

Woyzeck

by Georg Büchner

English Version by
Eric Bentley

A SAMUEL FRENCH ACTING EDITION



New York Hollywood London Toronto

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Hupp who first directed it and to Arnold
Black who composed music for it.*

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February 13, 1991

JEAN COCTEAU REPERTORY

GEORG BÜCHNER'S

WOYZECK

A Play Fragment

ENGLISH VERSION BY

ERIC BENTLEY

CAST

Woyzeck	CRAIG SMITH
Andres	WM. CHARLES MITCHELL
Marie	ELISE STONE
Margaret	ANGELA VITALE
The Barker	GRANT NEALE
The Showman	DAVID CHEANEY
The Sergeant	FRANCIS HENRY
The Drum Major	MARK WATERMAN
The Captain	JOSEPH MENINO
The Doctor	HARRIS BERLINSKY
The Apprentices	DAVID CHEANEY
	FRANCIS HENRY
	GRANT NEALE
The Jew	GRANT NEALE
Karl the Idiot	DAVID CHEANEY
The Grandmother	BETTY BURDICK
Cathy	ANGELA VITALE
Accordianist	BILLY SWINDLER

The Setting: In or around a German town
where troops are garrisoned, circa 1830.

— DIRECTED BY ROBERT HUPP —

Set Design by
GEORGE XENOS

Costume Design by
JONATHAN BIXBY

Lighting Design by
BRIAN ALDOUS

Additional Songs by
ARNOLD BLACK

Musical Direction by
ELLEN MANDEL

Choreography by
MARGARET GARRETT

Production Stage Manager	Julie Bleha
Technical Director	Patrick Heydenburg
Assistant Costume Designer	Gregory Gale
Production Assistants	Una Mimnaugh
	Thomas George Thomas
	Gretchen Pellaton

Special Thanks: James Nichols, Andreas Ryschka

This production is made possible through a grant from the Axe-Houghton Foundation

A Note on This Particular Version

Another translation of a play already translated quite a number of times? Placed on the defensive by this query, the translator/adaptor offers two arguments:

1. Up through the nineteen eighties, the German original has itself been appearing in differing versions. *Woyzeck*, written in the eighteen thirties, was published in the eighteen seventies in a very faulty text: not only was George Büchner's handwriting hard to decipher but his first editor presumed to amend him whenever he felt like it. Not until the nineteen twenties did more scholarly efforts follow. Even they proved unsatisfactory, and more of the truth about Büchner's manuscript was still being uncovered in the nineteen eighties. In making a version for New York production in 1991, I relied chiefly on a German edition, edited by Henri Poschmann, which came out in 1984.

2. Having lived with Büchner's prose—in German, in French and in various English translations—for half a century, and having assayed his play *Leonce and Lena* several decades ago, I wanted, when presented with the opportunity of a New York production, to assay his most fascinating and challenging piece, the aim being, if possible, to capture the *spirit* of the original. Another thought was this: what is lost in

poetry could be made up in music if one could find the songs Büchner quoted and enlist the services of a composer to put together a score. I knew Arnold Black could do this job; and he did it. To those capable of studying both the text following and the Black score, I can say: the results are before you.

E.B.
February 1991

MUSIC AVAILABILITY

Samuel French, Inc. can supply a score which includes original music by Arnold Black, as well as other incidental German folk music. The price of the score is \$5.00, plus postage and handling. In addition, a music royalty of \$10.00 for each performance planned is required, and is non-refundable in any event.

CHARACTERS

Woyzeck
Andres
Marie
Margret
Sergeant
Drum Major
Showman
Old Man
Dancing Girl
Barker
Captain
The Doctor
First Apprentice
Second Apprentice
One Man
Another Man
Karl, the Idiot Boy
Grandmother
First Person
Second Person
Cathy
Innkeeper
First Child
Second Child
Extras (Apprentices, People, Little Girls)

The Time: Around 1830

The Place: In and around a German town where troops are garrisoned.

Scene 1

Open Field. In the distance, the town.

WOYZECK and ANDRES are cutting sticks in the bushes.

WOYZECK. Yeah. See that light on the grass, that strip o' light, Andres? That's where this head is. Evenin's. A human head. Rollin' along. A guy picked it up one time, thought it was a hedgehog. Three nights an' three days later, he was lyin' on pine shavin's. In a box. (*Quietly.*) Must've been the Freemasons, Andres. Yeah. The Freemasons. Sh!

ANDRES. (*Starts singing "Das Lied von Zwei Hasen."*)

Down from the mountain, mountain
top

Two white hares did sally.

WOYZECK. Sh! There's somethin' movin'.

ANDRES. (*Continues to sing.*)

Gobbled up the grass, the grass so
green

All along the valley.

WOYZECK. Behind me. And down below. Somethin' movin'. (*Stamps on the ground.*) Hear that? Hollow! It's hollow down below. Freemasons, see?

ANDRES. I'm scared.

WOYZECK. So quiet! Ain't that queer? Makes ya wanna hold your breath, don't it, Andres?

ANDRES. What?

WOYZECK. Say somethin'. (*Looks out further afield.*) How bright, Andres, look how bright it's gettin'. Fire in the heavens and the thunder of trumpets! All gettin' closer all the time. Now don't look back! (*Pulls him into the bushes.*)

ANDRES. (*After a pause.*) Woyzeck! D'ya still hear it?

WOYZECK. (*Shaking his head.*) All quiet now. Like the world was dead.

ANDRES. Hear that? Our drums. We gotta get goin'.

Scene 2

The Town.

MARIE with her child at the window.

MARGRET.

The parade goes by, led by the DRUM MAJOR.

MARIE. (*Rocking the child on her arm.*)
There, deary. Tarantara! Hear that? Hear them coming?

MARGRET. That guy's like a tree.

MARIE. A lion. The way he stands there!

(The DRUM MAJOR greets them.)

MARGRET. That was quite a look you gave him, neighbor. Not like you.

MARIE. (*Sings "Soldaten, das sind schöne Bursch."*)

Naught on earth to match a soldier
Helmet, sword, and gun
Singing, loving (loving, singing)
Soldier boys are fun.

There is nothing like a soldier
Life is but a span
Dying, fighting (fighting, dying)
A soldier is a man.

MARGRET. Your eyes are still all shiny.

MARIE. So what? Take your eyes to the Jew. If you polish 'em enough, he might buy 'em—as buttons.

MARGRET. That—from you, Madam Virgin? I'm a respectable woman. While you—if a guy had on seven pairs of leather pants, you'd look through 'em all.

MARIE. Tramp. (*Slams the window shut.*) Come, deary. Why do they bother? Son of a whore, huh? With the face of a bastard that brings your mother . . . great joy. (*SHE sings "Fuhrmannslied."*)

Johnny, harness your seven steeds
Satisfy their bodies' needs.

And how shall that be done?

Not with oats and water, John.

When your horses come to dine
(Yippee!)

Feed them on nothing but wine.

Girl, what is it you're taking on?

You got a kid but no man?

"And so what if I do?

Is it, my friend, for you

To ask me how it will end? (Yippee!)

Mind your own business, my friend."

(*A KNOCK at the door.*)

MARIE. Who's that, is it you, Franz? Come in.

WOYZECK. Can't. Gotta be at roll call.

MARIE. Is somethin' wrong, Franz?

WOYZECK. (*Secretively.*) It was there again, Marie. Big! For it is written, "Behold there arose a smoke out of the pit as the smoke of a great furnace."

MARIE. Why, man—

WOYZECK. Coming up behind me all the way to town. Where does all this lead?

MARIE. Franz!

WOYZECK. I must go. (*HE goes.*)

MARIE. This man. He's . . . off somewhere. Didn't even see his own child! Goin' right off his nut with all the thinkin'.—Why so quiet, deary? Scared? It's gettin' so dark, you think you're blind. There's that light all the time. I can't bear it. So creepy. (*SHE goes off.*)

Scene 3

Booths. Light. People.

OLD MAN. DANCING CHILD. WOYZECK.

MARIE. BARKER. *Later,* SERGEANT,
DRUM MAJOR and SHOWMAN.

*Four lines of a hymn, beginning, "Auf der Welt
ist kein Bestand," are sung.)*

All men shall die
That is no lie
For foe and friend
What starts shall end.

WOYZECK. Hey! Whee!—Poor man, old man! Poor kid, young kid! A beautiful world! Marie, shall I carry you?

BARKER. *(In front of a booth, pointing to a monkey.)* Gentlemen, gentlemen, look at this creature as God made it: nothin', nothin' at all. Now look what art can do: he walks upright, wears a coat and pants, carries a sword. Ho there, take a bow! And give us a kiss! *(The monkey gives out a trumpet sound.)* The little fellow plays the trumpet! And here, ladies and gentlemen, you may see the Astronomical Horse and that little *canaille*, I should say: canary. Favorites of all the crowned heads in Europe. Members of all the learned societies. Can tell folks everything: how old they are, how many kids they got, their

various illnesses. (*Pointing to the monkey:*) Shoots a pistol. Stands on one leg. Matter of training, huh? Education. He has animal rationality—rational animality—he's less of a brute than many human beings known to me, present company always excepted. And now—the beginning, so to speak, of the beginning! You are about to see the progress of civilization: everything progressing—horse, monkey and *canaille*, pardon me: canary—the monkey has already progressed to a soldier, not much of a progression, if you ask me—

WOYZECK. Want to?

MARIE. Why not? It's gotta be good. Look at the tassels on that guy! And the woman's in *pants*!

SERGEANT. Hold it. D'ya see what I see? A wench.

DRUM MAJOR. And *what* a wench! A wench to mother a regiment, cavalry at that. A wench to give birth to drum majors.

SERGEANT. Watch her hold her head up, you'd think all that black hair would weigh her down. And those eyes, black, too—

DRUM MAJOR. Like looking into a well or down a chimney. Let's go for it.

MARIE. Those lights!

WOYZECK. Yeah, Marie. Black cats with eyes of fire. Wow! What a night!

(*THEY are now inside the booth.*)

THE SHOWMAN. (*Inside the booth, introducing a HORSE. HE has a French accent and drops the occasional French word.*) Show your talent! Show us the wisdom of animals and put human society to shame! Gentlemen, this beast you see here, a tail on its body, hooves, not feet, is a member of all the learned societies, he's a professor at our university! Teaches riding! *Vous comprenez?* But this is simple—not double—thinking. *La raison!* I will now invite this beast to think double. *La raison double . . . !* Now, horse, how *do* you do it? Tell us: is there a jackass out there in the learned society? (*The HORSE shakes its head.*) *Voilà la double raison, messieurs*, otherwise known as Horse Sense. So you see, this is no dumb animal, this is a person, a human being, albeit a bestial human being, and actually an animal, *Une bête*. (*The HORSE pisses.*) See how he puts human society to shame! Animals are a part of Nature, down-to-earth Nature. You and I can learn from this horse. Any doctor will confirm: holding back, holding it in, it's bad for you. For it is written, "Man, follow Nature! Thou art made of dust. Sand. Dirt." As for the beast's reasoning powers, look: he can add. Just can't count with his fingers, one, two, three . . . Why not? Just can't seem to express himself, to explain things. A human being with a difference, a human being in disguise . . . Now, tell the audience what time it is! Ladies and gentlemen, which of you has a watch? A watch?

DRUM MAJOR. A watch? (*Taking his time, he grandly produces a watch from his pocket.*)
There, my good sir.

MARIE. This I gotta see.

(*SHE clambers onto the front row. The DRUM MAJOR helps her.*)

Scene 4

MARIE is sitting with the CHILD on her knee. SHE holds a bit of mirror and is looking into it as SHE puts on a pair of earrings.

MARIE. The way the stones sparkle, I wonder what they are? What was it he said?—Go to sleep, dear. Eyes shut. Tight! (*The CHILD covers his eyes.*) Tighter! That's right. Stay that way, or the Sandman will come after you! (*SHE sings four lines beginning, "Mädel, machs Ladel zu."*)

Lock up, my girl, so lock up, do

(Yodelling)

Or the gypsy man will come for you

(Yodelling)

And he will take you by the hand

(Yodelling)

And carry you off to the Gypsy Land!

(Yodelling)

(*Again, looking in the mirror:*) Real gold! (*Pause.*) It's just a small corner of the world they keep for us, a small bit of mirror, but don't I have as red a mouth as any grand lady with a mirror six foot high and a gorgeous gentlemen to kiss her hand? The poor, that's us. (*The CHILD sits up.*) Sh! Eyes shut! Look, the Sandman! (*SHE uses the mirror to make flashes on the wall.*) Runnin'

across the wall! If your eyes are open he'll throw sand at you and blind you!

(Enter WOYZECK. SHE jumps up and covers her ears with her hands.)

WOYZECK. What's that you got?

MARIE. Nothin'.

WOYZECK. I see somethin'. Through your fingers. It shines.

MARIE. Oh, that. I found an earring.

WOYZECK. I never found nothin' like that. Two. At one time. *(Pause.)*

MARIE. So I'm a . . . whore?

WOYZECK. It's okay.—Marie, how that kid can sleep! Lift him by the arms, he's rubbin' against the chair. Bright drops of sweat on his forehead. Nothin' but work, work, work under the sun. We sweat even in our sleep—us, the poor. Here's some more money, Marie: my pay and somethin' from the Captain.

MARIE. God reward you, Franz.

WOYZECK. Gotta go. See you tonight, Marie. Bye. *(HE leaves.)*

MARIE. I *am* a whore, I could stab myself to death.—This world, this world! We're *all* goin' to hell, man, woman, and child.

Scene 5

THE CAPTAIN. WOYZECK.

CAPTAIN. Slow, Woyzeck, one thing at a time, you're making my head spin. If you're goin' to finish ten minutes early, what'll I do with those ten minutes? Woyzeck, think: you still have a good thirty years to live, thirty years. That's three hundred and sixty months, think how many day! Hours!! Minutes!! What are you gonna do with that ghastly stretch of time? Do the figuring, Woyzeck.

WOYZECK. Yessir, Captain.

CAPTAIN. The thought of eternity—eternal life!—makes me fear for this world. Eternal activity, Woyzeck, on and on and on! Eternal! That's eternal. Eternal, d'you see that? At the same time it's *not* eternal, it's a single moment, *one* moment—Oh, Woyzeck, twenty-four hours pass and what has the world done? Turned right around once. What a waste of time! Where will it lead? Woyzeck, I take one look at a millwheel and come down with melancholia.

WOYZECK. Yessir, Captain.

CAPTAIN. Woyzeck, you always look so upset! A good man doesn't carry on that way, Woyzeck, a Good Human Being has a good

human conscience.—Say something, Woyzeck. What's the weather like today?

WOYZECK. Bad, Cap'n, bad: windy.

CAPTAIN. Yeah, I feel it, a certain feeling of rapid movement comes over me. Wind like that has a definite effect on me—like mice do. (*Slyly.*) It's a south-north wind, I think.

WOYZECK. Yessir, Captain.

CAPTAIN. (*Laughing.*) South-north! Ha! Ha! Ha! You're dumb, you're DREADFULLY dumb! (*Sentimentally:*) Woyzeck, you are a Good Human Being but, (*With dignity:*) Woyzeck, what you don't have is morality. What's morality? It's being moral, understand? Morality: such a good word! *You* have a child "without the blessing of the Church"—that's how our Reverend, the army chaplain, puts it, not how *I* put it.

WOYZECK. When he looks at little kids, does God ask if someone gave them His blessing even before they were conceived? Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

CAPTAIN. What? What sort of weird answer is that? Are you trying to confuse me? Huh? You, Woyzeck, I'm talking to *you*.

WOYZECK. The poor, that's *us*—it's money, Captain, money, if a guy's got no money—Just try raisin' kids on nothin' but morality. We're flesh and blood, ya know. But we're *wretched* in this world and the next, the likes of us. If any of us get to Heaven, we'll be given the thunder to take care of.

CAPTAIN. Virtue is lacking, Woyzeck: you are not what we'd call a Virtuous Human Being. Flesh and blood? When I'm on my sofa by the window, Woyzeck, and I spy a pair of white stockings on the street below, damn it, I know what LOVE is: *I* am flesh and blood too! But that's just where Virtue comes to the rescue, and time passes . . . virtuously . . . because I keep telling myself: Captain, thou art virtuous, (*HE is touched.*) you're a good man, a good human being!

WOYZECK. Well, Cap'n, this virtue, that's not how it works with us. You see, us common folk, virtue ain't somethin' we got. *Nature* is what we follow, we're . . . natural. Course, if I was a gent, with a watch and a hat and a tailcoat, and could talk refined, I guess I'd want this Virtue too. There must be somethin' fine about it, this Virtue, Captain, sir. But I'm poor.

CAPTAIN. Very well, my dear Woyzeck, you are, after all, a good man, a Good Human Being, but you think too much, that's fatal, and explains why you always look so upset.—Phew, this discussion has worn me out! Go now, Woyzeck, and don't run so. Down the street here, slow, nice and slow.

Scene 6

MARIE. DRUM MAJOR.

DRUM MAJOR. Marie!

MARIE. (*Looking at him with a fixed expression.*) Now walk up and down a bit, okay?—Chest of a bull. Beard of a lion. Never saw the likes of *this* before,—Oh, I am the proudest woman in the world!

DRUM MAJOR. And when I have my plumed helmet on and my white gloves, God in Heaven! Like the Prince always says, "Hell, what a guy!"

MARIE. (*Mockingly.*) Are you kiddin'? (*Going right up to him.*) A man!

DRUM MAJOR. As for you: a real wench. Christ, you an' me could breed a *race* of drum majors! Huh? (*HE embraces her.*)

MARIE. (*Switching moods.*) Hands off!

DRUM MAJOR. A wildcat, eh?

MARIE. (*Violently.*) Touch me if you dare!

DRUM MAJOR. I see the Devil in those eyes of yours.

MARIE. Who cares? It's all one.

Scene 7

WOYZECK. (*Staring at her and shaking his head.*) Hm. Can't see a thing, can't see a thing. You should be able to see it like you could grab it with both hands.

MARIE. (*Intimidated.*) What's the matter with you, Franz?—You must be out of your mind!

WOYZECK. A sin so thick, so wide—enough stink to smoke the little angels out of Heaven. You got a red mouth, Marie. Is there a blister on it? Look, Marie, you are as lovely as sin, can mortal sin be so lovely?

MARIE. Franz, your fever's gettin' to you.

WOYZECK. Hell!—Did *he* stand there like this? Like this?

MARIE. As the day is long, as the world is old, many people can stand on one spot, one after the other.

WOYZECK. I saw him!

MARIE. A guy might see a lot if he got two eyes and ain't blind and the sun is shinin'.

WOYZECK. With my own eyes.

MARIE. (*Getting fresh with him.*) So what?

Scene 8

WOYZECK. *THE DOCTOR.*

DOCTOR. What are we coming to, Woyzeck?
Are you a man of your word?

WOYZECK. What's up, Doctor?

DOCTOR. I saw it with my own eyes,
Woyzeck. You were pissing in the street. You
were pissing on the wall. Like a dog.—Don't you
receive two groschen a day? This is bad,
Woyzeck. The whole world's going to the bad,
really bad.

WOYZECK. But, Doctor, sir, when ya got a
call o'nature . . .

DOCTOR. Call of nature, call of nature!
Nature! Have I not demonstrated that the
MUSCULUS CONSTRICTOR VESICAE—the
muscle constricting the bladder—is subject to
will—willpower? Nature indeed! Woyzeck, a
human being is free! “In the human being,
individuality is raised to a higher power, namely:
Freedom.”—Inability to hold in your urine? (*HE
shakes his head and walks up and down with his
hands behind his back.*) Have you eaten your
peas, Woyzeck? Nothing but peas. What are
peas? Plants: LEGUMINOSAE and, um,
CRUCIFERAE . . . Have you eaten your peas,
Woyzeck?—I'm going to make a scientific

revolution. Ammonium chloride, urea: zero point ten . . . And, Woyzeck, you're gonna have to piss again. Go in there and try.

WOYZECK. I can't, Doctor, sir.

DOCTOR. (*With real feeling.*) Yet you can piss on a wall! I have it down in writing here, that contract you signed! Saw it with my own eyes: happened to be sticking my nose out the window at the time to let the sun's rays fall so I could make some notes on sneezing—The Human Sneeze! (*Steps toward him:*) No, Woyzeck, I'm not mad at you, anger is unscientific, contrary to medical principles, so I'm calm, perfectly calm, pulse at its usual 60, and I'm telling you, in the coldest of cold blood, God forbid that you should get over-excited about a human being, a mere human being! If it was a Proteus lizard that died on you, that would be something else. You shouldn't have pissed on the wall!

WOYZECK. Well, ya know, Doctor, sometimes a guy's character, it has a . . . structure, is that the word? But Nature, that's somethin' else again, it's like, how d'ya say it, for example—(*HE cracks his fingers.*)

DOCTOR. Woyzeck, you're philosophizing again.

WOYZECK. (*Confidingly.*) Did you ever see double? See Nature—double? The sun is at high noon, the world seems to be goin' up in flames, and a terrible voice is speakin' to me!

DOCTOR. Diagnosis: ABERRATIO. Woyzeck, you are—

WOYZECK. (*Putting a finger to his nose.*) The toadstools, *that's* where, right *there*. See how they grow? In formations on the ground, toadstools in formation? Now if you could read those formations!

DOCTOR. An exquisite example of ABERRATIO PARTIALIS MENTALIS, species two, remarkably developed! This gets you a raise, Woyzeck. Species two: *idée fixe*. Condition in general: rational.—Still doing the usual? Shaving your Captain?

WOYZECK. Yessir.

DOCTOR. Eating your peas?

WOYZECK. At all the right times, Doctor, sir. My girl gets my allowance for food.

DOCTOR. Carry out all your orders?

WOYZECK. Yessir.

DOCTOR. Interesting CASUS. Subject Woyzeck, this gets you a raise, just behave yourself. Your pulse? (*HE takes it.*) Yeah.

Scene 9

CAPTAIN. DOCTOR.

CAPTAIN. I feel so sorry for horses—they gotta go everywhere on foot. The way you run, Doctor. Waving your cane around in the air. You'll run yourself to death. A good human being has a good conscience. He doesn't run so fast. *(HE grabs the Doctor by the coat.)* My dear Doctor, allow me to save a life—the life of a human being! You run too fast. My heart is heavy, Doctor. I'm an emotional sort of fellow, I break down and cry just to see my own coat on a coat hook . . .

DOCTOR. Hmm. Bloated. Fat. Thick neck. Apoplectic constitution. Yeah, Captain, you may get APOPLEXIA CEREBRI, cerebral apoplexy, but then again you may get it just on one side, and be paralyzed only on that side, but, if all goes well, it may be only your mind that's paralyzed, as a vegetable you may be perfectly healthy: these are approximately your prospects for the next four weeks. You're a very interesting case and, if it's God's will that your tongue be paralyzed, we'll perform experiments on it that will prove immortal.

CAPTAIN. Don't frighten me, Doctor. People have died of fright. Yeah, of pure fright.—Can't

you see the gentlemen, on a certain occasion, their top hats in their hands: "He was a Good Human Being," they'll all be saying, "so very good!"—You remind me of a devil called Coffin Nail.

DOCTOR. (*Holding out his hat.*) And what's this? A hole in the head? A hole drilled by some Devil of a soldier?

CAPTAIN. (*Taking a long pin with a big head from his lapel.*) And what is this, my dear Doctor? It is a pin, Pinhead. It is a nail, Coffin Nail!

DOCTOR. Drill sergeant! Drill PRICK!! (*HE starts to go.*)

CAPTAIN. Oh, come now, no hard feelings. I'm a good guy, good specimen of the human race even though, when I want to, when I want to, I can . . .

(*During these words WOYZECK has entered and is hurrying by.*)

CAPTAIN. Hey, Woyzeck, what's the hurry? Stay with us a minute, Woyzeck! The man runs through this world like an open razor, you could CUT yourself on him! You run like you had a regiment of Cossacks to shave, an' like they were gonna hang you by the last hair on their chins about fifteen minutes from now! But about those long Cossack beards, what was I gonna say, Woyzeck? About those long beards?

DOCTOR. (*Who has turned to go, now returns:*) "Long beard beneath the chin"—Pliny

speaks of it. Soldiers have got to learn to do without.

CAPTAIN. (*Ignoring these remarks.*) Huh? About those long beards? Tell me. Woyzeck, have you come across a hair—from one of those beards—in your soup bowl? Hey, ya know what I mean: a human hair—belonging to a human being, an engineer, a sergeant—a drum major? Hey, Woyzeck, but you got a great woman there, few men can say as much.

WOYZECK. Yes, sir. What are ya tryin' to tell me, Captain?

CAPTAIN. What a face the guy makes!—Well, it doesn't have to be in the soup, just run to the corner, and maybe you'll find it on a pair of lips! Woyzeck, a pair of lips—I too have known what love is, Woyzeck. The guy's turning white as chalk.

WOYZECK. Captain, I'm just a poor bastard—it's all I have—in the world. Captain if you're jokin' . . .

CAPTAIN. Joking! How dare you? Joking!

DOCTOR. Your pulse, Woyzeck, your pulse! Small, hard, skipping a beat, irregular.

WOYZECK. Captain, this world is hot. Like hell. I'm cold as ice.—Hell is cold, I bet. Not possible. God. God. Not possible.

CAPTAIN. Does this guy wanna be shot? Do you want a couple bullets in your head? Why you stabbin' at me with your eyes? I wish you well. You're good—a good human being, that's what you are, Woyzeck.