

FRANZ. Who wanted me on the telephone?

FRAU SCHMIDT. It was the post office. They've got a telegram for you. It will be delivered at seven o'clock.

FRANZ. Seven o'clock? That gives me five hours to be nervous.

FRAU SCHMIDT. *(Going up the stairs.)* With that scatterbrained boy delivering telegrams –

FRANZ. Well, that's one thing people are saying – if the Germans did take over Austria, we'd have efficiency.

FRAU SCHMIDT. Don't let the Captain hear you say that.

(The CAPTAIN whistles offstage. FRAU SCHMIDT stops short, bristling.)

He didn't whistle for us when his wife was alive.

FRANZ. He's being the captain of a ship again.

(The CAPTAIN whistles again.)

FRAU SCHMIDT. I can't bear being whistled for – it's humiliating.

FRANZ. In the Imperial Navy, the bosun always whistled for us.

(We hear the doorbell.)

FRAU SCHMIDT. But I wasn't in the Imperial Navy.

FRANZ. Too bad. You could have made a fortune.

(He exits into the hallway toward the outer door. FRAU SCHMIDT comes down the stairs and exits into the library downstage right. FRANZ re-enters, followed by MARIA.)

You will wait here.

(He exits downstage right.)

[MUSIC NO. 08 "THE SCENE CONTINUES"]

(MARIA is wearing a dress that has been designed by an enemy of the female sex, and an unbecoming hat. She is carrying a small carpet bag and a guitar in its case. She comes down into the room timidly and looks around