

MELCHIOR:

*Holding her hand like some little tease.*

WENDLA AND MELCHIOR:

*Haven't you heard the word of my wanting?**O, I'm gonna be wounded.**O, I'm gonna be your wound.**O, I'm gonna bruise you.**O, you're gonna be my bruise.**Just too unreal, all this.*

WENDLA:

*Watching his world slip through my fist . . .*

MELCHIOR:

*Playing with her in your fantasies.*

WENDLA AND MELCHIOR:

*Haven't you heard a word—how I want you?**O, I'm gonna be wounded.**O, I'm gonna be your wound.**O, I'm gonna bruise you.**O, you're gonna be my bruise.**(The lights shift. Back to the woods.)*

WENDLA: The sun's setting, Melchior. Truly, I'd better go.

MELCHIOR (*Touches her*): We'll go together. I'll have you on the bridge in ten minutes.*(She hesitates, then allows him to take her hand. They walk off together.)*

## SCENE 6

*The schoolyard. Georg, Hanschen, Ernst and Otto wait expectantly.*OTTO (*Pointing*): Look—there he is!*(Moritz bounds on.)*

HANSCHEN: So, did you get caught?

MORITZ: No—no—thank God—

ERNST: But, you're trembling.

MORITZ: For joy. For pure and certain joy!

GEORG (*Sarcastic*): Cross your heart?

MORITZ: Twice over!

*(Melchior enters.)*

ERNST: Melchior!

MELCHIOR: Moritz, I've been looking for you.

GEORG: He snuck into the headmaster's office.

MELCHIOR: Moritz, what were you thinking?

MORITZ: I had to, Melchi. I just had to.

*The good news is: I passed!*

HANSCHEN: The middle-terms, that is.

MORITZ: Yes. Everything will now be determined by the final exams. Still, I know I passed. Truly, Heaven must feel like this.

*(Melchior embraces Moritz. The lights shift.**Headmaster Knochenbruch is revealed, as if in his office. He turns to Fraulein Knuppeldick.)*

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH: Well, well. Fraulein Knuppeldick.

FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK: Herr Knochenbruch?

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH: Now that . . . that skittish, near-aphasic moron . . .

FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK: Moritz Stiefel.