

FRAU GABOR: In any case, I assure you that your present misfortune will have no effect on my feelings for you, or on your relationship with Melchior.

(The Boys stride forward, one after the other, and join Moritz—a rousing punk-rock anthem.)

MORITZ AND HANSCHEN:

*Uh-huh . . . uh-huh . . . uh-huh . . . well, fine.
Not like it's even worth the time.
But still, you know, you wanted more.*

HANSCHEN:

Okay, so nothing's changed.

MORITZ:

Heard that before.

MORITZ AND OTTO:

*You wanna laugh. It's too absurd.
You start to ask. Can't hear a word.*

OTTO:

You're gonna crash and burn.

MORITZ:

Right, tell me more.

MORITZ AND ERNST:

*You start to cave. You start to cry.
You try to run. Nowhere to hide.*

GEORG:

You want to crumble up, and close that door.

FRAU GABOR: So, head high, Herr Stiefel. And do let me hear from you soon. In the meantime, I am unchangingly and most fondly yours, Fanny Gabor.

(Lights out on Frau Gabor. Moritz commands his post-punk space.)

MORITZ:

*Just fuck it—right? Enough. That's it.
You'll still go on. Well, for a bit.
Another day of utter shit—
And then there were none.*

MORITZ AND OTTO:

And then there were none . . .

MORITZ, OTTO AND GEORG:

And then there were none . . .

MORITZ AND BOYS:

And then there were none . . .

(Moritz withdraws a gun from his vest pocket and strides off.)

SCENE 11

A minimalist electronica motif sounds. Melchior is revealed in a haunted world of song. Distraught. Unable to shake the thought of what he's done to Wendla. He hounds his body with his hands. The Boys look on, and join as a chorus.

BOYS:

*Flip on a switch, and everything's fine—
No more lips, no more tongue, no more ears, no more eyes.
The naked blue angel, who peers through the blinds,
Disappears in the gloom of the mirror blue night.*

MELCHIOR:

*But there's nowhere to hide from these bones, from my mind.
It's broken inside—I'm a man and a child.
I'm at home with a ghost, who got left in the cold.
I'm locked out of peace, with no keys to my soul.*