



# Set text: Woyzeck by Georg Buchner

**A Level Drama and Theatre**

Pearson Edexcel Level 3 Advanced GCE in Drama and Theatre (9DR0)

# Woyzeck

by

## Georg Buchner

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ANDRES	<i>Soldier.</i>
WOYZECK	<i>Soldier, with additional duties as batman.</i>
MARIE	<i>Woyzeck's common-law wife.</i>
MARGARET	<i>Marie's neighbour.</i>
DRUM-MAJOR	<i>Specially privileged senior N.C.O, used as a mascot and for recruitment purposes. Chosen for physique, splendidly uniformed; excused normal duties.</i>
SHOWMAN*	<i>from the travelling fair.</i>
SERGEANT*	<i>associate of the Drum-Major.</i>
THE CAPTAIN,	<i>for whom Woyzeck acts as batman.</i>
THE DOCTOR,	<i>Regimental officer.</i>
1st JOURNEYMAN*	<i>artisans beyond apprenticeship who must</i>
2nd JOURNEYMAN*	<i>serve a period in another area before they become mastercraftsmen. A black uniform with headgear was worn.</i>
GRANDMOTHER	<i>very old. Blind.</i>
JEW*	

\*These parts *may* be doubled.

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## SCENE ONE

*The woods. ANDRES is splitting sticks and whistling the tune of his song. WOYZECK comes on to him.*

WOYZECK:

The place is cursed, you know, Andres. You see that light strip on the grass there, where the toadstools're so thick? A head rolls down it every evening. There was a man picked it up once, he thought it was a hedgehog: three days and nights after, he was lying in his coffin.

*(Whispers.)* It was the Freemasons, Andres, I'm sure of it, the Freemasons.  
- Quiet!

ANDRES: *(sings).*

A pair of hares were sitting there  
Nibbling the green, green grass . . .

WOYZECK:

Quiet.  
Can you hear it, Andres? Can you hear it?  
Something moving.

ANDRES:

Nibbling the green, green grass  
Until the ground was bare.

WOYZECK:

Moving behind me, beneath me -

*He stamps on the ground.*

Listen; it's hollow. It's all hollow under there.  
- The Freemasons.

ANDRES:

It's scary.

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WOYZECK:

So strange: still. 'Makes you hold your breath.  
- Andres!

ANDRES:

What?

WOYZECK:

Say something!

*He stares out across the landscape.*

Andres! How bright! It's all glowing above the town, glowing . . .  
A fire raging in the sky and clamour there below like trumpets.  
It's coming this way!

*Drags ANDRES into the bushes.*

Quick! Don't look behind you!

ANDRES:

. . . Woyzeck? Can you still hear it?

WOYZECK:

Silence, nothing but silence; as if the world w's dead.

ANDRES:

The drums're going, listen. We've got to get back.



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## SCENE TWO

MARIE and MARGARET at MARIE's window as the retreat is being drummed. MARIE holds her child.

MARIE:

Hup, baby! Ta ra ra! - Hear it? - Here they come!

*Precise and perfect, the DRUM-MAJOR marches the length of the street.*

MARGARET:

What a man, straight as a tree!

MARIE:

And brave as a lion, I'll bet.

*The DRUM-MAJOR gives an eyes right salute.*

MARIE acknowledges.

MARGARET:

Hey, that was a friendly eye you gave him neighbour! You don't treat every man to that.

MARIE (*sings*):

Soldiers, they are handsome lads . .

MARGARET:

Look at your eyes; still shining.

MARIE:

So what? Take yours to the Jewman and let him polish them; you might be able to sell them for buttons if he c'n brighten them up.

MARGARET:

Who're you to talk to me like that? Miss Motherhood! I'm an honest woman, I am, but you could see your way through seven pair of leather britches, you.

(*She goes out*).

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MARIE:

Bitch.

Well, baby, let them have it their way. After all, you're only the child of a whore, unlucky thing; 'nd your wicked face just fills your mother's heart with joy.

(*She sings*) What shall you do, my pretty maid?  
You've got a baby without a dad.  
Never you mind about me -  
All night long I'll sit and sing,  
'Rockabye, rockabye, tiny thing,'  
Though nobody cares for me.

Unsaddle your six white horses, do  
And give them fodder fresh and new -  
Oats they won't eat for you,  
Water won't drink for you,  
Nothing will do but wine, hop, hop,  
Nothing but pure, cold wine.

(*WOYZECK comes to the window, knocks*).

- Who's there?

'That you, Franz? Come inside.

WOYZECK:

Can't. 'Got to go to muster.

MARIE:

Have you been cutting wood f'r the Captain?

WOYZECK:

Yes.

MARIE:

What's the matter, Franz? You look so wild.

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WOYZECK:

There was something there again, Marie, a lot of things.  
- Isn't it written, 'And behold, there came forth a smoke from the land like the smoke of an oven'?

MARIE:

Oh, man!

WOYZECK.:

It followed me all the way to town. - What does it mean?

MARIE:

Franz!

WOYZECK:

Got to go. - See you at the fair this ev'ning; I've put something by.

*(He leaves.)*

MARIE:

That man! So haunted by everything. - He didn't even stop to look at his child.  
Thinking's wound his mind up like a watchspring, it'll break one's these days.  
Why're you so quiet, baby? Are you frightened?  
It's so dark you could be going blind. - No light.  
The streetlamp usually shines in all the time. These shadows, gathering like  
deadmen . .  
It's horrible!

*She hurries out with the child.*

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### SCENE THREE

*The fairground (at the edge of the woods). A voice sings over its emptiness.*

On earth is no abiding stay,  
All things living pass away -  
No-one, no-one says me nay.

MARIE and WOYZECK come on.

WOYZECK:

An old man singing for a boy to dance to. Joy and tribulation.

MARIE:

People. When fools're wise it makes fools of the rest of us.  
Crazy old world, beautiful world!

A SHOWMAN comes out of his tent.

SHOWMAN:

- Roll up, ladies and gentlemen! Come and see a monkey walking upright like a man! He wears a coat and trousers and carries a sword. Art improving on nature: our monkey's a soldier. - Not that that's much. Lowest form of animal life in fact. No? Come and see the astronomical horse then. Admired by all the crowned heads 'v Europe. Tell you anything you like - how old you are, how many children you've got, what y'r illnesses are. Hurry now, the show's just opening! Hurry now, roll up - it's the commencemong of the commencemong!

WOYZECK:

Want to go in?

MARIE:

I don't mind. - Yes, let's, there must be all kinds of things.

*They go into the tent as the SERGEANT and DRUM-MAJOR enter the fairground.*

SERGEANT:

Hold it. Look at that. - What a woman!

DRUM-MAJOR:

Jesus, you could foal a cavalry regiment out of her. And breed drum-majors.



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SERGEANT:

Look 't the way she holds herself. That's what I call a body. All that meat to squeeze 'nd yet it moves as easy as a fish. Strange eyes -

DRUM-MAJOR:

'Make you think you're looking down a well, or a chimney. - Quick, it's starting! Get in.

*They go inside and the SHOWMAN takes their money.*

MARIE:

- So bright!

WOYZECK:

In the dark - black cats with fires in their eyes.  
'Strange night.

SHOWMAN:

Observe: the unique phenomenon of the astronomical horse. -- Show your paces now, show them y'r horse sense. Put humanity to shame. Gentlemen, this animal you see before you with a tail and four hooves is a member of all the learned societies and, what's more, a professor at our university; where he teaches the students riding and kicking. That's a straightforward matter of understanding, though. -- Now think inside-out. Show them what you can do when you use inside-out reasoning. Is there an ass in this learned company?

*The HORSE shakes its head responsively.*

- See the effect of inside-out thinking? Done with equine-imity. Remarkable. This is no mute beast, I tell you; this is a person, a human being, an animalised human being - but still an animal.

*The HORSE defecates.*

That's it, put humanity to shame. - This animal's still in a state of nature, you see, of plain, unvarnished nature! You ought to take a lesson from him. Ask your doctor, it's positively harmful to be any other way! The message is: Man, be natural. You were fashioned out of dust, out of sand, out of mud - would you be anything more than dust, sand, mud? Look here, how about this for the power of reason? The astronomical horse c'n calculate, but he can't count on his fingers. Why's that?

Because he can't express himself, can't explain - in fact, he's a human being translated! - Tell the gentlemen what time it is. Has any of you ladies or gentlemen a watch? - A watch?

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SERGEANT:

A watch?

*(Produces one from his pocket magisterially)*

There you are, sir.

MARIE:

I must see this!

DRUM-MAJOR

That's all woman.

*(The HORSE stamps its foot to tell the time)*

SHOWMAN:

Eight o'clock! I ask you, is that not truly remarkable?!

- Ladies and gentlemen, this astonishing feat concludes the performance. Thanking you.

*The DRUM-MAJOR and SERGEANT watch MARIE out as she passes them, followed by WOYZECK. The SHOWMAN attends to his effects.*

SERGEANT:

Give the man a hand, soldier.

*WOYZECK helps the SHOWMAN. The DRUM-MAJOR follows MARIE, who walks off by the woods. Eventually, the SERGEANT lets WOYZECK go.*

WOYZECK:

Marie?

Marie?

*He runs out of the fairground. The SERGEANT and SHOWMAN exchange looks.*

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#### SCENE FOUR

MARIE's room. She is tucking the baby into its crib.

MARIE:

The man gives him an order and he has to go, just like that.

*She takes a piece of broken mirror from her blouse and examines the ear-rings she is wearing.*

Look how they catch the light. I wonder what they are?

What'd he say?

- Go to sleep, baby, shut your eyes tight.

*She bends over towards the crib.*

Tighter. That's it. Now you keep still or else he'll come and get you.

*(Sings)* Polly, close the shutter tight,

A gipsy lad will come tonight.

He will take you by the hand

And lead you off to gipsy land.

- They must be gold!

An old crack in the back wall of a corner to live in and a bit of broken glass to see with, that's enough for the likes of us. My mouth's as red as my lady's, though, for all her full-length mirrors and rows of fine gentlemen kissing her hand. An' I'm just another poor girl.

- Sshh, baby, close your eyes. *(She oscillates the fragment.)*

Here comes the sandman, walking across the wall. Keep your eyes closed! If he looks in them you'll go blind.

WOYZECK enters, MARIE starts and covers her ears.

WOYZECK:

What's that?

MARIE:

Nothing.

WOYZECK:

Under your fingers; it's shining.

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MARIE:

An ear-ring. I found it.

WOYZECK:

I never found that kind of nothing. Two at once, too.

MARIE:

So? What does that make me?

WOYZECK:

You're alright, Marie.

'Kid's well away, look at him. 'Ll just move this arm so he doesn't get cramp. Shiny drops, all over his forehead. - Nothing but work under the sun; we even sweat in our sleep. The poor.

- 'Some more money, Marie. My pay and the extra from the Captain.

MARIE:

God reward you, Franz.

WOYZECK:

Got to go. 'See you tonight. (*He goes out.*)

MARIE:

Oh, I'm a bad bitch! I ought to cut my throat.

What sort of world d'you call this? It's going to hell, all of it and us with it.



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## SCENE FIVE

*The CAPTAIN on his chair awaiting a shave, WOYZECK comes on to him.*

CAPTAIN:

Slowly, Woyzeck, take it slowly. One thing *after* another one. You make me feel giddy. - What am I supposed to do with the ten minutes you save rushing that way? What use are they to me? (WOYZECK starts shaving him.) Think about it, Woyzeck; you've got a good thirty years left. Thirty years. That makes three hundred and sixty months - and then there's days, hours, minutes! What're you going to do with such a monstrous amount of time? Eh?

- Space it out a bit, Woyzeck.

WOYZECK:

Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN.

It makes me worried about the world, the thought of eternity. It's some business, Woyzeck, some business! Eternity . . is eternity . . is eternity - you can see that. But it's also not eternity, it's a single moment, Woyzeck, yes, a single moment. It's frightening, how the world turns round in a day. What a waste of time! What does it amount to?

I can't stand to look at millwheels any more, they're so totally depressing.

WOYZECK:

Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN:

You always look so wrought! A good citizen doesn't look like that, Woyzeck, not a good citizen with a clear conscience.

. . Say something, Woyzeck. - How's the weather today?

WOYZECK:

Bad, sir, bad. Windy.

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CAPTAIN:

I'll say. There's a real wind out there, I can feel it. 'Makes my back prickle, as if a mouse w's running up and down it.  
. . (Slyly.) I should say it was a north-southerly.

WOYZECK:

Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN:

Ha ha ha! North-southerly. Ha ha ha!! - God, but the man's dense, horribly dense. You're a good fellow, Woyzeck, but (*Solemnly*) you've no morals. Morals are . . well, observing morality, you understand. That's the way of it. You've got a child without the church's blessing, as our reverend padre calls it - without the church's blessing; that's his expression.

WOYZECK:

Sir, God the Father isn't going to worry if nobody said amen at the poor worm's making. The Lord said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me'.

CAPTAIN:

What do you mean? What an odd thing to say. What you said, I mean, not what he said.  
- You're confusing the issue.

WOYZECK:

Being poor. .  
D'you see, sir? Money, money! If you've no money - , Just you try getting one of our sort into the world in a moral way; though we're flesh and blood as well. We never get much luck, here or hereafter. If we went to heaven I expect they'd put us to work on the thunder.

CAPTAIN:

Woyzeck, you've no sense of virtue. You're not a virtuous man!  
Flesh and blood?!  
When I'm lying by my window, after it's been raining, and I see a pair of white stockings twinkling down the street, hop-skip . .  
Dammit, Woyzeck, / feel desire then! I'm flesh and blood, too. But my virtue, Woyzeck, my virtue! - So what do I do? I keep saying to myself: You are a virtuous man . . (*Maudlin*) a good man, a good man.

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WOYZECK:

Yes, sir. I don't think virtue's so strong in me, sir. You see, people like us don't have any virtue, they only have what's natural to them. But if I was a gentlemen and I had a hat and a watch and a big coat and all the proper words, I'd be virtuous alright. Must be a great thing, sir, virtue. Only I'm just a poor man.

CAPTAIN:

Well, Woyzeck, you're a good fellow, a good fellow. But you think too much. You're wearing y'rself out, grinding away 't things in there.

- You always look so wrought!

(*Stands.*) This discussion's upset me completely. Get along now. (WOYZECK *removes the chair and his equipment.*)

And don't run! - Slowly. Nice and slowly down the street.

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## SCENE SIX

*The street. WOYZECK against a wall, doing up his fly. The DOCTOR strides over and pulls him round roughly.*

DOCTOR:

What d'you call this, Woyzeck? A man of your word, are you, eh? You? You?!

WOYZECK:

What's the matter Doctor?

DOCTOR:

I saw you, Woyzeck. You were pissing in the street, pissing like a dog down the wall - and I'm giving you two groschen a day, and board! It's bad, Woyzeck, bad. The whole world's going completely to the bad; completely.

WOYZECK:

But, Doctor. When you get a call of nature -

DOCTOR:

Call of nature! Call of *nature*! - Superstition, sheer, abominable superstition! Nature!

Haven't I demonstrated conclusively that the musculus constrictor vesicae is subject to the will? Nature!

Man is free, Woyzeck. Man is the ultimate expression of the individual urge to freedom. - Can't hold your water! It's deceit, Woyzeck.

*He shakes his head and paces, hands behind his back.*

- Have you eaten your peas now, Woyzeck? You must eat nothing but peas, cruciferae, remember. We can start on the mutton next week. A revolution's taking place in science, I'm blowing the whole thing sky-high. Uric acid 0.01, ammonium hydrochlorate, hyperoxide - Woyzeck, can't you have another piss? Go inside and try again!

WOYZECK:

I can't, doctor.



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DOCTOR (*upset*):

Pissing against the wall, though! And I've a written undertaking, in your own handwriting! I saw it, saw it with these two eyes - I'd just stuck my nose out of the window and was letting the sunbeams play on it in order to observe the phenomenon of the sneeze. - Have you got me any frogs? Or spawn? Fresh water polyps? No snakes? Vestillae? Crystatellae? - Be careful of the microscope, Woyzeck, I've a germ's tooth under there. I'm going to blow the whole lot sky-high! No spiders' eggs? Toads'?

Oh, but pissing down the wall! I *saw* you.

(*Paces again in agitation.*) No, Woyzeck, I shall not be angry. Anger is unhealthy, unscientific. I am calm; completely calm. My pulse is its usual sixty and I'm addressing you with the utmost coolness. There's no reason for me to get angry with you, you're only a man. If it'd been a question of one of the newts dying, though - ! But really, Woyzeck, you shouldn't have pissed down that wall -

WOYZECK:

D'you see, Doctor? A man might have one sort of character, one sort of make-up -- But nature's something again, you see: nature's a thing - (*Flicks his fingers to catch it.*) How c'n I say? For example -

DOCTOR:

Woyzeck, you're philosophising again.

WOYZECK:

Have you ever seen nature inside-out, Doctor? When the sun stands still at midday and it's 's if the world was going up in flames? That's when the terrible voice spoke to me.

DOCTOR:

You've an aberration, Woyzeck.

WOYZECK:

Yes. Nature, Doctor, when nature's out -

DOCTOR:

What does that mean, 'when nature's out'?

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WOYZECK:

When nature's out, that's - when nature's *out*. When the world gets so dark you have to feel your way round it with your hands, till you think it's coming apart like a spider's web. When there's something there, yet there's nothing; and everything's dark but there's still this redness in the west like the glow of a huge furnace. When - (*Moves in starts as he tries to think it out.*)  
When -

DOCTOR:

You're feeling your way with y'r feet like an insect, man!

WOYZECK:

The toadstools, Doctor, it's all in the toadstools. Have you noticed how they grow in patterns on the ground? If only someb'dy could read them.

DOCTOR.

Woyzeck, you've a beautiful aberratio mentalis partialis of the second order: fully formed, too. Beautiful. I shall give you a rise, Woyzeck! Second order: fixed idea with non-impairment of faculties. - You're carrying on as usual, shaving the Captain?

WOYZECK:

Yes, sir.

DOCTOR:

Eating your peas?

WOYZECK:

Just like you said, sir. The money helps my wife with the housekeeping.

DOCTOR:

Performing your duties?

WOYZECK:

Yes, sir.

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DOCTOR:

You're an interesting case, patient Woyzeck. It's a lovely idée fixe; certain to put you in the asylum. So bear up now, you're getting another groschen. Give me your pulse, Woyzeck. Mm, yes.

WOYZECK:

What do I do?

DOCTOR:

Keep eating the peas and cleaning your rifle! You'll be getting another groschen soon.

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SCENE SEVEN

MARIE's room. MARIE and the DRUM-MAJOR.

DRUM MAJOR:

Come on, Marie.

MARIE:

Show me again, go round the room.

*(He reproduces his parade ground march.)*

The chest of an ox, with fur like a lion's mane. There's not another man like you.  
You make me proud to be a woman.

DRUM-MAJOR:

You should see me Sundays with my plume and gauntlets. That's really something.  
'He's my idea of a soldier,' the prince always says, 'A real man.'

MARIE:

Does he now?

*(Goes up to him, teasing.)* A real man ... ?

*As he responds her mood changes and she moves away.*

DRUM-MAJOR:

And you're a real woman. Christ, I'm going to fill your belly full of drum-majors,  
sire a whole damn stable of them. Come on.

*Grabs her. She struggles, violently.*

MARIE:

Let me go!

DRUM-MAJOR:

Wild, eh? Come on then, animal.

MARIE:

Just you dare.



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DRUM-MAJOR:

‘Devil in you, isn’t there? I can see it in your eyes.

MARIE (*relaxes*):

What’s it matter anyway? It’s all one.

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## SCENE EIGHT

WOYZECK *comes in with a pair of steps, places them carefully, withdraws. The DOCTOR enters and ascends them to survey the audience, which he addresses as his assembled students.*

DOCTOR:

Gentlemen, here I am aloft like David when he spied Bathsheba; but all I ever see is the boarding school girls' knickers hanging out to dry. - Now, we come to the important question of the relation between subject and object. If we take one of those creatures in whom, gentlemen, the capacity of the divine for self-affirmation most clearly manifests itself and we examine its relation to space, the earth and the planetary universe. If, gentlemen, I take (*Producing it from his pocket.*) this cat, and I throw it out of the window - what will be its instinctive behaviour relative to its centre of gravity?  
- Woyzeck! - Woyzeck!!

*He runs back in as the DOCTOR throws the cat at him, which he catches.*

WOYZECK:

Doctor, it's biting me!

DOCTOR:

And look at you, nursing it like your grandmother. Fool.

WOYZECK:

I'm getting the shakes, Doctor.

DOCTOR (*pleased, descending*):

Is that so? How interesting. How very, very interesting.  
And what's this, a new species of animal louse? 'Fine one, too.

*Takes out a magnifying glass to mock-examine the cat.*

WOYZECK:

You're frightening it. (*Takes the cat out.*)

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DOCTOR:

Animals have no scientific instincts. - Therefore, I shall use another demonstration subject.

*Clicks his fingers. WOYZECK returns.*

Observe, gentlemen. For three months this man has eaten nothing but peas. Note the effect, it's clearly apparent. The pulse is irregular, singularly. And the eyes: note the peculiarity of the eyes.

WOYZECK:

Doctor - everything's going dark on me again.

*Teeters, almost falling onto the steps.*

DOCTOR:

Cheer up, Woyzeck. Just a few more days and it'll all be over.

*He prods at glands and points of the thorax.*

The effect is palpable, gentlemen, palpable.

- Just wiggle your ears for the young gentlemen while we're at it, Woyzeck. I meant to show you this before. He uses the two muscles quite independently. - Go on then.

WOYZECK (embarrassed):

Oh, Doctor -

DOCTOR:

Do I have to wiggle them for you, you brute?! Are you going to behave like the cat? - There you are, gentlemen, another case of progressive donkeyfication resulting from female upbringing and the use of the German language! You're losing your hair. Has your mother been pulling it out for mementos?

Ah, no, it's the peas, gentlemen, the peas.

Well, we must conclude. Thank you all. Woyzeck, when you've taken those back the Captain wants to see you.

WOYZECK:

Yes, sir.

*The DOCTOR goes out, WOYZECK following with the steps.*

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## SCENE NINE

The street. The DOCTOR walks briskly down it with the CAPTAIN *puffing after him*.

CAPTAIN:

Doctor. Just a minute, Doctor! You shouldn't go so fast, you know. The only thing you'll catch up with rushing like that's y'r last day. A good man with a clear conscience doesn't hurry that way. A good man. (*Snorts, breathes heavily to regain himself.*)

*The DOCTOR tries to move away but the CAPTAIN has him by his coat.*

Allow me the privilege of saving a human life, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

(*agitating his arm*) I'm in a hurry, Captain. A hurry!

CAPTAIN:

My dear ghoul, you'll wear your legs down to the pavement. Stop trying to take off on your stick.

DOCTOR:

I'll tell you something - your wife will be dead inside four weeks. Total collapse occasioned by complications in the seventh month. I've had twenty identical cases: they all died. Inside four weeks - you'd better start getting used to the idea.

CAPTAIN:

Please, Doctor, I get so depressed; it's making me imagine things. I can't look at my empty coat hung up on the wall without bursting into tears.

DOCTOR:

Hm. - Puffy, fat; thick neck. Apoplectic type. Yes, Captain, that'll be the way of it. You're a certainty for apoplectic seizure of the brain. . . Of course, you might only be affected down one side, hemi-paresis, then you'd still be able to move the unparalysed half of your body. Or alternatively you might be even luckier and have simply local cerebral paralysis, in which case you'd become a sort of human potato.

Yes, that's the outlook for you in the next month. Though there's also the possibility that you could become a really interesting case by having just one half of your tongue paralysed. Now if that happens I'll be able to do experiments on it that will make you go down in medical history.



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CAPTAIN:

Don't frighten me like that, Doctor. People have been known to die of fright, you know, of sheer bloody fright.

- I can see the mourners already, getting the lemons out'v their pockets to make them cry. Still, they'll say, 'He was a good man; a good man.' - Oh, you damned old coffin nail!

DOCTOR:

Ha. Do you see this? (*Holds up his hat.*)  
This, my dear squarebasher, is an empty headpiece.

CAPTAIN:

And this (*Displays one of his buttons.*), my dear ghoul, is a bonehead. Ha ha ha! - No offence, mind. I'm a virtuous man, but I can give as good as I get when I feel like it, Doctor.  
Ha ha ha! When I feel like it -

WOYZECK *comes down the street trying to avoid notice.*

Hey! Woyzeck!  
Where're you dashing off to? Just wait there a minute, Woyzeck. You go through the world like an open razor. You'll be giving someone a nasty cut one of these days. Have you got to shave a regiment of eunuchs on pain of death if you miss one hair or something? Eh?  
On the subject of hairs, that puts me in mind of the saying -  
You know, Woyzeck -

DOCTOR:

Pliny states: troops are to be discouraged from wearing facial hair.

CAPTAIN:

The one about finding a hair from someone else's beard in your soup. - You take my meaning?  
Or perhaps we should say in this case, from someone else's moustache - a sapper's, or a sergeant's, or, maybe, a drum-major's?  
Eh, Woyzeck?  
But then, your wife's a good woman, isn't she? Not like some.

WOYZECK:

Yes, sir. What do you mean, sir?

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CAPTAIN:

Look at the man's face!

You might not find that hair in your soup, but if you popped round the corner you could just find it sticking to a certain pair of lips. A certain pair of lips, Woyzeck.

Ah yes, I've known love in my time, too.

- Good God, you've turned to chalk, man; you're stone white!

WOYZECK:

Captain, I'm a poor man - I've nothing but her in the world. Please don't make jokes, sir.

CAPTAIN:

Make jokes? Me, make jokes with you?

DOCTOR:

Pulse, Woyzeck, pulse!

Short, skipping, violent, irregular. irregular

WOYZECK:

The earth's hotter th'n hell . . and I'm cold.

Ice. Ice.

Hell must be cold, I'm sure. - It's not possible!

Slut! Slut!! - Not possible.

CAPTAIN:

What are you doing, staring at me like that? Do you want a bullet in the brain, man?! Your eyes're like knives. - I'm only doing you a favour, it's for your own good. Because you're not a bad fellow, Woyzeck, not such a bad fellow.

DOCTOR:

Facial muscles taut, rigid; occasional twitches. Manner tense, hyperexcited.

WOYZECK:

I'm off. Anything can be possible. - The slut! Anything at all.

- 'Fine day, Captain, isn't it? With a fine grey, stone sky. You c'd just hammer a peg in it and hang yourself. All because of the little pause between 'Yes' and 'Yes' again - and 'No'.

Yes and No, Captain. - Is the No to blame for the Yes, or the Yes for the No?

I sh'll have to think about that.

*Moves away, step by step at first then increasingly quickly.*

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DOCTOR:

Unique, unique! (*Runs after him.*)  
Woyzeck! Another rise, Woyzeck!

CAPTAIN:

People, they make me dizzy. - Look at them. One sparking and veering while the other reaches after him like a spider's shadow.  
Thunder following lightning. - Grotesque, grotesque!  
I don't like such things. A good man takes care of himself, takes care of his life; he isn't foolhardy. No, foolhardiness is for scoundrels, for dogs!  
I'm not like that.

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## SCENE TEN

MARIE's room. WOYZECK is staring at her with mad intensity.

WOYZECK:

I can't see anything. Can't see anything.  
It should show! You should be able to see it, get hold of it with y'r hands!

MARIE:

Franz? What's the matter? You're raving.

WOYZECK:

What a fine street - you could wear your feet to stumps on it! It's good to stand in the street . . . Even better when there's company.

MARIE:

Company?

WOYZECK:

Lots'v people can walk down a street, can't they? And you can talk to them, to whoever you choose. And it's nothing to do with me!  
Did he stand here? - Then close to you? So?  
Oh, I wish I'd been him.

MARIE:

Him? - What're you talking about? I can't stop people coming down the street or make them wear muzzles, can I?

WOYZECK:

And your lips're so beautiful - it's a shame you couldn't leave them at home.  
But that would've brought the wasps in, I suppose.

MARIE:

Well which wasp's bitten you then? You're like the cow th't the hornets stung.

WOYZECK:

Such a sin. Such a great, gleaming, fat one - it reeks! You'd think the stink of it would bring the angels tumbling out of heaven.  
Your mouth's so red, Marie. Why're there no blisters on it? Why're you so beautiful, Marie? As beautiful as sin.  
Can mortal sin be beautiful?



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MARIE:

You're delirious.

WOYZECK:

Did he stand here?! So?! Did he!?!

MARIE:

Days're long and the world's old. A lot of people c'n stand in the same place, one after another.

WOYZECK:

I can see him!!

MARIE:

You c'n see lots'v things, if you've eyes 'nd the sun shining 'nd you're not blind.

WOYZECK (*goes to strike her*):

-Slut!!

MARIE:

Don't touch me, Franz!

Put a knife in my guts if you want but not your hand on mine. My own father didn't dare do that when I was ten years old. He couldn't while I looked him in the face, and you won't now.

WOYZECK:

Whore!

No, it would have to show. - Everyone's an abyss. You get dizzy if you look down.

Just suppose! - She walks like any innocent.

Oh, innocence, there's a stain on your robe.

Am I sure? Sure? - Who's ever sure? (*Goes out.*)

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## SCENE ELEVEN

*The guardroom. ANDRES is cleaning his boots and singing.  
WOYZECK is sitting down.*

ANDRES:

The landlord has a pretty wife,  
Sits in the garden day and night;  
She sits in the garden waiting -

WOYZECK:

Andres!

ANDRES:

What now?

WOYZECK:

A fine evening out.

ANDRES:

Yeh, Sunday weather alright.  
There's some music later, over the heath. The women've gone up there already.  
'Be some sweat shed, you can bet.

WOYZECK:

Dancing, Andres. They'll be dancing!

ANDRES:

At The Horse 'nd The Star, that's right.

WOYZECK:

Dancing, dancing!

ANDRES:

Why not?

(*Sings.*) She sits in the garden waiting -  
Until the village clock strikes twelve  
And the soldier-boys come marching.

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WOYZECK:

Andres - I can't get any rest from it.

ANDRES:

More fool you.

WOYZECK:

'Got to get out. Everything spins round. - Dancing, dancing!  
Her hands'll be hot. - Oh, damn her, Andres, damn her!

ANDRES:

What's the matter with you?

WOYZECK:

'Got to go. 'See for myself.

ANDRES:

Why make trouble? Over one like that.

WOYZECK:

'Got to get out. It's stifling. (*Goes.*)

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## SCENE TWELVE

*The tavern. Redness, heat. A crowd including MARGARET two JOURNEYMEN and the old GRANDMOTHER, who is blind with cataracts. The FIRST JOURNEYMAN is singing.*

1st JOURNEYMAN:

I've got a shirt on, but it isn't mine;  
My soul is stinking with brandy wine -

2nd JOURNEYMAN:

Let me punch a hole in your face, brother, for friendship's sake. Come on, I'm going to punch a hole in your face. - I'm twice the man he is any day!  
'Smash every flea on y'r body to bits.

1st JOURNEYMAN:

My soul *is*, my soul is stinking with brandy wine.  
Even money rots. - My little forget-me-not; why is the world so beautiful? I could weep a sea of buckets at the sadness of it, brother. - I wish our noses w're both bottles; we could empty them down one another's throats.

*Some of the others begin to clap and the two JOURNEYMEN dance peasant fashion as everyone sings.*

ALL:

There were two hunters from the Rhine  
Rode through the woods in clothes so fine.  
Tally-ho! Tally-ho! Merrily we'll go,  
Roaming together the wild woods free -.  
A hunter's life is the life for me!

WOYZECK *enters.*

A hunter's life is the life for me!

MARIE *and the DRUM-MAJOR appear outside, dancing.*

WOYZECK:

Him. Her  
Hell. - Hell, hell!

*They spin a long, elaborate revolve.*



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MARIE:

On and on -

DRUM-MAJOR:

Round and round -

MARIE:

For ever and ever -

On and on and on . .

*They dance away. WOYZECK is stricken, the crowd silent as they watch.*

WOYZECK:

On and on. On and on and on! (*Staggers, lurching towards the spectators.*)

For ever! (*Beats his fist on his palm.*)

Turn, turn. Go on turning, dancing! - Why don't you blow the sun out, God? Let everything fall over itself in lewdness. Flesh, filth, man, woman, human, animal. - They all do it in the open day, do it on the back of a hand like flies.

Slut!! - She's hot, hot! (*Staggers again.*)

*He falls down, catches onto a bench.*

Feeling his way round her, round her body.

Him. He's got her . . Like I had her at the beginning.

*He collapses. Everyone talks at once. The FIRST JOURNEYMAN goes to where WOYZECK's lying and turns to still them.*

1st JOURNEYMAN:

Brethren -think now upon The Wanderer, who stands poised beside the stream of time and communes with himself, receiving the wisdom of God and saying, 'Wherefore is man?' And again, 'Wherefore is man?'

Verily, verily I say to you, how should the farmer, the cooper, the doctor, the shoemaker live if God had not created man?

How should the tailor ply his trade, if God had not implanted shame in the human breast? Or the soldier his, if man had not been equipped with the need for self-destruction?

Therefore, be not afraid . .

Yes, it's all very fine, very wonderful, but the earth's vain.

Even money rots.

So, in conclusion, beloved - let's piss on the crucifix and a Jew will die!

*WOYZECK comes to and runs out.*

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## SCENE THIRTEEN

*The woods beyond.*

WOYZECK:

On and on! For ever! On, on, on!

Stop the music. - Shh.

*(Throws himself down.)* What's that? ..- What's that you say? What're you saying?

. . Stab. . . Stab the she-wolf, dead.

Shall I?

Must I?

- Is it there, too? In the wind even.

*(Stands up.)* It's all round me. Everywhere. Round, round, on and on and on . . .

Stab her. Dead, dead - dead!! *(Runs out.)*

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## SCENE FOURTEEN

The guardroom. ANDRES asleep in a blanket. WOYZECK comes in, shakes him.

WOYZECK:

Andres, Andres! - I can't sleep. Everything starts spinning when I shut my eyes and I hear the fiddles - on and on, round and round. Then it says it again, out of the wall.

Can you hear it?

ANDRES (*mumbles*):

Yes, yes; let th'm dance.

(*Turns over.*) 'Man gets tired. God save us. Amen.

WOYZECK:

Always the same - stab, stab!  
Between my eyes. Like a knife.

ANDRES:

Get to bed, y'fool.

(*Goes back to sleep, WOYZECK goes out.*)

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## SCENE FIFTEEN

*The tavern, late. The DRUM-MAJOR is seated alone at one side. Others grouped carefully away from him. WOYZECK.*

DRUM-MAJOR:

I'm a man! (*Pounds his chest.*)

A man! D' you hear? - Who's looking f'r a fight? If y're not 's pissed 's creeping Jesus keep away from me. I'll ram y'r nose up your arse!

(*To WOYZECK.*) Hey, you, drink up. Everyone has to drink. Drink. I wish the world w's made'v schnapps, me, schnapps - I said, everyone has to drink. You: drink.

WOYZECK *whistles*

You little shit.

I'll rip the tongue from y'r throat and strangle you with it.

*Throws himself on WOYZECK, who takes a bad beating in the ensuing fight. It ends with him on the ground.*

Bastard; rat turd. I'm going to knock the breath out'v you alright. You won't have enough f'r an old woman's fart.

*Jumps on WOYZECK'S back with his knees.*

- Now try and whistle, shit. You c'n whistle y'rself sky-blue f'r all I care.

(*Sings.*) Oh - brandy is the drink for me;

Brandy gives a man spunk!

*Goes for more drink. The crowd feel free to talk.*

2nd JOURNEYMAN:

He's had his bellyful.

MARGARET:

Look, he's bleeding.

WOYZECK *starts to rise, falls again.*

WOYZECK:

One thing after another.



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SCENE SIXTEEN

*Morning, the guardroom. ANDRES with a towel. WOYZECK comes in to him.*

WOYZECK:

Was he in the washroom? Did he say anything?

ANDRES (*dries his face*):

He w's with his mates.

WOYZECK:

What'd he say? What'd he say?

ANDRES:

What's the difference?

What d'you want him to say - a red-hot piece, fantastic, h'r inside's like running butter?

WOYZECK (*cold*):

So that's what he said.

What was I dreaming about last night? A knife, was it?  
Stupid things, dreams.

*Gathers his kit up.*

ANDRES:

Where're you off to?

WOYZECK:

'Fetch my officer's wine.

- But you know, Andres, there was no-one like her.

ANDRES:

Who?

WOYZECK:

Doesn't matter. - 'See you.

*He goes out.*

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## SCENE SEVENTEEN

*The JEW in his shop. WOYZECK enters*

WOYZECK:

Any guns?

JEW:

Maybe.

WOYZECK:

How much?

JEW:

Four crowns, five crowns. How much you got?

WOYZECK:

'S too dear.

JEW:

You buy, you don't buy, Which?

WOYZECK:

How much for a knife?

JEW:

This one?

Lovely straight, this one. - You want to cut your throat with it? So, what's that? I give you cheap -same price as anyone else. Cheap you can have your death; not for nothing. So, what's that? You get death economical.

WOYZECK (*feels*):

It'll cut more th'n bread.

JEW:

Two groschen.

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WOYZECK:

Take it.

*Pushes the money into his hand and goes.*

JEW.

Take it!

Just like that: as if it was nothing. - And it's money, all of it money.

Dog!

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## SCENE EIGHTEEN

MARIE's room. The child is in its crib, MARIE knelt nearby with an open Bible.

MARIE:

' . . Neither was guile found in his mouth.'

*Looks across at the crucifix.*

Don't look at me, Lord.

*She turns to another page.*

'And the scribes and the pharisees brought unto him a woman taken in adultery, and set her in the midst. . And Jesus said unto her, Neither do I condemn thee. Go, and sin no more.'

*Tries to hold her hands together in prayer.*

I can't. - Can't.

Dear God, don't take everything, at least let me pray.

*The child stirs and she comforts him.*

And Franz doesn't come. Yesterday, today. 'Still doesn't come.  
- It gets so hot!

*Goes to the window and opens it, comes back to the Bible. She picks it up and reads where she's standing.*

' . . And she stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet and anointed them with an ointment.'

*Strikes herself on the breast.*

Dead; all dead! -- Oh my Lord, my Lord!  
If only I could anoint your feet.



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## SCENE NINETEEN

*The guardroom. WOYZECK is going through his kitbag, ANDRES watching.*

WOYZECK:

This waistcoat's not standard issue, Andres. You might be able to use it for something.

The cross belongs to my sister, so does the ring. I've got a holy picture somewhere too, a pair of twined hearts - my mother used to keep it in her bible. There's a motto: Christ, as your heart was red and wounded, so let mine be cleft and sundered. She's no feeling left, my mother, only when the sun shines on h'r hands.  
- Doesn't matter.

ANDRES:

'Course.

WOYZECK (*pulls out a sheet of paper*):

'Friedrich Johann Franz Woyzeck. Rifleman. Second Fusiliers Regiment, Second Battalion, Fourth Company. Born on the Feast of The Annunciation -'  
I'm thirty years old. Thirty years, seven months and twelve days.

ANDRES:

You ought to report sick, Franz, you're not right.  
Have a schnapps with powder in it to kill the fever.

WOYZECK:

That's it, Andres.  
When the carpenter collects his shavings for the box, no-one knows whose head'll lie on them.

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## SCENE TWENTY

*The street. MARIE and MARGARET standing by the GRANDMOTHER, seated.*

MARGARET (*sings*):

At Candlemas the sun shines bright,  
The corn stands up to drink the light  
And everywhere, the meadows through,  
The folk come dancing two by two.  
Oh pipers put your best foot first,  
Fiddlers fiddle until you burst  
And kick your red legs in the air -

GRANDMOTHER:

I don't like that one.

MARGARET:

What d'you want then?

GRANDMOTHER:

You sing, Marie.

MARIE:

No.

MARGARET:

Why not?

MARIE:

Because.

MARGARET:

Because what?

MARIE:

Just because.

MARGARET:

All right, Grandma 'll tell us a story.

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GRANDMOTHER:

Sit, sit.

Once upon a time there was a poor little boy who had no father and mother; everything was dead and there was no-one left in the whole world. Everything was quite dead, so he went off, whimpering. All day and all night. And since there was no-one left on earth he decided to go up to heaven where the moon shone down so kind. But when he got to the moon it was a lump of rotten wood. Then he went to the sun, but when he got there it was a withered-up sunflower. And when he got to the stars they were little spangled midges stuck there, like the ones shrieks stick on blackthorns. So he went back to the earth, but the earth was an overturned pot. He was completely alone, and he sat down and cried. He's sitting there still, all alone.

WOYZECK *comes into the street.*

WOYZECK:

Marie!

MARIE (*starts*):

What is it?

WOYZECK:

We've to go, Marie, it's time.

MARIE:

Go where?

WOYZECK:

Does it matter?

*They go down the street.*

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## SCENE TWENTY ONE

*The woods. WOYZECK and MARIE come through them slowly.*

MARIE:

The town's that way. It's dark.

WOYZECK:

Stay a bit. Here, sit down.

MARIE:

I've got to get back.

WOYZECK:

You won't get sore feet from walking. I'll save you that.

MARIE:

What're you on about?

WOYZECK:

D'you know how long it's been, Marie?

MARIE:

Two years this Whitsun.

WOYZECK:

D'you know how long it's going to be?

MARIE:

I've got to go, there's supper to get.

WOYZECK:

Are you cold, Marie?

'Nd yet you're warm! - And you've got hot lips, hot breath, Hot, hot whore's breath! I'd give heav'n to kiss them again though.

When we're really cold, then we don't feel the weather any more. You won't feel the damp in the morning.



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MARIE:

What's that you say?

WOYZECK:

Nothing.

*A silence.*

MARIE:

The moon's up. 'All red.

WOYZECK:

Like blood on iron.

MARIE:

What d'you mean? - Franz, you're so pale.

*He draws the knife.*

No, Franz!

Merciful God. Help! Help!

*He stabs her.*

WOYZECK:

There! There! There!

Why don't you die? - Die, die!!

- Ha, still moving? Even now; even now?

*He holds the head back and cuts her throat.*

Still moving?

*Lets the body fall.*

Now are you dead? Now?

Dead. Dead. Dead.

*He moves away backwards from the body, then turns and runs.*

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## SCENE TWENTY TWO

*The tavern. The same people, dancing. WOYZECK bursts in.*

WOYZECK:

Dance! Dance! Everyone dance! - Sweat, stink, round and round!  
He'll come for you all in the end.

*He joins in the dance and sings.*

My daughter, oh my daughter,  
What were you thinking of -  
Hanging round grooms and coachmen  
And giving them your love?

- So, Margaret, sit down. - I'm hot, hot!  
That's the way it is, the devil takes one and lets the other go. You're hot,  
Margaret. Why's that? You'll be cold, too. Yes, cold.  
You want to be careful!  
- Why don't you sing something?

MARGARET (*sings*):

To the South Land I'll not go,  
I will not wear long dresses, no;  
For dresses long and pointed shoes  
A serving-girl must never choose.

WOYZECK:

No. No shoes. You c'n get to hell without shoes.

MARGARET (*sings*):

Oh no, my love, the girl made moan -  
Keep your money and sleep alone.

WOYZECK:

That's right. I wouldn't want to get myself all bloody.

MARGARET:

What's that then? On your hand!

WOYZECK:

Where?

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MARGARET (*backs away*):

You're all red! - With blood!

WOYZECK:

With blood?

With blood?

*The crowd has gathered.*

1st JOURNEYMAN:

Ai - blood!

WOYZECK:

'Must have cut myself, cut my hand.

2nd JOURNEYMAN:

How'd it get on your elbow then?

WOYZECK:

When I wiped it off.

2nd JOURNEYMAN:

Wipe that hand on that elbow? You'd have t'be a genius.

GRANDMOTHER:

Fee fie fo fum. I smell the blood of a dead wo-man.

WOYZECK:

What d'you want, dammit? What's going on? Give me some room, or else -  
Hell, d'you think I've done someone in? 'Think I'm a murderer? What're you staring  
at? Take a look at yourselves!

*Rushes through them.*

Give me room! Room!

*He runs away.*

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## SCENE TWENTY THREE

*The woods. MARIE's body where it fell. WOYZECK comes through the shadows.*

WOYZECK:

Getting closer. Closer  
This is a strange place. Weird. - What's that?  
Something moving. - Shh. Just there.  
- Marie?

*He moves and stumbles onto the body. It shows bloody in the light.*

Aah!  
Marie.  
- So still. - Everything so still.

*He kneels on one knee by the body. Pulls the trunk up onto him resting her back on his knee, holding her like a child.*

Why're you so pale, Marie?  
What's that red thing round your neck? Is it a necklace?  
Who gave you a necklace to commit sins with him?  
Oh, you were black with them, black.  
Have I made you white again?  
Why's your hair so wild, Marie? - Didn't you comb it today?  
So, I'll tidy it for you. You have to look your best, there'll be people to meet.  
What're all these marks? Look. Here, here. Like bloodstains.  
How did you get them? Have you been fighting, Marie?

*Starts to lift the body.*

You have to get up now, then I can wash you.  
It's not far. Up.

*Stands upright with the body held in front of him.*

There's water here, to wash you. To wash everything away, then you'll be clean. -  
Come to the water.

*Drags her down to the pool side.*



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D'you see the moon, Marie? There's even blood on the moon.  
But you'll be clean.  
Take a step. Then another.  
And another.  
Another.  
-Water, Marie. All the water in the world to wash you.  
Water -

*They disappear into the pool. Silence.*

*The two JOURNEYMEN come by the wood carefully, halt.*

2nd JOURNEYMAN:

What's the matter?

1st JOURNEYMAN:

Can't you hear it? - There.

2nd JOURNEYMAN:

Ei! What a sound!

1st JOURNEYMAN:

'The water, calling. No-one's been drowned for a long time. It's bad luck to hear it. Come on!

2nd JOURNEYMAN:

There! Again. Like a death-cry.

1st JOURNEYMAN:

Uncanny...  
Fog creeping in - Everywhere grey. Beetles whirring like cracked bells.  
- Come on!

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## SCENE TWENTY FOUR

*The morgue. MARIE and WOYZECK'S corpses under sheets. The DOCTOR comes in with his instrument case. Looks at them, then lifts the sheet on MARIE. He indents the body with his finger at various points and sniffs it.*

DOCTOR:

Hmm.

Little decomposition. Minor contusions.

Multiple laceration and perforation to a point - some millimetres forward of the spine. No vertebral displacement. One right side tendon intact.

General pallor, modified rigor; abdominal distension.

Consistent with a prolonged immersion.

*Takes out a large knife and incises the muscle wall.*

Confirmed by comparative absence of blood, fluid or static.

*Kneels up on the slab and takes his saw from the case. Uses it to cut briskly through the rib cage. Lays down the saw, takes up his knife and incises again deeply.*

Non-evidence of water in the lung. Indicative of post-mortem immersion.

'Routine case. - Death by asphyxiation, occasioned by transverse passage of an unknown instrument across the trachea, probably a knife.

Yes: routine, routine.

*Climbs down, imperfectly replacing the sheet on her. Crosses to WOYZECK'S body with his case, exposes the head.*

Ah, Woyzeck.

What a waste! Just when you were really becoming interesting.

No consideration. - If you'd only stopped to think!

You could have been in the asylum now, Woyzeck, visited by all the foremost medical practitioners.

The trouble I took with you. - Waste, waste.

*He pulls the sheet back fully.*

A very poor cadaver.

No exceptional disfigurement; no marks of violence. - Normal decomposition consistent with immersion in water.

Hrnm -

*Punctures the body casually with his knife.*

Presence of same commensurate with death by drowning.

A poor ending, Woyzeck.

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*The CAPTAIN enters portentously.*

CAPTAIN:

A bad business, Doctor.  
These people - Their lives -  
Messy.

DOCTOR:

Putrefaction is the process whereby chemical fats comprising the tissue are rendered to their constituent elements. A disagreeable odour may be discerned.

CAPTAIN:

I knew he'd come to a bad end. - Woyzeck, I said, this dashing about'll do you no good at all. You're only running toward the grave.  
And now he's got there, ahead of time.  
It's a sad world, Doctor, going on the way it does for ever without stopping. - How can it have time to think?!

DOCTOR:

Absence of scientific method, Captain! Proceed empirically. By the use of the empirical faculty I have been able to establish that this woman had her throat cut and this man died by drowning.

CAPTAIN:

Oh, marvellous - marvellous! To work that out from them being found in the lake and her with her head hanging off!

DOCTOR:

Deduction, deduction.  
This corpse has no water in the lung and no blood. - This corpse has water in the lung and blood in a condition of stasis. Observe.

*He incises WOYZECK'S body,*

What's this? Where's the blood? - What have you done with your blood, Woyzeck?

CAPTAIN:

Ha ha! Deduction, my dear ghoul - he's lost it.

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DOCTOR:

I shall report this. It's an affront to medicine.

*Gathers up his instruments and packs them quickly.*

CAPTAIN:

Don't rush off, Doctor. Look here, look what comes of it. - I haven't told you my symptoms yet. This business's upset me dreadfully, I get indigestion -

DOCTOR (*pauses*):

Where's the blood, Woyzeck? What's happened to the blood?

*Goes out urgently.*

CAPTAIN (*follows*):

Doctor! Wait!



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## SCENE TWENTY FIVE

*The woods, ground mist. ANDRES, kneeling, splits sticks. A voice whistles the first line of 'I had a little nut tree', making him look round. He recommences chopping.*

ANDRES:

Wha - ?

*Feels among the sticks, looks at his fingers.*

'Must've cut myself. Cut my hand.

*The second line is whistled, closer. ANDRES hardly hears. He examines his fingers.*

Eh?

*Scrabbles at the sticks. The GRANDMOTHER appears behind him in a cloak and hood.*

Where - ?

*He picks the sticks up tentatively: their undersides are running with gore. It drips. ANDRES drops them, backs away.*

It's coming out 'the ground. - Coming out 'the ground!

*The GRANDMOTHER laughs. He runs off.*

*She walks forward as the mist thickens round her and is then lit red, reflecting on her cataracts. She looks round the wood. The voice whistles 'I had a little nut tree' again, but moving further and further away this time.*

*The GRANDMOTHER nods and moves off slowly as the mist thickens to opacity.*

