

Cook & Valet Side

Cook: They say he shouts it out all day!

Valet: I hear he cries it out all night!

Cook: Stays in his apartments.

Valet: Never goes out.

Cook: Not for a year now.

Valet: Longer. Longer.

Cook: Must be seventy.

Valet: Older. Older.

Cook: Antonio Salieri -

Valet: The famous musician -

Cook: Shouting it aloud!

Valet: Crying it aloud!

Cook: Impossible.

Valet: Incredible.

Cook: I don't believe it!

Valet: I don't believe it!

Cook: I know who *started* the tale!

Valet: *I* know who started the tale!

Cook: The valet hears him shouting!

Valet: The cook hears him crying!

Cook: What a story!

Valet: What a scandal!

Cook: What *exactly* does he cry, the Kapellmeister?

Valet: Alone in his house -

Cook: All day and all night -

Valet: What sins does he shout?

Cook: The old fellow -

Valet: The recluse -

Cook: What horrors have you heard?

Man Side

MAN: Tell me, Mozart, have you received our commission for the opera?

MOZART: Indeed I have, Majesty! I am so grateful I can hardly speak! ... I swear to you that you will have the best — the most perfect entertainment ever offered a monarch. I've already found a libretto.

MAN: [*startled*]: Have you? I didn't hear of this!

MOZART: Forgive me, Herr Director, I entirely omitted to tell you.

MAN: May I ask why?

MOZART: It didn't seem very important.

MAN: Not important?

MOZART: Not really, no.

MAN [*irritated*]: It is important to *me*, Herr Mozart.

MOZART [*embarrassed*]: Yes, I see that. Of course.

MAN: And who, pray, is it by?

MOZART: Stephanie.

MAN: A most unpleasant man.

MOZART: But a brilliant writer.

MAN: Do you think?

MOZART: The story is really amusing, Majesty. The whole plot is set in a — [*He giggles*] — in a ...

MAN [*eagerly*]: Where? Where is it set?

MOZART: It's — it's — rather saucy, Majesty!

MAN: Yes, yes! Where?

MOZART: Well it's actually set in a seraglio.

MAN: A what?

moz ART: A pasha's harem. [*He giggles wildly.*]

MAN: And you imagine that is a suitable subject for performance at a National Theatre?

MOZART [*in a panic*]: Yes! No! Yes, I mean yes, yes I do. Why not? It's very funny, it's amusing ... It's full of proper German virtues, I swear it! ...

MAN [*blandly*]: *Scusate*, Signore, but what are those? Being a foreigner I'm not sure. Come then, Mozart. Name us a proper German virtue!

MOZART: Love, Sire. I have yet to see that expressed in any opera.

MAN: Well answered, Mozart.

Woman Side

CONSTANZE: He's a love, really.

SALIERI: And lucky, too, in you. You are, if I may say so, an astonishing creature.

CONSTANZE: Me? ... Ta very much.

SALIERI: On the other hand, your husband does not appear to be so thriving.

CONSTANZE [*seizing her opportunity*]: We're desperate, sir.

SALIERE: What?

CONSTANZE: We've no money and no prospects of any. That's the truth.

SALIERI: I don't understand. He gives many public concerts.

CONSTANZE: They don't pay enough. What he needs is pupils. Illustrious pupils. His father calls us spendthrifts, but that's unfair. I manage as well as anyone could. There's simply not enough. Don't tell him I talked to you, please.

SALIERI [*intimately*]: This is solely between us. How can I help?

CONSTANZE: My husband needs security, sir. If only he could find regular employment, everything would be all right. Is there nothing at Court?

SALIERI: Not at the moment.

CONSTANZE [*harder*]: The Princess Elizabeth needs a tutor.

SALIERI: Really? I hadn't heard.

ONSTANZE: One word from you and the post would be his. Other pupils would follow at once ...

SALIERI [*looking off*]: He's coming back.

CONSTANZE: Please ... please, Excellency. You can't imagine what a difference it would make.

SALIERI: We can't speak of it now.

CONSTANZE: When then? Oh, please!

SALTER: Can you come and see me tomorrow? Alone?

CONSTANZE: I can't do that.

SALTER: I'm a married man.

CONSTANZE: All the same.

SALIERI: When does he work?

CONSTANZE: Afternoons.

SALIERI: Then come at three.

CONSTANZE: I can't possibly!