

EINSTEIN. Countess?

COUNTESS. Albert?

EINSTEIN. Countess!

COUNTESS. Albert!

EINSTEIN. Did you go to the Bar Rouge?

COUNTESS. Of course not, that's where you said we'd meet.

EINSTEIN. Oh how stupid of me, of course you'd come here.

COUNTESS. Yes, apparently not only is space curved, so is Paris!

(THE COUNTESS and EINSTEIN laugh.)

Now what was that you were saying about it being impossible to distinguish motion produced by an outside gravitational force.

EINSTEIN. *(To the room.)* God she's sexy!

PAUSE. THE ACTOR AUDITIONING FOR THE COUNTESS SHOULD NOW SWITCH CHARACTERS AND PERFORM THE FEMALE ADMIRER:

(A WOMAN charges into the bar and looks around.)

FEMALE ADMIRER. I heard that he come here. Is that true? I mean is that really true?

(She notices someone in the audience.)

OH MY GOD! Oh my God. You. May I approach? May I really approach?

(She walks toward him.)

I can't believe it. What is it like to be you? I mean what is it really like? ...

(Looking into his face, her demeanor changes.)

Wait a minute, you're not Schmendiman!

(Suddenly bored, she walks toward the door, exits.)