

LIBRETTO VOCAL BOOK

SPRING AWAKENING
A NEW MUSICAL

Book and Lyrics by **Steven Sater**
Music by **Duncan Sheik**

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MUSIC THEATRE INTERNATIONAL

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CHARACTERS

THE GIRLS:

WENDLA

MARTHA

THEA

ANNA

ILSE

THE BOYS:

MELCHIOR

MORITZ

HANSCHEN / RUPERT

ERNST / REINHOLD

GEORG / DIETER

OTTO / ULBRECHT

THE ADULT WOMEN:

(Played by one woman)

FRAU BERGMAN (Wendla's Mother)

FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK

FRAULEIN GROSSEBUSTENHALTER

FRAU GABOR (Melchior's Mother)

FRAU BESSELL (Martha's Mother)

THE ADULT MEN:

(Played by one man)

HERR SONNENSTICH

HEADMASTER KNOCHENBRUCH

HERR NEUMANN (Ilse's Father)

HERR RILOW (Hanschen's Father)

HERR STIEFEL (Moritz's Father)

FATHER KAULBACH

DOCTOR VON BRAUSEPULVER

HERR GABOR (Melchior's Father)

SCHMIDT

TIME & PLACE

The action of the play is set in a provincial German town in the late nineteenth-century. When singing, however, the boys and girls assume the manner of contemporary teens. The lights shift with the songs, and we enter the private and timeless world of the character who is singing. That character may be joined in his or her solitary song by other voices that fill out the chorus of longing.

A FEW PRODUCTION NOTES

From the inception of this project, Duncan, (our director) Michael Mayer, and I imagined that when the characters broke out of their 19th-Century confines, they would pull hand-mics from their pockets and rock out. And indeed, that is just what they've done, to great effect, in both our New York productions.

Seeing the characters step into a spotlight in period costume and sing mic-in-hand, or from behind a mic-stand, has been dynamic. It has given us a visual embodiment, a clear signal, of the break between our bourgeois German province and our altrock concert.

While this script is divided into many scenes, I always imagined that the play would unfold with great fluidity: a minimal amount of transition, as one moment morphs into the next. Given that the show also shifts continually between scene and songworlds, it made real sense to play on a near-empty stage, with a non-representational set. Lighting, then, became the thing.

On that front too, we had a strong idea: our young characters live in the shadow of social convention, but their inner worlds are utterly electric. Honestly, the effect of a sudden break from a world lit by lanterns to one ignited by neon has been pretty spectacular.

Finally, in our staging, all of the characters have remained present and visible throughout the show. This has greatly facilitated the entrances and exits of the CHORUS (or BOYS and GIRLS) into and out of the songs.

But I offer these thoughts only as notes from our journal. I am genuinely excited to see how others choose to address the potentially tricky staging issues raised by this most-particular, and long-begotten, text.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT 1

1. Mama Who Bore Me	1
2. Mama Who Bore Me (Reprise)	4
3. All That's Known	7
4. The Bitch of Living	10
5. My Junk	17
6. Touch Me	24
7. The Word of Your Body	30
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11. I Believe	53

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19. Those You've Known	85
20. The Song of Purple Summer.....	89

SONGS BY CHARACTER

WENDLA

1. Mama Who Bore Me1
2. Mama Who Bore Me (Reprise) .4
5. My Junk17
6. Touch Me24
7. The Word of Your Body30
11. I Believe53
12. The Guilty Ones56
14. Left Behind64
15. Totally Fucked67
16. The Word of Your
 Body (Reprise 2)71
17. Whispering82
19. Those You've Known85
20. The Song of Purple Summer .89

MELCHIOR

3. All That's Known7
4. The Bitch of Living10
5. My Junk17
6. Touch Me24
7. The Word of Your Body30
10. The Mirror – Blue Night50
11. I Believe53
12. The Guilty Ones56
14. Left Behind64
15. Totally Fucked67
16. The Word of Your
 Body (Reprise 2)71
17. Whispering82
19. Those You've Known85
20. The Song of Purple Summer .89

MORITZ

4. The Bitch of Living10
5. My Junk17
6. Touch Me24
8. The Dark I Know Well37
9. And Then There Were None . .47

12. The Guilty Ones56
13. Don't Do Sadness59
- 13b. Don't Do Sadness /
 Blue Wind62
19. Those You've Known85
20. The Song of Purple Summer .89

MARTHA

2. Mama Who Bore Me (Reprise) .4
5. My Junk17
6. Touch Me24
8. The Dark I Know Well37
11. I Believe53
12. The Guilty Ones56
14. Left Behind64
15. Totally Fucked67
16. The Word of Your
 Body (Reprise 2)71
20. The Song of Purple Summer .89

ILSE

2. Mama Who Bore Me (Reprise) .4
5. My Junk17
6. Touch Me24
8. The Dark I Know Well37
11. I Believe53
12. The Guilty Ones56
- 13a. Blue Wind61
- 13b. Don't Do Sadness /
 Blue Wind62
14. Left Behind64
15. Totally Fucked67
16. The Word of Your
 Body (Reprise 2)75
20. The Song of Purple Summer .89

HANSCHEN

4. The Bitch of Living	10
5. My Junk	17
6. Touch Me	24
9. And Then There Were None . .	47
10.The Mirror – Blue Night	50
11. I Believe	53
12. The Guilty Ones	56
14. Left Behind	64
15. Totally Fucked	67
16. The Word of Your Body (Reprise 2)	71
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ERNST

3. All That’s Known	7
4. The Bitch of Living	10
5. My Junk	17
6. Touch Me	24
8. The Dark I Know Well	37
9. And Then There Were None . .	47
10.The Mirror – Blue Night	50
11. I Believe	53
12. The Guilty Ones	56
14. Left Behind	67
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THEA

2. Mama Who Bore Me (Reprise) .	4
5. My Junk	17
6. Touch Me	24
11. I Believe	53
12. The Guilty Ones	56
14. Left Behind	64
15. Totally Fucked	67

16. The Word of Your Body (Reprise)	75
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GEORG

3. All That’s Known	7
4. The Bitch of Living	10
5. My Junk	17
6. Touch Me	24
8. The Dark I Know Well	37
8a.The Word of Your Body (Reprise 1)	44
9. And Then There Were None . .	47
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12. The Guilty Ones	56
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16. The Word of Your Body (Reprise)	71
20. The Song of Purple Summer .	89

ANNA

2. Mama Who Bore Me (Reprise) .	4
5. My Junk	17
6. Touch Me	24
11. I Believe	53
12. The Guilty Ones	56
14. Left Behind	67
156. Totally Fucked	71
16. The Word of Your Body (Reprise)	75
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OTTO

4. The Bitch of Living	10
5. My Junk	17
6. Touch Me	24
8. The Dark I Know Well	37

(OTTO)

8a. The Word of Your
 Body (Reprise 1) 44
9. And Then There Were None . . 47
10. The Mirror – Blue Night 50
11. I Believe 53
12. The Guilty Ones 56
14. Left Behind 64
15. Totally Fucked 67
16. The Word of Your
 Body (Reprise 2) 71
20. The Song of Purple Summer .89

ADULT MAN

15. Totally Fucked 67
20. The Song of Purple Summer .89

ADULT WOMAN

15. Totally Fucked 67
20. The Song of Purple Summer .89

Act I Scene 1

WENDLA is revealed in song light – as if at a mirror. She gently explores her newly maturing body, pulls on a near-transparent schoolgirl dress.

#1 – Mama Who Bore Me**WENDLA**

MAMA WHO BORE ME.
MAMA WHO GAVE ME
NO WAY TO HANDLE THINGS. WHO MADE ME SO SAD.

MAMA, THE WEEPING.
MAMA, THE ANGELS.
NO SLEEP IN HEAVEN, OR BETHLEHEM.

SOME PRAY THAT, ONE DAY, CHRIST WILL COME A-CALLIN’.
THEY LIGHT A CANDLE, AND HOPE THAT IT GLOWS.
AND SOME JUST LIE THERE, CRYING FOR HIM TO COME AND
FIND THEM.
BUT WHEN HE COMES, THEY DON’T KNOW HOW TO GO...

MAMA WHO BORE ME.
MAMA WHO GAVE ME
NO WAY TO HANDLE THINGS. WHO MADE ME SO BAD.

MAMA, THE WEEPING.
MAMA, THE ANGELS.
NO SLEEP IN HEAVEN, OR BETHLEHEM.

(The lights shift to the world of 1891: a provincial German living room. FRAU BERGMAN suddenly enters, beaming)

FRAU BERGMAN

Wendla!

WENDLA

Mama?

FRAU BERGMAN

Goodness, look at you – in that... that kindergarten dress! Wendla, grown-up girls cannot be seen strutting about in such...

WENDLA

Let me wear this one, Mama! I love this one. It makes me feel like a little... faerie-queen.

FRAU BERGMAN

But you're already... in bloom.

(Off her look)

Now, sssh. You made me forget all our good news. Just imagine, Wendla, last night the stork finally visited your sister. Brought her another little baby girl.

WENDLA

I can't wait to see her, Mama.

FRAU BERGMAN

Well, put on a proper dress, and take a hat.

(WENDLA starts out, hesitates)

WENDLA

Mama, don't be cross – don't be. But I'm an aunt for the second time now, and I still have no idea how it happens.

(FRAU BERGMAN looks stricken)

Mama, please. I'm ashamed to even ask. But then, who can I ask but you?

FRAU BERGMAN

Wendla, child, you cannot imagine that I could –

WENDLA

But you cannot imagine I still believe in the stork.

FRAU BERGMAN

I honestly don't know what I've done to deserve this kind of talk. And on a day like today!

Go, child, put your clothes on.

WENDLA

And if I run out, now, and ask Gregor? Our chimney sweep...?

(A beat)

FRAU BERGMAN

Very well, I'll tell you everything.

But not today. Tomorrow. Or the day after.

WENDLA

Today, Mama.

FRAU BERGMAN

Wendla Bergman, I simply cannot...

WENDLA

Mama!

FRAU BERGMAN

You will drive me mad.

WENDLA

Why? I'll kneel at your feet, lay my head in your lap... You can talk as if I weren't even here.

(No response)

Please.

FRAU BERGMAN

Very well, I'll tell you.

(WENDLA kneels. Flustered, FRAU BERGMAN buries the girl's head in her apron)

WENDLA

(Waits)

Yes?...

FRAU BERGMAN

Child, I...

WENDLA

Mama.

FRAU BERGMAN

All right, then. In order for a woman to conceive a child...
You follow me?

WENDLA

Yes, Mama.

FRAU BERGMAN

For a woman to bear a child, she must... in her own personal way, she must... love her husband. Love him, as she can love only him. Only him... she must love — with her whole... heart.

There. Now, you know everything.

WENDLA

Everything?...

FRAU BERGMAN

(“Yes”)

Everything. So help me.

WENDLA

(Not budging)

Mama!

#2 – *Mama Who Bore Me (Reprise)*

(The lights shift – we are back in the song world. Contemporary music sounds. The GIRLS appear. WENDLA rises and joins them. Shedding her nineteenth-century formality, she sings, as do all the GIRLS, in the manner of a contemporary young woman)

GIRLS

MAMA WHO BORE ME.
MAMA WHO GAVE ME
MAMA THE ANGELS. WHO MADE ME SO SAD.

WENDLA & GIRLS

MAMA WHO BORE ME.
MAMA WHO GAVE ME
NO WAY TO HANDLE THINGS. WHO MADE ME SO SAD.

MAMA, THE WEEPING.
MAMA, THE ANGELS.
NO SLEEP IN HEAVEN, OR BETHLEHEM.

SOME PRAY THAT, ONE DAY, CHRIST WILL COME A-CALLIN'.
THEY LIGHT A CANDLE, AND HOPE THAT IT GLOWS.
AND SOME JUST LIE THERE, CRYING FOR HIM TO COME AND
FIND THEM.
BUT WHEN HE COMES, THEY DON'T KNOW HOW TO GO...

MAMA WHO BORE ME.
MAMA WHO GAVE ME
NO WAY TO HANDLE THINGS. WHO MADE ME SO BAD.

MAMA, THE WEEPING.
MAMA, THE ANGELS.
NO SLEEP IN HEAVEN, OR BETHLEHEM...

(End of Act I, Scene 1)

Act I, Scene 2

School. The BOYS sit upright at their desks, reciting from Virgil's Aeneid. They stand, one after the other, for their recitation. HERR SONNENSTICH walks the aisles beside them, listening.

HERR SONNENSTICH

Again.

OTTO

(Mid-recitation)

... vi superum saevae memorem Iunonis ob iram...

HERR SONNENSTICH

("Well done")

Better, Herr Lammermeier. Continue, Herr Zirschnitz.

GEORG

... multa quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem.

HERR SONNENSTICH

Herr Rilow. From the beginning.

HANSCHEN

Arma virumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris –

HERR SONNENSTICH

Herr Robel. And...

ERNST

...Italiam, fato profugus, Laviniaque venit litora –

HERR SONNENSTICH

Herr Stiefel.

(But, alas, MORITZ is asleep)

HERR SONNENSTICH

Herr Stiefel.

MORITZ

(Waking)

Sir...?

HERR SONNENSTICH

Continue. Please.

(MORITZ hesitates)

Herr Stiefel...

MORITZ

(Haltingly)

...Laviniaque venit...

HERR SONNENSTICH

Yes...?

MORITZ

...litora... multum enim –

HERR SONNENSTICH

“Multum enim...?”

MORITZ

(Taking another stab at it)

...multum olim –

HERR SONNENSTICH

(Losing patience)

“Olim“?! “Multum olim“...?! So then, somehow the Pious Aeneas has “already” suffered much “in the days still to come“...?

(No response)

Herr Stiefel?

(No response)

Do you have any idea what you’re saying, Herr Stiefel?

(MORITZ is too mortified to respond. MELCHIOR rises)

MELCHIOR

If you please!

HERR SONNENSTICH

Pardon me?

MELCHIOR

(Covering gracefully)

If you please, Herr Sonnenstich... can’t we at least consider “multum olim“ as a plausible conjecture for how the text might read?

HERR SONNENSTICH

Herr Gabor. We are hardly here today to conjecture about textual conjectures. The boy has made an error.

MELCHIOR

Yes. But an understandable error, sir. Indeed, if we could only entertain the fitness of the conjecture –

HERR SONNENSTICH

"Multum olim"?!

MELCHIOR

Look to the fresh rhetorical balance – "multum olim" introducing "multa quoque" – a parallel, sir, between what Aeneas has already suffered in war and those sufferings on land and sea just ahead.

HERR SONNENSTICH

Herr Gabor, since the days of Servius, Aulus Gellius, and Claudius Donatus – nay, since the moment of Virgil's death – our world has been littered with more than sufficient critical commentary on textual conjecture.

MELCHIOR

With all respect, sir, are you then suggesting there is no further room for critical thought or interpretation? Why indeed, then, do we even –

HERR SONNENSTICH

(Striking MELCHIOR with his teacher's cane)

I am suggesting no such thing. I am confirming that Herr Stiefel has made an error. And I am asking – nay, demanding – that you emend his faulty text and proceed from there. Do I make myself clear?

(MELCHIOR's jaw locks)

HERR SONNENSTICH

Herr Gabor?

(No response. He strikes MELCHIOR more forcefully)

Herr Gabor, do I make myself clear?

MELCHIOR

Yes, Herr Sonnenstich: "litora multum ille."

HERR SONNENSTICH

All of you – together with Melchior Gabor:

"Lavinaque venit..."

BOYS

... litora, multum ille et terris iactatus et alto
vi superum saevae memorem Iunonis ob...

#3 – All That's Known

(The BOYS' recitation grows louder, more insistent, more numbing – as if somehow we were entering into MELCHIOR's psychic experience of it. A bit of contemporary, electronic music drifts through. Shimmering song light finds MELCHIOR. He turns out and sings – like a rocker in concert:)

MELCHIOR

ALL THAT'S KNOWN
IN HISTORY, IN SCIENCE,
OVERTHROWN
AT SCHOOL, AT HOME, BY BLIND MEN

YOU DOUBT THEM,
AND SOON THEY BARK AND HOUND
YOU –
TILL EVERYTHING YOU SAY IS
JUST ANOTHER BAD ABOUT YOU

ALL THEY SAY
IS "TRUST IN WHAT IS WRITTEN".

WARS ARE MADE,
AND SOMEHOW THAT IS WISDOM.

BOYS

...iram;
multa quoque et bello
passus, dum conderet
urbem...
Arma virumque cano, Troiae
qui primus ab oris
Italiam, fato profugus,
Laviniaque venit
litora, multum ille et
terris iactatus et alto
vi superum saevae memorem
Iunonis ob iram;
multa quoque et bello
passus, dum conderet
urbem...

MELCHIOR

THOUGHT IS SUSPECT,
AND MONEY IS THEIR IDOL,
AND NOTHING IS OKAY UNLESS IT'S SCRIPTED IN THEIR BIBLE.

BUT I KNOW
THERE'S SO MUCH MORE TO FIND –
JUST IN LOOKING THROUGH MYSELF, AND NOT AT THEM.

STILL, I KNOW
TO TRUST MY OWN TRUE MIND,
AND TO SAY: "THERE'S A WAY THROUGH THIS..."

ON I GO,
TO WONDER AND TO LEARNING –
NAME THE STARS AND KNOW THEIR DARK RETURNING.

I'M CALLING,
TO KNOW THE WORLD'S TRUE YEARNING –
THE HUNGER THAT A CHILD FEELS FOR EVERYTHING THEY'RE SHOWN.

(MELCHIOR)

YOU WATCH ME –
 JUST WATCH ME –
 I'M CALLING,
 AND ONE DAY ALL WILL KNOW...

YOU WATCH ME –
 JUST WATCH ME –
 I'M CALLING,
 I'M CALLING,
 AND ONE DAY ALL WILL KNOW...

(MELCHIOR's song concludes. As he rejoins the BOYS in their recitation, the lights shift back to the classroom)

THE BOYS & MELCHIOR

...multa quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem...

HERR SONNENSTICH

(On to fresh matters)

Thank you, gentlemen. Now, if you please: "inferretque deos Latio..." The following seven lines of Pious Aeneas' journey. From memory.

(The Boys begin scribbling. HERR SONNENSTICH steps away. MORITZ taps MELCHIOR's shoulder)

MORITZ

(Sotto voice)

Melchi, thank you.

MELCHIOR

It's nothing.

MORITZ

Still, I'm sorry. You didn't need to –

MELCHIOR

("Not to worry"; ironic)

Think what Aeneas suffered.

MORITZ

But I should have known it. "Multum ille." It's just... I didn't sleep all night. In fact, I, uh, suffered a visit from the most horrific, dark phantasm...

MELCHIOR

You mean, a dream...?

MORITZ

A nightmare, really. Legs in sky blue stockings, climbing over the lecture podium.

MELCHIOR

Oh. That kind of dream.

MORITZ

("Indeed")

Have you ever suffered such... mortifying visions?

MELCHIOR

Moritz, of course. We all have. Otto Lammermeier dreamt about his mother.

MORITZ

Really?!!

MELCHIOR

Georg Zirschnitz? Dreamt he was seduced by his piano teacher.

MORITZ

Fraulein Grossebustenthaler?!

HERR SONNENSTICH

(Suddenly, grabbing MORITZ by the ear)

Moritz Stiefel. I need hardly remind you that, of all our pupils, you are in no position to be taking liberties. I will not warn you again.

#4 – *The Bitch of Living*

(MORITZ nods – absolutely petrified. An intense alt-rock guitar riff. HERR SONNENSTICH freezes. The world around MORITZ comes to a halt, as concert-like light finds him. He turns out in song:)

MORITZ

GOD, I DREAMED THERE WAS AN ANGEL, WHO COULD HEAR ME
THROUGH THE WALL,
AS I CRIED OUT -- LIKE, IN LATIN: "THIS IS SO NOT LIFE
AT ALL.
HELP ME OUT -- OUT -- OF THIS NIGHTMARE." THEN I HEARD
HER SILVER CALL --
SHE SAID: "JUST GIVE IT TIME, KID. I COME TO ONE
AND ALL".

MORITZ

SHE SAID: "GIVE ME THAT HAND, PLEASE,
 AND THE ITCH YOU CAN'T CONTROL,
 LET ME TEACH YOU HOW TO HANDLE ALL
 THE SADNESS IN YOUR SOUL.
 OH, WE'LL WORK THAT SILVER MAGIC,
 THEN WE'LL AIM IT AT THE WALL."
 SHE SAID: "LOVE MAY MAKE YOU BLIND,
 KID -- BUT I WOULDN'T MIND AT ALL."

BOYS

AHHHHHHH...

(All the BOYS except MELCHIOR begin to move, joining MORITZ one by one, their energy building to a dance)

MORITZ & BOYS

IT'S THE BITCH OF LIVING
 WITH NOTHING BUT YOUR HAND.
 JUST THE BITCH OF LIVING
 AS SOMEONE YOU CAN'T STAND...

GEORG

SEE, EACH NIGHT, IT'S, LIKE, FANTASTIC -
 TOSSING, TURNING, WITHOUT REST,
 'CAUSE MY DAY'S AT THE PIANO -- WITH MY
 TEACHER AND HER BREASTS;
 AND THE MUSIC'S, LIKE, THE ONE THING
 I CAN EVEN GET AT ALL,
 AND THOSE BREASTS! I MEAN, GOD, PLEASE,
 JUST LET THOSE APPLES FALL...

BOYS

IT'S THE BITCH OF LIVING
 WITH NOTHING GOING ON.
 JUST THE BITCH OF LIVING,
 ASKING: WHAT WENT WRONG?

DO THEY THINK WE WANT THIS?
 OH -- WHO KNOWS?

ERNST

SEE, THERE'S SHOWERING IN GYM CLASS...

HANSCHEN

BOBBY MALER, HE'S THE BEST -
LOOKS SO NASTY IN THOSE KHAKIS...

ERNST

GOD, MY WHOLE LIFE'S, LIKE, SOME TEST.

OTTO

THEN THERE'S MARIANNA WHEELAN -- AS
IF SHE'D RETURN MY CALL.

HANSCHEN

IT'S LIKE, JUST KISS SOME ASS, MAN -- THEN
YOU CAN SCREW 'EM ALL.

(MELCHIOR joins the song)

MELCHIOR

IT'S THE BITCH OF LIVING --

AND LIVING IN YOUR HEAD

IT'S THE BITCH OF LIVING
AND SENSING GOD IS DEAD.

YOU WATCH ME -
JUST WATCH ME -

I'M CALLING,
AND ONE DAY

ALL WILL KNOW...

ALL WILL KNOW...
JUST THE BITCH OF LIVING -
AND KNOWING THIS IS IT.

BOYS

AHHHHH...

IT'S THE BITCH OF LIVING --

IN YOUR HEAD
IT'S THE BITCH

IT'S THE BITCH OF LIVING -

AND TRYING TO GET AHEAD

IT'S THE BITCH OF LIVING --

MORITZ

JUST GETTING OUT OF BED.

MORITZ & BOYS

IT'S THE BITCH OF LIVING -
LIVING
LIVING AND GETTING WHAT YOU GET.
JUST THE BITCH OF LIVING -

MELCHIOR, MORITZ & BOYS

GOD, IS THIS IT?
 THIS CAN'T BE IT.
 OH GOD, WHAT A BITCH!

(The song ends. The lights shift back. The school day resumes)

HERR SONNENSTICH

Gentlemen, turn in your verses, and clear away your personal effects. I will see you tomorrow, seven A.M.

(HERR SONNENSTICH goes out. The BOYS gather their books)

OTTO

(Heading out)

Well, I'm off.

ERNST

Me too.

HANSCHEN

I'll walk with you, Ernst.

ERNST

(Pauses, turns back)

You will?

HANSCHEN

("Yes"; suggestively)

We'll huddle over the Homer. Maybe do a little Achilles and Patroclus...

(HANSCHEN leads ERNST off)

GEORG

("Good night")

Melchior, Moritz.

MELCHIOR

(Archly)

Home to Bach...?

GEORG

Fraulein Grossebustenthaler will not be kept waiting.

(GEORG shivers involuntarily, and goes. MELCHIOR turns to MORITZ with a wink, but MORITZ waves it away)

MORITZ

Ach, Melchi! Sixty lines of Homer, all those quadratic equations... I'll be up all night again. And still I won't get through it. Try and sleep. Who can sleep? I'll be haunted by another of those dreams.

MELCHIOR

Oh, yes. Your dream.

MORITZ

("The horror!")

Melchi, why – why – am I haunted by the legs of a woman? By the deepening conviction: some dark part of my destiny may lie there between them...?

MELCHIOR

All right then. I'll tell you. I got it out of books. But prepare yourself: it made an atheist out of me.

(A beat)

So –

MORITZ

No no – not here! I can't talk it! No – do me a favor: write it down. All of it. Conceal it in my satchel – after Gymnastics – tomorrow.

(A beat)

If you like, you could add some illustrations in the margins.

(A beat)

MELCHIOR

Top to bottom?

MORITZ

Everything.

(HEADMASTER KNOCHENBRUCH and his associate, FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK, stroll past and pause)

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH

Unfathomable. Fraulein Knuppeldick.

FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK

Herr Knochenbruch...?

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH

Look at that. Melchior Gabor, a young man of distinct intellectual capability –

FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK

Thoroughly distinct.

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH

A young man who could be our finest pupil –

FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK

Our finest, Herr Knochenbruch.

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH

But there he is, polluting himself, cavorting about with that, that...

FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK

Neurasthenic imbecile, Moritz Stiefel?

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH

Thank Heaven the upper grade only holds sixty.

*(HERR KNOCHENBRUCH and FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK go off. End of Act I,
Scene 2)*

Act I, Scene 3

Late afternoon. A bridge in the countryside. WENDLA, MARTHA, THEA, and ANNA walk home, talking excitedly.

THEA

(Mid-conversation)

...And the bodice in lace, with a satin bow in back...

ANNA

Ooh! And Wendla – what will you wear to Greta Brandenburg’s wedding?

WENDLA

Mama said we cannot go.

THEA

To Greta’s wedding?!

MARTHA

Because she’s marrying that forest inspector?

WENDLA

Mama felt it was a little improper.

ANNA

But, they’re decking the entire sanctuary in orchids and chrysanthemums!...

WENDLA

Mama said no.

(ANNA and THEA exchange a look)

ANNA

I certainly hope your mama approves the man I marry.

THEA

And the man I marry!

WENDLA

(Teasing)

Well, we all know who Thea longs to marry!

MARTHA

Melchior Gabor!

THEA

(“Gimme a break”)

And who doesn’t?

ANNA*(Still playful)*

He is rather handsome...

WENDLA

So wonderful.

MARTHA*(Her secret crush)*

But not so wonderful as that sad soulful sleepyhead, Moritz Stiefel...

ANNA & THEA

Moritz Stiefel!?

THEA

How can you even compare them? Melchi Gabor, he's such a radical. You know what the whisper is?

*(All the GIRLS lean in, eager to hear)***THEA**

He doesn't believe in anything. Not in God.

*(The GIRLS gasp in wonder)***THEA**

Not in Heaven.

*(Another gasp)***THEA**

Not in a single thing in this world.

*(The GIRLS utter a final, collective sigh)***ANNA**

They say he's the best, in everything. Latin, Greek, Trigonometry...

THEA

The best part is: he doesn't care a whit about any of it...

(Music begins – an innocent uptempo feel. The GIRLS turn out – glistening in girl-group light:)

#5 – My Junk

WENDLA

IN THE MIDST OF THIS NOTHING, THIS MISS OF A LIFE,
 STILL, THERE'S THIS ONE THING – JUST TO SEE YOU GO BY.

MARTHA

IT'S ALMOST LIKE LOVIN' – SAD AS THAT IS.

THEA

MAY NOT BE COOL, BUT IT'S SO WHERE I LIVE.

ANNA

IT'S LIKE I'M YOUR LOVER – OR, MORE LIKE YOUR GHOST –
I SPEND THE DAY WONDERIN' WHAT YOU DO, WHERE YOU GO...

THEA

I TRY AND JUST KICK IT, BUT THEN, WHAT CAN I DO?
WE'VE ALL GOT OUR JUNK, AND MY JUNK IS YOU.

GIRLS

SEE US WINTER WALKIN' – AFTER A STORM.
IT'S CHILL IN THE WIND – BUT IT'S WARM IN YOUR ARMS.
WE STOP, ALL SNOW BLIND – MAY NOT BE TRUE.
BUT WE'VE ALL GOT OUR JUNK, AND MY JUNK IS YOU.

*(The lights shift, revealing GEORG at his piano. FRAULEIN
GROSSEBUSTENHALTER hovers)*

FRAULEIN GROSSEBUSTENHALTER

Well done, Georg. And now, the Prelude in C Minor...

*(GEORG begins playing Bach's Prelude. As he does, FRAULEIN
GROSSEBUSTENHALTER touches his hand. He lets out an illicit sigh – a moment
of private bliss. The lights shift, revealing HANSCHEN seated in his bathroom,
wearing his nightshirt. He pulls a reproduction of Corregio's Io from his pocket. His
free hand sneaks under his nightshirt)*

HANSCHEN

(To Io/Desdemona)

Have you prayed tonight, Desdemona? You don't look like you're praying, darling
– lying there, contemplating the coming bliss...

(A KNOCKING on the door. HANSCHEN freezes)

HERR RILOW

Hanschen, you all right?

HANSCHEN

My stomach again, Father. But I'll be fine.

HERR RILOW

Yes?

HANSCHEN

Fine.

HERR RILOW

Well, then.

(HERR RILOW goes. Slowly and steadily, HANSCHEN begins to masturbate – building steam as the scene continues)

HANSCHEN

(To Io/Desdemona)

Darling, don't think I take your murder lightly. The truth is, I can hardly bear to think of the long nights ahead...

But it's sucking the marrow from my bones, seeing you lie there. Motionless. Staring at me, so innocently. One of us must go – it's you or me.

(The lights shift... FRAULEIN GROSSEBUSTENHALTER sternly interrupts GEORG's playing)

FRAULEIN GROSSEBUSTENHALTER

No, no! Georg, please. Again. And this time, bring out the left hand.

(FRAULEIN GROSSEBUSTENHALTER touches his hand again – increased bliss.

HANSCHEN dutifully switches hands – to the left)

HANSCHEN

Darling, why – why – do you press your knees together? Even now, on the brink of eternity? Don't you see it's your terrible chastity that's driving me to...

(A KNOCKING at the bathroom door. HANSCHEN freezes)

HERR RILOW

Hanschen, that's enough in there.

HANSCHEN

Yes, sir.

HERR RILOW

Back to bed.

(HANSCHEN does not move)

HERR RILOW

Son?

HANSCHEN

One minute.

(HANSCHEN waits, listening. HERR RILOW goes. HANSCHEN redoubles his exertions)

HANSCHEN

One last kiss. Those soft, white thighs... those girlish breasts... oh, those cruel cruel knees...

(FRAULEIN GROSSEBUSTENHALTER claps, interrupting GEORG's playing)

FRAULEIN GROSSEBUSTENHALTER

Repetez, s'il vous plait.

(GEORG turns out and sings. We enter the world of his fantasy)

GEORG

WELL, YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME, I KNOW IT'S SO OFF,
I LOVE WHEN YOU DO STUFF THAT'S RUDE AND SO WRONG.

(FRAULEIN GROSSEBUSTENHALTER rips open her bodice, exposing her bustier. GEORG beckons her onto his lap and fondles her. As he does, HANSCHEN turns out, in a world of his own:)

HANSCHEN

I GO UP TO MY ROOM, TURN THE STEREO ON,
SHOOT UP SOME YOU IN THE "YOU" OF SOME SONG.

(The GIRLS surround HANSCHEN, dancing. Oblivious to their charms, he only has eyes – and thumbs – for his Io. The BOYS join in, as a vocal CHORUS:)

GIRLS, MORITZ, GEORG & OTTO

I LIE BACK, JUST DRIFTIN', AND PLAY OUT THESE SCENES.
I RIDE ON THE RUSH – ALL THE HOPES, ALL THE DREAMS...

ANNA

I MAY BE NEGLECTIN' THE THINGS I SHOULD DO.
WE'VE ALL GOT OUR JUNK, AND MY JUNK IS YOU.

BOYS & GIRLS

SEE, WE STILL KEEP TALKIN' – AFTER YOU'RE GONE.
YOU'RE STILL WITH ME THEN – FEELS SO GOOD IN MY ARMS.
THEY SAY YOU GO BLIND – MAYBE IT'S TRUE.
BUT WE'VE ALL GOT OUR JUNK, AND MY JUNK IS YOU...

(As the song reaches a climax, so does HANSCHEN)

IT'S LIKE, WE STOP TIME. WHAT CAN I DO –
WE'VE ALL GOT OUR JUNK, AND MY JUNK IS YOU.

AND MY JUNK IS YOU –
YOU -- YOU -- YOU.

(End of Act I, Scene 3)

Act I, Scene 4

Evening. MELCHIOR's study. A lamp burning on the table. MELCHIOR sits alone, writing in his journal.

MELCHIOR

(Reading aloud as he writes)

16 October. The question is: Shame. What is its origin? And why are we hounded by its miserable shadow?

Does the mare feel Shame as she couples with a stallion? Are they deaf to everything their loins are telling them, until we grant them a marriage certificate? I think not.

To my mind, Shame is nothing but a product of Education. Meanwhile, old Father Kaulbach still blindly insists, in every single sermon, that it's deeply rooted in our sinful Human Nature. Which is why I now refuse to go to Church –

FRAU GABOR (from OFF)

Melchior?

MELCHIOR

Yes, Mama?

FRAU GABOR (from OFF)

Moritz Stiefel to see you.

(MELCHIOR sits up. MORITZ enters, looking pale and agitated)

MELCHIOR

Moritz?...

MORITZ

Sorry I'm so late. I yanked on a jacket, ran a brush through my hair, and dashed like some phantom to get here.

MELCHIOR

You slept through the day...?

MORITZ

(“Yes”)

I'm exhausted, Melchi. I was up till three in the morning – reading that essay you gave me, till I couldn't see straight.

MELCHIOR

Sit. Let me roll you a smoke.

(MELCHIOR rolls MORITZ a cigarette)

MORITZ

Look at me – I’m trembling. Last night I prayed like Christ in Gethsemane: “Please, God, give me Consumption and take these sticky dreams away from me.”

MELCHIOR

With any luck, he’ll ignore that prayer.

MORITZ

Melchi, I can’t focus – on anything. Even now, it seems like... Well, I see, and hear, and feel, quite clearly. And yet, everything seems so strange...

MELCHIOR

But all those illustrations I gave you – didn’t they help illuminate your dreams?

MORITZ

They only multiplied everything ten times! Instead of merely seeing Stockings, now I’m plagued by Labia Majora and –

(FRAU GABOR enters with tea)

FRAU GABOR

Well, here we are, with tea. Herr Stiefel, how are you?

MORITZ

Very well, thank you, Frau Gabor.

FRAU GABOR

(Skeptical)

Yes?

MELCHIOR

(Busting him)

Just think, Mama. Moritz was up, reading all through the night.

MORITZ

Uh, conjugating Greek.

FRAU GABOR

You must take care of yourself, Moritz. Surely, your health is more important than Ancient Greek.

(Indicating his books)

Now, what have you been reading, Melchior?

MELCHIOR

Goethe’s FAUST, actually.

FRAU GABOR

Really? At your age?...

MELCHIOR

It's so beautiful, Mama.

MORITZ

("Indeed")

So haunting.

FRAU GABOR

Still, I should have thought...

But surely, you boys are now of an age to decide for yourselves what is good for you and what is not.

(Sighs)

If you need anything else, children, call me.

(FRAU GABOR goes out)

MORITZ

Well, your mother certainly is remarkable.

MELCHIOR

("Yes, but")

Until she catches her son reading Goethe.

MORITZ

I think she meant the story of Gretchen and her illegitimate child.

MELCHIOR

Yes. You see how obsessively everyone fixes on that story. It's as if the entire world were mesmerized by penis and vagina.

MORITZ

Well, I am. All the more so, I'm afraid, since reading your essay. What you wrote about the... female... I can't stop thinking about it.

(Pulls out the essay)

This part here – is it true?

MELCHIOR

Absolutely.

MORITZ

But, how can you understand that, Melchi? What the woman must feel.

MELCHIOR

("Why not?")

Giving yourself over to someone else?... Defending yourself until, finally, you surrender and feel Heaven break over you?...

(MORITZ nods)

MELCHIOR

I just put myself in her place – and imagine...

MORITZ

(“You’ve got to be kidding”)

Really?!

(Flipping through the essay – one diagram after another – increasingly mesmerized)

What it feels like?... for the woman?...

#6 – *Touch Me*

(A twelve-string guitar sounds – subtle chords, a world of longing. The BOYS and GIRLS gather around MELCHIOR and MORITZ in radiant light, singing and moving as a CHORUS. The BOYS hold copies of MELCHIOR’s essay)

MELCHIOR

WHERE I GO, WHEN I GO THERE,
NO MORE MEMORY ANYMORE –
ONLY DRIFTING ON SOME SHIP;
THE WIND THAT WHISPERS, OF THE DISTANCE, TO SHORE...

MORITZ

WHERE I GO, WHEN I GO THERE,
NO MORE LISTENING ANYMORE –
ONLY HYMNS UPON YOUR LIPS;
A MYSTIC WISDOM, RISING WITH THEM, TO SHORE...

BOYS & GIRLS

OOOOOO...

ERNST

TOUCH ME – JUST LIKE THAT.
AND THAT – O, YEAH – NOW, THAT’S HEAVEN.
NOW, THAT I LIKE.
GOD, THAT’S SO NICE.
NOW LOWER DOWN, WHERE THE FIGS LIE...

(MELCHIOR turns back to MORITZ. The lights shift back to the lamplit study, but the BOYS and GIRLS hover, singing quietly, underscoring the scene)

MORITZ

(Still in his private moment with the diagrams)

... Still, you must admit... with all the differing...

(Mispronouncing, with a “hard g”)

geni... geni...

MELCHIOR

(Correcting his pronunciation)

Genitalia?

MORITZ

Genitalia. It truly is daunting – I mean, how... everything might...

MELCHIOR

Measure up?

(MORITZ looks stricken)

MELCHIOR

Fit?

(More stricken)

MELCHIOR

Moritz, not that I'm saying I myself have ever –

MORITZ

Not that I'm saying I wouldn't want... Would ever want to not – Would ever not want...

MELCHIOR

Moritz?

MORITZ

I have to go!

(MORITZ abruptly rushes out)

MELCHIOR

Moritz, wait –

(But he's gone)

MELCHIOR

(More to himself)

Moritz...

(FRAU GABOR enters, and clears the tea)

FRAU GABOR

Melchior, what is it?

MELCHIOR

Nothing, Mama.

FRAU GABOR

Has Moritz gone?

MELCHIOR

Yes.

FRAU GABOR

Well, he does look awfully pale, don't you think? I wonder, is that FAUST really the best thing for him?

(FRAU GABOR exits. MELCHIOR shakes his head, incredulous. The world recedes. All reenter the song)

OTTO

WHERE I GO, WHEN I GO THERE,
NO MORE SHADOWS ANYMORE –
ONLY YOU THERE IN THE KISS;
AND NOTHING MISSING, AS YOU'RE DRIFTING, TO SHORE...

GEORG

WHERE I GO, WHEN I GO THERE
NO MORE WEeping ANYMORE –
ONLY IN AND OUT YOUR LIPS;
THE BROKEN WISHES, WASHING WITH
THEM, TO SHORE...

BOYS & GIRLS

WHERE I GO
NO MORE WEeping
OH NO NO NO

BOYS & GIRLS

TOUCH ME –

MELCHIOR & MORITZ

TOUCH ME – ALL SILENT.
TELL ME – PLEASE – ALL IS FORGIVEN.
CONSUME MY WINE.
CONSUME MY MIND.
I'LL TELL YOU HOW, HOW THE WINDS SIGH..

GEORG

– JUST TRY IT.
NOW, THERE – THAT'S IT – GOD, THAT'S
HEAVEN.
I'LL LOVE YOUR LIGHT.
I'LL LOVE YOU RIGHT..
WE'LL WANDER DOWN WHERE THE SINS CRY...

BOYS & GIRLS

ALL SILENT – BABY JUST TELL ME
ALL IS FORGIVEN
OH –
OH –
OH – THERE I GO, THERE I GO

– JUST TRY IT
NOW THAT'S IT GOD OH THAT'S
HEAVEN
I LOVE YOUR LIGHT
WHERE SINS CRY

BOYS & GIRLS

TOUCH ME – JUST LIKE THAT.
NOW LOWER DOWN, WHERE THE SINS LIE...

LOVE ME – JUST FOR A BIT...
WE’LL WANDER DOWN, WHERE THE WINDS SIGH...

WHERE THE WINDS SIGH...
WHERE THE WINDS SIGH...
WHERE THE WINDS SIGH...

(End of Act I, Scene 4)

Act I, Scene 5

Afternoon. MELCHIOR and WENDLA discover each other in the woods.

WENDLA

Melchior Gabor?

MELCHIOR

(In disbelief)

Wendla Bergman?! Like a tree-nymph fallen from the branches. What are you doing – alone up here?

WENDLA

Mama's making May wine. I thought I'd surprise her with some woodruff. And you?

MELCHIOR

This is my favorite spot. My private place – for thinking.

WENDLA

(Starts away)

Oh. I'm sorry –

MELCHIOR

No – no. Please.

(She pauses)

MELCHIOR

So... how have you been doing?

WENDLA

Well, this morning was wonderful. Our youth group brought baskets of food and clothing to the day-laborers' children.

MELCHIOR

I remember when we used to do that. Together.

WENDLA

You should have seen their faces, Melchior. How much we brightened their day.

MELCHIOR

Actually, it's something I've been thinking a lot about.

WENDLA

The day-laborers?

MELCHIOR

("No")

Our little acts of charity. What do you think, Wendla, can our Sunday School deeds really make a difference?

WENDLA

They have to. Of course. What other hope do those people have?

MELCHIOR

I don't know, exactly. But I fear that Industry is fast determining itself firmly against them.

WENDLA

Against us all, then.

MELCHIOR

Thank you, yes!

WENDLA

It seems to me: what serves each of us best is what serves all of us best.

MELCHIOR

Indeed.

(A beat)

Wendla Bergman, I have known you all these years, and we've never truly talked.

WENDLA

We have so few opportunities. Now that we're older.

MELCHIOR

True. In a more progressive world, of course, we could all attend the same school. Boys and girls together. Wouldn't that be remarkable?

(In the moment of intellectual engagement, MELCHIOR has drawn so close to WENDLA that she grows self-conscious and has to pull back)

WENDLA

What time is it?

MELCHIOR

Must be close to four.

WENDLA

Oh? I thought it was later. I paused and lay so long in the moss by the stream, and just let myself dream... I thought it must be... later.

MELCHIOR

Then, can't you sit for a moment? When you lean back against this oak, and stare up at the clouds, you start to think hypnotic things...

WENDLA

I have to be back before five.

MELCHIOR

But, when you lie here, such a strange, wonderful peace settles over you...

WENDLA

Well, for a moment maybe.

(WENDLA and MELCHIOR settle beneath the oak. The lights shift, isolating them in a world of vibrant shadow. A classic arpeggio begins)

#7 – *The Word of Your Body*

JUST TOO UNREAL, ALL THIS.
WATCHING THE WORDS FALL FROM MY LIPS...

MELCHIOR

BAITING SOME GIRL – WITH HYPOTHESES!

WENDLA & MELCHIOR

HAVEN'T YOU HEARD THE WORD OF YOUR BODY?

(MELCHIOR reaches, tentatively, takes WENDLA's hand. They begin a private pas de deux)

MELCHIOR

DON'T FEEL A THING – YOU WISH.

WENDLA

GRASPING AT PEARLS WITH MY FINGERTIPS...

MELCHIOR

HOLDING HER HAND LIKE SOME LITTLE TEASE.

WENDLA & MELCHIOR

HAVEN'T YOU HEARD THE WORD OF MY WANTING?

O, I'M GONNA BE WOUNDED.
O, I'M GONNA BE YOUR WOUND.
O, I'M GONNA BRUISE YOU.
O, YOU'RE GONNA BE MY BRUISE.

JUST TOO UNREAL, ALL THIS.

WENDLA

WATCHING HIS WORLD SLIP THROUGH MY FIST...

MELCHIOR

PLAYING WITH HER IN YOUR FANTASIES.

WENDLA & MELCHIOR

HAVEN'T YOU HEARD A WORD – HOW I WANT YOU?

O, I'M GONNA BE WOUNDED.

O, I'M GONNA BE YOUR WOUND.

O, I'M GONNA BRUISE YOU.

O, YOU'RE GONNA BE MY BRUISE.

(The lights shift. Back to the woods)

WENDLA

The sun's setting, Melchior. Truly, I'd better go.

MELCHIOR

(Touches her)

We'll go together. I'll have you on the bridge in ten minutes.

(She hesitates, then allows him to take her hand. They walk off together.)

End of Act I, Scene 5)

Act I, Scene 6

The Schoolyard. GEORG, HANSCHEN, ERNST and OTTO wait expectantly.

OTTO

(Pointing)

Look – there he is!

(MORITZ bounds on)

HANSCHEN

So, did you get caught?

MORITZ

No – no – Thank God –

ERNST

But, you're trembling.

MORITZ

For joy. For pure and certain joy!

GEORG

(Sarcastic)

Cross your heart?

MORITZ

Twice over!

(MELCHIOR enters)

ERNST

Melchior!

MELCHIOR

Moritz, I've been looking for you.

GEORG

He snuck into the headmaster's office.

MELCHIOR

Moritz, what were you thinking?

MORITZ

I had to, Melchi. I just had to.

The good news is: I passed!

HANSCHEN

The middle-terms, that is.

MORITZ

Yes. Everything will now be determined by the final exams. Still, I know I passed. Truly, Heaven must feel like this.

(MELCHIOR embraces MORITZ. The lights shift.)

HEADMASTER KNOCHENBRUCH is revealed, as if in his office. He turns to FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK)

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH

Well, well. Fraulein Knuppeldick.

FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK

Herr Knochenbruch?

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH

Now that...that skittish, near-aphasic moron...

FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK

Moritz Stiefel.

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH

(“Indeed”)

Has somehow passed our middle-term exams, it would appear we face a certain dilemma.

FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK

Ah.

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH

The upper grade, as we know, will hold only sixty. I hardly think we can promote sixty-one.

FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK

Hardly, Herr Knochenbruch. But, let us look to the finals ahead.

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH

Yes?...

FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK

Remember, it is I who shall be marking them.

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH

Then I am assured the good name of our school is secure.

(HERR KNOCHENBRUCH and FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK exchange a look.)

End of Act I, Scene 6)

Act I, Scene 7

Afternoon. A windy day. WENDLA, MARTHA, THEA and ANNA walk arm in arm.

ANNA

Shall we take the short way home?

THEA

No no – by the bridge.

WENDLA

After two hours marching with that medicine ball?!

THEA

Come on!

ANNA

(Teasing)

Someone wants to see: has Melchi Gabor taken a raft out?

THEA

(“Even so”)

Last one there has to hold hands with Hanschen...!

(The GIRLS start off)

ANNA

Martha, careful – your braid’s coming loose.

MARTHA

(Concerned)

No.

THEA

Just let it. Isn’t it a nuisance for you – day and night. You may not cut it short, you may not wear it down...

WENDLA

Tomorrow, I’m bringing scissors.

MARTHA

For God’s sake, Wendla, no! Papa beats me enough as it is.

WENDLA

Really?

MARTHA

No, no, I – It’s nothing.

THEA

Martha...?

ANNA

Martha, we're your friends...

(A beat)

MARTHA

Well, when I don't do as he likes...

ANNA

What?

MARTHA

Some nights... Papa yanks out his belt.

THEA

But where is your mama?

MARTHA

"We have rules in this house. Your father will not be disobeyed."

(A beat)

The other night, I ran for the door. "Out the door? All right, I like that. That's where you'll spend the night — out on the street."

THEA

No!

MARTHA

It was so cold.

ANNA

My God.

(A beat)

WENDLA

He beats you with a belt?

MARTHA

Anything.

WENDLA

With a buckle?

MARTHA

(Rolls up her sleeve)

Right there...

ANNA

Oh my God!

WENDLA

Martha, the welts – they're terrible.

ANNA

We must tell someone.

MARTHA

Anna, no!

ANNA

But we must.

MARTHA

No, no, please. They'd throw me out for good.

THEA

Like what happened to Ilse, you mean.

WENDLA

Remember!

ANNA

But still...

MARTHA

Anna, no.

(The utter degradation)

Just look what's become of Ilse now! Living who knows where -- with who knows who?!

WENDLA

I just wish I could somehow go through it for you...

(A beat)

THEA

My Uncle Klaus says, "If you don't discipline a child, you don't love it."

MARTHA

That must be.

(A beat)

ANNA

When I have children, I'll let them be free. And they'll grow strong and tall.

THEA

Free? But how will we know what to do if our parents don't tell us?

#8 – *The Dark I Know Well*

(A menacing eighth-note guitar riff. The lights shift. We enter the song world of MARTHA. Her mother, FRAU BESSELL, casting a long shadow.

Over the course of the first verses, WENDLA, ANNA and THEA walk off, one after the other)

FRAU BESSELL

Martha, time for bed now.

MARTHA

THERE IS A PART I CAN'T TELL
ABOUT THE DARK I KNOW WELL...

FRAU BESSELL

Martha, darling...?

(No response)

Put on that new nightgown. The pretty ruffled one your father bought you.

MARTHA

YOU SAY, "TIME FOR BED NOW, CHILD,"
MOM JUST SMILES THAT SMILE –
JUST LIKE SHE NEVER SAW ME.
JUST LIKE SHE NEVER SAW ME...

SO, I LEAVE, WANTIN' JUST TO HIDE.
KNOWIN' DEEP INSIDE,
YOU ARE COMIN' TO ME.
YOU ARE COMIN' TO ME...

YOU SAY ALL YOU WANT IS JUST A KISS GOOD NIGHT,
THEN YOU HOLD ME AND YOU WHISPER, "CHILD, THE LORD
WON'T MIND.
IT'S JUST YOU AND ME.
CHILD, YOU'RE A BEAUTY."

"GOD, IT'S GOOD – THE LOVIN' – AIN'T IT GOOD TONIGHT?
YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET – GONNA TREAT YOU RIGHT.
IT'S JUST YOU AND ME.
CHILD, YOU'RE A BEAUTY."

(A KNOCKING on a door. ILSE is revealed in song light. Her father, HERR NEUMANN, peers out of the dark)

HERR NEUMANN

Ilse...? Ilse. Story time.

ILSE

I DON'T SCREAM. THOUGH I KNOW IT'S WRONG.
I JUST PLAY ALONG.
I LIE THERE AND BREATHE.
LIE THERE AND BREATHE...

I WANNA BE STRONG –
I WANT THE WORLD TO FIND OUT
THAT YOU'RE DREAMIN' ON ME,
ME AND MY "BEAUTY."

ILSE & MARTHA

ME AND MY "BEAUTY"...

ILSE, MARTHA & BOYS

YOU SAY ALL YOU WANT IS JUST A KISS GOOD NIGHT,
THEN YOU HOLD ME AND YOU WHISPER, "CHILD, THE LORD
WON'T MIND.
IT'S JUST YOU AND ME.
CHILD, YOU'RE A BEAUTY."

"GOD, IT'S GOOD – THE LOVIN' –
AIN'T IT GOOD TONIGHT?
YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET –
GONNA TEACH YOU RIGHT.
IT'S JUST YOU AND ME.
CHILD, YOU'RE A BEAUTY."

THERE IS A PART I CAN'T TELL
ABOUT THE DARK I KNOW WELL.

THERE IS A PART I CAN'T TELL
ABOUT THE DARK I KNOW WELL.

THERE IS A PART I CAN'T TELL
ABOUT THE DARK I KNOW WELL.

(ILSE, MARTHA & BOYS)

THERE IS A PART I CAN'T TELL
ABOUT THE DARK I KNOW WELL...

(BLACKOUT. End of Act I, Scene 7)

Act I, Scene 8

The woods. MELCHIOR sits, writing in his journal.

MELCHIOR

(Reading aloud as he writes)

27 November. The trouble is: the terrible prerogative of the... Parentocracy in Secondary Education...

(The lights shift, rising on MORITZ in the schoolyard. HERR KNOCHENBRUCH and FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK summon him)

FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK

Herr Stiefel, may we have a word with you?

(MORITZ stiffens)

MELCHIOR

(Continuing in his journal)

... a world where teachers – like parents – view us as merely so much raw material for an obedient and productive society...

(HERR KNOCHENBRUCH and FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK approach MORITZ, and address him in private conference)

... a unified, military-like body, where all that is weak must be hammered away...

(HERR KNOCHENBRUCH and FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK continue on their way, leaving MORITZ looking like a ghost)

... where the progress of the students reflects back only on the rank and order of the faculty, and therefore a single low mark can be seen as a threat to –

(MORITZ wanders off – lost. WENDLA approaches MELCHIOR)

WENDLA

Melchior?

MELCHIOR

(Jumps up, startled)

You?!...

WENDLA

(Shrugs)

I was lying by the stream, and then... I saw you here...

MELCHIOR

Yes.

(An awkward pause)

WENDLA

So...

MELCHIOR

So... the stream. Dreaming again?...

WENDLA

I was, I guess.

MELCHIOR

And, what were you dreaming of?

WENDLA

It's silly.

MELCHIOR

Tell me.

WENDLA

I dreamed I was a clumsy little girl, who spilt my father's coffee. And when he saw what I had done, he yanked out his belt and whipped me.

MELCHIOR

Wendla, that kind of thing doesn't happen anymore. Only in stories.

WENDLA

Martha Bessell is beaten almost every evening — the next day, you can see the welts. It's terrible.

Really, it makes you boiling hot to hear her tell it. Lately, I can't think about anything else.

MELCHIOR

Someone should file a complaint.

WENDLA

You know... I've never been beaten. Not once. I can't even imagine it. It must be just awful.

MELCHIOR

I don't believe anyone is ever better for it.

WENDLA

I've tried hitting myself — to find out how it feels, really, inside.

(WENDLA sees a switch on the ground and picks it up)

WENDLA

With this switch, for example? It's tough. And thin.

(She offers MELCHIOR the switch. He takes it. Tries it, through the air)

MELCHIOR

It'd draw blood.

WENDLA

You mean, if you beat me with it?...

MELCHIOR

Beat you?

WENDLA

Me.

MELCHIOR

Wendla, what are you thinking?!

WENDLA

Nothing.

MELCHIOR

I could never beat you.

WENDLA

But if I let you?

MELCHIOR

Never.

WENDLA

But if I asked you to?

MELCHIOR

Have you lost your mind?

WENDLA

Martha Bessell, she told me –

MELCHIOR

Wendla! You can't envy someone being beaten.

WENDLA

But I've never been beaten – my entire life. I've never... felt...

MELCHIOR

What?

WENDLA

Anything.

(No response)

WENDLA

Please. Melchior..

(She offers him her backside. He considers, then strikes her lightly)

I don't feel it!

MELCHIOR

Maybe not, with your dress on.

(WENDLA hikes her skirt, offering MELCHIOR the prospect of her somewhat more exposed backside)

WENDLA

On my legs, then.

MELCHIOR

Wendla!

WENDLA

Come on. Please.

MELCHIOR

I'll teach you to say: "Please"...

(He firmly takes her by the arm, and strikes her with the switch)

WENDLA

(Winces from the pain, but...)

You're barely stroking me.

(He strikes her again)

MELCHIOR

How's that then?

WENDLA

Martha's father, he uses his belt. He draws blood, Melchi.

(MELCHIOR strikes her again)

MELCHIOR

How's that?

WENDLA

(A lie)

Nothing.

MELCHIOR

And that?

WENDLA

Nothing.

MELCHIOR

You bitch. I'll beat the hell out of you.

(MELCHIOR flings the switch aside and throws WENDLA to the ground, so violently that she begins sobbing.

Suddenly, he realizes what he's done. He stumbles, sobbing, into the woods. OTTO and GEORG are revealed, soulful members of the band)

#8a – The Word of Your Body (Reprise 1)

OTTO

(Gently)

O, YOU'RE GONNA BE WOUNDED.

O, I'M GONNA BE YOUR WOUND...

OTTO & GEORG

OH I'M GONNA BRUISE YOU.

OH YOU'RE GONNA BE MY BRUISE...

(End of Act I, Scene 8)

Act I, Scene 9

The Stiefel Sitting Room. Moritz approaches his father, HERR STIEFEL.

MORITZ

Father...?

HERR STIEFEL

Moritz.

(MORITZ remains silent)

Yes...?

MORITZ

Well, I, uh, was wondering – hypothetically speaking – what would happen if...

HERR STIEFEL

“If...?”

MORITZ

If, one day, I, uh, failed. Not that –

HERR STIEFEL

You’re telling me you’ve failed?

MORITZ

No – no! I only meant –

HERR STIEFEL

You’ve failed, haven’t you? I can see it on your face.

MORITZ

Father, no!

(HERR STIEFEL strikes MORITZ)

MORITZ

Father, please!

(HERR STIEFEL strikes MORITZ again. And again. He turns away in disgust)

HERR STIEFEL

Well, it’s finally come to this. I can’t say I’m surprised.

(A beat)

Failed.

(A beat)

So, now, what are your mother and I supposed to do?

(No response)

You tell me, Son. What?

(HERR STIEFEL)

(No response)

How can she show her face at the Missionary Society?

(No response)

What do I tell them at the Bank?

(No response)

How do we go to Church?

(No response)

What do we say?

(No response)

My son. Failed.

(A beat)

Failed.

(A pause)

Thank God my father never lived to see this day.

(End of Act I, Scene 9. The lights fade, and simultaneously rise on...)

Act I, Scene 10

Two discrete spaces are revealed. Over the course of the scene, the lights shift back and forth between them.

FRAU GABOR sits, as if in her study, writing a letter.

MORITZ steps forward, on the other side of the stage – in brilliant concert light – reading that letter.

A driving beat underscores the scene, building as MORITZ sings.

#9 – And Then There Were None**FRAU GABOR**

Dear Herr Stiefel –

(Thinks again)

Moritz. I've spent the entire day thinking about your note. Truly, it touched me, it did, that you'd think of me as a friend. Of course, I was saddened to hear that your exams came off rather less well than you'd hoped, and that you will not be promoted, come fall.

And yet, I must say straightaway, that fleeing to America is hardly the solution. And even if it were, I cannot provide the money you request.

MORITZ

UH-HUH... UH-HUH... UH-HUH... WELL, FINE.

NOT LIKE IT'S EVEN WORTH THE TIME.

BUT STILL, YOU KNOW, YOU WANTED MORE.

SORRY, IT WON'T CHANGE – BEEN THERE BEFORE.

FRAU GABOR

You would do me wrong, Herr Stiefel, to read into my refusal any lack of affection. On the contrary, as Melchior's mother, I truly believe it to be my duty (to curb this momentary loss of) –

MORITZ

THE THING THAT SUCKS – OKAY? – FOR ME,

A THOUSAND BUCKS, I'M, LIKE, SCOTT FREE.

AND I MEAN, PLEASE... THAT'S ALL I NEED.

GET REAL – OKAY? BY NOW, YOU KNOW THE SCORE.

FRAU GABOR

Should you like, I am ready to write to your parents. I will try to convince them that no one could have worked harder last semester, and also that too rigorous a condemnation of your current misfortune (could have the gravest possible effect on) –

MORITZ

YOU WANNA LAUGH.
IT'S TOO ABSURD.
YOU START TO ASK.
CAN'T HEAR A WORD.
YOU WANNA CRASH AND BURN –
RIGHT, TELL ME MORE.

FRAU GABOR

Still, Herr Stiefel, one thing in your letter disturbed me. Your – what shall we call it? – veiled threat that, should escape not be possible, you would take your own life.

MORITZ

OKAY SO, NOW WE DO THE PLAY.
ACT LIKE WE SO CARE. NO WAY.
YOU'LL WRITE MY FOLKS? WELL, OKAY. BABE, THAT'S
HOW IT GOES.

FRAU GABOR

My dear boy, the world is filled with men – businessmen, scientists, scholars even – who have done rather poorly in school, and yet gone on to brilliant careers. Consider, for example, that rare and estimable essayist, Leopold Habebald –

MORITZ

THEY'RE NOT MY HOME. NOT ANYMORE.
NOT LIKE THEY SO WERE BEFORE.
STILL, I'LL SPLIT, AND THEY'LL, LIKE...
WHO KNOWS?
WHO KNOWS?

BOYS

AHHHHH..
WELL, WHO KNOWS?

FRAU GABOR

In any case, I assure you that your present misfortune will have no effect on my feelings for you, or on your relationship with Melchior.

(The BOYS stride forward, one after the other, and join MORITZ – a rousing punk-pop anthem)

MORITZ & HANSCHEN

UH-HUH... UH-HUH... UH-HUH... WELL, FINE.
NOT LIKE IT'S EVEN WORTH THE TIME.
BUT STILL, YOU KNOW, YOU WANTED MORE.

HANSCHEN

OKAY, SO NOTHING'S CHANGED.

MORITZ

HEARD THAT BEFORE.

MORITZ & OTTO

YOU WANNA LAUGH. IT'S TOO ABSURD.

YOU START TO ASK. CAN'T HEAR A WORD.

OTTO

YOU'RE GONNA CRASH AND BURN.

MORITZ

RIGHT, TELL ME MORE.

MORITZ & ERNST

YOU START TO CAVE. YOU START TO CRY.

YOU TRY TO RUN. NOWHERE TO HIDE.

GEORG

YOU WANT TO CRUMBLE UP, AND CLOSE THAT DOOR.

FRAU GABOR

So, head high, Herr Stiefel. And do let me hear from you soon. In the meantime, I am unchangingly and most fondly yours, Fanny Gabor

(Lights out on FRAU GABOR. MORITZ commands his post-punk space)

MORITZ

JUST FUCK IT – RIGHT? ENOUGH. THAT'S IT.

YOU'LL STILL GO ON. WELL, FOR A BIT.

ANOTHER DAY OF UTTER SHIT –

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE.

MORITZ & OTTO

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE...

MORITZ, OTTO, & GEORG

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE...

MORITZ & BOYS

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE...

(MORITZ withdraws a gun from his vest pocket and strides off. End of Act I, Scene 10)

Act I, Scene 11

#10 – *The Mirror – Blue Night*

A minimalist electronica motif sounds. MELCHIOR is revealed in a haunted world of song. Distraught. Unable to shake the thought of what he's done to WENDLA. He hounds his body with his hands. The BOYS look on, and join as a CHORUS.

BOYS

FLIP ON A SWITCH, AND EVERYTHING'S FINE –
NO MORE LIPS, NO MORE TONGUE, NO MORE EARS, NO MORE EYES.
THE NAKED BLUE ANGEL, WHO PEERS THROUGH THE BLINDS,
DISAPPEARS IN THE GLOOM OF THE MIRROR-BLUE NIGHT.

MELCHIOR

BUT THERE'S NOWHERE TO HIDE FROM THESE BONES, FROM MY MIND.
IT'S BROKEN INSIDE – I'M A MAN AND A CHILD.
I'M AT HOME WITH A GHOST, WHO GOT LEFT IN THE COLD.
I'M LOCKED OUT OF PEACE, WITH NO KEYS TO MY SOUL.

BOYS

AND THE WHISPERS OF FEAR, THE CHILL UP THE SPINE,
WILL STEAL AWAY TOO, WITH A FLICK OF THE LIGHT.
THE MINUTE YOU DO, WITH FINGERS SO BLIND,
YOU REMOVE EVERY BIT OF THE BLUE FROM YOUR MIND.

MELCHIOR & BOYS

BUT THERE'S NOWHERE TO HIDE, FROM THE GHOST IN MY MIND, IT'S
COLD IN THESE BONES – OF A MAN AND A CHILD.
AND THERE'S NO ONE WHO KNOWS, AND THERE'S NOWHERE TO GO
THERE'S NO ONE TO SEE WHO CAN SEE TO MY SOUL...

(WENDLA enters, holding MELCHIOR's journal. The lights shift abruptly – from a cool "mirror-blue" to the warm light of dusk – revealing MELCHIOR in a hayloft)

WENDLA

So, here you are.

MELCHIOR

Go away. Please.

WENDLA

There's a storm coming, you know. You can't sit sulking in some hayloft.

MELCHIOR

Out.

(A beat)

WENDLA

Everyone's at Church. Rehearsing for our Michaelmas chorale. I slipped out.

MELCHIOR

Yes. Well.

(A beat)

WENDLA

Your friend Moritz Stiefel is absent. Someone said he's been missing all day.

MELCHIOR

I expect he's had his fill of Michaelmas.

WENDLA

Perhaps.

(A beat)

You know, I have your journal.

MELCHIOR

You do?!

WENDLA

You left it. The other day. I confess, I tried reading part of it –

MELCHIOR

Just leave it. Please.

(WENDLA crosses into the hayloft, sets down the journal)

WENDLA

Melchior, I'm sorry about... what happened. Truly, I am. I understand why you'd be angry at me. I don't know what I was thinking –

MELCHIOR

Don't.

WENDLA

But how can I not –

MELCHIOR

Please. Please. Don't.

(A beat)

We were confused. We were both just...

WENDLA

But it was my fault that –

MELCHIOR

Don't – please – no! It was me – all me. Something in me started, when I hit you.

WENDLA

Something in me, too.

MELCHIOR

But I hurt you –

WENDLA

Yes, but still –

MELCHIOR

No more! My God. No more. Just – please.

(A beat)

You should go.

(A pause. WENDLA kneels beside MELCHIOR)

WENDLA

Won't you come out to the meadow now, Melchior? It's dark in here, and stuffy. We can run through the rain – get soaked to the skin – and not even care.

MELCHIOR

Forgive me...

WENDLA

It was me. All me.

(WENDLA cradles his head on her breast)

MELCHIOR

I can hear your heart beat, Wendla.

(MELCHIOR reaches to kiss WENDLA)

WENDLA

Oh Melchi –

(Then, hesitating)

I don't know.

MELCHIOR

(Cradling her head on his breast)

No matter where I am, I hear it, beating...

WENDLA

And I hear yours.

(MELCHIOR leans close, kisses WENDLA)

WENDLA

Melchior...

(He kisses her again. Presses his body onto hers)

WENDLA

No – wait – no –

MELCHIOR

Wendla...

WENDLA

Wait – stop. I can't. We're not supposed to.

MELCHIOR

What?

(No response)

Not supposed to what? Love? I don't know – is there such a thing? I hear your heart...

#11 – I Believe

(Gospel-tinged music with a modern groove begins. The BOYS and GIRLS are revealed, gathered in quiet CHORUS)

MELCHIOR

...I feel you breathing – everywhere – the rain, the hay...

Please. Please, Wendla.

(He presses himself forward. Kisses her)

BOYS & GIRLS

WENDLA

(Quietly)

I BELIEVE,

I BELIEVE,

I BELIEVE,

OH I BELIEVE.

ALL WILL BE FORGIVEN.

Melchior, no – it's just – it's..

MELCHIOR

What? Sinful?

(BOYS & GIRLS)

I BELIEVE,
I BELIEVE,
I BELIEVE,
OH I BELIEVE.
ALL WILL BE FORGIVEN –
I BELIEVE.

(WENDLA considers, then suddenly reaches and pulls MELCHIOR to her. She kisses him. He holds her, and gently helps her lie back)

I BELIEVE,
I BELIEVE,
I BELIEVE
OH I BELIEVE.
THERE IS LOVE IN HEAVEN – I BELIEVE.

I BELIEVE,
I BELIEVE,
OH I BELIEVE.
THERE IS LOVE IN HEAVEN –
I BELIEVE.

I BELIEVE,
I BELIEVE,
OH I BELIEVE.
ALL WILL BE FORGIVEN – I BELIEVE.

I BELIEVE,
I BELIEVE,
I BELIEVE,
OH I BELIEVE.
ALL WILL BE FORGIVEN – I BELIEVE

THERE IS LOVE IN HEAVEN.
ALL WILL BE FORGIVEN.
THERE IS LOVE IN HEAVEN.
ALL WILL BE FORGIVEN.

WENDLA

No. I don't know...

MELCHIOR

Then, why? Because it's good?
(No response)
Because it makes us "feel" something?

Don't be scared

WENDLA

No –

MELCHIOR

Please –

WENDLA

Don't. It...

MELCHIOR

What?

WENDLA

Wait....

(BOYS & GIRLS)

I BELIEVE...
 THERE IS LOVE IN HEAVEN.
 I BELIEVE...
 ALL WILL BE FORGIVEN.
 I BELIEVE...
 THERE IS LOVE IN HEAVEN.
 I BELIEVE...
 ALL WILL BE FORGIVEN.
 I BELIEVE...
 THERE IS LOVE IN HEAVEN.
 I BELIEVE...
 ALL WILL BE FORGIVEN.
 I BELIEVE...
 THERE IS LOVE IN HEAVEN.

MELCHIOR

It's just me. It's just me.

BOYS & GIRLS

I BELIEVE
 THERE IS LOVE IN HEAVEN.

MARTHA & ANNA

PEACE AND JOY BE WITH
 THEM...

WENDLA

Now, there – now, that's...

I BELIEVE...
 ALL WILL BE FORGIVEN.
 I BELIEVE...
 THERE IS LOVE IN HEAVEN.
 I BELIEVE...
 ALL WILL BE FORGIVEN

HARMONY AND WISDOM...

Yes.

BOYS & GIRLS

PEACE AND JOY BE WITH THEM,
 HARMONY AND WISDOM...

WENDLA

Melchior – oh...!

BOYS & GIRLS

I BELIEVE...

(The song ends. The lights fade. End of Act I)

Act II, Scene 1

Dusk. Church. The same time, the same day as at the close of Act One. Music underscores, as FATHER KAULBACH delivers his sermon.

#12 – *The Guilty Ones*

FATHER KAULBACH

(Mid-sermon)

... Let us then turn today, children, to an adage much loved of Martin Luther: “To God, to our parents, to our teachers, we can never render sufficient gratitude.”

(The scene shifts, revealing WENDLA and MELCHIOR in the hayloft. They are once again in their moment of love-making, as FATHER KAULBACH continues:)

How well we know: these words may strike our modern ear as merely quaint. As dubious. As old. And yet, let us pose this question — each of us — within our dark heart: in what ways have we honored, or dishonored, our father and mother?

In what ways have we strayed — in soul, in body — from all the wise instruction of our clergymen, our teachers?

(The light fades on FATHER KAULBACH.)

MELCHIOR gently withdraws himself from WENDLA)

MELCHIOR

Are you all right, Wendla?

(The music shifts – subtly sweeping electronic keyboards. The lights shift between the world of cloudless song and the lovers’ uncertain moment in the hayloft. The BOYS and GIRLS look on, and sing as a CHORUS)

WENDLA

SOMETHING’S STARTED CRAZY –
SWEET AND UNKNOWN.
SOMETHING YOU KEEP
IN A BOX ON THE STREET –
NOW IT’S LONGING FOR A HOME...

ALL except MELCHIOR & WENDLA

AND WHO CAN SAY WHAT DREAMS ARE?...

WENDLA

WAKE ME IN TIME TO BE LONELY AND SAD.

ALL except MELCHIOR & WENDLA

AND WHO CAN SAY WHAT WE ARE?...

WENDLA

THIS IS THE SEASON FOR DREAMING...

AND NOW OUR BODIES ARE THE GUILTY ONES,
WHO TOUCH,
AND COLOR THE HOURS;

NIGHT WON'T BREATHE
OH HOW WE
FALL IN SILENCE FROM THE SKY,
AND WHISPER SOME SILVER REPLY...

MELCHIOR

(Still intent on his question)

Wendla...?

WENDLA

I think so. Yes.

MELCHIOR

PULSE IS GONE AND RACING –
ALL FITS AND STARTS.
WINDOW BY WINDOW,
YOU TRY AND LOOK INTO
THIS BRAVE NEW YOU THAT YOU ARE.

ALL except MELCHIOR & WENDLA

AND WHO CAN SAY WHAT DREAMS ARE?...

MELCHIOR

WAKE ME IN TIME TO BE OUT IN THE COLD.

ALL except MELCHIOR & WENDLA

AND WHO CAN SAY WHAT WE ARE?...

MELCHIOR

THIS IS THE REASON FOR DREAMING...

ALL

AND NOW OUR BODIES ARE THE GUILTY ONES –
OUR TOUCH
WILL FILL EVERY HOUR.

(ALL)

HUGE AND DARK,
OH OUR HEARTS
WILL MURMUR THE BLUES FROM ON HIGH,
THEN WHISPER SOME SILVER REPLY...
WO - O - WO - O - O -

(The BOYS and GIRLS gather like an alt-rock choir around MELCHIOR and WENDLA. FATHER KAULBACH is again revealed in church)

KAULBACH

Ah but children, children, in what ways have we cloaked, and hidden even from ourselves, the secret bargains we have made with our own devils...?

ALL

AND NOW OUR BODIES ARE THE GUILTY ONES...

(MORITZ strides on, waving everyone away)

MORITZ

Enough. Enough. Enough.

(The lights go electric, holding on MORITZ. End of Act II, Scene 1)

Act II, Scene 2

MORITZ looks out as if he were in some garage band.

#13 – Don't Do Sadness**MORITZ**

AWFUL SWEET TO BE A LITTLE BUTTERFLY.
JUST WINGIN' OVER THINGS, AND NOTHIN' DEEP INSIDE.
NOTHIN' GOIN', GOIN' WILD IN YOU – YOU KNOW –
YOU'RE SLOWIN' BY THE RIVERSIDE OR FLOATIN' HIGH AND BLUE...

OR, MAYBE, COOL TO BE A LITTLE SUMMER WIND.
LIKE, ONCE THROUGH EVERYTHING, AND THEN AWAY AGAIN.
WITH A TASTE OF DUST IN YOUR MOUTH ALL DAY,
BUT NO NEED TO KNOW, LIKE, SADNESS – YOU JUST SAIL AWAY.
'CAUSE, YOU KNOW, I DON'T DO SADNESS – NOT EVEN A
LITTLE BIT.
JUST DON'T NEED IT IN MY LIFE – DON'T WANT ANY PART OF IT.
I DON'T DO SADNESS. HEY, I'VE DONE MY TIME.
LOOKIN' BACK ON IT ALL – MAN, IT BLOWS MY MIND.

I DON'T DO SADNESS. SO BEEN THERE.
DON'T DO SADNESS. JUST DON'T CARE.

(The song ends, and the lights shift. Twilight. A river. MORITZ stands alone. He withdraws a gun from his pocket. ILSE suddenly enters. Sees him)

ILSE

Moritz Stiefel!

MORITZ

(Frantically hiding the gun)

Ilse?! You frightened me!

ILSE

Did you lose something?

MORITZ

Why did you frighten me?

(A beat)

Damn it!

ILSE

What're you looking for?

MORITZ

If only I knew.

ILSE

Then what's the use of looking?

(A beat)

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.

(Off his look)

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

#13a – Blue Wind

(ILSE)

(A plaintive guitar sounds. A spotlight finds ILSE)

SPRING AND SUMMER,
 EVERY OTHER DAY,
 BLUE WIND GETS SO SAD.
 BLOWIN' THROUGH THE THICK CORN,
 THROUGH THE BALES OF HAY,
 THROUGH THE OPEN BOOKS ON THE GRASS...

SPRING AND SUMMER...

SURE, WHEN IT'S AUTUMN,
 WIND ALWAYS WANTS TO
 CREEP UP AND HAUNT YOU --

WHISTLING, IT'S GOT YOU;
 WITH ITS HEARTACHE, WITH ITS SORROW,
 WINTER WIND SINGS, AND IT CRIES...

SPRING AND SUMMER,
 EVERY OTHER DAY,
 BLUE WIND GETS SO PAINED.

BLOWIN' THROUGH THE THICK CORN,
 THROUGH THE BALES OF HAY,
 THROUGH THE SUDDEN DRIFT OF THE RAIN...

SPRING AND SUMMER...

(The lights shift – twilight resumes)

MORITZ

Actually, I better go.

ILSE

Walk as far as my house with me.

MORITZ

And...?

ILSE

We'll dig up those old tomahawks and play together, Moritz – just like we used to.

MORITZ

We did have some remarkable times. Hiding in our wigwam...

ILSE

Yes. I'll brush your hair, and curl it, set you on my little hobby horse...

MORITZ

I wish I could.

ILSE

Then, why don't you?

MORITZ

(A lie)

Eighty lines of Virgil, sixteen equations, a paper on the Hapsburgs...

(The world goes neon again)

#13b – Don't Do Sadness / Blue Wind

SO, MAYBE I SHOULD BE SOME KINDA' LAUNDRY LINE –
HANG THEIR THINGS ON ME, AND I WILL SWING 'EM DRY.
YOU JUST WAVE IN THE SUN THROUGH THE AFTERNOON,
AND THEN, SEE, THEY COME TO SET YOU FREE, BENEATH THE
RISIN' MOON.
'CAUSE YOU KNOW –

MORITZ

I DON'T DO SADNESS – NOT EVEN A
LITTLE BIT.
JUST DON'T NEED IT IN MY LIFE –
DON'T WANT ANY PART OF IT.
I DON'T DO SADNESS. HEY I'VE DONE
MY TIME.
LOOKIN' BACK ON IT ALL –
MAN, IT BLOWS MY MIND.

I DON'T DO SADNESS.

SO BEEN THERE.
DON'T DO SADNESS

JUST DON'T CARE.

(The concert light fades)

ILSE

SPRING AND SUMMER,
EVERY OTHER DAY,
BLUE WIND GETS SO LOST.
BLOWIN' THROUGH THE THICK CORN,
THROUGH THE BALES OF HAY –

SPRING AND SUMMER,
EVERY OTHER DAY,
BLUE WIND GETS SO LOST.
BLOWIN' THROUGH THE THICK CORN
THROUGH THE BALES OF HAY –
THROUGH THE WANDERING CLOUDS
OF THE DUST

SPRING AND SUMMER...

MORITZ

Good night, Ilse.

ILSE

Good night?

MORITZ

Virgil, the equations – remember?

ILSE

Just for an hour.

MORITZ

I can't.

ILSE

Well, walk me at least.

MORITZ

Honestly, I wish I could.

ILSE

You know, by the time you finally wake up, I'll be lying on some trash heap.

(ILSE goes. MORITZ winces)

MORITZ

For the love of God, all I had to do was say yes.

(Calls after)

Ilse? Ilse...?

(He waits. If only he could run after her... But now, she's gone)

So, what will I say? I'll tell them all, the angels, I got drunk in the snow, and sang, and played pirates... Yes,

I'll tell them, I'm ready now. I'll be an angel.

(MORITZ sighs, looks out on the night. He withdraws the gun from his pocket)

Ten minutes ago, you could see the entire horizon. Now, only the dusk – the first few stars...

So dark. So dark. So dark...

*(MORITZ cocks the hammer of the gun. Sets the gun in his mouth. BLACKOUT.
End of Act II, Scene 2)*

Act II, Scene 3

A cemetery in the pouring rain. MORITZ's FATHER, HERR STIEFEL, stands, stoic, beside an open grave.

#14 – Left Behind

FRAU GABOR approaches the grave to offer a flower. As she does, MELCHIOR is revealed in song light. He begins to sing, giving voice to HERR STIEFEL's inner thoughts.

One by one, the BOYS and GIRLS step forward, dropping a flower on MORITZ's grave, then continuing on their way, re-joining the CHORUS.

MELCHIOR

YOU FOLD HIS HANDS, AND SMOOTH HIS TIE.
YOU GENTLY LIFT HIS CHIN –
WERE YOU REALLY SO BLIND, AND UNKIND TO HIM?

CAN'T HELP THE ITCH TO TOUCH, TO KISS,
TO HOLD HIM ONCE AGAIN.
NOW, TO CLOSE HIS EYES, NEVER OPEN THEM...?

MELCHIOR, BOYS & GIRLS

A SHADOW PASSED. A SHADOW PASSED,
YEARNING, YEARNING FOR THE FOOL IT CALLED A HOME.

MELCHIOR

ALL THINGS HE NEVER DID ARE LEFT BEHIND;
ALL THE THINGS HIS MAMA WISHED HE'D BEAR IN MIND;
AND ALL HIS DAD EVER HOPED HE'D KNOW.
O - O - O - O - O - O --

THE TALKS YOU NEVER HAD,
THE SATURDAYS YOU NEVER SPENT,
ALL THE "GROWN-UP" PLACES YOU NEVER WENT;

AND ALL OF THE CRYING YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND,
YOU JUST LET HIM CRY – "MAKE A MAN OUT OF HIM."

MELCHIOR, BOYS & GIRLS

A SHADOW PASSED. A SHADOW PASSED,
YEARNING, YEARNING FOR THE FOOL IT CALLED A HOME.

Act II, Scene 4

The Headmaster's Office. HERR KNOCHENBRUCH summons FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK.

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH

Fraulein Knuppeldick.

FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK

Herr Knochenbruch...?

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH

We must take immediate and decisive steps, lest we be perceived as one of those institutions afflicted by the veritable epidemic of adolescent suicide.

FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK

Indeed, sir. But, it will not be an easy war to win. There's not only the moral corruption of our youth, but the creeping sensuality of these liberal-minded times.

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH

I couldn't agree more. It's war. Naturally, there must be casualties.

(A beat)

Bring the boy in.

FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK

Certainly, Herr Knochenbruch.

(FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK beckons MELCHIOR in)

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH

It would seem, young man, that all roads end in you. You do know what I mean?

MELCHIOR

("But, you don't understand...")

I'm afraid –

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH

(Completing MELCHIOR's sentence for him)

As well one would be. Two days after his father learned of the young, uh...

FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK

(Supplying the name)

Moritz Stiefel...

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH

...Moritz Stiefel's death, he searched through the boy's effects and uncovered a certain depraved and atheistic document which made terribly clear –

FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK

Terribly clear...

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH

...the utter moral corruption of the young man. A corruption which, no doubt, hastened the boy's end.

FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK

Without question, Herr Knochenbruch.

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH

I am referring, as you may know, to a ten-page essay, entitled, coyly enough, "The Art of Sleeping With"... accompanied by – shall we say – life-like illustrations.

MELCHIOR

Herr Knochenbruch, if I could –

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH

Behave properly? Yes, that would be another affair entirely.

FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK

Entirely.

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH

For our part, we have made a thorough examination of the handwriting of this obscene document, and compared it with that of every single pupil –

MELCHIOR

Sir, if you could show me only one obscenity –

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH

You must now answer only the precisely stated questions. With a swift and decisive "Yes" or "No."

(A beat)

Melchior Gabor, did you write this?

#15 – Totally Fucked

(HERR KNOCHENBRUCH and FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK turn and stare at MELCHIOR. Music sounds – a dirty electric guitar chord, seemingly prompting a song. HERR KNOCHENBRUCH and FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK exchange a look, then turn again and stare at MELCHIOR. The guitar chord sounds again)

FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK

Did you write this?

(HERR KNOCHENBRUCH and FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK turn and stare – awaiting an answer. The lights shift. A rocking beat kicks in. The BOYS and GIRLS appear. MELCHIOR turns out:)

MELCHIOR

THERE'S A MOMENT YOU KNOW... YOU'RE FUCKED --
NOT AN INCH MORE ROOM TO SELF-DESTRUCT.
NO MORE MOVES – OH YEAH, THE DEAD-END ZONE.
MAN, YOU JUST CAN'T CALL YOUR SOUL YOUR OWN.

OTTO

BUT THE THING THAT MAKES YOU REALLY JUMP
IS THAT THE WEIRDEST SHIT IS STILL TO COME.
YOU CAN ASK YOURSELF: HEY, WHAT HAVE I DONE?
YOU'RE JUST A FLY – THE LITTLE GUYS, THEY KILL FOR FUN.

GEORG

MAN, YOU'RE FUCKED IF YOU JUST FREEZE UP,
CAN'T DO THAT THING – THAT KEEPIN' STILL.

HANSCHEN

BUT, YOU'RE FUCKED IF YOU SPEAK YOUR MIND,

GEORG, OTTO & HANSCHEN

AND YOU KNOW – UH-HUH – YOU WILL.

BOYS & GIRLS

YEAH, YOU'RE FUCKED, ALL RIGHT – AND ALL FOR SPITE.
YOU CAN KISS YOUR SORRY ASS GOOD-BYE.
TOTALLY FUCKED. WILL THEY MESS YOU UP?
WELL, YOU KNOW THEY'RE GONNA TRY.

MELCHIOR

(Mocking the Professors)

BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA...

BOYS & GIRLS

BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA...

(The lights shift back: the headmaster's office. HERR KNOCHENBRUCH and FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK again summon MELCHIOR's attention. Over the course of the next exchanges, the lights shift back and forth – between the worlds of song and scene)

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH

Herr Gabor?

MELCHIOR

DISAPPEAR – YEAH, WELL, YOU WANNA TRY.
 WANNA BUNDLE UP INTO SOME BIG-ASS LIE,
 LONG ENOUGH FOR THEM TO ALL JUST QUIT.
 LONG ENOUGH FOR YOU TO GET OUT OF IT.

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH

Herr Gabor, answer me.

BOYS & GIRLS

YEAH, YOU'RE FUCKED, ALL RIGHT – AND ALL FOR SPITE.
 YOU CAN KISS YOUR SORRY ASS GOOD-BYE.
 TOTALLY FUCKED. WILL THEY MESS YOU UP?
 WELL, YOU KNOW THEY'RE GONNA TRY.

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH

Melchior Gabor, for the last time..

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH & FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK

Did you write this?

MELCHIOR

Yes.

*(HERR KNOCHENBRUCH gestures, and MELCHIOR is led away. The lights go
 psychedelic)*

MELCHIOR, BOYS & GIRLS

YEAH, YOU'RE FUCKED ALL RIGHT – AND ALL FOR SPITE.
 YOU CAN KISS YOUR SORRY ASS GOOD-BYE.
 TOTALLY FUCKED. WILL THEY MESS YOU UP?
 WELL, YOU KNOW THEY'RE GONNA TRY.

(And now even the GROWN-UPS join the song)

ALL

BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA
 BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA,
 BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA
 BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA...

BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA
 BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA,
 BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA
 BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA BLAA...

TOTALLY FUCKED!

(End of Act II, Scene 4)

Act II, Scene 5

A vineyard at sunset. Church bells sounding in the distance. HANSCHEN and ERNST loll in the grass.

HANSCHEN

Those bells... So peaceful.

ERNST

I know. Sometimes, when it's quiet, in the evening like this, I imagine myself as a country pastor. With my red-cheeked wife, my library, my degrees... Boys and girls, who live nearby, give me their hands when I go walking...

HANSCHEN

You can't be serious.

(A beat)

Really, Ernst, you're such a sentimentalist! The pious, serene faces you see on the clergy, it's all an act – to hide their envy.

(HANSCHEN deftly scoots closer to ERNST)

Trust me, there are only three ways a man can go. He can let the status quo defeat him – like Moritz. He can rock the boat – like Melchior – and be expelled. Or he can bide his time, and let the System work for him – like me.

(HANSCHEN scoots even closer to ERNST)

Think of the future as a pail of whole milk. One man sweats and stirs – churning it into butter – like Otto, for example. Another man frets, and spills his milk, and cries all night. Like Georg. But, me, well, I'm like a pussycat, I just skim off the cream...

ERNST

Just skim off the cream?...

HANSCHEN

Right.

ERNST

But, what about the...?

(Off HANSCHEN's look)

You're laughing.

What – ?

Hanschen?

#16 – *The Word of Your Body (Reprise 2)*

(The lights shift. Hanschen leans into the spotlight and smoothly croons:)

HANSCHEN

COME, CREAM AWAY THE BLISS,
TRAVEL THE WORLD WITHIN MY LIPS,
FONDLE THE PEARL OF YOUR DISTANT DREAMS...
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD THE WORD OF YOUR BODY?

O, YOU'RE GONNA BE WOUNDED.
O, YOU'RE GONNA BE MY WOUND.
O, YOU'RE GONNA BRUISE TOO.
O, I'M GONNA BE YOUR BRUISE...

(The lights shift back. HANSCHEN leans over and kisses ERNST)

ERNST

Oh God...

HANSCHEN

Mmm, I know. When we look back, thirty years from now, tonight will seem unbelievably beautiful.

ERNST

And, in the meantime...?

HANSCHEN

Why not?

(HANSCHEN kisses ERNST deeply)

ERNST

On my way here this afternoon, I thought perhaps we'd only... talk.

HANSCHEN

So, are you sorry we —?

ERNST

Oh no — I love you, Hanschen. As I've never loved anyone.

HANSCHEN

And so you should.

(HANSCHEN shares the spotlight with ERNST)

ERNST

O, I'M GONNA BE WOUNDED.
O, I'M GONNA BE YOUR WOUND.

ERNST & HANSCHEN

O, I'M GONNA BRUISE YOU.

O, YOU'RE GONNA BE MY BRUISE...

(WENDLA, MELCHIOR, and the BOYS and GIRLS appear in CHORUS. As the song continues, ILSE takes a letter from MELCHIOR and delivers it to WENDLA)

ERNST, HANSCHEN, WENDLA, MELCHIOR, BOYS & GIRLS

O, YOU'RE GONNA BE WOUNDED.

O, YOU'RE GONNA BE MY WOUND.

O, YOU'RE GONNA BRUISE, TOO.

O, I'M GONNA BE YOUR BRUISE...

(End of Act II, Scene 5)

Act II, Scene 6

WENDLA's bedroom. WENDLA reads from MELCHIOR's letter. MELCHIOR is revealed, in a spotlight.

#16a – Melchior Letter Underscore**MELCHIOR**

(From his letter)

“... I have now seen, Wendla, how this contemptible bourgeois society works – how everything we touch is turned to dirt. In the end, we have only each other – we must build a different world. Despite what those whispering elders may say, I must set my head against your breast. We must let ourselves breathe and move again in that Paradise –”

(DOCTOR VON BRAUSEPULVER and FRAU BERGMAN enter. WENDLA swiftly hides the letter in her sleeve. DOCTOR VON BRAUSEPULVER attends her, pill bottle in hand. FRAU BERGMAN hovers)

DOCTOR VON BRAUSEPULVER

Now, now, don't fret. I've been prescribing these since before you were born, young lady. In fact, I recently recommended them to the utterly exhausted young Baroness von Witzelben. Eight days later – I'm pleased to report – she's off to a spa in Pymont, breakfasting on roast chicken and new potatoes.

(A beat)

So, my child, three a day – an hour before meals. In a few weeks, you should be fine – breakfasting on suckling pig, no doubt.

FRAU BERGMAN

So, that's all it is, Doctor – anemia?

DOCTOR VON BRAUSEPULVER

C'est tout.

FRAU BERGMAN

And the nausea?

DOCTOR VON BRAUSEPULVER

Not uncommon.

(Turns to WENDLA)

Trust me, child. You'll be fine.

(A beat)

Frau Bergman, if I could have a word with you...?

FRAU BERGMAN

Certainly, Doctor.

(FRAU BERGMAN leads DOCTOR VON BRAUSEPULVER out.

WENDLA sits, quietly touches the letter in her sleeve.

DOCTOR VON BRAUSEPULVER withdraws the pill bottle from FRAU BERGMAN and goes.

FRAU BERGMAN reenters, and stares at WENDLA)

WENDLA

Mama...?

FRAU BERGMAN

Wendla...? What have you done? To yourself? To me?

(No response)

Wendla?

WENDLA

I, uh, don't know.

FRAU BERGMAN

(Not a question)

You don't know.

WENDLA

Doctor von Brausepulver said I'm anemic.

FRAU BERGMAN

Well, probably. You're going to have a child.

WENDLA

A child?! But, I'm not married!

FRAU BERGMAN

Precisely.

Wendla, what have you done?

WENDLA

I don't know. Truly, I don't.

FRAU BERGMAN

Oh, I think you know. And now I need his name.

WENDLA

His name? But what are you...

(Abruptly realizing)

That? How could that...? I just wanted to be with him...

WENDLA

...To hold him and be
close to him –

(A beat)

FRAU BERGMAN

Wendla, please. No more.
You'll break my heart.

WENDLA

My God, why didn't you tell me everything?

(FRAU BERGMAN slaps WENDLA)

FRAU BERGMAN

Well, you are going to have to tell me who.

(No response)

Wendla, I'm waiting.

(WENDLA looks off into the distance)

Georg Zirschnitz?

(No response)

Then, who?

(No response)

Hanschen Rilow?

(No response)

Moritz Stiefel?

(No response)

Melchior Gabor?

(WENDLA quietly bursts into tears)

Wendla, Melchior Gabor?

(No response)

Wendla...?

#17 – Whispering

(WENDLA reluctantly hands MELCHIOR's letter to her mother. As FRAU BERGMAN opens it, WENDLA stands, spotlight, like a singer in concert. She remains in this pool of light, her song playing in counterpoint to the following scenes:)

WENDLA

WHISPERING...

HEAR THE GHOSTS IN THE MOONLIGHT.

SORROW DOING A NEW DANCE

THROUGH THEIR BONES, THROUGH THEIR SKIN.

(WENDLA)

LISTENING –
TO THE SOULS IN THE FOOL'S NIGHT,
FUMBLING MUTELY WITH THEIR RUDE HANDS...
AND THERE'S HEARTACHE WITHOUT END...

(The lights shift. MELCHIOR's home. MELCHIOR's father, HERR GABOR, addresses FRAU GABOR)

FRAU GABOR

(Mid-conversation)

Hermann, this is our son.

HERR GABOR

(This is hard for him too)

For fifteen years, my darling, I have followed your lead, we have given the boy room. And now we must eat of the bitter fruit. He has shown himself utterly corrupt.

FRAU GABOR

He has not.

HERR GABOR

Hear me out.

FRAU GABOR

But I have. Melchior wrote an essay – every word of which was true. Are we so afraid of the truth we will join the ranks of cowards and fools? Twisting his naive act into evidence against him?

I will not have Melchior sent to some reformatory, pent up with degenerates and genuine criminals.

(HERR GABOR looks away, pained)

WENDLA

SEE THE FATHER BENT IN GRIEF,
THE MOTHER DRESSED IN MOURNING.
SISTER CRUMPLES,
AND THE NEIGHBORS GRUMBLE.
THE PREACHER ISSUES WARNINGS...

MELCHIOR

TOUCH ME,
HOLD ME CLOSE...

HERR GABOR

And now I must break your heart.

(Withdrawing a letter from his pocket)

This afternoon, Frau Bergman came to see me. Bearing a letter Melchior wrote to young Wendla, telling her he has no regret for what transpired in our hayloft...

FRAU GABOR

Impossible!

HERR GABOR

That he only longs to find again that bit of Paradise –

FRAU GABOR

(Reaching for the letter)

Let me see that.

HERR GABOR

Yes, do have a look.

(FRAU GABOR takes it, and is horrified by what she reads)

WENDLA

MELCHIOR

HISTORY...

NO MORE WHISPERING –

LITTLE MISS DIDN'T DO RIGHT.

WENT AND RUINED ALL THE TRUE PLANS –

ONLY YOU...

SUCH A SHAME, SUCH A SIN.

MYSTERY...

NO MORE LISTENING –

HOME ALONE ON A SCHOOL NIGHT.

HARVEST MOON OVER THE BLUE LAND;

ONLY YOU...

SUMMER LONGING ON THE WIND...

HERR GABOR

The wretched fact is: Melchior knew precisely what he was doing. And as that essay shows, he knew the danger of doing it. And yet, he went ahead. Defiling himself and all but destroying that girl.

So, you tell me, Fanny – what shall we do?

FRAU GABOR

What you will.

A reformatory.

(HERR GABOR confronts FRAU GABOR. She gazes into the distance, stricken. The light on them fades)

WENDLA

HAD A SWEETHEART ON HIS KNEES,

SO FAITHFUL AND ADORING.

AND HE TOUCHED ME,

AND I LET HIM LOVE ME.

SO, LET THAT BE MY STORY...

MELCHIOR

HOLD ME,

DON'T LET GO...

DON'T LET GO...

WENDLA

LISTENING...

FOR THE HOPE, FOR THE NEW LIFE –

SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL, A NEW CHANCE.

HEAR, IT'S WHISPERING, THERE, AGAIN...

(End of Act II, Scene 6)

Act II, Scene 7

A Reformatory. In a darkened corner, MELCHIOR opens a letter from WENDLA.

#17a – Wendla Letter Underscore**MELCHIOR**

(Reading from the letter)

“My dear Melchior... I only pray this letter reaches you. I have written so many, and have heard nothing back. This evening, when Mama falls asleep, I will leave here and come to you. I will find you in that terrible place. They must let me see you – I have such remarkable news. Something has happened, Melchior. Something I can barely understand myself –”

(A group of BOYS breaks in. MELCHIOR quickly pockets the letter)

DIETER

All right, each of you animals put in a coin.

RUPERT

Reinhold can put in for both of us.

REINHOLD

I beg your pardon! –

DIETER

All right, you, calm down.

(Means business)

Reinhold, cough it up.

REINHOLD

(Giving him a coin)

Christ!

DIETER

Rupert, Ulbrecht – you too.

(DIETER collects their coins, displays them, then sets them down in a pile)

Now, whoever hits ‘em, gets ‘em.

(The boys begin their circle jerk)

ULBRECHT

Wait.

(To MELCHIOR)

What are you lookin’ at?

REINHOLD

Who?

(MELCHIOR freezes)

RUPERT

Gabor.

DIETER

He just wants a part of the sport.

MELCHIOR

No thank you.

RUPERT

(Ironic)

Oh no, why would he dirty his hands?...

DIETER

(“Right”)

Saving it for better things.

MELCHIOR

What do you mean?

ULBRECHT

(Ironic)

Oh. A “good girl,” wasn’t she?

DIETER

Nobody taught the poor boy what parlor maids are for.

RUPERT

He was too busy fucking his slut –

MELCHIOR

You shit!

(MELCHIOR lunges at RUPERT. RUPERT draws a straight razor, holds it to Melchior’s throat)

RUPERT

Careful – razor burn.

MELCHIOR

Bastard!

DIETER

(Approaching)

Check his pockets for money.

REINHOLD

Yes!

ULBRECHT

(Finds the letter in MELCHIOR's pocket)

Now what's this – a letter from his bitch?

MELCHIOR

Animals!

RUPERT

(Reading from the letter; with exaggerated prissiness)

"My dear Melchior... I only pray this letter reaches you. I have written so many, and have heard nothing back..."

(Something in the text catches his eye)

Oooh, hang on, the perfect thing to grease the works. Listen up...

MELCHIOR

Son of a bitch!

(The scene shifts – a private garden. FRAU BERGMAN greets SCHMIDT)

#17b – *Abortionist Underscore*

SCHMIDT

Frau Bergman?

FRAU BERGMAN

Thank you for meeting me. Your name was given me by a, uh, doctor friend. My daughter –

SCHMIDT

I understand. Now, listen to my instructions carefully. This Thursday, after nightfall, bring the girl to me. Gartenstrasse, Number Eleven. The door below the tavern. Knock three times – and three times only.

FRAU BERGMAN

But my daughter – ! The procedure – is it safe?!

SCHMIDT

(Lifting a hand)

We do what we can.

(The scene shifts back. The circle jerk is well underway)

RUPERT

(Further on in the letter, as if he were reading from De Sade's journal)

"... in my bed each night, I have so many dreams: of the better world that we will build, together with our child –"

MELCHIOR

(This is news to him)

Child?!

RUPERT

You didn't know.

(To the boys)

Put a pup in the bitch – and didn't even know.

DIETER

Forget the coins, we'll use "Mommy's" letter.

(DIETER tosses the letter into the center of their circle. The circle jerk intensifies)

RUPERT

(Pushing MELCHIOR's face down toward the ground)

And you can lick it up!

#18 – *Melchior's Escape*

(MELCHIOR seizes the moment, wrests the razor from RUPERT, and breaks free. MELCHIOR brandishes the blade, fighting the BOYS back)

ULBRECHT

Get him!

REINHOLD

Grab him!

(MELCHIOR leaps over the reformatory wall, the BOYS in hot pursuit.

The scene shifts. FRAU BERGMAN leads WENDLA up a darkened street)

WENDLA

But where are we going, Mama?

(FRAU BERGMAN leads the girl on to where SCHMIDT waits. FRAU BERGMAN hands him some marks)

SCHMIDT

Frau Bergman, good. I'll take her now.

(FRAU BERGMAN pulls WENDLA by the hand and gives her to SCHMIDT)

WENDLA

Mama?!!

FRAU BERGMAN

I'll be there with you every moment.

(As SCHMIDT takes hold of WENDLA, FRAU BERGMAN lets her go. SCHMIDT leads the girl off)

WENDLA

Mama, don't leave me! Mama???!!!

(FRAU BERGMAN looks around nervously, then bolts up the block.

End of Act II, Scene 7)

Act II, Scene 8

The bridge. The GIRLS huddle around ILSE. She reaches into her dress, pulls out a letter from MELCHIOR.

#18a – Almost Midnight

ILSE

(Reading from the letter)

“... Ilse, I have been running for days, but at last I am back. Now, I beg you — for the sake of our old friendship. Bring Wendla to meet me tonight, in the graveyard behind the church...”

ANNA

Oh no...

ILSE

“... I will be waiting there at midnight... Melchior Gabor”.

(ILSE looks up from the letter)

THEA

(Sighs)

So, he hasn't heard.

MARTHA

Waiting for Wendla...

THEA

Poor Melchior.

ANNA

(Correcting her)

Poor Wendla.

(A beat)

MARTHA

Do you think she loved him?

ILSE

Now we'll never know.

(End of Act II, Scene 8)

Act II, Scene 9

A graveyard. Moonlight. A sort of underworld in mist. MELCHIOR enters, casts about.

MELCHIOR

Wendla...?!

(No response. MELCHIOR sighs)

Look at this – spend your life running from the Church, and where do you wind up?

(MELCHIOR approaches a grave, kneels)

Moritz, my old friend...

(A beat)

Well, they won't get to me. Or Wendla. I won't – I won't let them. We'll build that world, together, for our child.

(Church bells chime: midnight. MELCHIOR rises and looks about)

Midnight.

(He listens for WENDLA. Hears nothing. Sighs)

My God, all these little tombs... And here, a fresh one...

(He pauses, reads the epitaph)

"Here Rests in God, Wendla Berg –"

No?!

(He bends closer, reads)

"Born the... Died –" ?! "Of anemia"??

(MELCHIOR realizes, in numbed disbelief, what must have happened)

Oh, my God. Wendla too?

No. No. No...

#19 – Those You've Known

(He doubles over, bereft. Spare piano chords – an otherworldly music begins.)

MORITZ appears – in song light – as if rising from his grave)

MORITZ

THOSE YOU'VE KNOWN,
AND LOST, STILL WALK BEHIND YOU...

MELCHIOR

Moritz?

MORITZ

ALL ALONE,
THEY LINGER TILL THEY FIND YOU...

MELCHIOR

I've been a fool.

MORITZ

WITHOUT THEM,
THE WORLD GROWS DARK AROUND YOU –
AND NOTHING IS THE SAME UNTIL YOU KNOW THAT THEY HAVE
FOUND YOU.

(MELCHIOR pulls out the straight razor)

MELCHIOR

Well, you had the right idea. They'll scatter a little earth, and thank their God...

*(As MELCHIOR draws the razor to his throat, WENDLA appears – in song light –
as if rising from her grave)*

WENDLA

THOSE YOU'VE PAINED
MAY CARRY THAT STILL WITH THEM...

(MELCHIOR stops, stunned)

MELCHIOR

Wendla?!

WENDLA

ALL THE SAME,
THEY WHISPER: "ALL FORGIVEN."

STILL, YOUR HEART SAYS:
THE SHADOWS BRING THE STARLIGHT,
AND EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER BEEN IS STILL THERE IN THE
DARK NIGHT.

MORITZ

THOUGH YOU KNOW
YOU'VE LEFT THEM FAR BEHIND –
YOU WALK ON BY YOURSELF, AND
NOT WITH THEM,

WENDLA

WHEN THE NORTHERN WIND BLOWS
THE SORROWS
YOUR HEART HOLDS

(MORITZ)

STILL YOU KNOW,
THEY FILL YOUR HEART AND MIND,
WHEN THEY SAY: "THERE'S A WAY
THROUGH THIS.."

(WENDLA)

THERE ARE THOSE WHO STILL KNOW –
THEY'RE STILL HOME;
WE'RE STILL HOME

(MELCHIOR is tempted by his blade, but MORITZ and WENDLA gently intercede)

MORITZ & WENDLA

THOSE YOU'VE KNOWN,
AND LOST, STILL WALK BEHIND YOU.
ALL ALONE,
THEIR SONG STILL SEEMS TO FIND YOU.

THEY CALL YOU,
AS IF YOU KNEW THEIR LONGING –

THEY WHISTLE THROUGH THE LONELY WIND, THE LONG BLUE
SHADOWS FALLING...

(MELCHIOR rises in the moonlight, resolved. He closes the razor)

MELCHIOR

ALL ALONE,
BUT STILL I HEAR THEIR YEARNING;
THROUGH THE DARK, THE MOON, ALONE THERE, BURNING.

THE STARS TOO,
THEY TELL OF SPRING RETURNING –
AND SUMMER WITH ANOTHER WIND THAT NO ONE YET HAS
KNOWN...

MORITZ

STILL YOU KNOW
THERE'S SO MUCH MORE TO FIND
ANOTHER DREAM, ANOTHER
LOVE YOU'LL HOLD.
STILL YOU KNOW
TO TRUST YOUR OWN TRUE MIND
ON YOUR WAY – YOU ARE
NOT ALONE.

MELCHIOR

THEY CALL ME –
THROUGH ALL THINGS
NIGHT'S FALLING,
BUT SOMEHOW ON I GO.
YOU WATCH ME,
JUST WATCH ME –
I'M CALLING
FROM LONGING...

WENDLA

WHEN THE NORTHERN
WIND BLOWS,
THE SORROWS,
YOUR HEART'S KNOWN –
I BELIEVE...
THEY'RE STILL HOME
THEY'RE STILL HOME

(MELCHIOR draws the ghosts of WENDLA AND MORITZ to him, holds them)

MELCHIOR

NOW THEY'LL WALK ON MY ARM THROUGH THE DISTANT NIGHT,
AND I WON'T LET THEM STRAY FROM MY HEART.
THROUGH THE WIND, THROUGH THE DARK, THROUGH THE
WINTER LIGHT,
I WILL READ ALL THEIR DREAMS TO THE STARS.

MELCHIOR

I'LL WALK NOW WITH THEM.

I'LL CALL ON THEIR NAMES,

AND I'LL SEE THEIR
THOUGHTS ARE KNOWN.

NOT GONE –
NOT GONE –
THEY WALK WITH MY HEART –
AND I'LL NEVER LET THEM GO.

I'LL NEVER LET THEM GO.

I'LL NEVER LET THEM GO...

MORITZ & WENDLA

(Receding from MELCHIOR)

NOT GONE.

NOT GONE.

NOT GONE.

NOT GONE.

NOT GONE.

NOT GONE

MELCHIOR

YOU WATCH ME
JUST WATCH ME,
I'M CALLING.
I'M CALLING –
AND ONE DAY ALL WILL KNOW...

(MELCHIOR stands alone. The lights fade to black. End of Act II, Scene 9)

Act II, Scene 10 (Coda)

ILSE stands alone. A world washed in song light.

#20 – The Song of Purple Summer**ILSE**

LISTEN TO WHAT'S IN THE HEART OF A CHILD,
A SONG SO BIG IN ONE SO SMALL,
SOON YOU WILL HEAR WHERE BEAUTY LIES –
YOU'LL HEAR AND YOU'LL RECALL...

THE SADNESS, THE DOUBT, ALL THE LOSS, THE GRIEF,
WILL BELONG TO SOME PLAY FROM THE PAST;
AS THE CHILD LEADS THE WAY TO A DREAM, A BELIEF,
A TIME OF HOPE THROUGH THE LAND...

A SUMMER'S DAY,
A MOTHER SINGS
A SONG OF PURPLE SUMMER
THROUGH THE HEART OF EVERYTHING.

(The BOYS, the GIRLS, and the ADULTS enter, joining her in song)

Add HANSCHEN, MARTHA, OTTO

AND HEAVEN WAITS,
SO CLOSE IT SEEMS

Add ERNST, THEA, ANNA

TO SHOW HER CHILD THE WONDERS
OF A WORLD BEYOND HER DREAMS...

Add GEORG, MAN, WOMAN

THE EARTH WILL WAVE WITH CORN,
THE DAYS SO WIDE, SO WARM,

Add ENSEMBLE

AND MARES WILL NEIGH WITH
STALLIONS THAT THEY MATE, FOALS THEY'VE BORNE...

Add MORITZ, WENDLA

AND ALL SHALL KNOW THE WONDER
OF PURPLE SUMMER...

Add MELCHIOR

AND SO, I WAIT.
THE SWALLOW BRINGS
A SONG OF WHAT'S TO FOLLOW –
THE GLORY OF THE SPRING.

THE FENCES SWAY.
THE PORCHES SWING.
THE CLOUDS BEGIN TO THUNDER,
CRICKETS WANDER, MURMURING –

THE EARTH WILL WAVE WITH CORN,
THE DAYS SO WIDE, SO WARM,
AND MARES WILL NEIGH WITH
STALLIONS THAT THEY MATE, FOALS THEY'VE BORNE...

AND ALL SHALL KNOW THE WONDER –
I WILL SING THE SONG
OF PURPLE SUMMER...

AND ALL SHALL KNOW THE WONDER –
I WILL SING THE SONG
OF PURPLE SUMMER...

ALL SHALL KNOW THE WONDER
OF PURPLE SUMMER...

(The End)

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Vocal Book

SPRING AWAKENING

1

Mama Who Bore Me

(Wendla)

lyrics by Steven Sater
music by Duncan Sheik

WENDLA:

2 [1-2] Ma-ma who bore me. Ma-ma who gave me

3 4

5 No way to han - dle things. Who made me so sad. Ma-ma, the weep - ing,

6 7

8 Ma-ma, the an - gels. No sleep in Heav - en, or Beth le-hem. Some

9 10

11 pray that, one day, Christ will come a'-call - ing. They light a can - dle, and

12 13

14 hope that it glows. And some just lie there, cry - ing for him to come and find them. But

15 16

17 when he comes, they don't know how to go...

18 19

WENDLA:

20 Ma - ma who bore me. Ma - ma who gave me

21

22 No way to han - dle things. Who made me so bad. Ma-ma, the weep - ing.

23 24

Vocal Book

- 2 -

1. Mama Who Bore Me

Ma - ma, the an - gels. No sleep in Heav - en,
or Beth - le - hem.

The musical score is written on two staves. The first staff begins at measure 25 with the lyrics 'Ma - ma, the an - gels.' and ends at measure 26 with 'No sleep in Heav - en,'. The second staff begins at measure 27 with 'or Beth' and ends at measure 29 with 'le - hem.' The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes with various rests and phrasing slurs.

Vocal Book

-3-

SPRING AWAKENING

2

Mama Who Bore Me - Reprise

(All Onstage Girls)

lyrics by Steven Sater
music by Duncan Sheik
vocal arr. by AnnMarie Milazzo

ALL GIRLS (except WENDLA):

Ma-ma who bore me. Ma-ma who gave me. Ma-ma the an -

gels Who made me so sad.

ANNA

Ma - ma who bore me. Ma - ma who gave me

MARTHA
THEA

Ma - ma who bore me. Ma - ma who gave me

ILSE
WENDLA

Ma - ma who bore me. Ma - ma who gave me

ANNA

No way to han - dle things. Who made me so sad.

MARTHA
THEA

No way to han - dle things. Who made me so sad.

ILSE
WENDLA

No way to han - dle things. Who made me so sad.

10 11

ANNA
Ma - ma, the weep - ing. Ma - ma, the an - gels.

MARTHA
THEA
Ma - ma, the weep - ing. Ma - ma, the an - gels.

ILSE
WENDLA
Ma - ma, the weep - ing. Ma - ma, the an - gels.

12 13

ANNA
No sleep in Hea - ven, or Beth - le - hem. Some

MARTHA
THEA
No sleep in Hea - ven, or Beth - le - hem. Some

ILSE
WENDLA
No sleep in Hea - ven, or Beth - le - hem. Some

14 15

ANNA
pray one day, Christ will come a' - call - in'. call - in'.

MARTHA
THEA
pray one day, Christ will come a' - call - in'. call - in'.

ILSE
WENDLA
pray that one day, Christ will come a' - call - in'.

16 17

ANNA
light hope that it glows.

MARTHA
THEA
light and hope that it glows.

ILSE
WENDLA
They light a candle, and hope that it glows.

18 19

ANNA
cry for him to come and find them. But

MARTHA
THEA
And some just lie there, cry - ing for him to come and find them. But

ILSE
WENDLA
And some just lie there, cry - ing for him to come and find them. But

20 21 22

ANNA
when he comes, they don't know how to go... Ma - ma

MARTHA
when he comes, they don't know how to go... Ma - ma

THEA
when he comes, they don't know how to go...

ILSE
when he comes, they don't know how to go... Ma-ma who

WENDLA
when he comes, they don't know how to go...

Vocal Book

2. Mama Who Bore Me - Reprise

23 24

ANNA
Ma - ma who gave me

MARTHA
THEA
Ma - ma who gave me

ILSE
bore me Ma-ma who gave me. Ma-ma the an -

WENDLA
Ma-ma who bore me. Ma-ma who gave me

25 26

ANNA
No way to han - dle things. Who made me so bad.

MARTHA
THEA
No way to han - dle things. Who made me so bad.

ILSE
- gels. Ma-ma Ma-ma the weep -

WENDLA
No way to han - dle things. Who made me so bad.

27 28

ANNA
Ma - ma, the weep - ing. Ma - ma, the an - gels.

MARTHA
THEA
Ma - ma, the weep - ing. Ma - ma, the an - gels.

ILSE
- ing. Ma-ma the an - gels. Sweet Ma-ma

WENDLA
Ma - ma, the weep - ing. Ma - ma, the an - gels.

#2 - Mama Who Bore Me - Reprise

29 30 31 32

ANNA
No sleep in Hea - ven, or Beth - le - hem.

MARTHA
THEA
No sleep in Hea - ven, or Beth - le - hem.

ILSE
No sleep in Hea - ven, or Beth - le - hem.

WENDLA
No sleep in Hea - ven, or Beth - le - hem.

Vocal Book

SPRING AWAKENING

3

All That's Known

(Melchior)

lyrics by Steven Sater
music by Duncan Sheik

MELCHIOR:

1 All that's known, 2 In His-to-ry, in Sci-ence, 3
4 O - ver - thrown 5 At school, at home, by blind men. 6 You doubt them, And soon
7 they bark and hound you- 8 Till e-v'ry-thing you say is just a-no-ther bad a - bout you.
9
10 All they say is "Trust In What Is Writ-en." 11 Wars are made, 12 And some-
13 how that is wis-dom. 14 Thought is sus-pect, 15 And mo-ney is their i - dol, And
16 no - thing is o - kay un - less it's script - ed in their Bi - ble.
17
18 But I know 19 There's so much more to find- just in
20 look-ing through my - self, and not at them. 21 Still, I know 22 To trust

Steven M. Alper, music preparation

A03747

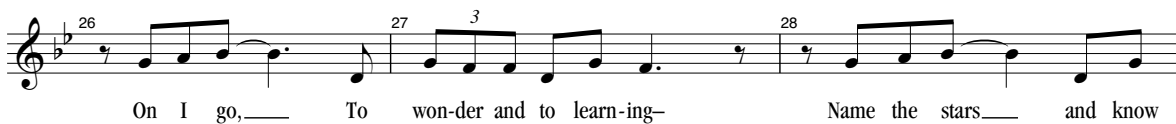
Vocal Book

- 9 -

3. All That's Known



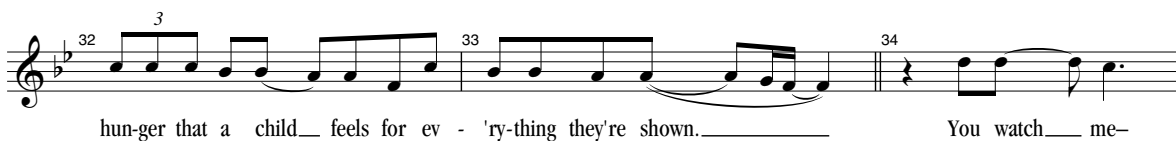
my own true mind, And to say: there's a way through this...



On I go, To wonder and to learn- Name the stars and know



their dark re- turn- ing. I'm call- ing, To know the world's true yearn- ing- The



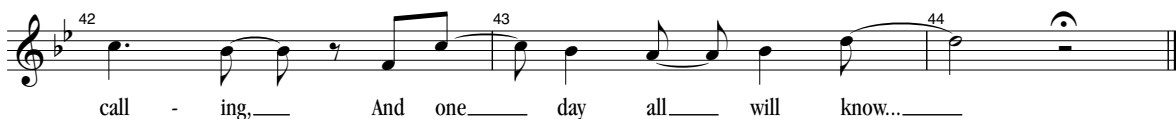
hun- ger that a child feels for ev - 'ry- thing they're shown. You watch me-



Just watch me- I'm call - ing, And one day all will know...



You watch me- Just watch me- I'm call - ing, I'm



call - ing, And one day all will know...

Vocal Book

SPRING AWAKENING

4

The Bitch of Living

(All Onstage Boys)

lyrics by Steven Sater
music by Duncan Sheik
vocal arr. by AnnMarie Milazzo

MORITZ:

$\bullet = 122$

God, I dreamed _

_ there was an an - gel, who could hear me through the wall, _ As I

cried out, like, in La - tin: "This is so not life at all. _ Help me

out- out of this night - mare." Then I heard her sil-ver call _ She

said: "Just give it time, _ kid. I come to one and all." _ She said:

Ah _

"Give me that hand, please, and the itch you can't con - trol, Let me

Ah _

Steven M. Alper, music preparation

A03747

13 teach you how to han - dle all the sad - ness in your soul.____ Oh, we'll

14

Ah_____

15 work that sil - ver mag - ic, then we'll aim it at the wall."____ She said:

16

Ah_____

17 "Love may make you blind,____ kid - but I would - n't mind at all."____ It's the bitch_

18

HANSCHEN: It's the bitch_

19 _ of liv - ing With no - thing but your hand.____

20

21

OTTO: Bitch_____ Just_____ the Bitch Just the

22 **GEORG:**
 Just the bitch_____ of liv-ing As some - one you can't stand... See, each night,

23

24 **HANSCHEN:**
 Just the bitch_____ of liv-ing As some - one you can't stand..._____

OTTO:
 Bitch Yeah, Just the bitch_____ of liv-ing As some - one you can't stand..._____

25
 it's, like, fan-tas-tic toss-ing, turn-ing, with-out rest, 'Cause my day's at the pi - a - no with my

26

27
 teach-er and her breasts; And the mu-sic's, like, the one thing I can e-ven get at all, And those

28

29

30

31 **ALL:**
 breasts! I mean, God, please, just let those ap - ples fall... **HANSCHEN:** It's the bitch_____

32

33 _____ of liv - ing

34

35 With no - thing go - ing on._____

OTTO: OTHERS:
 Bitch Ah Ah Ah No -

36 **MORITZ:**
 Just the bitch_____ of liv - ing ask-ing: What went wrong? Do

37

38 **OTTO, GEORG
 HANSCHEN, ERNST:**
 - thing go - ing on. Just the bitch_____ of liv - ing ask-ing: What went wrong? Do

Vocal Book

- 13 -

4. The Bitch of Living
ERNST:

MORITZ:
39 they think we want this? Oh___ who knows?_____ 41 42 43

OTTO, GEORG
HANSCHEN, ERNST: they think we want this? HANSCHEN, ERNST: Oh___ who knows?_____ OTHERS: Ah_____

HANSCHEN:
44 show - er - ing in gym class... 45 46 Bob - by Ma - ler, he's___ the best...___ Ah_____

ERNST:
47 Looks so nas - ty in those___ kha - kis...___ 48 49 God, my whole Ah_____ Ah_____

OTTO:
50 life's, like,___ some test. 51 Then there's Ah_____ OTHERS (exc. GEORG/MORITZ): Ah_____

GEORG/MORITZ:
52 Mar - i - a - na Whe-lan, 53 as if she'd___ re - turn my call. 54 Ah_____ Ah_____ Ah_____

Steven M. Alper, music preparation

Ao3747

HANSCHEN:

55 It's like, 56 just kiss some ass, 57 man then you can_

Ah

Ah

58 screw 'em all. 59 all. 60 61

OTTO:

MELCHIOR:

It's the bitch_

HANSCHEN: 62 It's the bitch_ 63 of liv-ing. **OTTO, HANSCHEN:** 64 In_ your head._

OTHERS: It's the bitch_ of liv-ing. **GEORG/MORITZ:** In_ your head._

ERNST:

MELCHIOR:

_ of liv-ing And liv - ing in your head._

65 It's the bitch 66 67

It's the bitch

It's the bitch

It's the bitch_

It's the bitch_ of liv-ing And sens - ing God is dead._

68 69 HANSCHEN: 70

— of liv - ing — — — — — And tryin' to get a - head. — — —

MELCHIOR:

You watch — me. Just watch — me. — — — — — I'm call -

71 72 MORITZ: 73 ALL:

It's the bitch — of liv - ing Just get - ting out of bed. — — — — — It's the bitch —

MELCHIOR:

- in' and one — day. — — — — — All will know. —

HANSCHEN:

74 75 76 77

— of liv - ing Liv - ing — Liv - ing And get - ting what you get. — — — — — Just the bitch —

— — — — — All will know. — — — — — Just the bitch —

78 79 80

— of liv - ing — — — — — God, is — — — — — this it? — — —

— of liv - ing And know - ing this is it. — — — — — God, is — — — — — this it? — — —

81 82 83 84 85

This can't — be it. — — — — — Oh, God, what a bitch!

This can't — be it. — — — — — Oh, God, what a bitch!

Vocal Book

SPRING AWAKENING

5

My Junk

(All Onstage Actors)

lyrics by Steven Sater
music by Duncan Sheik
vocal arr. by AnnMarie Milazzo

108 **VAMP, VOCAL LAST X** **WENDLA:**

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The tempo is marked as 108. The score is divided into measures 1 through 21. Measure 1 is a whole rest. Measure 2 is a whole rest. Measure 3 starts with a quarter note G#4. Measure 4 has a quarter note A4. Measure 5 has a quarter note B4. Measure 6 has a quarter note C5. Measure 7 has a quarter note B4. Measure 8 has a quarter note A4. Measure 9 has a quarter note G#4. Measure 10 has a quarter note F#4. Measure 11 has a quarter note E4. Measure 12 has a quarter note D4. Measure 13 has a quarter note C4. Measure 14 has a quarter note B3. Measure 15 has a quarter note A3. Measure 16 has a quarter note G#3. Measure 17 has a quarter note F#3. Measure 18 has a quarter note E3. Measure 19 has a quarter note D3. Measure 20 has a quarter note C3. Measure 21 has a quarter note B2.

In the
midst of this no-thing, this miss of a life, Still, there's this one thing— just to see—
MARTHA: you go by. **THEA:** It's al- most like lov- in'— sad as that is. May—
ANNA: not be cool, but it's so where I live. It's like—
I'm your lov-er— or, more like your ghost— I spend the day won-d'r in' what you do,—
THEA: where you go... I try and just kick it, but then, what can I do? We've all—
ALL+ILSE: got our junk, and my junk is you. See us, win -
WENDLA/MARTHA (upper)
THEA/ILSE/ANNA (lower):
- ter walk - in'— af - ter a storm. It's chill in the wind— but it's warm—

Steven M. Alper, music preparation

A03747

Vocal Book

- 17 -

5. My Junk

22 in your arms. 23 We stop, all snow - blind 24 May

25 not be true 26 We've all got our junk, and

28 my junk is 29 you.

Allegro Moderato
"Piano Lesson"

2 [30-31] 3/4 8 [32-39]

8 [40-47] 48 GEORG: Well, you'll

49 have to ex-cuse me, 50 I know it's so off, 51 I love when you do stuff that's rude

HANSCHEN: 52 and so wrong. 53 I go up to my room, 54 turn the ste - re - o on, Shoot

55 56 THEA:
 up some you in the You of some song, I lie

ILSE/GEORG/ERNST:
 (8^{vb}) I lie

WENDLA/OTTO:
 (8^{vb}) I lie

MARTHA/MORITZ/ANNA:
 (a tono) I lie

57 58
 back, just drift - in', and play out these scenes. I

back Drift - in' These scenes

back Drift - in' These scenes

back Drift - in' These scenes

ANNA:

59 60
 ride on the rush - all the hopes, all the dreams. I may

The rush the dreams

The rush the dreams

The rush the dreams

61 62

— be ne - glect - in' the things — I should do. — (But) we've all —
(women a tono)

— We've all got our junk
(women a tono)

— We've all got our junk

ANNA/THEA/MELCHIOR/
ERNST/HANSCHEN:

63 64

— got our junk, and my junk is you. See we still —

Junk Yeah — Yeah — Yeah — Yeah —

Junk Yeah — Yeah — Yeah —

Yeah — Yeah — Yeah — Yeah —

65 66 67

— keep talk - in' af - ter you're gone. — You're still — with me then, — feels so good —

— af - ter you're gone. — Good —

(OTTO lower)

— af - ter you're gone. — Good —

— af - ter you're gone. — Good —

68 in my arms. They say you go blind. May -
 69 in my arms. Stop. Go blind. Stop. May -
 70 in my arms. Stop. Go blind. Stop. May -

71 - be it's true. (But) we've all got our junk, and
 72 - be it's true. But our junk yeah junk is you.
 73 - be it's true. But our junk yeah junk is you.

74 MEN:
 WOMEN: my junk is you. It's like -
 75 My junk is you. Oh we stop
 My junk is you. Oh we stop
 My junk is you. Oh we stop

76 we stop time. 77 time. 78 What can I do.

79 We've all got our junk, 80 and my junk is you. 81 when my junk is you. 82 and my junk is you.

83 my junk is you. 84 YOU YOU YOU! 85 YOU YOU YOU!

Vocal Book

SPRING AWAKENING

6

Touch Me

(All Boys and Girls)

lyrics by Steven Sater
music by Duncan Sheik
vocal arr. by AnnMarie Milazzo

MELCHIOR:

Where I

go, when I go there, No more mem-'ry a-ny - more. On-ly

WENDLA, ANNA,
GEORG: 12

Oh

THEA, MARTHA,
HANSCHEN:

Oh

MELCHIOR, OTTO,
ERNST, ILSE:

MORITZ:

drift-ing on some ship, The wind that whis-pers of the dis-tance to shore. Where I

13 14 15 16

go. Ah

go. Ah

go. Hi - yi - yi

go, when I go there, No more list'-ning a-ny - more. On-ly

17 18 19 20

hymns u-pon your lips; A mys-tic wis-dom, ris-ing with them, to shore.

ERNST:

21 22 23 24 25

Touch Me just like that. And that oh, yeah now, that's hea-ven. Now, that I like.

26 27 28 29 30

God, that's so nice. Now low-er down, where the figs lie.

Underscore

GROUP 1:

31 32 33 34

Oh my God Oh yeah, yeah, yeah Oh my God Oh yeah, yeah, yeah

GROUP 2:

Oh my God Oh yeah, yeah, yeah Oh my God Oh yeah, yeah, yeah

GROUP 3:

Oh my God Oh yeah, yeah, yeah Oh my God Oh yeah, yeah, yeah

35 36 37 38

Oh my God Oh yeah, yeah, yeah Oh my God Oh yeah, yeah, yeah Touch

Oh my God Oh yeah, yeah, yeah Oh my God Oh yeah, yeah, yeah Touch

Oh my God Oh yeah, yeah, yeah Oh my God Oh yeah, yeah, yeah Touch

39 40 41 42 43 44

Me Touch Me Ah Ah

Me Touch Me Ah Ah

Me Touch Me Ah Ah

45 46 SAFETY 47 +KRYSTA: 48

Oh Oh Oh my

Oh Oh Oh my

+GERARD: +JENN/ROBI:

Oh Oh Oh my

OTTO:

Where I

49 50 51 52

God
God.
God
go, when I go there, No more sha - dows a - ny - more. On-ly

53 54 55 56

GROUP 1:

Where I

GROUP 2:

Where I

GROUP 3:

Where I
GEORG:

you there in the kiss; And no-thing miss-ing as you're drift-ing, to shore. Where I

57 58 59 60

go. No more weep-ing Oh No No No
go. No more weep-ing Oh No No No
go. No more weep-ing Oh No No No
go, when I go there, No more weep-ing a - ny - more. On-ly

61 62 63 64

Touch me—
+JENN:
Touch me—
Touch me—

in and⁴ out your lips; The bro-ken wish-es wash-ing with them, to shore.

65 66 67 68

— All si - lent Ba - by just tell me All is for - gi - ven Touch

— All si - lent Ba - by just tell me All is for - gi - ven Touch

MELCHIOR/
MORITZ:
Touch me all si-lent, Tell me please all is for-gi-ven.

69 70 71 72

Oh Oh Oh There I go, There I go,
THEA, MARTHA,
HANSCHEN:
Oh Oh Oh There I go, There I go,
OTTO, ILSE,
GEORG:
+MEN:
4 MELCHIOR, MORITZ only:
Con-sume my wine. Con-sume my mind. I'll tell you how, how the winds sigh.

Vocal Book

- 27 -

6. Touch Me

ERNST, WENDLA,

ANNA: 73 (Men 8vb) 74

75

76

Touch me Just try it. Now, that's it. God Oh that's hea - ven Touch

THEA, MARTHA:

Touch me Just try it. Now, that's it. God Oh that's hea - ven Touch

MORITZ, Touch me

MELCHIOR, ILSE:

Touch me Just try it. Now, that's it. God Oh that's hea - ven Touch

GEORG:

Touch Me just try it. Now, there that's it God, that's heaven.

HANSCHEN/
OTTO:

ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh

77 I love your light Where the sins cry

78 I love your light Where the sins cry

79 I love your light Where the sins cry

80 I'll love your light. I'll love you right. We'll wan-der down where the sins cry.

ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh

Vocal Book

- 29 -

SPRING AWAKENING

7

The Word of Your Body

(Wendla, Melchior)

lyrics by Steven Sater
music by Duncan Sheik

Very Steadily ♩ = 63

WENDLA:
Just too un - real, all this.

Watch - ing the words fall from my lips...

MELCHIOR:
Bait - ing some girl - with hy - po - the -

WENDLA:
Have - n't you heard the word of your bo - dy?

MELCHIOR:
ses! Have - n't you heard the word of your bo - dy?

WENDLA:
Grasp - ing at pearls with my

MELCHIOR:
Don't feel a thing - You wish.

14 fin - ger - tips... 15 16

MELCHIOR:

Hold - ing her hand_ like some lit - tle_ tease.

17 3 18

Have - n't you heard the word of my_ want - ing?_

Have - n't you heard the word of my_ want - ing?_

BOTH:

19 20 21 22

O, I'm gon - na_ be wound - ed. O, I'm gon - na_ be_ your wound.

23 24 25 26

O, I'm gon - na_ bruise_ you. O, you're gon - na_ be_ my_ bruise.

WENDLA:

27 28 29

Just too un - real,_ all this._ Watch - ing his world_ slip through my_

MELCHIOR:

Just too un - real,_ all this._

Vocal Book

SPRING AWAKENING

8

The Dark I Know Well

(Martha, Ilse, Moritz, Georg, Otto, 2 Boys, 2 Girls)

lyrics by Steven Sater
music by Duncan Sheik

♩ = 108 VAMP MARTHA:

There is a part I can't tell
 about the dark I know well. You say,
 "Time for bed now, child," Mom just smiles that smile—
 Just like she never saw me. Just like she never
 saw me... So, I leave, want-in' just to hide.
 Know-in' deep in-side. You are com-in' to me.
 You are com-in' to me... You say all
 you want is just a kiss good-night, Then you hold me and you whisper, "Child, the

Steven M. Alper, music preparation

A03747

26 Lord won't mind. It's just you and me. 27 28 Child, you're a

29 30 beau - ty. God,

31 it's good- the lov - in' - ain't it good to - night You ain't

33 34 35 - seen noth-in' yet- gon-na treat you right. It's just you and me.

ILSE:

36 37 38 39 Child, you're a beau - ty." I don't

40 41 42 43 scream, though I know it's wrong. I just play a - long.

44 45 46 I lie there and breathe, lie there and breathe.

47 48 49 I wan-na be strong- I want the world to find out

50 51 52 That you're dream - in' on me, Me and my

+MARTHA:

53 54 55 - "beau - ty," Me and my "beau-ty." You say all

56 57 58

you want is just a kiss good - night, Then you hold me and you whisper, "Child, the

**MORITZ, OTTO, GEORG,
MALE SWINGS:**

Ah Ah

59 60 61

Lord won't mind. It's just you and me. Child, you're a

Child, you're a

62 3 63 64

beau - ty. God, it's good- the lov - in' - ain't it good -

beau - ty. Ah

65 66 67

to - night? You ain't seen no-thin' yet- gon-na teach you right. It's just you and

68 69 70 71

me. Child, you're a beau - ty." There is a part I can't

Ah Child, you're a beau - ty.

+ 1 FEMALE SWING:

72 tell about the dark I know well.

73

74

Ah Dark I know well.

+ 2nd FEMALE SWING:

75 There is a part I can't tell about the dark I know

76

77

Ah

78 well.

79 There is a part I can't tell

80

Ah Ah

81 about the dark I know well.

82

83 There is a part I can't

Dark I know well.

84 tell about the dark I know well.

85

86

87

Ah Ah

Vocal Book

- 36 -

SPRING AWAKENING

8a

The Word of Your Body - Reprise 1

(Otto and Georg)

lyrics by Steven Sater
music by Duncan Sheik

OTTO:

1 2 3

0, you're gon - na___ be wound - ed.

+GEORG:

4 5 6

0, I'm gon-na be___ your wound... 0, I'm gon-na bruise___

7 8 9

___ you. 0, you're gon - na be___ my bruise.

Vocal Book

- 37 -

SPRING AWAKENING

9

And Then There Were None

(Moritz with Onstage Boys)

lyrics by Steven Sater
music by Duncan Sheik

GABOR: "On the contrary, as Melchior's mother, I truly believe it to be my duty (to curb this...)"
MORITZ:

9. And Then There Were None

GABOR: "...could have worked harder last semester, and also that too rigorous a condemnation of your current misfortune (could have the gravest...)"

MORITZ:

30 31-33 34

You

35 36 37

wan - na laugh. It's too ab - surd. You start to ask. Can't hear

38 39 40

a word. You wan - na crash and burn. Right, tell me more.

GABOR: "...escape not be possible, you would take your own life."

MORITZ:

41 42 43-45 46

0 -

47 48

kay, so now we do the play. Act like we so care. No way. You'll

49 50 51 52

write my folks-? Well, o-kay. Babe, that's how it goes.

GABOR: "...and yet gone on to brilliant careers. Consider, for example..."

MORITZ:

53-57 58

They're

59 60 61 62

not my home. Not a-ny - more. Not like they so were be-fore.

BOYS:

oooh... oooh... ah...

63 Still, I'll split, and they'll, like... Well, who knows? Who knows? Who

64

65

66

ah...

FRAU: "...feelings for you, or on your relationship with Melchior."

**MORITZ/
HANSCHEN:**

67 knows?

68

69

70 Uh

71 huh... uh huh... uh huh... well, fine. Not like it's e - ven worth the time. But

72

HANSCHEN:

MORITZ:

73 still, you know, you wan-ted more. O - kay, so noth-ing's changed. Heard that be -

74

**MORITZ/
OTTO:**

75 fore. You wan - na laugh. It's too ab - surd. You

76

77

OTTO:

78 start to ask. Can't hear a word. You're gon - na crash and burn.

79

80

MORITZ:

**MORITZ/
ERNST:**

81 Right, tell me more. You start to cave. You start

82

83

GEORG:

84 to cry. You try to run. No - where to hide. You

85

86

87 want to crum - ble up, and close that door.

GABOR: "...unchangingly and most fondly yours, Fanny Gabor." **MORITZ:**

91 Just

95 fuck it- right? E - nough. That's it. You'll still go on. Well, for a bit. A -

97 no - ther day of ut-ter shit- And then there were none.

MORITZ/ OTTO:

100 And then there were none...

GEORG:

102 And then there were none...

103 And then there were none...

104 And then there were none...

HANSCHEN/ ERNST:

105 And then there were none...

106

And then there were none...

SEGUE AS ONE TO: "Mirror Blue Night"

Vocal Book

- 41 -

SPRING AWAKENING

10

Mirror-Blue Night

(Melchior and Boys except Moritz)

lyrics by Steven Sater
music by Duncan Sheik

BOYS:

3
[1-3]

4
Flip__

5
on a switch, and e - v'ry - thing's fine__ No more lips,

6

7
no more tongue,__ no more ears,__ no more eyes.__ The na -

8

9
- ked blue an - gel, who peers__ through the blinds, Dis - ap - pears__

10
3

MELCHIOR:

11
But there's no -

12

13
in the gloom__ of the mir - ror - blue night__

14

15
- where to hide__ from these bones, from my mind.__ It's bro - ken in-side - I'm a man__

16

17
and a child.__ I'm at home__ with a ghost,__ who got left__

Steven M. Alper, music preparation

A03747

18 in the cold, 19 I'm locked out of peace, 20 with no keys to my soul.

7 [21-27] BOYS: 28 And the whis -

29 - pers of fear, 30 the chill up the spine, 31 Will steal a-way too, with a flick -

32 of the light. 33 The min - ute you do it, 34 with fin - gers so blind, You re-move -

MELCHIOR: 35 But there's no - 36 e - v'ry bit of the blue from your mind.

37 - where to hide, 38 from the ghost in my mind, It's cold -

Ooh

39 in these bones - 40 of a man and a child. And there's no -

Ooh

Vocal Book

- 43 -

10. Mirror-Blue Night

41
— one who knows, — and there's no — where to go. — There's no —
42
Ooh _____

43
— one to see — who can see — to my soul... —
44
Ooh _____

45 QUICK OUT ON CUE
4
[46-49]
4

Vocal Book

SPRING AWAKENING

11

I Believe

(All Boys & Girls, except Moritz)

lyrics by Steven Sater
music by Duncan Sheik

3 [1-3] 4 I be - lieve, _

5 I be - lieve, I be - lieve, oh, I be - lieve all _

8 will be for - giv - en. I be - lieve I be - lieve, I be - lieve, oh, I be - lieve _

11 all will be for - giv - en. I be - lieve _

13 I be-lieve, 14 I be-lieve, 15 oh, I be-lieve there

16 is love in hea-ven. 17 I be-lieve I be-lieve, I be-lieve,

18 oh, I be-lieve 19 there is love in hea-ven. 20 I be-lieve

21 I be-lieve, 22 I be-lieve, 23 oh, I be-lieve all

24 will be for-giv-en. 25 I be-lieve, I be-lieve, I be-lieve,

26 oh, 27 I be-lieve

28

All will be for - giv - en.

29

There is love in hea - ven.

30

All will be for - giv - en.

31

I be - lieve

There is love in hea - ven.

32

I be - lieve

33

All will be for - giv - en.

I be - lieve

There is love in hea - ven.

34 35

Oo_____

I be - lieve_____

All_____ will be_____ for - giv - en.

I be - lieve_____

There is love_____ in hea - ven._____

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of a musical score for measures 34 and 35. It features five staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), a bass line (bass clef), a second vocal line (bass clef), and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). Measure 34 shows a vocal line with a whole note rest and a piano accompaniment line with a whole note chord. Measure 35 shows the vocal line starting with 'Oo' followed by a long line, then 'I be - lieve' with a long line. The piano accompaniment in measure 35 has a bass line with a melodic line and a treble line with a whole note chord. The lyrics 'All_____ will be_____ for - giv - en.' are written below the piano accompaniment. The second vocal line has 'I be - lieve_____'. The piano accompaniment at the bottom has 'There is love_____ in hea - ven._____'. Measure numbers 34 and 35 are written above the first and second staves respectively.

36 37

I be - lieve_____

All_____ will be_____ for - giv - en.

I be - lieve_____

There is love_____ in hea - ven._____

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of a musical score for measures 36 and 37. It features five staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), a bass line (bass clef), a second vocal line (bass clef), and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). Measure 36 shows a vocal line with a whole note rest and a piano accompaniment line with a whole note chord. Measure 37 shows the vocal line starting with 'I be - lieve' followed by a long line. The piano accompaniment in measure 37 has a bass line with a melodic line and a treble line with a whole note chord. The lyrics 'All_____ will be_____ for - giv - en.' are written below the piano accompaniment. The second vocal line has 'I be - lieve_____'. The piano accompaniment at the bottom has 'There is love_____ in hea - ven._____'. Measure numbers 36 and 37 are written above the first and second staves respectively.

38 39

I be - lieve _____

All _____ will be _____ for - giv - en.

I be - lieve _____

There is love _____ in hea - ven. _____

Detailed description: This system contains five staves. The top staff is a vocal line starting with a whole note on G4, marked with measure numbers 38 and 39. The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics 'I be - lieve' and a long horizontal line. The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics 'All _____ will be _____ for - giv - en.' and a long horizontal line. The fourth staff is a vocal line with lyrics 'I be - lieve' and a long horizontal line. The fifth staff is a piano accompaniment line with a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes.

40 41

Peace _____ and joy be with them,

I be - lieve _____

All _____ will be _____ for - giv - en.

I be - lieve _____

There is love _____ in hea - ven. _____ All _____ will be _____ for - giv - en.

Detailed description: This system contains five staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics 'Peace _____ and joy be with them,' and measure numbers 40 and 41. The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics 'I be - lieve' and a long horizontal line. The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics 'All _____ will be _____ for - giv - en.' and a long horizontal line. The fourth staff is a vocal line with lyrics 'I be - lieve' and a long horizontal line. The fifth staff is a piano accompaniment line with a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes.

42 har - mo - ny and 43 wis - dom.

I be - lieve

There is love in hea - ven. All will be for - giv - en.

There is love in hea - ven. All will be for - giv - en.

There is love in hea - ven. All will be for - giv - en.

44 Peace and joy be with them, 45 har - mo - ny and 46

Peace and joy be with them, har - mo - ny and

Peace and joy be with them, har - mo - ny and

Peace and joy be with them, har - mo - ny and

Peace and joy be with them, har - mo - ny and

The musical score consists of five staves. The top two staves are vocal lines in treble clef, with lyrics: "wis - dom. Oh, I be - lieve!". The bottom three staves are piano accompaniment in bass clef, with lyrics: "wis - dom." repeated. Measure numbers 47, 48, and 49 are indicated above the vocal lines. A large triangular graphic is drawn over the piano accompaniment staves, pointing towards the vocal lines.

Vocal Book

- 51 -

SPRING AWAKENING

12

The Guilty Ones

(All Girls and Boys)

lyrics by Steven Sater
music by Duncan Sheik

WENDLA:

Some-thing's start - ed cra - zy- Sweet___ and un - known.

Some - thing you keep in a box on the street. Now it's long - ing for a home.


And who can say what___ dreams are...?___ Wake me in time___ to be lone-ly and___

___ sad. And who can say what___ we are...?___

This is the sea - son for___ dream - ing...___ And

now our bod-ies are the guil - ty ones, Who touch, and co - lor the hours;

Night won't___ breathe Oh how___ we Fall in si - lence from the___ sky,

58 59 60 2

 And whis-per some sil-ver re-ply... [61-62]

MELCHIOR:
 63 64 65 66

 Pulse is gone and ra-cing All fits and starts.

67 68 69

 Win-dow by win-dow you try and look in-to This brave new you that you are.

ALL (except MELCHIOR & WENDLA): 70 71 **MELCHIOR:** 72


 And who can say what dreams are...? Wake me in time to be out


ALL (except MELCHIOR & WENDLA): 73 74 75

 in the cold. And who can say what we are...?

MELCHIOR: 76 77 **ALL:** 78

 This is the rea-son for dream-ing... And

79 80 81 82

 now our bo-dies are the guilt-y ones- Our touch Will fill ev'-ry hour.

83 84 85 86

 Huge and dark, Oh our hearts Will mur-mur the blues from on high,

87 88 89 90 91

 Then whis-per some sil-ver re-ply... Wo-o-Wo - o

Underscore 4 **Rall.**
 [92-95] 96 97 98

 And now our bo-dies are the guilt-y ones.

Vocal Book

- 53 -

SPRING AWAKENING

13

Don't Do Sadness

(Moritz)

MORITZ: Enough. Enough. Enough...

lyrics by Steven Sater
music by Duncan Sheik

Rhythmic ♩ = 110

MORITZ: *3rd* *p*

Aw-ful sweet to be a lit-tle but - ter-fly. Just

wing-in' ov - er things, and no-thin' deep in - side. No-thin' go -

- in', go - in' wild in you- you know- You're slow-in' by the

riv - er - side or float-in' high and blue. Or,

may - be, cool to be a lit - tle sum - mer wind. Like,

once through ev' - ry - thing, and then a - way a - gain. With a taste

of dust in your mouth all day, But no need to know, Like

sad - ness you just sail a - way. 'Cause you know,

Steven M. Alper, music preparation

A03747

Vocal Book

- 54 -

13. Don't Do Sadness

35 36 37 (falsetto) 38

I don't do sad - ness - not ev - en a

39 40 41 42

lit - tle bit. Just don't need it in my life - don't want an - y part

43 44 45 46

of it. I don't do sad - ness. Hey, I've done

47 48 49 50

my time. Look-in' back on it all, man, it blows my mind. I don't do sad-

51 52 53 54 rit.

ness. So been there. Don't do sad - ness. Just don't care.

Underscore 13 [55-67]

Vocal Book

- 55 -

SPRING AWAKENING

13a

Blue Wind

(Ilse)

lyrics by Steven Sater
music by Duncan Sheik

CUE: "Wendla Bergman. Melchior Gabor. You and I.

2
[1-2]

ILSE:
3 4

Spring and sum - mer, Ev -

5 6 7 8

- 'ry o - ther day. Blue wind gets so sad. Blow-in' through the

9 10 11

thick corn, Through the bales of hay, Through the o - pen books on the grass...

12 13 14 15

Spring and sum-mer...

16 17 18 19

Sure, when it's au - tumn, Wind al - ways wants to creep up and haunt -

20 21 22 23

you. Whist - lin', it's got you, With its

24 25 26 27 28

heart - ache, with its sor - row. Win - ter wind sings, and it cries...

29 30 31 32

Spring and sum - mer, Ev - 'ry o - ther day, Blue

Steven M. Alper, music preparation

A03747

33 34 35

— wind gets — so pained. — Blow-in' through the thick corn, — Through the bales —

36 37 38

— of hay, — Through the sud - den drift — of the rain... —

39 40 41

Spring — and sum - mer..

Underscore

13

[42-54]

Vocal Book

- 57 -

SPRING AWAKENING

13b

Don't Do Sadness / Blue Wind

(Moritz & Ilse)

lyrics by Steven Sater
music by Duncan Sheik

CUE: "Eighty lines of Virgil..."

Rhythmic ♩ = 110

MORITZ:

So, may - be I should be some kind - a laun -

- dry line- Hang their things on me,

and I will swing 'em dry. You just wave

- in the sun through the af - ter - noon, And then, see, they come to

set you free be-neath the ris-ing moon. 'Cause, you know,

ILSE:

Spring and sum - mer, Ev' - ry oth - er day, (falsetto)

I don't do sad - ness-

Vocal Book

- 58 -

13b. Don't Do Sadness / Blue Wind

22 23 24

Blue wind gets so lost. Blow-in' through the
not ev-en a lit-tle bit. Just don't need.

25 26 27

thick corn, Through the bales of hay, Spring and
it in my life- don't want an-y part of it.

28 29 30

sum-mer, Ev-'ry oth-er day. Blue
I don't do sad-ness. Hey, I've done.

31 32

wind gets so lost. Blow-in' through the
my time. Look-in' back on it all- it blows.

33 34

thick corn, Through the bales of hay, Through the
my mind. I don't do sad-

35 36 37 38

wan-der-ing clouds of the dust... Spring and sum-mer...
rit.
ness. So been there. Don't do sad-ness. Just don't care.

Steven M. Alper, music preparation

A03747

#13b - Don't Do Sadness / Blue Wind

Vocal Book
Underscore

- 59 -

13b. Don't Do Sadness / Blue Wind

8 [39-46] 5 [47-51] 8 [52-59]

9 [60-68] 9 [69-77] 8 [78-85]

8 [86-93] 5 [94-98]

Vocal Book

SPRING AWAKENING

14

Left Behind

(Melchior, All Girls and Boys, except Moritz)

lyrics by Steven Sater
music by Duncan Sheik
vocal arr. by AnnMarie Milazzo

Rubato, slowly 3 4 Poco rall. MELCHIOR:

You

Steady tempo, gently

fold his hands, and smooth his tie. You gently lift his chin— Were you

really so blind, and un-kind to him? Can't help the itch to touch, to kiss, To

ALL GIRLS:

ALL BOYS: A

hold him once a-gain. Now, to close his eyes, never open them...? A

shadow passed. A shadow passed, Yearning, yearning
shadow passed. A shadow passed, Yearning, yearning

15 for the fool 16 it called a home. 17

MELCHIOR:

18 All things 19 he nev-er did 20 are left be-hind;_

21 All the things 22 his Ma-ma 23 wished he'd bear in mind; And

24 all his Dad 25 ev-er hoped he'd know. 26 Ohh 27 The

28 talks you nev-er had, 29 The Sat-ur-days 30 you nev-er spent, All the "grown-up" pla-ces_

31 you nev-er went; 32 And all of the cry-ing 33 you would-n't un-der-stand, You just

34 let him cry- 35 "Make a man out of him." ALL GIRLS: ALL BOYS: A

36 3 3 3 37
shad - ow passed. A shad - ow passed, Yearn - ing, yearn - ing

38 3 39 3 40
for the fool it called a home.

MELCHIOR:

41 42 3 3 43 3 44
All things he ev-er wished are left be - hind; All the things his

WENDLA / MARTHA / JENNIFER:

Ahh Ahh

THEA:

Ahh Ahh

ANNA / KRYSTA:

Ahh Ahh

Vocal Book

14. Left Behind

45 Ma - ma did to make him mind; And how his Dad had hoped he'd grow.

46 3 3 -63- 47 3 48

49 All things he ev - er lived are left be - hind;

50 3 3 51 3

+ILSE

52 All the fears that ev - er flick-ered through his mind; All the

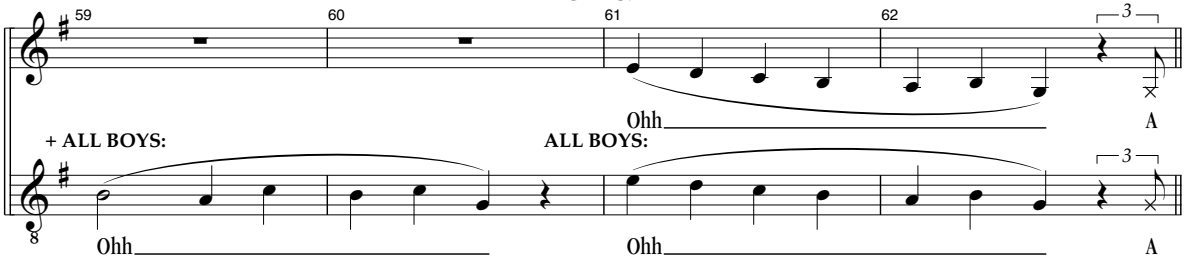
53 3 3 54 3 3 3

MELCHIOR:



8 sad - ness that he'd come to own. Ohh

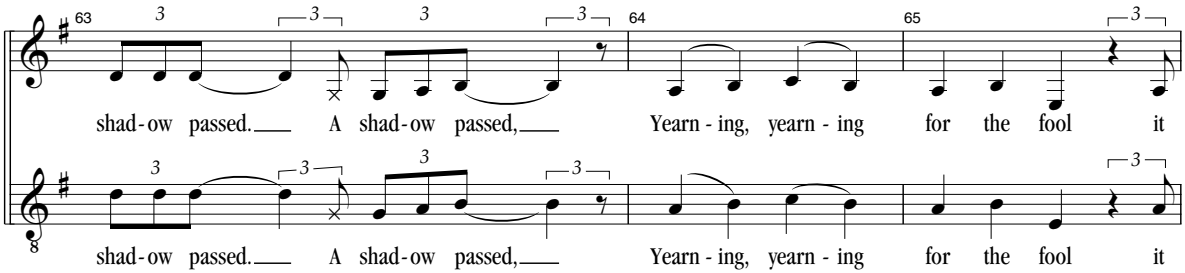
ALL GIRLS:



8 Ohh

+ ALL BOYS: Ohh

ALL BOYS: Ohh



8 shad-ow passed. A shad-ow passed, Yearn - ing, yearn - ing for the fool it



8 called a home. called a home. (falsetto) And it

MELCHIOR:

Vocal Book

- 65 -

14. Left Behind

MELCHIOR:

whis - tles through the ghosts _____ still left be - hind... _____ It

ANNA:

Ahh _____ Ahh _____

MARTHA / ILSE /
GEORG:

(all at pitch)

Ahh _____ Ahh _____

THEA / KRYSTA /
JENNIFER:

Ahh _____ Ahh _____

GERARD / ROBERT / HANSCHEN /
OTTO / ERNST:

Ahh _____ Ahh _____

MELCHIOR:

whis - tles through the ghosts still left be - hind... _____ It

ANNA:

ANNA:

Ahh _____ Ahh _____

MARTHA / GEORG only:

MARTHA on top,
GEORG bottom (at pitch):

Ahh _____ Ahh _____

THEA only:

Ahh _____

GERARD / ROBERT only:

GERARD only:

Ahh _____ Ahh _____

MELCHIOR:

Rall.

whistles through the ghosts _____ still left be - hind... _____ Ohh _____

Vocal Book

SPRING AWAKENING

15

Totally Fucked

(All, except Moritz)

lyrics by Steven Sater
music by Duncan Sheik

5 MELCHIOR:
[1-5] There's a mo -

7 - ment you know... 8 you're fucked- 9 Not an inch- 10

11 more room 12 to self - de-struct. 13 14 No more moves-

15 oh yeah, 16 the dead - end zone. 17 18 Man, you just -

19 OTTO:
20 But the
21 22
23 can't call 24 your soul 25 your own.

23 thing that makes you real-ly jump, 24 Is that the weird-est shit 25 is still to

26
come. 27 You can ask your - self, Hey, what have I done? 28 You're

29 just a fly- the lit - tle guys, they kill for fun. 30

GEORG:
Man, you're fucked

31 if you just freeze up, 32 Can't do that thing- that

HANSCHEN: 34 keep-in' still. But, you're fucked 35 if you speak your mind, 36 GEORG/
HANSCHEN/
OTTO:
And you know-

37 38 GIRLS:
Yeah, you're fucked, -

BOYS:
uh huh- you will. Yeah, you're fucked, -

39 all right- and all for spite. You can kiss your sor - ry ass - 40 41

39 40 41

all right— and all for spite. You can kiss your sor - ry ass—

all right— and all for spite. You can kiss your sor - ry ass—

42 43 44

good - bye. To - tal - ly fucked. Will they mess you up? Well, you know—

good - bye. To - tal - ly fucked. Will they mess you up? Well, you know—

45 46

they're gon - na try.

they're gon - na try.

47 48 49

MELCHIOR: Blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa... blaa blaa blaa...

GIRLS: Blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa

BOYS: Blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa

50 [51-53] 54

blaa blaa... 3

blaa blaa... 3

MELCHIOR: Dis - ap - pear—

55 56 57 58

8 — yeah, well, — you wan - na try. — Wan-na bun -

59 60 61 62

8 - dle up — in - to some big-ass lie, — Long e - nough —

63 64 65 66

8 — for them — to all — just quit. Long e - nough —

67 68 69 70

GIRLS:

Yeah, you're fucked, —

BOYS:

8 — for you — to get out — of it. — Yeah, you're fucked, —

71 72 73

— all right— and all — for spite. — You can kiss — your sor - ry ass —

8 — all right— and all — for spite. — You can kiss — your sor - ry ass —

74 75 76

— good - bye. — To - tal - ly fucked. Will they mess — you up? — Well, you know —

8 — good - bye. — To - tal - ly fucked. Will they mess — you up? — Well, you know —

92 93 94 95

Blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa____ blaa blaa____ blaa Blaa____ blaa blaa blaa____ blaa,____

+ADULTS

8 Blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa____ blaa blaa____ blaa Blaa____ blaa blaa blaa____ blaa,____

96 97 98 99

Blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa____ blaa blaa____ blaa Blaa____ blaa blaa____ blaa blaa...____

8 Blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa____ blaa blaa____ blaa Blaa____ blaa blaa____ blaa blaa...____

100 101 102 103

Blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa____ blaa blaa____ blaa Blaa____ blaa blaa blaa____ blaa,____

8 Blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa____ blaa blaa____ blaa Blaa____ blaa blaa blaa____ blaa,____

104 105

Blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa____ blaa blaa____ blaa Blaa____

8 Blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa____ blaa blaa____ blaa Blaa____

106 107 108

— blaa blaa____ blaa blaa...____ To - tal - ly fucked!

8 — blaa blaa____ blaa blaa...____ To - tal - ly fucked!

Vocal Book

SPRING AWAKENING

16

Word of Your Body - Reprise 2

(Hanschen, Ernst, and All Boys & Girls)

lyrics by Steven Sater
music by Duncan Sheik

VOCAL LAST X
HANSCHEN:

Come, cream a - way the bliss,

Tra-vel the world with-in my lips, Fon-dle the pearl of your dis-tant

dreams... Have-n't you heard the word of your bo - dy?

O, you're gon - na be wound-ed. O, you're gon-na be my wound.

O, you're gon-na bruise too. O, I'm gon-na be your bruise.

Underscore

[17-24] [25-28]

ERNST:

O, I'm gon - na be wound-ed. O, I'm gon-na be your wound.

ERNST,
HANSCHEN:

O, I'm gon-na bruise you. O, you're gon-na be my bruise.

Vocal Book

- 73 -

16. Word of Your Body - Reprise 2

GIRLS, ERNST:

37 38 39

O, you're gon - na be wound - ed. O, you're gon-na be my

BOYS, HANSCHEN:

O, you're gon - na be wound - ed. O, you're gon-na be my

40 41 42

wound. O, you're gon - na bruise too.

wound. O, you're gon - na bruise too.

43 44

O, I'm gon - na be your bruise.

O, I'm gon - na be your bruise.

16a

MELCHIOR LETTER
UNDERScore

TACET

Vocal Book

- 74 -

SPRING AWAKENING

17

Whispering

(Wendla)

lyrics by Steven Sater
music by Duncan Sheik

4
[1-4]

WENDLA:

5 6 7 8
Whis-per-ing... hear the ghosts in the moon - light.

9 10 11 12
Sor-row do - ing a new dance Through their bones, through their skin.

WENDLA:

13 14 15 16
Lis - ten-ing... to the souls in the fool's night.

17 18 19 20
Fumb-ling mute - ly with their rude hands, And there's heart - ache with-out end.

Underscore

8 3 32
[21-28] [29-31] See the

33 34 35 36
fa - ther bent in grief, the mo - ther dressed in mourn - ing. Sis - ter crum -

37 38 39 40
ples And the neigh - bors grum - ble. The preach - er is - sues warn - ings.

3
[41-43]

Underscore 4

[44-47]

48 49 50 51

His - to - ry... Lit - tle Miss did - n't do right.

52 53 54 55

Went and ru - ined all the true plans - Such a shame, such a sin.

56 57 58 59

Mys - te - ry... Home a - lone on a school night.

60 61 62 63

Har - vest moon o - ver the blue land, Sum - mer long - ing on the wind...

Underscore 8 3 75

[64-71] [72-74] 75

Had a

76 77 78 79 80

sweetheart on his knees. So faith - ful and a - dor - ing. And he touched me. And I let -

81 82 83 3

[84-86]

- him love me. So let that be my sto - ry.

87 88 89 90

Lis - ten - ing... For the hope, for the new life.

91 92 93 94

Some - thing beau - ti - ful, a new chance Hear its whis - p'ring there a - gain...

Rall. 2

[95-96]

17a

WENDLA LETTER
UNDERScore

TACET

17b

ABORTIONIST
UNDERScore

TACET

18

MELCHIOR'S ESCAPE

TACET

18a

ALMOST MIDNIGHT

TACET

Vocal Book

SPRING AWAKENING

19

Those You've Known

(Melchior, Wendla, Moritz)

lyrics by Steven Sater
music by Duncan Sheik

Colla voce
MORITZ:

Those you've known,___ And lost, still walk be-hind you...

All a - lone,___ They lin-ger till they find you... With-out them, The world

grows dark a-round you And no - thing is the same un-til you know that they have found___ you. ___

A Tempo

Those you've pained___ May car - ry that still with them...

All the same,___ They whis - per: "All for - gi-ven." Still, your heart says: The sha -

dows bring the star-light, And e-very-thing you've e-ver been is still___ there in the dark night. ___

WENDLA:

When the nor - thern wind___ blows, The sor - rows___ Your

MORITZ:

Though you know___ You've left them far be-hind-___ You walk on by your - self, and not with

24 heart holds, _____ 25 There are those _____ who 26 still _____ know- They're
 them, Still you know, _____ They fill your heart and mind, _____ When they

27 still home; _____ 28 We're still home. _____ 29 30
 say: there's a way through _____ this...

WENDLA, MORITZ:

31 Those you've known, _____ 32 And lost, still walk be-hind you. 33 All a - lone, _____ Their song

34 still seems to find you. 35 They call you, As if you knew their long-ing- 36 They whi -

37 stle through the lone - ly wind, the long blue sha - dows fall - ing. _____ 38

MELCHIOR:

39 All a - lone, _____ 40 But still I hear their yearn-ing; 41 Through the dark, _____ the moon,

42 a - lone there, burn - ing. 43 The stars too, They tell of spring re - turn - ing And sum - 44

45 mer with a - no - ther wind that no one yet has known... _____ 46

WENDLA: 47
 MELCHIOR: 48
 MORITZ: 49

When the north - ern wind__ blows, The sor - rows__ Your
 They call__ me Through all__ things Night's fal - ling,__ But some-
 Still you know__ There's so much more to find__ A - nother dream, a - nother love you'll

50
 51
 52

heart's known- I be-lieve... They're
 how on I go.__ You watch__ me, Just watch__ me- I'm
 hold. Still you know__ To trust your own true mind__ On your__

(non rit.)

53
 54
 55
 56

still home.__ They're still home.__
 call - ing__ From long - ing...__ Now they'll walk__
 __ way- you are not a - lone.

57
 58
 59

__ on my arm__ through the dis-tant night, And I won't let them stray__ from my heart.

60
 61
 62

Through the wind, through the dark,__ through the win-ter light, I will

63 64 3

read all their dreams to the stars. I'll walk now with

WENDLA: 65 66 67 68

Not gone Not gone

them. MORITZ: I'll call on their names, I'll see their thoughts are

Not gone Not gone

69 70 71 72

Not gone

known. Not gone Not gone They walk with my

Not gone

73 74 75 76

Not gone

heart- I'll ne-ver let them go. I'll ne-ver let them go.

Not gone

77 78 79 80

Not gone _____ Not gone _____

I'll ne-ver let them go... _____

Not gone _____ Not gone _____

Colla voce
MELCHIOR:

81 82 83 84

You watch me, Just watch me, I'm call - ing. I'm

85 86 87

cal - ling. And one day all will know...

Vocal Book

SPRING AWAKENING

20

Song of Purple Summer

(Full Company)

lyrics by Steven Sater
music by Duncan Sheik

ILSE:

Lis-ten to what's in the heart of a child, A song so big in one so small

Soon you will hear where beau - ty lies- You'll hear and you'll re - call... The

sad - ness, the doubt, all the loss, the grief, Will be - long to some play from the past; As the

child leads the way to a dream, a be-lief, A time of hope through the land...

A sum - mer's day A mo - ther sings a song of pur-ple sum-mer Through the heart

add MARTHA: **+THEA/ANNA:**

of ev 'ry thing... And heav - en waits So close it seems To

HANSCHEN/OTTO: **add ERNST:**

And heav - en waits So close it seems To

+GEORG/ADULTS:

show her child the won-ders of a world be - yond her dreams. The

show her child the won-ders of a world be - yond her dreams. The

Steven M. Alper, music preparation

17 18 19 20 +FEMALE SWINGS:
 earth will wave with corn, The days so wide, so warm. And
 +MALE SWINGS:
 earth will wave with corn, The days so wide, so warm. And

21 22 23 add WENDLA:
 mares will neigh with Stal - lions that they mate, foals they've borne... And
 add MORITZ:
 mares will neigh with Stal - lions that they mate, foals they've borne... And

24 25 26 27
 all shall know the won - der Of pur - ple sum - mer...
 all shall know the won - der Of pur - ple sum - mer...

28 29
 And so I wait. The swal - low brings A
 +MELCHIOR:
 And so I wait. The swal - low brings A

30 31
 song of what's to fol low, the glo - ry of the spring...
 song of what's to fol low, the glo - ry of the spring...

Wmn ³² ³³
 The fen - ces sway. The por - ches swing. The

I
 WENDLA/MARTHA (top)
 ILSE (bottom):
 The fen - ces sway. The por - ches

III
 GEORG/OTTO/MELCHIOR:
 The fen - ces sway. The por - ches

Men
 The fen - ces sway. The por - ches swing. The

Wmn ³⁴ ³⁵
 clouds be - gin to thun - der, Crick - ets wan - der, mur - mur - ing. The

I
 WENDLA (top)
 MARTHA (middle)
 ILSE (bottom):
 swing. Thun - der.

II
 ANNA/WENDLA:
 Earth will

III
 swing. Thun - der. Earth will

Men
 (MORITZ bottom):
 clouds be - gin to thun - der, Crick - ets wan - der, mur - mur - ing. The

Vocal Book

- 84 -

20. Song of Purple Summer

THEA/JENNIFER (top)
KRYSTA (bottom): 37 +ANNA/WENDLA: 38 (ANNA top): 39 ALL WOMEN:

Wmn
earth will wave with corn, The days so wide, so warm, And

MARTHA/ILSE/MORITZ: MARTHA/ILSE:

I
Earth will wave with corn. Days so wide, so warm

II
wave with corn. so warm

KRYSTA/OTTO:

III
wave with corn. Days so wide, so warm

GEORG/MELCHIOR:

Men
earth will wave with corn, The days so wide, so warm, And

+OTTO: (MORITZ bottom): ALL MEN:

+ILSE/THEA:
sub. mp

Wmn
mares will neigh with Stal-lions that they mate, foals they've borne... And

ANNA/MARTHA (top)
WENDLA (bottom): *sub. mp*

I
And

ILSE/THEA/ADULT WOMAN/
GEORG/OTTO:

II
(all at pitch) foals they've borne...

ROBERT (top)
OTTO /GEORG/MELCHIOR (middle)
HANSCHEN/ADULT MAN (bottom): *sub. mp*

III
And

MORITZ/ERNST/GERARD/ADULT WOMAN:
sub. mp

Men
mares will neigh with Stal-lions that they mate, foals they've borne... And

The Song of Purple Summer

43 44 45

Wmn all shall know the won - der I will sing the song
+ANNA/WENDLA:

I all shall know the won - der I will sing the song
MARTHA/ILSE:

III all shall know the won - der I will sing the song
(OTTO /GEORG top) OTTO /GEORG/
MELCHIOR/ADULT MAN:

Men all shall know the won - der I will sing the song
+HANSCHEN/
MORITZ/ROBERT: (MORITZ/
ROBERT top):

46 47 48

Wmn — Of pur - ple sum-mer... All shall know the won - der
MELCHIOR:

I — Of pur - ple sum-mer... All shall know the won - der
GEORG/OTTO:

III — Of pur - ple sum-mer... All shall know the won - der
+ADULT MAN:

Men — Of pur - ple sum-mer... All shall know the won - der

49 50 51

Wmn I will sing the song Of pur - ple sum-mer... All shall know the won -

ILSE/MARTHA: WENDLA/MARTHA:

I I will sing the song Of pur - ple sum-mer... All shall know the won -

+ADULT WOMAN: GEORG/OTTO:

III I will sing the song Of pur - ple sum-mer... All shall know the won -

+MELCHIOR: MEN:

Men I will sing the song Of pur - ple sum-mer... All shall know the won -

52 53 54

Wmn - der Of pur - ple sum - mer...

I - der Of pur - ple sum - mer...

III - der Of pur - ple sum - mer...

Men - der Of pur - ple sum - mer...