

THE MASTER AND MARGARITA

a singing theatre adaptation
from the novel by Mikhail Bulgakov

Book by Sherry Kramer
Lyrics by Margaret Pine and Sherry Kramer
Music by Margaret Pine

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Margaret Pine

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CHARACTERS

THE MASTER

A great writer, in his forties

MARGARITA

A courageous woman, early thirties, lovely

IVAN

A third rate poet in his mid twenties, red haired

NATASHA

Margarita's maid, perhaps 20, very pretty and feisty

WOLAND

The Devil

AZAZELLO

Fanged, plaid-attired member of Woland's retinue

BEHEMOTH

Large black cat, member of Woland's retinue

HELLA

Redhaired vampire with gash on neck, also member of retinue

BERLIOZ

A bureaucrat--Head of the Writers Committee, portly

PONTIUS PILATE

The Procurator of Judea, a character in the Master's novel

JESUS

A character in the Master's novel

THE CHORUS

Most of the above double as chorus members, and play various minor characters throughout the piece

The Master and Margarita may be performed with 13 actor singers

PROLOGUE

The Master lies in bed, sleeping an uneasy sleep. There is a nightmare knocking on the door.

He leaps from his bed, as the knocking grows louder and more insistent. He rushes to his desk, grabs his manuscript. He throws it into the fire.

The door gives way, and two men rush into the room. As the Master feeds the last pages to the fire, they drag him away. The winter wind blows in through the open door.

A burned fragment of a page floats up from the fire. A cat's paw reaches up out of the fire pit, and swats at it.

BEHEMOTH

MEEEEOOOOWWW!!

Behemoth, a large black cat, pops his head out of the pit, holding his singed paw.

IT STILL BURNS

AZAZELLO

Rising up next to Behemoth, he grabs the fragment.

Stupid mangy feline, it's as cold as your heart.

BEHEMOTH

Cats are ANCIENT SACRED ANIMALS

Hella, a stunning redhaired vampire, rises beside Azazello.

HELLA

Azazello, where is it from?

AZAZELLO

MOSCOW

HELLA/BEHEMOTH

Correcting his pronunciation.

MOSCOW

There are no cows in

MOSCOW

Behemoth bats at the fragment trying to get it from Azazello.

AZAZELLO

Messire has decided to hold the ball in
MOSCOW THIS YEAR
and we just had it there a hundred years ago

HELLA/BEHEMOTH

MOSCOW

BEHEMOTH

Deelightful! Blini and VODKA

He continues to try to get the fragment.

HELLA

Muscovites are putty in my hands
candy for my sweet teeth

She flashes her fangs.

BEHEMOTH

Sturgeon and VODKA

HELLA

Dark corners, superstitions, magic--

AZAZELLO

As Behemoth tries for the paper again!
Behemoth, behave!

BEHEMOTH

Then read it!

HELLA

Yes!

AZAZELLO

"The sun rose without mercy, beating back every shadow
that dared to linger in the city that Pontius Pilate so detested."

HELLA

She sniffs it.

Smells like a NOVEL...

BEHEMOTH

A NOVEL
from the land of borsht and VODKA

He tries to grab it from Hella.

Music sounds, indicating Woland's approach.

HELLA

Stop it, he's coming--

Woland joins them, as Behemoth tosses the fragment up out of the pit--and it continues to float up, into the flies, and away.

RETINUE

MESSIRE

WOLAND

Behemoth, behave.

SPRING IN MOSCOW

THERE WE WILL HOLD THE FULL MOON BALL

MARGARITAS

WHO WOULD SELL THEIR SOULS ABOUND

THEY HAVE GROWN IN FERTILE GROUND

IMAGINE MOSCOW

THE BALLROOM OF THE DAMNED

MARGARITA WALTZING WITH THE PRINCE OF NIGHT

YOU ARE OUR REDEEMING LIGHT

RETINUE

MARGARITA

Lights fade on Woland and the Retinue.

ACT ONE

Lights up on Margarita, at her dressing table. She is weeping, and holds a charred piece of the Master's burned manuscript. As she reads, the Mediterranean Sea music sounds. It is faint. Far away.

MARGARITA

"The sun rose without mercy, beating back every shadow
that dared to linger in the city that Pontius Pilate so detested.
Pilate, wearing a white cloak, lined with blood red, cursing the headache
that--that--"

There's no more to read. She puts it down.

I read this fragment everyday, my love. And last night I
dreamed about you for the first time in five months.
Something is going to happen today, I feel it.

Calling off:

Natasha! Would you be a dear and buy some fresh flowers?

Natasha enters. Margarita indicates the fading bunch of yellow flowers on her dressing table.

These are wilted. I need some to take with me later.

NATASHA

Madam--Margarita--don't go, please. No one connects you
to the Master. Once you go to this Berlioz--

MARGARITA

Natasha, I have no choice--I have to go to him--

NATASHA

How can you go to the man who denounced your lover, banned
his novel and threw him into prison--

MARGARITA

All of which makes Berlioz the one man who can set the
Master free.

NATASHA

Berlioz is a fiend--

MARGARITA

No. He is my last hope! For five long months I've tried everything to find the Master!

NATASHA

Oh, Margarita--don't go! It's too dangerous. Berlioz is nothing more than a new kind of evil--

MARGARITA

My mind's made up.

NATASHA

You need something to ward off the wickedness--a potion--or an amulet--

MARGARITA

Natasha, I have warned you about these country superstitions...

NATASHA

Wait, I'll get my special charm--

She rushes out of the room.

MARGARITA

Natasha--what about my flowers--

OUTSIDE THE GATES I STOOD
 AT LUBYANKA WITH ALL THE REST
 FOR ONE SCRAP OF NEWS
 WE WAITED IN THE SNOW AND TRIED
 TO BE LIKE HEROES
 STRONG ENOUGH
 TRUE ENOUGH
 BRAVE ENOUGH
 TO TAKE ON THE WORLD
 GOOD SOLDIERS THAT WE WERE
 WE WOMEN SHARED OUR HEARTS
 AND BREAD TO NO AVAIL
 FOR ALL OUR PATIENCE BROUGHT
 WAS FROSTBITE AND FEAR

THE GODS ARE CRUEL
 THEY SET THE PRICE
 OF LOVE IN WAYS
 YOU NEVER DREAM YOU HAVE TO PAY
 I'D PRAY IF I KNEW THE PRAYER HEROES PRAY

THE GODS ARE CRUEL
 THEY SET THE PRICE OF LOVE SO HIGH THAT
 MANY DREAMS DESPAIR AND DIE
 WE LOVERS KNOW THIS IS TRUE
 AND WE KNOW WHY

FROM MOSCOW NORTH TO BELORUSSKY STATION
 I SCANNED EACH AND EVERY PRISONER
 SO MANY MEN, SO MANY SEARCHERS
 SURE ENOUGH
 PURE ENOUGH
 BRAVE ENOUGH
 TO SURVIVE SUCH A WORLD

BUT THE GODS ARE CRUEL
 THEY SET THE PRICE OF LOVE SO LOW
 THAT VERY FEW WOULD STOOP TO GO
 DO THE GODS WATCH OUR SUFFERING?
 DO THEY EVEN KNOW

FROM CATTLE CARS TO PRISON WALLS
 I'VE WAITED LONG ENOUGH
 SO NOW I MUST PLACE MY HEAD INSIDE THE LION'S MOUTH
 I MAY YET FIND MY LOVE
 IMAGINE...

PERHAPS THE GODS ARE FAIR
 TO SET THE PRICE OF LOVE AND SAY
 BE SURE YOUR DREAMS ARE
 STRONG ENOUGH
 TRUE ENOUGH
 BRAVE ENOUGH

TO DO WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE
 NO MATTER WHAT IT IS
 WHAT IT TAKES
 TO SET HIM FREE

NATASHA

Rushing back into Margarita's room.

You don't have to believe, but please, take this--

She tries to give her an amulet

It cures all diseases, mends the aching heart of love, sends
 away demons, and preserves cattle.

MARGARITA

Laughing softly.

Thank you, Natasha. But I doubt it will have much effect on a man like Berlioz.

Just bring me my yellow flowers...

NATASHA

Of course! For luck! I'll run like the wind, promise me you'll wait?

MARGARITA

I promise.

Natasha throws her arms around Margarita, kisses her quickly, and is gone.

Margarita picks up the wilted yellow flowers, and holds them to her heart.

Lights up on the Master's cell at the Stravinsky Asylum.

The Master is wearing striped hospital pajamas and a robe. He stands in the blue asylum light, remembering Margarita holding her yellow flowers.

THE MASTER

THERE, IN HER ARMS
A WOMAN CARRIED YELLOW FLOWERS
FLOWERS THAT STABBED ME
WITH A KNIFE OF LONGING
CRUSHED LIKE A SHIELD
AGAINST HER HEART
THEY WERE A CLEAR SIGN

From offstage, near where the Master stands, Ivan is heard screaming hysterically.

IVAN (o.s.)

His head! His head!

Ivan's screams are accompanied by a chorus, increasing in volume as the attendants approach the Master's cell.

ATTENDANTS

THERE THERE NOW
YOU'RE GOING TO BE FINE
THE STATE HAS A STAKE
IN YOUR STATE OF MIND

The Master struggles to hold on to the memory of Margarita, to continue his reverie, but the light on Margarita fades, as the song the Master sings is drowned out by the Attendants' singing.

MASTER
THERE IN HER ARMS

ATTENDANTS
THERE THERE NOW

A WOMAN CARRIED YELLOW FLOWERS

YOU'RE GOING TO BE FINE

The Master holds his head in his hands, unable to continue. Lights out on Margarita as the door to his cell bursts open, and four attendants, wearing white coats with the words STRAVINSKY ASYLUM on the back, enter.

They are carrying Ivan, who is wearing a straight jacket, drugged but still struggling wildly.

IVAN

His head! His head! It bounced!
It rolled! Evil has come to Moscow!

ATTENDANTS

THE STATE HAS A STAKE
IN YOUR STATE OF MIND

The attendants deposit Ivan in a weeping heap and leave. Ivan continues raving, and the Master calls after the attendants, wearily.

IVAN

His head!

His head!

His head!

His--

MASTER

Thank you, gentlemen. For bringing a raving lunatic into my nice, quiet room. For destroying my peaceful contemplation with a madman, a--

MASTER

If you must go on about his head, I must insist you do it calmly. Rationally. We may be madmen in an asylum, but that's no excuse for incoherency.

IVAN

I am not a madman! I am a poet! I am Ivan Nicholyich the poet!
At the mention of the word poet, the Master transforms into a raving lunatic as well.

MASTER

A poet! A poet!
He chases Ivan around the cell.
How dare you claim to be a poet!

IVAN

But I am a poet--I've been published, I--

MASTER

Published! Published! You are not a poet! You write sniveling, trivial, meaningless propaganda disguised as blank verse.

IVAN

You've read my work?

MASTER

I don't have to read it to know! Anyone who would admit to being a published poet in Moscow today is a hack!

Guard! Remove this profaner of language, this purported poet at once!

IVAN

If you knew what just happened to me, you wouldn't be so cruel.

MASTER

There is never an excuse for bad poetry.

IVAN

Please! I won't mention poetry again, just let me tell you about his head, his head--oh, I've got to tell someone, I--

MASTER

Not until you admit that only a bad poet would allow the Government to censor and rewrite and edit his work! Not until you swear to never attempt to write another word of poetry! Swear it! Now!

IVAN

But I--I try to write good poetry--I try, but--
Softy, whimpering.

I'M FORCED TO PREACH THE PARTY LINE

MASTER

YOUR WORDS RING FALSE WITH EACH FALSE RHYME

IVAN

AND MY ATTEMPTS TO WRITE FREE VERSE

MASTER

ARE PRACTICALLY A VIOLENT CRIME

MASTER

GIVE IT UP
LAY YOUR PEN DOWN
AND NEVER SCHEME TO WRITE A WORD THAT RHYMES
WITH WORDS IN OTHER LINES

IVAN
I STRUGGLE WITH ETERNAL TRUTH

MASTER
BY WRITING ALL THE WORDS THEY SAY TO

IVAN
I STRIVE TO CATCH THE GRIME OF LIFE

MASTER
THE PARTY CENSORS EVERY WAY TO

MASTER
THEN GIVE IT UP
LAY YOUR PEN DOWN
AND NEVER SCHEME TO WRITE A WORD THAT RHYMES
WITH WORDS IN OTHER LINES

YOUR CONCEITS?

Stronger now:
IVAN
ARE INVINCIBLY HACKNEYED

MASTER
YOUR LYRIC FLIGHTS?

IVAN
INDESCRIBABLY BLAND

MASTER
YOUR METAPHORS?

Stronger still:
IVAN
ARE MAJESTICALLY PUNY
WHICH SEEMS TO IMPLY THAT MY POETRY'S BAD
AND FROM THIS DAY ON I MUST

Waltzing together:
IVAN AND MASTER
GIVE IT UP
LAY MY/YOUR PEN DOWN
AND NEVER SCHEME TO WRITE A WORD THAT RHYMES
WITH WORDS IN OTHER LINES
PRETENDING TRUTH CAN BE DESCRIBED

IN POETRY
WHAT GOOD IS POETRY?

MASTER

Stops dancing.

WHAT DOES A POET DO?
HE WRITES A POEM OR TWO A YEAR
YEAR AFTER YEAR
AND THEN HE'S DENOUNCED
DRAGGED OUT OF BED
AND SENT TO PRISON
YES
BECAUSE A STACK OF CRUEL
AND VENOMOUS REMARKS
FROM CENSORS POWER MAD AND CRUEL
HAVE SHARPLY STABBED THE POET THROUGH
HIS LOVE OF POETRY
POETRY

IVAN

THEN...
GIVE IT UP
IN YOUR HEART, MAN
AND NEVER SCHEME TO WRITE A WORD THAT RHYMES
WITH WORDS IN OTHER LINES

MASTER

VERY WELL, WE'LL SWEAR TOGETHER
I WILL SWEAR LIKE YOU
TO NEVER WRITE ANOTHER WORD

IVAN

MUST I SWEAR LIKE YOU TO NEVER WRITE
TO NEVER WRITE ANOTHER WORD

MASTER

YOU MUST SWEAR TO NEVER WRITE A WORD

IVAN

IN OTHER WORDS I HAVE TO SWEAR
VERY WELL

IVAN/MASTER

I SWEAR!
I SWEAR!
I SWEAR!

IVAN/MASTER (cont)

I SWEAR!
I SWEAR!

HOW FREE IT FEELS TO KNOW
YOU'LL NEVER WRITE ANOTHER WORD

IVAN
NO MORE POETRY
NO MORE, NO MORE
NO MORE

MASTER

NO MORE
POETRY

MASTER

Now then.
He composes himself.
This head business.

IVAN

Ivan goes over the top again.
His head! His head! Oh, God, it's horrible, horrible, his head! His head!

MASTER

Please, please, calm down. Now, it didn't start out horribly, did it?

IVAN

Oh, no, it started out just like any other day.
Ivan takes a deep breath, and bravely begins his story.
This morning, I was at Patriarch's Pond, discussing a poem I'd written with Berlioz, the--
Patriarch's Pond materializes in an area near the asylum space. There is a park bench, and sitting on it is Berlioz, a boorish, fat popinjay of a man, disagreeable looking in every respect. Berlioz is drinking a glass of warm apricot juice.

The Master has an immediate and violent reaction to Berlioz' appearance.

MASTER

In a horrified whisper:
Misha Berlioz!

IVAN

Yes, the head of the Writer's Committee. You see, I'd submitted my poem, a poem about--
The Master paces frantically.

MASTER

Berlioz, my enemy!
 Berlioz my destroyer!
 Berlioz, my--

IVAN

--a poem about Jesus that
 Berlioz had asked
 me to write for his--

IVAN

I am trying to tell a story here!

MASTER

Yes, go on, go on, I promise I won't interrupt you again.

IVAN

Ivan moves into the Patriarch's Pond area, still wearing his straight jacket, and sits down on the bench next to Berlioz.

My poem--I think it's my best work to date.

Berlioz belches.

I made all the changes you suggested--

Berlioz belches again.

BERLIOZ

Warm apricot juice.

And belches again.

IVAN

MY POEM, SIR
 THERE'S STILL MORE I CAN DO
 I CAN MAKE IT SHORTER
 I CAN MAKE IT LONGER
 I CAN MAKE IT RHYME
 MAKE IT RHYME
 THE POINT, YOU SEE
 IN MAKING JESUS CHRIST
 A LOYAL COMMUNIST AND
 A TRUE BLUE PARTY MAN
 WAS--

BERLIOZ

No, no, no! The point is not whether Jesus would have made a good communist, Ivan. The point of your poem has got to be that Jesus never existed at all. You see, Ivan--

There is an odd, scary sound.

Berlioz clutches his heart. A look of terror and pain fills his face.

BERLIOZ

WHAT THE DEVIL IS HAPPENING TO ME?
 THERE'S A FEAR LIKE A NEEDLE IN MY HEART
 WHAT THE DEVIL IS HAPPENING TO ME
 WHAT IS HAPPENING--HAP--

Woland suddenly materializes next to the park bench. He is not so extraordinary looking--but he is dressed in a black coat and hat which peg him as a foreigner. He carries a cane with a silver handle, and walks with a slight limp.

WOLAND

Excuse me. I couldn't help overhearing your conversation.

Didn't you just say that Jesus did not exist?

He seats himself between Berlioz and Ivan on the bench.

May I join you?

BERLIOZ

Certainly not. I never talk to foreigners. In any case, I have an appointment with a ravishing young woman I absolutely refuse to miss, so if you'll excuse us--

Berlioz starts to go, but inexplicably--doesn't.

WOLAND

There's no point in rushing off, my dear Berlioz. You will not keep that appointment--through no fault of your own.

One, two, three--

He consults the heavens, and there is a brief burst of conjuring music.

Mercury in the second house, full moon rising--yes, it's quite inevitable, my friend. Your head will be cut off.

BERLIOZ

That is quite improbable.

WOLAND

Yes. But it will be--by a member of the young patriots league. You see, a large bottle of sunflower seed oil is just about to be dropped--

From off stage, the sound of a large bottle smashing on the ground.

--and spilled. So you see, it is already too late.

BERLIOZ/IVAN

HE'S MAKING ME NERVOUS

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS--

BERLIOZ/IVAN

ENOUGH OF THIS!

Berlioz and Ivan leap from their seats, and start to move away. Woland, with a slight hand gesture, freezes them in their tracks.

WOLAND

Gentlemen, gentlemen.

He brings them back to their seats.

We have gotten sidetracked on trivial matters. We were discussing Jesus--who, as it turns out, really did exist, I assure you. You see--

As soon as Woland recites the lines, the music of Jerusalem builds.

"The sun rose without mercy, beating back every shadow that dared to linger in the city that Pontius Pilate so detested. Pilate, wearing a white cloak, lined with blood red, cursing the--"

Pontius Pilate, wearing a white cloak lined with red, appears. He is holding his head, muttering about roses, while his headache music plays.

The Master becomes increasingly agitated. He can't restrain himself any longer, he paces wildly in his cell, shaking his fists at the scene being played out at Patriarch's Pond.

PILATE

BRING OUT THE ACCUSED
LET HIM STAND HERE BEFORE ME
(Jesus approaches him)
YOUR NAME--OH MY HEAD
THESE DAMN ROSES ATTACK ME
IN WAVE AFTER WAVE
I'M BETRAYED BY MY SENSES

MASTER

No, No!! Stop!!

It's not possible--

IVAN

(Calling to the Master from his place on the park bench.)
You gave me your word you
wouldn't interrupt--

MASTER

And next--

next--

he gets a

headache--

PILATE

THE SMELL OF ROSES
A CONSPIRACY OF SCENT
A TREACHERY OF SENSES
AN OMEN PROMISING THERE'S
NO ESCAPE
FOR A ROMAN CONSULATE
WITH A HEADACHE

IVAN

(To the Master)
How did you know he had a
headache?

PILATE

OH GODS! WHAT ARE YOU
 PUNISHING ME FOR?
 IT MUST BE HARD TO GIVE
 A MAN A HEAD
 SPLIT DOWN THE MIDDLE SO
 PRECISELY
 ONE HALF A HELL
 OF STABBING BLINDING BLOWS
 A BATTLEGROUND THAT GROWS
 IN ROWS OF
 STINKING ROSES
 A SWEET, SICK STENCH,
 A MESSAGE SENT
 I CAN'T HELP
 HEARING IT CLEARLY
 I HEAR IT CLEARLY
 A PROPHECY OF PAIN

OH GODS! WHAT ARE YOU
 PUNISHING ME FOR?
 WHAT CRIME, WHAT OATH,
 WHAT GREAT MISTAKE
 HAS CURSED ME WITH THESE
 HEADACHES.

MASTER

The Procurator sat like stone, frozen
 by the unendurable pain that came
 whenever he moved his head.

WOLAND

The Procurator sat like stone, frozen
 by the unendurable pain that came
 whenever he moved his head

IVAN

Yes--yes--that's exactly what
 happens next--but how did you
 know it, word for word!

MASTER

I know the words, Ivan, because I wrote
 them. This is the beginning of my novel.

PILATE

So. You are the malcontent who wants to turn his people
 against their leaders?

JESUS

Timidly, in a frightened voice:

Good man, I only said--

PILATE

You dare call me good man! Don't pretend to be more stupid than you are.

JESUS

Stammering:

I didn't do it, Procurator. What they said. The good people of the city have confused what I said.

PILATE

Waving a parchment in the air.

It is clearly written down. This parchment condemns and sentences you.

JESUS

All I said was, the old temple of old beliefs would fall and the new temple of truth would be built up.

PILATE

Truth? What would a tramp like you know about the truth? The truth is that--

Pilate is seized by a wave of pain that throws him to his knees.

JESUS

AT THE MOMENT
THE TRUTH IS YOUR HEAD
HURTS YOU SO HARD YOU CAN'T TALK
IT PAINS YOU JUST
TO LOOK AT ME
YOU CAN'T THINK, OR REASON, OR RULE
BUT THE PAIN WILL END SOON
I PROMISE
AND YOUR HEADACHE WILL GO
HEADACHE WILL GO
HEADACHE WILL GO

Pilate's headache goes. He stands slowly, looking in wonder at Jesus.

PILATE

Now I understand. You a great physician!

JESUS

I am not a physician.

PILATE

Come. We will walk. You will tell me what you are.
Jesus and Pilate walk off together. The Master looks after them, longingly.

Woland makes a small magical gesture, and Jerusalem fades, as the sounds of Moscow return, and the great bells chime.

WOLAND

Yes, it was just after dawn, on a hot, spring day.

IVAN

Ivan and Berlioz shake their heads, as they awaken from Woland's trance.

WHAT A STRANGE STORY

BERLIOZ

VILE PROPAGANDA

IVAN

IT FELT SO REAL TO ME

BERLIOZ/IVAN

I MUST ADMIT HE HAS
A GIFT FOR THE NARRATIVE
THE NARRATIVE

IVAN

I SAW THE BALCONY
RIGHT THERE IN FRONT OF ME

BERLIOZ

NONSENSE! THE STORY'S
PATENTLY ABSURD!

What a waste of time! Your story is nothing more than a
rehash of that subversive novel about Pontius Pilate--

MASTER

(The Master shakes his fist at Berlioz in rage.)

MY novel!

BERLIOZ

--that the writers committee banned last winter.

WOLAND

A writer writing the truth! How extraordinary! That almost
never happens.

BERLIOZ

What do you mean, the truth!

WOLAND

I haven't had the pleasure of reading this novel, but that is exactly the way it happened. Trust me. After all, I was right there with Pilate and Jesus on the balcony.

He whispers, confidentially.

In secret, naturally--traveling incognito--so keep it under your hats, eh?

He winks.

BERLIOZ

HE COULD BE DANGEROUS

IVAN

HE COULD GET VIOLENT

BERLIOZ

USUALLY THEY'RE HARMLESS...

BERLIOZ/IVAN

BUT AS A GOOD CITIZEN

MY DUTY'S CLEAR:

FIND OUT HIS ADDRESS

AND TURN HIM IN

IVAN

So--have you found a good hotel for your stay in Moscow?

WOLAND

Regrettably, I detest hotels. I refuse to stay in them.

BERLIOZ

Then where are you staying?

WOLAND

Why, in your apartment, of course.

BERLIOZ

My apartment--well, I'd be delighted, I'm sure, but I'm sure you wouldn't be comfortable--

WOLAND

On the contrary. I shall be extremely comfortable. You see,

I require an apartment, because at midnight, gentlemen, I shall be throwing my annual Ball of the Damned Souls.

BERLIOZ
THAT'S IT! I'VE HAD ENOUGH!

IVAN
SHOCKING LACK OF MANNERS!

BERLIOZ
HE'S GONE TOO FAR NOW!!!

BERLIOZ/IVAN
IF HE'S NOT STOPPED WE'LL HAVE
A NASTY SCENE.

WOLAND
Sighing, confidentially.
It's a difficult business, throwing these balls. The hardest part, of course, is finding a Queen. She has to be pure of heart, courageous, and named Margarita. You don't know anyone answering to that description, do you?

MASTER
Margarita!

BERLIOZ
Margarita?

BERLIOZ
Whispers to Ivan.
Keep him talking. I'll go for help.
Moving stealthily away from the bench.
It would be my pleasure to help you find your queen--
but first I have--

BERLIOZ/WOLAND
--an important phone call to make.
Berlioz is a bit taken aback by Woland's foreknowledge of what he is going to do, but he continues on toward the trolley tracks.

IVAN
So...
Stammering, looking for something to say.
Why...why...the name Margarita?

WOLAND
Are you familiar with the Faust stories, Ivan?

IVAN

Well, I--

WOLAND

In them. the Margarita figure, is always the source of love, compassion, and humanness. Without her, Faust never experiences life. And the Devil--shall I let you in on a little secret, Ivan? Without her willingness to sacrifice herself for love--the Devil's powers themselves would crumble away to dust.

IVAN

Oh, of course.

WOLAND

Only a very pure, great light, Ivan, creates a shadow of any enduring significance.

Berlioz runs into Azazello, who has materialized out of nowhere.

BERLIOZ

Pardon me--

AZAZELLO

Looking for a telephone, sir? Right this way, please--right through the turnstile--watch yourself crossing the tracks--

Calling after him, as Berlioz stumbles away from him..

COULD YOU SPARE THE PRICE OF A DRINK
FOR SHOWING YOU THE WAY

LOST MY JOB AS CHOIRMASTER
YESTERDAAAAAAAAAY

The sound of the trolley, and of the warning bell, announce the trolley's approach.

Berlioz backs away from the tracks, toward a group of people waiting for the trolley. Among them is Anna, an old, stooped peasant woman, who is holding the fragments of a shattered bottle of sunflower seed oil. There is a dark, huge stain on her skirt.

Berlioz slips on something. His legs fly out from under him. The trolley bears down on top of him, lights blinding, bell clanging, as he slides onto the tracks and under the trolley's wheels.

BERLIOZ

WHAT THE DEVIL IS HAPPENING TO ME!

Berlioz disappears beneath the trolley. The pretty, female conductor, a red bandanna around her throat, desperately throws the brakes--too late.

The train careens onward, and the crash and screech is hideous as it jumps the tracks and crashes off stage.

Ivan leaps up from the bench and rushes over to the tracks. Smoke billows from the off stage area of the crash.

A dark, round object--Berlioz' head, severed neatly and moving fast--rolls and bounces past him. The crowd of people waiting for the trolley begin to scream:

CROWD

Oh my god!
I can't look!
His head, it's his head!
Somebody catch it!
It's horrible!
Help!

Ivan stands, in shock, stock still, looking in the direction that the head took as it rolled along.

IVAN

Starting calmly, then growing into hysteria.

His head. His head. His head.

Police whistles begin screaming, and an ambulance siren is heard as it approaches.

His Head! His Head! It bounced! It Rolled!

The attendants from the Stravinsky Asylum grab Ivan, and drag him back to the Master's cell. Ivan struggles wildly.

Evil Has Come to Moscow--

His Head!

And deposit him in the Master's cell, just as at the beginning of the scene.

His Head!!!!

The Master slaps him, and he slumps into the Master's arms.

Lights up on the hallway/stairway outside the offices of THE DEPARTMENT OF APARTMENTS. A group of anxious apartment seekers wait.

APARTMENT SEEKER ONE

SUCH FANTASTIC NEWS
A MAN NAMED BERLIOZ IS DEAD
HIS HEAD WAS SEVERED
BY A TROLLEY CAR

APARTMENT SEEKER TWO

CAN YOU BELIEVE THE NEWS?
MISHA BERLIOZ IS DEAD
HE SLIPPED AND FELL
AND WELL
A TROLLEY CAR CHOPPED OFF HIS HEAD
THREE WHOLE ROOMS

APARTMENT SEEKER ONE

HIS ROOMS ARE VACANT NOW

APARTMENT SEEKER THREE

I JUST HEARD THE NEWS

A MAN NAMED BERLIOZ HAS DIED
AND LEFT NO RELATIVES TO CLAIM
THEIR RIGHTS TO LEGALLY RESIDE
IN HIS WHOLE HALF OF AN APARTMENT
THREE WHOLE ROOMS

APARTMENT SEEKER TWO
HIS ROOMS ARE UP FOR GRABS

ALL THREE APARTMENT SEEKERS

WHOLE HALF OF AN APARTMENT
WHAT I WOULDN'T DO
FOR A WHOLE HALF
OF AN APARTMENT

PETROVICH. a semi-frantic self important bureaucrat, walks past them, attempting to get to his office.

DEAR KIND SWEET PETROVICH:
IT'S A TRAGEDY THAT MISHA BERLIOZ IS DEAD
STILL, YOU MUST ADMIT
A DEAD MAN DOESN'T NEED A BED-
ROOM, MUCH LESS
THREE LOVELY ROOMS
YOU SEE I'VE HEARD IT SAID
HE HAD A WHOLE HALF OF AN APARTMENT

PETROVICH

Pardon me, but I have important business to attend to--

SEEKER ONE

I'VE WAITED FIVE YEARS
FOR THIS KIND OF CHANCE

SEEKER TWO

I'M LIVING WITH MY SISTER
AND HER HUSBAND AND HIS COUSINS
AND THEIR AUNTS

SEEKER THREE

DEAR SWEET KIND SIR

PETROVICH

Make it brief.

SEEKER THREE

I WOULDN'T ASK THIS FOR MYSELF

PETROVICH

Oh, no?

SEEKER THREE
 BUT MY CHILDREN SLEEP
 INSIDE A CLOSET ON THE BOTTOM SHELF

PETROVICH
 Now, really, what--

SEEKER ONE
 WE DREAM OF ROOM TO BREATHE

SEEKER TWO
 WE DREAM OF PRIVACY
 Petrovich sighs greatly.
 AND JUST ONE WORD

SEEKER ONE AND TWO
 AND JUST ONE WORD
 COULD MAKE OUR DREAM COME TRUE
 FOR A WHOLE HALF OF AN APARTMENT

ALL THREE SEEKERS
 IN YOUR HEART, SIR, IF YOU SAW FIT
 YOU COULD MAKE A TIDY PROFIT
 Each of the three holds out a tempting bribe for Petrovich--a ham, a sheaf of rubles, a pair of silk hose, in such a way as if they imagine neither of the other seekers can see them.

Petrovich escapes into the safety of the outer office, where the Secretary is busy typing away. Sweating, nervous, he hangs a large sign outside the door leading into the inner office:

I AM NOT SEEING VISITORS

PETROVICH
 I think there's no one in the end
 Who wouldn't sell his soul
 for some hell hole
 of an apartment.

He goes into his inner office, closing the door to his inner office, revealing Woland, Azazello, and Hella, a tall, redheaded vampire in a trench coat, waiting in the outer office.

WOLAND
 Fascinating. But I am curious. Tell me, my dear, what would he do with a soul,
 if someone offered him one?

The secretary does not stop typing, but sings in cadence with the typewriter, using the bell for punctuation and musical effect.

SECRETARY

PUT IT IN A MEMO (bell on typewriter)
 MAKE SURE IT'S IN TRIPLICATE
 IT SHOULD TAKE A MONTH OR TWO
 IF IT'S MORE YOU'LL HEAR FROM US
 IN ANOTHER MEMO (bell on typewriter)

Woland snaps his fingers. Hella plucks a memo from thin air, gives it to Woland, who hands it to the secretary.

The secretary looks at it, and tosses it into a basket without missing a beat.

SECRETARY
 THANK YOU AND GOOD MORNING (bell)
 IT SHOULD TAKE A WEEK OR TWO
 DON'T CALL US, WE'LL CALL YOU
 IF WE DON'T PLEASE LET US KNOW
 IN ANOTHER MEMO (bell)

The secretary ignores them. Hella snatches up the memo, and the three of them stride through the door to the inner office.

WAIT YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE (bell)

Hella thrusts the memo at Petrovich, a standard issue bureaucrat sitting behind his desk. He glances at the memo, as the secretary rushes in.

They want you to approve their request to rent
 the whole half of an apartment belonging To M. Berlioz,
 recently deceased.

PETROVICH

Oh, they do, do they?
 CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH!

Azazello and Hella pull outrageous slight of hand tricks, producing everything Petrovich asks for, as Woland sits, serenely surveying the situation.

YOUR PARTY MEMBERSHIP CARD
 DIPLOMAS FROM YOUR KINDERGARTEN ALL THE WAY UP TO
 AND INCLUDING ANY AND ALL DEGREES
 A LETTER WITH OFFICIAL SEALS ATTESTING TO THE
 HIGHEST STANDARDS, MORAL AND PHYSICAL, OF YOURSELF
 AND MEMBERS OF YOUR FAMILY

Petrovich is beginning to despair, as everything he asks for is given to him. He is also running short of breath.

THE NAMES OF ALL THE PEOPLE YOU'VE EVER COME
 IN CONTACT WITH, THEIR PARTY MEMBERSHIP CARDS
 THEIR BIRTH CERTIFICATES, COPIES OF THEIR
 LOYALTY OATHS

He can't go on, he's out of breath, and out of demands. Grasping at straws.

THE TITLE OF THE BOOKS YOU'VE READ
 AN INVENTORY OF ALL YOU POSSESS

POSSESS

The secretary comes to his rescue.

SECRETARY

THE CONTENTS OF YOUR PURSE

Hella sprinkles the desk with the contents of her purse.

THE DYE YOU USE TO TINT YOUR HAIR

She produces a bottle of dye.

THE SHADE YOUR HAIR IS NATURALLY
NATURALLY!

Azazello puts a blond wig on Petrovich's head. Petrovich yanks it off, and despairs.

PETROVICH

OH--I KNEW SOMEDAY
IT WOULD COME TO THIS
OH--THE EMPTINESS
WHEN IT COMES TO THIS
BUT A BUREAUCRAT
TAKES THE DAILY RISK
THAT A MOMENT COMES
WHEN HE'S FACED WITH HIS
NEMESIS
AND HE MUST ACQUIESCE
AND APPROVE A REQUEST
AND APPROVE A REQUEST

He reaches for their memo, and with shaking hands, prepares to sign it.

SECRETARY

No, no, don't give in--

PETROVICH

But I've got no choice--look at all this--

SECRETARY

It's nothing but a pile of rubbish, Alexi--

PETROVICH

What do you mean, rubbish--they're official documents--

SECRETARY

You're the official, Alexi. It's up to you to say.

PETROVICH

WHAT IS THE MEANING (He rips up a handful of papers)
OF DUMPING THIS RUBBISH
AND CLUTTERING UP

AN OFFICIAL STATE OFFICE
GET OUT AND DON'T COME BACK

He sweeps all their papers off his desk, triumphantly.
DON'T COME BACK

WOLAND

No.

PETROVICH

Astonished that he's been contradicted, he says weakly:
No?

SECRETARY

Firmly, Alexi, dear.

PETROVICH

LEAVE AT ONCE
OR I'LL BE DAMNED
IF I DON'T THROW YOU OUT MYSELF

WOLAND

You'll be damned, you say?

SECRETARY

And he means it, too.

WOLAND

As you wish.

Woland makes a magical gesture, accompanied by a musical flourish.

Petrovich vanishes, leaving behind his empty suit, which continues to sit at his desk, where it does the paper work with alarming speed and efficiency.

Hella places the memo before the empty suit again. The suit signs it immediately, with a great flourish.

SECRETARY

Hysterical:

Darling Alexi!

THE EMPTY SUIT

Who are you addressing as Darling?!?! Official business only
in official offices! Work for the greater good and the good
work greater!

SECRETARY

What have they done to you!!!!

She runs from the room, wailing.

Woland and his Retinue leave. Azazello either flips the sign on the office door over, or alters it magically, so that it now reads:

VISITORS ARE NOT SEEING ME

Lights down on the office, as Woland and Retinue leave.

Behemoth staggers on-stage.

BEHEMOTH

CAAAAAAATASTROPHE!
CAAAAATACLYSM!

HEY MOSCOW
HEAR MY CAAAAAAAAT CALL
A TOM CAT SQUEALING IN UNAPPEALING HARMONICS
I'LL KILL MYSELF WITH CAAAAAATNIP
CAAAAAATAPULT FROM A CAAAAAAAATWALK
I'LL...I'LL...I'LL.....THAT'S HOW I FEEL

It's too hard finding Margaritas in Moscow. It's not my fault

He knocks on a door. The door opens. A wrong Margarita peers out.

BEHEMOTH

I'm looking for Margarita Mamontov--

The wrong Margarita is terrified.

WRONG MARGARITA #1

Why? What is she accused of--what do they say she's done!
Who turned her in--she never lived here, I never heard of
her, she died last year.

She slams the door in Behemoth's face.

BEHEMOTH

NOT SINCE CAAAAAAAATULLUSSES ROME
WHEN I COMBED THE CAAAAAAAATACOMBS
HAS THIS CAAAAAAT EVER COME HOME
WITHOUT A QUEEN

NOT SINCE CAAAAAAAATMANDU
WHEN THIS KITTYCAAAAAAAT CAUGHT THE FLU
A CONTEMPTIBLE CAAAAATARRAH

HAVE I CAAAAAAAATERWALLED OVER A QUEEN
Knocking on another door.

Afternoon, how are you, are you Margarita Kuzmin--

WRONG MARGARITA #2

I look like her, but I'm not her, I'm living in her apartment,
but we're not related, who gave you this address, are you
from the police, I can tell you things about my neighbors
I'm sure you'd like to know.

Behemoth leaves her, in despair.

BEHEMOTH

THIS INFELICITOUS FELINE
THIS MUCH MALIGNED MEOWER
WILL SLINK OFF TO A BAR AND CRY INTO A WHISKEY SOUR
MEOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOWW

BEHEMOTH

Pounding on another door. Another wrong Margarita answers.

You are Margarita Razumovsky, don't deny it!

WRONG MARGARITA #3

I deny everything! I never talk to strangers, I never buy on
the black market, I never miss a block meeting, I never
question government policies, I never--

BEHEMOTH

I'LL SNIVEL IN A PINT OF BEER
OR MAYBE IN A LITER
I'LL BOO HOO IN A BRANDY OR
A SALTY MARGARITA.

He wails, crawling on his knees.

MARGARITA! MARGARITA! MARGARITA!

Behemoth is at the next door, knocking, he is desperate. As soon as the door opens, he ducks to one side so he can't be seen right away by Wrong Margarita #4. He calls out in a high falsetto:

BEHEMOTH

Margarita?

The Wrong Margarita #4 looks around curiously.

WRONG MARGARITA #4

Yes?

BEHEMOTH

Got one!

Behemoth pounces on her, begins dragging her away.

BEHEMOTH

Hella! Hella! I've got one for the dream test! Hella, I've got one for you!

The Wrong Margarita #4 struggles wildly, but Behemoth manages to drag her a few feet away, to a spot where Hella magically appears.

WRONG MARGARITA #4

I didn't do it--who accused me--let me go--

Hella puts her to sleep with a touch. She slumps to the ground and begins snoring.

Hella bends down over the sleeping woman, performs a small enchantment, and enters into a magical contact with the woman.

HELLA

Dream, my little Margarita. Dream. In your dreams your soul is free. Free to soar--to breath--to flower, inside your--

Hella screeches, and recoils in horror.

Eeeeeech! Her dreams are so anemic, they could give a vampire nightmares. Behemoth--find another!

Behemoth takes off in search of more Margaritas. The Wrong Margarita sits up, dazed.

WRONG MARGARITA #4

Where--where am I? Am I dead? Is this hell?

HELLA

Regrettably no, little one. It is Moscow.

The Wrong Margarita #4 stumbles off stage in a daze.

HELLA

OVER THE CENTURIES I'VE LEARNED TO READ

A WOMAN LIKE A NOVEL

THEN I LEARNED THE KNACK OF READING

MARGARITAS BY THEIR DREAMS

SO I LULLED THREE DOZEN

BY THE NAME OF MARGARITA

WHO I THOUGHT MIGHT HAVE THE KIND OF

BREEDING THAT A ROYAL WITCH WOULD NEED

PHANTOM IMAGES APPEARED IN A SAD PROCESSION

A PAIR OF STURDY WORKSHOES

KICKED THEIR WAY INTO A BREAD LINE

THEN A THREADBARE WOOLEN COAT DENOUNCED A

RUBBER RAINCOAT AND A GLOVE
 MORE HOLE THAN CLOTH
 PASSED HORSEMEAT OFF AS BEEF

POVERTY OF BODY
 AND POVERTY OF SPIRIT
 TOGETHER SEEN IN DREAMS
 ARE POOR EXCUSES FOR DESIRE

WHEN A CITY ROBS ITS WOMEN
 OF THEIR ELEMENTAL KINDNESS
 WHEN THERE'S POVERTY OF BODY
 AND THERE'S POVERTY OF SPIRIT
 THEN THE SOULS OF ALL ITS CITIZENS
 BECOME AS BLEAK AS NIGHT
 THE SOULS OF ALL ITS CITIZENS
 BECOME AS BLEAK AS NIGHT

AND HERE I AM A SHADOW
 WHERE THERE ISN'T ANY LIGHT

WOLAND

OVER THE CENTURIES THE CITIES BLUR
 AND BLEND INTO A NOVEL

HISTORY IS CURIOUSLY
 SIMILAR WITHOUT RELIEF

MOSCOW JUST ANOTHER PLACE
 WHERE GOOD AND BAD HAVE LOST
 THEIR COLORS

A PLACE WHERE BRUTALITY AND BLINDNESS
 HAVE BEEN PASSED OFF AS BELIEF

AZAZELLO

IT'S TRUE, MESSIRE

I AGREE

PERHAPS, BUT STILL

WOLAND AND AZAZELLO

WHEN A CITY ROBS ITS WOMEN
 OF THEIR ELEMENTAL KINDNESS
 WHEN THERE'S POVERTY OF BODY
 AND THERE'S POVERTY OF SPIRIT
 THEN THE SOULS OF ALL ITS CITIZENS
 BECOME AS BLEAK AS NIGHT
 THE SOULS OF ALL ITS CITIZENS
 BECOME AS BLEAK AS NIGHT

WOLAND
AND IT'S LEFT TO THE SHADOWS
TO REMIND THEM OF THE LIGHT

Lights down on Woland and the retinue, as Natasha, carrying a bouquet of fresh yellow flowers, rushes into Margarita's room.

NATASHA

You're not going to believe this, Madam! But I ran into Anyuska, who got it from her cousin Bella, who saw Elana Ivanova just this morning in such a state she could hardly speak. And by now practically everybody you meet swears that they or a close relation or a friend or a friend's friend of a friend got up this morning and saw--

WITCHES

MARGARITA

WITCHES?

NATASHA

RIDING TROLLEYS

MARGARITA

NOT BROOMSTICKS?

NATASHA

IF YOU SIT NEAR THEM
YOUR MONEY LEAPS OUT OF YOUR POCKET
BECOMING A
FLOCK OF SPARROWS
THAT LAUGHS AS IT
FLIES AWAY
THERE ARE DEMONS

MARGARITA

DEMONS?

NATASHA

SELLING STURGEON!

MARGARITA

DELICIOUS!

NATASHA

IF YOU BUY ONE IT

GROWS LEGS AND DANCES THE FOX TROT
 IT GRABS YOU AND
 DANCES YOU OFF TO THE RIVER
 AND THEN IT DIVES IN
 WITH ITS CATCH OF THE DAY

IT'S DANGEROUS
 PLEASE MADAM
 I'M AFRAID
 DON'T GO OUT TODAY

MARGARITA

NATASHA, YOU'RE SUCH AN INNOCENT
 YOU BELIEVE THE WILDEST RUMORS
 LIKE A TRUSTING LITTLE CHILD
 IT'S TRUE THAT YEARS AGO
 THE MOST FANTASTIC
 THINGS OCCURRED
 THAT TODAY WOULD BE ABSURD

BUT THEY WERE BANISHED BY THE STATE
 WHEN IT COULDN'T REGULATE THEM
 WHEN IT COULDN'T STAMP AND RATION THEM
 IN BUREAUCRATIC FASHION
 THEY WERE BANISHED BY THE STATE
 THE STATE

BUT THERE'S A
 VAMPIRE

A VAMPIRE

SHE'S A REDHEAD

HOW LOVELY

SHE TAKES A WOMAN
 WHO PLEASURES HER
 PLACES HER DEEPLY IN SLEEP
 WHERE SHE DRINKS ALL HER DREAMS
 AND THEN LEAVES HER DELIRIOUS
 MEEK AS A SHEEP

NATASHA

DON'T
 TREAT ME
 LIKE A CHILD
 IT'S TRUE
 THE MOST FANTASTIC
 THINGS OCCURRED
 TODAY

THE STATE

NATASHA

MARGARITA

NATASHA

MARGARITA

NATASHA

MEEK AS A SHEEP

MARGARITA

IDLE GOSSIP
GIRLISH FEARS
I'M NOT AFRAID
I MUST GO OUT

NATASHA

IT'S DANGEROUS
PLEASE MADAM
I'M AFRAID
DON'T GO OUT TODAY

MARGARITA

EACH DAY THAT COMES AND GOES
WITHOUT HIM BY MY SIDE
IS DEATH WITHOUT AN END
NOW FINALLY THERE'S A CHANCE
TO SET HIM FREE

I KNOW MY LOVE IS TRUE
AND YES THERE IS A PRICE TO PAY
TO PROVE YOUR DREAMS
ARE STRONG ENOUGH
TRUE ENOUGH
BRAVE ENOUGH
TO DO WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE
WHATEVER IT TAKES I'LL SEE
HIM SAFELY HOME

She pushes Natasha aside, throws on her black coat defiantly, and heads for the door.

NATASHA

Then--let me go with you!

MARGARITA

Natasha, please! Stop worrying. I have all the protection I
need, remember?

She kisses Natasha on the top of her head.

I have these.

Margarita presses the flowers tightly against her chest, and walks away. Lights down.

ATTENDANTS

THERE THERE THERE NOW
YOU'RE GOING TO BE FINE
THE STATE HAS A STAKE
IN YOUR STATE OF MIND

WRONG MARGARITA #4

She was a vampire! A vampire!
She sucked out my dreams--

IVAN

Poor girl.

ATTENDANTS

THERE THERE THERE NOW
YOU'RE GOING TO BE FINE
THE STATE HAS A STAKE
IN YOUR STATE OF MIND
YOUR STATE OF MIND

SECRETARY

An empty suit! They turned him into an empty suit!

IVAN

Another victim! But perhaps they will cure them both, and us, and set us free.

MASTER

Cure us, Ivan? Believe me. The madness which has brought us here is incurable.

Think of it. Where else in the universe could two men be imprisoned in a place like this because of Pontius Pilate!

The Master begins pacing. The sound and light of Jerusalem begin to appear near the Asylum area. "The sun rose without mercy, beating back every shadow that dared linger in the city that Pontius Pilate so detested. Pilate, wearing a white cloak lined with blood red..."

Isn't it enough to have written it and been damned for it once! What kind of God would curse me like this--would condemn me to keep hearing those words, over and over again!

IVAN

Please, you mustn't upset yourself--you--

MASTER

The Master pulls a greasy black cap with the letter M embroidered on it, shows it to Ivan, and puts it on.

Look--she sewed it for me with her own hands.

SHE CALLED ME THE MASTER

But I am the Master of nothing now. I burned my novel to try to keep her safe.

Pilate and Jesus appear, strolling together in the gardens above the palace. They are munching on figs, perhaps carrying a flowering branch they've picked up along the way. The Master despairs as the Mediterranean sea music sounds, from far away.

And still, the words keep beating their way into me. I can't find peace from them. Even here.

PILATE

Why do you use the expression, good man?

JESUS

There are no evil people on earth.

PILATE

Even me?

JESUS

Even you, Procurator.

PILATE

Perhaps. But there are--weak men. There are cowards.

JESUS

Yes, cowards.

PILATE

And what truth do you preach to cowards?

JESUS

The same as for everyone.

PILATE

No. The truth is different for cowards. In fact, cowardice is the greatest human failing.

JESUS

Your problem, Procurator, is that your mind is too closed and you have lost your faith in human beings.

PILATE

We are not here to discuss my problem.

JESUS

Gazing off into the distance.

There will be thunder, later, toward evening. The full moon will rise. I will be sorry not to see it.

PILATE

I am the Procurator of Rome. I am Caesar's strong right arm. You will see the moon rise if I decree it.

JESUS

Perhaps, Procurator. Perhaps.
They stroll off stage.

IVAN

You burned every copy?

MASTER

To ashes. But I would do it again, to protect her--the only thing I care about now is finding out if she is safe.

IVAN

You could write her--

MASTER

Write her? When a single word from me puts her in danger? Ivan.

It was spring when I met her. The lilacs were everywhere. My novel was racing to conclusion, and I was filled with this feeling--this overpowering sense of--you're a writer, Ivan, you know what it feels like, when you know in your soul that you have written the truth--

IVAN

No.

MASTER

Of course you do, Ivan.

IVAN

How could I? I have never written a single word that wasn't a bad imitation of a second rate emotion.

MASTER

Sometimes--I think it would have been better if I had never written the truth, either, Ivan. But then I would never have met her. You see, my head was filled with the sounds and smells of Jerusalem--Pontius Pilate was consuming me--

IVAN

Yes, the white cloak, the blood red lining, don't remind me--

MASTER

--and I had to get out, to walk and walk. Finally, just at sunset, I found myself walking along the Moscow River, below the Kremlin Wall.

Margarita appears, holding her yellow flowers against her heart, where they are silhouetted by her black coat. She is on her way to meet Berlioz, and walking along the Moscow River in the Master's memory at the same time.

MASTER

THERE, IN HER ARMS
 A WOMAN CARRIED YELLOW FLOWERS
 FLOWERS THAT STABBED ME
 WITH A KNIFE OF LONGING
 CRUSHED LIKE A SHIELD
 AGAINST HER HEART
 THEY WERE A CLEAR SIGN
 THERE, IN HER EYES
 A LOOK OF OVERWHELMING SADNESS
 SADNESS THAT TOLD A
 SECRET LIFE OF LONGING
 BOUND BY DREAMS THAT
 CONSUMED LIKE FIRE
 THEY WERE A TRUE SIGN

MASTER

(Under Margarita)

THERE, IN HER ARMS
 A WOMAN CARRIED YELLOW
 FLOWERS
 FLOWERS THAT STABBED ME
 WITH A KNIFE OF LONGING
 CRUSHED LIKE A SHIELD
 AGAINST HER HEART
 THEY WERE A CLEAR SIGN
 THERE, IN HER EYES
 A LOOK OF OVERWHELMING
 SADNESS
 SADNESS THAT TOLD A
 SECRET LIFE OF LONGING
 BOUND BY DREAMS THAT
 CONSUMED LIKE FIRE
 THEY WERE A TRUE SIGN

MARGARITA

I KNEW I HAD FOUND HIM
 FROM THE WAY THE FLOWERS
 BURNED INTO MY HANDS
 MY LIFE WAS BEGINNING OVER THERE
 ACROSS THE STREET
 HE LOOKED NOTHING LIKE THE
 WAY THAT I IMAGINED
 NOT AT ALL
 BUT THE INSTANT
 I SAW HIM
 NOTHING BUT HIS FACE MADE SENSE
 HIS SHABBY COAT
 HIS SAD OLD SHOES
 THE WAY HIS RAGGED CUFFS
 WERE FRAYED
 WAS PERFECT
 AND IT MADE ME WANT TO

MASTER AND MARGARITA

DROP TO MY KNEES
 AND PRAY I WOULDN'T LOSE
 THIS LIFE

THIS CHANCE
HIS/HER LOOK

MASTER
IF I DON'T SAY SOMETHING
I'LL LOSE HER

MARGARITA
IF I DON'T SAY SOMETHING
HE'LL TURN AND WALK AWAY

MASTER AND MARGARITA
IF I DON'T SAY SOMETHING
THEN WHO WILL EVER SAY A WORD
THAT I WILL HEAR AS CLEARLY AS
HIS/HER HEART

MARGARITA
DO YOU LIKE MY FLOWERS?

MASTER
I RACED ACROSS THE DISMAL LANE
TO ANSWER AT ONCE

MARGARITA
DO YOU LIKE MY FLOWERS?

MASTER
HOW COULD I TELL HER
I HATED THOSE FLOWERS
HOW COULD I TELL HER
I LOATHED YELLOW FLOWERS?
THE WAY THAT THEY BLANKET
THE CITY IN YELLOW
THE COLOR OF EVIL
THE COLOR OF DEATH

MARGARITA
DO YOU LIKE MY FLOWERS?

DO YOU LIKE MY FLOWERS?

MARGARITA
DO YOU LIKE MY FLOWERS?

MASTER
NO.

MASTER

Softer:

No.

MASTER

ROSES ARE NICE

MARGARITA

Margarita throws her yellow flowers down at once.

THEN FROM NOW ON
I'LL CARRY ROSES

MASTER

Picking up the yellow flowers, trying to hand them to her.

THESE YELLOW FLOWERS
BROUGHT YOU TO ME

MARGARITA

WE DON'T NEED THEM ANYMORE
OUR LIFE HAS BEGUN

MASTER AND MARGARITA

OUR LOVE STRUCK US DOWN
LIKE A KILLER IN THE ALLEY

MASTER

STRIKING US BOTH DOWN
AT ONCE
LIKE LIGHTENING
WITH HIS KNIFE

MARGARITA

NO THAT'S NOT TRUE

MASTER AND MARGARITA

FOR I HAVE
LOVED YOU
ALL MY LIFE

The Master and Margarita are alone on stage. But they are allowed only an instant together, before Margarita walks on, into the courtyard of Berlioz' apartment.

MASTER

The Master sees Margarita's yellow flowers lying on the floor of the cell, as if she really had been there.

MARGARITA

Margarita hesitates in the courtyard for an instant. She reads the addresses from above the doorways.

MARGARITA

21 Sadovaya Street.....19 Sadovaya.....17 Sadovaya Street!
Apartment 50.

MASTER

MARGARITA
IF THE GODS STILL WALK THE EARTH
I PRAY THEY SHINE THEIR
COUNTENANCE UPON YOUR FACE
AND KEEP YOU SAFE

Margarita walks across the courtyard to the entrance to Berlioz' apartment.

Lights up on Azazello and Woland, surveying Berlioz' apartment.

AZAZELLO

Congratulations, Messire. Once again you have found the perfect place for the ball! Odd, isn't it? The rumors one hears. It was my understanding that the devil himself would have difficulty finding an apartment in Moscow.

WOLAND

But my Queen, Azazello. What about my Queen!
Without her all the rest is meaningless.

Behemoth scales the wall to the apartment, and tumbles in through the window just as Azazello and Woland go into another room.

BEHEMOTH

Messire! I've failed you! I cannot find her. Messire?
(Looking around for Woland.)
Messire? Take my second life. My third one. I've
looked high and low, I cannot find your Queen.

MASTER

MARGARITA
IF THE GODS STILL WALK THE EARTH
I PRAY THEY MARKED YOUR
SPIRIT WITH A SIGN THAT SHOWERS
YOU WITH GRACE

MARGARITA

(Margarita has climbed the stairs to Berlioz' apartment. She knocks on the door.)

Misha Berlioz?

BEHEMOTH

(Outraged by the interruption.)
Go away! He's dead.

MARGARITA

But he can't be dead--I have an appointment with him!
(Margarita continues knocking.)

BEHEMOTH

Messire--since you're not here--I'll kill myself for you.
It's only just. It's only fitting.
(He takes out a browning automatic, and puts it to his head.)

MARGARITA

(Just as he is about to pull the trigger, destroying his concentration.)
Berlioz!
(Again destroying Behemoth's concentration.)
Berlioz, please, answer the door--
(Again interrupting Behemoth.)
I have to see him--it's a matter of life and death!

BEHEMOTH

(Throwing the pistol down, in a frustrated rage. Snarling:)
How convenient. You're alive--and he's DEAD!

MARGARITA

Dead....
(She drops her yellow flowers. They lie on the landing, as Margarita starts down the stairs in complete despair.

Margarita, sits on the bench in the courtyard, desolate.)

MARGARITA

MARGARITA
YOUR LAST CHANCE
TURNED OUT TO BE A BITTER JOKE
THE GODS HAVE PLAYED

(Hella materializes in the apartment, with Behemoth. Neither of them is aware that Margarita is outside in the courtyard.)

HELLA

MARGARITA
BY ALL THE POWERS OF BLACK AND WHITE

MASTER

MARGARITA

MASTER

MARGARITA

BY EVERY ELEMENT IN BETWEEN
 SOUL AFTER SOUL
 HAVE I SEEN, UNSEEN
 THERE IS NOT ONE FIT TO BE A QUEEN

BY ALL THE POWERS OF BLACK AND WHITE
 BY EVERY ELEMENT IN BETWEEN
 SOUL AFTER SOUL
 HAVE I SEEN, UNSEEN
 THERE IS NOT ONE FIT TO BE OUR QUEEN
 THERE IS NOT ONE FIT TO BE OUR QUEEN
 (Woland enters from the other room, raging, Azazello behind him.)

WOLAND

I WILL NOT BE DENIED
 THE DAMNED SOULS WILL HAVE THEIR QUEEN

RETINUE

MARGARITA

MASTER

MARGARITA

WOLAND

A RADIANT MAJESTY
 REIGNS BY MY SIDE TONIGHT

RETINUE

PURE AS MOONLIGHT

MASTER

PURE AS MOONLIGHT

WOLAND

OR BY ALL POWERS
 UNHOLY AND MONSTROUS
 THE CITY WILL BURN
 MOSCOW WILL PAY THE PRICE

I AM DAMNED BEYOND TIME
 CURSED WITH NO HOPE OF GRACE

RETINUE

DEEP AS MIDNIGHT

MASTER

DEEP AS MIDNIGHT

WOLAND

ONE MOMENT OF FREEDOM
 IS ALL I CAN GIVE THE DAMNED

RETINUE

TRUE, ETERNAL

MASTER

TRUE, ETERNAL

WOLAND

FIND MY QUEEN AND
GIVE ME MY MAJESTY
GIVE THEM A QUEEN
OR THE WHOLE WORLD WILL
PAY THE PRICE

MASTER

I PRAY FOR HER EACH
DAY

MARGARITA

GIVE ME ONE MOMENT
ONE MOMENT WITH MY LOVE

WOLAND

THE WORLD WILL PAY

MARGARITA

I CAN'T GO ON LIVING I CAN'T GO ON LIVING
CAN'T LIVE ANOTHER DAY CAN'T LIVE ANOTHER DAY

MASTER**WOLAND**

THEY WILL SUFFER

MARGARITA

JUST TO KNOW HE LIVES
TO KNOW HE'S SAFE

MASTER

TO KNOW SHE IS SAFE

WOLAND

MARGARITA!!!!!!

RETINUE

MARGARITA!!!!!!!

WOLAND

CURSE YOU BLIND FOOLS
FIND MARGARITA'S SOUL

MARGARITA

MY LAST CHANCE
TURNED OUT TO BE A
BITTER JOKE
BITTER JOKE

WOLAND

TREMBLE YOU FOOLS
I AM TOO NEAR
DESPAIR

MARGARITA

I CAN'T GO ON LIVING

ANOTHER DAY
ANOTHER DAY

MASTER

I CAN'T GO ON LIVING

ANOTHER DAY
ANOTHER DAY

ACT TWO

Margarita sits on the bench in the courtyard, as at the end of Act I.

WOLAND

An ecstatic whisper.

She has come to us, Azazello! Of her own free will--this has never happened before--never--in all the centuries. Look at her. Have you ever seen such a radiant, courageous Margarita?

AZAZELLO

Never, Messire.

WOLAND

Then what are you waiting for--hurry--

AZAZELLO

Couldn't you send Behemoth this time, Messire--you know how clumsy I am with living women, I, what if she turns me down--

WOLAND

You try my patience.

Bending down to pick up the yellow flowers Margarita dropped

Take these--and speak to her--

He inhales deeply from the bouquet.

--of the man she calls...the Master.

AZAZELLO

Azazello walks up to Margarita, holding the yellow flowers out to her.

Margarita?

MARGARITA

Startled:

Do I know you?

AZAZELLO

I am...AZAZELLO. I have been sent with an invitation from a VERY DISTINGUISHED FOREIGN GENTLEMAN.

MARGARITA

A PIMP

AZAZELLO

That's the thanks I get.

STUPID WITCH

MARGARITA

HOW DARE YOU

AZAZELLO

The music of Jerusalem floats up under Azazello's words.

"The sun rose without mercy, beating back every shadow that dared to linger in the city that Pontius Pilate so detested."

Pilate and Jesus are seen, sitting under the shade of a flowering tree in the distance.

MARGARITA

The Master's book--

AZAZELLO

Care to hear more?

MARGARITA

There is no more--it is all burned to ashes.

AZAZELLO

How absurd. MANUSCRIPTS DON'T BURN.

As Pilate and Jesus continue their walk in the garden, Azazello says the words along with Pilate.

AZAZELLO/PILATE

So--you maintain you never intended your teachings to stir up the people?

PILATE

You never incited them to riot, to tear down the temple?

JESUS

Do I look like a half wit to you?

PILATE

A screaming rabble, hundreds of people, called out your name, hailing you as prophet--

JESUS

How can that be? Not a single soul knew my name. Procurator--please--these stories-I can't imagine who started them--but they're not true.

PILATE

You swear this by your life?

JESUS

I do.

PILATE

IT'S SO SIMPLE, CLEAR
THE SPIDERS WEB
HAS SPUN ITS SILK ABOUT THIS MAN
HE IS INNOCENT
A GENTLE SOUL
A QUIET FOOL
WITH HEALING HANDS

THIS MAN'S FATE IS MINE

NONE DARE DENY
 NONE DARE DECRY
 MY POWER HERE

IT'S SO SIMPLE, CLEAR
 I'LL EXILE HIM
 TO SPARE THE CITY AND HIS LIFE
 HE'LL BE SAFE, SECURE
 FROM LIES AND SCHEMES
 FROM SPIES AND THIEVES
 AND EVIL DEEDS

I'LL EXILE HIM
 TO MY OWN HOME
 ON THE MEDITERRANEAN

HE'LL BE SHELTERED, SAFE
 AND PILATE GAINS
 A GREAT PHYSICIAN
 OF HIS OWN

IT'S SO SIMPLE, CLEAR.

Pilate calls out.

Is there anything else on this man?

The Chief of Secret Police comes forward, hands Pilate a parchment, and leaves.

Pilate reads it--and crumples the paper in his hands, in despair.

Denounced! Betrayed! Dead.....

Do you know a Judas of Karioth?

JESUS

Oh, yes. He invited me home with him, we ate and drank,
 and spoke of many things--he is a very good man.

PILATE

His headache returns, with blinding speed and pain.

Ah. Quite a good man. The world is full of them.

Pilate's headache music plays softly, as lights fade on Pilate and Jesus.

MARGARITA

His novel--word for word--do you know him--is he alive?

AZAZELLO

Oh, how boring. Yes, he's alive.

MARGARITA
OH GOD! OH MY! THANK GOD! THANK-----

AZAZELLO
No scenes please!
OH KICK AN OLD COUPLE DOWN THE STAIRS
PUNCH A FELLOW OUT
SHOOT A HALF A DOZEN
THAT'S MY KIND OF JOB
BUT TO ARGUE WITH A WOMAN IN LOVE...

MARGARITA
This invitation from the VERY DISTINGUISHED FOREIGN
GENTLEMAN...he knows the master? No matter what he
wants of me I'LL GO! I'LL GO! I'LL GO! I'LL GO! I'LL--

AZAZELLO
No scenes please!
JUST TAKE THIS LITTLE BOX
THEN AT TWELVE TONIGHT
TAKE OFF ALL YOUR CLOTHES
RUB YOURSELF WITH THIS
HARMLESS LITTLE CREAM
OVER EVERY INCH OF SKIN

MARGARITA
THIS BOX IS SOLID GOLD
I'VE BEEN SEDUCED BY SOMETHING SHADY
WHICH I WILL BITTERLY REGRET

AZAZELLO
Give me back the cream--

MARGARITA
Never.
She moves away from the bench, Azazello chases her.

AZAZELLO
Give it back right now.

MARGARITA
NO. NO I AGREE TO EVERYTHING
I'LL DO JUST AS YOU SAY
I'D GO TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH
TO SEE HIM AGAIN

Margarita goes off with the golden box. Lights fade on Woland and the courtyard.

Lights up on the Master's cell. The full moon rises over Moscow--silver and magnificent, huge.

The moonlight streams into the cell, where the Master sits, in a chair, bathed in the moonlight that is ribboned by the bars on the windows.

The many inmates of the asylum are restless, disturbed by the moon--fragments of sound and music, cacophony, the music of madness--float on the air.

ATTENDANTS
THERE THERE THERE NOW
YOU'RE GOING TO BE FINE
THE STATE HAS A STAKE

MARGARITA #4
My dreams--my dreams

She sucked out my dreams!

ATTENDANTS
IN YOUR STATE OF MIND
THERE THERE THERE NOW

YOU'RE GOING TO FINE
THE STATE HAS A STAKE
IN YOUR STATE OF MIND

MARGARITA #4
A vampire! A vampire!

SECRETARY
They turned my

darling Alexi into a
suit!

Ivan, asleep on his cot, wakes abruptly.

MASTER
Go back to sleep, Ivan. The moon excites them. They'll quiet down soon.

IVAN
I was dreaming--of a woman--she kissed me--and--you can laugh, if you want, but as soon as she kissed me the most amazing feeling of peace filled me up.

MASTER
Why would I laugh? That dream is why I never sleep on the night of the full moon. I have the same exact dream.

IVAN
That explains it. She left with you. She kissed me, and then the two of you flew out the window on a shaft of moonlight, and--

MASTER
The Master begins to pace, agitated by Ivan's dream.
Don't--don't speak of it anymore, Ivan.

IVAN

Why not? It's just a dream.

MASTER

Yes--and when dawn comes, I will still be here. Don't you see what a torture that dream is for me?

IVAN

Yes, but at least you can dream your own dreams. My life has been so empty that I'm reduced to borrowing yours.

MASTER

You think your life is empty?

IVAN

Compared to yours, of course it is--

MASTER

How dare you compare--how dare you pretend you know about what I have become.

I AM AN EMPTY HOUSE
 A DESERTED, WRETCHED STREET
 A FORGOTTEN BURNT OUT MAN
 I DREAMED THE TRUTH AND WROTE IT DOWN
 AND WROTE IT DOWN
 I PAID FOR EVERY WORD
 I PAID AND PAID AND PAID
 I PAID TO SAVE MY LOVE
 WHO WAS THE WORLD AND MORE
 WHO I LOVED AS MUCH AS TRUTH
 AND WHO SAID SHE LOVED ME MORE
 THAN ANY TRUTH OR ANY LIFE
 OR ANY SENSE OF RIGHT OR WRONG
 THE WORLD HAD OFFERED HER BEFORE

I AM THE GLASS THAT FALLS
 FROM A CARELESS, CLUMSY HAND
 STILL FULL OF WINE, SO FULL
 THE GLASS IS SHATTERED
 WHEN IT FALLS
 THE BLOOD WINE SPILLS
 AND EVERY DROP OF WINE
 REMEMBERS THE SUNLIGHT,
 THE MOONLIGHT,

AS IT SEEPS INTO THE GROUND
 BUT THE SPINNING WORLD SPINS ON
 THE BLIND UNCARING WORLD, SPINS ON
 UNAWARE AND UNRELENTING
 UNAWARE AND UNRELENTING
 TO HAVE LOVED AND TO HAVE DREAMED
 AND TO HAVE BEEN BETRAYED
 BY THE TRUTH I HAVE WRITTEN
 TO HAVE PAID AND PAID
 FOR THE TRUTH I HAVE WRITTEN
 CURSE THIS SPINNING WORLD FOR SPINNING
 UNREDEEMED AND UNREDEEMING
 CURSE THIS SPINNING WORLD FOR SPINNING
 EVERY STORY WITH AN ENDING
 THAT IS EMPTY, UNFORGIVING
 LIKE MINE

CURSE THE SPINNING WORLD
 CURSE THE TRUTH THAT BURNS
 CURSE THE DREAM THAT DIES
 CURSE THE WORTHLESS SUN
 AND THE YELLOW MOON
 CURSE EVERYTHING THAT MOVES
 UPON THIS EARTH BUT HER!

I AM AN EMPTY HOUSE
 I AM THE GLASS THAT FALLS
 SO FULL OF LIFE, SO FULL

MASTER (cont)

BUT EMPTY NOW, NO HOPE
 I AM NOTHING NOW
 EXCEPT THE DREAM
 THAT SHE IS SAFE

Lights fade on the asylum.

The bells of Moscow chime midnight.

Lights up on Berlioz' apartment--which has increased a thousand fold in size-and is now the setting for the Ball of the Damned Souls. It is as intensely magical an atmosphere as can be managed.

The Damned Souls begin to arrive--they sing as they awaken for their one night of life.

DAMNED SOUL ONE

ALIVE
 AGLOW

DAMNED SOUL ONE
 ALIVE
 AGAIN

DAMNED SOUL TWO
 AMAZED
 TO BE
 ALIVE
 AGAIN

DAMNED SOUL THREE
 WHAT IS THIS PLACE TELL ME
 WHAT IS THE MUSIC AND
 WHY IS MY EVIL HEART
 WARM AS THE SUMMER SAND?

DAMNED SOUL TWO
 DOES THE SUN SHINE FOR THIS
 COLD EMPTY CREATURE

DAMNED SOUL THREE
 ARE MILLIONS OF CANDLES ON
 FIRE JUST FOR ME

DAMNED SOUL ONE
 A FULL MOONLIT NIGHT, THE FIRST
 FULL MOON IN SPRINGTIME
 WE SOULS OF THE DAMNED
 FOR ONE MOMENT ARE FREE

DAMNED SOUL CHORUS
 SOULS LOST IN EMPTY SPACE
 OUTCASTS WHO DIED IN DISGRACE
 LOATHED BY THE HUMAN RACE
 COME DANCE WITH THOSE EQUALLY BASE
 DEAR GUESTS COME WHIRL WITH THE WIND
 THINK NOT ON TIMES THAT YOU SINNED
 JOY LASTS FOR LESS THAN AN INSTANT
 SO SAVOR EACH MOMENT YOU CAN

WOLAND
 Woland looks around anxiously for Margarita.
 It is midnight--where is she!

AZAZELLO
 Messire, Margarita will be here.

FRIEDA

A rather distraught damned soul, carrying a blue handkerchief, approaches Woland, and falls on her knees beside him.

Messire, I beg you, please--

The instant Azazello sees her, he moves to protect Woland from her.

AZAZELLO

Frieda, you forget yourself--

Frieda, dejected, shambles away.

AH, HERE COMES ALRIC THE GOTH
MOTHER'S MILK WAS VENOMOUS BROTH TO HIM
HE PLUNDERED THRACE HE MADE OFF
WITH ALL THE WOMEN AND KILLED ALL THE MEN

WOLAND

MY FAVORITE GROUP'S HERE
THE MEDIEVAL FLAGELLANTS
THEY STRIPPED AND BEAT THEMSELVES THREE TIMES
A DAY
ON A PILGRIMAGE BOUND FOR CADIZ FROM THE HAGUE
THE FOOLS ONLY AIDED IN SPREADING THE PLAGUE

DAMNED SOUL CHORUS

SOULS LOST IN EMPTY SPACE
OUTCASTS WHO DIED IN DISGRACE
LOATHED BY THE HUMAN RACE
COME DANCE WITH THOSE EQUALLY BASE

Frieda attempts to join in with the chorus, but she cannot achieve any union with anyone, and the rest of the damned souls shun her.

DEAR GUESTS COME WHIRL WITH THE WIND
THINK NOT ON TIMES THAT YOU SINNED
JOY LASTS FOR LESS THAN AN INSTANT
SO SAVOR EACH MOMENT YOU CAN

WOLAND

The guests are here--and no Queen to greet them! If I
disappointed our guests, Azazello, I'd never forgive myself...or
you.

AZAZELLO

Messire, you must not agitate yourself. The guests will notice.

WOLAND

Are you sure you gave her the right jar of cream?

Lights up on Margarita at her dressing table, opening the jar of cream Azazello gave her.

AZAZELLO

Messire, I'd stake my immortal soul on it.

Azazello and Woland greet more damned souls.

MARGARITA

Natasha spies on her mistress, unseen, from a corner.

I SMELL THE MARSH AND THE FOREST
AND THINGS THAT GROW IN THE DARK
THEY KNOW I LOVE THE MASTER
THEY KNOW THE MASTER

She carefully dips her fingers into the cream, and begins to apply it to her face, her hands and arms.
She looks in the mirror--she doesn't recognize herself.

MARGARITA

A STRANGER, YOUNG AND LOVELY
HER FACE IS SMOOTH
HER CHEEKS ARE FULL
HER EYES ARE GREEN
LIKE MINE WERE WITH THE MASTER

She realizes--it is her--the cream has restored her beauty.

MARGARITA?
MARGARITA!
MARGARITA!

I'M FREE
I'M FREE
I'M FREE
OF EVERYTHING

Natasha moves from her hiding place, amazed at her mistress' transformation.

NATASHA

MADAM, LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE
YOUR SKIN IS SHINING
YOU ARE LIKE SATIN
LIKE A DREAM
YOUR EYES WERE NEVER SO GREEN
YOU ARE SO LOVELY

MARGARITA

THE DREAM, THE CREAM
THE LOVELY CREAM
IT'S THE CREAM
THE CREAM, THE CREAM
THE LOVELY CREAM
AT LAST, I'M FREE OF EVERYTHING

MARGARITA

Unhappiness has turned me into a witch, Natasha. Take
everything I possess--it's all yours, now.

Natasha delightedly goes through Margarita's closet--Margarita helps her, putting on clothes and jewelry.

WOLAND

I'm trying to be patient, Azazello, but--
Nodding to a guest.

Hello. Good to see you.

AZAZELLO

Don't ignore that fellow with the berries on his head...Professor
Sylvius of Leyden.

WOLAND

Refresh my memory.

AZAZELLO

The inventor of gin, Messire.

WOLAND

He waves at Sylvius.

Ah, Professor. Thanks again.

MARGARITA

Back in Margarita's dressing room, Natasha is fully arrayed in Margarita's best clothing.

You look enchanting, Natasha.

She kisses Natasha, then mounts her broomstick. She begins to rise.

I'M FREE

I'M FREE

I'M--

She flies into the wall, bumping herself off the broomstick, onto the floor.

I'LL HAVE TO BE MORE CARE....FUL

She experiments with flying, teaching herself how to maneuver, while Natasha watches, delighted
and envious.

NATASHA

Margarita, Oh, Margarita!

MARGARITA

THIS WAY TURNS LEFT

THIS WAY TURNS RIGHT

WHAT AN EXCELLENT BROOMSTICK TO RIDE

ON AN EXCELLENT NIGHT

EASE UP AND GLIDE

ON THE SILVER MOON TIDE

AND FOLLOW IT BLINDLY, IT LEADS

ME, I KNOW, TO HIS SIDE

I'M FREE! I'M FREE! I'M FREE!!

Margarita flies off, lights down on Natasha and her dressing room.

AZAZELLO

VLAD THE IMPALER IS HERE
FROM RUMANIA
HE LIKED HIS ENTERTAINMENT
DURING A BANQUET OR FEAST
THE FLOOR SHOW BECAME
THE DECEASED

DAMNED SOUL CHORUS

DEAR GUESTS COME WHIRL WITH THE WIND
THINK NOT ON TIMES THAT YOU SINNED
JOY LASTS FOR LESS THAN AN INSTANT
SO SAVOR EACH MOMENT YOU CAN

Behemoth comes over to Azazello.

BEHEMOTH

FRIEDA'S HERE

AZAZELLO

SPOILING THE PARTY
I MEAN THE SILLY GIRL SMOTHERED HER BABY
BUT SHE NEVER LEARNED TO SWALLOW HER MEDICINE

BEHEMOTH

TAKE IT ON THE CHIN

BEHEMOTH/AZAZELLO

TAKE IT LIKE A MAN

AZAZELLO

SILLY GIRL, COMPLAIN, COMPLAIN

BEHEMOTH

COMPLAIN, COMPLAIN
HOW DEPRESSING

WOLAND

Margarita--she's here--at last--

The bells chime "Margarita".

AZAZELLO/HELLA

Margarita!
Margarita flies in majestically.

ALL

MARGARITA

All the assembled--damned souls, Woland, Azazello--sing her welcome.

ALL

WE TAKERS OF LIFE TAKERS OF LIGHT
INSTRUMENTS OF CRUEL FATE TURN TO YOU
THE MARGARITA
A WOMAN WHO IS LOVED
AND YOU THE NEWEST MARGARITA
IS ALSO SOMEONE WHO LOVES
ALSO SOMEONE WHO LOVES
THE QUEEN ARRIVES AT MIDNIGHT
TO BRING US THE SUN

THE QUEEN ARRIVES AT MIDNIGHT
TO BRING US THE SUN THE SUN THE SUN
AND YOU THE NEWEST MARGARITA
ARE ALSO SOMEONE WHO LIVES
ALSO SOMEONE WHO LOVES
ALSO SOMEONE WHO LIVES

Hella has draped a lush, black cape around Margarita's shoulders, a crown is placed on her head.

MARGARITA

SOULS OF THE DARKEST NIGHT
WARM BY THE FIRE OF MY LIGHT

DAMNED SOULS

WE'LL DRINK FROM YOUR LOVE'S DESIRE
WE'LL FEED ON YOUR LIFE LIKE A FUNERAL PYRE

MARGARITA

LONGINGS--NAKED AND BARE
HAUNT YOU, PAST DEATH, PAST DESPAIR
HIS LOVE BURNS HERE INSIDE ME
SO SAVOR WHATEVER YOU CAN

AZAZELLO

Azazello approaches Margarita, bows before her, and takes her hand.

You are positively radiant, my Queen. Allow me to introduce--
He leads her up to Woland.

Our host for the evening...

WOLAND

You honor me, my Queen, with your beauty, purity, and grace.
Woland bows to her, and kisses her hand. She pulls it back.

MARGARITA

Like ice--so cold--

AZAZELLO

Don't let him see your distress my queen, not even for an instant-

MARGARITA

Messire, I stand ready to serve you.

WOLAND

Your duties are simple. You will greet my guests, treating all with equal kindness, and perform such services as I require.

Behemoth comes racing up to Margarita, grabbing her hand and making an introduction.

BEHEMOTH

YOUR MAJESTY LET ME
PRESENT MADAM BORGIA
SHE POISONED MANY
ITALIANS OF NOTE

AZAZELLO

NOW HERE COMES A PIRATE
BY NAME ANNY BONNY
WHO SAILED THE HIGH SEAS
AND SLIT MANY A THROAT

An old, distinguished man approaches Margarita.

OLDER MAN

QUEEN MARGARITA
PERHAPS YOU WOULD HONOR
AN OLD MAN BY WALTZING
A TURN ROUND THE HOUSE

MARGARITA

CERTAINLY SIR
AND TO WHOM AM I SPEAKING?

OLDER MAN

PERHAPS YOU HAVE HEARD OF ME
.....JOHANN STRAUSS

Margarita and Johann Strauss waltz around the hall.

Frieda hovers near Margarita, as if waiting for her chance to approach her.

DAMNED SOULS

AHHH WE ARE SINNERS ALL
 SINNERS AT SPRING'S FULL MOON BALL
 SINNERS WHO LOVE CONFUSION
 LOVE THE ILLUSION OF BEING ALIVE
 SINNERS WHO WHIRL WITH THE WIND
 FORGET THE TIMES THAT THEY SINNED
 JOY LASTS FOR MERELY AN INSTANT SO
 SAVOR EACH MOMENT YOU CAN

Woland cuts in on Johann Strauss, and taking Margarita in his arms, they spin across the dance floor.

WOLAND

My Queen, you dance...divinely.

MARGARITA

Messire, you flatter me--

WOLAND

It is no empty compliment. No other Queen has danced with your grace--none of them filled my arms with such strength and purity. I wish I could dance with you for an eternal midnight.

MARGARITA

But surely, now that you have gained possession of my soul--

WOLAND

Your soul? I don't want your soul, Madonna--as you can see, I already have far too many on my hands as it is.

MARGARITA

But--

WOLAND

I do not want your soul. You will serve as Queen of the Ball--and as payment, you receive your heart's desire.

You will ask for--the life of the man you call the master.

You will ask for--happiness.

But--until then--

Woland snaps his fingers imperiously.

We have a little surprise for you. Behemoth!

Behemoth produces a large covered object on a platter. He starts to present it to Margarita, when Frieda suddenly pushes her way up to Margarita's side.

FRIEDA

Please, please--Queen Margarita--you are compassionate, fair, kind, and--

AZAZELLO

Frieda, you bore, have you come to whine about the handkerchief again?

MARGARITA

What handkerchief?

BEHEMOTH

Behemoth comes between Margarita and Frieda with the large platter, trying to cut Frieda off. Ignore her, my Queen--look what I have for you--

MARGARITA

Wait--what handkerchief?

AZAZELLO

Pointing out Frieda's blue handkerchief.

This...blue handkerchief, Queen Margarita.

FRIEDA

Increasingly agitated at the sight of it.

Yes--yes--that's the one I find on my pillow every day. Every morning I destroy it--sometimes I burn it, sometimes I bury it, sometimes I rip it to shreds. But the next morning--there it is again!

BEHEMOTH

It is the same baby blue handkerchief she used to smother her baby boy. The baby born nine months after her boss seduced her in the wine cellar.

MARGARITA

You smothered your own baby?

FRIEDA

I couldn't afford to feed him, oh, he cried and cried--surely you understand, Queen Margarita--

To the assembled Damned Souls.

--surely you all understand!

LEARN, EVIL DOERS

LEARN FROM MY SAD EXAMPLE

HERE IS A WOMAN TORN BY GUILT

A CONSCIENCE THAT WON'T DIE

SO IF YOU WOULD SIN

OH BE SURE REMORSE

NEVER SEARS YOUR SKIN

OR YOUR SOUL LIKE MINE

Frieda continues wailing softly under the dialogue, in great pain.

MARGARITA

What happened to the cafe owner?

BEHEMOTH

What should happen to him? She is the one who smothered the baby.

MARGARITA

Wrenching Behemoth off his feet by pulling on his whiskers.
You wretched little feline!

BEHEMOTH

OOOOOOOOOOWWWWWW!!! Forgive me, my Queen, forgive me, I was only addressing the legal ramifications of the case--

MARGARITA

One more word out of you--

BEHEMOTH

I'll be quiet! I swear I'll be quiet!

MARGARITA

Letting go of Behemoth.
Frieda? I am pleased to meet you, and to personally welcome you to the Ball.

FRIEDA

Queen Margarita, thank you, thank you--
Throwing herself at Margarita's feet.

MARGARITA

Helping Frieda rise.
Tell me, Frieda--

AZAZELLO

My Queen--you're neglecting the other guests--you--

MARGARITA

Elbows Azazello deftly, knocking the wind out of him.
--do you like champagne?

FRIEDA

Yes, I like it.

MARGARITA

Azazello--two glasses of champagne!

He stumbles to obey.

Get yourself drunk tonight, Frieda, and don't think about anything.
She kisses Frieda, and Azazello gives them their champagne.

FRIEDA

THANK YOU, OH THANK YOU
LADY OF LIFE, FOR BEING KIND
YOU WILL BE THE LIVING SOUL
I PRAY FOR EVERY NIGHT
FUNNY I STILL PRAY
BUT I DO EACH DAY AND
IF I LIVED AGAIN
I WOULD DO IT RIGHT

WOLAND

Queen Margarita, allow me to present you with a small gift-
Chairman Berlioz!

BERLIOZ

As his head is presented to Margarita by Behemoth, on a silver platter.
aaaaaarrrrgggh! Oh God! Oh God!

WOLAND

Chairman Berlioz, calling out to God? What hypocrisy.

BERLIOZ

God help me! aaagrrrrrharhhhhrrrrrrrahgrrrrr!

WOLAND

You have always maintained there was no God, Chairman--which
would mean there would be no Devil standing before you,
tormenting you--and consequently, no reason to call out to God.

I PRIDE MYSELF ON STEERING CLEAR OF
SEVEN DEADLY SINS--
NO, MAKE THAT SIX
PRIDE GOES BEFORE A FALL

DAMNED SOULS

HIS MYTHIC FALL

WOLAND

AND I EMBRACE THE LUSTY GREEDY
GLUTTONS GOD HAS MADE
AND WOULDN'T FIX
ALL GUESTS AT THIS FINE BALL

DAMNED SOULS

GOD FEARERS, ALL

WOLAND

BUT THEY HAD SOULS TO SELL AND YOU
HAVE NONE TO PAY TO CROSS
THE RIVER STYX
AND THUS YOU CAST A PALL

ON MY SELF IMAGE
I'M ENVIOUS, YOU SWINE
THE EVIL THAT YOU DO SURPASSES MINE

DAMNED SOULS

GREEN EYED ENVY
COOL, SUBLIME

WOLAND

YOU TOOK THE SOULS OF HUMANKIND: OF
LOVE, OF ART, OF JOY
OF THOSE ALIVE--
AND MOCKED THE SOULS WHO DIED

HOW DARE YOU NOT BELIEVE IN LIFE--
IN LOVE--IN ME!

(He indicates the heavens)

DAMNED SOULS

LOOK--ANGER!

WOLAND

THERE'S A SIN
THAT LEAVES ME ONLY FIVE

DAMNED SOULS

ENVY, ANGER, PRIDE
THAT MAKES FOUR

WOLAND

YES, THAT MAKES FOUR
I ALWAYS FORGET PRIDE

YOUR KIND DEPLETES THE WORLD OF SOULS
I LUST FOR THEM AND MUCH
TO MY CHAGRIN

I HUNGER, THAT'S TWO MORE

DAMNED SOULS

LUST AND HUNGER
WE ADORE

WOLAND

AND THOUGH IT'S TRUE
I DON'T OBJECT TO BUYING CROOKED HEELS
I MUST INSIST
ON VALUE FOR MY DEALS

DAMNED SOULS

IT'S TRUE, HE PAYS

WOLAND

TOP DOLLAR FOR A SOUL
JUST NAME YOUR PRICE--OH, HELL
THAT'S AVARICE

DAMNED SOULS

THAT'S AVARICE

WOLAND

BUT I DEPLORE

THAT DEEP DANK EMPTINESS
THE NOTHINGNESS THAT YOU ARE

DAMNED SOULS

MORE BEAUTEOUS IS THE DEVIL'S
FACE BY FAR

WOLAND

BY FAR

THERE GOES VANITY
SO NOW I'M DOWN TO NONE
BUT YOUR SOULLESS EMPTY SELF
SHALL BE UNDONE

I STAND ACCUSED, AT THIS BALL
OF SEVEN DEADLY SINS
BUT YOU OUTSHINE THEM ALL

AND I SHALL DRINK FROM THE CUP

THAT WAS YOUR SKULL
TO EVERLASTING LIFE

The Damned Souls being chanting.

DAMNED SOULS
DRINK! DRINK! DRINK! DRINK!

Lightning flashes, and Berlioz' head shrinks into a golden skull goblet, with a hinged top. Woland takes the head in his hands, flips open the top. Hella hands Margarita a silver pitcher.

WOLAND
THIS PITCHER HOLDS THIS MAN'S
IMMORTAL SOUL
WILL YOU POUR IT SO
I MAY REFRESH MYSELF
IN THE RIVER OF LIFE?

DAMNED SOULS
DRINK! DRINK! DRINK! DRINK!!

MARGARITA
I WILL DO IT GLADLY, MESSIRE
TO SAVE THE MAN I LOVE
I WOULD POUR MY OWN SOUL
INTO THIS GOBLET FOR YOU

Margarita pours the mercury-silver liquid/smoke into the goblet. Woland drinks. The Damned Souls cheer.

WOLAND
EXCELLENT SENTIMENT
QUEEN MARGARITA
COURAGEOUS AND BRAVE
NOW IT IS YOUR TURN
TO DRINK AS I DO

DAMNED SOULS
QUEEN MARGARITA
QUEEN MARGARITA
DRINK! DRINK! DRINK!

Woland holds out the skull to Margarita. She takes it and drinks.

QUEEN MARGARITA
DEEPER THAN MIDNIGHT
PURER THAN MOONLIGHT
GRACIOUS AND GLORIOUS
NOW IS THE MOMENT
NOW YOU MUST ASK

ONE WISH ONE ONLY
 YOUR HEART'S DESIRE
 NOW IS YOUR CHANCE
 YOUR HEART'S DESIRE
 ASK ASK ASK ASK ASK

WOLAND

You have served royally and well. And now, it is time for
 your reward. Ask for anything.

I STAND READY TO MOVE HEAVEN AND EARTH
 ONE WORD FROM YOU, IT WILL BE DONE

DAMNED SOULS

QUEEN MARGARITA
 YOUR HEART'S DESIRE

FRIEDA

But Frieda, crouching in the corner, ripping the blue handkerchief to shreds, is heard singing in
 torment.

SOFT LITTLE ANGEL
 SILKEN AND HELPLESS IN MY ARMS
 SUCH A CHERRY BLOSSOM MOUTH
 YOUR EYES ARE LITTLE JEWELS
 BABY DON'T YOU CRY
 HUNGER WILL NOT LAST
 WHILE YOUR MAMA'S HERE

DAMNED SOULS

ONE WISH ONE ONLY
 ONE WISH ONE ONLY

WOLAND

MY QUEEN
 I CANNOT HOLD THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT
 BACK FOREVER
 ASK!

FRIEDA

HUNGER WILL NOT LAST
 WHILE YOUR MAMA LOVES YOU

DAMNED SOULS

ONE WISH ONE ONLY
 ONE WISH ONE ONLY

MARGARITA

Quickly, as if saying too fast so she can't stop herself.

I ask that Frieda be forgiven--and that the blue handkerchief will never appear on her pillow again.

WOLAND

As the entire company gasps, and falls into an astonished silence.

Compassion!

He holds his hand to his chest.

You strike me down, Madonna. And make me long to feel a hundred, a thousand such blows from your hand--which alone could bring me peace.

He sighs.

I regret to say that I cannot accomplish what you ask.

MARGARITA

You refuse to grant me my wish!

WOLAND

Refuse you--never! But such things are a matter of departments. I have a wide range of powers--too wide, some would say. But compassion is not my department. You will have to take care of this yourself.

MARGARITA

But how do I do it?

WOLAND

Ah, yes. That is always the trouble with compassion, isn't it?

MARGARITA

Frieda!

Frieda comes over to her.

You are forgiven, Frieda.

She takes the torn blue handkerchief away from Frieda.

You will never find this on your pillow in the morning again.

FRIEDA

Oh, Queen Margarita, bless you, bless you--

She covers Margarita with kisses. Then a small shaft of golden light appears--Frieda rushes toward it, and is gone.

MARGARITA

I had to do it, Messire. I was rash enough to give her hope.

She believed in me. If I'd just abandoned her--well, I'd never be able to forgive myself.

An uncomfortable pause.

Well--I'll say goodnight, then.

She turns to go. The company watches her in silence. Just as she is close to the edge of the stage:

WOLAND

What is your rush, my Queen? You still have not received your reward for performing your duties with such bravery.

MARGARITA

But Frieda--her handkerchief--

WOLAND

Oh, that didn't count--how could it, you did it all, I did nothing. What do you wish for yourself?

AZAZELLO

He is at her side at once.

Take my advice Madonna--be more practical this time. There are limits to his generosity, even for you.

MARGARITA

I want my beloved, the Master, to be returned to me instantly. I want his novel back--that he wrote and that I loved-- I want our happiness--as it was before!

There is an enormous crack of thunder and a blaze of lightning. Woland, his retinue, and all the Damned Souls vanish.

The Master and Margarita are alone on the stage. The Master stands in a wide shaft of moonlight that streams in through the window.

The Master rushes to embrace Margarita--but then he stops himself, convinced that she is just another of his full-moon dreams. He is terrified, confused.

MASTER

THE DREAM RETURNS

THE MOONLIGHT
MAKES A PHANTOM OF HER FACE

MASTER

THE MOONLIGHT
TEMPTS ME WITH LIES

MARGARITA

YOUR HAIR IS GRAY

YOUR FACE IS PALE IN
THE MOONLIGHT

YOUR FACE IS PALE
HOW WEAK YOU LOOK IN

MARGARITA

THE MOONLIGHT

SO THIN YOU'RE LIKE

A GHOST
A DREAM
NOT MARGARITA

CRUEL ILLUSION
LEAVE

A GHOST

THEY BROKE YOUR SPIRIT
HOW CRUEL

LET ME HEAL YOU
LET ME TOUCH YOU
PUT YOUR HAND IN MINE

Margarita reaches out her hand, taking a step toward the Master. He moves away from her.

MASTER

SHE IS A VISION
NOTHING MORE
SPUN OUT OF LONELINESS AND LONGING
WOVEN INTO RUINED CLOTH
DAWN WILL BREAK AND CUT EACH THREAD
DAY WILL FIND ME MAD OR WORSE
IF I
REACH OUT MY HAND

MARGARITA

I DANCED THE DEMON'S WALTZ
WITH THE LORD OF SHADOWS HIMSELF
HELD HIM CLOSE AND FELT THE COLD
OF HIS UNENDING, ICY, EMPTINESS
I SOLD MY SOUL
MY HUMANNESSE
NOW I DEMAND
YOUR HAND IN MINE

The Master takes a step toward her, but falters, unable to believe.

THE MASTER

SHE IS MY ONLY
THOUGHT OR PRAYER
BUT PRAYERS ARE FRAGILE LIES
THAT WHITHER IN THE MORNING LIGHT
IF I BELIEVE SHE'S TRULY HERE
THEN DAY WILL FIND ME MAD
OR WORSE

MARGARITA

RISK MADNESS THEN!
BRAVE LUNACY!
BELIEVE IN NOTHING IN THIS WORLD
BUT ME!

I AM NO DREAM

NO MOONLIGHT SCHEME TO DRIVE YOU
MAD
BUT IF YOU IGNORE ME NOW
I'LL FADE AWAY
DENY ME
AND I'LL VANISH WITH THE DAY

THE MASTER

COME MADNESS, THEN
AND LUNACY
THEY'VE SILENCED EVERY PART OF ME
EXCEPT MY LOVE FOR MARGARITA
MARGARITA
MARGARITA
MY HAND IN YOURS--

MARGARITA

MY HAND IN YOURS

He takes her hand.

MASTER

NO DREAM
BUT YOU
ALL THE HATEFUL DREAMS
ARE GONE NOW AT LAST NOW
FOREVER
YOU ARE THE ONE
SAFE PLACE

MARGARITA

MY DREAMS
OF YOU
ALL YOU LEFT WERE DREAMS
FOREVER
YOU ARE THE ONE
SAFE PLACE

MASTER

REFUGE

MARGARITA

HAVEN

MASTER AND MARGARITA

SANCTUARY

MARGARITA

SHELTER

MASTER AND MARGARITA

YOU ARE THE ONE SAFE PLACE

They embrace.

The Master's novel appears before them.

MARGARITA

Look--

THE MASTER

She tries to hand it to him, he pushes it away.

But I burned it to ashes--no, no, take it away--

MARGARITA

But--

MASTER

I can't stand the sight of it--I hate it! Look how we suffered because of it.

MARGARITA

That's all over now. You'll see.

He settles down with his head in her lap. She kisses him, and tenderly opens the manuscript. He falls asleep, as she begins to read.

MARGARITA

"The sun rose without mercy, beating back every shadow that dared to linger in the city that Pontius Pilate so detested. Pilate, wearing a white cloak lined with blood red...

The sound and sense of the Jerusalem fills an area of the stage.

Pilate stands next to a table where a bottle of wine and two glasses sit. He is wringing his hands, anxiously, pacing as he gazes into the mist. The full moon shines brightly.

The chief of the secret police enters. Pilate speaks to him without turning toward him.

PILATE

You must be thirsty. It is unbearably hot and dusty on that hillside.

Indicating the wine with a backward motion of his hand.

My own private stock of Falernian. 30 years old.

The chief of the secret police pours himself a glass.

So. Were there any--unexpected incidents? Problems with the crowd?

CHIEF OF SECRET POLICE

The executions went smoothly, Procurator.

PILATE

Did he try to preach to the soldiers?

CHIEF OF SECRET POLICE

No. He said that he blamed no one

no one for his death
 he said that he blamed cowardice
 one of the greatest human sins

PILATE

Cowardice?

His headache, and his headache music return. He turns away from his chief of secret police, trying to hide the pain.

CHIEF OF SECRET POLICE

You are not well, Procurator, I take my leave.

PILATE

Wait!

I have been advised that a certain Judas of Karioth will be murdered tonight.

CHIEF OF SECRET POLICE

I have no such information.

PILATE

As a rule, your sources are impeccable, but...there is no doubting this information.

CHIEF OF SECRET POLICE

I am the chief of your secret police, Procurator. If such a rumor were--

PILATE

It is no rumor. Judas will be killed, and the payment he received for informing on the poor philosopher will be returned with a note--

He hands the Chief of Secret Police a piece of parchment and a purse.
 --saying--Take back your blood money.

CHIEF OF SECRET POLICE

You are positive it is to happen tonight?

PILATE

I am positive.

CHIEF OF SECRET POLICE

I don't wish to contradict you, Procurator, but--

PILATE

Exploding in rage, almost driven mad by his hideous headache.

He will be murdered tonight! I have had a premonition! I am never wrong!

CHIEF OF SECRET POLICE

Sighs, resigned.

In that case, Procurator, it is sure to happen tonight.

Hail Caesar.

The chief of secret police exits. Pilate is overwhelmed by his headache.

PILATE

OH GODS I AM NOTHING
I'M NO ONE I'M WORTHLESS
RELEASE ME FROM TORMENT
I'VE DONE WHAT I COULD DO
NO MAN COULD DO MORE
AND STILL HOPE TO CARRY
HIS HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS
THROBBING AND BREAKING
BUT STILL FIRMLY SEATED
HIS HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS

REVENGE IS A POOR WISH
A COWARD MAKES BRAVELY
REVENGE IS A COWARD'S
LAST CHANCE, HE CLINGS TO
IT INSANELY, DEMANDS THAT IT
SAVE HIM
RELEASE HIM AND GIVE HIM
ONE MOMENT OH GODS
ONE MOMENT OF PEACE
ONE MOMENT OF PEACE

As lights fade on Pilate and Jerusalem, Woland enters the scene, picks up the bottle of Falernian, the two glasses, and crosses to where Margarita sits, sleeping, with the novel in her lap. He plucks the book from her, without waking her.

WOLAND

He sighs.

I had imagined entering a much different scene, of course. A passionate, joyous, ridiculously frenzied reunion scene--one which would have made the next scene so much easier for me.

Ah yes. The next scene.

He picks up Margarita, holds her in his arms and spins her around. He starts to kiss her, than doesn't. Replaces her by the Master's side. He puts the novel back in Margarita's lap, and she wakes.

MARGARITA

Messire!

She wakes the Master excitedly.

You see! I knew he wouldn't abandon us.

She introduces them.

Messire--The Master.

WOLAND

Bowing elegantly.

I am greatly honored, sir. I have heard great things of your work.

MASTER

And I, of yours.

WOLAND

I have been asked to bring you this bottle of Falernian, to insure that I fulfill the bargain we made, Margarita. The bargain--for happiness.

MASTER

You have been...asked?

WOLAND

Commanded, then.

MASTER

And who commands you?

WOLAND

I am his faithful servant, sir. As should be obvious to anyone with a sense of--humor. Or history.

MASTER

But why--

WOLAND

He has read your book. And--

MASTER

Throws up his arms, and walks away.

A dream! It's still a dream! All nonsense, all--

MARGARITA

No, it's not a dream--

MASTER

A moment of peace, a moment of peace, please--

WOLAND

Did you write the truth?

MASTER

A moment free of torment, free of --

WOLAND

Did you write the truth!

MASTER

Yes!

WOLAND

Then why shouldn't the truth save you?

The Master stops. Turns back. Woland holds up the bottle of wine and the glasses.
Falernian--the same wine your hero, Pontius Pilate drank.

MARGARITA

And this will bring us happiness?

WOLAND

Oh, yes, Madonna. I guarantee it.

The Master accepts a glass, as does Margarita.
To my Queen. And her love.

They drink. The Master and Margarita immediately begin to gasp. They fall to the floor. Margarita tries to embrace the Master with her last bit of strength, as the Master lunges for Woland, trying to attack him.

THE MASTER

Poisoner....

The Master and Margarita die.

WOLAND

FOR ONE MOMENT
YOU ARE MINE
IN DEATH ONLY
FOR ONE MOMENT
YOU ARE MINE

He kisses Margarita. She gasps, and wakes.

MARGARITA

Why! Messire! How could you --

WOLAND

You doubt me, then?

MARGARITA

Never, but--

WOLAND

Then kiss him.

Margarita kisses the Master. He wakes.

MASTER

We are dead. He has killed us, Margarita--

WOLAND

Of course I did. If I left you here--what would you do?
How would you live? I have taken certain steps to protect you both,
but sooner or later you will finish another novel, and there will come
the knock on the door in the middle of the night--well, you see how
it all must end...

Margarita asked for happiness, you see. I am bound by my
oath to provide it. And there is no way to provide it, here, on earth.

MASTER

Forgive me. You are a thousand times right.

WOLAND

Then come.

A SPECIAL PLACE HAS BEEN PREPARED FOR YOU
SAY GOOD-BYE TO THIS LIFE, FOREVER

MASTER

FOREVER?
I MUST SAY GOOD-BYE TO A FRIEND
MY ONLY FRIEND

WOLAND

YOUR DISCIPLE?
THERE IS TIME
BEFORE COCK CROW

Woland makes a magical gesture. The cell at the Asylum materializes.

The Master enters the cell, on a path of moonlight, Margarita and Woland behind him.

IVAN

Is that--is that you?

MASTER

I have come to say good-bye. And to give you this--
He takes the Master's cap Margarita made for him out of his pocket, and gives it to Ivan.

IVAN

No--she made it for you, I couldn't--

MASTER

She will make me another--

IVAN

Seeing Margarita.

You found her! She's even lovelier than in my dream!
YOUR DREAM HAS COME TRUE
BUT I AM CONDEMNED TO MADNESS
TO LONELINESS
FOREVER....

Take me with you--

MARGARITA

Can we, Messire?

WOLAND

Out of the question. You are only going yourselves at the special
request of the...admirer of the Master's book--and because of how
you both have struggled because of it--

MARGARITA

BUT OTHERS SUFFER
OTHERS STRUGGLE--

WOLAND

MADONNA PLEASE!!!
IF ALL WHO STRUGGLE
WERE REWARDED FOR THEIR BRAVERY
IT WOULD BE A VERY DIFFERENT WORLD

In any case, Ivan has other work to do. Isn't that so, Ivan?

IVAN

Putting on the Master's cap.

I WILL WRITE THE TRUTH

MASTER

THE TRUTH IS DANGEROUS
IT BURNS

IVAN
STILL I WILL WRITE THE TRUTH
YOUR TRUTH
YOUR STORY

MARGARITA
BRAVE SOUL

She kisses him.

IVAN
CALM AND PEACE
RELEASE
THE TRUTH BEGINS IN MOONLIGHT

He reaches for paper and pen, and mutters to himself about writing the novel.

The first shaft of sun breaks through the sky

WOLAND
It is time!

DAWN BREAKS
THE MOON SETS
THE NIGHT DIES!

Hella, Behemoth, and Azazello appear, to join them on their journey.

WOLAND
SAY GOOD-BYE FOREVER!

MASTER
FOREVER
I MUST THINK WHAT FOREVER MEANS

WOLAND
Behemoth--the farewell whistle!
Behemoth makes an astounding whistling noise.

AZAZELLO
You call that a farewell whistle? A farewell peep is closer to the mark.

WOLAND
Enough! This is no time for your nonsense.

WOLAND AND RETINUE

DAWN BREAKS
 THE MOON SETS
 THE NIGHT DIES
 THE NIGHT DIES
 THE NIGHT DIES!

A great storm begins to grow around them.

WOLAND

Woland takes Margarita's hand.

I WILL TAKE YOU TO A PLACE OF PEACE--
 A COTTAGE, A GARDEN
 THERE WILL BE SUNSHINE
 AND STARLIGHT
 BUT NO MOON--
 TOO MANY PAINFUL MEMORIES

MASTER

IF MADMEN DIDN'T LOVE
 THE THING THAT DRIVES THEM MAD
 MADNESS WOULD FALL AWAY DAILY
 INSTEAD IT STAYS

MARGARITA

WILL THERE BE CHERRY TREES
 HEAVY AND SWEET
 ALWAYS BLOSSOMING

WOLAND

IN ETERNAL SPRING
 FOR THE FLOWER OF ALL MY QUEENS

MASTER

IVAN I AM LEAVING YOU
 I AM LEAVING YOU
 MY MADNESS AND MY LOVE FOR YOU
 I AM LEAVING YOU FOREVER
 FOREVER

WOLAND

ETERNAL SPRING
 FOR THE FLOWER OF MY QUEENS

Woland and his retinue, and the Master and Margarita leave the asylum behind.

MASTER

I AM FREE FOREVER

I MUST THINK WHAT FREEDOM MEANS

WOLAND

YOU WILL BE TOGETHER

MASTER
FOREVER

MARGARITA
FOREVER
YOU WILL BE FREE

WOLAND
FOREVER

FOREVER

FOREVER

FOREVER

FREE

FREE

FREE

FROM FEAR

FROM LONGING

FREE

FREE

FROM POWER'S CURSE

FOREVER

FOREVER

FOREVER

The moon sets. The Retinue begins chanting. Margarita and the Master go off, toward their place of peace. Woland looks after them with longing.

WOLAND

MARGARITA....

The sun begins to rise. We see Woland, and the Retinue and the Master and Margarita, followed by Pontius Pilate and Jesus, as black shadows against an early dawn sky, as they fly away.

Ivan is left alone on stage, as the Retinue continues chanting.

IVAN

SHADOWS FLY
ACROSS THE NIGHT SKY
EACH ONE A WORD, A POEM, A STORY
THEY FLY IN HOPE
IN SORROW, IN GLORY
AND THEIR TRUTH WILL LIVE IN ME

Ivan sits down in his cell, adjusts the Master's cap, and begins to write his novel about the Master and Margarita.

Lights fade.