

CUT #10  
SAM and IZZY

48

CROSSING DELANCEY

ACT II

~~to — not to be taken lightly. — She should know. Not  
style, I got taste — I got class. — No, don't show me the  
bargains! I'm not interested in bargains. I don't care what  
it costs. This is the — for the girl. — whenever I close  
my eyes. This is the hat — who sings to me in all  
my waking dreams."~~

~~(She puts the book on the bench and jumps off the bench and runs to the bookstore  
as the books come up. IZZY is at the shelf, her back to the door.  
She enters.)~~

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SAM. Fits. Fits nicely. Very good.

IZZY. *(She recognizes the voice, turns, startled.)* Thank  
you.

SAM. A good guess, hm?

IZZY. Almost as if I were there in the store with  
you.

SAM. You were. *(Pause. He looks around the shop.)* This is  
very comfortable. Very inviting. Not like the big book  
stores. They're starting to feel like supermarkets. — I can  
see how it must be a pleasant place to work.

IZZY. Yeah, it's pretty relaxed.

SAM. *(pause)* It was strange for you — meeting me like  
that at your Bubbie's—

IZZY. Yeah.

SAM. With Mrs. Mandelbaum selling me like a used  
car.

IZZY. She has some technique.

SAM. But she's a determined lady. I've got to give  
her credit.

IZZY. Has she introduced you to a lot of women?

SAM. No — you're the first. But she's been after me a long time to meet some of her "clients" as she calls them. Always with the pictures, the stories, the promises.... But when she showed me this one, I finally said, yes, Mrs. Mandelbaum— *(He takes the photo from his wallet.)*

IZZY. *(looking at the photo)* Where did she get this? — They really went to work, didn't they?

SAM. *(Looks over her shoulder at the picture.)* Yes, Mrs. Mandelbaum, this one I'll meet.

IZZY. *(Turns to SAM and lets herself be drawn in — then pulls away.)* You mean you didn't hire her?

SAM. No, no — she's a very active promoter — ze hut mir ein g'vegelt— She makes package deals.

IZZY. Oh, I didn't realize—

SAM. Yes — she grabs one from here, one from there, puts them in the same room and sees what happens.

IZZY. Like a blind date.

SAM. No, not exactly blind — I've been aware of you for quite a while.

IZZY. Oh?

SAM. For almost two years now — I've seen you in the neighborhood — on the benches with your Bubbie. Every now and then.

IZZY. I don't remember seeing you.

SAM. Once, I thought about following you into the building and getting in the elevator with you, just to have a reason to say, hello, excuse me, would you please push number ten — I've been aware of you for quite a while.

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*(TYLER enters.)*