

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 AND 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 climbs 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 beat. 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.