

# Three

(GEORG LENCK, *late thirties, alone in a pool of light.*)

LENCK

Leipzig. June, 1722.

My dear Catherina:

I have arrived safely, and in time, having arranged passage with a gentleman who allowed me to accompany his carriage. Because he did not know I was there. Clinging to the underside of it. Yes, as I am fond of saying, I, Georg Lenck, am so poor that I cannot afford even a middle name with which to distinguish myself from other Georgs! But that, after all, is why I've come—to reverse my fortunes at last. And not through some foolhardy scheme, as when I had you defraud your parents by feigning an expensive illness called bogus fever. No. This time there is real glory to be had! I have brought with me dozens of letters in praise of my musical talent, and, thanks to my adept calligraphy, each is in a different script. And each signed by a fictitious duke. For this memorial is to be hosted by the Leipzig Council itself, the very men charged with selecting Kuhnau's replacement. This is indeed a happy day!

(LENCK *turns. Lights up on the anteroom. FASCH and SCHOTT are here. LENCK is sobbing on FASCH's shoulder. FASCH comforts him.*)