

FRAU BERGMAN: Certainly, Doctor.

(Frau Bergman leads Doctor von Brausepulver out. Wendla sits, quietly touches the letter in her sleeve.

In a moment, Frau Bergman reenters, and stares at her.)

WENDLA: Mama . . . ?

FRAU BERGMAN: Wendla . . . ? What have you done? To yourself? To me?

(No response.)

Wendla?

WENDLA: I, uh, don't know.

FRAU BERGMAN *(Not a question)*: You don't know.

WENDLA: Doctor von Brausepulver said I'm anemic.

FRAU BERGMAN: Well, probably. You're going to have a child.

WENDLA: A child?! But, I'm not married!

FRAU BERGMAN: Precisely.

Wendla, what have you done?

WENDLA: I don't know. Truly, I don't.

FRAU BERGMAN: Oh, I think you know. And now I need his name.

WENDLA: His name? But what are you . . .

(Abruptly realizing) That? How could that . . . ? I just wanted to be with him . . .

WENDLA: . . . To hold him
and be close to him—

FRAU BERGMAN: Wendla,
please. No more. You'll
break my heart.

(A beat.)

WENDLA: My God, why didn't you tell me everything?

(Frau Bergman slaps Wendla.)

FRAU BERGMAN: Well, you are going to have to tell me who.

(No response.)

Wendla, I'm waiting.

(Wendla looks off into the distance.)

Georg Zirschnitz?

(No response.)

Then, who?

(No response.)

Hanschen Rilow?

(No response.)

Moritz Stiefel?

(No response.)

Melchior Gabor?

(Wendla quietly bursts into tears.)

Wendla, Melchior Gabor?

(No response.)

Wendla . . . ?

(Wendla reluctantly hands Melchior's letter to her mother. As Frau Bergman opens it, Wendla stands, spotlight, like a singer in concert. She remains in this pool of light, her song playing in counterpoint to the following scenes:)

WENDLA:

Whispering . . .

Hear the ghosts in the moonlight.

Sorrow doing a new dance

Through their bones, through their skin.