

Jewish Welfare Board Publications

Two Goyim

BY

SAMUEL S. GROSSMAN



PUBLISHED BY

THE JEWISH WELFARE BOARD

NEW YORK CITY

Jewish Welfare Board Publications

Two Goyim

BY

SAMUEL S. GROSSMAN



PUBLISHED BY

THE JEWISH WELFARE BOARD

NEW YORK CITY

Digitized by Touro College Libraries

For Project Zikaron

www.zikaron.tourolib.org

2022

COPYRIGHT, 1926,
BY
THE JEWISH WELFARE BOARD
71 WEST 47TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

THE SCENE

The home of the Nadelbergs; evening. The doors on both sides lead into inner rooms. Up stage, center, is the door leading to the street. Left, up center, is a window. A large table and chairs, left center. A telephone on a small table, right.

The rising curtain shows Max Nadelberg, a man of about 50, with grey-black beard and mustache, in the center of the stage, fussing with a new full dress suit and collar which seem to make him uncomfortable. He is impatient and excited, talking to someone off-stage.

Approximate Playing Time—45 minutes
Seven Characters—four male, three female

PERSONS OF THE PLAY
(*in order of appearance*)

MAX NADELBERG, about 50 years old
MRS. NADELBERG, his wife
IDA, 24 years old { Their daughters
JENNY, 20 {
MR. BRAHINSKY, *shadchen and mekler*
JACOB TINTNER, a cousin from the country
MR. BURTON, the "Goy"

Two Goyim

MAX: Channa! Channa! *Nu?*

(*The voice of Channa, off-stage*): *Nu*, I'll be ready quick enough.

MAX (*In agony, still alone, and still trying to arrange his necktie*): Channa, oh Channa! (*Half to himself, fretfully*): All day long she tells me, "Max, don't forget!" "Max, don't forget to be home early." "Get ready early." "Silver wedding anniversary," and it comes to the end, to the thing itself. (*Shouts to the off-stage lady*): We've got to miss the whole act on account of you.

CHANNA (*Off-stage*): Max, what is such a terrible hurry? (*Max still is comic, busy with his necktie*). You don't know the Yiddish Theayter; *mistome* will be half an hour late. Oh, those buttons!

MAX: Channa, Channa, for heaven's sake, look how late it is! Is a button less, is two buttons less, but let's go already!

CHANNA (*Entering from doorway*): *Nu—sha!* Here I am. Oy, this hurry-up dressing! (*She is still trying to complete the buttoning process*).

MAX (*With a glow of enthusiasm and a changed air*): Channa *lehelle*, Channele *meine*, how wonderful you are looking! Who would believe we are already twenty-five years married tonight and—

CHANNA: *Sha! Sha!* Soon you'll make me for an old woman.

MAX (*Soothingly*): *Farkehrt*. I'm saying—

CHANNA (*Flaring up*): Saying—saying—Don't say anything, Max. When people have two grown-up daughters that ain't married, so they don't need to have silver weddings for everyone to know. Do you have to tell all the world Ida is 24 years old already? *Sha*. It won't hurt the world should know five years later that we're married 25 years today.

MAX (*Pensively, starting for his coat*): *Ai*, the children, the children. If God would only bless Ida with the right party. She is such a fine, educated child; a diamond, and no luck!

CHANNA (*Shouts back*): Always his favorite Ida in his head. And if you thought of Jeannette once in a while—

MAX: Jennie is a kid—wait till after Ida—

CHANNA: So why should not Jennie have her chance too?

MAX: If you mention already Jennie, I'll tell you I don't like at all how she is carrying on. A girl of 20 don't have to go out with boys. When I was her age— —

CHANNA: When you were her age, *nu*? Do you want to make a baby or a dried up old maid of Jeannette? Because you have a prejudice against Jeannette and are wild for Ida.

MAX: And I tell you again—

CHANNA: And I tell you— (*by this time both are ready to leave*). *Nu*, Max, you have no other place to quarrel but home? You don't know how long is the intermission in the Yiddish Theayter? (*They are going to the door, center, when the door is*

flung open, and Mr. Brahinsky, a brisk, bearded twinkling Jew, enters.)

BRAHINSKY (*Stopping them, in a tone of congratulation*): Hello! Hello! *Mazel tov*, Mr. Nadelberg! *Mazel tov*, Mrs. Nadelberg. You should live to your golden wedding day! 'S all right, you don't know me? Here's a *kartel*. (*He takes out a number of cards, one of which he attempts to pick out as he talks.*) Reverend Brahinsky. I'm a reverend—und a *shadchen*—und a dealer in life insurance a whole year—und in *matzoh erev Pesach*. Telephone fiff, fiff, oh, oh. You know me, did you? 'S all right, I got time. (*He advances to the table and makes himself at home in a seat. They are at a loss and impatient.*)

MAX (*Advancing*): Excuse me, Mister—

CHANNA (*Correcting*): Reverend!—

MAX: Reverend Brahinsky. I'm a little in a hurry; what did you wish?

BRAHINSKY (*Comfortably seated at the table, answers with Gemarah nigun*): I found out about you from a *Lodgen bruder*. Und as you got two daughters—grown up, and good ones—und nice ones—und educated ones—und *mistome* a *por cent* oichet, so whom do they need? A *shadchen*. (*Triumphantly*). I'm a *shadchen*.

CHANNA (*Haughtily*). Excuse me, my daughters don't need a *shadchen*. Come, Max.

MAX: Wait, Channa. (*To Brahinsky.*) I have no time to talk to you now. If you will come maybe some other time—

BRAHINSKY: 'S all right, I got time. I'm a *balabatish mensch*. *Villt ihr*, I'll come later. (*He goes up*

stage left to the door. *He pauses suddenly and turns swiftly upon them.*) Life insurance, you got it already? *(He pauses admiringly, while they impatiently wait for him to go.)* You're going *avadi* see Thomashefsky? Tz . . . tz . . . tz. It's a great actor, Thomashefsky. I saw him once. My a yung. *Shpielt sich mit ihm—tz . . . tz . . . tz!* *(Turning suddenly again.)* But life insurance, you got it already? 'S all right. Don't forget me. Good night. Enjoy myself. *(Exit Brachinsky.)*

MAX *(Impatiently)*: Nu, come.

CHANNA: Wait till he turns the corner. Such a good friend can yet come to the theayter and smuggle himself in with us. *(They are going slowly to the doorway, Max leading, when the telephone bell on the table rings.)*

CHANNA *(Goes up to 'phone and takes the receiver in her hand)*: Yes, yes, no! . . . Mrs. Nadelberg. . . . What? . . . Who? . . . Who is it? . . . Vat, a Bird? . . . *(to Max)* A Bird! . . . Bird! . . . *(in the 'phone)* Mr. Bird, no? . . . Oh. Jeannette, Jeannette, Jeannette. . . . Nu? Vat? Ha? *Red prost Yiddish besser, vot?* . . . You don't understand? Oh? Ha? Mr. Bird, wait a minute. . . . *(She turns to Max).* *Epis a goy dacht sich.* I can't understand him one word. You go talk with him.

MAX *(Advances to the 'phone with an air of dignity)*: Nu? Yes, I speak Englis. Yes, Columbus four-tree fiff-oi. Mr. Nadelberg on the wire, yes. Vat? Oh, Mr. Burton, ah, Jeannette Nadelberg, yes. Ah! *(Long pause.)* All right, all right.

[Page Eight]

good-bye. (*He hangs up the receiver and turns to explain to Channa*). I should tell Jeannette (*cuttingly*), your Jennie, Mr. Burton won't be here to see her till very late. Who in the good year is it *epis* Mr. Burton? *Avadi* yet a *shagitz* comes to see Jennie. (*He sits down in a chair, worried*). Maybe we'd better not go to theayter, Channa.

CHANNA (*Dragging him out of his seat*): Ai, Max, your own wedding anniversary, you don't want to go to a Yiddish theayter. Come, Max, I want to cry a little. What does it worry you so about Mr. Bird?

MAX (*Correcting*): Mr. Burton.

CHANNA: Let be Mr. Burton. If he's Jennie's a friend, *mistome* he's a nice fellow and you don't have to worry. *Na*. Late enough, come! (*Calling*) Jeannette! Ida! Good night!

JENNIE (*Off-stage*): Wait, wait--good night!

MAX: Ah, that's Idale. Wait a moment. (*Enter ida. She rushes to her mother and kisses her, then more gladly still to her father*). Good night, mum, good night, papa.

MAX (*A little bashfully*): Idale, darling, *nu?* Do you like your *tate* dressed up like a young sport?

IDA (*Joyfully*): Papa, you're the loveliest couple in the world. Here is a nice flower for you and now you're a real sport! (*She starts to decorate his lapel. Enter Jennie.*)

JENNIE (*With a superior air*): Mamma, how can you go out like that? You look like a Jew from Hester Street that way.

CHANNA (*Meekly*): Nu, Jennie, how then? (*Offers herself humbly*).

JENNIE: Like this, if you want to look like you ought to look. There! (*She starts to rearrange her mother's collar and hat.*)

MAX (*Impatiently*): Nu, Channa, come. (*He is very evidently annoyed by Jennie's presence.*)

CHANNA: Max, didn't you forget to tell Jeannette something?

MAX: Never mind, it's not important if she'll hear later. Let it be.

IDA (*Sweetly*): Good night, lovers. Good night.

MAX (*Dragging Channa, who is still fussing with her coat*): Come, lady; Thomashefsky must be come out on the stage already. (*Exeunt Max and Channa.*)

JENNIE (*With a touch of contempt*): Thomashefsky and the Yiddish Theatre. I wish they'd learn to know better.

IDA (*Protesting*): But if papa and mamma enjoy a Yiddish play——

JENNIE (*Vehemently*): I don't want my father and mother to go to the kind of shows that those down-town Jews go to. They ought to learn to appreciate something better than Jewish taste in theatres.

IDA (*Sternly*): Look here now, Jennie. You've been saying a lot of things lately about Jews and Jewish this and Jewish that. (*Sharply*). Now, what do you mean by it all?

JENNIE (*Vehemently*): Well, I mean I'm disgusted with most Jews and Jewish things. Is that plain?

IDA: Jennie!

[*Page Ten*]

JENNIE (*Callike*): Yes, Jennie, if Jeannette doesn't suit you. Why don't Jews learn to be a little more careful about their manner and their clothes and their—and their taste—and, oh, everything. You know what I mean as well as I do. They have absolutely no feeling for the beautiful things of life. Look at the Gentiles. Did you ever see a Gentile who wasn't neat and well-bred? And oh, they're all ever so much more beautiful!

IDA: Aren't you a Jewess?

JENNIE: Well, I guess it's not my fault. Oh (*turning to go, with a superior air*), what's the use of arguing with you! You don't know any Gentiles so as to know the better things of life. (*Sarcastically*): Don't let me take you away from your Hebrew clubs and your Hebrew classes and your Hebrew this and Hebrew everything else. (*Telephone bell rings*). Perhaps for me. (*She comes back from door*).

IDA (*Reaching 'phone first*): Yes . . . yes. . . No, Ida Nadelberg. (*Gladly surprised*). Oh, hello, you, do I remember. . . (*She laughs softly; blushes*). Oh . . . how are you? You haven't come to New York for years now, have you? Oh, all right, thank you. Coming over to see us, of course. Busy! Now, that's not fair! (*Coaxing*) Tonight! Yes! No, but then you can wait for them. Is that a promise? . . . All right. (*In high spirits*). Oh, this is awfully sweet of you—I mean an awfully glad surprise. . . . Not good-bye, *auf wiedersehn*. (*Hangs up receiver*).

IDA (*Joyfully*): Cousin Jacob from Centerville County.

(*She seats herself; she is agitated, blushing, joyful and distracted*).

JENNIE (*Mockingly*): Cousin Jacob from Centerville County. "Such a glad surprise! This is awfully sweet of you!"

IDA (*In joyful enthusiasm*): You don't know him, of course. He was here, let me see, four—five—yes he was here five years ago! I remember him. Don't you, Jennie? Oh, you were in the country that summer. I remember now. He's here again. Aren't you happy?

JENNIE: Thank you, I am *not* overpowered with joy! A Yiddishe country cousin! Oh, what joy! (*Suddenly*). What does he look like?

IDA (*Fidgeting and flustered*): I—I—can't tell you.

JENNIE (*Mistaking her meaning*): Well, I can understand well enough by your answer, sister dear. (*Mocking*). One of those nice, bewhiskered old gentlemen that look like a joke-paper cartoon. (*Testily*). You know what I think of those Yiddishe sports. Oh, I'm sick of those ugly people. I hope he doesn't come here.

IDA (*Hurt*): Jennie! You are—you are—— Do you mean you really don't want to see Jacob?

JENNIE: You mean (*sneeringly*) Jacob is actually coming here?

IDA (*Blushing again*): No, he didn't promise, but he's coming! I'm sure tomorrow if not today.

JENNIE: Heavens, no! I'm expecting a gentleman, a real gentleman here tonight (*teasing viciously*), and if you want to know, he's a Gentile!

IDA (*Shocked*): A Gentile!

[*Page Twelve*]

JENNIE: Yes, a Gentile! I'm not afraid of father or mother, or what you think about Gentiles either.

IDA: A Goy calling on you in our house! (*Quickly*). Who is he, Jennie?

JENNIE (*Pretending great calm, seated*): Oh, a nice fellow! (*Cautiously*). I think he's an actor.

IDA: How long do you know him?

JENNIE: Once! (*Quickly correcting herself*). That is—er—I only spoke to him once.

IDA (*More and more earnestly*): And invited him here into father's house! Where did you meet him?

JENNIE (*Coolly*): Didn't. Flirted.

IDA (*Horried*): Flirted!

JENNIE: Oh, don't be shocked like an old maid. Yes, flirted. (*Enjoying Ida's horror*). Never met him. A telephone flirtation.

IDA (*Breathlessly*): Jennie! You never even met this man, you flirted over the 'phone. You invited him to call here. You don't know who he may be. Why—Jennie—why?

JENNIE: Why? Because I want to do as I please and get some fun out of life. That's why. (*The door bell rings. Ida rushes to the window. Jennie jealousy gets ahead of her*).

JENNIE: There! That must be him! (*Looks out of the window in a sudden transport of joy*). It's a handsome man. It's him! I know it is! (*Turning suddenly, coolly*). Oh, I'll be sure to call you, sister dear, if I need any assistance, conversational or otherwise. (*Pointing to inner door*). A real Goy might eat you up, so hadn't you better run away till your dear bewhiskered cousin Jacob comes? (*Ida goes off sorrowfully*.) Come in.

(Jennie back to the door, fussing with her hair. Jacob enters. He carries a suitcase with his initials on it. As he enters he seems bewildered and sets down the suitcase near the door where the audience, but not Jennie, sees it. He advances into the room. He is tall and well set up, with fine boyish frankness and pleasantness. He has a quick, keen understanding of any situation into which he might be placed and a distinct Jewish sense of irony).

JACOB *(Extending both hands to Jeannette, gladly)*:
Hello! I'm mighty glad to see you!

JENNIE *(Coquettishly; mistaking his meaning)*: I knew
you would be!

JACOB *(Characteristically begins to be slightly suspicious of a mistake)*: Jeannette, isn't it?

JENNIE: Oh, Mr. Burton! Pretending not to know my
name.

JACOB *(Astonished, laughs, to get time to investigate his suspicions)*: Mr. Burton—you know even less
about me than I do of you—

JENNIE *(Accepting his speech as a conversational lead. Warmly)*: Oh, you flirt! Didn't you tell me your
name over the telephone?

JACOB *(Troubled)*: Are you sure you are Jeannette?

JENNIE *(Laughing)*: Certainly! Just as sure as I am
that you are Burton!

JACOB *(Pretends to be comic, while trying to find out the mistake)*: Where, oh, where am I?

JENNIE: You're in the right house, all right. Won't you
be seated? *(His refinement of manner as he waits for her to be seated impresses her. He is thinking*

hard as he takes his seat. Then he leads off cautiously).

JACOB: Well, now that I got here all right I'll bet you can't remember my first name! (*He looks at her out of a corner of his eye, as he speaks slowly*). Is it John, or Harry, or Moshe?

JENNIE (*Playfully stops him by putting her hand on his lips*): Stop! Stop! Stop! Oh, what a fibber. Didn't you tell me your name over the wire? (*Spells*) H-e-n-r-y—Henry. (*She finishes with a triumphant look*).

JACOB (*Playing for time*): Strange, I always forget the false name I give the girls over the wire. Ha! Ha! We'll let it be Henry now.

JENNIE (*Boastfully*): Oh, you can't fool me! Henry Burton is your *real* name.

JACOB (*Starts a new tack; with light irony*): Anything else you'd like to know about me?

JENNIE (*Enthusiastically takes up the challenge*): Oh, I have a good enough memory for friends, even telephone acquaintances. You're Henry Burton. (*Pauses to take in the triumph over "Henry"*).

JACOB (*Angling for further information—easily*): Yes . . . ?

JENNIE (*Continuing in the same vein*): Your age is— (*Pauses, then humorously*) your own affair?

JACOB: Yes—?

JENNIE (*With a hint of adoration*): And aren't you an actor?

JACOB (*With extreme good nature*): No, guess again.

JENNIE: Something nice? Romantic?

JACOB (*Makes a comic sour face*): Yes—a traveling salesman.

JENNIE (*Carefully; approaching danger*): And your faith is—(*laughs a little uneasily*)—Well, you are with one of your own faith now, isn't that so, Mr. Burton? (*Looks at him earnestly*).

JACOB (*Taking in the whole situation*): Yes! (*Jennie is relieved*). Now suppose I ask you about yourself, Miss Nadelberg—

JENNIE (*With an offended air; corrects him*): NADEL! NADEL! (*Loftily*) German, you know! Nadelberg sounds so Jewish. (*She watches the effect on him*).

JACOB (*Aside*): Ah! (*To Jennie*): I beg your pardon. (*He begins systematically to goad her*). You see there are Jews by that name. (*Quickly changing the subject*). Never mind. Tell me, how's your sister?

JENNIE (*A little disappointed; sourly mocking him*): "How's your father?" "How's your mother?" "How's your sister?" "How's your brother?" How romantic you are tonight!

JACOB (*Very earnestly*): But I want to know. How is Ida?

JENNIE (*Surprised*): Oh, do you know her, too?

JACOB (*Firmly*): I do!

JENNIE: Well, two flirtations in one family is pretty good. (*Jealously*). When did you see *her* last?

JACOB (*Evasively*): Well, honestly, over the 'phone.

JENNIE (*Sarcastic*): Oh, do you copyright your telephone conversation?

JACOB: Really, Jeanette, it's not my fault that you don't understand that she—

JENNIE (*Sharply*): I do understand. Oh, I know she's

no angel! So, eat! Lectures me and flirts herself!

JACOB (*Suddenly takes up his former tactics and watches her carefully*): Ha! Ha! Yes, as a Jewish friend of mine says—

JENNIE (*Quickly interrupts*): Oh, don't please, we don't speak of those people in this house?

JACOB (*Continues to taunt her, with apparent innocence*): Personally, I'm rather fond of some of them.

JENNIE: They're horrible.

JACOB (*Musing*): Think so? Some of the girls are rather nice.

JENNIE (*Suddenly thrown off balance*): Oh, Mr. Burton—why—I—do you think that—I—

JACOB (*Drives further with an air of casual conversation, but enjoying her discomfort*): And I don't see why, for instance, a Gentile like myself couldn't be very friendly with a Jewish girl, if she were nice.

JENNIE (*Upset and uncertain. Tries to sound him*): I don't think you mean that, Mr. Burton, now, do you?

JACOB (*Good-naturedly and convincingly*): Altogether so! As a matter of fact some of my best friends are!

JENNIE (*Hurling herself across the uncertainty while she has the courage*): Mr. Burton, I think I ought to tell you—I—I—I'm of Hebrew descent—I need a friend just like you—I can't stand my Jewish friends—O there! there! I've spoiled it all, I suppose.

JACOB: No, you haven't. I told you how fond I am of

Jewish girls. (*He pretends to be astonished at the declaration*): Are—you—really?

JENNIE (*With quick pride*): My father is probably the most important Jew in the city! He's a—what you might call a—minister—a—a—anyhow, a leading Jew!

JACOB (*Very politely*): Yes? You ought to be very happy.

JENNIE: Yes—that way. But oh, some day I shall have to marry a Jew—I'm afraid of *that*! Think of it! I think they have one all ready for me now. (*She strikes while the iron is hot. She is sure he believes everything*). You know it's the Jewish custom to choose a groom for a girl without her ever seeing him!

JACOB (*Quite genuinely surprised*): Really! I have never heard of that before!

JENNIE: It's true. Oh, how I need a friend! You have been so—so—so—

JACOB (*Persuasively*): Go on—

JENNIE (*Encouraged*): So—friendly—to me—I'm sure I don't deserve it from you—I—I—

JACOB: Now, now. You're weeping as though they had married you off already.

JENNIE: It is more serious than you think! Perhaps they have! I'm sure they have. (*Suddenly remembers the other 'phone call*). Oh, now I understand. I think he may be coming here tonight to see me.

JACOB: Who?

JENNIE (*Halted in her flood of fibs*): What's his name—er—er (*inspired*)—Jacob—

JACOB (*Quickly*): Jacob what?

{Page Eighteen}

JENNIE (*With a second inspiration*): Jacob from Centerville County. Oh, I need—someone—

JACOB: Jacob—from—! (*He smothered a laugh. In a big melodramatic voice*). Have you ever seen him?

JENNIE: No. (*Catching herself tragically*). Yes, yes! A long time ago. He has a long beard and horrible manners—Oh, I can't bear him. (*Clinging to Jacob desperately*). Advise me—You tell me what to do! Who can save me from this awful fate? (*She looks hopefully at Jacob*).

JACOB (*Dramatically, again choking down a laugh*): I can save you, dear child! (*Jennie turns quickly to Jacob. Enter Ida from right*).

IDA: I beg your pardon, I thought I heard someone rapping—(*Noticing Jacob*): Why, hello Ja—(*Ida is facing Jacob, but Jennie's back is turned to Ida*).

JACOB (*Signalling, just as Jennie turns again*): Sh!

IDA: Oh, I beg your pardon!

JENNIE (*Sharply*): Now, don't you pretend you don't know Mr. Burton—

JACOB (*Signalling*): Miss Nadel, you do remember Mr. Burton, don't you?

IDA (*Understanding, smiles*): Of course. Mr. Burton, excuse me, someone's at the door. (*She opens the door. Enter Mr. Brahinsky*).

JENNIE (*Suddenly*): What! There's Jacob from Centerville. (*Brahinsky advancing in genially and finding a seat for himself. Jennie has risen to cling to Jacob*).

JACOB: If I am to do anything for you, you must follow my advice. Will you?

JENNIE: Yes, yes. What must I do, Mr. Burton?

JACOB: Sit down and talk to him. (*She wavers. He is*

firm). Remember, I've got all this planned. (*Jennie reluctantly seats herself opposite Brahinsky. Comic pantomime. Jacob draws Ida aside*). Ida, Jennie's made a mistake. She thinks I'm a Mr. Burton, a Gentile!

IDA (*Laughing*): But Jacob—

JACOB: Sh! Pretend I am Mr. Burton, Ida dear. This gives me a chance to be with you, dear little girl—waiting three years for me to come back wasn't easy, was it? Come, now—I want to talk to you, alone. (*Jacob goes off with Ida. Jennie is in agony, opposite Brahinsky, who eyes her in a fatherly way across the table*).

BRAHINSKY (*Reassuringly*): 'S all right. I got lots of time. I'm a *balabatish mensch*, you know.

JENNIE (*Coldly*): I don't know your name, I'm afraid.

BRAHINSKY: Mr. Brahinsky. (*Enthusiastically*). I think you're a nice girl and deserve a nice husband. (*He sits up with a business-like air and lights a cigar*).

JENNIE (*Aside in horror*): It's just as I guessed. He really wants to propose to me.

BRAHINSKY: Don't you ever think you want to get married? (*Suddenly leaning forward*). Life insurance you got it already, did you?

JENNIE: Mr. Brahinsky, *please, please*, go no further.

BRAHINSKY: Ha! 'S all right. Lots of girls say the same thing and they would be glad of a good chance. I know a man that's dying for you.

JENNIE (*Savagely*): Let him. Go ahead.

BRAHINSKY: But, lady, a fine boy, first class, *yichus*, businessman, *balabatish*, a little old maybe, but the young fellers are all fools and spenders. (*Persuasively; familiarly*). I tell you, Jentele, lady—

JENNIE (*Springs up*): Oh! This is unbearable. (*Calls despairingly*). Mr. Burton! Please come in—(*Enter Jacob, Ida following*).

BRAHINSKY (*Advancing with a happy handshake*): Mr. Burton, I am glad to make your acquaintance. And here's a *kartel*!.. (*Sorts a number of cards*). Reverend Brahinsky. Maybe you need—ah—(*looks at him*)—a nice fellow like you don't need me! (*Good-naturedly*). Life insurance, you got it already, did you?

JENNIE: Oh!

JACOB (*Good-naturedly*): Glad to know all about you, Mr. Brahinsky.

BRAHINSKY: Nu, *avadi*! (*Turning to Jennie and referring to Jacob*). A shoener Yiddisher bocher, ha?

JENNIE: How dare you insult him like that?

JACOB: Please don't be annoyed. I'm not insulted. I like Mr. Brahinsky. Some day I may have some business for him. (*Looks at Ida*).

BRAHINSKY: 'S all right, sure! Why not? Erev Pesach, I'm in the *matzos* business.

JACOB (*Pretending ignorance*): *Matzos? Matzos?* (*Politely*). Oh, yes, yes, *matzos*.

BRAHINSKY: Between times, wherever I come the girls are glad to see me.

JENNIE (*Enraged*): I will not stand this any longer, Mr. Brahinsky, you have insulted me enough. Leave this house instantly!

BRAHINSKY (*Backing out good-naturedly*): See, see, how excited! Nu! Nu! (*Turns back suddenly*). Life insurance you got it already? Yes? (*Philosophically*). The first time it's all the same. All the girls throw me out. I'm used. Wait a little

later—you'll be glad to see me. Nu, 's all right. Don't forget me. (*Exit Brakinsky*).

JENNIE (*To Jacob*): Oh, I don't know how to apologize for this terrible creature, this Jacob—

JACOB: Yes, your cousin Jacob from Centerville must be horrible. But don't worry, child. I promise you on my honor I shall see to it myself, that whatever happens cousin Jacob will never marry you. (*Puts his hand on his heart. The bell is heard. Ida goes to the door*).

ALL: Come in. (*Enter Mr. Burton, a very youthful sporty chap, with budding mustache. He carries a cane*).

BURTON (*Embarrassed*): Hello—I—well—er—are you—excuse me, which of you is Miss Nadel? I want Miss Jeannette Nadel.

JENNIE (*Coolly*): I am Miss Jeannette Nadel.

BURTON (*Gleaming, advances*): Hello! Why, don't you guess who I am?

JENNIE: I don't know you.

BURTON (*Lightly*): Come, now!

JENNIE (*Harshly*): I never met you.

BURTON (*Wondering*): Didn't you get my 'phone message from your father or mother?

JENNIE (*Curtly; she is jealously watching Jacob and Ida*). No!

BURTON: Well, it is embarrassing to tell you in the presence of company that you don't know me, and yet you do. I'm Mr. Burton.

JENNIE (*Astonished*): You Mr. Burton! That can't be. Why, there's some mistake here. What do you mean by saying you are Mr. Burton?

BURTON (*Returning the anger with double force*): I

recognize your voice, all right. You're the girl who flirted over the wire with me when Central got our wires crossed. You asked me to come up here and call on you. I 'phoned I'd be late. Now just because you have this (*sneering*) Jewish company of yours around, you're trying to deny you ever spoke to me. (*Hotly*). Well, you can't make a fool of me. I'm glad you tried it, though. This is the last time I condescend to make an engagement with a Jewish person. Good night! (*He stamps his cane and is going up to the door when the door is suddenly opened and Mr. and Mrs. Nadelberg come in. Burton remains motionless half way up stage, left, Jacob, Ida and Jennie forming a group left front.*)

CHANNA (*Very much excited—goes to the right and flings off hat, etc.*): What do you think of that? *Vergessen* the tickets, so they don't let us in the theayter.

MAX (*Trying to placate her*): Nu. nu. So you didn't go tonight in Yiddish theater, nu?

CHANNA (*Irreconcilable*): Oh, Max, I wanted to have a cry so much! (*Sobs on his shoulder*). Why did you forget the tickets? (*He begins a frantic search*).

BRAHINSKY (*Rushes in to Max and Channa*): Nu, nu! I saw you yet from the corner. You met me, so it's better than a theayter already. (*He turns to to them. Jacob and Ida cross the stage, followed by Jennie and Max and Channa*).

JENNIE (*In distress, has been conversing with Burton, who at the sight of Brahinsky has started to*

escape. She holds him back): Please wait, Mr. Burton, there must be some mistake.

BRAHINSKY (*Turns suddenly on Burton*): Aha! Mr. Burton! (*With deep irony*). Mr. Burton is *dein nomen gevoren?* Chayim Brahinsky *gefehlt dir nisht?* (*Excitedly*). How many times did I tell you don't make funny monkey business with your name? (*Fiercely, advancing on the cowering Burton*). And didn't I tell you not to go around sporting like a *chossen* in your *shabbesdige* suit? A sport you are! Go home and make first your lessons for high school.

JENNIE: Do you know him, Mr. Brahinsky?

BRAHINSKY: Do I know him? My, is *dos* a loafer! Dat's my own son! (*Chasing him*). *Aheim geh!*

JENNIE (*Falls on the chair*): Oh, what a Goy!

CHANNA (*After a joyful pantomime with Jacob and Ida*): *Mazel tov! Mazel tov!* Its's my silver wedding!

JACOB: And tomorrow we will be married and start our trip around the world, little girl.

MAX (*Joking admiringly to Jacob*): You are taking my Ida away. My, *bist du a shagets!*

JENNIE (*Screams*): *Shagets!* Don't mention that word to me for the rest of my life!

(*Tableau — Brahinsky, Jennie, Max, Channa, Jacob, Ida.*)

CURTAIN

