

MELCHIOR, WENDLA, GIRLS AND BOYS:

*And now our bodies are the guilty ones . . .**(Moritz strides on, waving everyone away.)*

MORITZ: Enough. Enough. Enough.

(The lights go electric, holding on Moritz.)

SCENE 2

Moritz looks out, as if he were the frontman in a garage band.

MORITZ:

*Awful sweet to be a little butterfly.
Just wingin' over things, and nothin' deep inside.
Nothin' goin', goin' wild in you—you know—
You're slowin' by the riverside or floatin' high and blue . . .*

*Or, maybe, cool to be a little summer wind.
Like, once through everything, and then away again.
With a taste of dust in your mouth all day,
But no need to know, like, sadness—you just sail away.*

*'Cause, you know, I don't do sadness—not even a little bit.
Just don't need it in my life—don't want any part of it.
I don't do sadness. Hey, I've done my time.
Lookin' back on it all—man, it blows my mind.*

*I don't do sadness. So been there.
Don't do sadness. Just don't care.*

(The song ends, and the lights shift. Twilight. A river. Moritz stands alone. He withdraws a gun from his pocket. Ilse suddenly enters. Sees him.)

ILSE: Moritz Stiefel!

MORITZ *(Frantically hiding the gun)*: Ilse?! You frightened me!

ILSE: Did you lose something?

MORITZ: Why did you frighten me?

(A beat.)

Damn it!

ILSE: What're you looking for?

MORITZ: If only I knew.

ILSE: Then what's the use of looking?

(A beat.)

MORITZ: So, where have you been keeping yourself?

ILSE: Priapia—the Artists' colony?

MORITZ: Yes.

ILSE: All those old buggers, Moritz. All so wild. So . . . Bohemian.

All they want to do is dress me up and paint me! That Johan Fehrendorf, he's a wicked one, actually. Always knocking easels down and chasing me. Dabbing me with his paintbrush. But then, that's men—if they can't stick you with one thing, they'll try another.

Oh God, Moritz, the other day we all got so drunk, I passed out in the snow—just lay there, unconscious, all night.

Then, I spent an entire week with Gustav Baum. *(Off his look)* Truly. Inhaling that ether of his! Until this morning, when he woke me with a gun, set against my breast. He said: "One twitch and it's the end." Really gave me the goosebumps.

But, how about you, Moritz—still in school?

MORITZ: Well, this semester I'm through.

(A beat.)

ILSE: God, you remember how we used to run back to my house and play pirates? Wendla Bergman, Melchior Gabor, you, and I . . .

(A plaintive guitar sounds. A spotlight finds Ilse.)