

## Scene 6

(The screen fills with an image of Eickemeyer's studio. The teletype ribbon unspools, saying:)

### ***Manfred Eickemeyer's Studio. Night. Early May 1942.***

(Four chairs are grouped CS—in front of Alex's portrait of St. Joan. Hans, Sophie, and Alex are perched nervously on three of them. All of the young people wear serious, thoughtful expressions. Christoph stands in the open doorway reconnoitering. Nodding, he shuts the door and—as he crosses towards the empty chair—announces:)

CHRISTOPH

Lights out in the block warden's apartment!

HANS

Good.

(as Christoph sits down)

*Now we can talk about—*

ALEX

*—finally doing something—*

CHRISTOPH

*—about this hellish Reich!*

(Sophie remains quietly but actively attentive.)

ALEX

(overlapping with Hans' words)

We all remember Manfred Eickemeyer's stories about what he saw in Poland. Mass deportations. Men and women forced to dig their own graves—before being mowed down by machine guns. Polish soldiers—freedom fighters—Jewish men, women, and children...slaughtered like sheep.

HANS

We heard things that made us ashamed to wear the uniform of the Wehrmacht—

CHRISTOPH

—and the uniform of the Luftwaffe. I haven't seen the atrocities but I've heard bomber and fighter pilots talk. There's no honor in the air anymore. Civilians are targeted, bombed, strafed.

SOPHIE

And here in our own country: friends and neighbors hauled off to jail. Jewish communities disappearing into concentration camps. Parents arrested after being informed on by their own children!

HANS

Most Germans have reached the point where they're just closing their eyes and their ears and waiting for it all to blow over.

ALEX

As if that'll ever happen!

CHRISTOPH

People just don't know what to do.

HANS

*So let's tell them!*

CHRISTOPH

By having Alex fly a plane and drop that Switzer's poem all over Germany?

HANS

Only if you can teach Alex how to fly!

(Laughter.)

HANS

(leaning forward in his seat and turning serious)

What's the thing the Nazis fear the most?

CHRISTOPH / ALEX (in unison)

The Bolsheviks? / The Allies?

HANS

No!

(turning to Sophie)

Little sister, tell them.

SOPHIE

*The Truth!*

HANS

Right!

(beat)

I'm sure you're all aware Truth has become Public Enemy No. 1 in jolly ol' Germany. So...

(looking at the others with eyes aglow)

...it appears it's up to us!

SOPHIE

And before you know it there'll be more. Many more!

ALEX

Like Traute?

(Hans shakes his head.)

HANS

Not Traute. Never Traute.

ALEX

(soapily)

*Spoken like a man in love.*

HANS

Can you imagine *her* in the hands of the Gestapo?

CHRISTOPH

Well, if not Traute...what about Willi?

HANS

Willi will become part of all this soon enough. We just need to give him more time. After all, he is a newcomer.

CHRISTOPH

And Sophie isn't?!

(The other three stare at him in disbelief and—in Sophie's case— anger. Ignoring Sophie, Christoph addresses Hans and Alex:)

CHRISTOPH (cont.)

Hans! Schurik! Stop looking at me like that! Don't tell me you haven't thought about *her* in the hands of the Gestapo, too?

(indicating Sophie)

Have you forgotten she just celebrated her twenty-first birthday? That she just started university? That she's a girl?!

(beat)

Do you honestly want to drag—

SOPHIE

(jumping up and rounding on Christoph)

*Drag?! No one! No thing! Can drag me! Anywhere!*

(staring down Christoph)

This is my decision. *Mine!*

ALEX

(carefully)

Sophie.

SOPHIE

*What?!*

ALEX

Christl's just being paternal. After all, he *is* a father...

SOPHIE

*Well, I'm not his daughter!* Oh, men like you drive me mad!

(Closing her eyes, Sophie manages to get herself under control.  
Opening her eyes, she turns to her brother.)

SOPHIE (cont.)

Hans!

HANS

(turning to Christoph)

If Sophie wants in—she's in. This was settled a long time ago.

(beat)

Besides, *we need her.*

ALEX

Of course we need her.

(turning to Christoph)

Come on, Christl! You're not going to rob us of our Saint Joan—are you?

CHRISTOPH

No. Just so long as she doesn't end up like—

(realizing what he's said, he frowns—shakes his head)

A stupid thing to say.

(laying his hand on Sophie's)

I'm sorry. I was speaking like a father. And I hadn't the right. You're no child.  
You're too fierce!

(Laughter from all but Sophie.)

SOPHIE

It's because I know what needs to be done. I've known since last Spring—when someone delivered a copy of a sermon by Bishop Galen to my family's home.

(looking at Alex and Christoph)

You have to understand...we already knew what was happening to those poor souls the Nazis were calling: *useless eaters*.

CHRISTOPH

That damnable euthanasia program!

SOPHIE

Yes. "That damnable euthanasia program!" My mother heard about it from an eyewitness: a friend of hers who was a nurse in a home for mentally-disabled children.

(beat)

About a year ago, the building where the children lived was surrounded by a convoy of trucks—all of them manned by armed SS men. The nurses didn't know what to do. They were out in the middle of nowhere—at the mercy of the SS. So they just stood there and watched—as *the children they'd taken care of for years were herded into the trucks that would take them away...forever!*

(swallowing)

The boys and girls were excited. They thought they were going on a field trip...or...or a holiday. One of them called to a nurse: "Sister, where are we going?" And the nurse called back:

(choking up)

"To Heaven."

(clearing her throat, Sophie continues:)

As the trucks left...the last thing the nurses saw was the children—waving goodbye—and *smiling*.

(closing her eyes)

For weeks I saw them in my dreams—herded into the trucks like lambs. Slaughtered like lambs—*because they were less than perfect!*

(shaking her head)

I know now why I dreamed about them. Night after night. *It was because I knew!...but—even though I knew—the knowledge stayed with me...and—staying—did no good—TO ANYONE. MY NEIGHBORS! THE TOWN! GERMANY!*

(in a whisper)

*The children.*

(Hans crosses behind her—lays his hands on her shoulders.)

And then...Bishop Galen preached his sermon against "mercy-killing"...and someone copied it—and distributed it all over town.

(taking a deep breath)

I remember the day Galen's leaflet was slipped through our mail-slot. It was the same day Hans and I knew what we had to do!

(Sophie turns her head—looks at Hans—squeezes his hand.)

HANS

(speaking to the rest of the young people)

Tell The Truth! *To as many people as possible!* And use that same Truth to change their minds! Not just in one home—but in home after home after home—all over Germany—all over Europe.

(to Sophie)

Remember what I said after reading that leaflet?

SOPHIE

“We need to get a duplicating machine.”

ALEX

So where do we get one?

SOPHIE

From *somebody*.

CHRISTOPH

And...just...whom might this *somebody* be?

SOPHIE

Oh...just...somebody in the army.

ALEX

Sophie, *we're* in the army and we can't...

HANS

We're sergeants, Schurik. Fritz Hartnagel—

SOPHIE

—happens to be a captain.

(off Christoph's stare and Alex's bemused smile)

And my boyfriend.

(LIGHTS DOWN / LIGHTS UP)