

Woyzeck by Georg Buchner

Scene 5

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

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.

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, I 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.