to stop that argument — before you did something foolish — like resigning.

GEORG
I’m not sure I appreciate that.

SIPOS
Oh, I didn’t do it for you, Georg. I did it for me. Who knows — if you resign, your successor might take one look at me and ask himself: “What’s that oaf doing in this fancy parfumerie?”

GEORG
You’re a very good clerk, Ladislav.

#21 Perspective

(Sipos)

SIPOS
I’m an idiot. But at least I’m an idiot with a job —

CALL ME FOOL. THAT’S ALL RIGHT WITH ME.
HERE’S MY RULE: NEVER DISAGREE.
WHERE’S MY PRIDE? SWALLOWED LONG AGO.
DEEP INSIDE — WHERE IT DOESN’T SHOW.
BOWING, SCRAPING, NODDING, BEAMING, ALWAYS HUMBLE,
NOT AN OUNCE OF SELF-RESPECT.
YES, SIR! YES SIR! YOU’RE SO RIGHT, SIR! BLACK IS WHITE, SIR!
‘SCUSE ME WHILE I GENUFLECT.

HOW DO I REMAIN SO CALM AND CHEERFUL?
HOW DO I RETAIN MY PEACE OF MIND?
LET ME JUST EXPLAIN MY RATIONALE.
IT’S ALL IN YOUR PERSPECTIVE.
LISTEN... LISTEN... TO AN OLD HUNGARIAN’S PHILOSOPHY.

I AM ONLY ONE OF SEVERAL IN A RATHER SMALL PARFUMERIE
WHICH IS ONLY ONE OF SEVERAL IN THIS CITY
WHICH IS ONE OF MANY CITIES IN THIS COUNTRY
WHICH IS ONLY ONE OF MANY COUNTRIES
WHICH ARE ON THIS CONTINENT
WHICH IS ONLY ONE OF SEVEN ON THIS NOT SO SPECIAL
PLANET
WHICH IS ONE OF MANY IN OUR SOLAR SYSTEM
WHICH IS ONLY ONE OF MANY SOLAR SYSTEMS
IN THIS VAST AND INCONCEIVABLE AFFAIR THAT IS THE
UNIVERSE.

SO — IN THIS INFINITE, INCOMPREHENSIBLE SCHEME,
IF A DOT CALLED MARACZEK SHOULD SCREAM
AT A SPECK CALLED SIPOS,
WHAT — ON EARTH — DOES IT MATTER?

SO CALL ME FOOL — THAT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME.
HERE’S MY RULE: NEVER DISAGREE.
JUST MAINTAIN A TRUE PERSPECTIVE
AND IT'S EASY TO AVOID A CLASH OF WILLS.
JUST MAINTAIN A TRUE PERSPECTIVE
AND MAKE SURE YOU'RE WELL-SUPPLIED WITH STOMACH
PILLS.

LET ME PUT IT BLUNTLY: I'M A COWARD
WITH A WIFE AND CHILDREN TO SUPPORT.
ACTUALLY, MY CREED IS SHORT AND SIMPLE:
FIVE ESSENTIAL WORDS, GEORG:
DO NOT... LOSE... YOUR JOB!!!

(KODALY leaves his customer and approaches RITTER, who has
entered from the workroom with AMALIA)

KODALY

Miss Ritter —

(RITTER pretends not to hear)

Miss Ritter —

RITTER

(Icily)

What?

KODALY

This is going to be a charge. Here's the lady's name.
RITTER
Just the name? After such a long conversation? No telephone number?

KODALY
I don’t need it. She’s got mine.

GEORG
While I have you all here — Miss Balash — Mr. Maraczek wants everyone to stay late tonight.

AMALIA
Why?

GEORG
To work on the Christmas decorations. All right?

RITTER
I guess so.

KODALY
Of course.

#22 Doorbell #2 (Orchestra)
(The door opens and another CUSTOMER ENTERS. SIPOS approaches her)

SIPOS
Good day, madam. May I help you?

AMALIA
Mr. Nowack, Mr. Nowack, I can’t stay.

Why?

AMALIA
I’ve got a date. You know I’ve got a date.

GEORG
I know no such thing.

AMALIA
How can you say that? Why do you think I’m wearing these new clothes? To trim a tree in?
GEORG
I'm only following Mr. Maraczek's instructions.

AMALIA
I can't stay.

GEORG
You are not being very cooperative, Miss Balash.

AMALIA.
Well — why did he have to pick this one night?
(Mulling that over)
Or did you pick it, Mr. Nowack? Just because you knew I had an appointment?

(KODALY'S CUSTOMER starts to leave. KODALY opens the door)

#23 Thank You, Madam #4 (Amalia, Ritter, Kodaly, Georg, Sipos)

KODALY, SIPOS, RITTER, GEORG, AMALIA
THANK YOU, MADAM.
PLEASE, CALL AGAIN.
DO CALL AGAIN, MADAM.

(The CUSTOMER EXITS)

AMALIA
You know, I find it quite depressing that anyone could hate me that much —

GEORG
I don’t hate you. But until you came here, this was a happy, peaceful place. Now — the whole atmosphere's changed: everyone's cranky — Mr. Maraczek's on the warpath...

AMALIA
That's not my fault!

GEORG
The Mona Lisa's coming out the wrong end of the tubes!!

AMALIA
And that's not my fault!
(With a sudden pang of guilt)
Is it?
GEORG
You’ve been filling them.

AMALIA
According to your instructions.

GEORG
Well — let’s not argue about it now. Can we have a truce?

AMALIA
Anytime, Mr. Nowack. After all, you’re the one who always starts things.

GEORG
I’m the one?

AMALIA
You’ve always resented me — from the very first day I came here — when I made you lose that bet to Mr. Maraczek. For ten-and-six, wasn’t it? To think that anyone could hate me so much — just for ten-and-six!

GEORG
That’s nonsense!

AMALIA
Or was it your male pride that was wounded? Because I went over your head? Men always do seem to resent things like that.

GEORG
I do not resent you, Miss Balash.

AMALIA
Oh, yes, you do.

GEORG
Oh, for Heaven’s sake! I do not resent you. But if I did, I would have a very good reason. Can you deny you hadn’t worked here two weeks before you started making very public, very humiliating remarks about me?

AMALIA
Only because you were going around calling me Miss A-mal-ia Balash. Miss A-malia Balash. You think I liked that?

GEORG
You think I liked your criticizing my socks — my tie — my fingernails...?
(GEORG holds up his hands and defiantly shows AMALIA his fingernails)

AMALIA
(Looking at GEORG’S fingernails)
Much better.
(AMALIA storms into the workroom)

GEORG
That must be the rudest, most difficult, worst-tempered girl in the world.
(GEORG goes to the water cooler and takes a pill)

#24 Doorbell #3 (Orchestra)

(The door opens and a CUSTOMER ENTERS)

KODALY
Good day, madam. May I help you?

CUSTOMER
Yes. I’d like to see lily scented soap...

(The CUSTOMER goes to KODALY’S counter. MARACZEK ENTERS — looks around and walks over to GEORG)

MARACZEK
Well — Mr. Nowack — hard at work as usual, I see.

#25 Doorbell #4 (Orchestra)

(The door opens and two more CUSTOMERS ENTER)

RITTER
Good day, ladies. May I help you?

(GEORG starts to say something, but MARACZEK cuts in)

MARACZEK
Have you made the arrangements about tonight?

GEORG
Yes, sir. Miss Ritter, Mr. Kodaly and Mr. Sipos can stay — and Arpad, of course...

MARACZEK
What about Miss Balash?
GEORG
She has an appointment.

MARACZEK
An appointment! Well — I guess you could hardly prevail upon her to stay when you're not going to.

GEORG
Any other night, Mr. Maraczek.

MARACZEK
There seem to be a great many things, Mr. Nowack, that interest you far more than your position here.

GEORG
Mr. Maraczek — I am devoted to this shop — I couldn't work harder — if I owned it...

MARACZEK
(Almost out of control, and trying, not too successfully, to keep his voice down)
If you owned it!! Well, let me tell you something, my young friend: no matter what you do — you will never get your hands on this shop! Never! Not if I have to come down from Heaven and stop you myself!! Is that clear?

GEORG
Yes, it's perfectly clear.

MARACZEK
Now get away from me! Just get away from me!

GEORG
I will get away! And permanently!

MARACZEK
Can I take that as your resignation, Mr. Nowack?

GEORG
That's exactly what it is.

MARACZEK
Very well. I accept it — effective immediately. Miss Ritter will have your final pay.
(MARACZEK goes to RITTER, gives her an envelope. Then MARACZEK EXITS into his office)

CUSTOMER
(Holding up a jar of bath salts)
Excuse me, is this the large size or the medium size?

SIPOS
Eh — the large size.

CUSTOMER
Well — then — show me the medium. And I haven’t got all day.

#26 Goodbye, Georg
(Customers, Clerks)

SIPOS
Yes, madam.

CUSTOMERS
I WOULD LIKE A CAKE OF CASTILE SOAP
AND A POWDER PUFF, SHAMPOO.
IS THERE A SALE ON?

LET ME HAVE A HAIRNET, BUBBLE BATH.
HOW MUCH DO YOU CHARGE FOR YOUR
MONA LISA?

(GEORG goes into the workroom. AMALIA is still working on the
Christmas boxes. GEORG opens his locker. Meanwhile, AMALIA has
been watching him out of the corner of her eye. CUSTOMERS
continue singing softly)

AMALIA
(Not quite believing what she’s seeing)
Mr. Nowack — are you leaving?

GEORG
It should be good news for you, Miss Balash. Very good news. I won’t be arguing
with you anymore. I’ve just quit my job.

AMALIA
Why?

GEORG
Well — as a matter of fact — I didn’t have much choice.
AMALIA
I don't know what to say...

GEORG
Then don't say anything. Especially not that you're sorry. Let's not end our relationship on that false note.

(GEORG closes his locker)
Goodbye, Miss Balash.

(GEORG starts out)

AMALIA
Mr. Nowack... may the condemned woman have one last word? I've never wished you harm. Ever. You've got to believe that...

GEORG
I believe you, Miss Balash. And — may I say — I sincerely hope you marry some nice man and have many children. And for the sake of my successor in this job, I hope it's soon!

(GEORG comes into the store and starts for the door. The shop is humming with activity. KODALY, RITTER and SIPOS all have customers. ARPAD is bringing in more stock)

CUSTOMERS
I WOULD LIKE A CAKE OF CASTILE SOAP
AND A POWDER PUFF, SHAMPOO.

SIPOS, KODALY, ARPAD, RITTER
(Overlapping)
GOOD BYE, GEORG.

CUSTOMERS
IS THERE A SALE ON?
LET ME HAVE A HAIRNET, BUBBLE BATH.
HOW MUCH DO YOU CHARGE

SIPOS, KODALY, ARPAD, RITTER
(Overlapping)
MARACZEK'S WON'T BE THE SAME WITHOUT YOU.

CUSTOMERS
FOR YOUR MONA LISA?
CAN YOU RECOMMEND AN UNUSUAL PERFUME?
KODALY

*(Overlapping)*

SORRY TO SEE YOU GO.

CUSTOMERS

SOMETHING RATHER CHIC BUT INEXPENSIVE

ARPAD

*(Overlapping)*

IF I CAN EVER HELP,

CUSTOMERS

THAT WILL MAKE A NOVEL CHRISTMAS GIFT.

SIPOS, KODALY, ARPAD, RITTER

LET ME KNOW.

CUSTOMERS

I THINK YOU KNOW THE KIND THAT I’M AFTER.
DO YOU HAVE A LIPSTICK, GUARANTEED KISS-PROOF?
COCONUT OIL? WHAT KIND OF MASCARA?

SIPOS, KODALY, ARPAD, RITTER

*(Overlapping)*

GOOD BYE, GEORG.

CUSTOMERS

LET ME HAVE A JAR OF VANISHING CREAM
AND A BOTTLE OF YOUR BEST COLOGNE AND CAN YOU

SIPOS

*(Overlapping)*

I WISH THERE WERE TIME FOR A PROPER FAREWELL

CUSTOMERS

WRAP IT AS A GIFT AND SEND IT? PUT IT ON MY BILL

SIPOS, KODALY, ARPAD, RITTER

*(Overlapping)*

BUT FOR NOW GOOD LUCK AND

CUSTOMERS

AND THANK YOU VERY, VERY MUCH.
IT’S ALWAYS SUCH A PLEASURE SHOPPING HERE.
SIPOS, KODALY, ARPAD, RITTER
(Overlapping)
GOOD BYE, GEORG.

(GEORG reaches the door. RITTER hands him the envelope
MARACZEK gave her. Then she kisses GEORG on the cheek.
GEORG opens the door. The bell rings)

SO LONG, SO LONG.
PLEASE, KEEP IN TOUCH.
DO KEEP IN TOUCH,
WON'T YOU...?

#27A Georg's Exit          (Orchestra)

(GEORG EXITS. The shop turns. The set revolves to AMALIA in the
workroom)

#27B Will He Like Me?      (Amalia)

AMALIA
WILL HE LIKE ME WHEN WE MEET?
WILL THE SHY AND QUIET GIRL HE'S GOING TO SEE
BE THE GIRL THAT HE'S IMAGINED ME TO BE?
WILL HE LIKE ME?

WILL HE LIKE THE GIRL HE SEES?
IF HE DOESN'T, WILL HE KNOW ENOUGH TO KNOW
THAT THERE'S MORE TO ME THAN I MAY ALWAYS SHOW?
WILL HE LIKE ME?

WILL HE KNOW THAT THERE'S A WORLD OF LOVE
WAITING TO WARM HIM?
HOW I'M HOPING THAT HIS EYES AND EARS
WON'T MISINFORM HIM.

WILL HE LIKE ME? WHO CAN SAY?
HOW I WISH THAT WE COULD MEET ANOTHER DAY
IT'S ABSURD FOR ME TO CARRY ON THIS WAY.
I'LL TRY NOT TO.
WILL HE LIKE ME? HE'S JUST GOT TO!

WHEN I AM IN MY ROOM ALONE
AND I WRITE,
THOUGHTS COME EASILY,
WORDS COME FLUENTLY THEN.
THAT'S HOW IT IS WHEN I'M ALONE
BUT TONIGHT
THERE'S NO HIDING BEHIND MY PAPER AND PEN.
(Puts on her hat, coat and scarf, takes her book and EXITS into the street)

WILL HE KNOW THAT THERE'S A WORLD OF LOVE WAITING TO WARM HIM?
HOW I'M HOPING THAT HIS EYES AND EARS WON'T MISINFORM HIM.

WILL HE LIKE ME? I DON'T KNOW.
ALL I KNOW IS THAT I'M TEMPTED NOT TO GO.
IT'S INSANITY FOR ME TO WORRY SO.
I'LL TRY NOT TO.
WILL HE LIKE ME?
HE'S JUST GOT TO!
WILL HE LIKE ME?
WILL HE LIKE ME?
(AMALIA EXITS as the LIGHTS FADE)

END OF SCENE TWO
SCENE THREE

(In the shop, RITTER is hanging tinsel icicles. KODALY and SIPOS are working nearby. ARPAD is upstairs)

RITTER
Ladislav — have you got a pack of icicles over there?

SIPOS
(Looking)
I don’t see any...

RITTER
Would you please ask Mr. Kodaly if he’s got them?

SIPOS
(Turning to KODALY, who is right next to him)
Miss Ritter would like to know if you’ve got her icicles.

KODALY
(To SIPOS)
Icicles? Please tell her that’s all I’ve been getting from her for several weeks.

SIPOS
(To RITTER)
He says...

RITTER
(Unamused)
I heard him. Why else would I be laughing so uncontrollably?

KODALY
Sipos — what do you think of a woman who goes with a man, tells him she loves him — and suddenly drops him?

RITTER
(To SIPOS)
Before you answer that, Ladislav — what do you think of a man who breaks three dates with a girl in a little over a week?

KODALY
A little over a week?

RITTER
Eight days!
KODALY
I don't recall three dates.

RITTER
You don't recall anything. You never did.

(SIPOS goes upstairs)

#29 Ilona  (Kodaly, Sipos, Arpad)

KODALY
You're so wrong, Ilona. I recall our evenings together. I recall them very well. Our private little booth at the Rathskeller. Remember? Oh, come on, Ilona, let's go there tonight. You always loved the Rathskeller, the Chinese food, the gypsy fortune teller, and that rhumba band? Ilona?

COME WITH ME, ILONA.
I'VE MISSED YOU SO MUCH.
HOW I ENVY YOU EACH EVENING
WHEN WORK IS THROUGH
FOR I HAVE ONLY ME TO BE WITH
WHILE YOU HAVE YOU.

WITHOUT YOU, ILONA,
HOW COLD MY LONELY LIFE HAS GROWN.
ARE YOU HAPPY ALONE, ILONA?
ILONA, MY OWN!

SIPOS
NOW THAT KODALY IS HARD AT PLAY
WE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE 'TIL NEW YEARS DAY SO

SIPOS, ARPAD
HAPPY NEW YEAR!

KODALY
COME WITH ME, ILONA.
COME WITH ME, CHERIE.
MISTLETOE, I LONG FOR SOMEONE.
PLEASE TELL ME WHO.
LIKE SOME DIVINE DIVINING ROD,
IT POINTS STRAIGHT TO YOU.
REMEMBER, ILONA,
THE SUNNY NIGHTS WE KNEW BEFORE?
IF YOU'LL JUST SAY THE WORD, ILONA,
WE'LL KNOW THEM ONCE MORE.

ARPAD
IF IT WAS ONLY UP TO ME,
GUESS WHO I WOULD HANG UPON THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

SIPOS
THIS IS WHERE I CAME IN, AMEN.
THE FOX AND THE CHICKEN ARE A TEAM AGAIN.

KODALY
TOGETHER, ILONA,
WE GENERATE A SPARK THAT'S RARE.
WHY DENY THAT IT'S THERE, ILONA?
YOU FEEL IT, I KNOW.
LET'S HELP IT... TO GLOW...

(THEY kiss)

RITTER
You really are a rat! All right, we'll go to the Rathskeller, and you'd better have lots of money because I'm starved. Or is this going to be Dutch, as usual?

KODALY
No, no. My treat!

(MARACZEK comes out of his office)

MARACZEK
You can all go home now. Go home.

SIPOS
Eh — but the work isn't finished yet, sir.

MARACZEK
We'll have to do it some other time.

SIPOS
Speaking for myself, Mr. Maraczek — I wouldn't mind staying a little longer. You see — I'm in the rhythm of it now.

MARACZEK
I want everyone out as quickly as possible. Good night.
(MARACZEK goes into the office)

SIPOS

Good night, Mr. Maraczek.

RITTER

It’s only nine thirty!

KODALY

(Looking at watch)
Nine thirty...
(HE crosses to workroom)

SIPOS

Arpad —

ARPAD

What?

SIPOS

Good news!

ARPAD

What?

SIPOS

You’ve been reprieved! Mr. Maraczek says we can go.

(SIPOS goes into the workroom. KODALY comes out in his coat and hat)

RITTER

(To KODALY)
You’re all ready! I’ll just be a minute. Arpad, will you bring me my things, please?

KODALY

(Pause)
Ilona — this is going to be a bit difficult to explain... but I won’t be able to take you to the Rathskeller after all.

RITTER

What?
(ARPAD brings RITTER'S coat and hat, then goes upstairs)

KODALY
I can't help myself, darling. The fact is: I thought we were going to be working late tonight — so I canceled a previous appointment — but now that we're finished early I've just got keep it... you do understand? Don't you?

(RITTER says nothing)

Trust me, darling? I promise you. We'll go to the Rathskeller another night — soon. Let's see now, tonight is Tuesday... what about next Monday? Ilona — chérie?

#30 I Resolve (Ritter)

RITTER
I RESOLVE NOT TO BE SO STUPID.

KODALY
Will you keep Monday night open for me, darling?

RITTER
I RESOLVE NOT TO PLAY THESE GAMES.

KODALY
All right, sweetheart?

RITTER
HOW OFTEN I'VE BEEN A SITTING DUCK FOR CUPID. HOW OFTEN I'VE LET HIM SHOOT ME DOWN IN FLAMES.

KODALY
Sweetheart, say it's all right?

RITTER
I RESOLVE NOT TO BE SO TRUSTING. IT'S HIGH TIME — TIME THAT I AWOKE. WHATEVER I'VE GOT UP HERE IS UP HERE RUSTING. MY FEMININE INTUITION IS A JOKE!

(KODALY kisses ILONA on the cheek and EXITS)

I MUST BE COUSIN TO A CAT: I ALWAYS WIND UP WITH A RAT. I'M THROUGH WITH MOMENTARY THRILLS. I FIND I CAN'T AFFORD THE BILLS.
I RESOLVE COME WHAT MAY:
I WILL NOT BE THIS GIRL ONE MORE DAY!

I RESOLVE NOT TO BE SO BRAINLESS.
I RESOLVE NOT TO BE SO DUMB.
MY USUAL BRUSH WITH LOVE IS FAR FROM PAINLESS
AND SUDDENLY I HAVE GOT TO KNOW HOW COME.

I RESOLVE NOT TO BLAME THE OTHERS,
JUST BECAUSE I'M AN EASY MARK.
I WANT TO KNOW WHY I NEVER MEET THEIR MOTHERS.
WHERE MEN ARE CONCERNED I'M ALWAYS IN THE DARK.

I MUST STOP THINKING WITH MY SKIN.
I WILL NOT BE A MANDOLIN
THAT SOMEONE STRUMS AND PUTS AWAY
UNTIL HE GETS THE URGE TO PLAY.

I RESOLVE HERE AND NOW:
I WILL BE A DIFFERENT GIRL SOMEHOW!

#31 Ilona's Exit (Orchestra)

(RITTER EXITS. Shop turns. SIPOS EXITS from shop to street.
GEORG stops him)

GEORG
Ladislav!

SIPOS
Georg!

GEORG
I have to talk to you... Will you come with me to the Café Imperiale? It's urgent.

SIPOS
The Café Imperiale?

GEORG
(Nodding)
She'll be there — sitting alone... and on the table in front of her there'll be a copy
of "Anna Karenina" with a rose in it.
SIPOS
Your lady friend? The one who writes the letters? Oh ho!

GEORG
And I’ll be wearing a rose — here...

SIPOS
That’s a very romantic picture. Very romantic — except for one thing...

GEORG
One thing?

SIPOS
What am I doing there?

GEORG
(Taking a letter out of his pocket)
You’re going to give her this letter — which explains I’ve been called out of town and will write her as soon as possible.

SIPOS
She won’t be disappointed?

GEORG
She’d be more disappointed if she saw me the way I am tonight. Will you give her this for me?

SIPOS
Of course I will — although —

GEORG
Let’s hurry — please? For all I know, she got tired of waiting and went home long ago.

(THEY EXIT.)

#32 Street To The Shop (Orchestra)

A man in a raincoat and hat comes to the door of the shop. HE knocks. MARACZEK comes to the door and opens it

MARACZEK
Mr. Keller...?
KELLER

(Nodding)
Mr. Maraczek...?

MARACZEK

Come in, please.

(KELLER comes into the shop)

KELLER

Do we talk here?

MARACZEK

Everyone's gone.

KELLER

As I told you on the phone, sir — we've completed our investigation...

(MARACZEK takes a letter out of his pocket)

MARACZEK

Who sent this to me?

KELLER

I'm afraid we don't know that. Anonymous letters are difficult to track down. But we have checked its contents.

(Takes out a document)

As you'll see we've been following Mrs. Maraczek. And there's no doubt — she's involved with one of your clerks — just as the letter said...

MARACZEK

There's no doubt...

KELLER

I'm sorry, sir.

MARACZEK

I've known all along. I just — had to be sure.

KELLER

She's been going to his apartment, Number 17 Court Street. Each visit is listed. Would you care to have us do an investigation of Mr. Kodaly?

MARACZEK

Who?
KELLER
That’s his name — Steven Kodaly...
(KELLER starts leafing through the report)

MARACZEK
But I thought...

KELLER
(Reading)
Steven Kodaly; Number 17 Court Street, Second Floor, Apartment 6.

MARACZEK
Kodaly!

(KELLER extends the report to MARACZEK)

It’s just that — he hardly knows Mrs. Maraczek. And there’s another clerk here — a clerk who’s been to our house many times — and I thought — I naturally thought...

KELLER
If you’ll read the report, sir.

MARACZEK
Yes. Thank you.

KELLER
Will there be anything else?

(MARACZEK shakes his head. The telephone rings)

Then I’ll be saying good night.

MARACZEK
Good night, Mr. Keller.

KELLER
Good night, sir.

(KELLER exits. MARACZEK crosses to the counter and answers telephone)
#33  Goodbye, Love  (Orchestra)

MARACZEK

Maraczek, here... Hello, love... yes, I know... you'll be out late then? I see... give her my best... No, I just feel a bit tired... of course... of course... No, I won't wait up... so do I... Bye-bye.

(MARACZEK EXITS to his office. ARPAD comes out of the stockroom and crosses to the office)

ARPAD

Mr. Maraczek! Don't! Don't! Mr. Maraczek!

(BLACKOUT. GUNSHOT blends with the noise of a BUSBOY dropping a tray)

END OF SCENE THREE
SCENE FOUR

(AT RISE: The Café Imperiale. A romantic-type café, with candles, dim lights, lovers at the tables. At one table, AMALIA sits expectantly — the book and the rose in front of her. SHE keeps looking around nervously — and sipping a glass of red wine)

#34 A Romantic Atmosphere (Waiter)

WAITER

(To BUSBOY)
BUTTERFINGERS, DO THAT AGAIN,
THAT'S THE END OF YOUR CAREER!

How do you do, sir? How do you do, madam?

DON'T YOU KNOW WE TRY TO PRESERVE
A ROMANTIC ATMOSPHERE?

Good to see you again, Mr. Liszt.

THAT'S WHAT ALL OUR PATRONS EXPECT,
SO EVERY JARRING NOTE WILL BE RUTHLESSLY CHECKED!
GENTLY DOES IT, TRY TO PRESERVE
A ROMANTIC ATMOSPHERE.

THINK OF ALL THE LOVE AFFAIRS WE ASSIST.
WHAT MORE NOBLE CALLING IS THERE THAN OURS:
TENDING EACH NEW BEAUTIFUL BUD OF LOVE,
MAKING SURE EACH DELICATE SEEDLING FLOWERS.

(AMALIA EXITS)

TREAT EACH TRYST AND RENDEZVOUS AS YOUR OWN,
BEARING IN MIND THE GRAVITY OF YOUR TASK.
ALL THESE LOVERS WANT IS ONE SHINING HOUR.
IS THAT SUCH A TERRIBLE LOT TO ASK?

COUPLES

Shhh...

WAITER
LOOk AROUND AND SEE FOR YOURSELF
THE ROMANTIC ATMOSPHERE.
COURT

Viktor... Stefanie.

WAITER
THAT'S WHAT ALL OUR PATRONS DEMAND;
THAT'S THE REASON WHY THEY'RE HERE.

ANOTHER COUPLE

Viktor... Hugo.

WAITER
THEY ALL COME HERE JUST FOR THE MOOD
AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME
TRY TASTING OUR FOOD.
THAT'S WHY WE HAVE GOT TO PRESERVE
A ROMANTIC ATMOSPHERE.

(Dance number culminating in rowdy behavior by CUSTOMERS and BUSBOY)

SUCH BEHAVIOR WON'T BE ALLOWED
BUT EVERY NOW AND THEN WE JUST GET THE WRONG CROWD.

(AMALIA RE-ENTERS)

GENTLY DOES IT, TRY TO PRESERVE
A ROMANTIC ATMOSPHERE.

#35 The Café Imperiale  (Orchestra)

(SIPOS and GEORG ENTER. THEY cannot see AMALIA — nor SHE them)

SIPOS
Where's the rose?

GEORG
What?

SIPOS
The rose. Where is it?

(GEORG takes out a rose)

That's a rose?
GEORG
It’s been in my pocket all day.

SIPOS
Let me have it.

(SIPOS starts to put it into GEORG’S lapel)

GEORG
Oh, no...

(GEORG takes the rose)

SIPOS
You’ve gone this far — go the rest of the way.

GEORG
No. Just — give her the letter — please? And thank you, Ladislav — I really appreciate this.

(GEORG starts to EXIT)

SIPOS
Wait!

(GEORG stops)

At least — let’s take a look at her.

GEORG
You look.

(SIPOS looks through the café, spots AMALIA, then returns to GEORG)

She’s old. Old and ugly and toothless — isn’t she?

SIPOS
I wouldn’t say so.

GEORG
There must be something wrong with her — terribly wrong!

SIPOS
Why?

GEORG
I can see it in your face!
SIPOS
The fact is: she’s a very attractive girl.

GEORG
She really is?

SIPOS
Absolutely.

GEORG
But will I think so?

SIPOS
Well — of course — that’s a matter of personal taste. Let’s see now — who does she look like?

GEORG
(Hopefully)
Some — film star?

SIPOS
No, no, no. Let me think — more than anyone else, I’d say she looks like someone in the shop...

GEORG
In our shop?

SIPOS
As a matter of fact — you know who? Miss Balash. She looks very much like her.

GEORG
(Stunned)
Miss Balash? Amalia Balash? But I thought you said “attractive.”

SIPOS
Well — I think so. But, of course, if you don’t care for Miss Balash, you’re certainly not going to like this girl.

GEORG
They’re that similar?

SIPOS
See for yourself.
(GEORG moves to a spot from which he can see AMALIA. The minute HE spots her, his body droops. The rose drops from his hand and falls to the floor. Then he starts to EXIT)

You’re just going to leave her there?

GEORG
What do you suggest? You want me to tell her I’m the poor fool who’s written all those letters? She’d make me the laughingstock of the city!

SIPOS
How? She wrote some too. “Dear Friend: I took you out of the box — I cut you open...” And so on —

GEORG
It’s impossible!

SIPOS
What?

GEORG
She never wrote those letters! She couldn’t have!

SIPOS
You think it’s just a coincidence? She just happens to like this café — she just happens to be reading “Anna Karenina” — she just happens to be using a rose as a bookmark — in December!!

GEORG
But it’s Miss Balash! I can’t be in love with Miss Balash!

SIPOS
How do you know until you try?

GEORG
I know her! There’s some mistake, Ladislav. There’s got to be.

SIPOS
Then, talk to her. Find out.

GEORG
(Nodding in agreement)
She’s not Dear Friend. She’s not. She can’t be!
(Suddenly terrified)
Can she?
(GEORG crosses to AMALIA'S table. SIPOS watches — leaving after a few moments. GEORG pretends surprise)

Miss Balash!

AMALIA

(Really surprised)
Mr. Nowack! What are you doing here?

GEORG

Celebrating. How about you?

AMALIA

I'm waiting for someone.

GEORG

Anyone in particular?

AMALIA

Well — of course! What kind of girl do you think I am?

(Changes her mind)
Never mind, Mr. Nowack. I know.

GEORG

May I sit down for a minute?

AMALIA

No. I'm afraid not.

GEORG

You won't help me celebrate?

AMALIA

Celebrate?

GEORG

My freedom, Miss Balash! Just think of it! Tomorrow's Wednesday, and I can sleep late as I like.

(GEORG sits down at the table and picks up the extra glass)

AMALIA

(Upset)
Mr. Nowack — I told you — that chair — happens to be reserved.
GEORG
You won’t even have one quick drink with me?

AMALIA
I can’t!

GEORG
One small, farewell drink?

AMALIA
(Looking around nervously)
Well — if it’s very small — and very quick.

(GEORG pours himself a drink. HE also fills AMALIA’S glass, which was half empty)

GEORG
Thank you, Miss Balash.
(Toasting)
Well, here’s to Maraczek’s Parfumerie — and the people who work there — and the people who used to work there — and all the customers —

AMALIA
(Quickly)
And that covers everything!

(AMALIA drinks. GEORG drinks)

GEORG
Good wine.
(Takes another sip)

AMALIA
Mr. Nowack, are you spying on me?

GEORG
Spying?

AMALIA
Did you come here to make sure I really have a date — that I wasn’t just inventing an excuse not to work tonight?

GEORG
Miss Balash, who would I be spying for? Maraczek?
AMALIA

(Very determined)
Mr. Nowack — if you don’t leave this table immediately, I’m going to have to call the waiter.

(The WAITER, who has been hovering uneasily nearby, takes this as his cue to approach)

WAITER

Yes, madam?

AMALIA

(Taken aback)
Oh — ah — there you are.

WAITER

May I put a word in?

(AMALIA nods)

The Café Imperiale is a rendezvous for lovers. Look around you. We try to preserve a romantic atmosphere. And I find it very difficult, madam, when you and your husband insist on fighting right in the middle of it. Can’t you argue at home?

AMALIA

This is not my husband! This is a — business associate.

WAITER

Well — talk business someplace else, please.

(WAITER EXITS)

#36 Tango Tragique

(Orchestra)

GEORG

You say you’re meeting someone here? Someone you’ve known very long?

AMALIA

Mr. Nowack, will you leave?

GEORG

It doesn’t seem right for a man to keep a girl waiting — all alone... in such a public place.

AMALIA

Will you please leave?
GEORG
Even if he’s an old friend — a dear friend...

AMALIA
I don’t wish to discuss it with you, Mr. Nowack.

GEORG
(Re: “Tango Tragique” which has been playing in the background)
What’s the name of that tune?

(No answer from AMALIA)

My mother used to sing it when I was a baby.

AMALIA
So did mine.

GEORG
Miss Balash — do you realize? We’ve just found something in common. At one time — we were both infants.

AMALIA
But I grew up.

GEORG
I think it’s called “Tango Tragique.”

AMALIA
(Looking around the café)
What if he’s already been here and seen us together — and gone? I’ll never forgive you!

(GEORG notes the book on the table. HE picks it up and looks at it)

GEORG
What’s this?

AMALIA
Put that back!

GEORG
“Anna Karenina”...

AMALIA
Yes. It’s a book. By Leo Tolstoy. A Russian. Now will you please put it back.
(GEORG looks at the rose)

GEORG

What's this for?

AMALIA

That's none of your business!

GEORG

Miss Balash, is it possible you've never even met this man?

AMALIA

That's ridiculous!

GEORG

Of course it is. And yet, you know, some girls — and some men — do make appointments with strangers. And sometimes it turns out rather well. And — on the other hand — sometimes it turns out not so well. I remember a girl I used to know. She started writing to someone through a Lonely Hearts Club. They corresponded for a while — then decided to meet. I seem to recall she was to have a flower in her book — and he would have the same flower in his buttonhole. And they did recognize each other, I guess. The next day the police found her left leg floating in the Danube. And, you know — they never did find the rest of her. Or her book.

#37 Mr. Nowack, Will You Please... (Amalia, Waiter)

AMALIA

AT THE COUNT OF FIVE, I'LL SCREAM
SO YOU'D BETTER GO — AND SOON!

One!

GEORG

I just want to talk to you —

AMALIA

DON'T FORGET I'VE HAD SOME WINE AND
NOTHING TO EAT SINCE NOON.

Two!

GEORG

We could go somewhere and have a sandwich maybe...
AMALIA
DANTE ONCE DESCRIBED
ALL THE DEPTHS OF HELL.
IF I HAVE MY WAY,
YOU WILL KNOW THEM WELL!

Three!

GEORG

Miss Balash!

AMALIA
YOU ARE EASILY THE MOST
INSENSITIVE MAN ALIVE!

GEORG
You surprise me!

AMALIA
I'm sorry

BUT I'M FIGHTING FOR MY LIFE!
FOUR!
FOUR-AND-A-HALF!
WILL YOU GO?
THEN FIVE!!

(AMALIA screams. The WAITER rushes over)

WAITER
ARE YOU TRYING TO RUIN ME, LADY?
I WARNED YOU — GET OUT!
THAT'S ALL — GET OUT!

GEORG
Wait a minute —

WAITER
YOU TOO — GET OUT!
SCREAMING LIKE LUNATICS —
THAT'S ALL — GET OUT!!

GEORG
How dare you speak to a lady that way!
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.
AMALIA
Thank you. You know — this is a very nice café.

WAITER
We try to preserve a romantic atmosphere.
(The WAITER EXITS)

#38 Dear Friend (Amalia)

THE FLOWERS, THE LINEN, THE CRYSTAL I SEE
WERE CAREFULLY CHOSEN FOR PEOPLE LIKE ME;
The SILVER AGLEAM AND THE CANDLES AGLOW,
YOUR FAVORITE SONGS ON REQUEST.

EACH COLORFUL TOUCH IN THE FINEST OF TASTE
AND NOTICE HOW SUBTLY THE TABLES ARE SPACED.
The MUSIC IS MUTED, THE LIGHTING IS LOW,
NO WONDER I FEEL SO DEPRESSED.

CHARMING, ROMANTIC,
The PERFECT CAFE —
THEN AS IF IT ISN'T BAD ENOUGH
A VIOLIN STARTS TO PLAY.
CANDLES AND WINE —
TABLES FOR TWO —
BUT WHERE ARE YOU,
DEAR FRIEND?

COUPLES GO PAST ME.
I SEE HOW THEY LOOK:
SO DISCREETLY SYMPATHETIC
WHEN THEY SEE THE ROSE AND THE BOOK.
I MAKE BELIEVE
NOTHING IS WRONG.
HOW LONG CAN I PRETEND?
PLEASE, MAKE IT RIGHT.
DON'T BREAK MY HEART.
DON'T LET IT END,
DEAR FRIEND.
(Last COUPLES EXIT. The WAITER RE-ENTERS with the BUSBOY. The WAITER starts blowing out the candles and stacking the chairs on the tables)

WAITER

We're closing up.

AMALIA

So soon?

WAITER

It looks like your friend didn't get here.

AMALIA

I'm sure there's some very good reason.

WAITER

Then he'll write to you — and you can patch it up. And I hope you'll be very happy.

AMALIA

Thank you.

(The WAITER stacks more chairs. As HE does so, he discovers the rose which GEORG had thrown away earlier in the scene. He hides it)

Will you tell me something? You've seen so many of these cases. Does it ever happen that the girl is here — and the young man arrives — and looks at her — secretly — and just — goes away — without writing or explaining? Does that ever happen?

WAITER

Sometimes. And sometimes she looks at him and she goes away.

AMALIA

How heart-breaking that must be.

WAITER

Well, you don't have to worry. You're a nice presentable girl. Not a beauty-contest winner... but you should see some of the others...

(WAITER and BUSBOY EXIT)

AMALIA

I MAKE BELIEVE
NOTHING IS WRONG.
HOW LONG CAN I PRETEND?
P lease, make it right.
DON'T BREAK MY HEART.
DON'T LET IT END,
DEAR FRIEND.

(CURTAIN)

END OF SCENE FOUR

END OF ACT ONE
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...?
ARPAD
I HAVE TRAINED MYSELF,
GOING SHELF BY SHELF
AND I KNOW EVERY ITEM IN THE STORE:
EVERY TUBE, JAR, BOX, BOTTLE, CARTON AND CONTAINER...
WHERE THEY ARE... WHAT THEY COST... WHAT THEY'RE FOR.

ALTHOUGH IT'S SOMETHING YOU HAVE NEVER THOUGHT
ABOUT,
MR. MARACZEK, TRY ME!
YOU NEED A MAN WHO KNOWS THE BUSINESS INSIDE OUT.
MR. MARACZEK, TRY ME!
YOU NEED HELP OR I'D HAVE NEVER SPOKEN.
AND WHY BREAK SOMEONE IN
WHEN I'M ALREADY BROKEN?

IN THIS EMERGENCY I WOULDN'T LET YOU DOWN!
MR. MARACZEK, TRY ME!
OH, I CAN SEE BY THE UNCERTAIN WAY YOU FROWN
THAT YOU'VE ASKED YOURSELF, WHY ME?

FOR FIRST-CLASS CLERKING
AND CONSCIENTIOUS WORKING,
MR. MARACZEK, WHY NOT TRY ME?!

MARACZEK
All right! This cream is sour, very sour. Take it back!

ARPAD
YOU WISH TO RETURN THIS JAR, MADAM?
CERTAINLY, RIGHT YOU ARE, MADAM.
YOU SAY IT SMELLS LIKE A "DROWNED" CAT?
IT DOES AT THAT.
AT MARACZEK'S, MADAM, WE CLAIM WITH PRIDE
THE CUSTOMER MUST BE SATISFIED!
THE CUSTOMER MUST BE SATISFIED!

BY THE WAY WE HAVE A SPECIAL SALE ON "AUTUMN
HEATHER."
LET ME SPRAY SOME ON YOUR HAND
(Whisskh)
HERE... WE'LL SMELL IT TOGETHER.
(Inhales)
Mmm... It has the three elements of good perfume... attractive to the nose...
invisible to the eye and functional.
MY WIFE HAS USED IT TIME AND AGAIN.  
IT'S VERY APPEALING TO US MEN.  
I USE IT MYSELF EVERY NOW AND THEN.

MARACZEK

I'll take it.

ARPAD

Certainly, madam!  
(Calls, too boyishly)
Oh, Miss Ritter!  
(Changes his attitude... more dignified)
Miss Ritter!

THAT'S TWENTY-AND-SIX FOR THE "AUTUMN HEATHER,"  
EIGHT-AND-THREE FOR THE CREAM,  
THIRTY-TWO EVEN FOR THAT BOTTLE OF "MERMAID'S  
DREAM";  
ONE-AND-THREE FOR THE EYEBROW PENCIL,  
NINE FOR THE LARGE SHAMPOO  
AND THEN FOR THE JAR YOU'RE BRINGING BACK  
THAT'S FOUR-AND-TWO FOR YOU.  
THAT'S A TOTAL OF NINETY-EIGHT LESS FOUR-AND-TWO  
FOR THE JAR.  
OUT OF A HUNDRED... HERE'S YOUR CHANGE:  
FIVE-AND-TWO. THERE YOU ARE!

The biggest sale in several years, I believe!

THANK YOU, MADAM, PLEASE CALL AGAIN.  
GLAD I COULD HELP.  
HERE IS MY CARD.  
THANK YOU, MADAM, PLEASE CALL AGAIN.  
DO CALL AGAIN,  
MADAM!

I WOULD GLADLY GROW A MOUSTACHE IF YOU'D LIKE!  
MR. MARACZEK, TRY ME!  
I WOULD EVEN THINK OF GIVING UP MY BIKE!  
MR. MARACZEK, TRY ME!  
FOR FIRST-CLASS CLERKING  
AND CONSCIENTIOUS WORKING,  
MR. MARACZEK, WHY NOT TRY ME?!
MARACZEK

(Dryly)
Very impressive. You even managed to short change me.

(GEORG ENTERS)

GEORG

Mr. Maraczek...?

MARACZEK

Oh, Georg.

GEORG

What happened?

ARPAD

He shot himself accidentally. He was cleaning his gun.

MARACZEK

Arpad — will you please leave us alone?

(ARPAD EXITS)

GEORG

Are you in very much pain, Mr. Maraczek?

MARACZEK

The only place that doesn’t hurt me is my left shoulder — where I shot myself.

GEORG

Is there anything I can do?

MARACZEK

First I’ve got to do something. Something very important. If I could stand up, you know what I’d do? I’d walk over and take you by the hand — and beg you to forgive me.

GEORG

I forgive you, Mr. Maraczek. Whatever happened — why ever it happened. I don’t care.

MARACZEK

No. You can’t let me off that easily. I did a terrible thing to you, and there’s no excuse.
(Changes his mind)
Well — I guess there’s one excuse: the jealousy of an old man.

GEORG

Jealousy?

MARACZEK

(Ruefully)
Poor Georg. Still in the dark. I guess you’re the only man in the world who ever had an affair without knowing it.

GEORG

An affair?

MARACZEK

(Calmly)
You’ve been having an affair with my wife.

GEORG

(Appalled)
With your wife? With Mrs. Maraczek?

MARACZEK

I have all the facts.

GEORG

But it’s not true!!

MARACZEK

I know it’s not true. I know now. But last week — and two weeks ago — I didn’t know.

GEORG

I can’t believe it! Mrs. Maraczek and...? Did you really think — ?

MARACZEK

That’s just the point. I didn’t think.

GEORG

I can’t get over it.

MARACZEK

Well — Georg — starting today — if you’re willing — I’d like you to take over the shop.
GEORG
Of course I will. At least — keep the doors open — 'til you're well enough to come back.

MARACZEK
The key is on the table. Oh, and Georg... now that you're the boss, if you want to give yourself a raise...

GEORG
Well, I'll have a little talk with myself and if I don't ask for too much, I may grant it.

MARACZEK
The prefect executive! Now you better get going. You'll be very short-handed today. Arpad tells me Miss Balash isn't coming in —

GEORG
(Upset)
Miss Balash! Why not?

MARACZEK
She's sick.

GEORG
What's wrong with her?

MARACZEK
He didn't say. But you'll have to manage without her. And without one other clerk as well — Mr. Kodaly. I want you to fire him.

GEORG
Fire him?

MARACZEK
Just give him two weeks' salary...

GEORG
I didn't realize Mr. Kodaly was that unsatisfactory. He works hard...

MARACZEK
But at the wrong things.

GEORG
I'm not sure I understand...
MARACZEK
If you ever run into Mrs. Maraczek — perhaps she'll explain it to you... Well, my boy — it looks like I'm a bachelor again — same as you. Perhaps one night you'll take me to a cabaret...

GEORG

But I —

MARACZEK
I know. You never go to cabarets.

GEORG
I'll stop by later and give you a full report.

MARACZEK
Thank you, my boy, I'll be here.

#42 Maraczek's Memories (Maraczek)

(GEORG opens the door and ARPAD falls through. GEORG EXITS)

ARPAD
Have you been thinking about me as a sales clerk?

MARACZEK
Quite seriously. But there's one thing that puzzles me. You're so attached to your bicycle. How could you ever bear to part with it?

ARPAD
What if I didn't part with it — altogether? I could be half delivery boy — half clerk.

MARACZEK
Arpad — you just made a sale.

ARPAD
I did?

MARACZEK
As of right now. And I guess we can't call you Arpad any more. I don't think I ever knew your last name. You do have a last name...?

ARPAD
Laszlo.
MARACZEK
Welcome to Maraczek's, Mr. Laszlo.

ARPAD
(Savoring it)
Mr. Laszlo... Mr. Laszlo.

MARACZEK
Now you'd better get going.

ARPAD
I'm on my way. And you can count on me!
(Opens the door)
Goodbye, Mr. Maraczek.

MARACZEK
(Absently)
Goodbye, Arpad.

(APRAD'S ecstatic expression fades. MARACZEK is too preoccupied to notice. ARPAD EXITS)

ALL NIGHT... CIRCLING THE FLOOR
'TIL DAWN LIT UP THE SKY
NO ONE YOUNGER...

(MUSIC continues as LIGHTS FADE)

END OF SCENE ONE
SCENE TWO

(AT RISE: An attractive one-room apartment. The window shades are drawn to keep out the daylight. AMALIA, in pajamas, is asleep in her bed. After a moment, there is a knock at the door)

AMALIA

(Sleepily)
Who's there?

GEORG

(OFFSTAGE)
Miss Balash...
(Knocks)

AMALIA

Who is it?

GEORG

(OFFSTAGE)
Miss Balash?

(AMALIA gets out of bed, rather unsteadily. SHE puts on a bathrobe)

AMALIA

Just a minute.

(AMALIA goes to the door and opens it. GEORG is standing there, carrying a brown paper bag)

Mr. Nowack...?

GEORG

I was in this neighborhood...

AMALIA

(Very tired)
What do you want? Have you thought of something you forgot to say last night? Well, say it — please — and get it over with. I'm not feeling very well today.

GEORG

I know you're not. That's why I'm here.

AMALIA

You knew I was sick? How?
GEORG
Well — this will come as quite a shock to you, Miss Balash. But the fact is, I’m back at Maraczek’s again.

AMALIA
Back at Maraczek’s?

GEORG
As of this morning.

AMALIA
(With mounting hysteria)
And you’ve come to see if I’m really sick? Is that it?

GEORG
No, no.

AMALIA
So you can tell everyone there’s not a thing wrong with me?

GEORG
No, no.

AMALIA
— that I just don’t care about my job?

GEORG
No, no!

#43 Where’s My Shoe? (Amalia, Georg)

AMALIA
Well — Mr. Nowack — you’re not going to have that chance!

(AMALIA rushes to the closet and starts pulling out hats. SHE puts one on)

What time is it? I won’t be very late.

(SHE puts on one shoe)

WHERE’S MY OTHER SHOE?
HELP ME FIND MY OTHER SHOE!
DON’T JUST STAND THERE LIKE THAT WHERE’S MY SHOE?
GEORG
I THINK YOU SHOULD LIE DOWN.

AMALIA
HELP ME FIND MY SHOE.
I CAN'T LEAVE UNTIL I DO.
WILL YOU GIVE ME MY HAT?
WHERE'S MY SHOE?

GEORG
PLEASE, MISS BALASH, LIE DOWN.

AMALIA
I HATE TO DISAPPOINT YOU
NOW THAT YOU'VE GOT YOUR HOPES UP,
THRILLED TO BE DOING SOMETHING MEAN!

GEORG
MISS BALASH, DO BE SENSIBLE.

AMALIA
JUST TELL ME IF IT'S COLD OUT.
COME HELP ME PICK A SWEATER.
I CAN'T DECIDE ON WHITE OR GREEN.

GEORG
NOW, MISS BALASH, YOU'RE SICK AND YOU OUGHT TO LIE DOWN.

AMALIA
WHERE'D YOU PUT MY SHOE?
THAT'S A SNEAKY THING TO DO!
YOU DON'T WANT ME TO GO, DO YOU?
I CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH YOU!

WHERE'S MY SHOE?

GEORG
YOU SHOULDN'T BE ON YOUR FEET.

AMALIA
WHERE'S MY SHOE?

GEORG
BE A GOOD GIRL AND GO
AMALIA
MY RIGHT —

GEORG
BACK TO —

AMALIA
IF I WERE A SHOE,
WHERE WOULD I HAVE GOTTEN TO?
NOW IF I WERE A SHOE, I'D BE... THERE!

GEORG
PLEASE, MISS BALASH, LIE DOWN.

AMALIA
IS IT VERY COLD?
YES, YOU TOLD ME IT WAS COLD.
TELL ME WHAT KIND OF DRESS SHOULD I WEAR?

GEORG
YOU HAVE FEVER, I THINK.

AMALIA
I COULDN'T WEAR A SWEATER.
THAT WOULDN'T FIT MY MOOD NOW.
I FEEL LIKE WEARING SOMETHING GAY!

GEORG
MISS BALASH, YOU'RE HYSTERICAL

AMALIA
I'M FEELING SO MUCH BETTER!
I FEEL SO GAY AND GIDDY!
ONE SHOE AND I'LL BE ON MY WAY!

GEORG
YOU ARE GOING TO BED WHICH IS WHERE YOU BELONG.

AMALIA
AH-HAH-HAH-HAH... SEE!
THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH ME!
I AM GOING, YOU CAN'T STOP ME!
STOP IT, NOW PLEASE DROP ME!
PUT ME DOWN!

GEORG
NO, YOU'RE NOT LEAVING THIS ROOM.
AMALIA
WHERE'S MY SHOE?

GEORG
YOU'RE GOING NOWHERE BUT

AMALIA
MY RIGHT SHOE?

GEORG
BACK TO BED!

(GEORG picks AMALIA up and dumps her on the bed. The minute SHE hits the pillow, she collapses into hysterical weeping. Meanwhile, GEORG straightens the room. Then HE gets the brown paper bag and sits on the edge of AMALIA'S bed)

GEORG
I brought you something.

AMALIA
(Through the tears)
What?

GEORG
See for yourself.

(AMALIA sits up. SHE takes the brown bag and looks into it)

AMALIA
What is it?

GEORG
Vanilla ice cream. It's the best thing in the world when you're sick.

AMALIA
(SHE takes the container and a wooden spoon out of the bag)
It's from Lindner's. My mother works at Lindner's. She may have waited on you.

(AMALIA starts eating the ice cream)

GEORG
A small, stout woman?

AMALIA
Oh, no. The image of me — everyone says — only much younger looking.
(SHE stops eating)
There's something wrong with this ice cream.
GEORG

There is?

AMALIA

So much salt —

GEORG

Are you surprised? All those tears falling into it.

AMALIA

Oh. I'd better cry in the other direction.

GEORG

Why cry at all?

AMALIA

How little you understand, Mr. Nowack. I'm like a rag doll, and somebody's kicked out the stuffing.

GEORG

You'll soon fill up again — good as new.

AMALIA

(Shaking her head again)
You're looking at a very disillusioned girl, Mr. Nowack.

GEORG

You know, Miss Balash — I'll never forgive myself for last night at the café. I must have been drunk...

AMALIA

But — strangely enough — you were right, Mr. Nowack! — when you guessed I'd never met the man I was waiting for. He was just someone who'd been writing letters to me — such glorious letters.

GEORG

And he never showed up.

AMALIA

I waited 'til closing.

GEORG

I feel very responsible.
AMALIA
Oh, no — it wasn’t just you, Mr. Nowack. There could have been so many reasons.
But — if he cared at all — he would have explained — he would have written — a
letter, a note, two words — something!

(AMALIA’S tears flow forth again. GEORG watches sadly for a
minute)

GEORG
(Impulsively)
Miss Balash, he will write!

AMALIA
I don’t think so.

GEORG
He will! I’m not just guessing! I know it definitely!

AMALIA
How?

GEORG
He told me himself!

AMALIA
He — himself?

GEORG
Yes — of course! Dear Friend! No one else!

(Ecstatic)
Dear Friend?! When? How? Oh — tell me, Mr. Nowack. Tell me!!

GEORG
Well —
(Madly improvising)
— let’s see now — You know — when I left the café last night, I had the oddest
feeling that someone was following me. And I kept looking back — and there was
a...

AMALIA
(Eagerly)
A young man?
GEORG
A man — and when I was almost home — he came up and started asking questions about you and me.

AMALIA
What sort of questions?

GEORG
Oh — just what you’d expect...

AMALIA
But I want to know the words he said.

GEORG
I’m not very good at remembering exact words...

AMALIA
Try — please?

GEORG
Well — let’s see. I think the first thing he said was: “Excuse me, but I’d like to ask you a question.” Or something like that. And then he said: “Did you just leave the Café Imperiale?” You want to know what I said, too?

AMALIA
Of course!

GEORG
All right. I said: “Yes.”

(AMALIA)
(Eagerly)
And then —

GEORG
He said: “Tell me — that girl you were sitting with. Is she a special friend of yours?” Those were his exact words: “Special friend.” And I said: “No. We just work at the same shop. As a matter of fact, she has an appointment with someone else tonight.” I’m remembering very clearly now. And I remember he suddenly looked quite sad.

AMALIA
(Rapturous)
He looked sad?
GEORG
Quite sad. And then he said: "I know she has an appointment. It's with me. But I've
got to take the next train out of town on urgent business."

AMALIA
Urgent business? Is he a — manufacturer — do you think? Or a shop-owner...?

GEORG
It's hard to say. He certainly looked well-fed...

AMALIA
Well-fed?

GEORG
To judge by appearances... Of course, that's not so unusual in a man his age.
(Get up and looks at AMALIA'S little shelf of books)
You have some wonderful books here, Miss Balash.

(AMALIA'S thoughts seem to be elsewhere. GEORG picks up one book)

"The Red and the Black." I've been so anxious to read this. I wonder — could I
borrow it sometime?

AMALIA
(The one-track mind)
What did you mean — a man his age?

GEORG
I beg your pardon?

AMALIA
You said, "It's not so unusual in a man his age." How old is he?

GEORG
Well — of course — you realize it was a dark night...

(AMALIA nods)

And he'd had an exhausting day. Emotionally, at any rate. I'd guess his age at —
you know, it's hard to tell. Very. Possibly if he had some hair...
(Shrugs his shoulders)
Have you read "The Magic Mountain?"

AMALIA
What?
GEORG

"The Magic Mountain." I bought it for myself — for my birthday. If you like — I'd lend it to you...

AMALIA

Is he — completely bald?

GEORG

Does that matter? I thought you were in love with him...?

AMALIA

I am in love with him, Mr. Nowack. I am. It's just — you know — I thought — I hoped...

(Pull herself together)

I'm so ashamed of myself! As if appearances made a difference!! The important thing is the letters. Just look at all the immortal works of art — the rapturous love stories — that were written by elderly men, bald men, fat men — with indigestion and terrible tempers — but somewhere deep inside — they had the magic... and that's a glory beyond estimation!

GEORG

You put it very well, Miss Balash.

AMALIA

I feel very well! I feel marvelous!! Oh — thank you, Mr. Nowack! Thank you for coming here today! Thank you for my life!!

(AMALIA kisses GEORG quite impulsively. For her it is a little kiss — but it rocks GEORG. SHE runs around the room, pulling up the window shades. Sun pours in)

I'm going to write to him — this very minute. So he'll have a letter waiting. But I won't mention you — since that might be embarrassing.

GEORG

Yes, I would appreciate that.

(Stands)

Well — I guess I'll get back to the shop...

AMALIA

And I'll follow — as soon as I've written the letter!

GEORG

Oh, no. There's no need for that. Take the rest of the day off. Relax. Read a book. Have you finished "Anna Karenina" yet?
AMALIA
Oh, yes. A long time ago.

GEORG
So did I. But it’s remarkable how it stays with me. You know — every platform — every station platform with a train puffing in — is Anna’s platform — wherever it may be. And I can see her — actually see her come out of the crowd and walk slowly toward her death. I’ve even tried to stop her a few times. But she always vanishes into the smoke and steam...

AMALIA
How odd, Mr. Nowack. How very odd. You know — in one of his letters... I wish I could show it to you...

GEORG
You mean — Dear Friend’s had the same experience?

AMALIA
More than once!

GEORG
Well — goodbye, Miss Balash.

AMALIA
Goodbye. Oh, Mr. Nowack! May I tell you something — quite sincerely?

(GEORG nods. AMALIA continues with astonished delight)

I like you, Mr. Nowack. Really! I like you!

GEORG
Thank you, Miss Balash. See you in the morning...

#44 Vanilla Ice Cream (Amalia)

AMALIA
In the morning.

(GEORG EXITS. AMALIA closes the door. SHE goes to the table and takes out pen and paper. She thinks for a moment, then starts to write)

Dear Friend...

I AM SO SORRY ABOUT LAST NIGHT.
IT WAS A NIGHTMARE IN EVERY WAY
BUT TOGETHER YOU AND I
WILL LAUGH AT LAST NIGHT SOME DAY.

ICE CREAM...
HE BROUGHT ME ICE CREAM...
VANILLA ICE CREAM...
IMAGINE THAT!
ICE CREAM...
AND FOR THE FIRST TIME
WE WERE TOGETHER
WITHOUT A SPAT!
FRIENDLY...
HE WAS SO FRIENDLY...
THAT ISN'T LIKE HIM.
I'M SIMPLY STUNNED!
WILL WONDERS NEVER CEASE?
WILL WONDERS NEVER CEASE?
IT'S BEEN A MOST PECULIAR DAY!
WILL WONDERS NEVER CEASE?
WILL WONDERS NEVER CEASE?

Where was I?

I AM SO SORRY ABOUT LAST NIGHT. IT WAS A NIGHTMARE
IN EVERY WAY BUT TOGETHER YOU AND I WILL LAUGH
AT LAST NIGHT SOME DAY...

I SAT THERE WAITING IN THAT CAFE
AND NEVER GUESSING THAT YOU WERE FAT —
(SHE crosses this out)

THAT YOU WERE NEAR.
YOU WERE OUTSIDE LOOKING BALD —

Oh, my...
(SHE takes a new piece of paper)

Dear Friend...

I AM SO SORRY ABOUT LAST NIGHT.
LAST NIGHT I WAS SO NASTY!
WELL, HE DESERVED IT!
BUT EVEN SO...
THAT GEORG
IS NOT LIKE THIS GEORG.
THIS IS A NEW GEORG
THAT I DON'T KNOW.
SOMEHOW IT ALL REMINDS ME
OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE
FOR RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES
A MAN THAT I DESPISE
HAS TURNED INTO A MAN I LIKE!
IT'S ALMOST LIKE A DREAM
AND STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM,
HE CAME TO OFFER ME VANILLA ICE CREAM!!

(LIGHTS OUT)

END OF SCENE TWO
SCENE THREE

#45 She Loves Me (Georg)

(AT RISE: Outside the shop — a sunny winter morning. GEORG ENTERS buoyantly)

GEORG

WELL, WELL,
WELL, WELL, WELL, WELL,
WELL, WELL, WELL, WELL,
WILL WONDERS NEVER CEASE?

I DIDN'T LIKE HER...
DIDN'T LIKE HER? I COULDN'T STAND HER!
COULDN'T STAND HER? I WOULDN'T HAVE HER!
I NEVER KNEW HER.
BUT NOW I DO... AND I COULD...
AND I WOULD... AND I KNOW...

SHE LOVES ME
AND TO MY AMAZEMENT,
I LOVE IT
KNOWING THAT SHE LOVES ME!
SHE LOVES ME!
TRUE, SHE DOESN'T SHOW IT.
HOW COULD SHE
WHEN SHE DOESN'T KNOW IT?

YESTERDAY SHE LOathed ME... BAH!
NOW, TODAY SHE LIKES ME... HAH!
AND TOMORROW, TOMORROW... AH!

MY TEETH ACHE
FROM THE URGE TO TOUCH HER!
I'M SPEECHLESS
FOR I MUSTN'T TELL HER.
IT'S WRONG NOW
BUT IT WON'T BE LONG NOW
BEFORE MY LOVE DISCOVERS
THAT SHE AND I ARE LOVERS.
IMAGINE HOW SURPRISED SHE'S BOUND TO BE!
SHE LOVES ME!
SHE LOVES ME!
I LOVE HER!
ISN'T THAT A WONDER?
I WONDER
WHY I DIDN'T WANT HER.
I WANT HER
THAT'S THE THING THAT MATTERS
AND MATTERS
ARE IMPROVING DAILY!

YESTERDAY I LOATHED HER... BAH!
NOW TODAY I LOVE HER... HAH!
AND TOMORROW, TOMORROW... AH!

I'M TINGLING
SUCH DELICIOUS TINGLES!
I'M TREMBLING!
WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT MEAN?
I'M FREEZING.
THAT'S BECAUSE IT'S COLD OUT.
BUT STILL I'M INCANDESCENT
AND LIKE SOME ADOLESCENT,
I'D LIKE TO SCRATCH ON EVERY WALL I SEE:
SHE LOVES ME!
SHE LOVES ME!

#46 She Loves Me Playoff (Orchestra)

(GEORG EXITS and joins SIPOS and RITTER in the workroom)

SIPOS
The new Mr. Maraczek? Not so impressive. Too young. Too skinny.

RITTER
I think he's beautiful. Welcome back, Georg.

SIPOS
Congratulations, Georg.

(KODALY opens the door and sticks his head in)

KODALY
Excuse me — but I could use some help in there. We do have customers — you know.
(Withdraws his head)

GEORG
That reminds me: I have to have a word with Mr. Kodaly.
(HE EXITS into the shop)

RITTER
Isn’t it wonderful!!

SIPOS
A miracle! An absolute miracle!!
(Wandering inquisitively to the door)
A word with Mr. Kodaly...

RITTER
Oh — who cares about him? That’s all in the past.

SIPOS
It is?

RITTER
Ever since last night — remember what a silly confused girl I was last night?

SIPOS
You were?

RITTER
Oh, very! I didn’t know what to do or where to go — and then somehow my feet started walking down the street and across the bridge and past the Metropole Cinema — and you know where?

SIPOS
Where?

RITTER
Right into the library!

SIPOS
The library?

RITTER
Can you imagine?

SIPOS
How did you like it?
RITTER
You've never seen such a place. So many books... so much marble... so quiet...

AND SUDDENLY ALL OF MY CONFIDENCE
DRIBBLED AWAY WITH A PITIFUL PLOP.
MY HEAD WAS BEGINNING TO SWIM
AND MY FOREHEAD WAS COVERED WITH
COLD PERSPIRATION.
I STARTED TO REACH FOR A BOOK AND MY HAND
AUTOMATICALLY CAME TO A STOP.
I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I STOOD FROZEN,
A VICTIM OF PANIC AND MORTIFICATION!
OH... HOW I WANTED TO FLEE...
WHEN A KINDLY VOICE... A GENTLE VOICE
WHISPERED "PARDON ME."

SIPOS

Pardon me?

RITTER
AND THERE WAS THIS DEAR, SWEET,
CLEARLY RESPECTABLE,
THICKLY BESPECTACLED MAN
WHO STOOD BY MY SIDE AND
QUIETLY SAID TO ME... "MA'AM,
DON'T MEAN TO INTRUDE, BUT
I WAS JUST WONDERING
ARE YOU IN NEED OF SOME HELP?"
I SAID "NO... YES I AM!"
The next thing I know,
I'M SIPPING HOT CHOCOLATE
AND TELLING MY TROUBLES TO PAUL
WHOSE TENDER BROWN EYES
KEPT SENDING COMPASSIONATE LOOKS.
A TRIP TO THE LIBRARY
HAS MADE A NEW GIRL OF ME
FOR SUDDENLY I CAN SEE
THE MAGIC OF BOOKS!

I HAVE TO ADMIT IN THE BACK OF MY MIND
I WAS PRAYING HE WOULDN'T GET FRESH.
AND ALL OF THE WHILE I WAS WONDERING WHY
AN ILLITERATE GIRL SHOULD ATTRACTION HIM.
THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN HE SAID THAT I
COULDN'T GO WRONG WITH "THE WAY OF ALL FLESH."
OF COURSE IT'S A NOVEL BUT I DIDN'T KNOW
OR I CERTAINLY WOULDN'T HAVE SMACKED HIM!
WELL, HE GAVE ME A SMILE
THAT I COULDN'T RESIST
AND I KNEW AT ONCE... HOW MUCH I LIKED
THIS OPTOMETRIST.

SIPOS

Optometrist!

RITTER
YOU KNOW WHAT THIS DEAR, SWEET,
SLIGHTLY BESPECTACLED GENTLEMAN SAID TO ME NEXT?
HE SAID HE COULD SOLVE THIS PROBLEM OF MINE.
I SAID... "HOW?"
HE SAID IF I'D LIKE, HE'D WILLINGLY READ TO ME
SOME OF HIS FAVORITE THINGS.
I SAID "WHEN"?
HE SAID "NOW".
HIS NOVEL APPROACHSEEMED HIGHLY SUSPICIOUS
AND POSSIBLY DANGEROUS, TOO.
I TOLD MYSELF "WAIT... THINK..."
DARE YOU GO UP TO HIS FLAT?
WHAT HAPPENS IF THINGS GO WRONG?
IT'S OBVIOUS HE'S QUITE STRONG..."
HE READ TO ME ALL NIGHT LONG!
NOW, HOW ABOUT THAT?

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE HOW TRULY DOMESTIC
AND HAPPILY HOPEFUL I FEEL.
I PICTURE MY PAUL THERE
READING ALOUD AS I... COOK.
AS LONG AS HE’S THERE TO READ
THERE'S QUITE A GOOD CHANCE, INDEED,
A CHANCE THAT I'LL NEVER NEED TO OPEN A BOOK!

UNLIKE SOMEONE ELSE...
SOMEONE I DIMLY RECALL,
I KNOW HE'LL ONLY HAVE EYES FOR ME,
MY OPTOMETRIST... PAUL.
(GEORG RE-ENTERS the workroom)

GEORG
Well, I might as well tell you: Mr. Kodaly is leaving us — right now. Mr. Maraczek's orders.

RITTER
Why? I mean — it's nice. But what happened?

GEORG
I'm afraid I can't tell you.

RITTER
I bet I know. I warned him they'd catch up with him. Do you know that half the perfume and toilet water in this shop ended up in his bathroom?

(Realizing what SHE'S said)

I mean — he told me!

(SHE dashes out)

SIPOS
(With elaborate calmness)
Oh — incidentally — now that you're back and everything's straightened out — I might as well tell you: I sent the anonymous letter.

(Starts out quickly)

GEORG
Ladislav!

(SIPOS stops)

What anonymous letter?

SIPOS
(A little less casual)
You didn't know? What do you think caused all the trouble? I wrote to Mr. Maraczek about his wife and one of our clerks...

GEORG
I don't believe you!

SIPOS
(Getting serious)
I was desperate! Business was so bad! And I thought to myself — if he fires Mr. Kodaly — who deserves it — he might not fire me — who doesn't.
GEORG
Do you realize how much trouble you've caused?

SIPOS
(Earnestly)
I'll regret it to the day I die. But who ever dreamed Mr. Maraczek would think I meant you?

GEORG
Well — Ladislav — I just hope you've learned your lesson.

#48 Sipos' Exit (Orchestra)

SIPOS
Oh — I have. I have. Believe me. In the next letter — name the names!!

(SIPOS EXITS into the shop. GEORG follows him)

GEORG
(To RITTER)
I need two weeks' pay for Mr. Kodaly.

(RITTER reaches under the cash register and brings up a sealed envelope. SHE smiles broadly)

#49 Doorbell #5 (Orchestra)

RITTER
Here it is. No, no, my pleasure!

(The front door opens and a CUSTOMER ENTERS. SHE walks toward RITTER)

Good day, madam. May I help you?

CUSTOMER
Do you carry "Flowers of Spring"?

#50 Doorbell #6 (Orchestra)

(Meanwhile, GEORG has gone back to the workroom. The front door opens and ARPAD ENTERS excitedly. HE goes to SIPOS)

ARPAD
Mr. Sipos — guess what?
SIPOS

What?

ARPAD

I'm a clerk!

SIPOS

Well — congratulations, Arpad!

ARPAD

Mr. Maraczek just promoted me. Oh — and something else — I'm not Arpad anymore.

SIPOS

You're not — ? Who are you?

ARPAD

(Proudly)

Mr. Laszlo!

SIPOS

Why Laszlo?

ARPAD

Why? It's my last name!

(RITTER'S CUSTOMER goes to the front door and opens it)

#51 Thank You, Madam #5 (Ritter, Arpad, Sipos)

RITTER, SIPOS, ARPAD

THANK YOU, MADAM.
PLEASE CALL AGAIN.
DO CALL AGAIN, MADAM.

(CUSTOMER EXITS)

SIPOS

Miss Ritter — May I present our new clerk — Mr. Laszlo.

ARPAD

(To RITTER)
It's true! Ask Mr. Maraczek!
RITTER

Arpad! How wonderful!

(KODALY has come out of the workroom, nattily dressed for outdoors)

KODALY

What's wonderful?

ARPAD

I'm a clerk! Starting right now! A clerk!

KODALY

Can you believe it? Steven Kodaly replaced by a delivery boy!

ARPAD

Replaced?

KODALY

Yes, Arpad, I'm leaving... I just resigned. I wouldn't stay here another day.

SIPOS

You couldn't. You've just been fired!

KODALY

All right — believe that if it makes you happy. But you're not going to be happy for very long. Because any day now that door will close for the last time. Then just take a walk over to Hammerschmidt's...

SIPOS

Why? It's closed.

KODALY

Only temporarily. For renovations. You see — they're going to have a new owner: Steven Kodaly!

SIPOS

(Derisively)

Some owner.

KODALY

Nevertheless, it's true. (To RITTER)

Ilona believes me. Don't you darling?
She Loves Me

And Knowing You (Kodaly)

RITTER

(Deadpan)

Of course I do.

(She hands him the envelope)

Here’s your down payment.

(KODALY takes the envelope)

KODALY

Cherie —

IT’S BEEN GRAND KNOWING YOU,
GRAND KNOWING YOU,
GRAND BEING YOUR FRIEND.
YOU’VE BEEN KIND, LOYAL AND
SO GENEROUS
RIGHT DOWN TO THE END.
PLEASE, DON’T GRIEVE
WATCHING ME LEAVE.
THAT WOULD BE MUCH TOO PAINFUL TO STAND.
IT’S BEEN FUN.
NOW I MUST RUN
BUT IT’S BEEN GRAND, PERFECTLY GRAND.

ILONA, FAREWELL, CHERIE,
BE BRAVE, CHIN UP, IT’S BEEN SUBLIME.
YOU MUSTN’T WASTE A PRECIOUS MOMENT OVER ME.
YOU DON’T HAVE TIME.
JUST REMEMBER WHEN YOU’RE LONELY OR BLUE,
THERE’S A HOLLOW IN MY PILLOW — FOR YOU.

And, Sipos, what can I say?

AH, SIPOS, NO TEARS, BE GAY!
YOU KNOW, OLD FRIEND, I’M IN YOUR DEBT.
I OWE YOU MORE THAN I CAN POSSIBLY REPAY.
I WON’T FORGET.
GIVE YOUR WIFE A LITTLE KISS FROM KODALY.
I NEVER MET HER — BUT I WILL — BY AND BY.

THO’ I HATE LEAVING YOU,
HATE LEAVING YOUR
WARM, INTIMATE CLUB,
IT'S A SMALL PLEASURE
BUT I'LL TREASURE
EACH WARM, INTIMATE SNUB.
IT'S BEEN GRAND, LET ME SAY
AND LET ME SAY
AU REVOIR, NOT GOODBYE
FOR IT'S GRAND
KNOWING YOU'LL ALL BE WORKING
FOR YOUR FRIEND,
KODALY!!

(LIGHTS OUT)

#53A  Grand Knowing You — Tag  (Orchestra)

END OF SCENE THREE
SCENE FOUR

(In the shop)

#53B A Christmas Carol (Carolers)

CAROLERS
ON THE FIRST DAY OF CHRISTMAS,
MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME...

AMALIA
Good morning, Mr. Nowack.

GEORG
Good morning, Miss Balash. How are you today?

AMALIA
I'm ready for thousands of customers.

GEORG
Only twelve days to go...

#53C Twelve Days To Christmas (Carolers, Customers, Clerks)

CAROLERS
FA LA, FA LA, FA LA...
12 DAYS TO CHRISTMAS,
12 DAYS TO CHRISTMAS,
PLENTY OF TIME TO DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

THESE ARE THE PEOPLE WHO SHOP IN TIME,
SHOP IN TIME, PLENTY OF TIME.
THESE ARE THE PEOPLE WITH TIME TO SPARE
WHO SHOP AT THEIR CONVENIENCE

12 DAYS TO CHRISTMAS,
12 DAYS TO CHRISTMAS,
LOOK AT THE WAY THEY DO THEIR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

THEY CAN GO SHOPPING AND STILL REMAIN
CALM AND SEDATE.
THESE ARE THE PEOPLE WE ENVY
AND THE PEOPLE THAT WE HATE!
CUSTOMERS
THANK YOU, THANK YOU,
WE'LL CALL AGAIN,
WE'LL CALL AGAIN, THANK YOU...

CLERKS
(Simultaneous with above)
THANK, THANK YOU,
PLEASE, CALL AGAIN,
DO CALL AGAIN, THANK YOU...

AMALIA
Quite a day, eh, Mr. Nowack?

GEORG
It certainly was, Miss Balash.

AMALIA
Oh, thank you for the book. It was excellent.

GEORG
I'm glad you enjoyed it. Will you be taking the bus home today, Miss Balash?

AMALIA
Yes, I will.

GEORG
May I walk you to the bus stop?

AMALIA
I'd like that, Mr. Nowack.

CAROLERS
12 DRUMMERS DRUMMING,
11 PIPERS PIPING,
10 LORDS A LEAPING,
9...

9 DAYS TO CHRISTMAS,
9 DAYS TO CHRISTMAS,
STILL ENOUGH TIME TO DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.
THOSE ARE THE PEOPLE WHO SHOP IN TIME,
SHOP IN TIME, STILL ENOUGH TIME,
SENSIBLE PEOPLE WHO ORGANIZE
THE TIME AT THEIR DISPOSAL.
9 DAYS TO CHRISTMAS,
9 DAYS TO CHRISTMAS,
STILL ENOUGH TIME TO DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

THESE ARE THE PEOPLE WHO PLAN THEIR DAYS
WISELY AND WELL.
THESE ARE THE PEOPLE WHO SHOP IN TIME
AND THEY CAN GO TO HELL!

CUSTOMERS
THANK YOU, THANK YOU,
WE'LL CALL AGAIN,
WE'LL CALL AGAIN, THANK YOU...

CLERKS
(Simultaneous with above)
THANK, THANK YOU,
PLEASE, CALL AGAIN,
DO CALL AGAIN, THANK YOU...

GEORG
Are you in a very great hurry, Miss Balash?

AMALIA
No. Not at all.

GEORG
I thought — maybe a cup of coffee — on the way to the bus...

AMALIA
I'd love that, Mr. Nowack!

GEORG
So would I.

CAROLERS
8 MAIDS A MILKING,
7 SWANS A SWIMMING,
6 GEESE A LAYING,

CAROLERS & CLERKS
5 GOLDEN RINGS...
CAROLERS
4 DAYS TO CHRISTMAS,
4 DAYS TO CHRISTMAS,
JUST ENOUGH TIME TO DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

THESE ARE THE PEOPLE WHO SHOP IN TIME,
JUST IN TIME, BARELY IN TIME,
THESE ARE THE PEOPLE WHO CALCULATE
WITH CLINICAL PRECISION.

4 DAYS TO CHRISTMAS,
4 DAYS TO CHRISTMAS,
THESE ARE THE FOLKS WHO NEVER WASTE A SECOND.

FULL OF A CHILLY EFFICIENCY,
LOADED WITH GALL,
NEVER TOO EARLY AND NEVER LATE
AND THEY'RE THE WORST OF ALL!

CUSTOMERS
THANK YOU, THANK YOU,
WE'LL CALL AGAIN,
WE'LL CALL AGAIN, THANK YOU...

CLERKS
(Simultaneous with above)
THANK, THANK YOU,
PLEASE, CALL AGAIN,
DO CALL AGAIN, THANK YOU...

AMALIA
What a day!

GEORG
Just wait until the 24th.

CAROLERS, CLERKS
The twenty-fourth!!!

CAROLERS, CUSTOMERS
ONE DAY TO CHRISTMAS,
ONE DAY TO CHRISTMAS,
NOT ENOUGH TIME TO DO OUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING!

WE'RE NOT THE SHOPPERS WHO PEEPED IN TIME...
WE'RE NOT THE SHEEPLE WHO POPPED IN TIME...
WE'RE NOT THE PEOPLE WHO SHOPPED IN TIME...
SHOPPED IN TIME, NOT ENOUGH TIME!
WE ARE THE PEOPLE WHO ALWAYS WAIT
UNTIL IT'S MUCH TOO LATE, OH!

ONE DAY TO CHRISTMAS,
ONE DAY TO CHRISTMAS,
HOW WILL WE EVER DO OUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING?

WHY DID WE EVER DELAY SO LONG?
WHO CAN RECALL?
SOME OF THE FAMILY MAY NOT GET A CHRISTMAS GIFT
AT ALL!

CUSTOMERS, CAROLERS
THANK YOU, THANK YOU,
WE'LL CALL AGAIN,
WE'LL CALL AGAIN, THANK YOU...
MERRY CHRISTMAS!

CLERKS
(Simultaneous with above)
THANK, THANK YOU,
PLEASE, CALL AGAIN,
DO CALL AGAIN, THANK YOU...
MERRY CHRISTMAS!

END OF SCENE FOUR
SCENE FIVE

(RITTER is making busy music on the cash register as GEORG watches eagerly. ARPAD, SIPOS and AMALIA are straightening up. RITTER pulls a long tape out of the cash register)

RITTER
Here it is...
(Hands it to GEORG)

GEORG
Not bad.

SIPOS
Not bad? It's at least eighteen inches longer than last year!

AMALIA
— If only every night were Christmas Eve...

RITTER
I don't think I could take it. I haven't stopped for a minute...

ARPAD
I waited on fifty-three customers personally!

AMALIA
Too bad Mr. Maraczek couldn't be here.

GEORG
(Holding up the tape)
Well — I'll stop by the hospital tonight and take this with me...
(GEORG wanders to SIPOS)
Well — it's coming. She's going to invite me home for Christmas Eve.

SIPOS
Splendid!

GEORG
Why splendid? I can't go. Tonight's the night she's finally meeting Dear Friend!

SIPOS
But you're Dear Friend!

GEORG
That's just the point!
SIPOS
I give up! It's too complicated for me. You want to untangle it? Shoot yourself.

RITTER
Amalia — my friend's coming to pick me up. Will you let me know when he gets here?

(RITTER starts for the workroom. GEORG starts for the office.
AMALIA intercepts him)

#54 The Invitation (Orchestra)

AMALIA
All right. Oh — Mr. Nowack... Mother and I would be so happy if you'd spend Christmas Eve with us...

GEORG
(Hesitating)
Well — Miss Balash...

AMALIA
It's a very special Christmas Eve. Do you know who's going to be there? Dear Friend!

GEORG
(Innocently)
Who?

AMALIA
Dear Friend! The man I've been corresponding with. Remember?

GEORG
Oh — of course. But I certainly don't want to intrude...

AMALIA
Intrude! You'd be helping! After all — you know him. You've met him. And you're so alike. Really. You can help me with the conversation when it gets too deep for me. Please, Mr. Nowack...?

GEORG
(Giving in)
Well — I just hope this isn’t a mistake, Miss Balash.

AMALIA
I know it’s not!
(MARACZEK ENTERS, carrying a bottle of champagne)

ARPAD
Mr. Maraczek! Look who's here! Mr. Maraczek!

MARACZEK
Where else would I be Christmas Eve?

GEORG
Merry Christmas, sir.

(GEORG and MARACZEK shake hands. GEORG holds up the tape)

MARACZEK
You did all that in one day?

(GEORG nods proudly)

AMALIA
Merry Christmas, sir!

(RITTER comes out of the workroom)

RITTER
(To MARACZEK)
I thought I heard your voice. Merry Christmas, Mr. Maraczek!

MARACZEK
Merry Christmas, Miss Ritter.
(Indicating the champagne)
Have you time for a drink?

RITTER
Champagne? I'll make time!

(SIPOS comes out of the workroom dressed for outdoors)

SIPOS
Mr. Maraczek! Such a surprise!

MARACZEK
Merry Christmas, Mr. Sipos. Will you bring six cups...?
SIPOS
(Going to the water cooler for the cups)
Of course.

RITTER
I'll open it. I love opening champagne.
(SHE goes to work on the bottle)

GEORG
(To MARACZEK)
How do you feel, sir?

MARACZEK
Fine — excellent.

(SIPOS brings the paper cups and distributes them)

SIPOS
The goblets!

(RITTER and ARPAD open the champagne)

RITTER
The champagne! Shall I pour?

MARACZEK
Of course.

(RITTER fills the cups)

It's good to be home.

GEORG
The toast, Mr. Maraczek...?

MARACZEK
(Holding up his cup)
Christmas Eve. The shop. All of us together.

(ALL drink)

ALL
Merry Christmas!

AMALIA
Mav I?
(SHE takes the cup from MARACZEK)

MARACZEK
Thank you. — Georg?

GEORG
Yes, sir?

MARACZEK
Tell me — what would you say to a gala dinner? We’ll go to some nice
restaurant — Weber’s perhaps.

GEORG
I wish I could, Mr. Maraczek.

MARACZEK
But you weren’t expecting me. I understand.

GEORG
I’ve been invited by Miss Balash....

MARACZEK
Don’t give it another thought, my boy. It’s not that important.

RITTER
(At the window)
I think it’s — It looks like — it is!!

SIPOS
(To ALL)
He’s here! Miss Ritter’s friend!

RITTER
(Looking out the window)
Isn’t he handsome!

SIPOS
Intelligent looking.

AMALIA
He has beautiful eyes.

RITTER
He’s an optometrist!
ARPAD
Much better than Mr. Kodaly. I’ll say that.

AMALIA
I love the way he walks.

SIPOS
And look at that coat — that hat.

ARPAD
Is he rich?

RITTER
I don’t know.

AMALIA
He has dimples!

RITTER
That settles it! Tonight — when he asks me to marry him — I’m going to say yes!

(Astonished)
Tonight? Ilona — I had no idea.

(RITTHER)
Neither does he.
(Warmly)
Well — Merry Christmas.

ALL
Merry Christmas!

(RITTHER gets to the door — remembers something — and starts back into the shop. SHE picks up two books and puts on glasses)

RITTER
Good evening.
(RITTHER EXITS)

SIPOS
Ah, youth. Well, Mr. Maraczek, thank you for the champagne. And now my wife and children are waiting for me. And my wife’s sister. And her children. And God knows who else. Merry Christmas.
ALL
Merry Christmas.

(SIPOS goes out the door)

MARACZEK
Arpad...

ARPAD
Yes, sir?

MARACZEK
Are you busy tonight?

ARPAD
No, sir.

MARACZEK
Oh, yes, you are. You’re going to Weber’s.

ARPAD
Weber’s! What is it?

MARACZEK
Oh, Georg! Arpad and I are going out for a night on the town.

AMALIA
Merry Christmas, Mr. Maraczek.

MARACZEK
Merry Christmas, Miss Balash. Georg —

GEORG
Merry Christmas, sir.

(MARACZEK and GEORG shake hands affectionately)

ARPAD
Merry Christmas, Mr. Nowack.

GEORG
(To ARPAD)
Merry Christmas.
ARPAD
I'm going to Weber's.

END OF SCENE FIVE
SCENE SIX

MARACZEK
Tell me, Mr. Laszlo, is there anything special you’d like for Christmas?

ARPAD
It’s too much to hope for...

MARACZEK
But what is it?

ARPAD
I won’t get it anyway.

MARACZEK
At least — tell me.

ARPAD
Well — what I’d really like — more than anything — is a motorcycle.

MARACZEK
You’re right my boy. You won’t get it.

#55 Closing The Shop (Orchestra)

(THEY EXIT.

GEORG reaches for AMALIA’S packages)

GEORG
Let me help you with those —

(One package drops to the sidewalk. It plays the MUSIC BOX TUNE. AMALIA looks embarrassed)

GEORG
A cigarette box?

AMALIA
(Apologetically)
I know you hate them. But I rather like them. And I thought — as a gift for Dear Friend...
(GEORG picks up the box, which stops its music)

GEORG

But — what if he’s not a smoker?

AMALIA

He likes music.

GEORG

And it’s just a box. You know, Miss Balash — I don’t hate these boxes nearly as much as I used to. In fact I wouldn’t mind owning one myself.

AMALIA

You wouldn’t?

GEORG

If only to remind me of the first day you came here. Remember?

(AMALIA nods)

I’ll never forget it...

(Imitating AMALIA)

“What kind of box, madam? Eh, it’s a candy box! And it’s functional!”

AMALIA

I was so terrified. And you were so awful. Did I really sound like that?

GEORG

You sounded — irresistible. As a matter of fact — I remember thinking: Why, that’s the kind of girl I could almost fall in love with.

AMALIA

But you were so awful...

GEORG

I know.

AMALIA

And you never said anything!

GEORG

How could I? I knew how you felt about me...
AMALIA
But you didn’t. Really! You didn’t! Because I was attracted to you — more than attracted.

GEORG
Awful as I was?

AMALIA
What a shame you never spoke up.

GEORG
And you...

AMALIA
Who knows what might have been...?

(AMALIA starts to EXIT)

GEORG
I AM SO SORRY ABOUT LAST NIGHT.
IT WAS A NIGHTMARE IN EVERY WAY
BUT TOGETHER YOU AND I
WILL LAUGH AT LAST NIGHT SOME DAY.

(AMALIA stops and turns back to GEORG)

AMALIA
DEAR FRIEND...
IT’S REALLY TRUE THEN!
IT’S WHAT I HOPED FOR...
THAT IT WAS YOU!

GEORG
DEAR FRIEND,
I HAD TO TELL YOU!
I COULDN’T STAND IT
UNTIL YOU KNEW!

GEORG
TWO WEEKS...
I’VE KNOWN FOR TWO WEEKS!
I WAS SO TEMPTED...
I DIDN’T DARE!
AMALIA
(Simultaneous with above)
OH, GEORG,
I WAS SO ANXIOUS!
I WAS AFRAID THAT...
I'M SO RELIEVED!

GEORG
I WANTED YOU TO KNOW!

AMALIA
(Overlapping)
I PRAYED THAT IT WAS YOU!

GEORGE
(Overlapping)
I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT HAVE GUESSED!

AMALIA
(Overlapping)
TO TELL THE TRUTH,

GEORG, AMALIA
I COULDN'T WAIT ANOTHER DAY!

(They embrace as snow falls and the Christmas lights sparkle.

CURTAIN)

#57  She Loves Me Bows    (Orchestra)
#58  Thank You Bows      (Company)

COMPANY
THANK YOU, THANK YOU,
PLEASE, CALL AGAIN.
GLAD THAT YOU CAME.
FOND FARE-THEE-WELL.
THANK YOU, THANK YOU,
PLEASE, CALL AGAIN,
DO CALL AGAIN,
WON'T YOU.

#59  Exit Music          (Orchestra)

THE END
Opening Sequence – Act I

1A Overture

Maestoso

Czardas – Moderato to Presto
1B Opening – Act I

Moderately Bright

1C Good Morning, Good Day

Light and Bright

ARPAD:

Good morning. How are you this beautiful day? Isn't this a beautiful morning? Hey, Sipos, how's this? (Sipos)

Very. That's an awfully elegant pose. But is all that elegance necessary (Last Time)

Safety (When Ready)

SHE LOVES ME
VOCAL

--3--

Opening Sequence – Act I

ARPAD:

Tha's it.

Yes. And we get the tilt of our hats right.

SIPOS:

stylish.

With a quiet dignity.

When I ride my bike, people see what Mar-a-czek's like. So I

That's right.

think it's very important that I look my best.

ARPAD: Not one.

Here comes Miss Ritter.

SIPOS: And how many people did you run over today?

Well — it's early.

SHE LOVES ME
**Opening Sequence – Act I**

**VOCAL**

83

**RITTER:** morn-ing. How are you this glori-ous day? Have you

85

**ARPAD:** Good day.

86

**SIPOS:** Good day.

88

**RITTER:** seen a love-li-er morn-ing? It’s too nice a day to be

89

**SIPOS:** Ne-ver.

90

**RITTER:** Anybody mind if

91

**SIPOS:** Ne-ver.

92

(RITTER) in-side shuf-fl-ing soap. I have no more en-er-gy what-so-ev-er.

94

**SIPOS:** Then marry me and I’ll quit my job.

95

**ARPAD:** I’m old enough.

96

**RITTER:** No. I’m afraid you’re not — quite — old enough.

97

**ARPAD:** It won’t be long though. I’m catching up. You know, Miss Horvath always used to say...

SHE LOVES ME
VOCAL

Opening Sequence – Act I

99 Safety 100 RITTER:

(Last Time) (When Ready)

KODALY:

Good day.

Good morning. How are you this radiant day? What a

ARPAD: I’d get to be thirty-five before you ever did.

ARPAD:

Good day.

SIPOS:

Good day.

101 102 103

Is it?

rare magnificent morning. Good morning, my dear. How are

Is it?

Is it?

(KODALY)

you this ravishing day? Do you know you’ve never looked more ex -

SHE LOVES ME
VOCAL

RITTEN: Thank you, kind sir.
KODALY: What a lovely dress.

KODALY: Quite.

(Last Time)
(When Ready)

GEORG: Good

ARPAD: It's the same one she had on yesterday, Mr. Kodaly.

(Cue to go on)

SIPOS: Ah—Mr. Nowack.

(RITTEN)

Good day.

(KODALY)

Good day.

(GEORG)

Good day.

Is it not that a beautiful sky? What a perfect sample of summer.

(APRAD)

Good day.

(SIPOS)

Good day.

(GEORG)

It's too nice a day to be indoors counting out change. What a waste of holiday weather; altogether let's all run away.

SHE LOVES ME
RITTER:

Wouldn't it be something if we all took off from work?

SIPOS:

Leaving Mister Maraszek with...

ARPAD:

Why not have a picnic?

(SIPOS)

out a single clerk.

I could bring my wife's preserves.

KODALY:

Champagne might be nice with hot hors d'oeuvres.

GEORG:

It's

ARPAD:

(SIPOS):

It's

It's

RITTER:

It's too nice a day to be stuck inside of a

(KODALY)

It's too nice a day to be stuck inside of a

(GEORG)

too nice a day to be stuck inside of a store. We could

(APRAD)

too nice a day to be stuck inside of a store. We could

(SIPOS)

too nice a day to be stuck inside of a store. We could

SHE LOVES ME
We could all be getting our faces sun-tanned.

It's

It's so nice a day to be dozing under a tree.

SHE LOVES ME
Opening Sequence – Act I

(RITTER)

If it costs that much to get sun-tanned

(SIPOS)

And we'll all be out of a job.

(KODALY)

Pale, but solvent.

(SIPOS)

I'll stay un-tanned.

(RITTER)

Oh, well...

(KODALY)

A picnic. Oh, well...

(GEORG)

A picnic. Oh, well...

(ARPAD)

A picnic. Oh, well...

(SIPOS)

A picnic. Oh, well...

SHE LOVES ME
WARNING:
GEORG: Good day, madam. May I help you?
CUE:
KODALY: Good day, madam. May I help you

Moderato

KODALY: face like yours...

3rd CUSTOMER: I would like to see a... cracked.

SIPOS:

KODALY: Oh, I see what you mean.

but we carry...

1st CUSTOMER: 2nd CUSTOMER: 3rd CUSTOMER:

Do you have a cream for... cherry red... skin?

1995 GRAND RIGHTS SMALL ORCHESTRATION

by Don Walker & Frank Matosich Jr.
VOCAL

You will look enchanting.

3rd CUSTOMER: glamorous as Garbo...

Dry...

1st CUSTOMER:

(GEORG) (KODALY) mouth. to-day.

SIPOS: I would recommend a...

big... bath...

2nd CUSTOMER: On sale, did you say?

(GEORG) (KODALY) Put a little lipstick... on your nose...

(SIPOS) twice.

2nd CUSTOMER: morning and evening.

SHE LOVES ME
VOCAL

GEORG:

teeth.

KODALY:

1st CUSTOMER: 3rd CUSTOMER: Absolutely!

And a little brush for... combing my...

ALL CUSTOMERS:

Wrap it up and send it. Thank you so much.

GEORG:

Is there something else before you go?

KODALY:

Is there something else before you go?

SIPOS:

Is there something else before you go?

ALL CUSTOMERS:

Yes.

1st CUSTOMER:

There is

2nd CUSTOMER:

What have I forgotten? I know there was something

3rd CUSTOMER:

What have I forgotten? I know there was something else. What could it

SHE LOVES ME
something I've forgotten. I remember it was something

else. What could it be? Something unimportant.

be? Something unimportant, something for my husband.

for my husband. Might as well get back to

something for my husband. Doesn't matter. Let's get back to

Really doesn't matter. Let's get back to

GEORG:

We

1st CUSTOMER: I could also use a...

(2nd CUSTOMER)

me.

(3rd CUSTOMER) bottle of...

me.

(3rd CUSTOMER)

1st CUSTOMER: have a splendid... Here's an inexpensive perfume called...

SIPOS: rat.

3rd CUSTOMER: I've never used one.
GEORG:  If you want to clip your... ear-lobes...
KODALY:  SIPOS:  hang-nails.

You may want to dye your...

KODALY:  Dab a little on your...  SIPOS:  hus-band's face.

1st & 3rd CUSTOMERS:  Won't he be sur-prised!

2nd CUSTOMER:  Won't he be sur-prised!

1st CUSTOMER:  I would like an eye-brow...
3rd CUSTOMER:  2nd CUSTOMER:  chin.

un-der my...  There's an i-de-a.

GEORG:  ver- y soft...

KODALY:  Ma-dam, I am filled with...
SIPOS:  soap.

ALL CUSTOMERS:  That should do it.

SHE LOVES ME
VOCAL

(ALL CUSTOMERS)

Wrap it up and charge it. Thank you so much.

GEORG:

Always such a pleasure seeing you.

KODALY:

Always such a pleasure seeing you.

SIPOS:

Always such a pleasure seeing you.

CUSTOMERS:

seeing you.

RITTER:

Thank you, madam. Please call again, do call again, madam.

GEORG:

Thank you, madam. Please call again, do call again, madam.

KODALY:

Thank you, madam. Please call again, do call again, madam.

SIPOS:

Thank you, madam. Please call again, do call again, madam.

SHE LOVES ME
Reading the Letter

Days Gone By

WARNING:
MR. MARACZEK: Georg, it's time you were married. Haven't you had enough living in furnished rooms, running around to cabarets and dance-halls...

GEORG: Mr. Maraczek, I haven't been to a dance-hall in... years.

CUE:
GEORG: Mr. Maraczek, I haven't been to a dance-hall in... years.
MR. MARACZEK: I know what you bachelors are like. Remember, I was once one myself. And what a bachelor...

Moderato

MARACZEK:

Young, strong, oh, I was some-thing in days gone by.

with some girl who just hap-pened to catch my eye.

Slim, straight, light on my feet

Shoes just skum-ming the ground.

One, two, three, one, two three, fol-low the beat a-

round, a-round, a-round.

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by Don Walker & Frank Matosich Jr
All night circling the floor 'till dawn lit up the sky.

No one younger than I in days gone by.

Valse Viennois

Young, strong, oh, I was something in days gone by.

with some girl who just happened to catch my eye.

Slim, straight, light on my feet

Shoes just skimming the ground.

One, two, three, one, two three, follow the beat around, around, around.

SHE LOVES ME
Poco Rubato

All night circling the floor 'till dawn lit up the sky. No one younger than I in days gone by.

SLOWER

SHE LOVES ME
VOCAL

—19—

SHE LOVES ME

Music Box #1

WARNING:
MR. MARACZEK: Oh, here they are!
GEORG: What?
MR. MARACZEK: A little surprise for you.
GEORG: What is it?
MR. MARACZEK: A genuine leather box. Wait – listen –
CUE: (He opens the box.)

Mechanically (\( \downarrow = 76 \))

You Will Pay Through the Nose 7

WARNING:
GEORG: I don't want to take your money –
MR. MARACZEK: Ten and six – one hour - no more, no less. Is it a bet?
GEORG: Well...
MR. MARACZEK: Ah ha! He's not so confident now!
CUE: GEORG: It's a bet!

Ad. Lib.

MARCZEK

Vivace (\( \downarrow = 132 \))

You will pay through the nose. You will pay through the nose.

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**WARN**

**MR. MARACZEK:** Good day, madam. May I help you?

**FIRST CUSTOMER:** I'd like a large tube of Mona Lisa.

**MR. MARACZEK:** Mona Lisa Cold Cream. Certainly, madam.

**CUE:** (He opens the box.)

**Mechanically** ($\frac{1}{2} = 76$)

**Doorbell #1**

**WARN**

**MR. MARACZEK:** Mr. Sipos, your customer.

**SIPOS:** Yes, sir. Right over here, madam.

**CUE:** (The shop door opens.)

**Vivace** ($\frac{1}{2} = 132$)

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Music Box #3

WARNING:
MR. MARACZEK: Good day, madam. May I help you?
CUE: (He opens the box.)

Mechanically ($\frac{1}{2} = 76$)

Almost Segue

Amalia's Entrance

WARNING:
MR. MARACZEK: Oh – Mr. Kodaly, your customer.
SIPOS: Yes, sir.
CUE: (The shop door opens.)

Vivace ($\frac{1}{4} = 132$)
WARNING:
GEORG: Toilet water? There's a special — this week only — on Roses of Italy. I'll show it to you…
CUSTOMER: Thursday? Good. I'll stop by for it.
SIPOS: Thank you very much, madam.
CUE: (Customer opens the door.)

Vivace ($= 132$)

AMALIA: RIITER: mf

Thank you, madam.

GEORG: mf

Thank you, madam.

KODALY: mf

Thank you, madam.

SIPOS: mf

Thank you, madam.

Please call again, do call again, madam.

Please call again, do call again, madam.

Please call again, do call again, madam.

Please call again, do call again, madam.

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by Don Walker & Frank Matosich Jr.
Music Box Surprise

WARNING:
AMALIA: Aren't these marvelous boxes!
   And only -- ten and six. Can you imagine?
FIFTH CUSTOMER: What are they for?
AMALIA: Oh -- Candy.
FIFTH CUSTOMER: Candy?
AMALIA: Why yes, madam, it's the latest thing.
   And just look at the workmanship...
CUE: (She opens the box.)

Mechanically (d = 76)
AMALIA: Oh! FIFTH CUSTOMER: A musical candy box?
AMALIA: Why certainly, madam! It combines the three
elements of good taste: attractive to the eye,
   attractive to the ear, and -- functional!

(AlmostSegue)
No More Candy

WARNING:
FIFTH CUSTOMER: How - functional?
AMALIA: How? Let me tell you. This little box has been a lifesaver to many, many women.
They have a slight tendency to overweight.
And don't we all? We sit at home reading a good book –
or listening to a symphony, and without realizing it,
CUE: (She opens the box.)

Mechanically (\( \frac{d}{d} = 76 \))
AMALIA: our hand slips into the candy box.

We be - come in - discreet eat - ing sweet af - ter sweet, though we
know all too well where that may lead. So this box was de - signed with the
two of us in mind, as the kind of re - mund - er we need. When you
raise the lid the mu - sic plays like a dis - ap - prov - ing
nod. And it sings in your ear: "No more can - dy, my dear." In a
way, it's a lit - tle like the voice of God.

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WARNING:
MR. MARACZEK: Miss Balish, welcome to Maraczek’s.
And now, Mr. Nowack—if you please...
MISS RITTER: Fourteen and four, fourteen and five,
fifteen—your packages. Thank you.
CUE: (Customer opens the door.)

Vivace (♩ = 132)

AMALIA: RITTER: mf

Thank you, madam.

GEORG: mf

Thank you, madam.

KODALY: mf

Thank you, madam.

SIPOS: mf

Thank you, madam.

Please call again, do call again, madam.

Please call again, do call again, madam.

Please call again, do call again, madam.

Please call again, do call again, madam.

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by Don Walker & Frank Matosich Jr.
Three Letters
16A The First Letter – Summer

VOCAL

CUE: (Segue from #15)

16

Allegro

Moderato comoto (\(\text{\textit{\textsuperscript{7} \textit{\textsuperscript{7}}}\))

When a day brings petty aggravations and my poor frayed nerves are all askew, I forget these unimportant matters pouring out my hopes and dreams to you. As I sit here looking out my window, I can see the summer disappear.

Oh, Dear Friend, all at once autumn’s here.

Allegro

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VOCAL

16 B  The Second Letter - Autumn

vember just around the corner I've a feeling you may also share. Do you

feel an undertone of discord and a sense of tension in the air?

If it weren't for your endearing letters I'd be flying south with all the
goose. By the way, have you read War and Peace?

SHE LOVES ME
**Three Letters**

Meet my lady of the letters who puts tiny faces in her "O's." In the freezing weather of December I'll be warmly waiting for our date.

Until then, count the hours. Oh! I'm late for work!

**Allegro Agitato**

Repeat & Fade

*SHE LOVES ME*
WARNING:
SIPOS: A liar?
GEORG: The things I wrote in the letters...
SIPOS: You lied?
GEORG: Well, I certainly exaggerated...
CUE: SIPOS: No wonder you’re vibrating.

Nervous Allegretto

Tempo (J = 152)

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 to a charming old café, but who can eat tonight at eight. It’s early in the morning and our date is not till eight o’clock tonight, and yet already I can see what a nightmare this whole day will be.

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VOCAL

---31---

Tonight at Eight

haven't slept a wink I only think of our approaching tête-à-
tête tonight at eight.

I feel a combination of depression and elation. What a state to wait 'till eight!

Three more minutes, two more seconds,
ten more hours to go.

In spite of all I've written she may not be very smitten and my hopes per-
haps may all collapse, ka-put, tonight at eight.

SHE LOVES ME
Frantic
(Music Boxes)

---32---

Tonight at Eight

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. To-

ight I'll walk right up and sit right down beside the smartest girl in

town and then it's anybody's guess. More and more I'm

breathing less and less in

my imagination I can hear our conversation taking

shape tonight at eight. I'll

SHE LOVES ME
VOCAL

Tonight at Eight

sit there saying absolutely nothing or I'll jabber like an
ape tonight at eight.

Two more minutes, three more seconds,
ten more hours to go I'll

know when this is done if something's ended or begun. And if it
goes all right, who knows, I might pro-

pose tonight at eight! (Applause - Segue)

Shop to the Back Room

—TACET—

SHE LOVES ME
I Don't Know His Name

WARNING:
ILONA: You belong to a Lonely Hearts Club?
AMALIA: I've never done that sort of thing.
Oh, I used to read the advertisements in the papers...
CUE: ILONA: Who doesn't? Young man wants young lady.

Slowly

AMALIA: I don't know his name or what he looks like, but I have a
much more certain guide. I can tell exactly what he looks like inside. When I un-

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took this correspondence, little did I know I'd grow so fond. Little did I know our views would so correspond.

He writes me what his feelings are on Shaw, Flaubert, Chopin, Renoir. The more I read, the more I find we're one in mind and heart. I know the kind of home we'd share, the books, the prints, the music there. A home, a life, that's warm and full, and rich in love and art. I don't need to see his handsome profile. I don't need to see his manly frame. All I need to know is in each letter, each

broader

long, revealing letter. I couldn't know him better if I knew his name.

SHE LOVES ME
VOCAL

I Don't Know His Name

Freely

A tempo

AMALIA:

He writes his dearest thoughts to me on

RITTER:

If he isn't too handsome, true it doesn't much matter,

Swift, Vermeer, and Debussy, de

But his personal habits are more important than his looks. Sup

Maupassant, Dumas, Dus.

Pos-ing he snores like a locomotive, sup- pos-ing he grinds his teeth Sup- pos-ing he's a

Dufy, Dufay, Defoe.

He knuckle cracker Amalia Good luck with your books.

SHE LOVES ME
VOCAL

66 (AMALIA)

thinks as I, he feels as I, he

67

(RITTER)

And another small detail that you haven't yet mentioned,

68

shares the same ideals as I. I'll

69

I am speaking of sex, dear, when you and he are all alone.

70

never find a man who's so sum-

71

Come to think of it, maybe you're right, maybe it doesn't matter at that. Maybe I'll do much

72 rall.

particolo.

73

better myself with a library card and a

Slightly slower tempo

74

know. I don't need to

gramophone.

SHE LOVES ME
I Don't Know His Name

(AMALIA)
I don't need to see his handsome profile.

(RITTER)
I was taken in by someone's

see his manly frame.

All I need to profile.

I was taken in by someone's

know is in each letter, each long, revealing frame.

How I could have used one long revealing

collage voice

letter. I couldn't know him better if I knew his

letter. I hope you do much better.

name.

What's in a name?

I knew his name. What's in a name?

SHE LOVES ME
Back Room to the Shop

CUE: (Segue from #19)
WARNING:
GEORG: If my work is bad now, it's been bad for fifteen years!
   Why the hell did you wait 'til now to start telling me
MR. MARACZEK: How dare you raise your voice in this shop?
   (To Sipos:) Clumsy idiot!
CUE: (Customer opens the door)

Vivace (\( \dot{J} = 132 \))

RITTEN: \( mf \)

Thank you, madam.

GEORG: \( mf \)

Thank you, madam.

KODALY: \( mf \)

Thank you, madam.

SIPOS: \( mf \)

Thank you, madam.

Please call again, do call again, madam.

Please call again, do call again, madam.

Please call again, do call again, madam.

Please call again, do call again, madam.

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WARNING:
SiPOS: Oh, I didn’t do it for you, Mr. Nowack. I did it for me.
Who knows – if you resign, your successor might take one look at me
and ask himself: “What’s that oaf doing in this fancy perfumerie?”
CUE: GEORG: You’re a very good clerk, Ladislav.

Hungarian Style – Slow to Hurry

Call me fool. That’s all right with me. Here’s my rule:
ne- ver dis- a- gree. Where’s my pride? Swallow long a-
go. Deep in- side where it does- n’t show.

Bow- ing, scrap- ing, nod- ding, beam- ing, al- ways hum- ble,
not an ounce of self re- spect. Yes, sir. Yes, sir. You’re so
right, sir. Black is white, sir. ‘Scuse me while I gen- u- flect.

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How do I remain so calm and cheerful?

How do I retain my piece of mind? Let me just explain my rationale: it's all in your perspective.

Listen, listen to an old Hugarian's philosophy. I am only one of several in a rather small perfumery, which is only one of several in this city.

Which is one of many cities in this country, which is only one of many countries which are on this continent, which is only one of seven on this not so special planet,

SHE LOVES ME
which is one of many in our solar system, which is only one of many solar systems

in this vast and inconceivable affair that is the universe. So, in this

infinite incomprehensible scene, if a

dot called Maraczek should scream at a speck called Sipos, what on earth does it

Allegro

matter?

So

Slow to Hurry

call me fool. That’s all right with me.

Here’s my rule: never disagree.

Where’s my pride? Swallowed long ago.

Deep inside where it doesn’t show.

SHE LOVES ME
Just maintain a true perspective

and it's easy to avoid a clash of wills.

Just maintain a true perspective

and make sure you're well supplied with stomach pills.

Let me put it bluntly: I'm a coward

with a wife and children to support.

Actually my creed is short and simple, five essential words, Georg:

Do not lose your job!

SHE LOVES ME
Doorbell #2

Vivace (d = 132)

Thank You, Madam #4

Vivace (d = 132)

RITTER: \( mf \)

Thank you, madam.

GEORG: \( mf \)

Thank you, madam.

KODALY: \( mf \)

Thank you, madam.

SIPOS: \( mf \)

Thank you, madam.
Please call again, do call again, madam.

Please call again, do call again, madam.

Please call again, do call again, madam.

Please call again, do call again, madam.

Doorbell #3

WARNING:
GEORG: You think I liked your criticizing my socks—my ties—my fingernails...
AMALIA: Much better.
GEORG: That must be the rudest, most difficult, worst-tempered girl in the world.
CUE: (The shop door opens.)

Vivace \( \frac{4}{4} \ = 132 \)

(Almost Segue)

Doorbell #4

WARNING:
KODALY: Good day, madam. May I help you?
CUSTOMER: Yes, I'd like to see...
MR. MARACZEK: Well – Mr. Nowack – hard at work, as usual, I see.
CUE: (The shop door opens.)

Vivace \( \frac{4}{4} \ = 132 \)
Goodbye, Georg

SHE LOVES ME

VOCAL

Moderato

CUSTOMERS:

I would like a cake of Castile soap and a powder puff shampoo. Is there a sale on? Let me have a hair net, bubble bath. How much do you charge for the Mona Lisa?

Can you recommend an unusual perfume?

Something rather chic, but inexpensive. That will make a novel Christmas gift. I think you know the kind that I'm after.

WARNING:
CUSTOMER: Is this the large size or is this the medium size?
SIPOS: Eh – the large size.
CUSTOMER: Well, then – show me the medium.
And I haven't got all day.

CUE: SIPOS: Yes, madam.

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VOCAL

(CUSTOMERS)

Do you have a lipstick guaranteed kiss-proof?

Coconut oil, what kind of mascara? Let me have a jar of vanishing cream and a bottle of your best cologne. And can you wrap it as a gift and send it? Put it on my bill and thank you very, very much. It's always such a pleasure shopping here.

I would like a cake of Castile soap and a powder puff shampoo. Is there a sale on? I would like a cake of Castile soap and a powder puff shampoo. Is there a sale on?

SHE LOVES ME
(CUSTOMERS)
powder puff shampoo. Is there a sale on? Let me have a hair net.

RITTER:
Goodbye, Georg.

ARPAD:
Goodbye, Georg.

KODALY:
Goodbye, Georg.

SIPOS:
Goodbye, Georg.

bubble bath. How much do you charge for the Mona Lisa?

Maraczek's won't be the same without

Maraczek's won't be the same without

Maraczek's won't be the same without

Maraczek's won't be the same without

SHE LOVES ME
(CUSTOMERS)

Can you recommend an unusual perfume? something rather chic, but inexpensive.

(RITTER)

you.

(ARPAD)

If I can ever help...

you.

(KODALY)

Sorry to see you go.

(SIPOS)

you.

That will make a novel Christmas gift. I think you know the kind that I'm after.

Let me know.

Let me know.

Let me know.

Let me know.

SHE LOVES ME
Do you have a lipstick guaranteed kiss-proof?

Coconut oil, what kind of mascara? Let me have a jar of

Good-bye, Georg.

Good-bye, Georg.

Good-bye, Georg.

Good-bye, Georg.

vanishing cream and a bottle of your best cologne. And can you

I wish there were time for a proper fare-

SHE LOVES ME
(CUSTOMERS)
wrap it as a gift and send it? Put it on my bill and thank you very, very much. It's

(RITTER)
But for now, good luck, and

(ARPAD)
But for now, good luck, and

(KODALY)
But for now, good luck, and

(SIPOS)
well. But for now, good luck, and

al-ways such a pleas-ure shop-ping here.

good bye, Georg.

good bye, Georg.

good bye, Georg.

SHE LOVES ME
Leisurely, sadly

**RITTER:**

So long, so long. Please keep in touch.

**ARPAD:**

So long, so long. Please keep in touch.

**KODALY:**

So long, so long. Please keep in touch.

**SIPOS:**

So long, so long. Please keep in touch.

Do keep in touch, won't you?
**Georg's Exit / Will He Like Me?**

CUE: (Segue from #27)

**28A Georg's Exit**

Moderato

With Urgency

**28B Will He Like Me?**

(colla voce)

**AMALIA:**

Will he like me when we meet?

Slowly, pensively

Will the shy and quiet girl he's going to see be the girl that he's imagined me to be?

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*by Don Walker & Frank Matosich Jr.*
If he doesn't know enough to know that there's more to me than I may always show?

Will he like me?

Con Moto

world of love waiting to warm him?

Will he know that there's a

How I'm hoping that his eyes and ears won't misinform him.

Will he like me, who can say?

How I wish that we could meet another day.

It's absurd for me to worry so this way.

I'll try not to.

Poco animato

got to.

When I am in my room alone and I write,
thoughts come easily words come fluently then

Pressing forward

That's how it is when I'm alone, but tonight,

Broaden

there's no hiding behind my paper and pen. Will he know that there's a

world of love waiting to warm him? How I'm hoping that his

(colla voce)

eyes and ears won't misinform him. Will he like me, I don't

Tempo (Slowly, rubato)

know? All I know is that I'm tempted not to

It's insanity for me to worry

Mosso

so. I'll try not to. Will he like me? He's just

Tempo (Slowly, rubato)

Very slowly (In 8)

got to. Will he like me? Will he like me?

SHE LOVES ME
Will He Like Me? – Scene Change

CUE: (Segue from #28)
VOCAL

Ilona

WARNING:
RITTER: You don't recall anything. You never did.
CUE: KODALY: You're so wrong, Ilona. I recall all of our
evenings together. I recall them very well,
and our private little booth at the Rathskeller.
Remember? Oh, come on, Ilona, let's go there tonight.
You always loved the Rathskeller... the Chinese food,
the gypsy fortune teller, and that rumba band?

Quasi Beguine

KODALY:

Come

With me, Ilona, I've missed you so much

How I envy you each evening when work is through. For

Rubato

I have only me to be with, while you have you. With

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by Don Walker & Frank Matosich Jr.
Ilona

out you, I lo na, how

cold my lonely life has grown, Are you

Freely

hap - py a lone, I lo na? I lo na, my

Poco piú mosso

own.

ARPAD:

Now that Kodaly is hard at play we'll never get out of here 'til New Year's Day So,

SIPOS:

Come

Hap - py New Year!

Hap - py New Year!

SHE LOVES ME
VOCAL

Tempo I° (Beguine)

(KODALY)

with me.____ I - lo - na.____ Come

with me.____ ché - rie.____

Mis - tile - toe, I long for some - one, please tell me who. Like

some di - vine di - vin - ing rod it points straight to you. Re -

A tempo

mem - ber,____ I - lo - na,____ the

sunny nights we knew be - fore.____ If you'll

just say the word, I - lo - na,____ we'll know them once

SHE LOVES ME
Poco più mosso (Tempo I°)

If it was only up to me, guess who I would hang up on the Christmas tree!

This is where I came in, amen. The fox and the chicken are a team again.

Tempo I° (Beguine)

gathered Ilo- na, we

generate a spark that’s rare. Why deny that it’s there, Ilo- na?

You feel it, I know. Let’s help it to glow.

SLOWLY
VOCAL

---62---

I Resolve

SHE LOVES ME

31

WARNING:
KODALY: I can't help myself, darling. The fact is: I thought we were going to be working late tonight.
-- so I cancelled a previous appointment but now that we're finished early.
I've just got to keep it... you do understand? Don't you? Trust me, darling? I promise you.
We'll go to the Rathskeller another night - soon. Let's see now, tonight is Tuesday...

CUE: What about next Monday? Iona... chere?

Bitter March

---1---

RITTER:

I re - solve not to be so stu - pid.

I re - solve not to play these games. How of - ten I've been a sit - ting duck for Cu - pid.

How of - ten I've let him shoot me down in flames.

I re - solve not to be so trust - ing.

It's high time, time that I a - woke. What - ever I've got up here is up here rust - ing.

My fem - i - nine in - tu - i - tion is a joke.

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I must be cousin to a cat.

I always wind up with a rat.

I'm through with momentary thrills.

I find I can't afford the bills.

I resolve, come what may, I will not be this girl one more day!

I resolve not to be so brainless.

I resolve not to be so dumb. My usual brush with love is far from painless, and suddenly I have got to know how come.

SHE LOVES ME
I resolve not to blame the others
just because I'm an easy mark.
I want to know why I never meet their mothers.
Where men are concerned, I'm always in the dark.
I must stop thinking with my skin.
I will not be a mandolin
that someone strums and puts away,
until he gets the urge to play.
I resolve, here and now, I will
be a different girl some how!

SHE LOVES ME
Ilona's Exit
—TACET—

Street to the Shop
—TACET—

Goodbye, Love
—TACET—
A Romantic Atmosphere

Slowly

HEAD WAITER:

But - ter - fin - gers, do that a - gain, that’s the end of your ca - reer.

Don’t you know we try to pre - serve a ro - man - tic at - mos - phere.

That’s what all our pa - trons ex - pect, so
ev - ry jar - ring note will be ruth - less - ly checked.

(plate drops)

Gent - ly does it, try to pre - serve a ro - man - tic at - mos - phere.

Think of all the love af - fairs we as - sist. What more no - ble

(call - ing is there than ours? Tend - ing each new beau - ti - ful bud of love.

Making sure each del - i - cate seed - ling flow - ers.

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VOCAL

(HEAD WAITER)

Treat each tryst and rendezvous as your own,
bearing in mind the gravity of your task. All these lovers want is

CUSTOMERS:

one shining hour. Is that such a terrible lot to ask? Shh!

HEAD WAITER:

Look around and see for yourself the romantic atmosphere.

That's what all our patrons demand. That's the reason why they're here.

They all come here just for the mood (and

if you don't believe me try tasting our food). That's why we have

got to preserve a romantic atmosphere.

L'istesso tempo

SHE LOVES ME
A Romantic Atmosphere

VOCAL

Faster

Hotsy Hungarian jazz style
(circa 1927)

L'istesso tempo

SHE LOVES ME
A Romantic Atmosphere

VOCAL

4

116 121 122 123 124
125

126 127 128
129 130 131 132
133

134 135 136 137 138
139

140 141 142
143 144 145 146

rall. allarg. Pesante

Tempo I°

HEAD WAITER:

Such behavior won't be allowed, but
ev 'ry now and then we just get the wrong crowd.

CUSTOMERS:

try to pre-serv e a ro-man-tic at-mos

SHE LOVES ME
The Cafe Imperiale
—TACET—

Tango Tragique
—TACET—

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by Don Walker & Frank Matosich Jr.
Mr. Nowack, Will You Please...

CUE:
GEORG: You know, they never did find the rest of her -- or her book.

Deliberately, colla voce

AMALIA:

At the count of five, I'll scream. So, you'd better go... and soon! One! Don't forget, I've had some wine and nothing to eat since noon. Two! Dante once described all the depths of Hell. If I have my way, you will know them well! Three! You are easily the

---71---

SHE LOVES ME

38
A tempo (In 1)

(AMALIA)

most insensitive man

live!

I'm sorry, but I'm fighting for my

life. Four... four-and-a-half... Will you go? Then five! (Scream)

HEAD WAITER:

Are you trying to

ruin me lady? I warned you. Get out!

That's all. Get out! You, too. Get out!

Screaming like lunatics, that's all. Get out!

SHE LOVES ME
Dear Friend

WAITER: You're a very patient young lady.
AMALIA: I've waited for him all my life. What's two hours?
WAITER: Well, this one's on the house — for luck...
AMALIA: Thank you. You know, this is a very nice café.
WAITER: We try to preserve a romantic atmosphere.
CUE: (Offstage crash.)

Wistfully, poignantly (Rubato)

The flowers, the linen, the crystal I see were carefully chosen for people like me. The silver a gleam and the candles a glow. Your favorite songs on request. Each colorful touch in the finest of taste, and notice how subtly the tables are spaced. The music is muted, the lighting is low. No wonder I feel so depressed.

1995 GRAND RIGHTS SMALL ORCHESTRATION
by Don Walker & Frank Matosich Jr.
Dear Friend

Charming, romantic, the perfect café.

Then, as if it isn't bad enough, a violin starts to play.

Candles and wine, tables for two.

But where are you, Dear Friend?

Couples go past me, I see how they look.

So discreetly sympathetic when they see the rose and the book.

I make believe nothing is wrong. How long can I pretend? Please make it right.

Don't break my heart. Don't let it end, Dear

SHE LOVES ME
Dear Friend

I make believe nothing is wrong.

How long can I pretend? Please make it right. Don't break my heart. Don't let it end. Dear Friend...

SHE LOVES ME
Entr'acte
—TACET—

Opening—Act II
—TACET—
Try Me!

WARNING:
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.
CUE: MR. MARACZEK: Oh! You've been training?

Vigorously

I have trained myself, going

Deliberately

tube, jar, box, bottle, carton and container; where they
A tempo (Brightly)

are, what they cost, what they're

11 Brightly

With urgency

for,__________________

Al-though it's

some-thing you have nev-er thought a-bout, Mis-ter Mar-a-czek.

try me____ You need a man who knows the busi-ness in-side

out. Mis-ter Mar-a-czek. Try me____

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by Don Walker & Frank Matosich Jr.
VOCAL

You need help, or I'd have never spoken. And

why break someone in, when I'm already broken? In this emer-gency I wouldn't let you down, Mister Mar-a-czek.

Try me. Oh, I can see by the uncertain way you frowned that you've asked yourself: "Why me?"

first-class clerking and conscientious working, Mister Mar-a-czek.

why not try me!

SHE LOVES ME
Allegro con moto
Vamp 'til ready (last time)

You wish to return this jar, madam? Certainly, right you are, madam. You say it smells like a drowned cat? Sniff... Pheew! It does at that. At Mar-a-czek's, madam we claim with pride: the customer must be satisfied. The customer must be satisfied!

By the way, we have a special sale on Autumn Heather. Let me spray some on your hand.

Here, we'll smell it together. Mmm!

My wife has used it time and again. It's very appealing to us men. I use it myself, every now and

SHE LOVES ME
Vocal

A tempo

Vamp 'til ready

then.

That's

twen-ty-and-six for the Autumn Heather, eight-and-three for the cream,

thir-ty-two even for that bottle of Mermaid's Dream.

One-and-three for the eye-brow pencil, nine for the large shampoo, and

then for the jar you're bringing back, that's four-and-two for you.

That's a total of ninety-eight, less four-and-two for the

(Cash register sounds)

jar.

Out of a hun-dred...

Broadly

Here's your change, five-and-two. There you are.

SHE LOVES ME
Thank you, madam. Please call again.

Glad I could help. Here is my card.

Thank you, madam. Please call again.

Do call again, madam.

A tempo

I would gladly grow a mustache, if you’d like, Mister Maraczek.

Try me. I would even think of giving up my bike, Mister Maraczek.

For first-class clerking and conscientious working, Mister Maraczek,

why not try me!

SHE LOVES ME
Maraczek's Memories

WARNING:
MR. MARACZEK: I know. You never go to cabarets.
GEORG: I'll stop by tonight and give you a full report.
MR. MARACZEK: Thank you, my boy. I'll be here.
CUE: (Georg opens the door. Arpad falls through it.)

Nostalgic Waltz

32

MARACZEK:

All night, circling the floor 'till dawn lit up the sky.

41

No one younger than I...

Andantino

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WARNING:
AMALIA: And you've come to see if I'm really sick? Is that it?
GEORG: No, no.
AMALIA: So you can tell everyone there's not a thing wrong with me -
GEORG: No, no.
AMALIA: That I just don't care about my job?
CUE: GEORG: No, no!

Ominously

Fast and frantic
Vamp 'til ready

WHERE'S MY SHOE?

Where's my other shoe?
Help me find my other shoe.
Don't just stand there like that.
Where's my shoe?

I think you should lie down.

Help me find my shoe.
I can't leave until I do. Will you give me my hat?

1995 GRAND RIGHTS SMALL ORCHESTRA
by Don Walker & Frank Matosich Jr.
I hate to disappoint you now that you have your hopes up, down.

thrilled to be doing something mean.

Miss Balish, do be

Just tell me if it's cold out. Come help me pick a sweater. I can't decide on sensible.

white or green.

Now, Miss Balish, you're sick and you ought to lie

Where'd you put my shoe? That's a sneaky thing to do. You don't down.

want me— to go, do you? I can— see right through you.

SHE LOVES ME
VOCAL

Where's My Shoe?

Where's my shoe? Where's my shoe?
You shouldn't be on your feet.

Be a good girl and go back to...

If I were a shoe, where would I have gotten to? Now if

I were a shoe, I'd be there.

Please, Miss Bialshie...

Is it very cold? Yes, you told me it was cold. Tell me,

down.

SHE LOVES ME
VOCAL

Where's My Shoe?

what kind of dress should I wear?
You have fever, I

I couldn't wear a sweater, that wouldn't fit my mood now.

think.

I feel like wearing something gay.
Miss Balish, you're hysterical.

I'm feeling so much better. I feel so gay and giddy. One shoe and I'll be

I'm feeling so much better. I feel so gay and giddy. One shoe and I'll be

on my way.

You are going to bed, which is where you be -

SHE LOVES ME
Ah, hah, hah, hah, see, there is nothing wrong with me, I am long.

going, you can't stop me. Stop it, now please drop me.

Put me down! Where's my

No, you're not leaving this room.

You're going nowhere, but back to shoe.

bed.
I am so sorry about last night. It was a nightmare in every way. But together, you and I will laugh at last night some day.

Slow polka  
Ice cream, he brought me ice cream, vanilla ice cream... imagine that!

and for the first time we were together without a spat.

Friendly, he was so friendly. That isn't like him, I'm simply stunned.

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by Don Walker & Frank Matesich Jr.
VOCAL

---89---

Vanilla Ice Cream

won - ders nev - er cease?  Will won - ders nev - er cease?  It's

been a most pe - cul - iar day.  Will

won - ders nev - er cease?  Will won - ders nev - er cease?

Recitativo (Presto – ad lib.)

I am sor - ry a - bout last night. It was a night - mare in ev - ry way. But to - geth - er, you and I will laugh at

last night some day. I sat there wait - ing in that ca - fé and nev - er

guess - ing that you were fat... that you were near. You were

out - side look - ing bald. I am so sor - ry a - bout last night.

Slow polka  accel. poco a poco

Last night I was so nas - ty. Well, he de -

served it. But e - ven so...

SHE LOVES ME
Allegro

that Georg is not like this Georg. This is a new Georg that I don’t know.

Somehow, it all reminds me of Doctor Je - kyll and Mis - ter Hyde. For right before my eyes a man that I de - spise has turned into a man I like. It’s almost like a dream and strange as it may seem, he came to offer me va - ni - la - a ice cream.

Vanilla Ice Cream

Presto

SHE LOVES ME
She Loves Me

Very freely

Well, well, well, well, well, well.

rall.

well, well, well Will wonders never cease?

A piacere

I didn't like her Did-n't like her? I couldn't

stand her! Could-n't stand her? I wouldn't have her. I never

Tempo

knew her. But now I do, and I could, and I would, and I know.

Moderately bright

She loves me and to my amazement I

loves it, knowing that she loves me. She

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VOCAL

She Loves Me

loves me. True, she doesn’t show it. How

could she when she doesn’t know it. Yes-ter-day she

loathed me. Bah! Now to-day she likes me. Hah!

And to-mor-row, to-mor-row...

Ah! My teeth ache from the urge to touch her. I’m

speech-less, for I mustn’t tell her. It’s

wrong, now. But it won’t be long now—be-

fore my love discov-ers that she and I are lov-ers. I

SHE LOVES ME
VOCAL

-93-

She Loves Me

mag - ine how sur - prised she's bound to be. She

loves me. She loves me!

I love her. Isn't that a won - der? I

won - der why I didn't want her. I

want her. That's the thing that mat - ters. And

mat - ters are im - prov - ing dai - ly. Yes - ter - day I

loathed her. Bah! Now to - day I love her. Hah!

And to - mor - row. to - mor - row...

Ah: I'm

SHE LOVES ME
VOCAL

104

105

106

107

108

109

110

111

tingling such delicious tingles. I'm
trembling. What the hell does that mean? I'm
freezing. That's because it's cold out. But

112

113

114

115

116

117

118

119

still I'm incandescent and like some adolescent I'd

120

121

122

123

like to scrawl on every wall I see: "She

124

125

126

127

Loves Me!" She loves me!

128

129

130

131

132


She Loves Me Playoff

—TACET—

SHE LOVES ME
suddenly all of my confidence dribbled away with a pitiful plop. My head was beginning to swim and my forehead was covered with cold perspiration. I started to reach for a book and my hand automatically came to a stop. I don't know how long I stood frozen a victim of panic and mortification.

With freedom

Oh, how I wanted to flee. When a kindly voice, a gentle voice whispered,

Moderato

"Pardon me."

And there was this
VOCAL

---96---

A Trip to the Library

dear, sweet, clearly respectable,

thickly bespectacled man who stood by my side and

quietly said to me, "Ma'am, don't mean to intrude, but I was just wondering,

are you in need of some help?" I said "No..."

Yes, I am." The next thing I know I'm sipping hot chocolate and

telling my troubles to Paul, whose tender brown eyes kept

sending compassionate looks. A trip to the

SHE LOVES ME
librarian has made a new girl of me.

For suddenly I can see the magic of books.

have to admit in the back of my mind I was praying he wouldn't get fresh. And all of the while I was wondering why an illiterate girl should attract him. Then all of a sudden he said that I couldn't go wrong with "The Way of All Flesh." Of course it's a novel, but I didn't know or certainly wouldn't have

smacked him. Well, he gave me a smile that I couldn't resist. And I knew at once how much I liked this op -
Moderato

You know what this
dear, sweet, slightly bespectacled
gen-tle-man said to me next? He said he could solve this

pro-blem of mine. I said, "How?" He said if I'd

like, he'd willingly read to me

some of his fa-vor-ite things. I said, "When?"

He said, "Now." His novel ap-

proach seemed highly sus-pi-
cious and


Dare you go up to his flat?"

SHE LOVES ME
things go wrong? It's obvious he's quite strong.
He read to me all night long. Now, how about that?

Deliberately

It's hard to believe how truly domestic and happily hopeful I feel. I picture my Paul there, reading aloud as I cook. As long as he's there to read, there's quite a good chance, indeed, a chance that I'll never need

Rubato

to open a book!

Unlike someone else, someone I dimly recall. I know he'll only have

A tempo

eyes for me, my optometrist, Paul.

SHE LOVES ME
Sipo's Exit

WARNING:
GEORG: Well, Ladislav, I just hope you've learned your lesson.
SIPOS: Oh, I have. I have. You can believe me.
In the next letter - name the names!
GEORG: We'll continue this conversation later.
CUE: SIPOS: That's what I'm afraid of.

Doorbell #5

WARNING:
GEORG: I need two weeks pay for Mr. Kodaly.
RITTER: Here it is. No, no, my pleasure!
CUE: (The shop door opens)

Doorbell #6

WARNING:
RITTER: Good day, madam. May I help you?
CUSTOMER: Do you carry "Flowers of Spring?"
CUE: (The shop door opens)

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Thank You, Madam #5

WARNING:
ARPAD: Mr. Laszlo?
SIPOS: Why Laszlo?
ARPAD: Why? It's my last name!
CUE: (Customer opens the door.)

Vivace (\( \text{\textit{j}} = 132 \))

AMALIA:

\( \text{\textit{mf}} \)

Thank you, madam.

GEORG: \( \text{\textit{mf}} \)

Thank you, madam.

KODALY: \( \text{\textit{mf}} \)

Thank you, madam.

SIPOS: \( \text{\textit{mf}} \)

Thank you, madam.

Please call again, do call again, madam.

Please call again, do call again, madam.

Please call again, do call again, madam.

Please call again, do call again, madam.

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**WARNING:**

SIPOS: Some owner.

KODALY: Nevertheless, it's true. I'm closing the deal tomorrow morning.

Iona believes me. Don't you, darling?

CUE: IONA: Of course I do. Here's your down payment.

**Moderato (European version of American Jazz-Ragtime)**

*accel. poco a poco*

| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 | 44 | 45 | 46 | 47 | 48 | 49 | 50 | 51 | 52 | 53 | 54 | 55 | 56 |
| *It's been grand knowing you, grand knowing you,* | *grand being your friend. You've been* | *kind, loyal and so generous* | *right down to the end. Please don't grieve,* | *watching me leave. That would be much too painful to stand.* | *fun, now I must run, but it's been grand,* | *perfection grand.* | *lo na,* | *It's been* | *moment* | *Just re-* | *there's a* | *Si pos,* | *I'm* | *pos si,* | *Give you* | *nev e* |

**Slowly**

1995 Grand Rights Small Orchestration

by Don Walker & Frank Matson Jr.
Rubato

lo - na, farewell cherie, be brave. Chin up.

It’s been sublime. You mustn’t waste a precious moment over me. You don’t have time.

Just remember when you’re lonely or blue.

There’s a hollow in my pillow for you. And Si-pos, what can I say? Ah.

Si-pos, no tears, be gay. You know, old friend,

I’m in your debt. I owe you more than I can possibly repay. I won’t forget.

Give your wife a little kiss from Kodaly. I never met her, but I will by and

SHE LOVES ME
Moderato accel.    

_—104—_

Vocal

by.       

Though I

Vivo

hate leaving you, hate leaving your

warm, intimate club.  It's a

small pleasure, but I'll treasure each

warm, intimate snub.  It's been

grand, let me say... and let me say.

au revoi... not goodbye.  For it's

grand knowing you'll all be working for

your friend.

Ko -

daily!

SHE LOVES ME
SHE LOVES ME

Christmas Sequence

54A Kodaly to Carolers

54B A Christmas Carol

1995 GRAND RIGHTS SMALL ORCHESTRATION
by Don Walker & Frank Matosich Jr.
my love gave to me.
first day he gave to me.
my true love gave to me.
true love gave to me.

---

SHE LOVES ME
54C Twelve Days to Christmas

CAROLERS - WOMEN

Twelve days to Christmas, twelve days to Christmas.

CAROLERS - MEN

Plenty of time to do your Christmas shopping.

SHE LOVES ME
These are the people who shop in time, shop in time, plenty of time.

These are the people with time to spare who shop at their convenience.

Twelve days to Christmas, twelve days to Christmas.

Look at the way they do their Christmas shopping.

They can go shopping and still remain calm and sedate.

These are the people we envy and the people that we hate!

SHE LOVES ME
Vivace – Crisply

SHoppers & ClERKs:

Thank you. Thank you.
Thank you. Thank you.

SHoppers & ClERKs:

Thank you. Thank you.
Thank you. Thank you.

We’ll call a-gain. We’ll call a-gain, thank you.
Please call a-gain. Do call a-gain, thank you.

We’ll call a-gain. We’ll call a-gain, thank you.
Please call a-gain. Do call a-gain, thank you.

We’ll call a-gain. We’ll call a-gain, thank you.
Please call a-gain. Do call a-gain, thank you.

Vamp

SHE LOVES ME
Christmas Sequence

Twelve drummers drumming, enough
Twelve drummers drumming, enough
Twelve drummers drumming, enough

Sensible
Sensible
Nine days
Nine days

More briskly (Faster than before)

Nine days to Christmas, nine days to Christmas.
Nine days to Christmas, nine days to Christmas.
Still enough time to do your Christmas shopping.

Still enough time to do your Christmas shopping.

These are the people who shop in time, shop in time, still enough time.

These are the people who shop in time, shop in time, still enough time.

Sensible people who organize the time at their disposal.

Sensible people who organize the time at their disposal.

Nine days to Christmas, nine days to Christmas.

Nine days to Christmas, nine days to Christmas.

Still enough time to do your Christmas shopping.

Still enough time to do your Christmas shopping.

SHE LOVES ME
These are the people who plan their days wisely and well.

These are the people who plan their days wisely and well.

These are the people who shop in time and they can go to hell!

These are the people who shop in time and they can go to hell!

Vivace - Crispely

Thank you. Thank you.
Thank you. Thank you.
Thank you. Thank you.
Thank you. Thank you.
Thank you. Thank you.

SHE LOVES ME
We'll call a-gain. We'll call a-gain, thank you.
Please call a-gain. Do call a-gain, thank you.

We'll call a-gain. We'll call a-gain, thank you.
Please call a-gain. Do call a-gain, thank you.

We'll call a-gain. We'll call a-gain, thank you.
Please call a-gain. Do call a-gain, thank you.

Vamp

CAROLER:
Eight maids a-milk-ing, sev-en swans a-swim-ming, six geese a-lay-ing.
CAROLER:
Eight maids a-milk-ing, sev-en swans a-swim-ming, six geese a-lay-ing.
CAROLER:
Eight maids a-milk-ing, sev-en swans a-swim-ming, six geese a-lay-ing.
CAROLER:
Eight maids a-milk-ing, sev-en swans a-swim-ming, six geese a-lay-ing.

SHE LOVES ME
Christmas Sequence

Very briskly (Faster yet)

CAROLERS - WOMEN

Four days to Christmas, four days to Christmas.

CAROLERS - MEN

Four days to Christmas, four days to Christmas.

Just enough time to do your Christmas shopping.

These are the people who shop in time, just in time, barely in time.

SHE LOVES ME
These are the people who calculate with clinical precision.

These are the people who calculate with clinical precision.

Four days to Christmas, four days to Christmas.

Four days to Christmas, four days to Christmas.

These are the folks who never waste a second.

These are the folks who never waste a second.

Full of a chilly efficiency, loaded with gall.

Full of a chilly efficiency, loaded with gall.

Never too early and never late, and they're the worst of all!

Never too early and never late, and they're the worst of all!

SHE LOVES ME
Christmas Sequence

VOCAL

162 Vivo

164 SHOPPERS & CLERKS:
Thank you. Thank you.
Thank you. Thank you.

165 SHOPPERS & CLERKS:
Thank you. Thank you.
Thank you. Thank you.

166 SHOPPERS & CLERKS:
Thank you. Thank you.
Thank you. Thank you.

167 SHOPPERS & CLERKS:
We'll call again. We'll call again, thank you.
Please call again. Do call again, thank you.

168 SHOPPERS & CLERKS:
We'll call again. We'll call again, thank you.
Please call again. Do call again, thank you.

169 SHOPPERS & CLERKS:
We'll call again. We'll call again, thank you.
Please call again. Do call again, thank you.

VAMP

170 ALL (shouted)

171 The twen-ty fourth?

172 CAROLERS + SHOPPER

173 One

174 CAROLERS + SHOPPERS-

175 Not e-ni

176 Not e-ni

177 We're not

178 We're not

179 We're not

180 We're not

181 We're not

182 We're not

183 We're not

184 We're not

185 We're not

186 We're not

The twen-ty fourth?

SHE LOVES ME
One day to Christmas, one day to Christmas.

Not enough time to do your Christmas shopping.

We're not the shop-ple who peeped in time...

We're not the shee-ple who popped in time...

We're not the peo-ple who shopped in time, shopped in time, not enough time.

SHE LOVES ME
We are the people who always wait until it's much too late. Oh!

We are the people who always wait until it's much too late. Oh!

One day to Christmas, one day to Christmas.

One day to Christmas, one day to Christmas.

How will we ever do our Christmas shopping?

How will we ever do our Christmas shopping?

Why did we ever delay so long, who can recall?

Why did we ever delay so long, who can recall?

Some of the family may not get a Christmas gift at all.

Some of the family may not get a Christmas gift at all!

(Neutral Key)
The Invitation
—TACET—

Closing the Shop
—TACET—


**Finale – Act II**

**WARNING:**

**GEORG:** You sounded... irresistible. As a matter-of-fact—

I remember thinking — that's the kind of girl I could almost fall in love with.

**AMALIA:** But you never said anything.

**GEORG:** How could I? I knew how you felt about me...

**AMALIA:** But you didn't know! Really! You didn't! Because I was attracted to you.

More than attracted... What a shame we never spoke up...

**CUE:** Who knows what might have been?

---

**Lento**

**GEORG:**

I am so sorry about last night. It was a nightmare in every way. But together, you and I will laugh at last night some day.

---

**Slow Polka**

**AMALIA:**

Dear Friend... It's really true then. It's what I hoped for that it was you.

---

**Moderato**

**GEORG:**

Dear Friend, I had to tell you. I couldn't stand it until you knew...
AMALIA:

Oh, Georg. I was so anxious. I was so afraid that... I'm so relieved.

GEORG:

Two weeks; I've known for two weeks. I was so tempted... I didn't dare.

I prayed that it was you. To tell the truth, I wanted you to know. I thought you might have guessed.

Broadly

couldn't wait another day.

couldn't wait another day

Con Passione

SHE LOVES ME
She Loves Me Bows
—TACET—

Thank You Bows

Allegro

S. [music notes]

6 Thank you. Thank you. Please call again.

7 Thank you. Thank you. Please call again.

8 Thank you. Thank you. Please call again.

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by Don Walker & Frank Matosch Jr.
Thank You Bows

Glad that you came. Fond fare thee well.

Thank you. Thank you. Please call again.

SHE LOVES ME
Exit Music

—TACET—