

HERR KNOCHENBRUCH: Melchior Gabor, for the last time . . .
 HERR KNOCHENBRUCH AND FRAULEIN KNUPPELDICK: Did you
 write this?
 MELCHIOR: Yes.

*(Herr Knochenbruch gestures, and Melchior is led away. The
 lights go psychedelic.)*

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.*

(And now even the grown-ups join the song:)

ALL:
*Blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa
 Blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa,
 Blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa
 Blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa . . .*

*Blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa
 Blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa,
 Blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa
 Blaa blaa blaa blaa blaa . . .*

Totally fucked!

SCENE 5

*A vineyard at sunset. Church bells sounding in the distance.
 Hanschen and Ernst loll in the grass.*

HANSCHEN: Those bells . . . So peaceful.
 ERNST: I know. Sometimes, when it's quiet, in the evening like
 this, I imagine myself as a country pastor. With my red-

cheeked wife, my library, my degrees . . . Boys and girls, who
 live nearby, give me their hands when I go walking . . .
 HANSCHEN: You can't be serious.

(A beat.)

Really, Ernst, you're such a sentimentalist! The pious,
 serene faces you see on the clergy, it's all an act—to hide
 their envy.

(Hanschen deftly scoots closer to Ernst.)

Trust me, there are only three ways a man can go. He can
 let the status quo defeat him—like Moritz. He can rock
 the boat—like Melchior—and be expelled. Or he can bide
 his time, and let the System work for *him*—like me.

(Hanschen scoots even closer to Ernst.)

Think of the future as a pail of whole milk. One man
 sweats and stirs—churning it into butter—like Otto, for
 example. Another man frets, and spills his milk, and cries
 all night. Like Georg. But, me, well, I'm like a pussycat, I just
 skim off the cream . . .

ERNST: Just skim off the cream? . . .

HANSCHEN: Right.

ERNST: But, what about the . . . ?

(Off Hanschen's look) You're laughing.

What—?

Hanschen?

*(The lights shift. Hanschen leans into the spotlight and smoothly
 croons:)*

HANSCHEN:

*Come, cream away the bliss,
 Travel the world within my lips,
 Fondle the pearl of your distant dreams . . .
 Haven't you heard the word of your body?*