Legendary Wolves:
In Memory of Peter Stumpp's Daughter (Redux)
## Characters

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The Wolf</th>
<th>Both a beast and a young woman.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Girl</td>
<td>Beele Stumpp, fifteen years old.</td>
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</table>
Scene I

*The WOLF stands beneath a willow tree. The stage is dark.*

**WOLF**

This is factual: The werewolf trial of 1589 ended with one of the most brutal executions in German history. A farmer named either Peter Stumpp, Peter Stube, or Peter Stübbe was accused of killing fourteen children and two pregnant women while in the shape of a ravenous wolf. He was accused on account of his missing left hand, for the werewolf in question was missing a left forepaw. Peter was also a wealthy Protestant in a time and place where Protestants were suspect. Under torture, he confessed to practicing black magic, consorting with the Devil, and possessing a magic belt that allowed him to transform into a wolf. No such belt was ever found. He also confessed to having an incestuous relationship with his young daughter, whose name was either Beele or Sybil. She was likely fifteen years old. Both Peter, Beele, and Peter's lover, a woman whose name we do not know, were put to death on October 31st, 1589. Peter was broken on the wheel, his limbs shattered and his head removed, before he was then burned in a pyre. Beele and the woman Peter loved were flayed and strangled, their bodies burned. When it was done, a pole was erected carrying the torture wheel and a figure of a wolf as a warning against evil. Peter's head was placed on top.

No evidence has ever been found to support the guilt of Peter Stumpp, his daughter, or his unnamed lover.

*The WOLF smiles.*

All that is factual. And in some ways, *this* is true.

Begin.

*Blackout.*

Scene II

*A GIRL lies under a willow tree, dead, a sheet over her face. A WOLF lies by her feet. The GIRL rises abruptly, kicking the*
Wolf!

Girl.

They circle each other.

GIRL

Am I--?

WOLF

Very. I dug you up. Don't think badly of me for that. I was very careful to put your bones back in place. You shouldn't feel any pain.

The girl touches her arms, her face, her hips.

GIRL

They said I did wicked things with a wolf. Not you, but a wolf. They said the wolf was my father.

WOLF

It was a cruel lie they told. Would my sorrow comfort you?

GIRL

No. Maybe. But I want somebody to be sorry. Have you ever been broken?

WOLF

Yes. But not like you.

GIRL

You have an answer for everything. It's so fucking easy for you, isn't it?

WOLF

I have seen this before.

GIRL

You witness

WOLF

I watch.
Fuck you.

If you like.

The Wolf lies down at her feet.

I will not say you are stronger now.

Then what am I?

The aftermath.

I suppose I should do something with that.

By definition, martyrs never do anything with their fame.

People worship martyrs like Christ.

Blasphemy.

They called me a whore. Broke my hips when they raped me. I cried for my father - who wouldn't? - and that, that was my confession, you see.

I'm sorry.

I don't want your sorrow.

What then shall I lay at your feet?

Nothing! Fuck you!

I will bring you willow for your pain. Then, maybe, I will bring you teeth.
The Wolf turns abruptly.

Wolf: You were burned and scattered in the marsh. It took me a long time to stitch you back together, Peter's Daughter, and I'm afraid I could not find every piece. The dust of you will stick in the mud.

Girl: And my aunt?

Wolf: The same. It's best you don't ask about your father.

Girl: Why not?

Wolf: The memory is cruel.

Girl: You don't get to decide that.

Wolf: I'm only saying.

Girl: You owe me that much.

Wolf: I owe you?

Girl: They won't remember your name, Peter's Daughter. Your father killed children or your father was a sad man who did nothing at all. Whatever he did, Peter's Daughter bled on the pyre and lost her sorry head. It's assumed you suffered.
Girl: It's assumed.

Wolf: Shall I give you teeth, my dear? I don't love you, but I'm here.

Girl: What am I supposed to do with teeth?

Wolf: Hmm. Whatever a ghost does with fear.

Girl: Oh my God, you're a fucking poet.

Wolf: Language.

Girl: Fuck you.

Wolf: I never did. It seems a shame. We could have been wild together.

Girl: I thought wolves only seduced virgins.

Wolf: Is that what you learned from Little Red?

Girl: I don't know her.

Wolf: One day, everyone will. But I don't blame her. She was only a child.

Girl: Oh.

Wolf: If I can be flippant? We love who we love. All this talk of virgins comes back to sacrifice. And we are beautiful - certainly, we are beautiful! - but we are wolves, my dear. Not gods.

Girl: I thought it would matter to you.
The sacrifice?

Being a virgin.

That is a human word.

Oh.

They linger in silence.

What would I do with teeth?

Anything you please, except revenge. Dying is cruel that way.

You're giving me useless teeth.

Not useless, my love. I promise you'll be remembered.

"My love."

Perhaps. I would not be opposed to the idea.

That doesn't change any of it. You're supposed to avenge me.

I am not that kind of wolf. But...

A pause.

I see no reason your memory should be gentle.

Teeth, was it?

And claws as well. Very sharp.
GIRL
How sharp?

WOLF
As sharp as your pain. Even God would flinch.

GIRL
I thought I was the blasphemer.

WOLF
I seduce, that much is true, but I never lie. These teeth are what you make of them: everything in the world except gentle.

*The Girl examines her hands.*

GIRL
I never had a lover, you know. I must not have been a very good whore.

*The Wolf growls.*

WOLF
That was not done out of love.

GIRL
Would you? "Do me" out of love?

WOLF
If you asked.

GIRL
You said I could do anything with teeth.

WOLF
Almost anything. You can haunt them, Peter's Daughter. Bleed their righteous dreams. You can watch from the tree, grind your sorrow down and rage with it. Or you can step away from it, my love, and I will teach you how to sing as wolves sing.

GIRL
I see.

WOLF
And what do you choose?

GIRL
I will have those teeth, I think.
They will remember you. I promise.

WOLF

*The Wolf holds out a hand. The Girl takes it.*

*Blackout.*