

FRAU BERGMAN

Certainly, Doctor.

*(FRAU BERGMAN leads DOCTOR VON BRAUSEPULVER out. WENDLA sits, quietly touches the letter in her sleeve.)*

*DOCTOR VON BRAUSEPULVER withdraws the pill bottle from FRAU BERGMAN and goes.*

*FRAU BERGMAN reenters, and stares at WENDLA)*

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)*

Adulter ♀

(WENDLA)

That? How could that...? I just wanted to be with him...

WENDLA

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

*(A beat)*

FRAU BERGMAN

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

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...?

#17 - *Whispering*

*(WENDLA reluctantly hands MELCHIOR's letter to her mother. As FRAU BERGMAN opens it, WENDLA stands, spotlighted, like a singer in concert. She remains in this pool of light, her song playing in counterpoint to the following scenes:)*