

CB Side Ilse (with Moritz)

MORITZ

So, where have you been keeping yourself?

ILSE

Priapia—the Artists' Colony?

MORITZ

Yes.

ILSE

All those old buggers, Moritz. All so wild. So...Bohemian. All they want to do is dress me up and paint me!

That Johan Fehrendorf, he's a wicked one, actually. Always knocking easels down and chasing me. Dabbing me with his paintbrush. But then, that's men—if they can't stick you with one thing, they'll try another.

Oh God, Moritz, the other day we all got so drunk, I passed out in the snow—just lay there, unconscious, all night.

Then, I spent an entire week with Gustav Baum.

(Of his look)

Truly. Inhaling that ether of his! Until this morning, when he woke me with his gun, set against my breast. He said: "One twitch and it's the end." Really gave me goosebumps.

But, how about you, Moritz—still in school?

MORITZ

Well, this semester I'm through.

(A beat)

ILSE

God, you remember how we used to run back to my house and play pirates? Wendla Bergman, Melchior Gabor, you and I...