

LOTTIE: Look at your own shirt! You could at least iron your collars.

JAKOB: We like the way you do it.

LOTTIE: Is that my only purpose in this family? To care for my brothers' shirts?!

JAKOB: No, of course not. Your purpose is care for your brothers. Now listen, Lottie: I can't find any of our folktale manuscripts.

LOTTIE: I'm surprised you can find the furniture.

KARL: Lottie, this is urgent! Brentano wants to publish our folktales!

LOTTIE: All of them?

JAKOB: As many as I can find before he leaves tomorrow.

*He hands her the paper he carries.*

Here's the list. I've marked the ones we're missing.

LOTTIE: (*Reading the paper*)

Is this your preface? "These authentic folktales come straight from hearths of peasant cottages..."

JAKOB: You cleaned the study before you left...

LOTTIE: "The hearths of peasant cottages?!" You heard them in our neighbors' parlors!

JAKOB: You know my filing system better than I do...

LOTTIE: "I would like to thank my professors at Marburg for encouraging me in this project..." It looks like you named everyone at the university.

JAKOB: I need them to buy my book.

LOTTIE: But you don't thank the maidens who told you the stories.

JAKOB: Lottie, go into the study...

LOTTIE: "These authentic tales, faithfully recorded from native tellers, preserve the heritage of the German people." You make it sound like you heard them from peasants.

JAKOB: Your friends heard them from servants and their servants heard them from peasants. Lottie, I need to find my stories!

LOTTIE: And my friends need to be named!

JAKOB:

Did you hide the manuscripts?

Did you steal them?

Did you burn them?

If you did, I'll burn you at the stake!

WILHELM: Jacob, we're talking about our sister!

JAKOB: And I'm talking about the fortunes of our family!

LOTTIE: I'll show you where they are when you show me some respect.

JAKOB: You took them, didn't you?

LOTTIE: You took them from my friends! I introduced you to them and you robbed them of their

JAKOB: Your friends gave them freely and never asked for recognition.

LOTTIE: You men... you boys. You do as you please and take what you want. Well, for once, I'm telling you no!