

(SNETSKY *the shepherd enters, carrying a ram's horn and a staff.*)

SNETSKY. Elenyal Lebidoff! Marushkat Olga! Where are you?

LEON. Good morning.

SNETSKY. Good morning. Did you happen to see two dozen sheep?

LEON. Two dozen sheep?

SNETSKY. Yes. There were fourteen of them. (*He continues looking.*)

LEON. No. I'm sorry.

SNETSKY. Well, if you see them, would you give them a message?

LEON. A message for the sheep?

SNETSKY. Yes, tell them the shepherd is looking for them and they should tell you where they are and I'll come and get them. Thank you. (*He starts to walk off.*)

LEON. Wait, wait. Excuse me—what is your name, please?

SNETSKY. (*Stops.*) Snetsky.

LEON. And your first name?

SNETSKY. (*Thinks.*) How soon do you need it?

LEON. Never mind. Forget your first name.

SNETSKY. I did.

LEON. I am Leon Steponovitch Tolchinsky and I am to be the new schoolteacher.

SNETSKY. Is that a fact? (*He shakes LEON's hand vigorously.*) I'm very honored to meet you, Leon Steponovitch Tolchinsky. I am Something Something Snetsky. . . Will you be staying the night?

LEON. You don't understand. Kulyenchikov will be my new home. I'm going to live here and teach here. I am, if I may say so, an excellent teacher.

SNETSKY. Oh, they all were. They came by the thousands, but not one of them lasted through the first night. (*He blows the horn hard.*) Oh, it's so hard to blow these, I don't know how the sheep do it.

LEON. You've had thousands of teachers?

SNETSKY. More. Hundreds! We're unteachable. We're all stupid in Kulyenchikov. There isn't a town or village more stupid in all of Mother Poland.

LEON. Russia.

SNETSKY. Whatever. All good people, mind you, but not a decent brain among them. (*He blows the horn with difficulty.*) Oh, that feels so good. I just opened up my ears. I thought you were whispering. What were you saying?

LEON. Are you telling me that every man, woman and child—

SNETSKY. All stupid. Including me. Talk to me another ten minutes and you'll begin to notice.

LEON. (*Ignores it.*) I was hired by Dr. Zubritsky to teach his young daughter.

SNETSKY. (*Bursts out laughing.*) Teach his daughter? Impossible. The girl is hopeless. Nineteen years old and she just recently learned to sit down. . . . She's hopeless. She doesn't even know the difference between a cow and a duck. Not that it's an easy subject, mind you.

LEON. (*To the audience.*) Something is up here! (*He takes the ad out of his pocket.*) I thought nothing of it then, but when I first read it I *did* notice that every word in the advertisement was misspelled. . . . I'm sure Dr. Zubritsky will explain it all to me. (*He steps back and turns to SNETSKY.*) You've been most helpful, Citizen Snetsky. I enjoyed our chat.

SNETSKY. As did I, Master Tolchinsky. (*He turns to*