

START

ELSA: (*Rising, taking his arm, crosses D.C.*) Georg, those mountains—they're magnificent!

CAPTAIN: Yes, they're not like any other mountains—they're friendly. Look, that green stretch of woods over there—when the wind moves through it, it's like a restless sea.

ELSA: And that sweet little village.

CAPTAIN: That's not a village. That's a town.

ELSA: Oh, I'm sorry—I didn't mean to hurt its feelings.

CAPTAIN: (*Crosses in to her*) It's fun being with you. You're quite an experience for me.

ELSA: You're quite an experience for me, too. Somewhere in you there's a fascinating man. Occasionally I catch a glimpse of him, and when I do, he's exciting. (*She sits L. of table.*)

CAPTAIN: (*Crosses up to L. of her*) Exciting? I've never been called exciting before.

ELSA: I'm beginning to understand you better now that I see you here— You know, you're a little like those mountains— (*He crosses D.L.C.*) except that you keep moving. How can you be away from this place as much as you are?

CAPTAIN: Maybe I've been searching for a reason to come back here to stay.

ELSA: Georg, I like it here very much.

CAPTAIN: (*Embarassed*) Max can't still be on the telephone (*Crosses above coffee table—R. of ELSA.*) I know he's desperate about getting singers for the Kaltzberg Festival but— (*To ELSA.*) You like it here?

ELSA: Oh, we'd have to spend some time in Vienna. I have Heinrich's estate to look after.

CAPTAIN: I thought that was a corporation now.

ELSA: It is, and I'm president.

CAPTAIN: You president of a corporation!

ELSA: After all, I managed Heinrich's affairs for years before he died.

CAPTAIN: I can't see you sitting behind a desk. (*He sits R. of coffee table.*)

ELSA: Well, of course, I wear a business suit and smoke a big cigar. (*FRANZ enters from the house.*) **END**

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FRANZ: Excuse me, Captain, Herr Detweiler would like his coffee.

CAPTAIN: While he's telephoning?

FRANZ: He just finished.

(*FRANZ pours a cup of coffee. MAX DETWEILER enters. He is charming and vital. He carries a small notebook and pencil.*)

MAX: I'm sorry I took so long.

CAPTAIN: Any luck?

MAX: How would you like this for the Kaltzberg Festival—the finest choral group in Austria, the greatest mixed quartet in all Europe—and the best soprano in the world?

ELSA: Max, that's something I'd love to hear!

MAX: So would I. (*MAX sits on stool D.L.*) All I've got up to now is a basso who isn't even profundo.

(*FRANZ exits into the house.*)

ELSA: Max, you always come up with a good Festival Concert.

(*The CAPTAIN takes MAX a cup of coffee with a piece of pastry on the saucer.*)

MAX: And why? Because my motto is: "Never start out looking for the people you wind up getting." That's why I've been telephoning Paris, Rome, Stockholm, London—

ELSA: On Georg's telephone?

MAX: How else could I afford it? Why am I up here?

CAPTAIN: I hoped it was because you liked me.

MAX: Of course I like you. Why shouldn't I like you? You live like a king. You have an excellent wine cellar—

ELSA: Max!