

Spring Awakening

by

Frank Wedekind

A version by Eve Nicol

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CHARACTER		AGE	GENDER
Wendla		14	f
Melchior		15	m
Moritz		15	m
Fran	Melchior's mother	35	f
Ina	Wendla's mother	45	f
Hanschen		15	m
Ernst		15	m
Thea		14	f
Martha		14	f
Ilse		15	f
Rupert		15	m
Helmut		15	m
Gaston		15	m
Masked Figure	(played by same actor as Ilse)		f

ACT ONE - SPRING

SCENE ONE**ALL**

Happy birthday, dear Wendla, happy birthday to you!

Everyone is gathered around Wendla. Patting and pawing the birthday girl. The adults stand slightly apart, some on their phones. She blows out the candles and everyone cheers.

Wendla looks super cute in a rainbow dress.

Presents!

Wendla rips open her gifts.

A new phone – ooh!

A set of headphones – ahh!

A long lumpy cardigan – eurgh.

WENDLA

I hate it.

INA

You said you liked your sister's.

WENDLA

Yeah, well. She's ancient.

INA

She's thirty.

WENDLA

This is an nun's cardi, mum. I'm fourteen.

FRAN

Fourteen is the best age.

The teenagers looks skeptically at their parents.

FRAN

When I was fourteen, I wanted to be fourteen forever.

WENDLA

Then what happened?

FRAN

I turned fifteen.

WENDLA

I'm never turning fifteen. I'm going to get run over by a bus or shot at school or spontaneously combust three hundred and sixty four days from now.

INA

Wendla! My god. Where did that come from?

WENDLA

My head. Oh don't cry. Sake. It's not sad. Just how it is. Here. Will you stop crying if I wear the massive cardi?

INA

No. You're right. It's horrible. I want you fourteen forever.

FRAN

They'll be too old to celebrate together like this next year.

INA

I just didn't want her to get cold.

WENDLA

Only old women feel the cold, mum. Right! Who wants to see my new phone then?

The teens crowd round to unbox the phone.

SCENE TWO

Sunday evening.

The boys, all in their individual rooms. They're playing online, talking to one another on group chat.

The team is doing really well together. They work as an excellent unit. Melchior is the clear leader. They're winning the game. Until they aren't. It's Moritz's fault. He's been distracted looking at his phone. The team crashes out

MORITZ

Sorry! Sorry sorry!

Fuckssake Moritz.

MELCHIOR

Bunch of fucking casuals. I'm off.

Aw, no, don't!

HANSCHEN

We'll be short a player.

MELCHIOR

It's boring. I'm away.

HANSCHEN

You done your homework, Melchior?

MORITZ

Aw, man, don't start me on homework.

HANSCHEN

What did you get for question two in the quadratic equations?

ERNST

Anyone else doing Othello for English? What the hell is "tapping?"

MELCHIOR

I'm not talking about school. Catch you Monday.

HANSCHEN

Fine.

ERNST

They don't do this in Finland you know. Homework. Kids just get to be kids.

MELCHIOR

Night, ladies.

(Night.)

(Hyvää yötä.)

Hanschen and Ernst log off.

MORITZ

I can't do my homework for worrying about my homework.

MELCHIOR

Here, now that lot have boosted. Want another round?

The boys keep playing.

Melchior is better than Moritz.

MELCHIOR

I could get paid millions for doing sitting in my joggies playing this, but I'd still be getting asked about the square root of the representation of jealousy in the anatomy of a cell. What's the point, eh?

MORITZ

It's all a set up anyway. For one guy to get paid millions and succeed, someone has to fail. But why does that always have to be me? I'd sod off and join the army if it wasn't for my dad always going on at me to not end up like him. Not like it matters what I do. I'm going to fail all the exams anyway.

MELCHIOR

Here. Shall we stop talking about school?

MORITZ

Aye. Right.

They're silent for a while. What else is there to talk about?

MORITZ

Would you rather...

Melchior rolls his eyes.

MORITZ

Strip naked in front of the football boys? Or have all the football boys strip in front of you?

MELCHIOR

Both. At once. Just skin.

MORITZ

That's not the game.

MELCHIOR

Fine.
Have them strip.

MORITZ

Me too.

MELCHIOR

Because why even bother with clothes? I was saying this the other day. We only bother with clothes because the other guy does. Big Fashion trying to shame us, man. We should all just kick about in jammies and be done with it.

MORITZ

Mmm

MELCHIOR

Give us another one then.

MORITZ

Would you rather... share a bed with your sister until your eighteen. Or... Never have any girl in your bed, ever.

MELCHIOR

Easy. Share the bed.

MORITZ

Me too. I reckon I wouldn't be that arsed about girls if I actually got to see tits get in and out of their nightie every night. Might actually be able to do my homework.

MELCHIOR

Aye, but, what about the babies?

MORITZ

Where do the babies come into it?

MELCHIOR

Aye. When your sister gets pregnant.

MORITZ

Eh. How is my sister getting pregnant?

MELCHIOR

How do you think? Animal instinct. Sharing the bed. Every night. First hard on and - boosh - you'd be right on her.

MORITZ

Maybe you would, you animal -

MELCHIOR

Aye you would. Any guy would. It's just biology, eh?

MORITZ

Yea. But.

MELCHIOR

Same for girls. First little flutter at their clit and they'd be on you. I imagine.

MORITZ

I imagine.
Here, Melchior. Can I ask you something.

MELCHIOR

Yeah bud, on you go.

MORITZ

You promise to answer. Honestly?

MELCHIOR

Always. Well. What?

MORITZ

...
What did you get for the second equation?

MELCHIOR

You really want to ask me about homework? Man. Come on, it's just us.

MORITZ

It's because I don't have anything else to worry about. I know it is. If I was getting bombed or starving, I wouldn't be worrying about all this but I don't have any of that so I am worrying about this. And I can't sleep for dreaming.

MELCHIOR

Here, listen to this. This is a howler. I dreamt I whipped our wee cat, Tigger, so hard that she was just a sack of fur and spit and bones. Felt really weird when I woke up. What do you reckon to that?

Melchior is tickled by this. Moritz a bit disturbed.

MORITZ

...

So do you. Every night. Do you... Like you said...

MELCHIOR

Hard on?

MORITZ

Yeah.

MELCHIOR

Oh aye. Heavy duty style. Every night. And mornings.

MORITZ

Me and all.

MELCHIOR

Pretty much been a walking erection for, ooft, ages now.

MORITZ

Always feels like I'm a tree torn down the middle by lightning.

MELCHIOR

Here. What you wank about?

MORITZ

Tiny little idea. Legs. Leggings. Coming up from my desk. Or maybe climbing all over the teacher's desk.

MELCHIOR

Nice one.

MORITZ

Not even connected to nothing. Just legs.
Litte legs. But it's just a little thought.

MELCHIOR

Check this, George wanks about his mum.

MORITZ

No fucking way. He told you this?

MELCHIOR

Oh aye.

MORITZ

Man. Imagine. I couldn't tell anyone. Don't you find it, like... Doesn't it make you feel. Dunno.

MELCHIOR

Guilty?

MORITZ

No. Gross? Maybe? Like I'm rotten inside? I've had to start writing it down. Just to get it all out of me. Stop it hanging around me like fog.

MELCHIOR

Yeah, but. That goes. Then you're ready to go again.

MORITZ

How you so chill about it? You're almost a year younger than me.

MELCHIOR

Age's got nothing to do with it. Know Otto?

MORITZ

Aye?

MELCHIOR

Well he's in college now and he's still playing games with us lot. Hans says that he's still a virgin.

MORITZ

How does Hans know?

MELCHIOR

He just asked him.

MORITZ

I couldn't just go up to someone and ask. Feel like a massive pervert.

MELCHIOR

You asked me, you pervert.

MORITZ

I'm gonna wait until I'm done my exams before I get into all of that.

MELCHIOR

Can't stop it, mate. Life force. Whoosh!

MORITZ

Sake! I'm going to be up all night now. I don't even know how it all works. Bet you I won't ever know.

MELCHIOR

How?

MORITZ

I get embarrassed if someone picks Chun-Li in Street Fighter. I can't even look at a girl without feeling like I'm Harvey Fucking Weinstein.

MELCHIOR

I'll tell you how it works. I got everything off the internet and watching my drunk aunts and uncles at parties. I've got all the files. Got Hanschen up to speed. Was going to tell Ernst but his babysitter got to him first. Lucky sod. Where do you want to start?

MORITZ

Can't. Not now, Melchior. Fucking homework.

MELCHIOR

Look, come round mine. Mum'll make you your tea and I'll do your homework too. Then we can have a nice wee chat about reproduction.

MORITZ

I can't just have a "nice wee chat about reproduction". I won't be able to do anything for a week if we keep talking like this.

Melchior taps at his phone.

Melchior

I've just sent you some stuff.

Moritz phone bleeps. He eyes it suspiciously.

MORITZ

I'll look at it. When I'm ready.

MELCHIOR

Whatever.

Here. Have you actually seen a girl before?

MORITZ

Aye.

MELCHIOR

Like all a girl I mean. And I'm not talking August Aimes.

MORITZ

Aye. Sports Day. Round the back of the hall. God if school knew I was standing on top of the Biffas to take a look at the under 14s netball team, I'd be out. They were - aw man. Perfect. Beautiful. All legs. Man.

MELCHIOR

Last summer holiday I was sharing a room with mum – you going?

MORITZ

Homework. Catch ye.

MELCHIOR

Catch ye.

Moritz disconnects. Melchior keeps playing. Pulls up a browser. Plays with himself dispassionately.

SCENE THREE

The girls are under a tree, scrolling through Instagram, diving in and out of their conversations like gannets. Wendla's wearing her favourite rainbow dress.

Thea shows Martha something on her phone.

THEA

What do you reckon?

MARTHA

Oh god, can you imagine. Little campervan, cat, out in the woods. Bliss.

THEA

Can't be as cute as all that in real life. How do they keep their trainers so clean in the wilderness?

MARTHA

Bet they just drive out to the rocks, take their picture and get right back in the van again. Don't even stop to smell the air.

THEA

Still.

MARTHA

Yeah. Nice still.

THEA

Urg. My shoes are getting wet. Can't we go back in?

WENDLA

Mum wanted me to "go outside and play".

THEA

But there's junkies out here.

WENDLA

Here. Did you see what the boys were up to at the weekend?

THEA

Oh my word YES!

MARTHA

No?

THEA

Oh god. Check your insta. Melchior right in the water. All the way in. You could see through his tshirt

WENDLA

What an arse. He could of drowned.

THEA

Yeah, but he didn't. He got all wet and Mr Darcy. Martha, want to see? I saved it. Here, you're hair's coming out. Oh! Can I redo your braid?

MARTHA

Sake. I hate looking like Greta Greenpeace. I'd buzz my hair right off. The full Britney.

WENDLA

Imagine what your dad would say though.

MARTHA

Urg. Don't.

WENDLA

You should phone Childline.

MARTHA

And say what?

THEA

Is that really still going on with your dad?

WENDLA

Tell them what you tell us.

THEA

Why does he care how you do your hair so much?

MARTHA

Cause he sees how you lot go about.

THEA

Eh. What does that mean?

MARTHA

(eying up their shorts)
Just saying.

WENDLA

Does he hit *hard-hard*?

MARTHA

Yeah. I had to put up a chair against my door last night.

WENDLA

Like, full force and everything?

THEA

Wendla...

MARTHA

Yeah.

WENDLA

All the time?

MARTHA

Only on special occasions.

WENDLA

How does he do it?

THEA

You're being a creep, Wendla.

WENDLA

I'd take it for you if I could, Martha.

MARTHA

No.

WENDLA

You should run away. Or tell someone.

MARTHA

I've told you two.

WENDLA

I mean someone that can actually do something.

THEA

Here, see North West?

MARTHA

(pleased for the distraction)

Oh yeah so cute.

THEA

The wee mixed ones are the cutest.

MARTHA

Can't say that, Thea.

THEA

And why not?

MARTHA

Dunno.

THEA

I'd want a boy though. Girls are boring.

WENDLA

If I was a baby, I wouldn't choose to be a girl again.

THEA

You don't get to choose but.

WENDLA

Aye you can. You can be anything.

THEA

Yeah but I mean actually. Not just picking a new name.

WENDLA

All the same but I wouldn't want to be anything else other than a girl.

THEA

Boys make more money though.

MARTHa

Boys are allowed to get angry.

WENDLA

Yeah but girls have doors held opened for them and we can do witches' curses and we're in touch with the moon and the earth and when we want something we can get it or get away with it if we bat our eyes and we don't need to do the heavy lifting if we don't want to but we're smarter and kinder and we get on with things and we've got washing machines now and period pants so we're not strapped to the hearth and when a boy wants you, you become the sun that they orbit around and you have all the power and nothing could be better than being wanted so much other people would kill and hurt for it.

Back to the phones.

THEA

Melchior's posted.

They all go to their phones and pull up his profile. Nice.

THEA

I love the shape of his head.

MARTHA

Like Johnny Depp before he went weird.

WENDLA

Head nominated him for dux but he turned it down.

THEA

So fucking cool.

MARTHA

Dunno. The wee guy he cuts about with looks like he's got more going on. It's his eyes.

THEA

Moritz? Oh my god, Martha, he's a total stoner.

MARTHA

He's nice to me.

THEA

He's gross. I had to sit next to him in English when you weren't in last week and he'd chewed through the tops of all his pens.

Wendla reads the caption Melchior has posted.

WENDLA

“Don’t believe anything.”

THEA

What’s that about. A conspiracy theory or something?

WENDLA

I think he means it. I think he doesn’t believe in anything more than anything else.

ALL

Woah.

SCENE FOUR

Moritz comes in. Dancing with glee.

HANSCHEN

Awright.

MORITZ

Yes boys!

ERNST

You feeling alright there, Mo?

MORITZ

You are looking at Stiefel, Moritz, sitting pretty with a pass in his prelims.

MELCHIOR

What. Bud! That's ace.

ERNST

How'd you know that?

MORITZ

Doesn't matter.

HANSCHEN

No, come on. How d'you know?

ERNST

Have I passed? Have we passed?

HANSCHEN

Of course Melchior's passed. How you know your marks?

MORITZ

Might've guessed the password to the intranet.

Nice one!

MELCHIOR

Sake Moritz.

MORITZ

What?

MELCHIOR

Don't know how to ask for directions to the bibliotheque but you can hack into the teachers' I.T.?

MORITZ

I had to know!

HANSCHEN

Now you know. But if they find out you've been poking about on their systems...

ERNST

Ooh no, Moritz. You'd get expelled.

Oooh.

MORITZ

Shite.

MELCHIOR

Look it's done now, eh.

MORITZ

Aye. Here. You watch. I'm going to work so fucking hard now. Bleed for it. No games. No internet. Study. Nothing else.

HANSCHEN

Aye right...

MORITZ

I will.

HANSCHEN

When are you going to do all that between snoozing up the back of History?

MORITZ

Only because I'm concentrating so hard it knackers me out.

HANSCHEN

Let's see how you get on in the actual exams, see if you can stay awake.

MORITZ

Thank fuck. Honest. If I hadn't passed, I would've killed myself.

HANSCHEN

Aye, very good.

MORITZ

Or killed all of you.

ERNST

Fuck sake, Moritz.

HANSCHEN

Here, want to come over for some FIFA?

MORITZ

Ace.

HANSCHEN

Eh not, no you Bowling for Columbine. You've reformed. You're going home to bleed over your maths homework?

MORITZ

Oh. Aye.

Catch ye.

MELCHIOR

Gits.

MORITZ

Yeah.

MELCHIOR

You did good, pal.

MORITZ

Thanks bud.

MELCHIOR

Don't listen to them. You and me, pal. You and me.

SCENE FIVE

Wendla is idly wandering through the woods behind her house. Touching leaves, examining branches. She's got her headphones in.

Melchior comes up behind her. Watches for a bit.

She doesn't notice.

She tests the hardness of the ground underfoot.

Melchior shuffles his weight.

Wendla is caught. Stiffens. Takes out an earbud.

WENDLA

(shouting into the woods)

I will deck anyone who thinks of coming near me.

Melchior steps out from the woods. Hands up.

MELCHIOR

Sorry! Look. Wendla. It's me. Keysies.

WENDLA

Oh. Right. What're you slunking about here for?

MELCHIOR

Good mushies this time of year.

WENDLA

You a stoner like your mate?

MELCHIOR

Nothing wrong with a psychedelic episode now and then. Elevates the mind. And body. What you up to?

WENDLA

Had to get out. Take a walk. Have a think. Seriously. It's all babies babies babies back at ours. Sister's just had another. I can't stand it when they pass the wet blob over to me and I'm supposed to bounce it around and make noises like it's a puppy or something actually cute. I tell you, I'm going to put off having babies as long as possible.

MELCHIOR

I'm never having kids.

WENDLA

(disbelieving)
Aye. Well.

MELCHIOR

What? I'm not.

WENDLA

You can't say you're never going to have kids.

MELCHIOR

Why not?

WENDLA

Then there'd be no more kids. We'd die out.

MELCHIOR

Humankind is relying on me and you to have babies?

WENDLA

(How forward!)
Ohmygod.

MELCHIOR

But I don't need to have kids if you don't want to. You don't either.

WENDLA

You get these ideas at your mushie tea parties?

MELCHIOR

Sometimes. Here. I wanted to ask you something.

WENDLA

Me?

MELCHIOR

What were you having a think about?

WENDLA

Just. Daft stuff.

MELCHIOR

Just daft stuff? You were looking pretty intense.

WENDLA

In the habit of creeping around woods like a peado, are you? Perving on folk?

MELCHIOR

Only the good looking folk.
What were you thinking about?

WENDLA

I was thinking about going through the woods. And being hunted down. By some man. Or a monster. And being held down into the wet floor, terrified and shivering and choked and hit.

MELCHIOR

You been listening to podcasts?

WENDLA

But it does happen. It is real. Martha gets whacked about pretty much every night.

MELCHIOR

She should phone Childline.

WENDLA

Sometimes she has marks now. I think she might do them herself. Bruises.
They're like jewels.

MELCHIOR

Sounds bad.

WENDLA

I've never had anyone put so much as a finger on me. Treated so delicately. Like a spider's web. I think 'what must it be like to be frightened?' Proper frightened.
Someone having power over you. To have hands over you, hard and rough.

She has his hands in hers. Stroking them, bringing them up to her neck.

MELCHIOR

Wendla...

WENDLA

Would you like to choke me?

MELCHIOR

What you up to?

WENDLA

Nothing. Don't you want to know what it's like though? To be in control?

MELCHIOR

I'm not going to choke you.

But he isn't moving his hands.

WENDLA

Not once in my life have I ever felt afraid.

MELCHIOR

I am not doing that. It's not right.

WENDLA

Thought you didn't believe in anything.
I'm asking for it. Literally asking for it.

He puts his hand tight around her neck.

He's choking her.

She squirms a little. Gets into it.

MELCHIOR

Like that?

WENDLA

Harder.

MELCHIOR

Crazy bitch.

He brings another hand up to her neck and squeezes.

They melt to the ground.

WENDLA

That all you can do, Melchior?
Come on!

MELCHIOR

Fucking slut.

He releases her throat and starts slapping her, beating her with his fists, pulling at her hair. She cries out. Not entirely in pain. It doesn't stop him.

Suddenly as it began. He stops, pulls himself off her and runs off into the woods.

Wendla heaves and wails into the trees.

ACT TWO - SUMMER

SCENE ONE

Melchior and Moritz in Melchior's room. Moritz is playing with his phone.

MORITZ

Dad's got these pills. They're really good at keeping you focused but not so great at getting you to come back down again. You ever see 3am before? Is it night? Is it day? Who knows. Not me. I can't remember the last time I slept. I'm getting all my work done now, but who knows if it makes any sense. Just powering through on Red Bull, ProPlus and dad's PTSD stash. But man, when they work is done and I can't sleep, all I've got to face then is myself.

MELCHIOR

That's great. Shall I roll a joint?

MORITZ

No way, man. Don't want to tip the scales any more, just trying to ride this one out. I've passed my prelims. Doesn't mean I'm going to do alright in the actual exams. Do you know they change all the questions for the exams? Just as I learn one set of answers, they switch them out from under you.

MELCHIOR

Life's a bitch, eh.

MORITZ

Mine will be over if I don't get through these exams. Dad'll break my neck.

MELCHIOR

I've always rather liked the idea of swinging from a tree down in the woods myself.

Fran brings in a tray of snacks.

Moritz puts his phone down guiltily.

FRAN

Working hard, boys?

MORITZ

Thanks for the tea, Fran.

MELCHIOR

(teasing Moritz)
Pft. "Fran".

FRAN

You're very welcome, Moritz. Melchior, you going to stop being an arse?

MELCHIOR

Sorry, mum.

FRAN

Hardly see you these days, Moritz. You getting enough sleep?

MORITZ

Not really. I passed my prelims, did Melchior say?

FRAN

That's brilliant! But there's more to life than school, you know.

MORITZ

Tell my dad that.

FRAN

Have you tried jogging?

MELCHIOR

Oh here we go.

FRAN

Melchior doesn't like the fact that his mother has friends and hobbies outside of the house.

MELCHIOR

Melchior doesn't like that his mother is doing laps around the culdesac in jeggings and a crop top every morning.

FRAN

A stiff walk is good for you.

MELCHIOR

Walking. Yes.

FRAN

What're you boys watching?

MORITZ

Macbeth.

FRAN

Oh?

MELCHIOR

Polanski's.

FRAN

(screwing up her nose)
Do you *have* to?

MELCHIOR

It's for school.

FRAN

Is that appropriate? Isn't he a bit... you know.

MELCHIOR

I'm fully informed. You're the one who pays for my Sight & Sound subscription, mum.

FRAN

Well, I don't like it. Moritz, do try and get some sleep. I'll be across the road if you need me.

MELCHIOR

Don't want to interrupt you and Mr Palmpas Grass at number 52.

FRAN

Piss off, Melchior.

MELCHIOR

Love you, mum.

FRAN

Love you too.

She does. She leaves.

MORITZ

Is your mum right? Are we dicks for watching this? Polanski?

MELCHIOR

So what. Guy makes good films. End of. It's like this whole world revolves around cock and cunt.

Moritz indicates his phone.

MORITZ

Thanks for the messages, by the way. I was so bored lying awake, I had nothing else to do but read them. And then I really couldn't sleep. It was... like revisiting a dream that you'd forgotten about. I *thought* I didn't know the first thing about girls but when I saw it all laid out in front of me, it all came rushing into me. Like from a prehistoric thing inside me. And I knew at once I had it in me to fuck a girl and know exactly what I was doing. That I'd know exactly how to hold her hair in my fist, slap her ass, put my cock in her mouth – even though it was the first time I saw any of this. Do you think it's in our DNA? How to screw?

MELCHIOR

Dunno.

MORITZ

It must be ace be the girl. To lie back and be taken like that. To have all that force placed against you. Move like a leaf in the breeze. That really must be ace, Melchior, eh. To know that the thing loving you could crack your neck at any moment.

Moritz keeps speaking, working away at his phone.

Melchior has turned the volume up on the television.

SCENE TWO

Ina breezes into Wendla's bedroom. Picking up clothes as she goes.

INA

Come on lazy bones – oh you're up!

WENDLA

I didn't sleep great.

INA

Not surprised. It used to be that you couldn't sleep without knitted bunny and now you can't sleep without your phone. And you can't sleep because of it either.

WENDLA

You just come in here to tell me off?

INA

Guess what. You're an auntie!

WENDLA

Sake, again!

INA

Your sister was visited in the night by the stork and can you imagine what he brought?

WENDLA

A whole load of moulting feathers and a lingering smell of fish?

INA

A new baby boy!

WENDLA

Lucky baby. Boys get to do what they want.

INA

Get dressed and we'll go visit. Oh. It doesn't seem that long ago that the stork was visiting me with you, my little angel. Thank god it will still be some time before you get a delivery.

WENDLA

Yeah. I'm allergic to birds.

INA

Why don't you wear the cardi I got you? Hurry up, I'll bring the car round and we'll leave in five minutes.

WENDLA

Mum.

INA

Hurry up, Wendla.

WENDLA

Yeah but. Mum, for real. This is the fourth time that I'm an aunt. And...
God this is embarrassing
Like -
How even?

INA

We can talk about all this some other time.

WENDLA

No, mum. Tell me. How can my body do that?

INA

Oh come on, Wendla. Not today. Don't spoil this.

WENDLA

Spoil what? I'm going to go visit my new baby nephew and pretend that he didn't just rip my big sister's vagina in half? How is that body horror even possible?

INA

Haven't you got teachers for this?

WENDLA

Ms McGhee was supposed to do a session instead of PE but we just played volleyball instead. I want to hear it from you.

INA

You've got the internet on your phone.

WENDLA

I'm asking you.

INA

Right. Well. When a woman loves her husband very much...

WENDLA

Is this really what you want to tell me?

INA

Loves with her whole heart. That's it. That's how any of us can get through it. A woman can do anything on love. There's nothing without love. Come on, Wendla. Are we really doing this now?

WENDLA

When then? When's a good time for you?

INA

I'd never talk to my mother about this. Don't you know this already?

WENDLA

You tell me.

INA

Enough. Come on. Up. We'll miss visiting hours.

Ina leaves.

WENDLA

Bullshit.

SCENE THREE

Hanschen is clearing out his computer desktop.

HANSCHEN

Lucario. I have spent night after night with you at my breast, sweet, sweet fox. Your fur in my face, making my hair rise with your psychic powers. With a growing hard on between your legs, I've rested, like a pea to be shelled upon your masterful, throbbing member. You are too much for me. You make any human I encounter lesser than the joy I can have bringing you into my bed. You make me look at my dog in an unnatural way – but even I have limits to which I will not fall. Even though sometimes I have a wolf cock in my own mind myself when I'm not stoking your own. It will hurt me to not see you no more. It hurts the murderer more than the murdered because they need to live with the pain of what they are capable of. And when you're gone, I'll find something else to take your place, just as vore replaced itself with cum inflation which replaced itself with lolicon and clop. Each just as beautiful and strange and delicious as the last. But no one can replace you in my affections.

He deletes his files.

SCENE FOUR

Melchior has jumped the fence to sit by the river. He's indulging in his bad temper. Writing angry poetry.

Wendla approaches him from the other side of the fence.

WENDLA

If I see you, I've to tell you to go home.

MELCHIOR

Right.

WENDLA

Look, I'm just passing on what your mum said. You want to smoke?

MELCHIOR

If you don't get out of here now, Wendla Bergmann, I'm going to shitting strangle you.

WENDLA

That a promise?

She climbs over the fence to sit next to him. Melchior flinches. She starts to chew gum. Offers him some. He takes it.

MELCHIOR

Don't feel like doing anything today. Tomorrow will happen and everything and everyone will still be dull and boring. The days just keep on coming. And there's nothing but numbers and numbness.

You wearing perfume?

WENDLA

Lush.

MELCHIOR

It's nice.

He moves her hair aside. Kisses her neck. She's paralyzed. He puts a hand down her trousers. She doesn't say no. But she doesn't say yes.

SCENE FIVE

Thea and Martha are on their phones looking at Wendla's latest post. They read Wendla's captions.

MARTHA

“How can we be made of the same stuff as stars and flowers when they are so beautiful and we're just meat and blood?”

THEA

Like she's had a personality transplant.

MARTHA

“I'd give anything to be a bluebell” What's that all about?

THEA

She's fishing. Wants us to reply. “You okay hun?”.

Martha goes to type what Thea has said.

THEA

No – don't actually do it!

MARTHA

Sub-posting is so dumb. Still want to know what she's been up to though.

THEA

She's had sex. Obviously.

MARTHA

You reckon?

THEA

Shagging around probably. She's posting all those selfies just to get attention. Slut.

MARTHA

And what's “All froze and open eyes”.

THEA

Dunno. Billie Eilish lyrics or something just as weird. God, Martha, don't you know anything?

MARTHA

Suppose not.

SCENE SIX

Fran sits behind her laptop with a stack of paperwork beside her, a half eaten sandwich. A basket of undone ironing behind her. She fills her wineglass as she speak on the phone in a husg.

FRAN

No, Moritz, I'm not going to pay your way to Australia. If you want to find yourself, you'd be as well taking up mediation. Ask your dad for the address of the CBT woman he sees.

And, no offence kid, but I think using suicide as a way to try to make me feel sorry for you is pretty inconsiderate. Suicide is a very real matter which affects hundreds of young men a year. You shouldn't talk about it so lightly. All you have to worry about is your test results which, to be honest, don't count for much after you turn thirty.

Look, if you're feeling really low, you can call Childline and *they* can listen to you.

I don't think it's appropriate to be texting me and I've got a million things to do before the weekend.

I'll say it again. Have you tried jogging?

An alarm goes off in her kitchen and she puts the phone down.

SCENE SEVEN

Moritz is cutting his way through the woods at the back of his house.

MORITZ

I didn't ask to be born! I was only a baby when it happened, I didn't know better. Would have been better to come out as a tiger and not have to sit any exams. Just lie around in a zoo and have steaks and wives brought to me. Aw man. Like the netball team at the formal. Wing attack weren't even wearing a bra and her dress was cut low and – sake, I'm going to die a virgin. Her breasts might be just enough to keep me here just out of curiosity of how they'd feel in my hands, in my mouth. Shagging might be the most human thing so how can I even be human if I've never done the most human thing. I'm nonhuman, subhuman, swamp thing, it came from beneath the earth. Scuuuuuuuum.

He stops in front of a likely looking tree. Puts his bag down. He starts to pull out a sheet.

Melchior better set up a memorial page for me. Oh god, dad will cry? Awkward. Think of something nice. Think of skooshy cream. Light air, sweet and white, directly in your mouth, naw man, it's fucking spaff, money shot all over my face. Everything is sex! Aw god, I'm scum. Filth for thoughts. I am so sorry Melchior that you got lumped with me.

Ilse comes up behind Moritz, high heels slung over her shoulder. She puts her hands over his eyes.

ILSE

Boo.

MORITZ

Ilse?

ILSE

What you doing? You dropped something?

MORITZ

Don't do that to people.

ILSE

I'll help you find it. What've you lost?

She drops to her knees.

MORITZ

It's fucking spooky. I haven't lost anything.

ILSE

Aw right, no point looking then. I haven't been home for days.

MORITZ

Where've you been?

ILSE

Gonna walk us home? My folks will be raaaaging.

MORITZ

Have you been out?

ILSE

Ooooh aye, I've been out. In and out and in and out and all round the houses in my nightgown. D'you know the band in the pub on Saturdays? Man, those guys are fuuun.

MORITZ

You hang out with those old guys?

ILSE

Bassist, he'll slap your arse if you act out. Really spank it so it leaves a mark. But it's all a load of fun. Cause I say I'll break his neck - of his guitar like - if he keeps on at it and then he's turns into a little puppy kissing my feet and saying he'll behave.

MORITZ

You been staying with him?

ILSE

On Saturday, yes, then Sunday with the drummer, then everyone goes out and it's a proper laugh. Gawd I was wrecked. You still in school then, Moritz?

MORITZ

Oh. Aye. No. Kinda. Doing my exams.

ILSE

Sooo glad I'm out of all that. Here, remember when we all used to go down the bowling alley? There were guys watching even then, but we didn't notice.

We were sucking Slush Puppies and playing air hockey. Me, you, Wendla Bergmann. How's Melchior? What's he doing now? Aw wow I had such a crush on that boy, you wouldn't believe. I imagine him working in an office – or a bank – something in a suit and tie...

MORITZ

He's... um...

ILSE

Wow. Look at us now, eh? Last time I saw Wendla, I think I was staying with the synth player. Yikes. That one was grim. Really grim. You look like shit, Moritz. You hungover?

MORITZ

Oh. Yeah. We got wrecked last night...

ILSE

I'm immune now. Don't get hangovers. I can keep on going going going going goin'.

MORITZ

Yeah... we were still up when the birds started singing.

ILSE

Bliss. Gorgeous. Were there girls there? Did you get some, Moritz?

MORITZ

Well, um, I shouldn't say really...

Ilse squeals at him in delight.

ILSE

Knew it! I always knew you were a player! I mean look at you, heartbreaker if there ever was one. You won't break *my* heart, will you, Moritz. Not like Henrich, urh, do you know him? No? What an absolute goon. I had to climb out the bathroom window to escape him. In his clothes. Looked a proper sight roaming down the road in these big work boots like I'd stolen my daddy's shoes. I must've looked a mess! "You're so fucking beautiful I could kill you!" Haahaha ha!

MORITZ

That sounds...

ILSE

“I love you so much I could murder you” ha ha! I thought he might once. Out walking really early one morning. Or was it night? I only agreed to a stroll because I thought it might have been my chance to high tail it. Ha! Like he ever took his hands off me long enough. Stood at a train station for ages. Absolutely silent. Thought he was going to push me under the Caledonian Sleeper when it rushed by. I suppose all girls have a moment like that – but it must never actually come to anything or else someone would actually do something about it. Right?

MORITZ

Are you not worried being out here alone with me?

ILSE

No way. I’ve known you since we were kids! I’ve seen you naked. Remember. You’ve seen *me* naked! Running around the gardens in summer. The blow-up pool! Not a care in the world. Oh my god, remember?

MORITZ

I’ve got to go...

ILSE

Come back to mine, Moritz.

MORITZ

I can’t...

ILSE

We could get the pool out. Ohh! Or! I could brush your hair.

MORITZ

Night, Ilse.

ILSE

Alright.

Sleep tight.

(turning furious)

You missed your chance, Moritz. Next time you see me, I’ll be under a train.

She rushes off.

MORITZ

(calling only half heartedly)

Ilse! Ilse. Sake. Right there in front of you and you can’t even do anything about it. You’re pond slime. No spine, no nothing.

He pulls his phone apart. Stamps on the screen. Looks into the trees.

MORITZ

Well. Can't go back now.

ACT THREE - AUTUMN

SCENE ONE

Melchior is slumped on his bed. Fran stands in the doorway with her phone.

MELCHIOR

As if this couldn't be done in person. Cowards. They don't want to be left alone with me. Like my presence is toxic. I'm sending out spores to infect them.

FRAN

I don't understand it.

MELCHIOR

Me neither. But whatever it is, it's not my fault.

FRAN

You must've known it was wrong, Melchior.

MELCHIOR

I –

FRAN

Shut up. For once. You think you're so much clever than anyone. We all know how to Google, Melchior. You do my head in. Moritz, Melchior! Your best friend strings himself up practically outside your window and you're lying around in your joggies trying to shift the blame, cover your own arse when you could be helping everyone to understand. You have nothing to say for yourself?

MELCHIOR

I –

FRAN

I didn't ask you to speak. I mean, it is disgusting the stuff you sent that poor boy. You do know that? Don't you?

MELCHIOR

I –

FRAN

Just. Shut it. I don't even want to imagine. His poor parents. What if *you'd* been so selfish and I had to go through your things to try to understand why you'd do something so vile to yourself when you are so supported and so loved. And all you can find is a stash of violence.

MELCHIOR

I –

FRAN

Violence that came from *you*. It's too much, Melchior, it's disrespectful and I thought you were better than this. I really did. Tell me. Did you pass on these photos to Moritz? Yes or no.

MELCHIOR

Yes. But show me what is so disgusting.

FRAN

I know its normal for boys your age to be curious - but what you're doing... It's a snuff movie.

MELCHIOR

Exactly. A movie. It's pretend. They're actors.

FRAN

And the rest of it? The girls?

MELCHIOR

They're our mates, mum. They send them out.

FRAN

They're underage! I'm not interested. As if that makes it better? What about school? Did you think about your future or is everything just for some quick, sad, sad seedy little giggle. You know I can't unsee these things now.

MELCHIOR

I never asked you to look. They weren't meant for *you*.

FRAN

Grandad thinks you need out of here. And I'm beginning to agree with him.

MELCHIOR

And go where?

FRAN

I am not equipped to deal with this. I am not equipped to deal with you. I actually can't. I actually can't look at you right now. Get out of my sight.

MELCHIOR

This is my room.

FRAN

You think you're such a smart little shit, don't you.

She snatches up his laptop and phone and storms out the room.

SCENE TWO

Messages are streaming in to a memorial page on Facebook for Moritz.

R.I.P.

Did you know that suicide effects 1 in 10 of all young men.

Here's the number for the Samaritans.

If you have pictures. Please do the right thing. Do not share them with your friends.

It's the parents I feel sorry for.

This wouldn't have happened if he didn't hang around with that Melchior Gabor.

Least they could have done was cancelled exams. I haven't been able to study for crying.

Any one have the pics?

Blessed baby purest spirit we will never ever ever forget you most special and precious angel and flower you are in a better place now looking down on us all.

I don't even think he was Mick's son. Just saying. Something about the eyes.

SCENE THREE

Fran and Ina are sitting together. Very slowly clearing away the remnants of a wake. Scraping potato salad into a bin. A bottle of wine and a bowl of Sensations crisps between them.

FRAN

I think it should have been Melchior who killed himself instead.

They freeze what they're doing.

Ina decides to let it go.

INA

We weren't much better at their age. Remember Saturday nights. A bottle of Glens round the back of the school?

FRAN

We were all in it together. The girls as much as the boys. But now – phew...

INA

How do their minds even go to that?

FRAN

It wasn't as if we didn't have the internet. But it was soft, 'ooh-er-matron' kind of stuff.

INA

Have you tried talking to him?

FRAN

How? You ever spoken to your girls?

INA

Oh god, no. I gave them the 101, which should be plenty.

FRAN

They know way more than you or I ever did. Do. When was the last time you heard of teenage pregnancy. But at least that's... productive. But now? Alone with their phones. People keep telling me that it's an addiction, a compulsion, like he's sick. As if it's only him who is infected and not us all. How will sending the kid away change anything?

Dad always said Melchior was wasted in state school but I there was no way I was doing the boarding school thing. No. He's a kid. Right? He get how seriousness his actions are.

INA

Maybe...

FRAN

What?

INA

No. It's nothing. I hope.

FRAN

Oh god. What now? I can't handle any more dancing around the houses. What're you not saying?

INA

It's just. Our Wendla. She was getting all these messages a month or so ago and she wouldn't get out of bed. And then the whole Moritz thing happened, I put it out of my mind but...

FRAN

Melchior.

INA

It was... I'm sorry but the things he was saying to her. Awful. I thought it might be a joke but I'm not sure. And Wendla's red around her eyes as if she's made from strawberries she's so full of burst blood vessels. She says she isn't sleeping because of the whole suicide thing. But the messages.

FRAN

I'm going to throttle him.

INA

It will be nothing... It might not even have been Melchior. Even talking about this stuff proves just how childish they are. They're kids. Playing.

FRAN

Kids playing with hand grenades.

INA

It's probably nothing.

FRAN

I'm going to call dad's old school. See if they can take Melchior. Get him out from under all our feet.

SCENE FOUR

In the private school. A group of lads huddle together in a corner whilst Melchior stands off, flicking through a bible.

RUPERT

You coming in, Gabor?

HELMUT

Soggy biscuit! Soggy biscuit! Soggy biscuit!

MELCHIOR

Nah. You're alright.

RUPERT

Suit yourself.

HELMUT

Virgin.

Melchior flicks through the pages.

MELCHIOR

Pure filth. All pimps and whores and incest. I can see why this gets folk off. Why am I getting the blame for everything? She's the one texting me. I'd forget about it if I could. Hate to think about what I did to her. What I would still like to do to her. If I stay here, I'm going to end up killing someone. At least Moritz was smart enough to screw himself and not leave bruises all over someone else like me. Bet it's cosy. Wrapped up in moss and a blanket of soil. They don't know how lucky they are down there.

The lads have finished off their game.

HELMUT

All yours, Rupes!

RUPERT

Piss off. I got it before you.

GASTON

(about Melchior)

Make the povo eat it.

HELMUT

He wasn't even playing.

RUPERT

Then you munch it.

HELMUT

Fuck off.

The lads get in to a gleeful scuffle, trying to force the winnings down one another's throat.

RUPERT

Gabor!

MELCHIOR

What?

Is it true you shagged a girl from the flats?

Melchior shrugs.

Cheers.

RUPERT

Heard that you sent her home so bruised her mum thought she'd fallen in the quarry.

MELCHIOR

Yeah. She'd ask me to press them when we fucked. She liked it.

RUPERT

Good girl.

HELMUT

She'd get on with the head. Pervy old sadist. Still has his belt hanging behind his desk like a trophy.

GASTON

(in a gruff imitation)

"Beating you boys was the only thing that ever got through to you."

Rupert makes a playful swing at Melchior. They fall into a pile like puppies.

SCENE FIVE

Wendla lies curled up in bed. Ina sits at the end of the bed.

INA

Up.

WENDLA

Uhhh. I'm dying.

INA

You are not dying.

WENDLA

Why are you crying then.

INA

Because you've broken my heart. Look, just get up, get dressed and we can go out shopping. Get lunch or something.

WENDLA

No thank you.

INA

What do you want then?

WENDLA

I don't know. Something. Nothing.

INA

I don't know – how – or what -

WENDLA

Could you just...

INA

What, lovey?

WENDLA

Just leave me alone for a little bit?

INA

I don't know what you'll get up to alone.

WENDLA

How can I get up to anything? You've taken my laptop, my phone. I can't speak to any of your friends.

INA

Those girls aren't your friends.
You can go out whenever you want.

WENDLA

I don't want to go out! What's out there?

INA

I'm trying to keep you out of trouble.

WENDLA

What, like the kind of trouble you got yourself in to?

INA

Do not talk to me like that.

WENDLA

How old were you when you had my sister?

INA

I only want my babygirl to be a baby a little longer. Go outside and play in the sun.

WENDLA

I don't want to go out and roll around in the grass and the mud and get beetles in my hair. I don't want to go out and have men in white vans following me down the road. I don't want to get my arse smacked whilst I'm waiting for the bus. I don't want to walk around with keys in my fists having to walk past the junkies and keep crossing the roads because no one's fixed the streetlights. I don't want to spend all my money on having to get an Uber and then worry if the Uber drivers going to chat me up or not. I don't want to go out in the filth and the cold and the heat and the wet. Outside is a horror show. Everything is following me. Half an orange. The smell of a linden tree. Words in a song. All I want from you is my phone and so I can forget about all that for just a minute.

Ina goes to the chest of drawers and pulls out the charger and takes it with her. She takes anything that might have an internet connection.

Or even an electric connection. Unplugging lights, digital clocks. Now Wendla has nothing. Left in the dark.

SCENE SIX

Ernst and Hanschen sit in front of their computers both completely naked. They are in seperate rooms. Isolated from one another but deeply intimate over a video call.

ERNST

When I arranged to meet you I told myself we'd only talk.

HANSCHEN

You're too small to be so big on morals.

ERNST

I'm exhausted.

HANSCHEN

It'll pass.

ERNST

And so will we.

HANSCHEN

Then let's enjoy ourselves whilst we can.

ERNST

How do you still have energy for this?

HANSCHEN

It's all I want.

ERNST

I sometimes want the kids, the wife, the dog. An office. A lanyard with my name on it which I take off at the end of the day to a home cooked meal and my slippers. Neighbours would smile and nod at me when I go past with my apple cheeked girls. What more could I want?

HANSCHEN

Half shut eyes, half open mouths, and skin.

ERNST

Skin.

HANSCHEN

Neighbours only smile and nod at one another because they don't have the imagination to find anything to say. When I'm a millionaire, I'll live my life as an offering to all that's good in the world. Why sweat over the home cooked meal. When you can just skim the cream off the milk? Or are you unimaginative too?

ERNST

Let's skim the cream.

HANSCHEN

And let the rest of them scabble for our scraps.

ERNST

(filthily)

Let's skim the cream.

What's so funny?

HANSCHEN

You!

ERNST

One of us has got to get things going.

HANSCHEN

In thirty years when we look back on this, I suppose it could seem incredibly beautiful.

ERNST

I don't want thirty years, I want now.

HANSCHEN

Alright then.

ERNST

Thank god I've got you.

HANSCHEN

Hey, don't cry.

ERNST

I told myself we were only going to talk.

HANSCHEN

Shh.

ERNST

I fucking love you, Hanschen. I love you.

HANSCHEN

Shh. Maybe in thirty years we'll laugh. But now. Everything is beautiful.

SCENE SEVEN

Winter. The woods.

Wendla enters. She's older. Thirty or so. She's wandering through the graveyard.

WENDLA

Here you go. This is for you.

She plants a little tree in the ground, places a small knitted bunny next to it. Wipes the dirt from her hands.

MORITZ

Hey.

He looks just the same as he did as a teenager.

WENDLA

People need to stop sneaking up on me!

MORITZ

What are the chances of finding you here. How's Melchi?

WENDLA

Melchior Gabor? Fine last I heard.

MORITZ

He came by once. Looking very smart he was. He was with his P.A. Couldn't find me. Trod on the flowers someone had left. And he hasn't been back.

WENDLA

Are you supposed to be Moritz Steifel?

MORITZ

Take my hand. We haven't talked in ages. Come with me. I think you'll like it. I have. Nothing better. Let's go.

WENDLA

I shouldn't you be resting... in peace...

MORITZ

Oh aye, but it's peaceful to wander too. Fun actually. For instance, yesterday, I flew over an earthquake in Syria. Day before, Chelsea Flower Show. Always something new to see. And when I get bored, I go and stand by people's beds. It's a proper laugh.

WENDLA

That's the kind of twisted fun I'd imagine people like Melchior Gabor enjoying.

MORITZ

Yes. Everyone should have the perspective of a suicide. I went to a graveyard once but the other folk there were pretty dull and there wasn't much to gossip about because none of us have anything we can about anymore. We're above all that stuff. Or sometimes under it. You don't like people much now? Just wait until after, Wendla. Then you'll really see how pointless people are with their worry and anxiety. Take my hand, it's great fun.

WENDLA

That's a sick view to take.

MORITZ

Eh. It's not sad. Don't pity me. I pity you. Now. Living. At least if this is what you call living. Spending your days thinking about things that have passed. I hardly remember anything any more. It's brilliant. Things can be better. If you give me your hand. It's quick and you can be above everything. Be above anyone else.

WeNDLA

It really makes you forget?

MORITZ

You can do anything you like. Take my hand! And then you'll see how little all this living means. Nothing. Peace. Okay, just your pinkie then. This chance won't come again anything soon.

WeNDLA

If I take you up on your offer - and I'm not saying I will. Then it'll be because it'd make things so much easier for everyone else. If they can think of me beautiful and dead instead of alive and messy.

MORITZ

Why wait?

A masked figure approaches the pair.

SHROUDED WOMAN

I don't think this is the time to be making such decisions, love.

(to Moritz)

Ho - Casper, sling your hook.

WENDLA

Who's this now?

SHROUDED WOMAN

Just give us a minute, love.

(to Moritz)

Bolt. What are you trying to do here? What happened to your head?

MORITZ

I lost it.

SHROUDED WOMAN

Then get lost with it. You chose your end. You're done. And your boufing. Look at the state of you. Rotting already.

MORITZ

Please let me stay -

WENDLA

Excuse me, who are you?

MORITZ

Don't make me go. Please. Can I hang out a bit longer. I'll be quiet. It's gross back there.

SHROUDED WOMAN

Why were you so busy laughing away about how brilliant it is then, you chancer? You know that's rubbish. Thought she was one of your freinds? Get your nose out of our business.

WENDLA

You need to tell me who you are, now.

SHROUDED WOMAN

No yet. Come with me first and then we'll get you all sorted out, love.

WeNDLA

Mum?

SHROUDED WOMAN

Eh - wouldn't you recognise me if I was your mum?

WENDLA

Haven't seen her in a long time.

SHROUDED WOMAN

Well I can tell you that your mum is at home with your sister. Bouncing a great grandbaby on her knee and crying. Look, babe. You're sad, I get it. But it's just because you're cold. With a hot dinner in you, you'll smile at all this.

WENDLA

It'd take more than a hot dinner to sort me out.

SHROUDED WOMAN

Depends on the dinner.

(Pointing at the small tree Wendla planted)

I'll tell you this for nothing. Your wee baby? Wouldn't have made it anyway. Not her fault, not yours. It's just the way it goes sometimes. If that makes you feel any better. I'll take you on a proper adventure. Broaden your horizons. I can introduce you to every single interesting thing in the world.

WENDLA

I'm not going to walk away with a stranger.

SHROUDED WOMAN

I'm afraid you don't have a choice on the matter, babe.

WENDLA

Yes I do. And maybe I'll go with Moritz.

SHROUDED WOMAN

He's a charlatan. The only people who smile like him are the ones with no hope left.

WENDLA

Tell me who you are or I'm going with him.

MORITZ

No, Wendla. She's right. I was just trying it on. Go with her. At least she's something.

WENDLA

Are you God?

SHROUDED WOMAN

Depends who's asking. I have had men bow at my feet and worship me before. Now are you coming or not because I'm losing my patience.

WENDLA

No chance, misses!

MORITZ

Can we all stop shouting please! What's the point in freezing our bums off just to argue. I want to see her make up her mind but if you're just going to yell, I'm going to take my head and go.

WENDLA

Oh my god, Moritz, you always were such a fucking sad sack.

SHROUDED WOMAN

Yeah, piss off spooky. This girl's still got something in her.

MORITZ

Why are you so interested in Wendla anyway? Where were you when I was in the woods with a noose in my rucksack?

SHROUDED WOMAN

How rude. Don't you remember me. You didn't know if you were coming or going, even as the sheets squeezed your neck you couldn't make a decision. But do you think this is really the best place to be having this conversation.

MORITZ

Fine. I'm getting cold anyway.

WENDLA

Bye, Moritz. I don't know who this person is but... at least they're alive.

MORITZ

I don't blame you. Please don't hold it against me for trying to kill you, Wendla.

WENDLA

It was nice to see you again. They were good times, overall, weren't they? Whatever happens now, even if I change a million times over, when I'm old and crinkly, I'll still probably feel closer to you and the rest of them than the people who knew me as an adult.

MORITZ

That's nice. Bye, ladies. Don't let me keep you.

SHROUDED WOMAN

Come on, love.

She takes Wendla's arm and leaves with her. Moritz, alone.

MORITZ

Just me with my head in my hands, then. None of us none the wiser. Suppose I'll go back, tuck myself in under the earth, lie back and smile.

THE END.