

# Mozart - CB #4

CONSTANZE: I'm cold . . . I'm cold all day . . . Hardly surprising since we have no firewood.

MOZART: Papa was right. We end exactly as he said. Beggars.

CONSTANZE: It's all his fault.

MOZART: Papa's?

CONSTANZE: He kept you a baby all your life.

MOZART: I don't understand. . . . You always loved Papa.

CONSTANZE: *I did?*

MOZART: You adored him. You told me so often.

*[Slight pause]*

CONSTANZE: *[Flatly]*. I hated him. . .

MOZART: What?

CONSTANZE: And he hated *me*.

MOZART: That's absurd. He loved us both very much. You're being extremely silly now.

CONSTANZE: Am I?

MOZART: *[Airily]*. Yes you are: little-wife-of-my-heart!

CONSTANZE: Do you want to know what I really thought of your father? . . . Do you remember the fire we had last night, because it was so cold you couldn't even get the ink wet? You said "What a blaze," remember? "What a blaze!" All those old papers going up? Well, my dear, those old papers were just all your father's letters, that's all—every one he wrote since the day we married.

MOZART: *What?*

CONSTANZE: Every one! All the letters about what a ninny I am—what a bad housekeeper I am! Every one!

MOZART: Stanzil

CONSTANZE: Shit on him! . . . *Shit on him!*

MOZART: *You bitch!*

CONSTANZE: *[Savagely]*. At least it kept us warm! What else will do that? Perhaps we should dance! You love to dance, Wolfer!—let's dance! Dance to keep warm! *[Grandly]* Write me a contredanze, Mozart! It's your job to write dances, isn't it?