

ILSE AND MARTHA:

Me and my "beauty" . . .

ILSE, MARTHA AND 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.**There is a part I can't tell
About the dark I know well . . .**(Blackout.)*

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 teach-
ers—like parents—view us as merely so much raw mate-
rial 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 sin-
gle 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.*