

Mozart's: Dec 1

CONSTANZE: Sssh! Someone'll hear you!

[*He imitates the noise of a fart.*]

Stop it, Wolfer! Ssh! . . .

MOZART: Here it comes now! I can here it *coming!* . . . Oh, what a melancholy note! Something's dropping from your boat!

[*Another fart noise, slower. CONSTANZE shrieks with amusement.*]

CONSTANZE: Stop it now! It's stupid! Really *stupid!*

[*SALIERI sits appalled.*]

MOZART: Hey—hey—what's "Trazom"?

CONSTANZE: What?

MOZART: T-r-a-z-o-m. What's that mean?

CONSTANZE: How should I know?

MOZART: It's Mozart spelled backwards—shit-wit! If you ever married me, you'd be Constanze Trazom.

CONSTANZE: No, I wouldn't.

MOZART: Yes, you would. Because I'd want everything backwards once I was married. I'd want to lick my wife's arse instead of her face.

CONSTANZE: You're not going to lick anything at this rate. Your father's never going to give his consent to us.

[*The sense of fun deserts him instantly.*]

MOZART: And who cares about his consent?

CONSTANZE: *You* do. You care very much. You wouldn't do it without it.

MOZART: Wouldn't I?

CONSTANZE: No, you wouldn't. Because you're too scared of him.

I know what he says about me. [*Solemn voice*] "If you marry that dreadful girl, you'll end up lying on straw with beggars for children!"

MOZART: [*Impulsively*]. Marry me!

CONSTANZE: Don't be silly.