

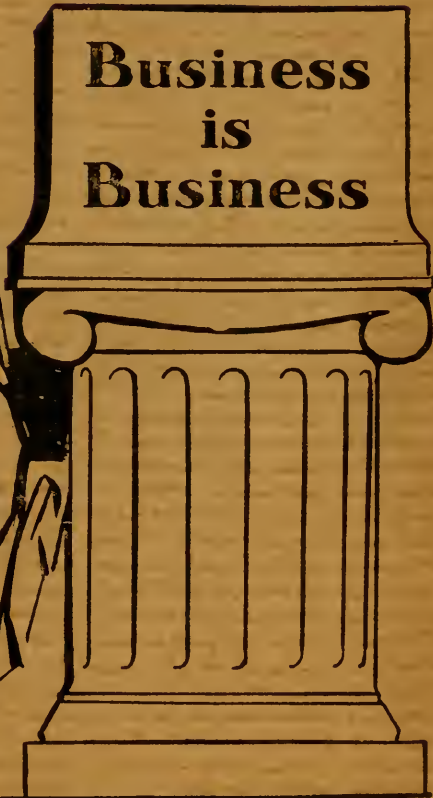
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Johnston 1910

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

A COMEDY

BY

HARRY L. NEWTON

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Champion," "The Coontown Thirteen Club," "The Corner Drug Store,"
"The Counterfeit Bills," "A Dutch Cocktail," "Five Minutes from Yell
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"Uncle Bill at the Vaudeville" and "When
the Circus Came to Town."*



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

CHARACTERS.

JACOB LOWENSTEIN.....*A Cloak Merchant*
JIMMIE BROOKS*His Bookkeeper*
MADGE CLAY*His Stenographer*

The action of the play transpires in Lowenstein's office during baseball season.

PLACE—*New York.*

TIME—*Early Afternoon, this Summer.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*Thirty Minutes.*

NOTICE.—Production of this play is free to amateurs, but the sole professional rights are reserved by the Publishers.

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CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

JACOB LOWENSTEIN is not a burlesque on the Hebrew race. He is an Americanized Jew, speaking with a slight accent. He should appear to be about 40 years of age, is smoothly shaven, with nose built up prominently; wears a wig of dark curly hair and a neat business suit. He is proud of the name Lowenstein and of his cloak business and must show it above everything.

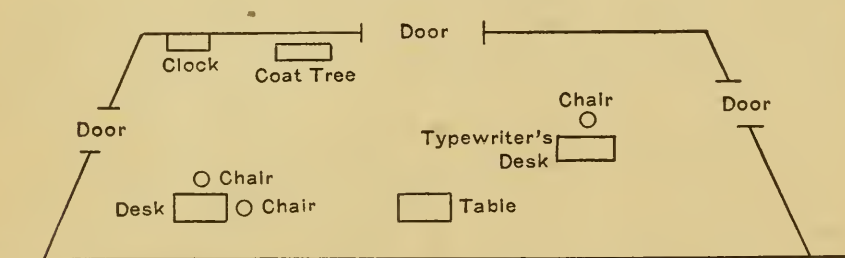
JIMMY is a youth of about 20, chock full of vim and dash. He is madly in love with Madge and baseball. Dresses in a light suit and straw hat.

MADGE is young and pretty. Wears a neat shirt waist and ankle length skirt. Should be lively but not "flip" and in the proposal scene with Lowenstein shows that she feels for him but that her heart belongs to Jimmy.

PROPERTIES.

Desk, telephone, ink, pens, pencils, letters, one or two account books and other articles generally found on an office desk. Typewriter, paper, pad, pencil, etc., for Madge's desk. Cigarettes and newspaper with colored sporting page for Jimmie. Hand mirror and powder chamois for Madge. Cigar for Lowenstein. Office clock on flat R. C.

STAGE SETTING.



STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of the stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *R. D.*, right door; *L. D.*, left door, etc.; *1 E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance, etc.; *D. F.*, door in flat or scene running across the back of the stage; *1 G.*, first grooves, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

SCENE: JACOB LOWENSTEIN'S *private office. Box set in 3. Doors C. R. and L. Doors R and L. backed with interiors. Stenographer's desk with typewriter, L. C., opposite L. door. Library table with books and papers, C. Flat-topped desk with swivel chair, desk phone and extra chair. Coat tree R. of C. door. Office clock on flat R. C. See Scene Plot for stage setting.*

Curtain rises to ringing of telephone bell, which subsides after two or three full rings. Enter JIMMY, door C., with hands in coat pockets, hat pulled savagely over his eyes and cigarette in mouth. Removes hat and conceals cigarette behind his back, implying that he is taking an unwonted liberty. After a cautious glance around the room which seems to satisfy him that he is alone, he replaces hat and puffs cigarette vigorously, exhaling disgruntled cloud of smoke. Goes down to table C., straddling one corner; picks up early edition of afternoon newspaper, turns hurriedly over to the sporting pages, reads for a moment and slams it down in disgust. As an afterthought but with evident ill feeling he picks up the paper and folds it carefully. Rises, jabs his hands down deep into trouser pockets and walks toward door, L. His whole attitude must convey a grouch. Door, C., opens and MADGE enters. She looks at the dejected JIMMY apparently in no hurry to speak to him and walks down to hat tree, R. C. Business of removing hat and coat. She crosses over to her desk, L. C., opens drawer, takes out hand mirror and powder chamois. Turning toward audience with business of powdering face. She replaces the outfit, shuts drawer decisively and says cheerily:

MADGE. Well, Mr. Grouch, what's the trouble? (JIMMY turns to face her and removes hat.) And on such a beautiful day, too.

JIMMY. Yes, that's just the trouble. (*Crosses back to table.*) This weather is for ball playing, not keeping books. (*Picks up paper.*) Do you know who pitches today?

MADGE (*innocently*). Certainly. (*Names prominent baseball manager.*)

JIMMY. No. (*Names some famous pitcher.*) In jim-dandy form, too, and I've got to slave over those darn books. I tell you, it's a shame.

MADGE. Why don't you get off, then?

JIMMY. I did have my nerve up to ask Lowenstein, but of course (*waving hand at desk, R. C.*) he's out. Now when he comes in I won't dare. (*Disgustedly.*) All he knows about sport is auction pinochle!

MADGE. Business is business with him.

JIMMY. I should say it was. Lowenstein! Could you imagine of anything but business with a name like that!

MADGE. Oh, cheer up, Jimmy. (*Sitting down at desk and putting copy paper in machine.*) Besides I've got loads of letters and Mr. Lowenstein won't like it if I'm behind in my work.

JIMMY. Say, Madge, you're mighty anxious to please Lowenstein, aren't you? I wish you had as much regard for me. (*Grandly.*) You know you can't keep me jumping through hoops forever.

MADGE (*looking at clock*). You'd better run along like a good boy. He'll be back from lunch any minute now.

JIMMY. Well, what if he will? What do I care? It's you, Madge, first, last and always with me. Who cares for him? Lowenstein!

LOWENSTEIN (*off stage*). Don't ship those goods till I tell you. I think he owes a balance yet from last year. Wait until I look him up.

At sound of LOWENSTEIN'S voice JIMMY does comedy sneak through door, L. MADGE operates machine vigorously. Then enter LOWENSTEIN door, C., briskly. He comes down to hat tree, R. C. During speech he removes hat and changes coat for office coat.

LOWENSTEIN. I will never go out to lunch with Morris

again. We shake for the lunch—I lose. After lunch we shake for the cigars—Morris wins. When it comes to gambling I'm a lobster. (*To MADGE.*) Anybody been in?

MADGE (*absent mindedly*). Yes—Jimmy.

LOWENSTEIN (*surprised*). What?

MADGE (*confusedly*). Oh, no; nobody, sir.

LOWENSTEIN (*sitting down at desk and picking up scattered letters*). Any telegrams?

MADGE. No, sir.

LOWENSTEIN. Any telephones?

MADGE. No, sir.

LOWENSTEIN. Any word from Wolf?

MADGE. No, sir; not as yet. (*Resumes typewriting.*)

LOWENSTEIN (*meditatively*). Um—m—m! I wonder if Morris was kiddin' me when he said he was going to land Wolf's order? Morris maybe can skin me with dice, but he can't do it when it comes to business. Let's see; \$4,000 worth of cloaks; that's \$2,000 profit, at least. (*Slowly, and figuring with pencil on paper.*) I don't believe it that Morris will get it away from me, either. (*To MADGE, suddenly.*) You was certain there was nothing from Wolf, eh?

MADGE (*startled*). No, nothing at all, sir. (*Pounds on machine.*)

LOWENSTEIN (*scratching hand with pencil, reflectively*). Um—m—m! I bet you I gotta take that feller out to lunch yet before I clinch that order. That's more clean profit gone. (*Telephone bell rings. LOWENSTEIN reaches for it eagerly.*) Aha! That's the sucker now. (*Receiver to ear, calls:*) Yes, yes; sure. This is Lowenstein! No, no; Lowenstein, I said. (*Spells it.*) L-o-w-e-n-s-t-e-i-n. What? O'Brien? Say, you got it the wrong number. (*Hangs up receiver, disgustedly.*) O'Brien! (*Picks up cigar, takes a couple of puffs and stares fixedly at MADGE the while. Aside.*) A fine girl that—and a fine worker. For a long time now I've been watchin' her and I pretty near come to the conclusions I am going to ask her to be my wife. She should make a good wife. (*Looks all about to see if he is observed.*) I am goin' to find out if I love her and she

oves me. (*Lays down cigar, then calls suddenly.*) Miss Clay, take a letter, please. (*MADGE rises, picks up pencil and pad, crosses to his desk and sits down ready for dictation.* LOWENSTEIN, *dictating*). Rosenheimer, Stern, Isaacs, Lewinson, Meyers & Co., Chicago. Gentlemen: (*Gazes longingly at MADGE'S right hand. Abstractedly.*) What a nice white hand you got.

MADGE (*indignantly*). Sir!

LOWENSTEIN. Oh, I mean *short hand*. (*Smiles, proud of his slyness.*)

MADGE (*appeased*). Yes, sir.

LOWENSTEIN (*dictating*). Gentlemen: I am sending to-day your order F. O. B. How is business? Everything I trust will be O. K. Is business good? You will find the garments O. K. in every respect, except that some are lightly moth-eaten, a few are shop-worn and the other half is damaged by water. Otherwise they are as guaranteed—perfect. I trust that business is good with you. Business is good with me. Yours for business. Jacob Lowenstein.

MADGE. Is that all?

LOWENSTEIN (*nervously*). Yes—no; there is something else yet. (*Toying with pencil, ill at ease.*) Umm——m! How is business in the store yet?

JIMMY (*off stage, sings:*) "Baseball, baseball, hear everybody rooting for their nine." (*Then stops suddenly and exclaims disgustedly:*) Oh, rats! (*Then noise of a edger being slammed upon desk.*)

LOWENSTEIN (*looking in direction of noise*). What the—what's the matter?

MADGE (*half laughingly*). Oh, that's only Jimmy. You know he's a fan, Mr. Lowenstein.

LOWENSTEIN. A fan? What is it, a fan?

MADGE. A fan, so Jimmy says, is a person who is perfectly willing at any and all times to exchange his meal ticket for a rain check.

LOWENSTEIN (*puzzled*). A rain check?

MADGE (*resignedly explaining*). Yes. You see Jimmy is just crazy over baseball—

LOWENSTEIN (*springing to his feet*). What! Baseball in business hours?

MADGE (*startled*). Yes, sir—but Jimmy thinks the other way, sir. He says it is business in baseball hours. Besides, he—he wants very much to go to the—the game today.

LOWENSTEIN (*dropping back in his chair and staring at her in amazement*). Jimmy—what? He wants to go to the—(*stops, overcome.*)

MADGE (*half crying*). I'm—I'm sorry, sir.

LOWENSTEIN. I shall have to talk to him. He's a loafer!

MADGE (*half rising*). Is that all, sir?

LOWENSTEIN. Yes—that's all; no, wait. (*Tenderly.*) I think there is something else, too. (*MADGE sinks into her chair again, wonderingly, and he continues:*) Miss Clay, I have been watching you for a long time yet now—and I have been thinking about you when I got home at night. (*She attempts to interrupt, but he silences her with a gesture and continues.*) Madge, whenever I see a new style cloak I see you in it. Whenever I write a check I see your face in the figures. Now, I ain't no love maker maybe—I'm a business man, so you must excuse me if I don't take up too much time in business hours with something outside of business. Now, I have decided, after deliberate conclusions, to make you my wife. (*Proudly.*) Mrs. Lowenstein. (*Smiles and rubs his hands together.*)

MADGE (*rising slowly and backing away from him, surprise showing in her face and manner*). Why, Mr. Lowenstein. This is—

LOWENSTEIN (*interrupting*). A surprise? Sure, I suppose so. Everybody thinks I am business, all business, nothing else but business. Morris thinks so, too; but Morris don't know what lays here. (*Puts one hand on his heart.*) I'm—I'm tired of being alone. Alone all the time—alone! I want a partner. (*With deep feeling.*) I want you, Madge. I want you to be Mrs. Lowenstein. (*Repeats name proudly.*) Mrs. Lowenstein! (*Then with sudden recovery as though ashamed of sentiment he reaches in a business like manner for the letters on his desk.*) Well, what is it? Yes or no? Business is business!

MADGE (*trying to spare his feelings and sparring for delay.*) Mr. Lowenstein, this is so sudden, you know. A little time—

LOWENSTEIN (*quickly*). Sure. Thirty days. Five off for cash. (*Noticing his mistake adds quickly*). No, no; I mean think it over. (*Slowly and tenderly*.) And think it over—right!

(*Telephone rings, LOWENSTEIN reaches for it, apparently forgetting MADGE, who stands with head bowed, hardly knowing whether or not to go.*)

LOWENSTEIN (*with receiver to ear, calls:*) Hello! hello! Yes. What? Oh, that shipment for Weber, Goldman & Company? Yes, sure. I shall be right down. (*Puts up receiver, rises, goes to door, R., and upon reaching it he turns, gazes fondly at MADGE, sighs and exclaims rapturously:*) Mrs. Lowenstein! (*Exit.*)

MADGE (*looking after him an instant before speaking*). And I never knew it was in him before, either! (*Gives a little shiver.*) Goodness! Mrs. Lowenstein! How could I ever be *that*! (*Sighs.*) What am I ever to do now? I suppose he will make my life miserable until I do consent to be—(*shivers again*) Mrs. Lowenstein. (*Half laughing and crying.*) Oh, I wonder what Jimmy would say if he knew. (*Crosses to typewriting desk.*)

Door, L., opens cautiously and JIMMY puts head in.

JIMMY. Hist! Boss gone?

MADGE (*nodding head vigorously*). Uh—huh! He's gone, but he'll be back—to see you about baseball.

JIMMY (*coming down and seating himself in a lazy attitude on her desk*). Oh, I ain't afraid of him. But believe me, between you and baseball, I sure can't do a lick of work.

MADGE (*innocently*). Me?

JIMMY. Yes—you know what I mean, Madge. How often do I have to tell you that I love you and want you to pick out a janitor right away quick, eh?

MADGE (*shyly*). Oh, Jimmy! You musn't.

JIMMY. Musn't I? Well, I will say it. I love you, I love you, I love you!!! There! Three times I said it—real loud.

MADGE (*earnestly*). But are you real sure you mean it, Jimmy?

JIMMY. You know it.

MADGE (*looking about in mysterious manner*). Jimmy, there's something happened today—(*suddenly*). Jimmy, would you be willing to do anything for me—anything? (*With deep conviction*.) The man I marry *must!*

JIMMY (*quickly*). Sure I would.

MADGE. Anything in the whole wide world without asking questions?

JIMMY. You bet!

MADGE (*rising and taking him by one arm and speaking very earnestly*). Then listen, Jimmy.

JIMMY. With both ears!

MADGE. (*As she delivers the following speech JIMMY follows her closely, repeating eagerly after her the last words of each point. For instance, "Door will open," "Sealed package," "Diamond snake ring," "Blindfold you," etc.*) Then listen again, Jimmy. You are to take the elevator to the seventeenth floor of the Flatiron building, go to room 3760, the door will open, a man's hand will hold out a sealed package, notice if there is a diamond snake ring on his third finger; go to the corner of Broadway and Twenty-second Street, wait for a man dressed entirely in black in a black automobile, look for a diamond snake ring on his third finger; get in the auto; he'll blindfold you. At exactly 3:17 in Chase Woods on the outskirts you will be met by three masked men all with revolvers; if they wear diamond snake rings, get out of the auto, give the tallest man the sealed package; you will then be bound and gagged and thrown into a deep well—into icy cold water. Now will you do that for me, Jimmy?

JIMMY. Will I? Well, just watch me. (*Starts hurriedly for center door, but MADGE stops him with her speech.*)

MADGE. Never mind, Jimmy. (*Laughs heartily.*) I was only testing you.

JIMMY (*at door, turns in surprise*). Testing?

MADGE (*laughingly*). Yes, Jimmy. I read that nonsense in a book once, and I wanted to see if you could be a hero—for me.

JIMMY (*coming back with pleased disgust*). Well, if that isn't just like a woman. (JIMMY *takes her hand; she struggles very faintly as—*)

Enter LOWENSTEIN, door R.

LOWENSTEIN (*on entering*). Any telegrams? Any telephones? Any word from—(*stops abruptly as he sees their position.*) Say, what does this mean, eh? (JIMMY *drops her hand and takes a step toward door, L.*)

MADGE (*nervously*). Mr. Lowenstein, Jimmy and I—

LOWENSTEIN (*endeavoring to control his emotion*). So! So it is Jimmy, is it? (MADGE *hangs head abashed, while JIMMY is uneasy. LOWENSTEIN sits heavily in chair at his desk, picks up a letter which he looks at very carefully as though trying to decide just what to do. Aside.*) And I made love to her—all for nothin'.

MADGE (*agitatedly*). Mr. Lowenstein, I hope—

LOWENSTEIN (*sharply*). Miss Clay, you have took up enough time already yet in business hours. Go to your work. (*To JIMMY.*) Come here once, Jimmy. (MADGE *goes slowly to her desk, JIMMY moves slowly to LOWENSTEIN'S desk and stands with downcast head.*) From the looks of things, generally speaking, you have been making love to Miss Clay.

JIMMY (*sullenly*). Well? And if I have?

LOWENSTEIN. Let me talk, please. You are gettin' from me \$18 every Saturday, ain't you?

JIMMY (*sullenly*). Yes.

LOWENSTEIN. From the looks of things, generally speakin', you are spending every cent on your back, ain't it?

JIMMY. Well, I earn every cent of it and it's my money, isn't it?

LOWENSTEIN. Sure. (*Nods head vigorously.*)

JIMMY. I spend my money as I like. I don't ask you how you spend yours—

MADGE (*raising a protesting hand*). Jimmy—don't!

LOWENSTEIN (*to JIMMY*). Don't get exercited; don't get exercited. (*To MADGE*.) Do you—do you think pretty much of Jimmy? (*Watching her face and anxiously waiting her reply*.)

MADGE (*with downcast eyes*). Yes, sir.

LOWENSTEIN (*to JIMMY, chokingly*). Do you—do you love her?

JIMMY (*defiantly*). You bet I do?

MADGE. Oh, yes, sir; he really does. (*Proudly*.) I've tested him.

LOWENSTEIN (*glancing slowly from one to the other and nervously fingering a letter*). Miss Clay, you will please oblige me by going into the other room for a minute. I should like to talk with Jimmy. (*MADGE rises slowly, looks appealingly at LOWENSTEIN, goes to door, R., and looks over her shoulder with an expression of entreaty as she exits. To JIMMY*.) Jimmy, the point I am tryin' to embezzle into your head is this: You are makin' and spendin' eighteen a week on yourself. What do you expect to do with a wife? heh?

JIMMY. That's all right. She will be my wife and I will look out for her.

LOWENSTEIN. Yes, maybe—but how? (*JIMMY starts to speak, but LOWENSTEIN checks him with a gesture*.) Wait! I ain't through yet. I myself have some regard for the—the young lady in questions. More regard for her than you think, Jimmy, and I don't want her to—to get a bum steer. Y'understand?

JIMMY (*half angrily*). Mr. Lowenstein, if you hadn't been almost like a father to me, I'd—(*draws back as if to strike*).

LOWENSTEIN (*pacifying*). There, there, Jimmy; don't forget yourself. I wasn't goin' to say nothin' about what I have done for you, but since you say it yourself, all right. Jimmy, I took you off the street when you were peddlin' papers, brought you in here, gave you a good edumanca-tion, good job and now—now what do you do? (*Rising*

and speaking brokenly). You steal from me—you steal from me!

JIMMY (*angrily*) You—you lie! I never stole a penny from you in all my life—

LOWENSTEIN (*holding up one hand*) Wait, Jimmy! It ain't money I am speakin' of—it's something else Miss Clay—Madge. (*Sits heavily in chair, bows head on hands.*)

JIMMY (*astounded*). What! You mean—mean to—to say that you—

LOWENSTEIN (*interrupting*). Sure. A little while ago I asked Miss Clay to be (*proudly*) Mrs. Lowenstein!

JIMMY (*looks at him a moment in astonishment, then bursts into a mocking laugh*). Oh, come now, Mr. Lowenstein—

LOWENSTEIN. That's why I say you "stole" from me, Jimmy. She turned me down, and then later I understood why. Now, then, I am askin' you, is it gratitude from you that I get after what I've done for you? Is it or ain't it?

JIMMY (*hanging head and speaking slowly*). Well, not exactly—but it isn't my fault. (*Raises head and looks LowENSTEIN squarely in the face. Speaking rapidly.*) But you needn't think I have to stay here and get "called" from you. I've done nothing that I am ashamed of. It is true you picked me up off the street and gave me a job, but believe me I 've earned every cent you ever paid me—and you know it. (*Turns slowly away. Speaking more slowly.*) And now—now I suppose it's all off with me; I'm the "goat." (*Defiantly.*) All right, Mr. Lowenstein—I guess you'd better get a new boy.

Enter MADGE, door R., in time to overhear his last words. Stands back and with finger on lips motions JIMMY to control himself.

LOWENSTEIN (*drumming on desk with tips of fingers. Thoughtfully for an instant before replying*). Don't get exercised, Jimmy. I got to think this out, yet. For eighteen dollars a week I couldn't get such a good man as you, Jimmy. And eighteen dollars a week ain't so much to support a wife on, Jimmy. Y'see, I got to look at this from both sides of the story. Besides, if you marry my stenographer,

I got it to get a new one again, and maybe I don't get as good one as the one I got.

JIMMY (*in the meantime has been shifting uneasily on his feet and glancing nervously from MADGE to LOWENSTEIN*). Well?

LOWENSTEIN. Jimmy, I think you'd better go—

MADGE (*stepping forward and facing LOWENSTEIN, imperatively*). Mr. Lowenstein, this is unworthy of you. You have no right to discharge Jimmy for—

JIMMY (*interrupting*). Oh, never mind, Madge. I don't want to work any more for him—there's no use haggling.

MADGE. You're right, Jimmy. I have felt for a long time that we were both foolish for staying here. I know I can get more wages, and I feel positive that any other cloak firm in the city would be glad to have you with them on account of the trade you control—*personally*. (*Smiles triumphantly at LOWENSTEIN.*)

LOWENSTEIN (*aside*). By golly; I forgot that. I pretty near put my foot in it. (*To JIMMY.*) Say, did I say anythin' about dischargin' you?

JIMMY. Yes, you said I had better go.

LOWENSTEIN (*sickly laugh*). It's a misunderstandin', Jimmy. I said you'd better go, but I mean to the ball game—see? By golly, pretty near I made a mistake! (*Laughs again, this time more heartily.*)

MADGE. Then—then he isn't fired? (*JIMMY stares fixedly at him.*)

LOWENSTEIN (*rubbing his hands together*). Sure not. I never thought of such a thing for a minute. (*Turns his head and winks slyly aside.*)

JIMMY (*impulsively puts out his hand to LOWENSTEIN*). Mr. Lowenstein, I want to thank you.

LOWENSTEIN (*grasping the hand*). That's all right, Jimmy. Now you run along to the ball game. You got a half holiday comin' on the firm.

MADGE. Mr. Lowenstein, I always said you were a brick. I want to thank you, too. (*Puts out her hand*)

LOWENSTEIN (*showing deep agitation now as he looks first from her face, then to JIMMY'S, and slowly takes her*

hand in a firm clasp). It's all right, and I—I congratulate you—with all my heart. (*Turns away, sinks heavily into his chair and pretends to busy himself with the scattered letters.*)

JIMMY (*going to hat rack and getting hat*). Mr. Lowenstein, I want awfully to see the game this afternoon, but if you need me here, I'll—(*stopping suddenly and glancing at MADGE*). Oh, gee, I forgot. It wouldn't be exactly right to duck and leave you—

LOWENSTEIN. Miss Clay also gets a half holiday, Jimmy; get a move on you. (*MADGE is about to speak to LOWENSTEIN, but changes her mind and instead runs for her hat, puts it on, then goes to her desk, takes out bag, etc., and for a moment is busy getting ready for street exit.*)

MADGE (*as she is ready to go, steps to LOWENSTEIN'S desk*). Good-bye, Mr. Lowenstein—and thank you again.

LOWENSTEIN (*gruffly and not looking up from his letters*). So long.

JIMMY (*stepping briskly forward*). Thank you again, sir. I'll work all the harder to make up for this.

LOWENSTEIN (*restraining JIMMY as he is about to depart*). Wait, Jimmy. I said a little while ago that you couldn't keep a wife on eighteen a week. Thinkin' it over since, generally speakin', to myself, I have come to the conclusion that twenty-five a week might do it better. Be here at eight sharp in the mornin', Jimmy—business is business, y'know.

JIMMY and MADGE (*in concert*). What! Twenty-five dollars a week?

LOWENSTEIN. Say, shut up; you are takin' up my time. Get a move on.

MADGE and JIMMY (*clasp each other about the waist, dance with joy and rush through door, L., singing as they exit:*) Twenty-five dollars a week, a week, twenty-five dollars a week, a week.

LOWENSTEIN (*notes their joy and smiles. Immediately after their exit his expression changes to sadness and with an audible sigh he lets his head fall down upon his arms. He raises his head and speaks slowly*). Love? Love ain't no

business nohow. Love? Love is a—(*pauses a moment, then speaks quickly.*) I wonder how I can get that order from Wolf? (*Telephone rings and he grabs receiver eagerly.*) Hello! Hello! Who is it? Oh, Wolf? (*Smiles broadly.*) How-de-do, Mr. Wolf? How's business? That's good. Oh, them goods? Sure, I got 'em. How much for cash? Five off, sure. All right, I'll ship them tomorrow, Wolf—without fail. Good-bye. (*Hangs up receiver, then speaks slowly and with deep meaning.*) No, love is not a business. Father was right. The cloak business is the business for me. (*He picks up a pencil and begins to write rapidly, to—*)

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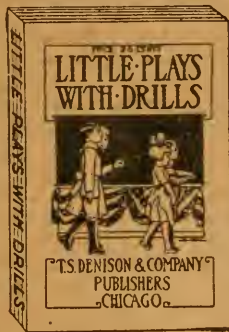
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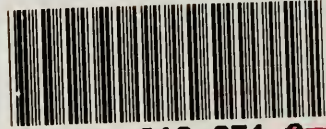
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