

HANSCHEN (*To Io/Desdemona*): Have you prayed tonight, Desdemona? You don't look like you're praying, darling—lying there, contemplating the coming bliss . . .

*(A knocking on the door. Hanschen freezes.)*

HERR RILOW: Hanschen, you all right?

HANSCHEN: My stomach again, Father. But I'll be fine.

HERR RILOW: Yes?

HANSCHEN: Fine.

HERR RILOW: Well, then.

*(Herr Rilow goes. Slowly and steadily, Hanschen begins to masturbate—building steam as the scene continues.)*

HANSCHEN (*To Io/Desdemona*): Darling, don't think I take your murder lightly. The truth is, I can hardly bear to think of the long nights ahead . . . But it's sucking the marrow from my bones, seeing you lie there. Motionless. Staring at me, so innocently. One of us must go—it's you or me.

*(The lights shift . . . Fraulein Grossebustenhälter sternly interrupts Georg's playing.)*

FRAULEIN GROSSEBUSTENHALTER: No, no! Georg, please. Again. And this time, bring out the left hand.

*(Fraulein Grossebustenhälter touches his hand again—double the bliss.*

*Hanschen dutifully switches hands—to the left.)*

HANSCHEN: Darling, why—why—do you press your knees together? Even now, on the brink of eternity? Don't you see it's your terrible chastity that's driving me to . . .

*(A knocking at the bathroom door. Hanschen freezes.)*

HERR RILOW: Hanschen, that's enough in there.

HANSCHEN: Yes, sir.

HERR RILOW: Back to bed.

*(Hanschen does not move.)*

Son?

HANSCHEN: One minute.

*(Hanschen waits, listening. Herr Rilow goes. Hanschen redoubles his exertions.)*

One last kiss. Those soft, white thighs . . . those girlish breasts . . . O, those cruel cruel knees . . .

*(Fraulein Grossebustenhälter claps, interrupting Georg's playing.)*

FRAULEIN GROSSEBUSTENHALTER: Répétez, s'il vous plaît.

*(Georg turns out and sings. We enter the world of his fantasy.)*

GEORG:

*Well, you'll have to excuse me, I know it's so off,  
I love when you do stuff that's rude and so wrong.*

*(Fraulein Grossebustenhälter rips open her bodice, exposing her bustier. Georg beckons her onto his lap and fondles her. As he does, Hanschen turns out, in a world of his own:)*

HANSCHEN:

*I go up to my room, turn the stereo on,  
Shoot up some you in the "you" of some song.*

*(The Girls surround Hanschen, dancing. Oblivious to their charms, he only has eyes—and thumbs—for his Io. The Boys join in, as a vocal chorus:)*

GIRLS, MORITZ, GEORG AND OTTO:

*I lie back, just driftin'; and play out these scenes.  
I ride on the rush—all the hopes, all the dreams . . .*