

CB Side Wendla:Melchior

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?

MELCHIOR

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

WENDLA

(Starts away)

Oh. I'm sorry—

MELCHIOR

No—no. Please.

(She pauses)

MELCHIOR

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 her 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?