

* 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

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 Kaitzberg 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!

~~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.*)~~

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~~ELSA: Max!~~

MAX: I like rich people. I like the way they live. I like the way I live when I'm with them. (*We hear the Abbey bells.*) Speaking as a government official, I—Georg, is there a cathedral around here?

CAPTAIN: That's our Abbey—Nonnberg Abbey.

MAX: Do they have a choir?

CAPTAIN: A beautiful one.

MAX: Good! In the next few days I have to visit all these towns around here and listen to saengerbunds, choirs, quartets—

CAPTAIN: You'll be here for meals, won't you?

MAX: Oh, yes! (*MAX rises and looks off over the heads of the audience, where MAX plainly sees a mountain village.*) It was in a town just about that size—Watzmann—where I discovered the St. Ignatius Boys Choir. In 1930 they won the Festival, became very famous, toured all over the world.

ELSA: Oh, yes—whatever became of them?

MAX: By the time their voices changed they were rich enough to live in America. (*Indicating.*) Who lives in that dilapidated castle down there? Rumpelstiltskin? * END

~~CAPTAIN: Baron Elberfeld. The oldest family in the valley.~~

~~ELSA: I'd like to meet him. I'd like to meet all your friends. Georg, why don't you give a dinner for me while I'm here? Nothing very much—just something lavish.~~

~~CAPTAIN: I wouldn't know whom to invite. Today it's difficult to tell who's a friend and who's an enemy.~~

~~ELSA: This isn't a good time to make enemies. Let's make some friends.~~

~~(*Wishing to change the subject, the CAPTAIN goes up-stage and looks off.*)~~

~~CAPTAIN: I can't understand what's happened to the children.~~

~~ELSA: You're not worried about them, are you?~~

ELSA:

have to bow your head, just stoop a lit - tle. Why not

37 Slower

learn to put your faith and your re - li - ance On an ob - vi - ous and

+ Hp.

colla voce

45 A Tempo

sim - ple fact of sci - ence?

Orch. tacet

f Tutti

f Guitar on stage

START

ELSA:

A cra - zy plan - et full of cra - zy peo - ple

Ob. cue colla voce

Orch. Tpts., Str.

f

p

Cls., Bsn.

Is som-er-sault-ing all a-round the sky, — And

57
 ev-'ry-time it turns an-oth-er som-er-sault, — An-oth-er
 +w.w.
 mp

65
 day goes by! — And there's no way to stop it, No, there's

70
 no way to stop it, No, you can't stop it e-ven if you

73

try. So I'm not going to wor - ry, No, I'm not going to

mf Br. *p*

END

wor - ry Ev - 'ry time I see an - oth - er day go by.

Hp.

81 2 Picc.

ff Tutti

Hns, Trb. etc.

MAX:

While

Ob. cue colla voce

Hn. Solo

STW

ELSA:
Noth - ing else as won - der - ful as

CAPTAIN and MAX:
Noth - ing else as won - der - ful as

gliss.

Cymbal

173

I.

I.

Str. *ff* etc.

Bass Drum

END