

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH: For our part, we have made a thorough examination of the handwriting of this obscene document, and compared it with that of every single pupil—

MELCHIOR: Sir, if you could show me only one obscenity—

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH: You must now answer only the precisely stated questions. With a swift and decisive “Yes” or “No.”

(A beat.)

Melchior Gabor, did you write this?

(Herr Knochenbruch and Fraulein Knuppeldick turn and stare at Melchior. Music sounds—a dirty electric guitar chord, seemingly prompting a song. Herr Knochenbruch and Fraulein Knuppeldick exchange a look, then turn again and stare at Melchior. The guitar chord sounds again.)

FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK: Did you write this?

(Herr Knochenbruch and Fraulein Knuppeldick turn and stare—awaiting an answer. The lights shift. A rocking beat kicks in. The Boys and Girls appear. Melchior turns out:)

MELCHIOR:

There's a moment you know . . . you're fucked—  
Not an inch more room to self-destruct.  
No more moves—oh yeah, the dead-end zone.  
Man, you just can't call your soul your own.

OTTO:

But the thing that makes you really jump  
Is that the weirdest shit is still to come.  
You can ask yourself: hey, what have I done?  
You're just a fly—the little guys, they kill for fun.

GEORG:

Man, you're fucked if you just freeze up,  
Can't do that thing—that keepin' still.

HANSCHEN:

But, you're fucked if you speak your mind,

GEORG, OTTO AND HANSCHEN:

And you know—uh-huh—you will.

BOYS AND GIRLS:

Yeah, you're fucked, all right—and all for spite.  
You can kiss your sorry ass good-bye.  
Totally fucked. Will they mess you up?  
Well, you know they're gonna try.

MELCHIOR (Mocking the professors):

Blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa . . .

BOYS AND GIRLS:

Blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa . . .

(The lights shift back: the headmaster's office. Herr Knochenbruch and Fraulein Knuppeldick again summon Melchior's attention. Over the course of the next exchanges, the lights shift back and forth—between the worlds of song and scene.)

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH: Herr Gabor?

MELCHIOR:

Disappear—yeah, well, you wanna try.  
Wanna bundle up into some big-ass lie,  
Long enough for them to all just quit.  
Long enough for you to get out of it.

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH: Herr Gabor, answer me.

MELCHIOR, BOYS AND GIRLS:

Yeah, you're fucked, all right—and all for spite.  
You can kiss your sorry ass good-bye.  
Totally fucked. Will they mess you up?  
Well, you know they're gonna try.