

Spring Awakening

SPRING AWAKENING

Wendla

&

Melchior

MELCHIOR AND MORITZ:

Touch me—all silent.

Tell me—please—all is forgiven.

Consume my wine.

Consume my mind.

I'll tell you how, how the winds sigh . . .

BOYS AND GIRLS:

Touch me—

GEORG:

—just try it.

Now, there—that's it—God, that's heaven.

I'll love your light.

I'll love you right . . .

We'll wander down where the sins cry . . .

BOYS AND GIRLS:

Touch me—just like that.

Now lower down, where the sins lie . . .

Love me—just for a bit . . .

We'll wander down, where the winds sigh . . .

Where the winds sigh . . .

Where the winds sigh . . .

SCENE 5

Afternoon. Melchior and Wendla discover each other in the woods.

WENDLA: Melchior Gabor?

MELCHIOR (*In disbelief*): Wendla Bergman?! Like a tree-nymph fallen from the branches. What are you doing—alone up here?

WENDLA: Mama's making May wine. I thought I'd surprise her with some woodruff. And you?

Wendla

STEVEN SATER

MELCHIOR: This is my favorite spot. My private place—for thinking.

WENDLA (*Starts away*): Oh. I'm sorry—

MELCHIOR: No—no. Please.

(*She pauses.*)

So . . . how have you been doing?

WENDLA: Well, this morning was wonderful. Our youth group brought baskets of food and clothing to the day-laborers' children.

MELCHIOR: I remember when we used to do that. Together.

WENDLA: You should have seen their faces, Melchior. How much we brightened their day.

MELCHIOR: Actually, it's something I've been thinking a lot about.

WENDLA: The day-laborers?

MELCHIOR ("No"): Our little acts of charity. What do you think, Wendla, can our Sunday School deeds really make a difference?

WENDLA: They have to. Of course. What other hope do those people have?

MELCHIOR: I don't know, exactly. But I fear that Industry is fast determining itself firmly against them.

WENDLA: Against us all, then.

MELCHIOR: Thank you, yes!

WENDLA: It seems to me: what serves each of us best is what serves *all* of us best.

MELCHIOR: Indeed.

(*A beat.*)

Wendla Bergman, I have known you all these years, and we've never truly talked.

WENDLA: We have so few opportunities. Now that we're older.

MELCHIOR: True. In a more progressive world, of course, we could all attend the same school. Boys and girls together. Wouldn't that be remarkable?

Jend