

O, you're gonna be wounded.  
 O, you're gonna be my wound.  
 O, you're gonna bruise too.  
 O, I'm gonna be your bruise . . .

*(The lights shift back. Hanschen leans over and kisses Ernst.)*

ERNST: Oh God . . .

HANSCHEN: Mmm, I know. When we look back, thirty years  
 from now, tonight will seem unbelievably beautiful.

ERNST: And, in the meantime . . . ?

HANSCHEN: Why not?

*(Hanschen kisses Ernst deeply.)*

ERNST: On my way here this afternoon, I thought perhaps we'd  
 only . . . talk.

HANSCHEN: So, are you sorry we—?

ERNST: Oh no—I love you, Hanschen. As I've never loved anyone.

HANSCHEN: And so you should.

*(Hanschen shares the spotlight with Ernst.)*

ERNST:

O, I'm gonna be wounded.  
 O, I'm gonna be your wound.

ERNST AND HANSCHEN:

O, I'm gonna bruise you.  
 O, you're gonna be my bruise . . .

*(Wendla, Melchior, and the Boys and Girls appear in chorus.  
 As the song continues, Ilse takes a letter from Melchior and  
 delivers it to Wendla.)*

ERNST, HANSCHEN, WENDLA, MELCHIOR, BOYS AND GIRLS:

O, you're gonna be wounded.  
 O, you're gonna be my wound.  
 O, you're gonna bruise too.  
 O, I'm gonna be your bruise . . .

## SCENE 6

*Wendla's bedroom. Wendla reads from Melchior's letter. Melchior  
 is revealed, in a spotlight.*

MELCHIOR *(From his letter)*: “. . . I have now seen, Wendla, how  
 this contemptible bourgeois society works—how every-  
 thing we touch is turned to dirt. In the end, we have only  
 each other—we must build a different world. Despite  
 what those whispering elders may say, I must set my head  
 against your breast. We must let ourselves breathe and  
 move again in that Paradise—”

*(Doctor von Brausepulver and Frau Bergman enter. Wendla  
 swiftly hides the letter in her sleeve. Doctor von Brausepulver  
 attends her, pill bottle in hand. Frau Bergman hovers.)*

DOCTOR VON BRAUSEPULVER: Now, now, don't fret. I've been  
 prescribing these since before you were born, young lady.  
 In fact, I recently recommended them to the utterly  
 exhausted young Baroness von Witzelben. Eight days  
 later—I'm pleased to report—she's off to a spa in Pyrmont,  
 breakfasting on roast chicken and new potatoes.

*(A beat.)*

So, my child, three a day—an hour before meals. In a few  
 weeks, you should be fine—breakfasting on suckling pig,  
 no doubt.

FRAU BERGMAN: So, that's all it is, Doctor—anemia?

DOCTOR VON BRAUSEPULVER: C'est tout.

FRAU BERGMAN: And the nausea?

DOCTOR VON BRAUSEPULVER: Not uncommon.

*(Turns to Wendla)* Trust me, child. You'll be fine.

*(A beat.)*

Frau Bergman, if I could have a word with you . . . ?