

BOYS AND GIRLS:

*I believe . . .*

*(The song ends. The lights fade. End of Act One.)*

## ACT TWO

### SCENE 1

*Dusk. Church. The same time, the same day as the close of Act One. Music underscores, as Father Kaulbach delivers his sermon.*

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 hay-loft. 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.)*