SCOOTER: Got the bastard! Got him again! (Pause.) Y'know, the interesting thing about puffins, Dennis, is that for birds they're terrible flyers. Can't fly worth shit. They always end up crashing into things whenever they try to land. Sort of a funny little problem to have for a seabird, don't you think?
DENNIS: I guess.
SCOOTER: What'd you do with your shooter?
DENNIS; Threw it out with my lunch-bag.
SCOOTER: Oh geez. I'll have to make you another one. Take mine for now.
DENNIS: What?
SCOOTER; Take mine. I'll make myself a new one as soon as I get home. *(Pause.)* What's the matter? Not good enough for ya?
DENNIS: What? No, Scoots, sure I...
SCOOTER: Don't you want it?
DENNIS: Yeah. Thanks. *(Pause.)*
SCOOTER: I'll see ya later. *(He gets up to go.)*
DENNIS: Yeah, see ya. Hey, Scoots?
SCOOTER: *(Stops. Turns.)* Yeah?
DENNIS: See ya later. *(Scooter nods. Goes. Dennis looks out beyond the audience for a moment. Shouts.)* Hey, Scoots! Scoots! I think I just saw a puffin!
SCOOTER: *(Rushing in.)* Where? Where? *(Looks out.)* Nah. That's a Tibetan Spiny-babbler. It's not the same thing at all...
DENNIS: *(Reads.)* When walking in the wilderness, always relate your route to something else. If you walk in a circle, you'll only end up back where you started. Follow these simple rules and you should never get lost... *(Scooter points. Dennis follows.)*

SPRING AWAKENING
by Frank Wedekind
translated by Tom Osborn
Melchior (15) - Moritz (15)

The Play: Frank Wedekind's *Spring Awakening* is a pre-expressionistic tragedy about young people searching for knowledge about sex. Set in the bourgeois society of late 19th-century Germany, the hypocritical morality and stultifying attitudes of the children's parents and teachers choke them off in the very springs of their lives. The story focuses on two friends, Melchior and Moritz, who are just beginning to experiment with sexual activity. Like their fellow classmates, they only receive vague, foolish answers to their questions. Wendla and her girlfriends find it even more difficult to gain information. She and Melchior begin to fall in love, and, after succumbing to a moment of passion, Wendla becomes pregnant—yet she does not understand why. Her horrified mother arranges an abortion for the girl, and she dies. Moritz, confused by his sexual feelings, begins to fail in his studies and doesn't graduate. Troubled and disturbed, he commits suicide. There is no sympathy from his father and teachers, however, only contempt. Later, Melchior, who has been sent to a reformatory, is driven to escape and find Wendla's grave. The specter of Moritz appears and encourages the boy to join him in death, but a stranger—the force of life—intervenes.

The Scene: Sunday evening. Melchior and Moritz, bored with doing their homework, go for a walk.

Special Note: Students may want to look at Eric Bentley's translation of the play, as well as Edward Bond's.

MELCHIOR: I'd really like to know what we're supposed to be doing in this world.
MORITZ: What are we supposed to be doing at school? I'd rather have been a cart-horse. I'd like to know what exams are for. So they can fail us. Seven of us have got to fail anyway, the next classroom only holds sixty... Ever since Christmas everything's felt strange—I'm so separate... God, if it wasn't for Father I'd just go away, pack up my rucksack and go off walking.
MELCHIOR: Let's talk about something else.
(They walk)
MORITZ: A bird flew in through my window this morning. That means bad luck of some sort.
MELCHIOR: D'you believe in all that?
MORITZ: I don't really know. It flew out again without going round the room. I think that makes it all right.
MELCHIOR: It's as bad as religion. Like Scylla and Charybdis. You think you're safe, sailing untouched past the Scylla of all that religion nonsense, and there's the Charybdis of omens and superstitions waiting to suck you down. Let's sit under this tree. There's a warm wind blowing down from the hills. All the snow must be melting. That's where I'd like to be now, up there—all night in the treetops—rocking and swaying in the wind.
MORITZ: Undo your collar, Melchior.
MELCHIOR: Yes...let the wind in.
MORITZ: It's getting so dark—I can hardly see you. Melchior...d'you think the feeling of shame—in man—d'you think it's because of his upbringing?
MELCHIOR: I was thinking about that only the other day. It's deeply rooted in human nature. I mean—if you think of yourself with nothing on—undressing in front of your best friend. You wouldn't do it. Not unless he was undressing at the same time. Of course convention must have a lot to do with it.
MORITZ: If I ever have to bring up children I've worked out what I'm going to do. They'll all live together in the same room, boys and girls, all sleep in one big bed. They could help each other to dress and

undress. And when the warm wind comes all they'll need to wear is a short tunic—plain white—with a leather belt. If they grew up like that I'm sure they'd be less ashamed than us.
MELCHIOR: Fine. And tell me what you'll do when the girls have babies?
MORITZ: What d'you mean, have babies?
MELCHIOR: Don't you think there'd be a certain instinct at work? Suppose you took two kittens—a boy and a girl—and shut them away—left them. Sooner or later you'd have a litter on your hands, wouldn't you, even with no grown-up cats to show them how.
MORITZ: I suppose with animals it just happens.
MELCHIOR: I think humans are just the same. Look here, Moritz, those boys and girls of yours in the same bed—and then, out of the blue, out of the dark, the first—you know—effects of puberty... I'd give you any odds...
MORITZ: *(Doubtful)* I'm sure your right—but all the same...
MELCHIOR: And it won't be just the boys, you know. Not that all girls are the same...probably you can't always tell... Oh it's a safe bet. And you'd have curiosity on your side.
MORITZ: Yes... By the way I rather want to ask you something...
MELCHIOR: All right.
MORITZ: You will answer, won't you?
MELCHIOR: Of course I will.
MORITZ: The truth?
MELCHIOR: Of course. Well, Moritz?
MORITZ: ...Have you done that Latin composition yet?
MELCHIOR: You don't need to change the subject you know. There's no-one here.
MORITZ: Of course my children would be working, all day long. Farming or in the garden, or strenuous games—gym, riding, rock-climbing. And they'd have to sleep on the floor, or in the open, not in soft beds like us—that's what makes us weak... I'm certain we wouldn't dream, sleeping rough.
MELCHIOR: Yes. I'm sleeping in my hammock. I've put my bed away and I won't use it again till the wine harvest's over. Last

winter—I dreamt once—I was whipping our dog. I whipped him so much he couldn't move—he was lying there... That's the worst dream I've ever had. Why are you looking at me like that?
MORITZ: So it has happened to you?
MELCHIOR: What?
MORITZ: What you said.
MELCHIOR: The effects of puberty.
MORITZ: Yes.
MELCHIOR: Certainly.
MORITZ: Me too...
MELCHIOR: Ages ago.
MORITZ: It hit me like a thunderbolt.
MELCHIOR: Have you dreamt?
MORITZ: Just once. Quite short. Legs in knitted stockings—bright blue—rising up over my desk... Actually I think just climbing over. I only saw them for a moment.
MELCHIOR: Georg Tirschnitz dreamt about his mother.
MORITZ: Did he tell you that himself?
MELCHIOR: Yes, why not?
MORITZ: If you knew what I've been through since that night.
MELCHIOR: Guilt?
MORITZ: Guilt? No, no... I've realized what Hell means...and if I died...
MELCHIOR: Good God.
MORITZ: It felt like some poison—a poison from inside. I started a journal. I've written down my whole life. It was the only thing that made me feel better. Honestly, Melchior—the Garden of Gethsemane must have been rather like this...
MELCHIOR: It didn't take me like that. It was a bit shaming, but that's all.
MORITZ: And you're almost a year younger than me.
MELCHIOR: That doesn't mean a thing. It can start at any age. That blond lout Lammermeier, he's three years older than us and Hans Rilow says he still dreams about fruit cake and chocolates.
MORITZ: How did he find that out?

MELCHIOR: He asked him.
MORITZ: I couldn't ask anybody that.
MELCHIOR: You just asked me.
MORITZ: My God, yes, so I did. Perhaps Hans has written his journal too. Honestly, life... What a game... We're pushed into it, and then we're expected to give thanks to God. I didn't ask for all this. Why can't I just sleep, till the silence comes back. My parents could have had any one out of a hundred children—and they got me. And I don't even know how. I'm just here—being made to suffer because I didn't stay away. Melchior...don't you ever wonder—I mean in what way—we manage to get here—into this whirlpool?
MELCHIOR: So you really don't know then?
MORITZ: How d'you expect me to know? All right, chickens lay eggs, and I was once told Mother carried me near her heart. And I can remember being five and looking the other way when someone turned up that queen of hearts with the low neckline. I don't have to do that any more—but nowadays I can hardly speak to a girl without feeling as if I'm loathsome—and I don't know why...
MELCHIOR: I'll tell you. I've learnt all about it, from books, from pictures, partly from observing nature. It'll surprise you. I turned atheist. I told Georg Tirschnitz. He wanted to tell Hans Rilow, but Rilow was shown everything long ago by his governess.
MORITZ: I looked through the whole of Meyer's shorter encyclopaedia. Nothing but a lot of words, they don't tell you a thing. Just—shame. What's the use of an encyclopaedia that doesn't answer the real questions?
MELCHIOR: Well. You've seen two dogs playing in the street...
MORITZ: No... Don't go on, not now. I've still got Central America and Ludwig the Fifth, and then those sixty verses of Homer and seven equations, and the Latin composition—I'd only do badly again tomorrow. If I'm going to keep working I've got to be a cart-horse—an ox—with blinkers on.
MELCHIOR: Come home with me. It'll only take me an hour for the whole lot. I'll put a few mistakes in yours and we've finished. Then Mother can make us some lemon tea and we'll settle down for a nice

cosy chat about reproduction.
MORITZ: I can't chat about reproduction, Melchior. No...no, couldn't you write it all out, everything you know—clear, unambiguous—stick it in one of my books during break and I'll take it home without knowing. One day it'll just turn up. So I'll have to look through it however much work there is piling up. And if it's absolutely essential—you could put a few diagrams in the margin.
MELCHIOR: You're a little girl, Moritz. Still, it'll be an interesting piece of work. You haven't ever seen a girl, I suppose?
MORITZ: Yes, I have.
MELCHIOR: All over?
MORITZ: Completely. On Shrove Tuesday I slipped into the anatomy museum. If anyone had caught me I'd have been expelled. It was like waking up on a new day...everything there, it was the truth—such beauty...
MELCHIOR: Oh. Well, then illustrations won't be necessary.
MORITZ: No...of course not... Of course you've seen it...
MELCHIOR: That time in Frankfurt, when I was there with Mother last summer, one day... You're going, Moritz?
MORITZ: I must work... Good night.
MELCHIOR: See you tomorrow.

ASCENSION DAY

by Timothy Mason

Faith (18) - June (18) - Mary-Lois (17) - Joyce (16)

The Play: Life often takes a turn when we are young that affects us forever. This theme is explored with an edge in Timothy Mason's short play set in a Lutheran Bible camp in Wisconsin, late in May, 1947. The story centers around nine teenagers spending a week at camp, strengthening their faith through testimonials, enriching the quality of their lives by study (everything from "nature tips" to lifesaving), and having time to spend with each other, sharing life experiences. If all of this seems like expected church camp business, what is underneath this engrossing drama certainly isn't. In this seemingly tranquil environment, on the shores of a beautiful lake, loon song abounding, a series of moments compose a score that will not only change many lives, but will allow us the opportunity to reflect on the path our lives have taken. Written with economy, the issues are significant, the characters crystalline. The week is seen through the eyes of the young people. In fact, the adults at camp never appear—but are always a threatening presence. Specifically we follow the story of two sisters. Faith and Charity. Faith, the older of the two, is returning to camp—this year as a junior counselor. Last year at camp, her life began to change. Having been brought up in a strict home, overseen by a demanding, single-minded father, Faith found her experiences at camp exciting but disturbing. She met a boy, a boy who has returned this year. Faith struggles to handle the feelings in her heart, while at the same time, striving for perfection in the eyes of her parents, her sister, and herself. Her rigid instincts for right and wrong (influenced by her father) have driven away the boys and, during the course of the play, will sever the close bond that for years had held her and Charity together. Charity wants the freedom to explore a new-found excitement away from the watchful eye of her parents and resists Faith's firm governance. Perhaps seeing her own choices in Charity's actions, Faith drifts further away until the desperation demands action. A rekindled spark with Wesley, last year's boyfriend, ends in disaster. Those around her seem shallow, mindlessly content for the same kind of life that their parents live. Faith somehow demands more from life. As the