

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 hap-
pened.)*

Oh my God. Wendla, too?

No. No. No . . .

*(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?!