

## Excerpts from the audio-guide (MOVITECH)

### In the Street

**[Dancer]** Why so glum, Liebke? Come on, let's dance. It's what we came here for!

**[Liebke]** [pathetically] Eh, you won't understand.

**[Dancer]** What's there to understand? The evening is lovely and the music is even better. The dance floor awaits us. And here you are, sitting around, feeling sorry for yourself. Come, Liebke, let's dance!

**[Liebke]** I'm tired and I can't stop thinking about the world and all its miseries.

**[Dancer]** You'll dance the tango a few times and the world will seem brighter straight away. Come on, Liebke, let's dance!

**[Waiter]** Oh, I see your glasses are empty. Some more coffee, perhaps? I gather you won't give this boy a rest, eh?

**[Dancer]** I won't! He needs to dance, not sit there with this miserable look on his face, thinking depressing thoughts!

**[Waiter]** Oh, Liebke, you'd better be careful. There's a poet who goes by the name of Mordechai who's always sitting around here, eavesdropping on conversations and writing songs about certain people. You should go and dance because he'll make you out to be a real oaf if he ends up writing a song about you.

**[Liebke]** Eh, I don't even know how to dance.

**[Dancer]** Oh, I can teach you! The steps are already drawn out on the dance floor anyway. Finally, I got you to stand up. Follow me, you won't regret it!

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