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SF PERUSALS

All Through the Night

by Shirley Lauro

A Samuel French Acting Edition



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ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT premiered in New York City on October 2, 2009 at the Marjorie S. Dean Little Theatre. It was produced by the Red Fern Theatre Company, (Melanie Moyer Williams, executive artistic director). The production was directed by Melanie Moyer Williams, with sets by Adrienne Kapalko, costumes by Emily DeAngelis, music arrangement by Kristin Lee Rosenfeld, and lighting design by Jessica Greenberg. The cast was as follows:

GRETCHEN. . . . . Theo Allyn

ANGELIKA. . . . . Hana Kalinski

FRIEDERIKE . . . . . Michelle Lookadoo

LUDMILLA . . . . . Lesley McBurny

FRAU LEHRERIN/FRAU DIREKTORIN/
FRAU FUHRERIN/FRAU OBERAUFSEHERIN. . . . . Andrea Sooch

CHARACTERS

LUDMILLA – She moves in and out of play from age nineteen to adulthood, but since she is the storyteller, she is somewhat ageless, moving through time and in and out of all time frames as she tells her tale. A heartland, rural woman. Fair, plump, good-natured. Funny, likeable, down to earth peasant, great Mother Wit. Has an intimate relationship both with audience and characters. Slight German accent; speaks English as a modern Mrs. Malaprop.

GRETCHEN – From 14-16 to adulthood. Fair. Very poor, clever, ambitious. Grows tough as steel. Desperate needs to be counted, important, recognized, drive her to do anything to better herself. Becomes a 200% Patriot. But loses her soul. No accent.

ANGELIKA – 14-16 to adulthood as a nurse. Fair. Naïve, innocent adolescent who sees life with cup half-full. Giggly, happy, grows to be religious, ethical adult. Fragile mentally and shaken in faith briefly but gains strength to feel God is with her as she goes against the regime. No accent.

FRIEDERIKE – 17-18 to adulthood. Fair. An aristocratic background. High-spirited teen-ager; spunky, slightly haughty with dare-devilish quality. As she matures. she leaves her aristocratic class and heritage, dissenting to take high risks against the regime. A survivor. No accent.

NOTE: It is suggested the above actresses be cast somewhere in their mid-twenties in order to stretch back and forth in time. They are somewhat aged at beginning and end of play, but should rely on inner feelings of age, rather than any attempts to physically age or use of make-up, etc. to denote age.

THE FOLLOWING CHARACTERS ARE PORTRAYED BY ONE ACTRESS:

FRAU LEHRERIN – Headmistress/Teacher. Old maid. Nervous. Eccentric, but under control, in command of herself. She has embraced Fascism all the way. It has given her great opportunity to become a Head Mistress in The New Order. She now has power. When this is threatened, she becomes enraged and outraged, but usually keeps this contained. She maintains strict discipline, the mode of education of The New Order. She now can mold her student's destinies, as she sees fit. German accent.

FRAU DIREKTORIN – Director at clinic for mentally/physically handicapped German children. Her father founded the clinic, and she inherited it. As new regime takes hold, Nazis take over the clinic, but she's allowed to stay – at least for the present – if she adheres to the new medical and scientific philosophy of the Reich. She is making great effort to accept their New Direction of Science and

Medicine, carrying out all orders of Nazis at the clinic. But slightly conflicted with moral and ethical problems as she does this. Gentle, somewhat sympathetic in manner – to a point. German accent.

FRAU FUHRERIN – High ranking administrator for Frauenwerk – the National Party Organization to train and support the country's women in carrying out the ideology of The New Order, in their homes, churches, schools, hospitals. One of select group of women in party. Has power psychologically, ideologically to carry out harsh punitive actions against any women resisters. Haughty, vain, demanding. A sexual aura to her. She is consciously aware she can manipulate her position to satisfy her own needs of power, control, sexuality. Government's given her license to let these needs be satisfied and she does. Attractive, sexually alluring. German accent.

FRAU OBERAUFSEHERIN – Head Concentration Camp Guard. Overwhelming lust for power and control, accommodated by the Regime's legitimization of all sadistic impulses. She is sanctioned and rewarded by her government for acting out on any prisoner, her unbridled, full-blown savageness, by torture and/or annihilation of her helpless victims. A cruel tyrant. Sophisticated in her cruelty. Knows exactly what she's doing. German accent.

NOTE: The age of the actress playing these roles can be anywhere from forties to late fifties. Must have energy, power, vigor. In no way a "Grandma" type.

All the characters' stories are true although all the characters are fictional. Their stories have been inspired by actual interviews and oral histories.

SETTING

The idea of a Wagnerian type mountain as a metaphor, may be a good departure point for this surrealistic type play. Or a city in ruins. Some sort of surrealistic abstraction in which perhaps lights which could give us illusion of someone in the dark and shadowy crevices of caves of a mountain or rubble – emerging into brightness as they come into focus in the story. And/or use of depth and coming forward into light to suggest coming down a mountain to enter a scene. Various levels, with platforms, some high; and ramps, steps could be helpful.

All characters always somewhere onstage. Can be in shadows, behind rubble, pieces of scenery, under ramps, platforms – seen in silhouette, nearly obscured when not in scene. Ludmilla sits closest to audience at kitchen table on raised platform on one side of stage. But moves, closer to action of individual scenes, or stands obscured, then moving closer, sitting or standing near where a scene may occur. Enters the scenes of the past at designated times. Important she not be in one stationary spot throughout. She doesn't overhear scenes. Presence at all times of all characters suggests the communal experience they have shared. They should appear, be half seen or be obscured in terms of focus of each scene.

FURNITURE: Minimal. Possible use of two or three stools, chairs, tables, benches –maybe less. Could be done with almost no furniture, using ramps, platforms of set to sit on. Same furniture used in different scenes. Ludmilla's stool and kitchen table, however, shouldn't move, unless she moves it, and should be used by no other characters.

TIME AND PLACE

Before the times and places of war, during war and afterward.

AUTHOR'S NOTES

Play is not realistic or conventional.

Surrealistic in style.

The structure of the piece rests on the government's ever encroaching negative force and power within the story, on the minds, hearts and finally lives of the other characters.

I would like to dedicate this play to
"The survivors who lived to tale this tale."

"The murderers are loose! They search the world.
All through the night, oh God! All through the night!"
– *Gertrud Kolmar. Perished in Auschweitz.*

ACT I

*(***LUDMILLA** *enters in bright lights. She wears large bakery apron, headscarf, could carry signs in a basket.)*

LUDMILLA. *Guten Tag!* Hello!

(She looks at sign, pleased, sits on stool by small kitchen table, smiles at audience, delighted to have listeners:)

So? Tonight I tell you *mein* story: "Happily Ever After!" *Und* maybe you wanna listen? I betcha, I betcha!

(She hangs up a sign somewhere that says:)

*(***"ONCE UPON A TIME"***)*

(Smiles at audience, sits, takes bowl, from kitchen table, stirs, looks back to audience again. Smiling:)

So? You listening?

(looks around audience)

Gut! Gut! Well, then – Once upon a time, a long, long time ago, there lived, on top of the mountain there –

(She looks up.)

A mean old man. *Und* nobody knew exactly how he got up there so quick *und* so high. All we knew was one day we was looking up – *und* there he was! *Und* there was his league in addition! *Und* he was looking down on *us* – watching *every thing* we was doing. *Und* then? He started in *mit* his rules. *Und* we couldn't do this *und* we couldn't do that – *und* we had to do this *und* we had to do that! Until pretty soon we couldn't do any things hardly what *we* wanted! *Und* his gang? They was total in control making them rules *happen! Und* everybody was scared. How we live "Happily Ever After" now? We was asking. *Und* in addition? He hated so many peoples – he made the rule some peoples didn't get to live no more at all! *Ja.* Well.

(She stirs an ingredient into bowl.)

LUDMILLA. *(cont.)* So this is a long time ago – *und* now is different! Now? I think we is getting to live "happily ever after," I betcha! I betcha!

(She chuckles.)

Und tonight? In *mein* story? We gonna find out *for sure* if now the peoples –

(She now sees, coming from shadowy area, **FRAU ANGELIKA***, nurse's white apron, scarf of African fabric, large cross around neck. Carries black nurses bag, stethoscope around neck. She's walking along a road.* **LUDMILLA***, excited, calls to her:)*

Hey, hey Angelika!

(to audience)

Oh, you gonna like Angelika!

ANGELIKA. *(recognizing her)* Frau Ludmilla? *Guten Tag!*

LUDMILLA. You could help me tell *mein* story, "Happily Ever After?" On account, you're happy over there in Africa, *ja?*

*(***ANGELIKA** *stops, looking at her.)*

ANGELIKA. I make a small contribution here in Africa, Ludmilla. It's gratifying to me. Carl and I and our family have lived here for ages. We have a clinic: "Soweto Obstetrics"! I just came from a home delivery. And we have women lining the clinic waiting room every day for care.

LUDMILLA. So you perfect for *mein* story: "Happily Ever After" – remembering first on things to tell about then –

ANGELIKA. When?

LUDMILLA. When – "Once upon a time, a long, long time ago, on top of the mountain,

(She glances up.)

Was this old guy *und* his league!"

(She looks at **ANGELIKA***.)*

LUDMILLA. You remember *him, Ja?*

ANGELIKA. Who?

LUDMILLA. Hey – you're supposed to tell about him *und* his league – when he is living on that mountain – this is how *mein* story starts –

(Beat. **ANGELIKA** *shrugs:)*

ANGELIKA. I don't know who you mean – I don't know what to say –

(Moves away as suddenly a bluish, unreal light in another area, higher, something resembling balcony with arch that opens. **FRAU LEHRERIN** *suddenly appears:)*

FRAU LEHRERIN. Fräulein Angelika! Answer! *Antworten Sie mir!*

(Hears from on high, behind her. Not looking back at her.)

ANGELIKA. *(to self)* Frau Lehrerin – my old teacher – ?

(She begins slowing back up toward **LEHRERIN***.)*

LUDMILLA. *(to audience) Ach!* She was head of the school… *und* she was in league *mit* him…

FRAU LEHRERIN. You have been assigned to recite our new confession and new pledge, Fräulein – for the parade –

(Still not looking up back slowing backing up towards **LEHRERIN***:)*

ANGELIKA. School parade – ? But that's a lifetime ago – the week she took Frau Friedmann's job –

FRAU LEHRERIN. Today our *first Bund deutscher Mädel's* parade takes place, Fräulein.

(continuing to back toward **LEHRERIN***, growing more and more fearful:)*

ANGELIKA. The German Girls Club?

FRAU LEHRERIN. A unique privilege: Our new leader – the Führer – comes to *our* ceremonies! *We* will see him in person! And *you* have the honor of reading our new confession and our new pledge in his very presence! You have practiced these at home, *ja*?

(shaken, frightened, begins to sink into the past, looking at her)

ANGELIKA. *Ja, ja,* Frau Lehrerin –

FRAU LEHRERIN. So, we will rehearse. Put on your school apron and your new Girl's Club jacket. *Schnell.*

*(***ANGELIKA** *slowly reverses apron to school apron. Puts on militaristic Girl's Club jacket.)*

ANGELIKA. *Ja – ja* – Frau Lehrerin —

FRAU LEHRERIN. Look at me.

*(***FRAU***'s eyes grip* **ANGELIKA***. She's sinking to the past.)*

The jacket is not buttoned correctly.

*(***ANGELIKA** *fiddles with buttons, looking at* **FRAU***.)*

FRAU LEHRERIN. *Kommen Sie hier!*

*(***ANGELIKA** *into bluish light of the past: a schoolgirl.* **FRAU** *buttons her jacket. Then lights on scene up, normal as* **LUDMILLA** *hangs sign:)*

*(***"SCHOOL DAYS"***)*

FRAU LEHRERIN. Now this afternoon we march to the Village Square in file. There you wait until your name is called. You then come on the platform, curtsy before the Führer, walk to the podium – and begin our ceremony with the new recitation I gave you. "Our Confession." Then follow with "Our Pledge." Start!

ANGELIKA. *(reading, without understanding or agreeing with what she reads:)* "Our Confession." We b-b-believe only in N-N-National So-so-socialism." "National Socialism is the great – faith of our nation. The – the Führer is our – our – Savior? He – he will save and protect us forever. National Socialism is – is taller than any ch-ch-church – ??

(She's findng words absurd, hard to believe, starts stumbling on them.)

More *ancient* than any – ch-ch-church – ??

FRAU LEHRERIN. You are hesitating? Stumbling?

ANGELIKA. It's – it's hard Frau Lehrerin – new ideas all of a sudden – they make no sense – "taller than –

FRAU LEHRERIN. You will never question our confession, Fräulein! It is unpatriotic! Disrespectful! This is no longer Frau Friedmann's class where traitorous, degenerate, liberal views were discussed. This is now the school of the government. You understand?

ANGELIKA. *Ja, ja,* Frau Lehrerin…

FRAU LEHRERIN. So. Study this in your free periods this morning, until you are perfect, and respectful of what you say. So. Now our pledge, which you will recite second on the platform.

ANGELIKA. *(She's sliding out of control it's so funny.)* "We will be German – We – w-w-will be – puh-puh-pure – We will be faithless – faithful!!"

(She can't go on, bursts into giggles.)

FRAU LEHRERIN. You now are giggling?

ANGELIKA. I – I can't help –

FRAU LEHRERIN. You will now add three punishment marks to your punishment book for this stumbling and giggling and disrespect! This makes you subject to a punishment for your disloyal, unpatriotic attitude. What this will be I will determine tomorrow. Sit!

*(***ANGELIKA** *sits.)*

And now at the ceremony – Fräulein Gretchen will receive a music medal if she sings our new song perfectly. You are prepared to rehearse now, Gretchen?

(Light on **FRAU GRETCHEN** *sitting somewhere, half in shadow, dressed in gray cloak, blending into shadows although we see her face in profile, drinking liquor from a bottle.)*

LUDMILLA. *(looking to* **GRETCHEN***)* Hey – Gretchen? Gretchen? You won that music medal when the new teacher came to the school!

*(***GRETCHEN** *doesn't answer, drinks more.)*

So – you could be in *mein* "Happily Ever After" story, I betcha!

*(***GRETCHEN** *drinks more then looks at her.)*

GRETCHEN. I don't know what you're talking about. I live in the house where I was born. I take care of old women who pay to live there. I cook for them, wash for them, iron, scrub the floors. I sleep on a cot in the hall

(She turns profile again, sips liquor again.)

LUDMILLA. You got to remember that medal on account once upon a time you sang at the parade when you first saw the Führer *und* won it! *You* used to wear it sometimes points in fact.

*(***GRETCHEN** *looks at her, coughs.)*

GRETCHEN. *That* medal? My *grossmutter's.* An heirloom.

(She turns, starts drinking.)

FRAU LEHRERIN. *(in bluish light, smiling)* Fräulein Gretchen?

GRETCHEN. *(turning slowly, recognizes voice, dreads sight)* Frau – Lehrerin??

FRAU. *Achtung!*

*(***GRETCHEN** *turns away.)*

ACHTUNG! You hear me?

GRETCHEN. *(slowly rising) Ja* – Frau Lehrerin – *ja, ja* –

FRAU. Your uniform?

*(***GRETCHEN** *doffs coat, girl's club uniform beneath.)*

Your scarf – *and* hair?

*(***GRETCHEN** *undoes pug, braid falls down, her eyes gripped by* **FRAU***'s. She's in the past: the school girl. Enters blue light near* **FRAU***, then lights up, normal.)*

FRAU. *Kommen Sie hier, Fräulein!*

*(***GRETCHEN** *to her)*

FRAU LEHRERIN. So. Fräulein, the music medal will be presented to you on the platform…if you have learned the song perfectly. So – rehearse now as you will sing it.

*(***GRETCHEN** *turns to* **ANGELIKA**, *then looking out starts singing Nazi Youth song. She starts softly, hesitantly, gains strength, superiority as she sings:)*

GRETCHEN.

Es zittern die morschen Knochen
Der Welt von dem roten Krieg.
Wir haben den Schrecken gebrochen,
Fuer uns war's ein grosser Sieg!
Wir werden weiter marchieren,
Wen alles in Scherben faellt,
Denn heute da hoert uns Deutschland,
Und morgen die ganze Welt!

FRAU LEHRERIN. *Sehr gut!* And now the recitation of the song?

GRETCHEN. *(quality of superiority now, can recite or sing)*

While the rest of the world still trembles,
From the blood and rot of War,
We have crushed *our* weakness to pieces!
And now? *Our* Victories will soar!
We will become fiery Conquerors!
And the Reich in Triumph will *shine!*
So *sing* all the people of Deutschland:
"Tomorrow the world is mine!"

FRAU LEHRERIN. *Sehr gut!* You have learned it perfectly. The music medal will be yours! *Bund deutsche Mädel* – our German Girls Club meeting now ends and we have a short school recess.

(She's moved into a shadowy area near her office. **GRETCHEN** *modeling uniform. To* **ANGELIKA***:)*

GRETCHEN. I'm getting the medal, Angelika!

*(***ANGELIKA** *turns to her.)*

ANGELIKA. *Wunderbar,* Gretchen!

GRETCHEN. And – at the Girl's Club *I'm* dressed just like the *Mayor's* daughter. So now? *I'm* just as good as she is. And so are you!

ANGELIKA. *(happy, laughing)* We are! We are!

GRETCHEN. But *I'll* be even better because *I'll* be wearing the medal. Come on – we'll practice how we'll march at the parade! You know the new step?

*(***GRETCHEN** *singing, marching Nazi goose step,* **ANGELIKA** *joins* **GRETCHEN***, giggling.)*

GRETCHEN. *(cont.)* See – it's not what our lives are today, Angelika, it's how we will live them *tomorrow* that counts! That's what our new government and our Führer are bringing us – a future!

ANGELIKA. He got in by just one vote though – some people even say he stole the election.

GRETCHEN. Don't ever repeat that! That's not patriotic! He got voted in to fix our country!

(close to **ANGELIKA***, whispering:)*

My veteran hero Papa? The Führer is going to help him!

ANGELIKA. Yes?

GRETCHEN. Papa lays in bed – no legs – no control –

(She's getting outraged:)

NO ARMY PENSION OR MEDICAL CARE from that war! It's me and my brother must *bathe* Papa, *diaper* him, *change his sheets* three times a day! And my poor mother? She scrubs *Banker Isaac Moses* mansion to support us! *He* 's not patriotic! *He's* not a real German. He's a Jew that got RICH off that War! But now? Our family will get its pension. And Papa? Medical care!

(She laughs.)

And me? *I* can be BIG! IMPORTANT IN THIS WORLD! AND MAKE MY PAPA PROUD!

FRAU LEHRERIN. Fräulein Gretchen? *Kommen Sie hier!*

*(***ANGELIKA** *turns away, to shadows.* **GRETCHEN** *eagerly up to* **FRAU** *who opens a small box dangling the medal.)*

GRETCHEN. *Ja,* Frau Lehrerin?

FRAU LEHRERIN. In addition to winning the medal, I'm giving you also a perfect grade in music, Fräulein, which puts you first in your class – and permits me, if I choose – to submit your name for the class of "Higher Expectations" next year… You have great ambition for this class, *nicht*?

GRETCHEN. *Ja, ja*, Frau Lehrerin.

FRAU LEHRERIN. So? What is this "Higher Expectation" you have?

GRETCHEN. *(shy to admit this dream:)* Maybe a teacher too… like you…history…biology too…like you…

FRAU LEHRERIN. Teacher? Veterinarian is the "Higher Expectation" for which *I* aimed as a girl. *Ach* – such an *instinct* I had to find sickness in the animals – do away with them before they infected the others! But a *girl*… no encouragement…poor family – I could barely work my way through to be a teacher –

GRETCHEN. I see –

FRAU LEHRERIN. *(She breaks memory, turns to* **GRETCHEN**.*)* But now? *I* am headmistress! And – we will see where *your* "Higher Expectations" will take *you, Ja*?

(She grows confidential.)

You understand – The Party is now taking over *every* girl's organization *all over Germany. Bund deutsche Mädel* will soon be everywhere. *Und* after graduation – I am now in a position to recommend you for a Party *job* with the new Girls Clubs, Fräulein. Good salary. A place from which you could climb.

GRETCHEN. *(ecstatic, controlling it) Vielen Dank!* Frau Lehrerin!

FRAU LEHRERIN. You might even transfer to Berlin –

*(***GRETCHEN** *starts imagining this, trying to contain her extreme joy.)*

Many new opportunities are now opening up there – if you continue to prove yourself!

GRETCHEN. *Ach!* I will, Frau Lehrerin!

*(***FRAU** *looks at* **GRETCHEN***, retreats in archway, subtly beckoning her closer.* **GRETCHEN** *comes.)*

FRAU LEHRERIN. *(a confidential whisper now:)* Our government now has power to let me promote a loyal girl like you!

(She studies her:)

You family is loyal, too?

GRETCHEN. *Ja, ja.* Party members, Frau Lehrerin. *Our* family records are perfect; we are all members of the party, we go to all meetings, obey all the new laws!

FRAU LEHRERIN. Because we can now open mail, tap phones, check medical records, civil records, churches, societies people belong – to find suspected dissidents, traitors to the Reich…

GRETCHEN. You can check our family records everywhere if you want!

(a beat)

FRAU LEHRERIN. So I can count on you to help me serve the Reich – as the Reich will serve you?

GRETCHEN. *Ja, ja,* Frau Lehrerin!

FRAU LEHRERIN. *(coming closer, whispering)* Any girls you see – or suspect of degeneracy or dissent: actions – words – deviousness? Report them to me for investigation at once?

*(***GRETCHEN** *nods, runs to shadowy area.* **FRAU LEHRERIN** *takes jewelry box, moves toward* **LUDMILLA***.)*

Und Frau Ludmilla?

LUDMILLA. *Ja, ja?*

FRAU LEHRERIN. You received a medal then, too –

LUDMILLA. *Nein* – not me.

(She looks at **FRAU LEHRERIN***, slightly fearful, confused.)*

FRAU LEHRERIN. However – an honor for your *Mutter, Frau Dietrich* – nearly the same thing.

LUDMILLA. What – ?

FRAU LEHRERIN. When you were a girl – you came here to receive your *Mutter*'s honor – The *Mutter's* Gold Cross –

*(***FRAU** *now dangles large gold cross on chain,* **LUDMILLA** *gasps at sight, not taking eyes from cross.)*

LUDMILLA. *(shaken, mesmerized by swaying cross, remembering)* The Gold Cross – the *Mutter's* Gold Cross – The Gold Cross –

FRAU LEHRERIN. So – you do recall –

(Beckoning **LUDMILLA** *into past, swinging cross as lights shift bluish on* **FRAU LEHRERIN** *as* **LUDMILLA** *slowly rises, eyes never leaving swaying cross.)*

FRAU LEHRERIN. So? Put on your Girls Club uniform, Fräulein. *Und kommen Sie hier!*

*(***LUDMILLA** *slowly reverses bakery apron, and scarf to bright side. She's the young* **FRÄULEIN LUDMILLA**. *She puts basket with cake on handlebars of bike, parks it near* **FRAU***, comes into blue light too.)*

But you do not put on your uniform, Fräulein.

FRÄULEIN LUDMILLA. I don't got one, Frau Lehrerin.

FRAU LEHRERIN. But you are a *Bunde Deutsche Mädel, nicht?*

FRÄULEIN LUDMILLA. *Nein!* A simple country girl. I don't even finish school – I got to help out home – the bakery –

FRAU LEHRERIN. So. A good German daughter!

FRÄULEIN LUDMILLA. *Vielen Dank* Frau Lehrerin.

(Lights up to normal.)

FRAU LEHRERIN. *Und* what great pride you must take in your *Mutter*!

FRÄULEIN LUDMILLA. *Ja,* well, she made ten *Kinder* for the Reich!

FRAU LEHRERIN. Exactly what the Führer wants: as many *kinder* for a powerful Germany as every woman can produce.

FRÄULEIN LUDMILLA But she can't have no *more* the doctor says. We hardly got no room for what we got. Me, Willi, Hilde, Heinz – *und* then the *first* twins – which *I* am naming: *Herta – und – Berta!*

(She laughs, proud at her invention. **FRAU** *manages a forced smile, wants to leave.)*

Und see? For the twins? *DIE MUTTER'S* BRONZE CROSS! Then Ernst, Rudolph *und* comes *DIE MUTTER'S* SILVER CROSS! *Und* now? *More* twins *I* am naming: *HANNALORE und ANNALORE*! *Und Mutti* gets *DIE MUTTER'S* GOLD CROSS!

FRAU LEHRERIN. So. You and your *Mutter* will come to the platform at the parade to receive the cross.

(Silence. **FRAU LEHRERIN** *looks around.)*

FRAU LEHRERIN. Your *Mutter* is not yet here?

FRÄULEIN LUDMILLA. *Nein.*

FRAU LEHRERIN. She is at home with her twins?

FRÄULEIN LUDMILLA. She is in bed *mit* her stroke.

FRAU LEHRERIN. Stroke?

FRÄULEIN LUDMILLA. Two weeks yesterday when the twins is coming *und* Dr. Ginsberg is so kind and staying all night? Face to foot left side *Mutti? Kaputt!* But someday, Dr. Ginsberg is promising, he's gonna help her move again! *Und* I betcha, I betcha he's so smart he's gonna make it happen! "Only she's 42," he says. "*Und* too fat *mit* diabetes, in addition."

FRAU LEHRERIN. So. Well. *You* will come and take the honor for her at the parade, *nicht?*

FRÄULEIN LUDMILLA. *Nein.* I got to go work at the bakery. See, *Mutti* never was thinking she's getting so many *Mutter*'s crosses and so many *Kinder*!

FRAU LEHRERIN. *(wanting to leave:)* Oh…?

FRÄULEIN LUDMILLA. *Ja, ja!* When she is getting married – before these laws on having babies? She is planning two – three *kinder* tops. On account she was wanting to run the bakery! She bakes good *Kuchen und Brot und* likes talking *mit* the Village womens who comes in – *aber* now she's in bed *und* can't talk hardly no more at all.

(She looks around.)

Aber – I can't stay here no more. *I* got to go run the whole bakery. *Ach!* I forgot something.

(goes to bike, takes basket with cloth over it)

Best cake Dietrich's got! Nuts, raisins, ginger spice – a piece for every girl!

*(***FRAU LEHRERIN** *puts cross in box, hands her box.)*

FRAU LEHRERIN. Congratulations!

FRÄULEIN LUDMILLA. Ja, *vielen Dank* –

*(***FRÄULEIN LUDMILLA** *leaves. Bluish light then normal lights as she sits,* **LUDMILLA**, *the woman.* **FRAU LEHRERIN** *to shadows as lights on* **FRIEDERIKE**, *outside, wearing bright sweater. Turns on old portable phonograph softly, starts writing on pad. Music: "Ain't Misbehavin'".** **FRIEDERIKE** *sings.)*

LUDMILLA. *(to her)* Hey – Frau Friederike?

(to audience)

She's "The big time journalist"! Berlin. The most best newspaper!

(to her)

Und you living fancy, I betcha,I betcha? Perfect for *mein* story: You is *famous!*

FRIEDERIKE. *(laughing lightly)* My husband and I live in Berlin, Ludmilla. He's an art dealer. My daughter, Franziska, plays the violin in the Philharmonic…a pretty apartment – some fascinating friends – an interesting life –

(She smiles turns up phonograph a bit lights cigarette, starts writing again.)

Somehow this music gets me in the mood to write –

LUDMILLA. That's from when you was a girl

(to audience)

Count *und* Countess von Strohmer was her parents. *Und* they was living in such a big castle in our little village nobody could hardly believe somebody's in there,

* See Music Use Note on Page 3.

LUDMILLA. *(cont.)* excepting maybe Kings *und* Queens! *Und* when our bad times comes in Germany, the Count brings Friederike home from Swiss Boarding School to be safe in our Village school –

FRIEDERIKE. I hated that village school! They said, it was good once. But when I came? The Nazi government had just taken hold of it. The party line was being stuffed down our throats 'til we choked! And we were punished if we blinked an eye! *I'd* been taught so differently in Switzerland – free, able to express my thoughts – ideas –

*(***FRIEDERIKE** *turns from these thoughts, picks up pen, writing pad, turns phono up, writing, singing to music.)*

*(***GRETCHEN***, the schoolgirl, suddenly pops up from behind something. She's in blue shadows of the past:)*

GRETCHEN. *(tauntingly)* Jazz? From *Untermenschen* American negroes?

FRIEDERIKE. *(stunned)* WHAT?

GRETCHEN. Like Jesse Owens!

FRIEDERIKE. *(completely bewildered)* I beg your pardon?

GRETCHEN. And at school!

FRIEDERIKE. School?

(Looks around, slight wary now. Puts out cigarette.)

GRETCHEN. And such a *jazzy* sweater you're wearing too!

*(***FRIEDERIKE** *removes sweater.)*

FRIEDERIKE. WHO ARE YOU?

*(***GRETCHEN** *comes closer, taunting:)*

GRETCHEN. I'm Gretchen!

(She catches her eye. **FRIEDERIKE** *staring at her now, shaken somehow.)*

FRIEDERIKE. Gretchen – but – you – you're so far in my past – Gretchen – ?

GRETCHEN. You better put that phonograph away! It's *verboten!* Someone could report you.

FRIEDERIKE. Report me?

GRETCHEN. *(taunting her more)* Yes!

FRIEDERIKE. To who?

GRETCHEN. Frau Lehrerin.

*(***FRIEDERIKE** *begins slowly, warily to rise; remembering – starts sinking into past.)*

FRIEDERIKE. Frau Lehrerin? She's from the past, too –

(Sinking more into past, growing more wary, she stands.)

GRETCHEN. *(cocky)* If they hear the music? Anyone could report you to her any minute!

*(***FRIEDERIKE** *frightened now, puts on school scarf.)*

FRIEDERIKE. But – they won't –

GRETCHEN. Why not?

*(***FRIEDERIKE** *laughs as adult, but then laughs again, eerily – her school girl laugh. She now joins* **GRETCHEN** *in the past bluish light, then lights up, normal. She's the young* **FRIEDERIKE**.*)*

FRIEDERIKE. Because – because of who we von Strohmers are and how we are connected. And where.

*(***GRETCHEN** *looks at her a moment, then goes to phonograph.)*

GRETCHEN. Where'd you get the phonograph anyhow? And where's that record from? And what's it doing here besides?

FRIEDERIKE. *(wary)* Why?

GRETCHEN. Only teasing!

(She laughs, runs to where phonograph is.)

Must be fun to own all this though, huh? See, you're not the only one here that likes swell American music…

FRIEDERIKE. "Swell"? American slang now? From such a little Nazi?

(She sings, does a little goosestep, imitating **GRETCHEN***'s song:)*

"*Und Morgen die ganze Welt!*"

GRETCHEN. My *parents* are the Nazis!

FRIEDERIKE. Mine have joined the party, too. Donating money to Hitler. And – all of a sudden they're selling thousands of acres of our forests to the military – and getting millions back – which we don't even need! They've changed. "Patriotic," they say.

GRETCHEN. But mine *make* me belong! Don't you think I'd like a phonograph? Records? Sing American songs – like you?

FRIEDERIKE. Want me to teach you one?

*(***GRETCHEN** *looks around.)*

GRETCHEN. *Ach!* Frau Lehrerin might hear – and murder me!

FRIEDERIKE. She's giving you the music metal.

GRETCHEN. But last year when *mutter's* working late – I don't do *any* homework! Then she gave me enough punishments to kill a cow!

*(***FRIEDERIKE** *stands to go, pulls long strand of pearls from her pocket, puts them on, takes off school scarf.* **GRETCHEN** *looks at her, admiring the glamorous spirited* **FRIEDERIKE***:)*

GRETCHEN. Pearls? Where're you going?

FRIEDERIKE. Berlin.

GRETCHEN. Berlin?? *Gott im Himmel!* It's lunchtime! You're supposed to go home to the Castle – bring flags for the parade – you promised to make flags for the whole class .

FRIEDERIKE. *(laughing)* Our seamstress is bringing them. I'm meeting her by the school gate before afternoon session.

GRETCHEN. But what if Frau –

FRIEDERIKE. *(cutting in)* Frau Lehrerin won't know the difference – don't worry.

(She starts away.)

GRETCHEN. Where you going in Berlin anyhow?

FRIEDERIKE. Buy more American records – listen to live jazz!

GRETCHEN. *(flabbergasted)* Where?

FRIEDERIKE. In a cellar – where they're rehearsing –

GRETCHEN. "They"?

FRIEDERIKE. The "Swing Boys." Practicing "The Harlem Sound." They play at night at "The Jazz Note" a *verboten* club now! Used to be a swanky place to go. Now – it's "*degenerate!*"

(She laughs with mischievous excitement.)

GRETCHEN. You'll be back for afternoon session?

FRIEDERIKE. Of course – I've done it before –

GRETCHEN. Then take me?

*(***FRIEDERIKE** *starts away again.)*

Gott im Himmel! TAKE ME!

(She's trailing **FRIEDERIKE***.)*

I never get to do one thing. I just work and get punished, Friederike! School – home? Please?

*(***FRIEDERIKE***, enjoying her power, feeling generous, stops:)*

FRIEDERIKE. Well then – watch your time. *Komm schon!*

(They go to rehearsal cellar area, as in background we hear "St. Louis Blues." **FRIEDERIKE** *sings, as they enter Cellar, stay at entrance peering in.* **FRIEDERIKE** *recognizing musicians waves, greets them, continues.)*

"St. Louis woman, with her diamond rings …"

*(***FRIEDERIKE** *moves into cellar,* **GRETCHEN** *at entry, looking around.)*

GRETCHEN. *(Amazed. Giggling. Whispering to* **FRIEDERIKE***)* *Gott im Himmel!* Friederike? These boys have hair down to their ears!

FRIEDERIKE. Mmm –

(Dancing as she sings or hums, which continues through rest of scene.)

"She pulls my man around, by her apron strings – "

GRETCHEN. *(whispering to* **FRIEDERIKE***)* And they're smoking one cigarette after the other after the other!

(She watches, spots something:)

Look! *That* cute boy at the piano? He's smiling at me – pointing to the records –

FRIEDERIKE. Come on – follow me –

*(***GRETCHEN** *moves into cellar starts to sing with* **FRIEDERIKE***, then moves to music, but hesitantly.)*

FRIEDERIKE & GRETCHEN. "*We* got the blues, *we* got the blues, *we* got the St. Louis Blues, blue as *we* can be –"

*(***FRIEDERIKE** *is looking at someone.)*

GRETCHEN. The boy's still smiling – wants *me* to have a record – should I speak to him? Take it?

FRIEDERIKE Keep dancing, Gretchen!

(They dance, sing a little together. But **FRIEDERIKE** *now moves away, solo, singing, moving toward someone. She's connected. To* **GRETCHEN** *but watching boy:)*

FRIEDERIKE *That* one's new. They say his name is Franz. And what he's doing is 'scatting' on his bass viol!

*(***GRETCHEN** *trailing her, trying to get her attention:)*

GRETCHEN. Friederike – maybe I could take the record – *you'd* keep it for me? Play it for me sometime at the Castle?

FRIEDERIKE. *(not really listening now)* " 'Cause the man I love, has gone so far from me – gone so far, gone so far gone so – far – "

(She is focused on the boy but speaking to **GRETCHEN***:)*

Ach Gott: he's soo handsome! Look! He is watching me move! Gazing at me! Intensely! Strumming and

strumming while I am moving and moving – to his beat!

(singing to boy:)

"Got the blues yes I do, yes I do, oh you know that I do –"

GRETCHEN. *(whispering to* **FRIEDERIKE***:)* That record – Friederike – would you –

FRIEDERIKE. *(oblivious, cutting* **GRETCHEN** *off)* Such deep blue eyes. So sympathetic! He is different! Overwhelming!

(She dances away from **GRETCHEN***, toward boy.)*

"Got the blues, got the blues, got the St. Louis blues – "

*(***GRETCHEN***, feeling very rejected, trying to get her attention:)*

GRETCHEN. Please?

*(***FRIEDERIKE** *totally involved now with Franz.* **GRETCHEN** *looking at watch.)*

Afternoon session's starting – we have to go –

FRIEDERIKE. *(brushing her off, eyes on the New Boy) Ja, ja* – see you in school – "Because the man I love – he's gone so far from me – gone so far – gone so far –

*(***GRETCHEN** *moves away, stops, watching, feeling betrayed.* **FRIEDERIKE** *still jiving. Music stops. To self:)*

Franz – coming to me – ?

(as if speaking to him)

"Coffee at a cafe? – well – just for a little while then – a little while –

(As **FRIEDERIKE** *leaves,* **GRETCHEN** *runs to* **FRAU LEHRERIN** *on balcony.* **GRETCHEN** *whispers to her.* **FRAU** *nods, then rises.)*

FRAU LEHRERIN. *Achtung! Klasse* will assemble! *Achtung!*

*(***ANGELIKA** *then* **GRETCHEN** *run to schoolroom, standing in row.* **FRAU LERHRERIN** *comes forward with schoolbooks.)*

FRAU LEHRERIN. *Guten Tag, Mädchen.*

ANGELIKA & GRETCHEN. *Guten Tag,* Frau Lehrerin

FRAU LEHRERIN. *Hinsetzen!*

(They sit.)

FRAU LEHRERIN. We will start the Afternoon Session with our oral test.

(She comes closer, looks around.)

Fräulein Friederike? Fräulein Friederike?

*(***FRIEDERIKE***'s not there.* **FRAU** *makes checkmark in book.)*

So. First instead, we review our history lesson from our new text: the recent War of 1914. Fräulein Angelika reads first. Page 98. All stand!

ANGELIKA. *(standing, reading in sing-song)* "We were stabbed in the back by the French with their so-called 'Treaty of Versailles'! Behind it? The Jew traitor with his Gypsy thief slaves who now control the world."

FRAU LEHRERIN. From now on? *Always* think of this! *Always* hold this in your mind – because this is the way it was. Sit!

*(***ANGELIKA** *sits.)*

This will now be documented scientifically as we turn to true and authentic information from our new biology textbook

(reading:)

"The Proofs of Racial Science": page nineteen. Here we will learn the true nature of why we have just expelled all Jewish girls from our school! All stand!

(The **GIRLS** *stand, open new books.)*

Who reads?

*(***GRETCHEN** *raises hand.)*

Fräulein Gretchen?

GRETCHEN. *(enthusiastically)* "The repugnant features of the Jew to avoid, root in the nose, and dark, short, fat bodies, and physical, and mental, moral diseases."

FRAU LEHRERIN. And the scientific information on Gypsies?

GRETCHEN. "The Gypsy nation is a dark, parasitic, foreign body as well. They carry diseases like rats do and they are thieves such as the world has never seen. We must stay away from them and their contagious filth!"

*(***FRIEDERIKE** *sneaks, sliding into school. Stands with others.)*

"They are all *Untermenschen!* Subhuman. We must protect clean Aryan blood from all contact and contamination with all Jews and Gypsies. We must be patriots and preserve our country only for –"

*(***FRAU LEHRERIN** *seeing* **FRIEDERIKE***:)*

FRAU LEHRERIN. Fräulein Friederike! So. The reason you are late?

(silence)

Antworten sie mir! ANSWER!

FRIEDERIKE. I – I missed the bus coming back from the castle. That bus is always late – and I –

FRAU LEHRERIN. *(interrupting) Genug!*

(scrutinizing her more)

And the flags?

FRIEDERIKE. *(looking around)* Didn't the seamstress bring them? I told her –

FRAU LEHRERIN. *Jetzt ist aber genug!* You are not going to the castle for lunch. You are going in a cellar in Berlin.

*(***FRIEDERIKE** *shoots a hard look at* **GRETCHEN***.)*

There you are hearing non-Aryan men play *verboten* American Negro music. There? You made a certain friendship with a Gypsy boy – going with him to a café.

FRIEDERIKE. *(stunned)* Gypsy?

*(***FRAU LEHRERIN** *looking hard at* **GRETCHEN**.*)*

FRAU LEHRERIN. Mixed blood! The worst!

FRIEDERIKE. I didn't know Franz was Gypsy. I –

(She stops short realizing what she's admitted.)

FRAU LEHRERIN. So – you *were* there. And have neglected your duty to bring the flags! Now? No one has them to march for our first presentation to honor the Führer. Your grades are now lowered 20%, Fräulein –

FRIEDERIKE. I can't believe that – I won't be able to go to the University or –

FRAU LEHRERIN. *(interrupting:)* And your *Vater* will be immediately notified of your extreme, deviant behavior

FRIEDERIKE. *(terrified)* MY *VATER*?

FRAU LEHRERIN. You are so surprised, Fräulein? So. Now the New Order has come to power, and I have come to this school, you learn your first hard lesson from the Reich: "Whoever does not bend, breaks"!

FRIEDERIKE. Please, Frau Lehrerin, don't! Please? Besides afternoon session's just starting, isn't it? I don't think I delayed anything import –

FRAU LEHRERIN. *(interrupting)* What you delayed is the oral test.

(glances at watch)

The hour is late – the parade beginning shortly.

(to other girls)

Klasse is therefore excused from the test. *Und* school ends early as I promised you. You have now the special privilege of the parade – *und* the ceremonies with the Führer. *Gehen Sie!*

(They all start out. To **FRIEDERIKE***:)*

FRAU LEHRERIN. *You* will take it. *Kommen Sie hier!*

*(***FRIEDERIKE** *moves closer to* **FRAU**.*)*

First question: What will come after the Third Reich?

*(***FRIEDERIKE** *rattled, quickly blurting out, not thinking.)*

FRIEDERIKE. The Fourth Reich?

FRAU LEHRERIN. There is no Fourth Reich!

(She is enraged, tries to keep control of self:)

"THE THIRD REICH IS THE THOUSAND YEAR REICH! A NEW WORLD ORDER PARADISE THAT WILL LAST *FOREVER*!"

FRIEDERIKE. *(blurting out again, then trailing off:)* But only Gypsy women with their tea leaves know – the – future –

(Silence. **FRIEDERIKE** *realizes what she's said. A longer silence.* **FRAU LEHRERIN** *is smoldering but brings herself under control, between her teeth:)*

FRAU LEHRERIN. In my office! *Schnell!*

*(***FRIEDERIKE** *runs through* **FRAU LEHRERIN***'s arch.* **FRAU LEHRERIN***, following as* **GRETCHEN** *and* **ANGELIKA** *come running into schoolyard on way to parade.)*

GRETCHEN. *(to* **ANGELIKA***)* Come on!

(She looks at her.)

Where's your jacket?

ANGELIKA. *(lightly)* I – I leant it to someone.

GRETCHEN. Day of the parade?

ANGELIKA. But Elsa can't even go!

GRETCHEN. *(shocked)* You gave your jacket to the Jew girl? She's not even at school anymore!

ANGELIKA. We've planned it out! She'll stand in the crowd near the platform and give it back to me – before I go up to read. She's even blond. No one will know she's Jewish. No one will even notice what we're doing – not with the Führer there!

GRETCHEN. You're wrong!

ANGELIKA. She's nice. And *she* wants to go very badly. And you know she can't go anywhere anymore – school, parades, library, park, cinema –

GRETCHEN. *(can't believe this:)* You really gave your Girls Club jacket to the Jew girl?

ANGELIKA. *(unperturbed)* Don't make such a fuss. She's my good friend.

GRETCHEN. You do a stupid thing, Angelika! You should be afraid. Elsa's not one of us – only loyal to her own people! A traitor! Frau Lehrerin is the party's new Headmistress. She can do *anything* she wants to you. Get smart! Get your jacket back!

ANGELIKA. We are church goers. My whole family. God teaches me Elsa is my equal! Frau Lehrerin can't make me obey what the government says instead!

*(***FRAU LEHRERIN** *appears, in hat, going to parade.)*

FRAU LEHRERIN. Why are you not at the parade?

GRETCHEN. We are just going, Frau Lehrerin. *Aber* – Angelika hasn't put on her jacket –

(She looks at **ANGELIKA** *as if to say: get jacket!)*

Yet –

(Silence. **ANGELIKA** *doesn't move.)*

FRAU LEHRERIN. Why do you not put on your jacket?

(silence)

Antworten Sie mir!

(More silence. **ANGELIKA** *frightened now, realizing implications of what she's done.)*

ANSWER!

ANGELIKA. *(whispering)* Elsa wears it…

FRAU LEHRERIN. *(astounded)* Elsa? Where? She's been expelled.

ANGELIKA. *(whispering)* By the platform –

FRAU LEHRERIN. *(confused) Where* ??

ANGELIKA. At the parade –

*(***ANGELIKA** *looks down.* **FRAU GRETCHEN** *can't believe this.* **GRETCHEN** *starts backing away.)*

FRAU LEHRERIN. THE PARADE?? NEAR THE FÜHRER??

*(***ANGELIKA** *nods, paralyzed, looking down. Silence.)*

KOMMEN SIE HIER!

*(***ANGELIKA** *goes close to her, head still down.)*

STAND STRAIGHT!

*(***ANGELIKA** *does.)*

LOOK AHEAD!

*(***ANGELIKA** *does. She has epaulettes and BdM emblems sewn on her shirt.* **FRAU LEHRERIN**, *enraged, rips them all off, tearing shirt badly, knocking* **ANGELIKA** *off balance so she stumbles, regaining balance as* **FRAU** *continues:)*

In that fashion this same shirt is worn until instructed otherwise!

*(***ANGELIKA** *nods, stands, clutching cross. We hear band music.)*

Now you will immediately go and find this Jew girl. Get the jacket and instruct her to leave the parade area at once – Understand me?

ANGELIKA. *Ja,* Frau Lehrerin.

FRAU LEHRERIN. Then – bring the jacket back here! *Und* stand on this spot until I return from the parade! Starting tomorrow – until further notification? All privileges of the Girls' Club will be denied you: parades, prizes, summer retreats, camping, festivals, songfests! *Gehen Sie!*

*(***ANGELIKA** *runs out.* **FRAU**, *recouping, to* **GRETCHEN**.*)*

You are able to read the pledge and the confession with no mistakes?

GRETCHEN. *Ja, ja,* Frau Lehrerin.

FRAU LEHRERIN. Then *you* will read them from the platform in place of Fräulein Angelika. Now go at once to the parade and take your place in line before it starts!

*(***GRETCHEN** *goes,* **FRAU** *straightens suit, leaves as* **FRIEDERIKE** *enters disturbed.)*

FRIEDERIKE. Ludmilla? My *Vater* has had me and Franz spied on! The phone, our servants, people in Franz's building. For weeks! Since Frau Lehrerin told him about the Jazz club. And I love *Vatti*, Ludmilla! And *Mutti!* But I don't – I can't think their way –

LUDMILLA I know – I know –

FRIEDERIKE. *Tonight?* Poppi burst into my room – pulled me from bed –

(She starts reliving scene. As father, heavy German accent:)

FRIEDERIKE. *(cont.)* "You are sleeping with a Gypsy in Berlin! *Und* I have reported him for a work camp!"

(to **LUDMILLA***)*

Poppi said the Gestapo broke right into Franz's room tonight and took him away! No warrant! Nothing! Then Poppi began screaming at me:

(as if father:)

"YOU HAVE GONE AGAINST THE REICH WITH THE SCUM OF THE EARTH! Shamed the von Strohmer name to THE PARTY your mother and I have embraced! TO THE STATE WE HONOR!! YOU HAVE STAINED US DOWN THE GENERATIONS AS TRAITORS!"

(half to self, half to **LUDMILLA***:)*

I turned away from him, Ludmilla, to leave the room. He banged the door shut – grabbed me – turned me around –

(as father:)

"YOU WILL RECANT! JOIN THE PARTY! MINGLE ONLY WITH ARYAN MEN *ONLY*! UNTIL A SUITABLE HUSBAND IS FOUND!"

(as herself, half to self, half to **LUDMILLA***:)*

But I wouldn't look at him – said nothing – wouldn't agree to what he wanted. Then – then – he pushed me from him – threw open the bedroom door –

(as father:)

"The von Strohmer name is no longer yours! This home is no longer yours! The Gestapo will be called if ever you set foot near the castle gates again! *HERAUS!*"

(Turns away, reversing school apron to work apron, scarf. Starts sweeping. To **LUDMILLA** *as goes to shadows:)*

FRIEDERIKE. *(cont.)* Frau Lehrerin expelled me – I've rented a little cell like room in Berlin where the workers live…just now found a maintenance job at a clinic. Biding my time, Ludmilla – biding my time –

LUDMILLA. *(to audience, smiling broadly:)* So – Friederike is "biding her time" – when a friend of Franz sends her a letter.

*(***LUDMILLA***, smiling, puts up sign.)*

("HIGHER EXPECTATIONS")

Ja, ja!

*(***FRIEDERIKE** *returns, pulls out letter, reading:)*

FRIEDERIKE. "Go to the Central Library."

LUDMILLA. *(to audience)* There ain't hardly no books left in the library no more. On account they is burning them up. They don't want peoples reading nothing but what the government wants. So –

FRIEDERIKE. *(reading)* "Ask assistant Rolf to recommend a Nazi book, so you don't draw attention. He will know what to do."

(She runs to shadowy area.)

LUDMILLA. *(to audience) Und* so? She is getting the book *und* looking inside. *Und* you know what?

*(***FRIEDERIKE***, excited, runs to* **LUDMILLA** *with book and note.)*

FRIEDERIKE. A note from Franz! Smuggled from the camp!

(reading note:)

"Put *Reichmarks* inside cover. Return it. Check out whatever Rolf suggests next. Put more *Reichmarks* in *that* book, return it. *May be a way!* Your, Franz"

(She runs to shadows again.)

LUDMILLA. *(to audience)* So? Now? Friederike goes to that library again – *und* again – *und* again – keeps on asking for them "Nazi books."

(She chuckles. **FRIEDERIKE** *appears with book.)*

FRIEDERIKE. I'm saving almost all my salary, Ludmilla! Putting 100 *Reichmarks* in every book I return. I'm living on nothing now – but our dream: join the Bolshevik communists and fight the Reich!

(She runs to shadowy area.)

LUDMILLA. *(to audience, chuckling) Und?* Next?

*(***FRIEDERIKE** *runs to her, whispering:)*

FRIEDERIKE. Franz's on a new Camp detail in the forest near a road. And THE GUARD CAN BE BRIBED! For 200 *Reichmarks* a prisoner walked right out of the forest last week.

*(***FRIEDERIKE** *gets bike, walks it, stop. Looks in distance. To* **LUDMILLA***, still whispering:)*

Him! Head shaved, so thin, stupid prison uniform! But HIM!

(She looks around, then very confidentially to **LUDMILLA***.)*

We make love in the grass. He holds me so close I can't breathe.

(looks to him, waving, as he leaves:)

Aufwiedersehen – 'til next week? I love you, Franz –

(blows him a kiss, goes to shadows)

LUDMILLA. *(to audience) Und* they meets again the next week *und* the next *und* the next!

FRIEDERIKE. *(returning excited, whispering:)* We've almost enough money! *We*'re going to go Uboat – Underground to Holland!

(She starts running, calling back:)

Soon – soon – soon –

(As **ANGELIKA**, *happy, bursts in. School scarf, apron reversed to nurse's apron,scarf.)*

ANGELIKA. Ludmilla? I'm a *nurse!* Like my *mutter!* A *Catholic hospital!* And I'm in love! And getting married!

LUDMILLA. *Sehr gut!*

ANGELIKA. A fine man – Dr. Carl Schenk! And – Catholic – like me! I'm very religious now, Ludmilla. More than before – from helping the sick. And Carl's religious too.

(ecstatic)

We have a dream: "AFRICA! To help the worst suffering people of this world!"

(Happy, She runs to shadows, disappears.)

LUDMILLA. *(to audience, winking, very happy:)* A Mutual Admiration Society happening here? I betcha, I betcha! *Aber* – such a short mutual! Two months and her Carl goes to the Army. Then? Another mutual:

(She puts up sign.)

("THE STORY OF LITTLE HANS")

She is expecting!

(She laughs as **ANGELIKA**, *ecstatic, picks up baby basket, comes to* **LUDMILLA**.*)*

ANGELIKA. My beautiful baby, Hans! I brought him home early from the hospital, Ludmilla. They wanted to keep him longer but I'm a nurse. I can take better care of him myself. Somehow – I just don't trust that hospital as much –

(talks to Little Hans in basket as puts basket down with Teddy Bear in it)

See what *Mutti* got you? A Teddy Bear! *Ja, ja!* My wonderful baby, Hans! *Mutti* will take the best care of you in the world!

LUDMILLA. *(to audience) Und* she does! Best care! Best care! *Und* so – time is going by –

*(***ANGELIKA** *steps away, looking in distance.)*

ANGELIKA. Ludmilla? I am noticing something now. He is starting to walk –

(She looks in distance again, watching Hans as does **LUDMILLA**.*)*

LUDMILLA. *Ja?*

ANGELIKA. His foot turns in. I just took him to the doctor in fact. He says not to worry. He'll outgrow it.

LUDMILLA. *Sehr gut!*

(to audience)

Und she has a *sehr gut* Doctor, too.

ANGELIKA. A minor birth injury to his hip they are telling me. But, if I want to be certain – "Take him to be examined at Schlierheim," the doctor says. "The University Clinic at Heidelberg!"

(She starts to clinic area with Teddy Bear. She's excited, happy, calling back:)

They're the best, Ludmilla…then I won't worry anymore.

*(***ANGELIKA** *arrives at clinic, sits.* **FRAU LEHRERIN** *morphs to* **FRAU DIREKTORIN**, *changing in view, to clinic coat, followed by* **GRETCHEN** *in shorter clinic jacket, carrying clipboard, x-rays.* **DIREKTORIN** *in glasses, a bit flustered, shuffling papers, they go to* **ANGELIKA**.*)*

FRAU DIREKTORIN. *(smiling, always a gentle voice) Willkommen! Willkommen!* Frau –

(She puts her glasses on, glancing at document **GRETCHEN** *gives her.)*

Frau Angelika!

*(***ANGELIKA** *nods. They shake hands.)*

So, sit? Please? Be comfortable?

*(***ANGELIKA** *does.* **FRAU** *indicates* **GRETCHEN**.*)*

I am Frau Direkotrin. I have been here many years – but my assistant is new –

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