

Plays for Young Audiences

A PARTNERSHIP OF SEATTLE CHILDREN'S THEATRE AND CHILDREN'S THEATRE COMPANY-MINNEAPOLIS

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The Tinderbox

By
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From the Story by
Hans Christian Andersen

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Cast

Jonas

Jenny

Christian

The Sergeant

Hans

Bernhard

Mrs Thorgesen

Dr Meisling

Mr Wulff

Monk 1 [Father Collins]

Monk 2 [Brother John]

Monk 3 [Brother Sam]

Three dogs

Ticket Tout.

City folk

Palace guards

The play was written for a cast of 7

Act one. Scene one.

Lights rise on the cast, who are barefoot and poor, in fact they are orphans.

Cast [Sing] Jonas, Jonas, Jonas, Jonas.

A baby descends from the heavens and one of them catches it.

Cast Where are his parents?

Cast Lost and gone before.

Cast Before what?

Cast Before time.

Cast Poor little mite.

Cast Looks unwell.

Cast Very unwell.

Cast No chance for this one.

Cast No chance at all.

Cast [Sing]
Jonas the infant, a baby in arms
No one to love him or keep him from harm
Light as a feather, lost and alone
Jonas the infant, all skin and bone.

Cast Look

The cast sees a small light that is seeking a home, which eventually plops into Jonas' mouth.

Cast [Sing]
Jonas the infant, silent he lay
Breathing his last one winter day
When down came a light from somewhere on high

Fell into his mouth
He stared to-

Jonas Cries.

Cast A miracle.

Cast A blessing.

Cast Welcome to the world little one.

Cast *[Sing]*
Jonas the infant grows into a boy

The baby is replaced by a rough puppet boy.

Never had parents, or even a toy.
When he was seven he went to Odense
The orphanage there is small-but immense.

Cast Now Time is a river-it passes us by

The rough puppet boy is replaced by the live actor.

Cast Jonas feels awkward and doesn't know why,
So down by the river he sits with a sigh .
And sings to himself as the water runs by.

A summer evening. Jonas fishes.

Jonas Ipsy dipsy nonsense, nothing else to say
Got a spot on my nose, that won't go away
A hair on my chin ,beneath a silly grin
Ipsy dipsy nonsense, put it in the bin

Cast Last day of school Jonas.

Jonas I know.

Cast What are you going to do?

Jonas I don't know.

Cast Where will you go?

Jonas I don't know.

Cast Don't know much do you?

Jonas No. YES.
I love someone, but I won't speak
Can't find the words, though I searched all week.
If birds were words I wonder what they'd say
Ipsy dipsy nonsense and then fly away.

As he sits and fishes a woman comes and sits next to him. Jonas is unaware of her presence. She puts on a mask thus becoming the witch of the story, when she does this she becomes visible to Jonas. [see notes.] She has large lower lip. She turns and stares at him at which point he turns, sees her and yells in fright.

Jonas You gave me a fright. Whoa- you've got an enormous normous lower lip.

Woman Good evening, Jonas.

Jonas Oh, you know me?

Woman I've often been here Jonas, though you may not have seen me. You sing to yourself and I have learned some things about you.

Jonas Oh? Like what?

Woman You have no mother or father.

Jonas So?

Woman You get into trouble at school.

Jonas I don't mean to, it just happens- a lot.

Woman And you're in love.

Jonas I'm not. I'm not. Well what if I am? And what do you want? You and your big lip.

Woman I need someone to help me. You Jonas.

Jonas Why me?

Woman You're special Jonas.

Jonas Nah-I'm just an orphan who can't spell his own name. That's why Master Swinecheek gave me this badge-cos I'm an idiot, 'a dreamer, a fool', but I don't have to worry about him no more. *[He throws his badge into the water.]* He's gone.

Woman School doesn't suit everyone.

Jonas No. How come you know so much?

Woman I'm a witch.

Jonas Oh. *[He moves gently away]* What kind of witch?

Woman The kind who needs your help.

Jonas Well, I will always help a body if I can.

Woman Even a witch?

Jonas Suppose. If she means no harm. Trouble is I'm busy. I'm waiting for Jenny. She's an orphan too.

Woman Then we must hurry. I've lost something of great irnportance. You can fetch it for me.

Jonas What is it?

Woman A tinderbox.

Jonas If it's a fire you need I can light one without a tinderbox. I'm good at starting fires. [*He grimaces*] Ask the school.

Woman No Jonas, its the tinderbox I need.

Jonas But I'm waiting for Jenny you see. [Pause] The Orphans of Odense, that's what they call us, me and Jen. Where is it then?

Woman At the bottom of this tree, but I must warn you Jonas, there is some danger involved.

Jonas Oh danger, I'm not scared of a bit of danger.

Woman Yes you are.

Jonas I know I am. But if there's danger there must be some reward too?

Woman Oh yes- a reward beyond your deepest dreams.

Jonas Down this tree you say?

Woman The trunk of the tree is hollow and leads to a large chamber beneath the roots. There you'll find the tinderbox.

Jonas tries to look down the hole in the tree.

Jonas What kind of danger, and what kind of reward?

Jenny enters and the woman vanishes.

Jenny What on earth are you doing?

Jonas [*Jonas jumps back startled.*] What have you done with her?

Jenny Who?

Jonas The woman. There was a woman, just here- just now.

Jenny No Jonas, there's no one here.

Jonas Hello? Hello? She was here. Standing where you are now. There-
no- there.

Jenny I saw no one. What did she look like?

Jonas She had an enormous normous lower lip. Like a drawer.

Jenny A drawer?

Jonas Sticking out from a cupboard.

Jenny You're dreaming again Jonas. You know what you're like,
dreaming, fishing, dreaming, fishing.

Jonas Didn't seem like a dream-but perhaps--it was--if you say so.

Jenny I've brought some grub.

Jonas Where'd you get all this from? [*She lays out a cloth*] A cloth an' all.

Jenny So, here we are, the last day of school. I wonder what will become
of us? Tomorrow night we shall not even have a bed to lie in.

Jonas Never liked school beds anyhow. I'd rather sleep in a hedge.

Jenny I'd rather sleep in a palace..Oh Jonas-last night I dreamt that I sang
on a great stage in Copenhagen-and when I fished singing the
people roared my name and gave me flowers- so many flowers I
thought I would drown in them.

Jonas Dreaming-singing- dreaming. No one on earth has ever sung more
sweet than you.

Jenny [*She laughs coarsely, disbelieving*] Don't be stupid.

Jonas I'm not. Because I'm not stupid- am I?

Jenny No- you're just.

Jonas What?

Jenny Different. [*Silence*]

Jonas Jenny you have food here fit for a king. And three of everything. Three knives, three spoons...

Jenny Christian is coming. I said we were going to celebrate the last day of school, so--you don't mind do you?

Jonas No, no.

Jenny Good. I like Christian. He's fun.

Jonas But there was something- I had been wanting--hoping ,like-- to say- to tell you.

Jenny Oh? What is it?

Jonas But if Christian were to arrive, sudden like, in the middle of my saying--

Jenny Then say it now, before he comes- just say it--

Jonas Yes--- [*Silence*]

Jenny Jonas?

Jonas I had the words, I had them-

Jenny Don't panic so.

Jonas But now my head's an empty box. What good are words anyhow, surely you must know what I'm trying to express?

Jenny I assure you, I do not.

Christian [*Off.*] Hello.

Jonas It's too late now--

Jenny Tell me later-can't be that difficult.

Enter Christian.

Christian There you are. This place is the devil to find-- but charming-no wonder you kept it secret Jonas. Caught anything?

Jonas *[Pulls in his line]* My idiot badge.

Christian Seems like you can't get rid of it-Eh Jonas?

Jenny Here Jonas. I have one too.

Jonas You?

Jenny Master Swinecheek didn't like my singing. Gave him a headache.

Jonas Then he's the idiot.

Christian *[Christian reads the nametags]* Ah, Jonas and Jenny--how sweet.

Jenny Master Swinecheek never gave you one did he-his favourite pupil.

Christian Wrong- *[He pulls out an idiot badge with his name on it.]*

Jenny What for? Were you wicked? I bet you were an' all.

Christian Remember the day Jonas set fire to the school.

Jonas I was cold that's all.

Christian Exactly- an accident. I told Swinecheek the same- and he struck me once across the face and gave me this badge to wear. Whatever made him hate you so Jonas?

Jonas I don't know.

Jenny Let's get rid of them now-for ever. After three. One

Christian Two.

Jonas Three.

Music. In slow motion they throw the badges into the stream.

Jenny How strange.

Christian We're free.

Jenny To go where we want, do as we please.

Christian Well my good friends, [He pulls out a bottle from his jacket.] Let's drink shall we?

Jenny Yes, let's drink.

Christian To a new beginning.

Jenny Far from this boring-

Christian Grubby-

Jenny Mean little town, with its mean little orphanage.

Christian And Jonas, if in all those years I ever said anything to you that was less than kind, I'm sorry.

Jonas Tis all forgot Christian, all forgot.

Jenny Well said, well said---- both.

Christian Friends then- forever.

Jenny Forever. Let's eat- lots.

Christian There are only two chicken legs. [*He takes a bite*]

Jenny Well of course. What kind of chicken has three legs? You have it Jonas.

Jonas No you have it.

Jenny You're a gentleman. [*She picks up a chicken leg and challenges Christian with the a chicken leg as a weapon.*] But you sir, are not. En Guard croque monsieur.

Christian Touche Madame Poulet.

Jenny And, and, and, Sur le pont D'avignon.

They fight a mock duel and Jenny dies operatically singing as she falls.

Christian What a glamorous death. Jonas won't you avenge her?

Jonas picks up a stick and Christian does the same and they fence. It quickly becomes competitive.

Christian My word Jonas- you're a natural swordsman. [*Christian attacks Jonas who easily defends himself then gets a touch carried away, striking Christian.*] Ah-that hurt.

Jenny Your arm, it's bleeding. Oh Jonas—

Jonas I didn't mean to.

Christian No matter- I shall run him through till he is holier than a monk.

Jenny No stop. [*They continue*] Stop. Its time to eat. Some more.

Christian Eat? Jenny, all you ever do is eat. [*He attacks Jonas who again strikes him, Christian cries out in pain*]

Jenny Jonas! I'm not going to watch this- it's stupid. I'm going for a walk.

Jonas Jenny?

Jenny Alone.

Exit Jenny- Jonas turns to watch her go and Christian leaps on his back.

Christian Idiot. [*Jonas tries to get him off- but he hangs on for dear life. Eventually they collapse in a heap, laughing.*] Ah Jonas-all that fighting's made me hungry.

Jonas Me too.

Christian Poor Jenny, takes everything so seriously. Especially eating. One day she'll be as round as the moon.

Jonas Her early years were hungry ones I suppose- and now she will make amends. [*They eat as friends*]

Christian Why didn't you fight like that at school?

Jonas [*Shrugs*] I could have hurt someone.

Christian But the bullies would have let you alone- idiot. What are you going to do, Jonas, now the world is yours?

Jonas I haven't thought much, beyond today. Of course, I'll make my fortune-and stuff--And you?

Christian My father has entered 'politics'. He wants me to follow in his footsteps.

Jonas Still-it is good to have a path to follow, and someone to be sure of. There's only one person in the world I am sure of.

Christian Oh?

Jonas Sometimes I feel her name must be scratched on my forehead- for I think of her constantly.

Christian I don't know who you mean.

Jonas Yes you do. I've known Jenny since I was six-and that makes it difficult to say what I--. Besides you know what a clod I am with words.

Christian What is it you want to say?

Jonas Everything- and one thing, and I need to tell her because it's just, like, burning me up inside. And every time I try to tell her I start mumbling and stumbling and I become --

Christian An idiot.

Jonas Yes.

Christian But what is it- you want to say?

Jonas That I love her. That I always have and whatever happens in our lives, I always will- love her. But when it comes to saying it- to her- I start mumbling and stumbling. But you Christian have always been so good with words- even French ones, and I thought- perhaps...

Christian What?

Jonas You could tell her. Tell her my words as clearly, as plainly as I told you. Tell her that I love her.

Christian I'm to play the role of the 'messenger' in your great romance?

Jonas No, no. Tis no romance-as such. I- I just want her to know- to understand because who knows where life will take us from this moment-and if I had not said what I-ah. Help me Christian. Please.

Christian Alright, alright. So you go -hide- and if she calls your name don't, and I mean don't come rushing back. Stay hidden and I'll call you when it's done.

Jonas Thank you Christian. But be mindful of my words- exact words-

Christian Yes, yes. Go go.

Exit Jonas, for a moment Christian is alone.

Christian Rehearsal. 'I love you. I have always loved you and whatever happens in our lives, I always will- love you.' Sorry-try again. [In a

French accent.] 'I love you-and I always will love you and what ever happens, in our lives I always will -love you.' Ha. No-again, ' I love you. I have always loved you and whatever happens-.'No, it's not possible to say such a thing. It's too ridiculous-for words. There must be other words. [*Enter Jenny*] Nice walk?

Jenny Not really. Where's Jonas? What? Why do you look so glum?
Christian?

Christian He's gone.

Jenny Gone? Where?

Christian To seek his fortune.

Jenny Is this one of your games?

Christian No, he's gone. Truly.

Jenny I don't understand you. Where has he gone?

Christian Home. Wherever home is for a boy who has nothing in the world, no money, nor hope of money, no path to follow and no one to be sure of. He's gone, to seek his fortune.

Jenny Don't be ridiculous Jonas wouldn't just leave- there were things-- he just wouldn't... Jonas! Jonas!

Christian It's no good. He can't hear you. He did leave a message, of a kind, - you know what a clod he is with words, but his message was simple enough.

Jenny What message?

Christian It'll give me no pleasure...

Jenny Say it. Christian?

Christian He wishes you to know that while you are of course, of course, his best friend in the whole world that he does not love you -as such-

and he believes he may have led you to think otherwise, for which he's sorry- so very sorry. Being Jonas- he was embarrassed beyond all reason. I begged him to stay and say goodbye but he could not, he just ran off, red in the face. You look dismayed.

Jenny No-no. Of course not. Don't be silly. Why should I be? I should have known. He did tell me there was something--he wanted-- to express.

Christian But he couldn't find the words.

Jenny Such a simpleton.

Christian With a kind heart nonetheless.

Jenny Oh yes. [*Almost in tears she starts to pack away the picnic.*] He didn't say where he was going? I've known him since I was six- I can't understand- I-. Surely he would have said goodbye.

Christian Goodbyes are sophisticated things. Perhaps he's done what he thinks best for you. He has nothing to give, but you, you have a voice that should be heard across all the world.

Jenny You believe so?

Christian Tomorrow I'm leaving for Copenhagen. Come with me. There's nothing for you here. My father will welcome us with open arms, and there's a great theatre in the city, you are destined for it.

Jenny Jonas! Jonas.

Christian I tell you-he's gone.

Jenny Then I will go as well .With you, Christian. With you. [*Exit*]

Christian Jonas. [*Enter Jonas*]

Jonas Did you give her the message?

Christian Word for word.

Jonas Where is she then?

Christian Ah. Listen to me Jonas and be strong. When she heard your message- she was... dismayed.

Jonas Dismayed?

Christian You took her by surprise-such a-a declaration of love. She didn't know where to put herself. She ran off. She's gone Jonas.

Jonas Gone? Where to?

Christian Don't take it too hard. I'm a little older than you, so I understand, and your own dismay will pass, I promise.

Jonas But I- she wouldn't just leave. I've known her since-

Christian Since you were six. She did leave a message.

Jonas What message?

Christian It will give me no pleasure...

Jonas Say it. Christian?

Christian She asked me to tell you-that she likes you-of course she likes you but does not share your deeper feelings and didn't wish to crush you - with a refusal.

Jonas A refusal--of what? I can't understand, I asked nothing of her. Which way did she go? Jenny.

Christian Jonas-she begs you not to follow.

Jonas Jenny?

Christian Don't be a fool Jonas. You and she shared so much together-Jonas and Jenny, the Orphans of Odense. It couldn't last Jonas. Nothing does. Don't be too upset.

Jonas But I am upset-I - I have never felt so terrible. I feel sick-I feel...

Christian If you love her Jonas, as you say-then let her go. She has so much to give the world and you have-what? Not even a path to follow.

Jonas And that is why she left, because I have nothing?

Christian Jonas?

Jonas One day Christian, I will be rich, beyond my deepest dreams.

Forlorn he goes and sits by the stream and is so lost in his own thoughts that he does not hear the Sergeant, Bernhard and Hans enter. Hans is beating a drum rather badly. Christian tries to leave but is met by Bernhard.

Sergeant Good evening young sir.

Christian Sergeant.

Sergeant That's what I am, a sergeant on the King's business. We're on our way to the Orphanage of Odense- to see what fodder can be found.

Christian You're recruiting?

Sergeant Swift in thought as well as leg. We'll make an officer of you. What's the matter son don't you love your country?

Christian Of course-that's why I'm off to Copenhagen to join my father.

Sergeant Strange father that sends his son to an orphanage.

Thinking that Christian is lying he indicates for him to be held.

Christian My father has more important work to do than raise children. He is an advisor to the king and if I were to be forced to join the army-against my will someone would hang for it. You sergeant will hang for it.

Sergeant *[The Sergeant indicates that he should be released]* A delicate business-
this recruiting- as you can see. *[One of the recruits, Hans, has a black
eye. The Sergeant nods towards Jonas]* What's his problem?

Christian A broken heart.

Sergeant Does he have a father in politics?

Christian Jonas? No-he has no father anywhere.
Sergeant An orphan with a broken heart. Ah me. *[He sits down next to Jonas.
Christian is freed and exits.]* It's usually the fish what have down
turned mouths.

Jonas I'm upset.

Sergeant I would suggest that you was upset by a young lady.

Jonas How did you know that?

Sergeant It's my trade son.

Jonas *[Jonas looks at his red coat]* You're in the army?

Sergeant I was born in the barrel son. And what a life it is. An adventure. I
can tell you never had no father neither-to teach you how to fish. I
could teach you how to fish-cos that's what I am, a fisher of men.
There's one I caught earlier. *[Jonas looks over and Hans who waves
back.]*

Jonas Where's Christian?

Sergeant He's gone, and good riddance. I can give you a thousand brothers
more loyal than he. Five Rixdollars a month and a shiny new red
coat. What say you to a life in the army- my son?

Jonas I don't know. I've only just left school.

Sergeant Do you love your country?

Jonas Yes. I do.

Sergeant I know you do. And I shall give you the chance to express that love.
In return, your country will love you. What more could a boy
desire?

Jonas A soldier then, that's what'll I be.

Sergeant Good lad- Bernhard, Hans! Stick close to me son and you'll come to
less harm than some others have. Drummer boy- Drum.

The drums mark their exit- the drums continue off as the woman \ witch approaches the stream.
She pulls up the fishing line; all three nametags hang there. She takes the tags and slowly exits
as the soldiers reenter.

Act Two. Scene One.

Cast *[Sing]* Jonas the soldier wears a shiny red coat.
Buttons so brave right up to his throat.
A boy among men, straight into the line
Jonas the soldier marching in time.

Sergeant One two three four

Jonas the soldier a happy recruit
He learns how to swear but not how to shoot.
A boy among men straight into the line
Jonas the soldier marching in time

The soldiers march. Towards the front.

Jonas Where are we going sir?

Sergeant We're going to the wars Jonas.

Jonas And where are the wars sir?

Sergeant The wars Jonas are always just around the corner. [*As a body of soldiers they turn the corner.*] There we are, the wars. [*There is a loud explosion, all duck except the sergeant.*] What did I tell you, an adventure. Are you scared Jonas?

Jonas [*Nods*]

Sergeant Then sing. It'll calm your nerves.

Jonas Sing?

Song We're marching off to war
That's what our feet are for
And when we die
To hell we'll fly
Because our soles are sore.

The shots get louder. A soldier next to Jonas is shot and wheels away.

Jonas Perhaps I could have a rifle now-sir?

Sergeant There'll be one available soon. [*A shot rings out, another soldier is shot and as his dying act he gives Jonas his rifle-he wheels away.*] There we are, a rifle.

Jonas And who is the war against sir?

Sergeant That's politics and need not concern you. But for your peace of mind-they're the ones in blue. Halt! Kneel-take aim fire! [*A plume of smoke fills the stage-*] Reload- take aim-fire. You're a fine shot Jonas-a natural.

Jonas Thank you Sergeant.

Sergeant Advance.

Jonas But surely we two can't advance alone?

Sergeant Don't fret Jonas, more recruits are being sent up the line now. I said now! [*The line of soldiers is reconstructed*]

The song is repeated and the marching, shooting and dying becomes a surreal ballet, until the drums reach a climax, then lights and drums begin to fade, to darkness.

A campfire: three years later

Hans Hey Jonas-look at this? There's another picture of you in the paper.

Bernhard A picture lets see. Ah you look so handsome Jonas.

Hans How could they get it so wrong? *[Bernhard laughs and Jonas smiles]*
Jonas-the hero at the bridge.

Bern Read on read on.

Hans Jonas stood alone on the bridge -Ha-alone? You see this scar.

Bern It's a newspaper Hans.

Hans 'He stood before the enemy and cried out, 'You shall not pass. In a
terrible voice.'

Bern 'You shall not pass. You shall not pass'

Hans What was that?

Bern That was a terrible voice. *[Jonas laughs]*

Hans 'The enemy mocked him for a fool and swarmed across the narrow
bridge. The hero stood his ground, drew his sword' Swish swish.
[Bitterly] You're a hero Jonas.

Jonas How's your leg Bernhard?

Bern Gone green.

Jonas You need a surgeon.

Bern The surgeon's dead.

Jonas I'll find you a surgeon

Bern You're a good friend Jonas.

Hans And a hero. The saviour of Denmark. I myself can see nothing special in you. Your not brave, you're just too stupid to be scared. Well let's see here and now who is the bravest-

Bern Hans?

Jonas It's alright Bernhard.

Hans Its not alright-haven't you noticed, every battle we fight it's our company in the front line? Why? Because this fool is always the first to obey an order- Advance-he goes- Retreat he comes back- he hasn't got a single thought of his own in his head. And for that he's a hero.

Bern Jonas didn't give the orders or write the paper-its not his— [*He cries out in pain.*]

Hans Fight me Jonas, here, now.

Jonas Why Hans? [*Hans grabs Jonas violently*]

Bernhard No!

Hans You have killed men Jonas. You understand what you've done?

Jonas I know it Hans.

Hans And I have done it too. You are no better than me- no better.

Jonas I know that too. I never thought it--and I've been as scared as anyone.

Hans Then why aren't you a broken man, as I am broken. Who are you Jonas, to stay so-- are you a simpleton? Only a simpleton could have no hate in them. It isn't natural.

Jonas We are soldiers Hans- in a war. That's enough to bear.

This simplicity enrages Hans who makes to strike Jonas-who does not flinch. At the last minute Hans stops and hugs Jonas, and weeps on his shoulder.

Jonas You know Hans-when I read the paper all the words go flying round the page and end up front to back. It's very strange-the letters come loose from the words and make new words that make no sense, no sense at all, like this war. That's why I was no good at school. I couldn't read. But I learnt things. Indeed I did.

He takes the paper folds it and with a pair of scissors cuts out a shape. His movements are deft and when he finishes he produces, a cut out picture. They laugh.

Hans Jonas, you you remind me of someone. Someone I used to know.

Jonas Who was that Hans?

Hans I can't remember his name- it was long ago.

A moment's silence-then they sing a lovely song.

Now the sun is slowly falling
On the lands far to the west
Where the folk sit fair in glory
And laughter knows no rest.

It's a place I often dreamed of
As a child so long ago
When I reach it in the morning
I'll say farewell and wave hello.

Sergeant [*Enter the Sergeant*] Lads.

Lads Sergeant.

Sergeant *[He sniffs the air.]* What's that?

Hans It's bacon.

Sergeant Bacon? What a life you lead. It almost breaks my heart to tell you the bad news.

Bern What news?

Sergeant The war-the war is over. *[Slowly the men take this in and embrace.]* But the good news is-they're cooking up another one for next spring-if anyone cares to stay, though I can't guarantee pay. Hans?

Hans I have three daughters I've never seen.

Sergeant Be off home then.

Hans Goodbye Jonas-it seems I have survived your foolishness. Forgive my anger?

Jonas Tis all forgot.

Bernard Well said-both.

Jonas Farewell Hans and live long. *[Exit Hans]*

Sergeant Bernhard?

Bern Its no good-sergeant- my legs killing me.

Sergeant Jonas- you- you of all my boys won't leave me. I never had one as good as you. We can go recruiting hey? I had a box of fine red coqts arrive this morning. Fine red coats.

Jonas I must head towards the city.

Sergeant Why? What's for you there?

Jonas I'm going to take Bernhard with me - find him a surgeon.

Sergeant Don't be a fool-Bernhard is halfway to Kingdom Come.

Bernhard He's right Jonas.

Sergeant Stay in the army. It's safer than the outside world by a long mark. If its responsibility you want you can be a corporal.

Jonas It's time for me to go Sergeant-see my fortune.

Sergeant *[Bitterly]* Then go. Go. *[Jonas offers his hand for the sergeant to shake but he refuses]* Farewell fool. *[Exit.]*

Bernhard Gawd I hated him.

They laugh. Jonas carries Bernhard, and sings as he walks. The scene changes around them. A tree, a stream. Lights rise to morning.