

MELCHIOR: Are you all right, Wendla?

*(A song begins—subtly sweeping electronic keyboards. Concert light finds Wendla. The lights shift between the world of cloudless song and the lovers' uncertain moment in the hay-loft. 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 . . .*

WENDLA, GIRLS AND BOYS:

*And who can say what dreams are? . . .*

WENDLA:

*Wake me in time to be lonely and sad.*

WENDLA, GIRLS AND BOYS:

*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.*

MELCHIOR, GIRLS AND BOYS:

*And who can say what dreams are? . . .*

MELCHIOR:

*Wake me in time to be out in the cold.*

MELCHIOR, GIRLS AND BOYS:

*And who can say what we are? . . .*

MELCHIOR:

*This is the reason for dreaming . . .*

MELCHIOR, WENDLA, GIRLS AND BOYS:

*And now our bodies are the guilty ones—  
Our touch  
Will fill every hour.*

*Huge and dark,  
Oh our hearts  
Will murmur the blues from on high,  
Then whisper some silver reply . . .*

GIRLS AND BOYS:

*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.)*

FATHER 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 . . . ?