

Something beautiful, a new chance.  
Hear, it's whispering, there, again . . .

## SCENE 7

*A Reformatory. In a darkened corner, Melchior opens a letter from Wendla.*

MELCHIOR (*Reading from the letter*): "My dear Melchior . . . I only pray this letter reaches you. I have written so many, and have heard nothing back. When I think of your life in that terrible place, my heart aches. If only I could be close to you, and talk to you—I have such remarkable news. Something has happened, Melchior. Something I can barely understand myself—"

*(A group of Boys breaks in. Melchior quickly pockets the letter.)*

DIETER: All right, each of you animals put in a coin.

RUPERT: Reinhold can put in for both of us.

REINHOLD: I beg your pardon!—

DIETER: All right, you, calm down. (*Means business*) Reinhold, cough it up.

REINHOLD (*Giving him a coin*): Christ!

DIETER: Rupert, Ulbrecht—you, too.

*(Dieter collects their coins, displays them, then sets them down in a pile.)*

Now, whoever hits 'em, gets 'em.

*(The Boys begin their circle jerk.)*

ULBRECHT: Wait. (*To Melchior*) What are you lookin' at?

REINHOLD: Who?

*(Melchior freezes.)*

RUPERT: Gabor.

DIETER: He just wants a part of the sport.

MELCHIOR: No thank you.

RUPERT (*Ironic*): Oh no, why would he dirty his hands? . . .

DIETER (*"Right"*): Saving it for better things.

MELCHIOR: What do you mean?

ULBRECHT (*Ironic*): Oh. A "good girl," wasn't she?

DIETER: Nobody taught the poor boy what parlor maids are for.

RUPERT: He was too busy fucking his slut—

MELCHIOR: You shit!

*(Melchior lunges at Rupert. Rupert draws a straight razor, holds it to Melchior's throat.)*

RUPERT: Careful—razor burn.

MELCHIOR: Bastard!

DIETER (*Approaching*): Check his pockets for money.

REINHOLD: Yes!

ULBRECHT (*Finds the letter in Melchior's pocket*): Now what's this—a letter from his bitch?

MELCHIOR: Animals!

RUPERT (*Reading from the letter; with exaggerated prissiness*):

"My dear Melchior . . . I only pray this letter reaches you. I have written so many, and have heard nothing back . . ."  
*(Something in the text catches his eye)* Oooh, hang on, the perfect thing to grease the works. Listen up . . .

MELCHIOR: Son of a bitch!

*(The scene shifts—a private garden. Frau Bergman greets Schmidt.)*

SCHMIDT: Frau Bergman?

FRAU BERGMAN: Thank you for meeting me. Your name was given me by a, uh, doctor friend. My daughter—

SCHMIDT: I understand. Now, listen to my instructions carefully. This Thursday, after nightfall, bring the girl to me. Gartenstrasse, Number Eleven. The door below the tavern. Knock three times—and three times only.