

FRAU BERGMAN: But my daughter—! The procedure—is it safe?!  
 SCHMIDT (*Lifting a hand*): We do what we can.

*(The scene shifts back. The circle jerk is well underway.)*

RUPERT (*Further on in the letter, as if he were reading from de Sade's journal*): "... in my bed each night, I have so many dreams: of the better world that we will build, together with our child—"

MELCHIOR (*This is news to him*): Child?!

RUPERT: You didn't know. (*To the Boys*) Put a pup in the bitch—and didn't even know.

DIETER: Forget the coins, we'll use "Mommy's" letter.

*(Dieter tosses the letter into the center of their circle. The circle jerk intensifies.)*

RUPERT (*Pushing Melchior's face down toward the floor*): And you can lick it up!

*(Melchior seizes the moment, wrests the razor from Rupert, and breaks free. Melchior brandishes the blade, fighting the Boys back.)*

ULBRECHT: Get him!

REINHOLD: Grab him!

*(Melchior leaps over the reformatory wall, the Boys in hot pursuit.*

*The scene shifts. Frau Bergman leads Wendla up a darkened street.)*

WENDLA: But where are we going, Mama?

*(Frau Bergman leads the girl to where Schmidt waits. Frau Bergman hands him some marks.)*

SCHMIDT: Frau Bergman, good. I'll take her now.

*(Frau Bergman pulls Wendla by the hand and gives her to Schmidt.)*

WENDLA: Mama?!!

FRAU BERGMAN: I'll be there with you every moment.

*(As Schmidt takes hold of Wendla, Frau Bergman lets her go. Schmidt leads Wendla off.)*

WENDLA: Mama, don't leave me! Mama????!!

*(Frau Bergman looks around nervously, then bolts up the block.)*

## SCENE 8

*The bridge. The Girls huddle around Ilse. She reaches into her dress, pulls out a letter from Melchior.*

ILSE (*Reading from the letter*): "... Ilse, I have been running for days, but at last I am back. Now, I beg you—for the sake of our old friendship. Bring Wendla to meet me tonight, in the graveyard behind the church..."

ANNA: Oh no...

ILSE: "... I will be waiting there at midnight... Melchior Gabor."

*(Ilse looks up from the letter.)*

THEA (*Sighs*): So, he hasn't heard.

MARTHA: Waiting for Wendla...

THEA: Poor Melchior.

ANNA (*Correcting her*): Poor Wendla.