



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

DRAMA

0411/12/T/PRE

Paper 1 Set Text

May/June 2012

PRE-RELEASE MATERIAL

To be given to candidates on receipt by the Centre.



READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

The questions in Paper 1 will be based on the three stimuli and on the extract from Friedrich Dürrenmatt's play *The Physicists* provided in this booklet.

You may do any preparatory work that is considered appropriate. It is recommended that you perform the extract, at least informally.

You will **not** be permitted to take this copy of the text **or** any other notes or preparation into the examination. A clean copy of the text will be provided with the Question Paper.

This document consists of **22** printed pages and **2** blank pages.



STIMULI

You are required to produce a short piece of drama on each stimulus in preparation for your written examination. Questions will be asked on **each** of the stimuli and will cover both practical and theoretical issues.

- 1 The pen is mightier than the sword
- 2 A matter of judgement
- 3 Jump for joy!

EXTRACT

Taken from *The Physicists* by Friedrich Dürrenmatt

These notes are intended to help you understand the context of the drama.

Friedrich Dürrenmatt's play *The Physicists* was originally written in German and first performed in Switzerland in 1962.

The play is a dark comic satire about life in modern times. The world's greatest physicist, Johann Wilhelm Möbius, is in a madhouse, haunted by recurring visions of King Solomon, a character in the Bible. Möbius is kept company by two other equally deluded scientists: one who thinks he is Albert Einstein, another who believes he is Sir Isaac Newton.

It soon becomes evident, however, that these three are not as harmlessly mad as they appear. It is debatable whether they are really mad, or whether they are playing some murderous game. Added to this treacherous combination of scientists is the world-renowned psychiatrist in charge, the hunchbacked Mathilde von Zahnd.

With dark penetrating humour, *The Physicists* questions whether it is the mad who are the *truly* insane.

The extract consists of an abridged version of Act One.

Characters

Fräulein Doktor Mathilde von Zahnd
Marta Boll
Monika Stettler

Psychiatrist
Head Nurse
Nurse

Herbert Georg Beutler ("Newton")
Ernst Heinrich Ernesti ("Einstein")
Johann Wilhelm Möbius

Patient
Patient
Patient

Oskar Rose
Frau Lina Rose

A Missionary
His Wife

Adolf-Friedrich }
Wilfried-Kaspar }
Jörg-Lukas }

Sons of Frau Rose from her marriage to
Johann Wilhelm Möbius

Richard Voss

Inspector of Police

Guhl
Blocher

Policeman
Policeman

ACT ONE

The drawing room of a comfortable though some what dilapidated "villa" belonging to the private sanatorium known as "Les Cerisiers." Surroundings: in the immediate neighborhood, an unspoiled lakeside which gradually deteriorates into a built-up area and then into a medium-sized or even smaller town.

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We never leave the drawing room of the "villa" where once all the patients of the establishment's founder, FRÄULEIN DOKTOR MATHILDE VON ZAHND, were housed.

But now the distinguished but not always very pleasant patients have been transferred long since to the elegant, light, and airy new building, where for terrific fees even the most disastrous past experiences are turned into blissful memories.

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Now only three patients at the very most occupy the drawing room of the sparsely inhabited "villa": as it happens, they are all three physicists. They live for themselves, each one wrapped in the cocoon of his own little world of the imagination; they take their meals together in the drawing room, from time to time discuss scientific matters or just sit gazing dully before them — harmless, lovable lunatics, amenable, easily handled and unassuming. In fact, they would be model patients were it not that certain serious, nay, hideous events have recently taken place: three months ago, one of them throttled a nurse, and now the very same thing has just happened again. So once more the police are back in the house and the drawing room is more than usually animated.

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The dead nurse is lying on the parquet floor in a tragic and quite unmistakable attitude, somewhat in the background, so as not to distress the public too much. But it is impossible not to see that a struggle has taken place. The furniture is in great disorder. A standard lamp and two chairs have been knocked over, and downstage left a round table has been overturned so that it presents only its legs to the spectator.

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Apart from all this, the transformation into an asylum has left painful traces on the salon. (The villa was once the Zahnd summer residence.) The walls have been covered to a height of six feet with hygienic, washable, glossy paint: above this, the original decorative plaster emerges. The three doors in the background, which lead from a small hall into the physicists' sick rooms, are upholstered with black leather. Moreover, they are numbered from one to three. To the left of the little hall is an ugly central-heating unit; to the right there is a washbasin with towels on a rail.

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The sound of a violin, with piano accompaniment, comes from Room Number 2 (the middle room). Beethoven. Kreutzer Sonata. To the left is the wall overlooking the park, with very high windows that reach right down to the linoleum-covered parquet floor. Heavy curtains hang to right and left of the high windows. The glass doors lead on to a terrace, whose stone balustrade is silhouetted against the green of the park and the relatively sunny November light. It is a little after half past four in the afternoon. To the right, over a fireplace which is

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never used and is covered by a wire guard, there hangs a portrait of an old man with a pointed beard, enclosed in a heavy, gilded frame. Downstage right, a massive oak door. A ponderous chandelier is suspended from the ceiling.

Furniture: beside the round table there stand — when the room is in order — three chairs, all painted white like the table. The remaining furniture, with well-worn upholstery, belongs to various periods. Downstage right, a sofa and a small table flanked by two easy chairs. The standard lamp should really be behind the sofa, when the room should not appear overcrowded. We can begin.

Police officials in plain clothes are busied round the corpse: stolid, good-natured fellows who have already downed a glass or two of white wine: their breaths smell of it. In the center of the drawing room stands the INSPECTOR OF POLICE, RICHARD VOSS, wearing coat and hat; on the left is the head nurse, MARTA BOLL, looking as resolute as she really is. In the armchair on the far right sits a policeman taking everything down in shorthand. The inspector takes a cigar out of a brown leather cigar case.

- INSPECTOR:* All right if I smoke?
SISTER BOLL: It's not usual. 75
INSPECTOR: I beg your pardon. [*He puts the cigar back in the case.*]
SISTER BOLL: A cup of tea?
INSPECTOR: No brandy?
SISTER BOLL: You're in a medical establishment.
INSPECTOR: Then nothing. Blocher, you can take the photographs now. 80
BLOCHER: Yes, sir. [*He begins taking photographs. Flashes.*]
INSPECTOR: What was the nurse's name?
SISTER BOLL: Irene Straub.
INSPECTOR: Age?
SISTER BOLL: Twenty-two. From Kohlwang. 85
INSPECTOR: Relatives?
SISTER BOLL: A brother in Liechtenstein.
INSPECTOR: Informed?
SISTER BOLL: By telephone.
INSPECTOR: The murderer? 90
SISTER BOLL: Please, Inspector — the poor man's ill, you know.
INSPECTOR: Well, the assailant?
SISTER BOLL: Ernst Heinrich Ernesti. We call him Einstein.
INSPECTOR: Why?
SISTER BOLL: Because he thinks he is Einstein. 95
INSPECTOR [*turns to the police note-taker*]: Have you got the statement down, Guhl?
GUHL: Yes, sir.
INSPECTOR: Strangled, doctor?
POLICE DOCTOR: Quite definitely. With the flex of the standard lamp. These madmen often have gigantic reserves of strength. It's phenomenal. 100
INSPECTOR: Oh. Is that so? In that case I consider it most irresponsible to leave these madmen in the care of female nurses. This is the second murder — 105
SISTER BOLL: Please, Inspector

INSPECTOR:	— the second accident within three months in the medical establishment known as Les Cerisiers. [<i>He takes out a notebook.</i>] On the twelfth of August a certain Herbert Georg Beutler, who believes himself to be the great physicist Sir Isaac Newton, strangled Dorothea Moser, a nurse. [<i>He puts the notebook back.</i>] And in this very room. If they'd had male attendants such a thing would never have happened.	
SISTER BOLL:	Do you really think so?	
INSPECTOR:	I do.	115
SISTER BOLL:	Nurse Moser was a member of the League of Lady Wrestlers and Nurse Straub was District Champion of the National Judo Association.	
INSPECTOR:	And what about you?	
SISTER BOLL:	Weight-lifter.	120
INSPECTOR:	Now I'd like to see the murderer.	
SISTER BOLL:	Please, Inspector.	
INSPECTOR:	I mean — the assailant.	
SISTER BOLL:	He's playing his fiddle.	
INSPECTOR:	Doing what?	125
SISTER BOLL:	Can't you hear him?	
INSPECTOR:	Then kindly request him to stop. [SISTER BOLL <i>does not react.</i>] I have to ask him some questions.	
SISTER BOLL:	Definitely not.	130
INSPECTOR:	And why not?	
SISTER BOLL:	We cannot allow it, on medical grounds. Herr Ernesti has to play his fiddle, and play it now.	
INSPECTOR:	But damn it, the man's just strangled a nurse!	
SISTER BOLL:	Inspector. He's not just any man, but a sick man who needs calming down. And because he thinks he is Einstein he can only calm down when he's playing the fiddle.	135
INSPECTOR:	Can I be going mad?	
SISTER BOLL:	No.	
INSPECTOR:	I'm getting confused. [<i>He wipes the sweat from his forehead.</i>] Warm in here.	140
SISTER BOLL:	I don't think so.	
INSPECTOR:	Sister Boll. Kindly fetch the doctor in charge.	
SISTER BOLL:	Quite out of the question. The Fräulein Doktor is accompanying Einstein on the piano. Einstein can only calm down when the Fräulein Doktor plays his accompaniments.	145
INSPECTOR:	And three months ago the Fräulein Doktor had to play chess with Sir Isaac Newton, to calm <i>him</i> down. We can't have any more of this, Sister. I simply must speak to the doctor in charge.	150
SISTER BOLL:	Certainly —	
INSPECTOR:	Thank you.	
SISTER BOLL:	— but you'll have to wait.	
INSPECTOR:	How long's this fiddling going to last?	
SISTER BOLL:	Fifteen minutes, an hour. It all depends. [<i>The INSPECTOR controls his impatience.</i>]	155
INSPECTOR:	Very well, I'll wait. [<i>He roars:</i>] I'll wait!	
BLOCHER:	We're just about finished, sir.	
INSPECTOR:	So am I. [<i>Silence. The INSPECTOR wipes his forehead.</i>] You can take away the body.	160
BLOCHER:	Very well, sir.	
SISTER BOLL:	I'll show them the way through the park to the chapel.	

[She opens the French windows. The body is carried out. Equipment also. The INSPECTOR takes off his hat and sinks exhaustedly into the easy chair to the left of the sofa. The fiddling continues, with piano accompaniment. Then out of Room Number 3 comes HERBERT GEORG BEUTLER in early eighteenth-century costume. He wears a full-bottomed wig.]

NEWTON:	Sir Isaac Newton.	170
INSPECTOR:	Inspector Richard Voss. [He remains seated.]	
NEWTON:	I'm so glad. Really very glad. Truly. I heard a noise in here, groans and gurglings, and then people coming and going. May I inquire just what has been going on?	
INSPECTOR:	Nurse Straub was strangled.	175
NEWTON:	The District Champion of the National Judo Association?	
INSPECTOR:	The District Champion.	
NEWTON:	Gruesome.	
INSPECTOR:	By Ernst Heinrich Ernesti.	
NEWTON:	But he's playing his fiddle.	180
INSPECTOR:	He has to calm himself down.	
NEWTON:	The tussle must have taken it out of him. He's rather highly strung, poor boy. How did he — ?	
INSPECTOR:	With the cord of the standard lamp.	
NEWTON:	With the cord of the standard lamp. Yes. That's another possibility. Poor Ernesti. I'm sorry for him. Truly sorry. And I'm sorry for the Ladies' Judo Champion too. Now you'll have to excuse me. I must put things straight.	185
INSPECTOR:	Do. We've got everything we want.	
	[NEWTON rights the table and chairs.]	190
NEWTON:	I simply can't stand disorder. Really it was my love of order that made me become a physicist — [He rights the standard lamp.] — to interpret the apparent disorder of Nature in the light of a more sublime order. [He lights a cigarette.] Will it disturb you if I smoke?	195
INSPECTOR:	On the contrary, I was just thinking, ... [He takes a cigar out of his case.]	
NEWTON:	Excuse me, but we were talking about order just now, so I must tell you that the patients are allowed to smoke here but not the visitors. If they did it would stink the place out.	200
INSPECTOR:	I see. [He puts the cigar away.]	
NEWTON:	Will it disturb you if I have a nip of brandy?	
INSPECTOR:	No. Not at all.	
	[From behind the wire guard in front of the fire NEWTON takes a bottle of brandy and a glass.]	205
NEWTON:	That poor Ernesti. I'm really upset. How on earth could anyone bring himself to strangle a nurse? [He sits down on the sofa and pours out a glass of brandy.]	
INSPECTOR:	I believe you strangled one yourself.	
NEWTON:	Did I?	210
INSPECTOR:	Nurse Dorothea Moser.	
NEWTON:	The lady wrestler?	
INSPECTOR:	On the twelfth of August. With the curtain cord.	
NEWTON:	But that was something quite different, Inspector. I'm not mad, you know. Your health.	215
INSPECTOR:	And yours.	
	[NEWTON drinks.]	

NEWTON:	Dorothea Moser. Let me cast my mind back. Blonde hair. Enormously powerful. Yet, despite her bulk, very flexible. She loved me and I loved her. It was a dilemma that could only be resolved by the use of a curtain cord.	
INSPECTOR:	Dilemma?	
NEWTON:	My mission is to devote myself to the problems of gravitation, not the physical requirements of a woman.	
INSPECTOR:	Quite.	225
NEWTON:	And then there was this tremendous difference in our ages.	
INSPECTOR:	Granted. You must be well on the wrong side of two hundred. [NEWTON <i>stares at him uncomprehendingly.</i>]	
NEWTON:	How do you mean?	
INSPECTOR:	Well, being Sir Isaac Newton —	230
NEWTON:	Are you out of your mind, Inspector, or are you just having me on?	
INSPECTOR:	Now look —	
NEWTON:	Do you really think I'm Sir Isaac Newton?	
INSPECTOR:	Well, don't you? [NEWTON <i>looks at him suspiciously.</i>]	235
NEWTON:	Inspector, may I tell you a secret? In confidence?	
INSPECTOR:	Of course.	
NEWTON:	Well, it's this. I am not Sir Isaac Newton. I only pretend to be Sir Isaac Newton.	240
INSPECTOR:	What for?	
NEWTON:	So as not to confuse poor Ernesti.	
INSPECTOR:	I don't get it.	
NEWTON:	You see, unlike me, Ernesti is really sick. He thinks he's Albert Einstein.	245
INSPECTOR:	But what's that got to do with you?	
NEWTON:	Well, if Ernesti were to find out that I am the real Albert Einstein, all hell would be let loose.	
INSPECTOR:	Do you mean to say —	
NEWTON:	I do. I am he. The celebrated physicist and discoverer of the theory of relativity, born March 14th, 1879, in the city of Ulm. [The INSPECTOR <i>rises in some confusion of mind.</i>]	250
INSPECTOR:	How do you do?	
	[NEWTON <i>also rises.</i>]	
NEWTON:	Just call me — Albert.	255
INSPECTOR:	And you can call me Richard. [They <i>shake hands.</i>]	
NEWTON:	I could give you a Kreutzer with a good deal more dash than Ernesti. The way he plays the Andante — simply barbarous! Simply barbarous!	260
INSPECTOR:	I don't understand anything about music.	
NEWTON:	Let's sit down, shall we? [He <i>draws the INSPECTOR down beside him on the sofa.</i> NEWTON <i>puts his arm around the INSPECTOR's shoulders.</i>] Richard.	
INSPECTOR:	Yes, Albert?	265
NEWTON:	You're cross, aren't you, because you can't arrest me?	
INSPECTOR:	But Albert —	
NEWTON:	Is it because I strangled the nurse that you want to arrest me, or because it was I who paved the way for the atomic bomb?	
INSPECTOR:	But Albert —	270
NEWTON:	When you work that switch by the door, what happens, Richard?	
INSPECTOR:	The light goes on	

NEWTON:	You establish an electrical contact. Do you understand anything about electricity, Richard?	
INSPECTOR:	I am no physicist.	
NEWTON:	I don't understand much about it either. All I do is to elaborate a theory about it on the basis of natural observation. I write down this theory in the mathematical idiom and obtain several formulae. Then the engineers come along. They don't care about anything except the formulae. They treat electricity as a pimp treats a whore. They simply exploit it. They build machines — and a machine can only be used when it becomes independent of the knowledge that led to its invention. So any fool nowadays can switch on a light or touch off the atomic bomb. <i>[He pats the INSPECTOR's shoulders.]</i> And that's what you want to arrest me for, Richard. It's not fair. But I don't want to arrest you, Albert.	280
INSPECTOR:		
NEWTON:	It's all because you think I'm mad. But, if you don't understand anything about electricity, why don't you refuse to turn on the light? It's you who are the criminal, Richard. But I must put my brandy away; if Sister Boll comes there will be trouble. <i>[NEWTON hides the bottle of brandy behind the wire guard in front of the fire, but leaves the glass where it is.]</i> Well, goodbye.	285
INSPECTOR:	Goodbye, Albert.	
NEWTON:	Oh, Richard. You're the one who should be arrested. <i>[He disappears into Room Number 3.]</i>	290
INSPECTOR:	Now I will have a smoke. <i>[He takes a cigar firmly out of his cigar case, lights it and smokes. BLOCHER comes through the French windows.]</i>	295
BLOCHER:	We're ready to leave, sir. <i>[The INSPECTOR stamps his foot.]</i> Yes, sir. <i>[The INSPECTOR calms down and growls.]</i>	300
INSPECTOR:	Go back to town with the men, Blocher. I'll come on later. I'm waiting for the doctor in charge!	
BLOCHER:	Very well, sir. <i>[BLOCHER goes.]</i> <i>[The INSPECTOR puffs out great clouds of smoke, stands up, goes to the chimney piece and stands looking at the portrait. Meanwhile the violin and piano have stopped. The door to Room Number 2 opens and FRÄULEIN DOKTOR MATHILDE VON ZAHND comes out. She is hunchbacked, about fifty-five, wearing a white surgical overall-coat and stethoscope.]</i>	305
FRL. DOKTOR:	My father, August von Zahnd, Privy Councillor. He used to live in this villa before I turned it into a sanatorium. He was a great man, a real person. I am his only child. He hated me like poison; indeed he hated everybody like poison. And with good reason, for as an expert in economics, he saw, revealed in human beings, abysses which are for ever hidden from psychiatrists like myself. We psychiatrists are still hopelessly romantic philanthropists.	310
INSPECTOR:	Three months ago there was a different portrait hanging here.	
FRL. DOKTOR:	That was my uncle, the politician. Chancellor Joachim von Zahnd. <i>[She lays the music score on the small table in front of the sofa.]</i> Well, Ernesti has calmed down. In the end he just flung himself on the bed and fell sound asleep. Like a little boy, not a care in the world. I can breathe again: I was afraid he'd want to fiddle through the entire Brahms G Major Sonata. <i>[She sits in the armchair left of sofa.]</i>	315
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<i>INSPECTOR:</i>	Excuse me, Fräulein Doktor, for smoking in here. I gather smoking is prohibited, but —	
<i>FRL. DOKTOR:</i>	Smoke away as much as you like, Inspector. I badly need a cigarette myself; Sister or no Sister. Give me a light. [<i>He lights her cigarette and she smokes.</i>] Poor Nurse Straub. Simply frightful. She was such a neat, pretty little thing. [<i>She notices the glass.</i>] Newton?	335
<i>INSPECTOR:</i>	I had the pleasure of speaking to him.	
<i>FRL. DOKTOR:</i>	I'd better put it away.	
<i>INSPECTOR:</i>	Allow me. [<i>The INSPECTOR forestalls her and puts the glass away.</i>]	340
<i>FRL. DOKTOR:</i>	On account of Sister Boll, you know.	
<i>INSPECTOR:</i>	I know.	
<i>FRL. DOKTOR:</i>	So you had a talk with Sir Isaac?	
<i>INSPECTOR:</i>	Yes, and I discovered something. [<i>He sits on the sofa.</i>]	345
<i>FRL. DOKTOR:</i>	Congratulations.	
<i>INSPECTOR:</i>	Newton thinks he is really Einstein.	
<i>FRL. DOKTOR:</i>	That's what he tells everybody. But in fact he really believes he is Newton.	
<i>INSPECTOR [taken aback]:</i>	Are you sure?	350
<i>FRL. DOKTOR:</i>	It is I who decide who my patients think they are. I know them far better than they know themselves.	
<i>INSPECTOR:</i>	Maybe so. In that case you should co-operate with us, Fräulein Doktor. The authorities are complaining.	
<i>FRL. DOKTOR:</i>	The public prosecutor?	355
<i>INSPECTOR:</i>	Fuming.	
<i>FRL. DOKTOR:</i>	As if it were my business, Inspector.	
<i>INSPECTOR:</i>	But two murders —	
<i>FRL. DOKTOR:</i>	Please, Inspector.	
<i>INSPECTOR:</i>	Two accidents in three months. You must admit that the safety precautions in your establishment would seem inadequate.	360
<i>FRL. DOKTOR:</i>	What sort of safety precautions have you in mind, Inspector? I am the director of a medical establishment, not a reformatory. One can't very well lock murderers up <i>before</i> they have committed their murders, can one?	365
<i>INSPECTOR:</i>	It's not a question of murderers but of madmen, and they can commit murders at any time.	
<i>FRL. DOKTOR:</i>	So can the sane; and, significantly, a lot more often. I have only to think of my grandfather, Leonidas von Zahnd, the Field Marshal who lost every battle he ever fought. What age do you think we're living in? Has medical science made great advances or not? Do we have new resources at our disposal, drugs that can transform raving madmen into the gentlest of lambs? Must we start putting the mentally sick into solitary confinement again, hung up in nets, I shouldn't wonder, with boxing gloves on, as they used to? As if we were still unable to distinguish between dangerous patients and harmless ones.	370
<i>INSPECTOR:</i>	You weren't much good at distinguishing between them in the cases of Beutler and Ernesti.	375
<i>FRL. DOKTOR:</i>	Unfortunately, no. <i>That's</i> what disturbs me, not the fuming of your public prosecutor. [<i>EINSTEIN comes out of Room Number 2, carrying his violin. He is lean with long, snow-white hair and mustache.</i>]	
<i>EINSTEIN:</i>	I just woke up.	385
<i>FRL. DOKTOR:</i>	Oh, Professor!	

- EINSTEIN: Did I play well?
 FRL. DOKTOR: Beautifully, Professor.
 EINSTEIN: What about Nurse Irene? Is she —
 FRL. DOKTOR: Don't give it another thought, Professor.
 EINSTEIN: I'm going back to bed.
 FRL. DOKTOR: Yes, do, Professor.
 [EINSTEIN goes back into his room. The INSPECTOR has jumped to his feet.]
- INSPECTOR: So that was him! 395
 FRL. DOKTOR: Yes. Ernst Heinrich Ernesti.
 INSPECTOR: The murderer —
 FRL. DOKTOR: Please, Inspector.
 INSPECTOR: I mean, the assailant, the one who thinks he's Einstein. When was he brought in? 400
 FRL. DOKTOR: Two years ago.
 INSPECTOR: And Sir Isaac Newton?
 FRL. DOKTOR: One year ago. Both incurable. Look here, Voss, I'm no beginner, God knows, at this sort of job. You know that, and so does the public prosecutor; he has always respected my professional opinion. My sanatorium is world-famous and the fees are correspondingly high. Errors of judgment and incidents that bring the police into my house are luxuries I cannot afford. If anything was to blame here, it was medical science, not me. These incidents could not have been foreseen; you or I would be just as likely to strangle a nurse. No — medically speaking there is no explanation for what has happened. Unless — [She has taken a fresh cigarette. The INSPECTOR lights it for her.] Inspector. Haven't you noticed something? 405 410 415
 INSPECTOR: What do you mean?
 FRL. DOKTOR: Consider these two patients.
 INSPECTOR: Yes?
 FRL. DOKTOR: They're both physicists. Nuclear physicists.
 INSPECTOR: Well? 420
 FRL. DOKTOR: Inspector, you really have a very unsuspecting mind. [The INSPECTOR ponders.]
 INSPECTOR: Doktor von Zahnd.
 FRL. DOKTOR: Well, Voss?
 INSPECTOR: You don't think — 425
 FRL. DOKTOR: They were both doing research on radioactive materials.
 INSPECTOR: You suppose there was some connection?
 FRL. DOKTOR: I suppose nothing. I merely state the facts. Both of them go mad, the conditions of both deteriorate, both become a danger to the public and both of them strangle their nurses. 430
 INSPECTOR: And you think the radioactivity affected their brains?
 FRL. DOKTOR: I regret to say that is a possibility I must face up to. [The INSPECTOR looks about him.]
 INSPECTOR: What's on the other side of the hall?
 FRL. DOKTOR: The green drawing room and upstairs. 435
 INSPECTOR: How many patients have you got here now?
 FRL. DOKTOR: Three.
 INSPECTOR: Only three?
 FRL. DOKTOR: The rest were transferred to the new wing immediately after the first incident. Fortunately I was able to complete the building just in time. Rich patients contributed to the costs. So did my own relations. They died off one by one, most of

- them in here. And I was left sole inheritor. Destiny, Voss. I was always sole inheritor. My family is so ancient, it's something of a miracle, in medicine, that I should be relatively normal, I mean, mentally.
[The INSPECTOR thinks a moment.]
- INSPECTOR: What about the third patient?
 FRL. DOKTOR: He's also a physicist.
 INSPECTOR: Well, that's extraordinary. Don't you think so? 450
 FRL. DOKTOR: Not at all. I put them all together. The writers with the writers, the big industrialists with the big industrialists, the millionairesses with the millionairesses, and the physicists with the physicists.
- INSPECTOR: What's his name? 455
 FRL. DOKTOR: Johann Wilhelm Möbius.
 INSPECTOR: Was he working with radioactive materials as well?
 FRL. DOKTOR: No.
 INSPECTOR: Mightn't he also perhaps —
 FRL. DOKTOR: He's been fifteen years here. He's harmless. His condition has never changed. 460
- INSPECTOR: Doktor von Zahnd, you can't get away with it like that. The public prosecutor insists that your physicists have male attendants.
- FRL. DOKTOR: They shall have them. 465
[The INSPECTOR picks up his hat.]
- INSPECTOR: Good. I'm glad you see it that way. This is the second visit I have paid to Les Cerisiers, Fräulein Doktor. I hope I shan't have to pay a third. Goodbye.
[He puts on his hat, goes out left through the French windows on to the terrace and makes his way across the park.]
 DOKTOR MATHILDE VON ZAHND gazes thoughtfully after him. Enter right the SISTER, MARTA BOLL, who stops short, sniffing the air. She is carrying a patient's dossier. 470
- SISTER BOLL: Please, Fräulein Doktor. 475
 FRL. DOKTOR: Oh, I'm sorry. *[She stubs out her cigarette.]* Have they laid out Nurse Straub?
- SISTER BOLL: Yes, under the organ loft.
 FRL. DOKTOR: Have candles and wreaths put round her.
 SISTER BOLL: I've already telephoned the florists about it. 480
 FRL. DOKTOR: How is my Great-aunt Senta?
 SISTER BOLL: Restless.
 FRL. DOKTOR: Double her dose. And my Cousin Ulrich?
 SISTER BOLL: No change.
 FRL. DOKTOR: Fräulein Sister Boll, I regret to say that one of our traditions here at Les Cerisiers must come to an end. Until now I have employed female nurses only. From tomorrow the villa will be in the hands of male attendants. 485
- SISTER BOLL: Fräulein Doktor von Zahnd. I won't let my three physicists be snatched away from me. They are my most interesting cases. 490
 FRL. DOKTOR: My decision is final.
 SISTER BOLL: I'd like to know where you are going to find three male nurses, what with the demand for them these days.
- FRL. DOKTOR: That's my problem. Leave it to me. Has Frau Möbius arrived?
 SISTER BOLL: She's waiting in the green drawing room. 495
 FRL. DOKTOR: Send her in.

- SISTER BOLL: Here is Möbius' s dossier. [SISTER BOLL gives her the dossier and then goes to the door on the right, where she turns.] But —
- FRL. DOKTOR: Thank you, Sister, thank you.
[SISTER BOLL goes. The DOKTOR opens the dossier and studies it at the round table, SISTER BOLL comes in again right leading FRAU ROSE and three boys of fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen. The eldest is carrying a briefcase. HERR ROSE, a missionary, brings up the rear. The DOKTOR stands up.] 505
My dear Frau Möbius —
- FRAU ROSE: Rose. Frau Rose. It must be an awful surprise to you, Fräulein Doktor, but three weeks ago I married Herr Rose, who is a missionary. It was perhaps rather sudden. We met in September at a missionary convention. [She blushes and rather awkwardly indicates her new husband.] Oskar was a widower. 510
[The FRÄULEIN DOKTOR shakes her by the hand.]
- FRL. DOKTOR: Congratulations, Frau Rose, heartiest congratulations. And my best wishes to you, too, Herr Rose. [She gives him a friendly nod.] 515
- FRAU ROSE: You do understand why we took this step?
- FRL. DOKTOR: But of course, Frau Rose. Life must continue to bloom and flourish.
- HERR ROSE: How peaceful it is here! What a friendly atmosphere! Truly a divine peace reigns over this house, just as the psalmist says: For the Lord heareth the needy and despiseth not his prisoners. 520
- FRAU ROSE: Oskar is such a good preacher, Fräulein Doktor. [She blushes.] My boys. 525
- FRL. DOKTOR: Good afternoon, boys.
- THREE BOYS: Good afternoon, Fräulein Doktor. [The youngest picks something up from the floor.]
- JÖRG-LUKAS: A piece of electric wire, Fräulein Doktor. It was lying on the floor. 530
- FRL. DOKTOR: Thank you, young man. Grand boys you have, Frau Rose. You can face the future with confidence.
[FRAU ROSE sits on the sofa to the right, the DOKTOR at the table left. Behind the sofa the three boys, and on the chair at extreme right, HERR ROSE.] 535
- FRAU ROSE: Fräulein Doktor, I have brought my boys with me for a very good reason. Oskar is taking over a mission in the Marianas. In the Pacific Ocean.
- HERR ROSE: In the Pacific Ocean.
- FRAU ROSE: I thought it only proper that my boys should make their father's acquaintance before their departure. This will be their one and only opportunity. They were still quite small when he fell ill and now, perhaps, they will be saying goodbye for ever. 540
- FRL. DOKTOR: Frau Rose, speaking as a doctor, I would say that there might be objections, but speaking as a human being I can understand your wish and gladly give my consent to a family reunion. 545
- FRAU ROSE: And how is my dear little Johann Wilhelm?
[The DOKTOR leafs through the dossier.]
- FRL. DOKTOR: Our dear old Möbius shows signs neither of improvement nor of relapse, Frau Rose. He's spinning his own little cocoon. 550
- FRAU ROSE: Does he still claim to see King Solomon out of the Bible?
- FRL. DOKTOR: Yes.

- HERR ROSE:* A sad and deplorable delusion.
FRL. DOKTOR: Your harsh judgment surprises me a bit, Herr Missionary. Nevertheless, as a theologian you must surely reckon with the possibility of a miracle.
- HERR ROSE:* Oh, of course — but not in the case of someone mentally sick.
FRL. DOKTOR: Whether the manifestations perceived by the mentally sick are real or not is something which psychiatry is not competent to judge. Psychiatry has to concern itself exclusively with states of mind and with the nerves, and in this respect things are in a bad enough way with our dear old Möbius, even though his illness takes rather a mild form. As for helping him, goodness me, another course of insulin shock treatment might be indicated, but as the others have been without success I'm leaving it alone. I can't work miracles, Frau Rose, and I can't pamper our dear old Möbius back to health; but I certainly don't want to make his life a misery either. 560
- FRAU ROSE:* Does he know that I've — I mean, does he know about the divorce? 570
- FRL. DOKTOR:* He has been told the facts.
FRAU ROSE: Did he understand?
FRL. DOKTOR: He takes hardly any interest in the outside world any more.
FRAU ROSE: Fräulein Doktor. Try to understand my position. I am five years older than Johann Wilhelm. I first met him when he was a fifteen-year-old schoolboy, in my father's house, where he had rented an attic room. He was an orphan and wretchedly poor. I helped him through high school and later made it possible for him to read physics at the university. We got married on his twentieth birthday, against my parents' wishes. We worked day and night. He was writing his dissertation and I took a job with a transport company. Four years later we had our eldest boy, Adolf-Friedrich, and then came the two others. Finally there were prospects of his obtaining a professorship; we thought we could begin to relax at last. But then Johann Wilhelm fell ill and his illness swallowed up immense sums of money. To provide for my family I went to work in a chocolate factory. Tobler's chocolate factory. [*She silently wipes away a tear.*] For years I worked my fingers to the bone. [*They are all moved.*] 575
- FRL. DOKTOR:* Frau Rose, you are a brave woman.
HERR ROSE: And a good mother.
FRAU ROSE: Fräulein Doktor, until now I have made it possible for Johann Wilhelm to stay in your establishment. The fees are far beyond my means, but God came to my help time and time again. All the same, I am now, financially speaking, at the end of my tether. I simply cannot raise the extra money. 585
- FRL. DOKTOR:* That's understandable, Frau Rose.
FRAU ROSE: I'm afraid now you'll think I married Oskar so as to get out of providing for Johann Wilhelm. But that is not so. Things will be even more difficult for me now. Oskar brings me six sons from his previous marriage! 600
- FRL. DOKTOR:* Six?
HERR ROSE: Six.
FRAU ROSE: Six. Oskar is a most zealous father. But now there are nine boys to feed and Oskar is by no means robust. And his salary is not high. [*She weeps.*] 605
- FRL. DOKTOR:* Come now, Frau Rose, you mustn't. Don't cry.

<i>FRAU ROSE:</i>	I reproach myself bitterly for having left my poor little Johann Wilhelm in the lurch.	
<i>FRL. DOKTOR:</i>	Frau Rose! You have no need to reproach yourself.	
<i>FRAU ROSE:</i>	My poor little Johann Wilhelm will have to go into a state institution now.	
<i>FRL. DOKTOR:</i>	No he won't, Frau Rose. Our dear old Möbius will stay on here in the villa. You have my word. He's got used to being here and has found some nice, kind colleagues. I'm not a monster, you know!	615
<i>FRAU ROSE:</i>	You're so good to me, Fräulein Doktor.	
<i>FRL. DOKTOR:</i>	Not at all, Frau Rose, not at all. There are such things as grants and bequests. There's the Oppel Foundation for invalid scientists, there's the Doktor Steinemann Bequest. Money's as thick as muck around here and it's my duty as his doctor to pitchfork some of it in the direction of your dear little Johann Wilhelm. You can steam off to the Marianas with a clear conscience. But now let us have a word with Möbius himself — our dear, good old Möbius. <i>[She goes and opens the door Number 1. FRAU ROSE rises expectantly.]</i> Dear Möbius. You have visitors. Now leave your physicist's lair for a moment and come in here.	620
	<i>[JOHANN WILHELM MÖBIUS comes out of Room Number 1. He is about forty, a rather clumsy man. He looks around him uncertainly, stares at FRAU ROSE, then at the boys, and finally at the missionary, HERR ROSE. He appears not to recognize them and remains silent.]</i>	625
<i>FRAU ROSE:</i>	Johann Wilhelm!	630
<i>THREE BOYS:</i>	Papi!	
	<i>[MÖBIUS remains silent.]</i>	
<i>FRL. DOKTOR:</i>	My dear Möbius, you're not going to tell me you don't recognize your own wife?	
	<i>[MÖBIUS stares at FRAU ROSE.]</i>	635
<i>MÖBIUS:</i>	Lina?	
<i>FRL. DOKTOR:</i>	That's better, Möbius. Of course it's Lina.	
<i>MÖBIUS:</i>	Hullo, Lina.	
<i>FRAU ROSE:</i>	My little Johann Wilhelm, my dear, dear little Johann Wilhelm.	
<i>FRL. DOKTOR:</i>	There we are, now. Frau Rose, Herr Rose, if you have anything else to tell me I shall be at your disposal in the new wing over there. <i>[She goes off through door left.]</i>	640
<i>FRAU ROSE:</i>	These are your sons, Johann Wilhelm.	
	<i>[MÖBIUS starts.]</i>	
<i>MÖBIUS:</i>	Three?	645
<i>FRAU ROSE:</i>	Of course, Johann Wilhelm. Three. <i>[She introduces the boys to him.]</i> Adolf-Friedrich, your eldest.	
	<i>[MÖBIUS shakes his hand.]</i>	
<i>MÖBIUS:</i>	How do you do, Adolf-Friedrich, my eldest.	
<i>ADOLF-FRIEDRICH:</i>	How do you do, Papi.	650
<i>MÖBIUS:</i>	How old are you, Adolf-Friedrich?	
<i>ADOLF-FRIEDRICH:</i>	Sixteen, Papi.	
<i>MÖBIUS:</i>	What do you want to be?	
<i>ADOLF-FRIEDRICH:</i>	A minister, Papi.	
<i>MÖBIUS:</i>	I remember now. We were walking across St. Joseph's Square. I was holding your hand. The sun was shining brightly and the shadows were just as if they'd been drawn with a compass. <i>[MÖBIUS turns to the next boy.]</i> And you — you	655
		660

- WILFRIED-KASPAR: My name is Wilfried-Kaspar, Papi.
 MÖBIUS: Fourteen?
 WILFRIED-KASPAR: Fifteen. I should like to study philosophy.
 MÖBIUS: Philosophy?
 FRAU ROSE: He's an exceptionally mature boy for his age.
 WILFRIED-KASPAR: I have read Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. 670
 FRAU ROSE: This is your youngest boy, Jörg-Lukas. Fourteen.
 JÖRG-LUKAS: How do you do, Papi.
 MÖBIUS: How do you do, Jörg-Lukas, my youngest.
 FRAU ROSE: He's the one who takes after you most.
 JÖRG-LUKAS: I want to be a physicist, Papi. 675
 [MÖBIUS *stares at his youngest in horror.*]
 MÖBIUS: A physicist?
 JÖRG-LUKAS: Yes, Papi.
 MÖBIUS: You mustn't, Jörg-Lukas. Not under any circumstances. You
 get that idea right out of your head. I — I forbid it! 680
 [JÖRG-LUKAS *looks puzzled.*]
 JÖRG-LUKAS: But you became a physicist yourself, Papi —
 MÖBIUS: I should never have been one, Jörg-Lukas. Never. I wouldn't
 be in the madhouse now.
 FRAU ROSE: But Johann Wilhelm. That's not right. You are in a sanatorium, 685
 not a madhouse. You're having a little trouble with your nerves,
 that's all.
 [MÖBIUS *shakes his head.*]
 MÖBIUS: No, Lina. People say I am mad. Everybody. Even you. And my
 boys too. Because King Solomon appears to me. 690
 [They are all struck dumb with embarrassment. Then FRAU
 ROSE introduces HERR ROSE.]
 FRAU ROSE: Let me introduce Oskar Rose to you, Johann Wilhelm. He is
 my husband. A missionary.
 MÖBIUS: Your husband? But *I'm* your husband. 695
 FRAU ROSE: Not any more, my little Johann Wilhelm. [She blushes.] We're
 divorced, you know.
 MÖBIUS: Divorced?
 FRAU ROSE: Now you know that, surely?
 MÖBIUS: No. 700
 FRAU ROSE: Doktor von Zahnd told you. Of course she did.
 MÖBIUS: Possibly.
 FRAU ROSE: And then I married Oskar. He has six boys of his own. He was
 a minister at Guttannen and now he has been given a post in
 the Marianas. 705
 MÖBIUS: In the Marianas?
 HERR ROSE: In the Pacific Ocean.
 FRAU ROSE: We're joining the ship at Bremen tomorrow.
 MÖBIUS: I see. [He stares at HERR ROSE. They are all embarrassed.]
 FRAU ROSE: Yes, that's right. 710
 [MÖBIUS *nods to HERR ROSE.*]
 MÖBIUS: I am glad to make the acquaintance of my boys' new father.
 HERR ROSE: I have taken them to my bosom, Herr Möbius, all three of
 them. God will provide. As the psalmist says: The Lord is my
 shepherd, I shall not want. 715
 FRAU ROSE: Oskar knows all the psalms off by heart. The Psalms of David,
 The Psalms of Solomon.
 MÖBIUS: I am glad the boys have found such an excellent father. I have
 not been a satisfactory father to them. 720
 [The three boys protest at this.]

<i>THREE BOYS:</i>	Ah, no, Papi.	
<i>MÖBIUS:</i>	And Lina has found a husband more worthy of her.	
<i>FRAU ROSE:</i>	But my dear little Johann Wilhelm —	
<i>MÖBIUS:</i>	I congratulate you. Heartiest congratulations.	
<i>FRAU ROSE:</i>	We must be going soon.	725
<i>MÖBIUS:</i>	To the Marianas.	
<i>FRAU ROSE:</i>	I mean, we must say goodbye to one another.	
<i>MÖBIUS:</i>	For ever.	
<i>FRAU ROSE:</i>	Your sons are remarkably musical, Johann Wilhelm. They are very gifted players on their recorders. Play your papi something, boys, as a parting present.	730
<i>THREE BOYS:</i>	Yes, mama. [ADOLF-FRIEDRICH <i>opens the briefcase and distributes recorders.</i>]	
<i>FRAU ROSE:</i>	Sit down, my little Johann Wilhelm. [MÖBIUS <i>sits down at the round table. FRAU ROSE and HERR ROSE sit down on the sofa. The boys take their places in the middle of the room.</i>]	735
<i>JÖRG-LUKAS:</i>	Now. What are you going to play?	
<i>FRAU ROSE:</i>	Something by Buxtehude. Ready — one, two, three. [<i>The boys play.</i>]	740
<i>MÖBIUS:</i>	More feeling, boys, more expression! [<i>The boys play with more expression. MÖBIUS jumps up.</i>] I'd rather they didn't. Please, don't! [<i>The boys stop playing, bewildered.</i>]	745
<i>FRAU ROSE:</i>	Don't play any more. Please. For King Solomon's sake. Don't play any more.	
<i>MÖBIUS:</i>	But Johann Wilhelm!	
<i>HERR ROSE:</i>	Please, don't play any more. Please, don't play any more, please, please. Herr Möbius, King Solomon himself will rejoice to hear the piping of these innocent lads. Just think: Solomon, the Psalmist, Solomon, the singer of the Song of Songs.	750
<i>MÖBIUS:</i>	Herr Missionary. I have met Solomon face to face. He is no longer the great golden king who sang of the Shulamite, and of the two young roes that are twins, which feed among the roses. He has cast away his purple robe! [MÖBIUS <i>suddenly dashes past his horrified family to his room and throws open the door.</i>]	755
<i>SISTER BOLL:</i>	Now here in my room he crouches naked and stinking, the pauper king of truth, and his psalms are horrible. [He has run to the round table left, turned it over, climbed into it, and sat down.]	760
<i>SISTER BOLL:</i>	But Herr Möbius! [SISTER BOLL <i>has entered, right, with NURSE MONIKA. MÖBIUS sits staring blankly, his face like a mask, inside the overturned table.</i>]	765
<i>MÖBIUS:</i>	And now get yourselves off to the Marianas!	
<i>FRAU ROSE:</i>	My little Johann Wilhelm —	
<i>THREE BOYS:</i>	Papi!	770
<i>MÖBIUS:</i>	Get yourselves away! And quick about it! Off to the Marianas the whole pack of you! [He stands up with a threatening look. The ROSE family is nonplussed.]	
<i>SISTER BOLL:</i>	Come, Frau Rose. Come boys. Herr Rose. He needs time to calm down.	775
<i>MÖBIUS:</i>	Agree with you! Get out!	

SISTER BOLL:	Just a mild attack. Nurse Monika will stay with him and calm him down. Just a mild attack.	
MÖBIUS:	Get out, will you! For good and all! Off to the Pacific with the lot of you!	
JÖRG-LUKAS:	Goodbye, Papi! Goodbye! [SISTER BOLL <i>leads the overwrought and weeping family off right.</i> MÖBIUS <i>goes on yelling unrestrainedly after them.</i>]	
MÖBIUS:	I never want to set eyes on you again! You have insulted King Solomon! May you be damned for ever! May you and the entire Marianas sink and drown in the Mariana Deep! Four thousand fathoms down! May you sink and rot in the blackest hole of the sea, forgotten by God and man!	785
MONIKA:	We're alone now. Your family can't hear you any more. [MÖBIUS <i>stares wonderingly at NURSE MONIKA and finally seems to come to himself.</i>]	790
MÖBIUS:	Ah, yes, of course. [NURSE MONIKA <i>is silent. He is somewhat embarrassed.</i>] Was I a bit violent?	
MONIKA:	Somewhat.	
MÖBIUS:	I had to speak the truth.	795
MONIKA:	Obviously.	
MÖBIUS:	I got worked up.	
MONIKA:	You were putting it on.	
MÖBIUS:	So you saw through me?	
MONIKA:	I've been looking after you for two years now. [<i>He paces up and down, then stops.</i>]	800
MÖBIUS:	All right. I admit I was just pretending to be mad.	
MONIKA:	Why?	
MÖBIUS:	So that I could say goodbye to my wife and sons for ever.	
MONIKA:	But why in such a dreadful way?	805
MÖBIUS:	Oh no, it was a humane way. If you're in a madhouse already, the only way to get rid of the past is to behave like a madman. Now they can forget me with a clear conscience. My performance finally cured them of ever wanting to see me again. The consequences for myself are unimportant; life outside this establishment is the only thing that counts. Madness costs money. For fifteen years my Lina has been paying out monstrous sums, and an end had to be put to all that. This was a favorable moment. King Solomon has revealed to me what was to be revealed; the Principle of Universal Discovery is complete, the final pages have been dictated, and my wife has found a new husband, a missionary, a good man through and through. You should feel reassured now, nurse. Everything is in order. [<i>He is about to go.</i>]	810
MONIKA:	You had it all planned.	820
MÖBIUS:	I am a physicist. [<i>He turns to go to his room.</i>]	
MONIKA:	Herr Möbius. [<i>He stops.</i>]	
MÖBIUS:	Yes, nurse?	
MONIKA:	I have something to tell you.	825
MÖBIUS:	Well?	
MONIKA:	It concerns us both.	
MÖBIUS:	Let's sit down. [<i>They sit down: she on the sofa, he in the armchair on its left.</i>]	
MONIKA:	We must say goodbye to one another too. And for ever. [<i>He is frightened.</i>]	830
MÖBIUS:	Are you leaving me?	

MONIKA:	Orders.	
MÖBIUS:	What has happened?	
MONIKA:	I'm being transferred to the main building. From tomorrow the patients here will be supervised by male attendants. Nurses won't be allowed to enter the villa any more.	
MÖBIUS:	Because of Newton and Einstein?	
MONIKA:	At the request of the public prosecutor. Doktor von Zahnd feared there would be difficulties and gave way.	840
	[<i>Silence. He is dejected.</i>]	
MÖBIUS:	Nurse Monika, I don't know what to say. I've forgotten how to express my feelings; talking shop with the two sick men I live with can hardly be called conversation. I am afraid that I may have dried up inside as well. Yet you ought to know that for me everything has been different since I got to know you. It's been more bearable. These were two years during which I was happier than before. Because through you, Nurse Monika, I have found the courage to accept being shut away, to accept the fate of being a madman. Goodbye. [<i>He stands, holding out his hand.</i>]	845
MONIKA:	Herr Möbius, I don't think you <i>are</i> mad.	
	[<i>MÖBIUS laughs and sits down again.</i>]	
MÖBIUS:	Neither do I. But that does not alter my position in any way. It's my misfortune that King Solomon keeps appearing to me and in the realm of science there is nothing more repugnant than a miracle.	855
MONIKA:	Herr Möbius, I believe in this miracle.	
	[<i>MÖBIUS stares at her, disconcerted.</i>]	
MÖBIUS:	You believe in it?	860
MONIKA:	I believe in King Solomon.	
MÖBIUS:	And that he appears to me?	
MONIKA:	That he appears to you.	
MÖBIUS:	Day in, day out?	
MONIKA:	Day in, day out.	865
MÖBIUS:	And you believe that he dictates the secrets of nature to me? How all things connect? The Principle of Universal Discovery?	
MONIKA:	I believe all that. And if you were to tell me that King David and all his court appeared before you I should believe it all. I simply know that you are not sick. I can feel it.	870
	[<i>Silence. Then MÖBIUS leaps to his feet.</i>]	
MÖBIUS:	Nurse Monika! Get out of here!	
	[<i>She remains seated.</i>]	
MONIKA:	I'm staying.	
MÖBIUS:	I never want to see you again.	875
MONIKA:	You need me. Apart from me, you have no one left in all the world. Not one single person.	
MÖBIUS:	It is fatal to believe in King Solomon.	
MONIKA:	I love you.	
	[<i>MÖBIUS stares perplexed at MONIKA, and sits down again. Silence.</i>]	880
MÖBIUS:	I love you too. [<i>She stares at him.</i>] That is why you are in danger. Because we love one another.	
	[<i>EINSTEIN, smoking his pipe, comes out of Room Number 2.</i>]	
EINSTEIN:	I woke up again. I suddenly remembered.	885
MONIKA:	Now, Herr Professor.	
EINSTEIN:	I strangled Nurse Irene.	

- MONIKA: Try not to think about it, Herr Professor.
[*He looks at his hands.*]
- EINSTEIN: Shall I ever again be able to touch my violin with these hands?
[MÖBIUS *stands up as if to protect* MONIKA.]
- MÖBIUS: You were playing just now.
- EINSTEIN: Well, I hope?
- MÖBIUS: The Kreutzer Sonata. While the police were here.
- EINSTEIN: The Kreutzer! Well, thank God for that! [*His face, having brightened, clouds over again.*] All the same, I don't like playing the fiddle and I don't like this pipe either. It's foul. 895
- MÖBIUS: Then give them up.
- EINSTEIN: I can't do that, not if I'm Albert Einstein. [*He gives them both a sharp look.*] Are you two in love? 900
- MONIKA: We are in love.
[EINSTEIN *proceeds thoughtfully upstage to where the murdered nurse lay.*]
- EINSTEIN: Nurse Irene and I were in love too. She would have done anything for me. I warned her. I shouted at her. I treated her like a dog. I implored her to run away before it was too late. In vain. She stayed. She wanted to take me away into the country. To Kohlwang. She wanted to marry me. She even obtained permission for the wedding from Fräulein Doktor von Zahnd herself. Then I strangled her. Poor Nurse Irene. In all the world there's nothing more absurd than a woman's frantic desire for self-sacrifice. 905
[MONIKA *goes to him.*]
- MONIKA: Go and lie down again, Herr Professor.
- EINSTEIN: You may call me Albert. 915
- MONIKA: Be sensible, now, Albert.
- EINSTEIN: And you be sensible, too, Nurse. Obey the man you love and run away from him; or you're lost. [*He turns back toward Room Number 2.*] I'm going back to bed. [*He disappears into Room Number 2.*] 920
- MONIKA: That poor, confused creature.
- MÖBIUS: Well, he must have convinced you finally of the impossibility of remaining in love with me.
- MONIKA: But you're not mad.
- MÖBIUS: It would be wiser if you were to treat me as if I were. Make your escape now! Go on, run! Clear off! Or I'll treat you like a dog myself. 925
- MONIKA: Why can't you treat me like a woman?
- MÖBIUS: Come here, Monika. [*He leads her to an armchair, sits down opposite her, and takes her hands.*] Listen. I have committed a grave mistake. I have not kept King Solomon's appearances to myself. So he is making me atone for it. For life. But you ought not to be punished for what I did. In the eyes of the world, you are in love with a man who is mentally sick. You're simply asking for trouble. Leave this place; forget me: that would be the best thing for us both. 935
- MONIKA: Don't you want me?
- MÖBIUS: Why do you talk like that?
- MONIKA: I want to sleep with you. I want to have children by you. I know I'm talking quite shamelessly. But why won't you look at me? Don't you find me attractive? I know these nurses' uniforms are hideous. [*She tears off her nurse's cap.*] I hate my profession! For five years I've been looking after sick people out of love 940

- for my fellow-beings. I never flinched; everyone could count on me: I sacrificed myself. But now I want to sacrifice myself for one person alone, to exist for one person alone, and not for everybody all the time. I want to exist for the man I love. For you. I will do anything you ask, work for you day and night: only you can't send me away! I have no one else in the world! I am as much alone as you. 950
- MÖBIUS: Monika. I must send you away.
- MONIKA [*despairing*]: But don't you feel any love for me at all?
- MÖBIUS: I love you, Monika. I love you. That's what's mad.
- MONIKA: Then why do you betray me? And not only me. You say that King Solomon appears to you. Why do you betray him too? 955
- [MÖBIUS, *terribly worked up, takes hold of her.*]
- MÖBIUS: Monika! You can believe what you like of me. I'm a weakling; all right. I *am* unworthy of your love. But I have always remained faithful to King Solomon. He thrust himself into my life, suddenly, unbidden, he abused me, he destroyed my life, but I have never betrayed him. 960
- MONIKA: Are you sure?
- MÖBIUS: Do you doubt it?
- MONIKA: You think you have to atone because you have not kept his appearances secret. But perhaps it is because you do not stand up for his revelations. 965
- [*He lets her go.*]
- MÖBIUS: I — I don't follow you.
- MONIKA: He dictates to you the Principle of Universal Discovery. Why won't you fight for that principle? 970
- MÖBIUS: But after all, people do regard me as a madman.
- MONIKA: Why can't you show more spirit?
- MÖBIUS: In my case, to show spirit would be a crime.
- MONIKA: Johann Wilhelm. I've spoken to Fräulein Doktor von Zahnd. [MÖBIUS *stares at her.*] 975
- MÖBIUS: You spoke to her?
- MONIKA: You are free.
- MÖBIUS: Free?
- MONIKA: We can get married.
- MÖBIUS: God. 980
- MONIKA: Fräulein Doktor von Zahnd has arranged everything. Of course, she still considers you're a sick man, but not dangerous. And it's not a hereditary sickness. She said she was madder than you, and she laughed.
- MÖBIUS: That was good of her. 985
- MONIKA: She's a great woman.
- MÖBIUS: Indeed.
- MONIKA: Johann Wilhelm! I've accepted a post as district nurse in Blumenstein. I've been saving up. We have no need to worry. All we need is to keep our love for each other. 990
- [MÖBIUS *has stood up. It gradually gets darker in the room.*]
- Isn't it wonderful?
- MÖBIUS: Indeed, yes.
- MONIKA: You don't sound very happy.
- MÖBIUS: It's all happened so unexpectedly — 995
- MONIKA: I've done something else.
- MÖBIUS: What would that be?
- MONIKA: I spoke to Professor Schubert.
- MÖBIUS: He was my teacher.

- MONIKA: He remembered you perfectly. He said you'd been his best pupil.
- MÖBIUS: And what did you talk to him about?
- MONIKA: He promised he would examine your manuscripts with an open mind.
- MÖBIUS: Did you explain that they have been dictated by King Solomon? 1005
- MONIKA: Naturally.
- MÖBIUS: Well?
- MONIKA: He just laughed. He said you'd always been a bit of a joker. Johann Wilhelm! We mustn't think just of ourselves. You are a chosen being. King Solomon appeared to you, revealed himself in all his glory and confided in you the wisdom of the heavens. Now you have to take the way ordained by that miracle, turning to neither left nor right, even if that way leads through mockery and laughter, through disbelief and doubt. 1010
- But the way leads out of this asylum, Johann Wilhelm, it leads into the outside world, not into loneliness, it leads into battle. I am here to help you, to fight at your side. Heaven, that sent you King Solomon, sent me too. 1015
- [MÖBIUS *stares out of the window.*] 1020
- Dearest.
- MÖBIUS: Yes dear?
- MONIKA: Aren't you happy?
- MÖBIUS: Very.
- MONIKA: Now we must get your bags packed. The train for Blumenstein leaves at eight twenty. 1025
- MÖBIUS: There's not much to pack.
- MONIKA: It's got quite dark.
- MÖBIUS: The nights are drawing in quickly now.
- MONIKA: I'll switch on the light. 1030
- MÖBIUS: Wait a moment. Come here.
[*She goes to him. Only their silhouettes are visible.*]
- MONIKA: You have tears in your eyes.
- MÖBIUS: So have you.
- MONIKA: Tears of happiness. 1035
- [*He rips down the curtain and flings it over her. A brief struggle. Their silhouettes are no longer visible. Then silence. The door to Room Number 3 opens. A shaft of light shines into the darkened room. In the doorway stands NEWTON in eighteenth-century costume. MÖBIUS rises.*] 1040
- NEWTON: What's happened?
- MÖBIUS: I've strangled Nurse Monika Stettler.
[*The sound of a fiddle playing comes from Room Number 2.*]
- NEWTON: Einstein's off again. He's playing Kreisler's Humoresque. 1045
- [*He goes to the fireplace and gets the brandy.*]

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