

Acting History

Abraham Lincoln Takes An Unscheduled Train



Cast:

Narrator

Howard Hill.

Harper's Magazine Reporter

Allan Pinkerton

Mrs. Kate Warne

Hattie Lawton

Ward Hill Lamon

February 23, 1861: Abraham Lincoln Takes an Unscheduled Train

Narrator: On November 6, 1860 Abraham Lincoln, a Republican, won the presidential election and was the first Republican to be elected president. After the election results, Southerners declared that the South would certainly secede. The United States was splitting apart and people were nervous and anxious. It is the early morning hours of February 23, 1861, and President-elect Abraham Lincoln is sitting in a Baltimore and Ohio train, waiting for the telegraph wires to be cut so the train can pass through Baltimore on the way to Washington D.C.

Harper's Magazine Reporter: This morning we are speaking with Abraham Lincoln as is sitting aboard the train waiting for it to carry him to Washington D.C. where next month he will be sworn in as President of this Union. Mr. Lincoln, is it true what Mr. Pinkerton says?

Lincoln: Ah, Mr. Pinkerton is seized with worry. He has been seeing shadows with knives stalking me since we left Harrisburg.

Narrator: Pinkerton is worried because Maryland wants to leave the Union. And now that Virginia has seceded, trains must travel through Baltimore to reach Washington D.C.

Ward Hill Lamon: You must arm yourself, Mr. President. Take this Bowie knife and revolver!

Allan Pinkerton: The shadows are coming into the light. I have names. I have details. I will make you secure, Mr. President.

Harper's Magazine Reporter: Is it true that that your wife and sons are on the scheduled train that left from Harrisburg? It will arrive here later this morning.

Allan Pinkerton: I must detain you, sir. Sit down and remain silent.

Harper's Magazine Reporter: I won't, sir.

Lincoln: Please sit down and learn the details with me. What are your details, Mr. Pinkerton?

Allan Pinkerton: The telegraph wires have been cut. The plot has been uncovered.

Lincoln: The people of Baltimore have no reason to hate me.

Narrator: Whether or not they have a reason, there is little doubt that the feelings and sentiments of the people of Baltimore are very bitter against Mr. Lincoln and

violence might occur.

Allan Pinkerton: The conspirators in Pennsylvania and Maryland must be prevented from talking to each other. That we have done. Now we must navigate this most dangerous part of your journey Mr. President.

Lincoln: Navigate away, Mr. Pinkerton, but what are you navigating?

Harper's Magazine Reporter: A Baltimore City ordinance prohibits night time rail travel through downtown. The railcars have to be horse-drawn between the President Street and Camden Street stations.

Lincoln: There's nothing much to navigate, Mr. Pinkerton. I just have to get out of one car at the President Street Station and get into another car.

Allan Pinkerton: That's when they plan to stab you, Mr. President. My sources tell me that they plan to distribute several people through the crowd that comes to greet you. They calculate that one of them will be able to get close enough to kill you.

Lamon: You need to take this revolver and Bowie knife, Mr. President. Please protect yourself!

Allan Pinkerton: President Lincoln will not enter the national Capitol armed.

Lincoln: Who are these conspirators, Mr. Pinkerton?

Allan Pinkerton: Hill is the son of a distinguished Baltimore family. He is determined that Maryland will leave the Union. There is a rumor that his friend, John Wilkes Booth, will help him assassinate you.

Hill: Long live the South!

Lincoln: If this is true, then it is Providential that Mary and the boys are on the originally scheduled train. Are these the only conspirators? Who told you about

them?

Allan Pinkerton: Mrs. Warne come into the car for a moment. I want you to tell the President what you discovered. Mrs. Kate Warne is from my female detective bureau.

Kate Warne: (Stammering) I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. President.

Lincoln: It's good to make your acquaintance, Mrs. Warne.

Kate Warne: Let me tell you what I know, Mr. President. His name is Cipriano Ferrandini and he is a barber in the basement of Barnum's Hotel. He is the chief conspirator, but there are many others. Hattie Lawton will tell you about more of them. She is well acquainted with them.

Hattie Lawton: On January 1, 1861 I talked to a man named Howard who will be stationed in the door of the President Station. He will jostle you and then...

Alan Pinkerton: Here is your Scottish hat and long cloak, Mr. President.

Lincoln: That looks like a dress! I beg your pardon, Mrs. Warne. Why are you giving me a hat and cloak?

Alan Pinkerton: Lamon and I think it best if you wear a disguise until we are clear of the railroad station in Washington.

Lincoln: People have accused me of hanging on my wife's apron strings, but never of wearing her dresses!

Narrator: Pinkerton and Lamon finally persuaded Lincoln to put on the disguise. Lincoln would later regret his decision.

Harper's Magazine Reporter: Once Lincoln's rail carriage had safely passed through Baltimore, Pinkerton sent a one-line telegram to the president of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad: "Plums delivered nuts safely."

Hattie Lawton: But people, especially Southerners made fun of President Lincoln for arriving in Washington D.C. for his inauguration in disguise. Baltimore newspapers and even the New York Times, which was Republican, wrote mocking articles about President Lincoln coming to his inauguration in disguise. People sang this song about him. Sing it with me.

To the Tune of Dixie Land:

Abe Lincoln tore through Baltimore,

In a baggage-car with fastened door;

Fight away, fight away, fight away for Dixie's Land.

And left his wife, Alas! Alack!

To perish on the railroad track!

Fight away, fight away, fight away for Dixie's Land.

President Abraham Lincoln: We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies...The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield, and patriot grave, to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this broad land will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

Narrator: In April 1861, Baltimoreans attacked Union Army soldiers marching to Washington. Some historians believe there was no plot, and sources say that Lincoln regretted entering Washington D.C. in disguise.. President Abraham Lincoln was assassinated on April 14, 1865 at Ford's Theater in Washington D.C.

Additional Reading

Kline, Michael. *The Baltimore Plot: The First Conspiracy to Assassinate Abraham*

Lincoln. Westholme Publishing, 2008

Sandburg, Carl. *Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years and the War Years*. Mariner Books, 2002

Questions

1. Why was Abraham Lincoln's inauguration in March?
2. Why was there so much bitterness against President Abraham Lincoln in Maryland?
3. How do you think President Lincoln felt when Detective Pinkerton and his friend Ward Lamon wanted him to wear a disguise?
4. Do you think Lincoln should have agreed to wear a disguise for safety's sake, or refused because he knew people would think him a coward?

Future Train – A Play in Three Acts



Cast

Herman Lieberman

Allie Lieberman

Jacob Lieberman

Sarah Lieberman

Regina

Captain Donovan

Aaron

Anne

Robert

Sam

Child

Policeman

Deborah

Aimee

Woman

Soldier

FUTURE TRAIN

Act I

Scene I. (Painted 19th century train as backdrop. Railroad immigrant car with rough wooden seats and kerosene lanterns hanging over head. People sit with bundles and valises. A family sits across from each other on one of the seats. Herman Lieberman and his wife Allie sit together. Their two children, Jacob and Sarah sit next to each other. Jacob has a piece of string and is snapping it at Sarah.)

SARAH

Mama, he's bothering me. Make him stop!

ALLIE

Jacob, stop snapping that string.

JACOB

Mama, aren't we there yet? I want to get off this train and run around. I'm tired of sitting.

ALLIE

We will be in soon. Then you will have no time to run around. We will be busy planting our fields and working our new farm.

SARAH

Why couldn't we stay in Frankfort, Mama? I liked our house there and I didn't want to leave my friends.

ALLIE

Look at your coat, Sarah.

(Sarah looks down at her coat)

ALLIE

Do you see the yellow star, there? Do you wear it?

SARAH

You remember, Mama. We took it off as soon as we got on the ship to America.

JACOB (Proudly)

I ripped mine off and threw it in the ocean!

HERMAN

I never wore mine.

ALLIE

(Sniffing) That's why the police came to our house and beat you. That's why they took my mother's emerald ring.

HERMAN

That's why we come to America. Here, they do not make us wear a yellow star. Here, they do not come into our houses and take our possessions.

ALLIE

How do you know that for sure? We have heard that, yes. But we haven't lived in America yet. How do we know that the police won't do the same things here?

HERMAN

I know. That's why we're on this train outside of Saginaw going to our new farm. I know.

ALLIE

You knew before in Frankfort, Herman. You knew when the fists pounded our door and the policemen threw it open. You knew when they stuffed the star into your mouth and threatened to make you swallow it. You knew when they forced me to sew yellow stars all over your coat.

HERMAN

I knew. That's how we survived the ghetto in Frankfort. That's why we are here. Listen to the train wheels. They are saying freedom, freedom.

JACOB

They said freedom to me when we lived in Frankfort. Outside the ghetto the trolley wheels clattered. I went outside to listen to them.

SARAH

That was the day you went outside the walls and stayed too long. When it got dark you were still outside and the gates were locked and no one dared to let you in.

JACOB

You did, Sarah.

SARAH

I tried Jacob, but the door in the wall was heavy and I had to push and pull to get it open. I was afraid that the soldiers would come and drag me to prison. Finally,

a gate guard saw me tugging on the door. He was walking toward me when I finally got it open.

JACOB

We ran so fast I thought we'd run right up to the stars.

SARAH

We almost had to run that far to get rid of those soldiers.

JACOB

We did it. We outran them and got home.

ALLIE

You were lucky they didn't catch you or follow you home.

HERMAN

It is a good thing for them they didn't. I would have defended us to the last.

ALLIE

You weren't wearing your yellow star. You would have gotten us all killed.

HERMAN

They made my father and his father wear a yellow star. I want to stop that kind of tradition.

ALLIE

Do you want to live to see your son carry on family traditions?

HERMAN

I lived and we are on the train to Saginaw. The soldiers from the ghetto didn't follow us.

ALLIE

Their hatred did.

HERMAN

Their hatred can't grow here. This is America. We are free.

ALLIE

Their hatred is free to grow here and it will.

HERMAN

Allie, they won't put us in a walled ghetto and make us wear a yellow Star of David like they did in Frankfort. We will be free to live our own lives.

ALLIE

Mark my words, Herman. They may not shut us up in a ghetto, but their hatred for us will take a different shape. It will take shape and move and grow and work.

SARAH

Mama, look! We're here! I see the station and people standing and waving. We're here.

HERMAN

Uncle Ernest and the wagon should be waiting for us.

JACOB

What does Uncle Ernst look like?

ALLIE

He has a long brown beard, blue eyes, and always wears a black ghetto hat.

SARAH

Why does he wear a ghetto hat here in America?

ALLIE

He says that it keeps off the sun while he works in the fields.

JACOB

I see him. Uncle Ernst! Uncle Ernst!

SARAH

How do you know that's Uncle Ernst? You've never seen him. You might be calling a stranger and get us in trouble. Papa, make him be quiet.

HERMAN

You don't need to worry about that here, Sarah. If it is the wrong person all we need to do is say I'm sorry. No one will arrest us for talking to them.

SARAH

I hope not, Papa.

HERMAN

Wait until we have lived here for a time, Sarah and you will see. You will learn to understand freedom.

ALLIE

She will learn to understand that freedom brings responsibility and pains that we didn't know about in the ghetto. She may not want to understand that.

HERMAN

Look, Allie. The sun is shining and we are in our new land. Uncle Ernst waves at us. Gather our bundles, Allie. We are home. (They walk off the train carrying their bundles.)

(Scene II)

(Union soldiers are painted against train backdrop. Allie and Regina, a woman in her twenties and visibly pregnant, walk onto the car. Sarah trails behind them. They are all carrying baskets of vegetables.)

ALLIE

Quickly, Sarah. Sit before the train starts and you are jolted off your feet.

SARAH

Mama, I know how to stand on a train. We take our vegetables to the people every week on the train. Aunt Regina is the one who had better sit down. She looks like she is ready to burst like a ripe melon.

ALLIE

Sarah, you apologize to your Aunt Regina right away. She is not about to burst like a ripe melon. But she can sit down. (Allie dusts off the seat for Regina to sit down.)

REGINA

(Sitting down) Thank you Sarah. My feet were starting to run away from me. (As she sits down, one of the cabbages on top of the basket rolls off and down the middle of the floor.)

REGINA

(Laughing) My cabbages are starting to run away from me, too. Catch it Sarah or some brave Northern soldier will get scurvy because he has not eaten my cabbages and apples.

SARAH

(Chases the cabbage and captures it.)

Here it is, Aunt Regina. It's a good thing I got it instead of Jacob. The other day he and Alfred Koenig were throwing a cabbage back and forth like a ball.

REGINA

And what happened to the cabbage?

SARAH

What do you think, Aunt Regina? They threw it so hard that it landed in the pig pen and the pigs ate it. Then they used a melon.

REGINA

(Leaning over and taking a melon out of her basket) A melon like this?

SARAH

A little bigger.

REGINA

And what happened to the melon?

SARAH

Jacob threw it so hard that it smashed against the barn door.

JACOB

(Coming into the railroad car) Did you call me Aunt Regina?

REGINA

We were talking about you, Jacob. Are you going to help collect vegetables for the soldiers today? We have to stay on the train and take them right to the commissary department in Chicago.

JACOB

Why, Aunt Regina?

REGINA

Because the men who usually take them to Chicago have volunteered for the army.

SARAH

Mama and Jacob and I can take them into Chicago, Aunt Regina. Papa will go with us too.

ALLIE

Your Papa has volunteered for the army, too, Sarah. But your aunt Regina and me and you and Jacob can take the vegetables to Chicago ourselves.

SARAH

Papa has volunteered for the army? When Mama? And why?

JACOB

I'm going with him, Mama. I'm old enough now. I want to help Papa lick those southern rebels.

ALLIE

Fourteen is old enough to march with the Army? Since when, Jacob? You have to

stay home and help your sister grow vegetables to feed these soldiers. They need to eat so they can march.

JACOB

Papa says we need to fight for freedom. The slaves must be free and the south must come back into the United States. That's what Papa says. We need to fight to keep freedom.

ALLIE

Need! Need! All I 'm hearing about is what Papa needs and what the United States needs and what the slaves need! I need you to help me weed the carrots and I need Papa to keep the fires burning at night. I need him to keep my feet warm. How can he do that if he is marching with some Union army?

REGINA

When is Herman leaving, Allie?

ALLIE

I don't know. He wouldn't tell me. But soon. I know it will be soon.

SARAH

Mama, why is Papa leaving?

ALLIE

He thinks he needs to fight for America, a country that will not fight for him.

HERMAN

(Coming into the railroad car. He goes over to Sarah and puts his arm around her) America is a wonderful land, liebchen. I must fight for her but I will be back soon.

JACOB

I'm going with you, Papa. I'll eat enough cabbage and apples so I'll be strong enough to march right along beside you.

HERMAN

You have to help your Mama keep the farm going, Jacob. And you have to help Sarah grow vegetables for the Army.

SARAH

Mama, what do you mean that America will not fight for us?

ALLIE

I mean Frankfort did not want us and America does not want us either.

JACOB

We have land here and we have friends. America welcomes us.

ALLIE

America scorns us while it takes our sweat and our money.

SARAH

Mama, does that mean nobody here likes us? Why can't we go where somebody likes us?

ALLIE

(Sadly) There is no place for us to go except back to Germany.

JACOB

I won't go back to Germany. I'm going to stay here and fight with Papa to keep America free. I'm going to stay here and grow carrots for the soldiers. Allie, you can grow some of your tomatoes for them.

ALLIE

I already grew tomatoes, Jacob. Some of them are in Aunt Regina's basket.

HERMAN

I'm going to take some of these tomatoes with me into the army, Sarah. (He picks up a tomato and holds it out) The color is deep red and rich like our traditions.

ALLIE

Deep red and rich like your blood! And just as likely to be spilled.

HERMAN

I'm going into the army, Allie. Now. Right now I am on my way. This train will take me to Chicago. My regiment is there waiting for me.

SARAH

Papa, don't go.

HERMAN

I will hurry back to you, Sarah. Grow vegetables for the army while I gone. Work hard and be a good girl.

JACOB

You can weed my carrot patch. Sarah!

HERMAN

You may weed your own carrot patch, Jacob. You will be on hand to do it. Maybe in a few years when you are older you can join the army, but now you must farm for the army.

JACOB

But, Papa-

HERMAN

No buts! (He stands up, clicks his heels, and salutes.) You must be a good soldier on and off the battlefield, Jacob. (He stares at Jacob. Jacob finally clicks his heels and salutes his father. They are still standing like this with the women watching when a tomato thrown from offstage strikes Herman.

Voice from offstage: VOICE

Go home wandering Jew. We don't want you here. Go home and count your money.

ALLIE

I can count my money, such as it is, right here. It is in my coin purse. (She takes out a coin purse) Here, do you want to count it? I do believe there is seven dollars in gold here.

VOICE

Go home wandering Jew. Go home.

HERMAN

(Wiping the tomato from his shirt.) I'm going to Chicago to join the Army. Are you coming with me?

(There is silence.)

HERMAN

I thought not! Well, maybe I'll see you at the mustering in. Maybe you will come then.

JACOB

(Takes another tomato from the basket) Here is a gift for you to take with you into the army. He throws the tomato off stage.

ALLIE

Jacob, don't waste tomatoes like those Americans do. We need them for the army. We need them to sell to make at least some of the money they say we do.

REGINA

Allie, the train is stopping. We're at the market. I need to get off right here.

ALLIE

What do you mean you need to get off right here, Regina? We are going to Chicago today with our vegetables. We are going to Chicago with Herman.

REGINA

Allie, I can't go to Chicago with you today.

ALLIE

And why not Regina Liberman? Just because we are married to Herman and Ernest Liberman, two crazy brothers, doesn't mean that we are crazy too. At least not as far along as they are.

REGINA

The baby's coming, Allie. I have to get off the train right now or it may be too late.

ALLIE

And where are you going when you get off the train? Will you have the baby in the middle of the market? Are you telling me that baby's really do come from cabbage patches?

REGINA

I'll go the hospital, Allie. I'll go, but I must hurry.

ALLIE

You aren't going anywhere. Herman, find the conductor and see if there is any hot water to be had on this train. Jacob, run and ask Mrs. Werner if we can borrow one of his picnic table cloths. We are going to have a new member of the family soon. (She helps Regina lie down on the seat) Just rest, Regina. Lie back and rest.

SARAH

Mama, what can I do to help?

ALLIE

Talk to Aunt Regina about her apple trees, Sarah. You know how she loves apple blossoms. Soon she will need to hear about apple blossoms.

REGINA

I need to hear about apple blossoms now, Sarah. Tell me about the way they smell in the spring.

JACOB

(Runs up with a tablecloth.) Mama, this is the only one she has. And she wants to know if she can help.

ALLIE

Run and ask her if she will tear this tablecloth into strips and braid them for Aunt Regina to pull on. Where's your Papa?

JACOB

He is looking green around the face, Mama. He is out on the platform with the

conductor.

SARAH

What about the hot water, Jacob? The conductor doesn't know how to get any and Papa is just standing there smoking a cigar.

ALLIE

What a dumkoff! Jacob, tell the conductor that water runs down the steam boilers and collects. Tell him that it is usually hot. Tell him to collect the hot water in a bowl. Or tell Papa. Sarah, you go to Mrs. Werner with the tablecloth. Hurry!

(Jacob and Sarah run off stage)

REGINA

Allie! The baby's coming! I can't wait to get off the train. The baby is coming!

ALLIE

Work hard, Regina. Work to get the baby here before the children come back. Then I can wrap it in some cabbage leaves and keep the children innocent.

REGINA

(Laughs weakly) I'll hurry, Regina. Come child, come.

(She screams, then the cry of a baby can be heard) What is the baby, Allie? Another Ernst or a younger Sarah?

ALLIE

The baby's a girl, Regina. You have a baby daughter. And may she have long life and prosperity.

HERMAN

(Rushes in with a bowl of hot water) I collected the hot water for you, Allie. What do you want me to do with it?

ALLIE

You're too late, Herman. You can use it to make Regina a cup of tea. The baby has come without it.

HERMAN

(Walks over and looks at baby) Did you want to stop me from going into the army that badly, Genie?

REGINA

(Weakly) I wanted to take a profit home to Ernst.

ALLIE

Sarah, hand me the vegetable basket! (She takes the vegetables out and puts them on the seat. Then she takes off her shawl and arranges it in the basket. She takes the baby and lays it in the basket and rocks it back and forth.) Here, Regina. You are taking a profit home to Ernst.

REGINA

(Takes basket and cradles it in her arms)

ALLIE

Did you ask the conductor if we can get Regina home right away?

HERMAN

He said we can catch the 2:05 train home. In the meantime, we can wait in the station.

ALLIE

Regina can lie on the bench and at least be comfortable while we wait.

JACOB

(Runs back with a towel.) Mrs. Werner sent this towel to you, Mama.

(The baby cries and Jacob walks over to the basket) Aunt Genie, you have a baby. What kind is it?

REGINA

A baby girl, Jacob.

JACOB

(Peeking in the basket) She makes too much noise.

REGINA

She's hungry Jacob.

JACOB

I'm hungry too. Papa, when are we going to join the Army? And will they give us supper?

HERMAN

We have to take Aunt Regina home first, Jacob. But we'll come back tomorrow.

SARAH

(Runs back with knotted tablecloth) Why does Aunt Regina want to untie knots in a tablecloth, Mama? I thought she was going to bring Uncle Ernst a new baby?

ALLIE

She did bring Uncle Ernst a new baby, Sarah. Look in the basket. (Sarah looks in the basket)

SARAH

Can I play with her, Aunt Regina?

REGINA

She needs to be fed first, Sarah, but then you can play with her.

ALLIE

What are you going to name her, Regina? You had a son's name picked out. You can't very well call her Matthew.

REGINA

I can call her Deborah.

JACOB

Her middle name can be Jacob, can't it Aunt Regina? I helped you with her didn't I? I brought a towel for her.

SARAH

I brought a knotted table cloth for her.

REGINA

You both helped me get Deborah here, so I'll name her Deborah Sarah Jacob Lieberman.

(Baby cries louder)

JACOB

She makes too much noise!

SARAH

Can I hold her Aunt Genie?

REGINA

After I feed her, Sarah.

ALLIE

Feeding babies takes up as much time as tending vegetables. You're going to be busy Regina.

HERMAN:

It's time to take you off the train now, Genie. We'll wait in the station for a time, then we'll take the afternoon train home. We have to introduce Ernst to his daughter.

(He picks up Regina and they all walk off stage. Regina cradles the basket with the baby in it. The baby cries).

(Scene II)

(The same railroad car. A tall Union soldier walks on stage and seats himself on one of the wooden benches. Allie and Sarah and Jacob walk into the car.

CAPTAIN DONOVAN

Are you Mrs. Lieberman?

ALLIE

I'm Allie Lieberman and these are my children, Jacob and Sarah. Why do you want

to see me on the train, Captain Donovan? Why couldn't you come to our farm like a normal person would?

CAPTAIN DONOVAN

I've never been on a Jewish farm before. The train seemed a better place to talk to you.

ALLIE

Of course the soil on a Jewish farm grows only Jewish vegetables. I'm here. So talk to me!

CAPTAIN DONOVAN

I have news about your husband Herman.

ALLIE

What news do you have captain?

CAPTAIN DONOVAN

My news is sad, Mrs. Liberman. I wish to God that I didn't have to tell you this. But you don't believe in God, do you, so I'll have to wish to someone else.

ALLIE

What do you mean I don't believe in God. Who do you think I believe in, the devil as the source of good in the earth and heavens?

CAPTAIN DONOVAN

I thought Jews didn't believe in God.

ALLIE

He created us in Genesis. We'd better believe in him. Now what is the news about my husband?

CAPTAIN DONOVAN

Herman was wounded in the battle of Gettysburg. He died of his wounds last week. He didn't want to worry you, so he didn't write to you when he got wounded. He thought that he would recover.

ALLIE

According to your story, he thought wrong. Where did you bury him?

CAPTAIN DONOVAN

We buried him in a country cemetery near Gettysburg.

ALLIE

You can unbury him. I will bring him home and bury him on his farm. You didn't even wrap him in grave clothes, like Lazarus was wrapped.

CAPTAIN DONOVAN

He didn't rise from the dead like Lazarus either. Or at least he hadn't when I left a couple days ago.

ALLIE

That was a cruel thing to say in front of my children, Captain.

CAPTAIN DONOVAN

Jews did cruel things to Christ, like killing him. Why should I be concerned about your children?

ALLIE

For your information, Captain, the Romans killed Christ, not the Jews. And

Pontius Pilate, a Roman, tried and condemned him

CAPTAIN DONOVAN

But the Jews demanded that he be crucified.

ALLIE

Did you count the number of Jews in the crowd? Or could there have been Romans and Greeks and other kinds of people too?

SARAH

Mama, what does the Captain mean when he says Papa is hurt? Can't we go to him?

ALLIE

He means that Papa is dead of his wounds, Sarah.

SARAH

(Bursts into sobs) Mama, how can we live without Papa?

MAMA

Life goes on Sarah. The sun will come up tomorrow morning just as it did today . The world will not stop.

JACOB

I am joining the army, Mama. Tomorrow.

ALLIE

Tomorrow is too soon. We have to harvest our crops first. We have to bring Papa home first.

JACOB

What do you mean, bring Papa home?

ALLIE

Lt. Donovan will take us to his body . We will bring him home.

CAPTAIN DONOVAN

You can't bring him home. He's too heavy for a woman and two children to bring all of the way from Pennsylvania to Wisconsin.

ALLIE

Herman is not too heavy for me. I'll follow you back and you show me where he is. I'll bring him home myself.

CAPTAIN DONOVAN

You can't do it Mrs. Liberman. It's impossible.

ALLIE

Allow me enough time to take the children to stay with their Aunt Regina. When will your time here in Saginaw be over, Captain?

CAPTAIN DONOVAN

My furlough will be over in three days. Then I will be going back to Gettysburg to supervise some more burial details.

ALLIE

I will meet you here in this railroad car in three days. Come Sarah and Jacob. We have work to do. (She leads them off stage.)

CAPTAIN DONOVAN

Mrs. Lieberman, you can't come with me. I won't allow it. (He hurries after her.) Mrs. Lieberman!

(CURTAIN)

ACT II

(Railroad car has changed somewhat. A World War I and a World War II soldier are painted against the train back drop. It now has electric lights instead of kerosene lamps and a few seats with plush backs. There is a soldier in a World War I uniform sitting in one of the seats. He is about twenty five . Next to him sits a young woman, roughly the same age. She is staring out of the window and waving)

AARON

Anne, who are you waving at out there? Nobody knows we're coming. so it couldn't be anybody we know.

ANNE

It's Robert. I don't know how he knew we were coming, but he's there waiting for us! Aaron, I tell you it's Robert.

AARON

I'm not sure that I want to see Robert. I'm not sure that I want to speak to him.

ANNE

Aaron, he's your friend. And you can't hold a grudge against his family forever.

AARON

My Papa was angry for years because Uncle Ernst wouldn't go along with him to bring back grandpa's body from Gettysburg.

ANNE

But you said your Grandma Allie was never angry at him.

AARON

She wasn't. She followed that Captain Donovan to Gettysburg and brought back Grandpa Herman's body all by herself.

ANNE

How did she manage that?

AARON

She had the soldiers load him on the train, packed in a wooden coffin of course, and she sat with him all of the way back to Saginaw. . Then she hired a wagon and rode out to their farm. She collected her own horse and wagon and a stout hired man and went back to collect Papa. They brought him home and buried him on the farm, underneath an oak tree. Mama gave him a wooden tomb stone. You know the one I mean. You can still see it.

ANNE

You mean the one with that yellow star of David on it?

AARON

That's the one. Grandpa probably rolled over and over in his grave when grandma put that star on his tombstone. He wouldn't wear the star of David when he was alive, why would he want to wear it when he's dead?

ANNE

Who put it on his tombstone, Aaron?

AARON

Grandma did. She said he died fighting for a country that didn't want him. She swore he had to accept what he was and stop fighting the fact that Americans hate

Jews too. She said the

star and the Jews belong together so she put one on his tombstone.

ANNE

But that's so sad, Aaron. From what you told me your grandparents and aunt and uncle came here with so much hope in their hearts. They hoped to belong somewhere, to start a new life in a welcoming country. Your grandpa died for his country. Deborah Sarah Jacob Liberman went back to Germany to fight for hers against France and the revolutionaries within.

AARON

Did you read her letter we got the other day? She wants us to come to Germany and live with her.

ANNE

I don't know how I could leave America, Aaron. This is the only country I've ever known.

AARON

Me, too Anne. My father was only seven when he and grandma and grandpa and his sister Sarah came to Saginaw. I was born here, and I wasn't raised as an orthodox Jew but I'm treated like I wear side curls and a skullcap and carry the Torah around with me every day. Some of the guys in my unit call me dirty Jew and one even spit on my medal that I won for bravery. Maybe grandma was right when she put the Star of David on grandpa's tombstone against his wishes. Maybe the Jews will always be hated, even in America the land of the free.

ANNE

We could go live by my cousin Sam in New York like he wants us too. He says he'll take you into the leather importing business as his partner and we can live above the store.

AARON

We could, Anne. In fact, why don't we? We can visit my folks at the farm for a few days, then we can take off for New York on this same train. What do you say?

ANNE

I say that's what I want to do Aaron. Let's get off the train and go to the farm with Robert and visit for a few days. Then off to New York we'll go.

AARON

I'll say I have to talk to Robert.

ANNE

I say you have to talk to to Robert.

AARON

The train's stopped. Let Robert come aboard and we can talk to him before we go to the farm. You know how much talking we'll get done there.

ANNE

Here Robert! Here we are! Yoo hoo, Robert!

ROBERT

(Stepping aboard the train) Here you are, Aaron and Anne. I haven't been waiting too long.

AARON

How've you been, Robert?

ROBERT

Fine as a frog's hair, Aaron. Fine as a frog's hair.

AARON

Have you finally gotten over being mad at me, Robert?

ROBERT

Was I ever mad at you, Aaron? I just wanted to help.

AARON

You took the star of David off my grandpa's grave while I was away fighting for the same country he died for.

ROBERT

You took something from me too. Something a lot more important than that Star of David.

AARON

If you're talking about Anne, I didn't take her away from you!

ANNE

That's true, Robert. I chose Aaron, he didn't steal me. And we weren't engaged or anything like that. We had just been keeping a little company, nothing serious.

ROBERT

I'm in love with you, but it's nothing serious. I'll tell you what, Aaron. You let me do one thing and then I won't be mad at you ever again.

AARON

Do whatever you want. Just give me back my grandpa's Star of David and stop eyeing my girl friend.

(Robert walks over to Aaron and punches him in the nose. Aaron rubs his nose)

ROBERT

I did what I wanted. Now what?

AARON

Now lets go have dinner with the family and you can help Anne and me tell them that we're moving to New York . I'm going to work for her cousin Sam. And you can help me put the star of David back on my grandpa's grave.

ANNE

Why don't we take it to New York with us? Somehow it seems to belong more in New York than it does under an oak tree on a farm in Saginaw..

AARON

Grandpa wouldn't care if we took it. Have you got that Star of David with you?

ROBERT

I just happened to have it in my pocket, Aaron. Your grandpa rolled over with joy when I took it off his tombstone. I heard him! (He hands the star to Aaron)

AARON

(Puts the star in his pocket) He doesn't have to worry about it anymore. I'll never wear it and he doesn't have to wear it again on his tombstone. Anymore than I have to wear this uniform again since the Great War is over. (He takes it off the jacket and folds it over his arm.)

ANNE

We'd better hurry up. It looks like the horse and buggy are going to leave without us!

(They leave the train)

(Scene II)

Anne and Aaron come back on the train. Anne carries a baby and Aaron carries a diaper bag. Behind them walks Cousin Sam. He is carrying a huge picture of Hitler. He fastens it to the wall with pin. Then he throws a dart at it and hits the target squarely in the center. Everyone sits down and Sam puts his head in his hands and groans)

SAM

Ach! I can hit this Hitler in the nose with a dart from New York, but I can't go across the ocean to Germany and punch him in the nose in person. I want to, but I can't. But damn him and what he's doing to us.

ANNE

Damn what our friends and neighbors aren't doing. But you can't go, Sam.

AARON

You mean the ones who closed their eyes to the St. Louis?

SAM

The St. Louis in the state of Missouri?

AARON

The ship, cousin Sam. That ship with all of the Jewish refugees on it from Germany. The one that no country, including ours would let land.

SAM

Ach! The ship. It went back to Germany and God only knows what happened to the people on it.

ANNE

I can guess, Cousin Sam. Probably the same thing that happened to Mrs. Abrahamson's husband and Jacob Stein's aunt. The letters we send to them come back marked addressee unknown. And there are rumors about camps that swallow up people and no one ever hears from them again. (The baby in her arms stirs and cries)

There, there, Joshua, don't cry! (She takes out a bottle and puts it in the baby's mouth. He stops crying and drinks it)

SAM

Joshua. The Jews need a Joshua warrior to lead them into battle and fight the Nazi hard and win. Right now, Hitler is winning with railroad cars and camps and dogs and hate.

AARON

Don't forget indifference. Indifference is Hitler's most powerful weapon here in America. He is an ocean away and we don't care what he does to the Jews. They aren't people anyway so why should we care?

SAM

But Ach, of course we are people.

AARON

I know we're people cousin Sam, but they don't. They think we barricade ourselves in bank vaults and count our money once every week day and twice on Sundays. They hate us so they close their eyes while Hitler solves their problem for them.

ANNE

I've been trying to find Deborah Sarah Jacob Lieberman through the Red Cross, but so far I've only been able to trace her to an old folks home in Frankfurt. About a month ago the Gestapo raided the home and shipped the people off on

trains. The Red Cross doesn't know where they went, but we think they are on a train somewhere bound for one of the camps. We can't find out for sure, but that's what we think.

SAM

From what you tell me, Deborah Sarah Jacob Lieberman is at least in her 80s. Why would they send an old woman like that to a work camp?

AARON

They wouldn't send her to a work camp. They'd send her to a death camp.

ANNE

Why would they want to kill an old woman who never harmed anybody except with her tongue?

AARON

You know the answer to that question, Anne. She is a Jew so they will kill her.

ANNE

I can't believe the world can hold so much hate. She pulls the blanket more tightly around the baby and rocks him on her shoulder. Sleep in love, Andrew. Sleep in love.

AARON

(Taking the star out of his pocket)

Long ago I was going to send this to Deborah Sarah Jacob Lieberman but I kept putting off the task and it never got done. Now, I can't send it to her because she's probably dead. What can I do to make sure the star doesn't die with her?

SAM

You can fight.

AARON

I can fight? I fight every day. I fight the Nazi and my anger and my frustration that I can't do anything. I fight my wife and I even fight my son because I want to shield them from everything and I can't.

ANNE

I want to weave a cocoon around my son and bind him in the center with his blanket and bottle. I want to fight to keep him safe. I'll help you fight Aaron, but how can we win when the world is against us?

AARON

We can live. We can believe and we can love and cry and laugh. We can occupy the same life they do. That is how we win.

ANNE

What do I tell Mr. Samuelson when he wants to know if we can find his wife? As far as we can tell she is in Auchwitz.

AARON

Tell him to keep her alive in his memory and pass that memory on to the next generation.

SAM

They won't want us to do that. We all must have our own lives. The responsibility of other lives is too much for most of us. And when it is a hated life-well (He shrugs)

AARON

Then force them!

ANNE

What do you mean force them, Aaron?

AARON

I mean you force Joshua to do things to his own good, things like eating and sleeping and taking a bath. We must force people to pay attention to what is happening to us. We must force them out of their indifference to murder by hitting them as brutally as they hate us. We hit them in their humanity. We laugh, cry, love and hate like they do and make them look us in the eye. When they realize we are people too, then we win.

SAM

You are going to go up to Hitler and look him in the eye and tell him you are a man so he must stop persecuting you and your people? Good luck and goodbye, because I know you won't come back.

AARON

I might not come back, Sam, but at least I will die fighting them. It's better to fight than lay still and let a tank roll over you.

ANNE

Today when I was down town I saw something.

SAM

Ach, Anne, you must see many things when you are in downtown New York, unless you walk around with your eyes and ears closed.

ANNE

I saw a woman clutching a shabby brown suitcase in one hand and holding the hand of a little girl with the other. She came to the Jewish Committee Headquarters to see if we could help her find her husband. He sent them out of Germany a few weeks ago and told her that he would join them quickly. She

hugged him goodbye on the train, he gave her the papers for her and her little girl and the last she saw him, two men in German uniforms were dragging him away. She got through on the train to Switzerland and from there came to New York. She and her little girl. She doesn't know where her husband is.

SAM

And how can we find him for her? The Red Cross traces a few people in the work camps, but very few. Most Jews just disappear and we have no way to trace them.

ANNE

In the meantime, we must help Johanna find a place to live for her and her little girl. We must find a way for her to support herself. She doesn't speak English very well, so we must start there. Her little daughter will probably learn to speak English faster than she will. Johanna will be learning like her daughter in many ways. It isn't easy to start your life all over again in a new country.

AARON

My Papa knew that and so did his Papa and many Papas before that. Jews have always known what it is to start life anew in a strange land.

SAM

We have to help Johanna and all of the people like her, but how can we?

AARON

(Handing Sam the star of David) Take them this, Sam. Instead of wearing it as a badge of shame, tell them to wear it as a badge of honor.

SAM

(Takes the star and fastens it to his shirt) You tell them that as they are herded into the trains and shipped to the camps. You tell them it is a badge of honor as they

are thrown into the ovens. You tell them!

AARON

We've got to tell them something. We've got to find a reason for all of this or what then?

SAM

What? What? I don't know what. But I do know I will go to Hitler and throw my dart at him in person. I will go to Germany and find Johanna's husband and find Deborah Sarah Jacob Lieberman and bring her back here to safety. I have to stop the tank from rolling over us!

AARON

And I have to figure out why it is!

ANNE

(She starts as the baby cries.) Now don't cry, Joshua. I know it's time for your bottle. She reaches into her bag and pulls out a bottle and puts it in the baby's mouth. Hush, little Joshua, you're safe with me, We are in America and you are free.

SAM

Anne, you will do my work until I return from Germany?

ANNE

How will you get in Germany, Sam? The Gestapo will catch you and kill you even if you manage to get there.

SAM

There are roads when you pave them with money. I'm going to Frankfort through Spain and Portugal or Hungary or whatever countries I need to travel through to get

there. I'm going to find Deborah and bring her back home.

AARON

Sam, we can't let you do that.

SAM

I am already on my way. He takes a shabby brown suitcase from under his seat. I brought my suitcase with me.

ANNE

That looks like Johanna's suitcase.

SAM

It is hers. I borrowed it from her!

AARON

I can't talk you out of going cousin Sam?

SAM

No one can use talk better than me. I've made up my mind and it will not be unmade!

ANNE

(Gathering Joshua to her) Godspeed, then cousin Sam. And we will do your work for you until you return.

AARON

You can't do this, cousin Sam. This is insanity.

SAM

The world is seeped in insanity. I have to do my part. I'll give Deborah Sarah Jacob Lieberman this star from you.

ANNE

Come, Aaron. We'd better go. I hear the whistle and the conductor.

AARON

Cousin Sam, this is insanity from the start. Who would take a train to Europe! You have to take a ship, you know that!

SAM

(Patiently) I'm taking a train to Texas, then to Mexico, then to Brazil. From there I will take a ship to Portugal, then maybe a ship or train to Germany. We will see where my money will take me. It might even take me swimming.

AARON

I can't say goodbye to you, cousin Sam. I know I'll never see you again if I do.

ANNE

Come, Aaron. Joshua is crying and we need to go home.

SAM

(Waves the Star of David) Remember what this means. I'll remember.

(Anne and Aaron turn and go off the train. Joshua cries. The spotlight shines on Sam and the Star of David.)

CURTAIN

ACT III

(The scene is in the same railroad car, only it is shabbier now. Instead of soldiers, the picture of a child with a bundle is painted against the backdrop. There are no lights and some of the wooden benches are broken. People sit with boxes and bundles in dejected postures. Just on stage a man in a Gestapo uniform guards the car. A little girl about six or seven comes up to the policeman and hands him a flower.)

CHILD

I picked this for you, Mr. policeman. There's a bunch of them growing outside on the railroad tracks. Aren't they pretty?

POLICEMAN

(Ignoring flower) Go inside child. Find your Mama.

CHILD

My Mama isn't here. They took her away because she is Jewish. I am here with Sam and Deborah.

POLICEMAN

Then go to Sam and Deborah.

CHILD

Don't you want my flower, Mr. Policeman?

POLICEMAN

I don't have time for flowers, child. Take them inside with you.

CHILD

I'll give them to Deborah. But here's one for you Mr. Policeman. (She puts a flower in his belt before he can react and runs into the car. The policeman fingers the flower, but he doesn't throw it away. He leaves it in his belt and paces back and forth.)

CHILD

Running over to Deborah who is a woman in her eighties. Deborah, I have a flower for you.

DEBORAH

(Taking flower) Why thank you child. Where did you get them?

CHILD

They're growing outside by the railroad tracks. God made them so pretty.

DEBORAH

(To Sam) God! There's no God in all of this.

SAM

Let the child believe Deborah. That's all she has left. She has lost her home and family. Let her keep God.

DEBORAH

You know where we're going, Sam. I know where we're going. You know where her parents probably are. Why shouldn't she know the truth? It's too late for childhood now.

SAM

It's never too late for childhood, Deborah. (He takes a flower from Deborah. Look how complicated this flower is yet how simple. And I like the smell. (He sniffs

it) It is as complicated and as simple as the Star of David that Aaron sent you, Deborah. It is as complicated and simple as being Jewish.

DEBORAH

Only you would talk philosophy while we are on our way to Auschwitz, Sam. Only you. You are a dreamer!

SAM

My dreaming found you in Frankfort, didn't it?

DEBORAH

Your dreaming got us here. If we Jews would stop thinking and dreaming that we wouldn't be hated and accept the fact that we'll always have to wander, then maybe we wouldn't have to die.

SAM

Not dreaming is dying, Deborah. You know that too or you wouldn't have worked for a better Germany. You wouldn't have spoken out against the Nazis knowing the price of that speech. And you wouldn't have rescued this girl.

DEBORAH

Rescued her! She's on the same train to Auschwitz as we are!

SAM

There is a train of hope to Israel. Some of our people will live to travel on it and reach their destination. And we will somehow save this child, together.

DEBORAH

How can we save her when we haven't even given her name. (Turning to the little girl) What is your name, child?

CHILD

My Mama calls me Aimee and my Papa calls me princess. Otto calls me pest.

DEBORAH

Who is Otto?

AIMEE

Otto is my brother. He's two years older than I am and he's the pest, not me.

DEBORAH

Where are your Mama and Papa and Otto now, Aimee? Do you know?

AIMEE

Some policemen like that one by the door came and took us away from breakfast. I was still eating my toast when they came. They took us to the train station and put us on this train. There were lots of people packed together like herring in a jar. Then the train stopped and some men took Mama and Papa and Otto and lots of other people away. (Her lip trembles) I want my Mama to come back. I miss her.

DEBORAH

Why don't you stay with me and Sam until your Mama comes back? Sam will even give you a piggyback ride. Show her Sam!

SAM

(Stoops down and picks Aimee up and puts her on his back. He gives her a piggy back ride) How's that Aimee?

AIMEE

(Laughing in delight) It's so fun, Sam. Do it again! (Sam rides Aimee around again, then puts her down)

SAM

I need a little rest, Aimee. I'm not used to giving piggy back rides. Why don't you see if that big boy over there will give you one while I catch my breath?

AIMEE

(Goes over to a tall young man) Will you give me a ride while Sam chases his breath?

(The young man picks up Aimee and jogs up and down the car with her while the other people watch and clap.)

SAM

I have an idea how to save her, Deborah.

DEBORAH

(Sarcastically) Are you thinking of sending in soldiers led by Roosevelt himself to snatch her from the oven's mouth?

SAM

Something simpler than that, Deborah. I'm going to talk the policeman into handing her off the train at the next village. There has to be someone in the village who will take her and shelter her until the Nazis are defeated. There are usually one or two good people in the villages who will risk their lives for us.

DEBORAH

How do you know that, Sam? That is just another one of your impossible dreams. And that policeman is a Nazi. He isn't going to help us. He's going to help them kill us!

SAM

That policeman has children. Can't you see that by the way he looks at

Aimee. And he kept her flower in his belt. He didn't toss it out the window or trample on it.

DEBORAH

He's too busy guarding everyone to bother with a child and a flower.

SAM

There's more to him than that, I tell you. Watch! (He walks over and takes Aimee from the back of the young man.) Thank you, young sir. Now Aimee, I want you to do something for me. I'm going to piggyback ride you over to the policeman and I want you to give him another flower.

AIMEE

I already gave him one, Sam.

SAM

This is really important, Aimee. You must give him another one.

DEBORAH

Here, Aimee. Here is one of the fresh ones you gave me. Give this flower to the policeman. (As she hands the flower to Aimee, she says to Sam, this is insanity, Sam.

SAM

Just as insane as me finding you in Frankfort. Try it, please.

DEBORAH

Give this flower to the policeman, Aimee.

(Sam piggybacks Aimee up to the policeman by the door.)

AIMEE

Mr. Policeman, I have a flower for your little girl. It looks just like the one I gave you. Will you give it to her, please?

SOLDIER

I'm not a policeman, I'm a soldier. But you are right. I have a little girl.

AIMEE

What's your little girl's name , Mr. Police- oh, I mean Mr. Soldier?

SOLDIER

Her name is Annalise and she's eight years old.

AIMEE

(Clapping her hands) I'm eight years old too! Does Annalise go to school?

SOLDIER

She goes to school and she brings me home bouquets of flowers for me that she picks by the roadside.

AIMEE

Give this flower to her for me, will you please Mr. Soldier.

SOLDIER

Annalise is her Germany. The flower will wilt before I see her.

AIMEE

It won't wilt for a few days and then it will dry and stay pretty for Annalise. (She leans over and puts the flower in the soldiers belt. He fingers it for a moment, then

smiles.)

SOLDIER

I'll give it to her, little Aimee.

SAM

You will give Aimee a chance to live just like she gave you the flower to your daughter.

SOLDIER

What kind of crazy Jewish talk do you give me?

SAM

The train will stop soon near a village, I know it will. When it stops, hand Aimee over to someone who will take care of her so she will live.

SOLDIER

(Laughs) You dream like your Jacob and Joseph. I'm a Nazi soldier and the people in that village don't like Jews. Who among them would want to help save a Jewish child?

SAM

One with heart. Even Germans and Poles have heart. Some of them anyway. Some of them like you and the people who will take Aimee.

SOLDIER

She is only one child. (He fingers the flower in his belt) A sweet child, it is true, but only one child. Why is her life so important to save. What about yours? (Pointing to Deborah) Or hers?

SAM

We have already forged our link in the chain. Aimee is hope and the future.

SOLDIER

Jews don't have a future. They just have a past and a present. We have destroyed the past and we are destroying the present.

SAM

As long as one Jew remains alive there is a future. Hitler can't kill all of us, just as Herod didn't kill Jesus.

SOLDIER

He killed many of the Jewish first born, though, didn't he, even though he didn't get the right one.

SAM

You know so much of our history that you must know Jews. Or be one.

SOLDIER

My wife's parents were Jewish but my daughter doesn't know that. If anyone in Germany finds out, my wife will die and I would too.

SAM

You must help Aimee live.

SOLDIER

I am helping her die, just like her flowers will die here in my belt. (He fingers the flowers but still doesn't take them out of his belt. He walks away from Sam)

DEBORAH

Don't talk to him any more Sam. It's hopeless. He's just like the rest of them.

SAM

We shall see. As long as he keeps those flowers in his belt there is hope. He puts the Star of David in Aimee's pocket. Take good care of this and someday give it to your children.

AIMEE

The train's stopping, Sam. Are we getting off? Will I be able to see Mama and Papa. And Otto. I even will hug Otto.

SAM

We are stopping for the train to take on water, Aimee.

DEBORAH

They water the train, but not us. God has a twisted sense of humor, doesn't he Sam?

SAM

God is waiting to work here, Deborah, if we let him.

DEBORAH

God is no where around here. Where is he? Innocent people are on the way to die in the ovens and he won't stop it. Where is he?

SAM

Where is man, Deborah? God works through man, not by yanking puppet strings but by choices.

Where is man?

AIMEE

I'm thirsty, Sam. Can I have a drink of water while the train is getting watered?

SOLDIER

Aimee, come here to me. I'm going to give you a piggy back ride this time. (He comes over and picks up Aimee. He puts her on his back and takes her over to the doorway of the car. A young couple is standing there.) Here is the child I was telling you about, complete with the Star of David.

WOMAN

I don't see any Star of David.

AIMEE

It's in my pocket with the rest of my flowers. Will you give me and my flowers a drink of water?

WOMAN

(Takes Aimee's hands) I'll give you and your flowers a drink of water if you come home with me and my husband and stay until the war is over.

AIMEE

I'll miss Mama and Papa and Otto.

SAM

Don't worry, Aimee. I'll tell them where you are.

AIMEE

Then I'll go with them. Goodbye. (She waves to him and Deborah) She and the young couple walk off stage.)

SAM

Hitler won't win. Some of us will live and have homes and families again. Some of us will return to America. And Aimee will still pick her flowers alongside the railroad tracks.

Scene Three

AIMEE

(A grown up Aimee comes on stage, leading a little girl and a little boy by the hand. The train backdrop is gone. There is an electric train on a table. Aimee puts a bouquet of flowers and a large Star of David on the table) For Sam and Deborah and all of the others whose names I can't know. For Mama and Papa and Otto and my Polish parents and the good people whose names I know and love. And for the future. She helps her son and daughter wind up the electric train. They watch it as it goes around the track.

(CURTAIN)

George Washington Visits Fort LeBoeuf with a Message for the French



December 11, 1753

Cast: Narrator

French Commandant St. Pierre

George Washington

Christopher Gist, Washington's Guide.

Sally Thompson, a local resident

Dr. Ames Thompson, Fort Doctor

Narrator

Fort Le Boeuf was a remote French Fort on French Creek in Northwestern Pennsylvania. In December 1753, George Washington and his party traveled to the Fort to deliver a message to the French Commandant Jacques Legardeur de Saint-Pierre from Governor Robert Dinwiddie of Virginia. The message demanded that the French leave this land that Great Britain had claimed for its own. Twenty-one year old George Washington's mission was one of the last diplomatic efforts

before the French and Indian War, part of the worldwide Seven Years' War.

Dr. Thompson

Mr. Washington, I trust you had a comfortable journey for December in the Pennsylvania woods.

George Washington

We passed over much good land. One of the meadows we traveled was as wide as a plantation garden. Perhaps in the future there will be plantation gardens here in this wilderness.

Dr. Thompson

The "wilderness" as you call it, is our plantation. We offer you the hospitality of our home, humble as it is.

George Washington

Will you look at my partner Gist's hand? He cut it on a piece of ice one of the times we climbed out of the creek.

Dr. Thompson

Sally, bring bandages and some leeches.

Sally Thompson

Here they are, father.

Christopher Gist

What a comely, Miss. What are you doing here at this remote place?

Dr. Thompson

This comely miss is my daughter, Sally.

Christopher Gist

In that case, will you dance with me tonight at the dinner?

Sally Thompson

Give me your hand.

Christopher Gist

Are we to dance already?

Sally Thompson

The leeches need your hand to work. You just need your feet to dance. Bring them with you tonight.

Narrator

That evening at Fort LeBoeuf, the French Commandant Jacques Legardeur de Saint-Pierre gave a dinner to honor the visitors from Virginia. After a feast that included roast turkey and venison, George Washington presented the message from Virginia Governor Robert Dinwiddie to St. Pierre. He read it and handed it back to George Washington.

St. Pierre

Your Governor, the Honorable Robert Dinwiddie, is most incorrect. This country belongs to the French by right of friendship with the Indians, by right of exploration and by right of fur trade. No Englishman has the right to trade on these waters. My government has instructed me to make prisoner every Englishman who attempts to trade on the Ohio and the waters that flow into it. You will please tell him that most forcefully.

George Washington

I will tell him you said so. I do not agree with your sentiments.

St. Pierre

The French voyageurs launched path finding canoes into the waters of the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Allegheny, and French Creek. The English followed, they did not lead.

George Washington

The English have surpassed the canoes and furs. They have cleared land and built towns and cities. They have used the land and become prosperous. They have made homes in this barren country.

St. Pierre

Barren! How can you call this country barren? It is teeming with game and fish and furs and native people who live on it without killing it or owning it. They too have made their homes here for centuries.

Dr. Thompson

Gentlemen, I see that you are not going to agree, so why don't you dance with my daughter instead, Mr. Washington?

Sally

Do you know how to bow, Mr. Washington?

George Washington

(Bowing) I have learned that skill in Virginia.

Sally

(Bowing back) The music has started. Heel and toe, Mr. Washington, heel and toe.

St. Pierre

Here is your Governor's note, Mr. Washington and the French answer.

George Washington

I have heard your answer, Commandant St. Pierre. You keep the note as a reminder of things to come. Gist, you forgot to follow your toe with your heel. It's my turn to dance with this nimble lady.

Christopher Gist

Thanks to your treatment, my hand is much improved. May I use it to guide you into the next dance?

Sally Thompson

Your hand needs more resting, Mr. Gist, but my feet are tapping and I will dance with you.

Dr. Thompson: Are you adding to the Governor's note, Mr. Washington?

George Washington

I am writing a description of the fort in my journal.

Narrator

During his stay, Washington noted that the fort had one hundred men, a large number of officers, 50 birch canoes and 70 pine canoes, many unfinished. He described the fort as on a south or west fork of French creek, near the water, and almost surrounded by it. Four houses composed the sides. The bastions were made of piles driven into the ground, standing more than 12 feet (3.7 m) high, and sharpened at the top. Port holes for cannon and loop-holes for small-arms were cut into the bastions. Each bastion mounted eight six-pound cannon and one four-pound cannon guarded the gate. Inside the bastions stood a guard-house, chapel, doctor's lodging and the commander's private stores. Outside of the fort were several log barracks, some covered with bark, others with boards. In addition, there were stables, a smithy and other buildings.

Christopher Gist

(Panting) Save my life, Washington. I have already saved yours, now save mine from this dancer. I can't keep up with her.

George Washington

You dance lively on the frontier, Miss Sally Thompson.

Sally Thompson

Dancing lively is a skill that I learned here on what you call the frontier. Will you stay around long enough to learn frontier skills, Mr. Washington?

George Washington

Our party is leaving tomorrow morning. I must deliver St. Pierre's answer to Governor Dinwiddie.

Sally Thompson

Will you be returning, Mr. Washington?

George Washington

I feel that I will be back to help in the struggle against the French.

Dr. Thompson

And who knows, perhaps in a future struggle against the British.

George Washington

I don't know what you mean, sir. The British are our allies. We are the British.

Dr. Thompson

Land and freedom change roots and politics, Mr. Washington, much like poultices and leeches changed the nature of the wound on Mr. Gist's hand.

George Washington

I must focus on the immediate task of traveling back up this wild, ice clogged French Creek to Venango and then to the Allegheny and then to Virginia to give Governor Dinwiddie the French answer.

Sally Thompson

I like the name French Creek. It is better called French Creek than that wild, ice clogged Creek!

Narrator

George Washington, Christopher Gist and the rest of their party departed Fort LeBoef on December 16, 1753.

George Washington

We had a tedious and very fatiguing passage down the creek. Several times we had liked to have been staved against rocks; and many times were obliged all hands to get out and remain in the water half an hour or more, getting over the shoals. At one place, the ice had lodged, and made it impassable by water; we were therefore, obliged to carry our canoes across the neck of land, a quarter of a mile over. We did not reach Venango until the 22nd where we met with our horses. This creek is extremely crooked. I dare say the distance between the fort and Venango cannot be less than one hundred and thirty miles to follow the meanders.

Narrator

Washington and his party arrived safely back in Virginia and he delivered St. Pierre's answer. The French and Indian War began on May 28, 1754, and George Washington would play an important role in it as well as in the future American Revolutionary War.

Sally Thompson

And don't forget, he traveled French Creek and he named it!

Grandmother Clara Zetkin Faces the German Reichstag



Cast

Narrator
Clara Zetkin
Rosa Luxemburg
Herr Koenig
Herr Landau
Adolf Hitler

Narrator

Herr Koenig and Herr Landau, if indeed the names are real, are two gentlemen from the Gestapo. They are discussing the Socialist Clara Zetkin and means of preventing her from addressing the Reichstag on August 30, 1932. It seems that Adolf Hitler has a vested interest in keeping her from speaking.

Herr Koenig

We have received instructions to assassinate her.

Herr Landau

We can't assassinate her on the floor of the Reichstag. The time for that has not yet come.

Herr Koenig

We must kill her at some other place. What do you know about her?

Herr Landau

She is a little old lady. She looks like my grandmother.

Adolf Hitler

She is dangerous. Her voice is stronger than her looks. She will speak against me.

Herr Landau

Let her tell you about herself. I arrested her yesterday. May I present Frau Clara Zetkin.

Clara Zetkin

Clara Eissner, born in Saxony. Father: Gottfried Eissner, a schoolmaster and church organist who was a devout Protestant. Mother: Josephine Vitale Eissner, from a bourgeoisie family from Leipzig and highly educated. I studied to become a teacher and developed connections with the women's and labor movements in Germany from 1874 into the 1930s.

Herr Koenig

I like your concise style, Frau Zetkin. Wild eyed revolutionaries are not often so concise.

Adolf Hitler

My Kampf is both concise and direct.

Clara Zetkin

I am not wild eyed revolutionary, but I am clear eyed revolutionary. You are trying to kill me, but if you succeed my ideals will survive. Women all over the world will continue to fight for their rights. You Herr Hitler, are not for women's rights or for any rights except those of Aryan males.

Adolf Hitler

Women will be part of the Reich.

Clara Zetkin

You have assigned them parts as wives and mothers and caretakers of soldiers. You have not assigned them personhood.

Adolf Hitler

There is no personhood, just statehood, just the Reich.

Clara Zetkin

There is Germany. I have worked for Germany all of my life.

Herr Landau

But you were in exile. When Chancellor Bismarck banned socialist activity in Germany in 1878, you left for Zurich in 1882 and went into exile in Paris.

Clara Zetkin

Yes, while I was in Paris I helped found the Socialist International. I met Ossip Zetkin in Paris and we had two sons, Kostja and Maxim.

Herr Landau

Ossip Zetkin died in 1889.

Clara Zetkin

Please do not remind me. (Sobs) He died of tuberculosis. I mourn him yet.

Herr Koenig

You and Rosa Luxemburg developed the far left revolutionary wing of the Social Democratic Party. You created the social democratic women's movement in Germany.

Rosa Luxemburg

I, too, can speak for myself. Clara, you are too modest. Do tell him about how you started the first International Women's Day. The first day was on March 8, 1911 in Copenhagen.

Clara Zetkin

Yes, I organized an international socialist women's anti-war conference in Berlin in 1915.

Herr Landau

(Clearing his throat) Ah, yes, we have the records of your arrest.

Clara Zetkin

You should have more than one record. I was arrested several times.

Herr Koenig

We discovered that in 1916, you and Rosa Luxemburg founded the Spartacus League and the Independent Social Democratic Party of Germany. The Independent Social Democratic Party had split off from the Social Democratic Party in 1917, because the Social Democratic Party favored the war.

Clara Zetkin

You know, of course, that I joined the Communist Party of Germany after it was founded in January 1919. I represented the Party in the Reichstag from 1920 to 1933.

Rosa Luxemburg

She interviewed Lenin in 1920 about “The Women’s Question.”

Clara Zetkin

Tell them what happened to you, Rosa.

Rosa Luxemburg

We named the League after Spartacus, the leader of the largest slave rebellion of the Roman Republic.

Herr Landau

The we is Rosa Luxemburg, Karl Liebknecht, and Clara Zetkin.

Herr Koenig

The Spartacus League was most active during the German Revolution of 1918 and it sought to incite a revolution by circulating illegal subversive publications such as the newspaper, *Spartacus Letters*.

Rosa Luxemburg

We opposed the imperialist war and we opposed the Social Democratic Party of Germany. They believed in the parliamentary method. We believe in revolutionary methods. We spent two years in prison helping to organize a public demonstration in Berlin against German involvement in the war.

Clara Zetkin

The Spartacus League began agitating for a government based on local worker’s councils after the Russian Revolution of 1917. After the German Revolution of November 1918 overthrew the Kaiser, a period of instability lasted until 1923.

Rosa Luxemburg

In November 1923, Liebknecht declared a Germany a “Free Socialist Republic”

from a balcony of the Kaiser's Berliner Stadtschloss.

Clara Zetkin

On the same night Philipp Scheidemann of the Socialist Democratic Party declared a republic from the Reichstag.

Narrator

In December 1918, the Spartakusbund was officially renamed the Communist Party of Germany. In January 1919, the KPD, along with the Independent Socialists, launched the Spartacist uprising. This included staging massive street demonstrations intended to destabilize the Weimar government. The centrists of the SPD under chancellor Friedrich Ebert led the uprising. The government accused the opposition of planning a general strike and communist revolution in Berlin. The uprising was quickly crushed by the government, with the aid of the Freikorps. Luxemburg and Liebknecht were taken prisoner, and killed in custody.

Clara Zetkin

They killed Rosa Luxemburg and Liebknecht.

Herr Landau

You escaped, then.

Clara Zetkin

In August 1932, I escaped from Moscow to Berlin. As the chairwoman of the Reichstag by seniority, I came to the Reichstag and called for people to fight National Socialism. I warned them against you, Herr Hitler. I am still fighting.

Adolf Hitler

I will twist power and Germany to my will, Frau Zetkin.

Clara Zetkin

Germany will twist you in its winds of change, Herr Hitler.

Herr Koenig

I will arrest you.

Adolf Hitler

I will take away my protection and my men will assassinate you.

Clara Zetkin:

I will get rid of me. My work in Germany is finished. If you gentlemen will excuse me, I am going home to Moscow. I am 76 years old and I am going home to Moscow.

Herr Landau

The plan to get rid of her is to deport her to Moscow!

Clara Zetkin

(Standing up and walking out of the room. They silently watch her. When she reaches the doorway, she turns around and shouts, Deported!

ACCOMPLICES



Characters

Mark

Jason

Lisa

Pastor Brown

Rivka Horowitz

Samuel Horowitz

Sanni

Lenny

Professor Callahan

Sylvia

Eddie

Kasper

Father Wisnewski

Timothy

Peter

Woman

Soldier

(Scene I. Table in a restaurant. Three students are eating dinner and discussing a movie they have seen)

JASON: Did you see that girl waving and smiling as the trains pulled away? And remember how she yelled, "Goodbye, Jews!" She was happy about the whole thing.

LISA: One of the scenes that got me was the line of people being herded into the Warsaw ghetto. There was a little boy with glasses who looked just like my brother did when he was that age.

JASON: It's like the government decided it was going to put all Presbyterians in Detroit and build a wall around it. It's unbelievable.

LISA: No it's not, when people in power hate enough.

JASON: But where were the people who didn't hate, who felt sympathy for the Jews? Where were they?

LISA: What could they do? They were powerless against the Nazis.

JASON: No, they weren't powerless. They couldn't overthrow them with force, but there are other ways.

LISA: What ways? (Turning to Mark, the third student) What do you think, Mark? You haven't said anything.

MARK: I think I'm angry. I know I'm angry.

LISA: Angry? What are you angry about? What the Nazis did to the Jews?

MARK: No, I'm angry about what the Jews are doing to the rest of us. Them and their Holocaust propaganda.

JASON: I don't believe you said that. What the hell are you talking about?

MARK: I'm talking about a lie about six million Jews being killed when there were only a few hundred thousand killed. I'm talking about a big propaganda campaign blasting the world's ears about the sufferings of the Jews. What about the sufferings of the Russians and the Danish and the English? They suffered in the war too! But we don't hear a big blast about that.

LISA: How can you say that, Mark? The Jews were torn out of their homes, put in railroad cars, sent to concentration camps if they were lucky and to the gas chambers if they weren't. According to Professor Engle, 2/3 of the Jewish population of Europe was killed and you don't think it's anything for the survivors to yell about?

MARK: Professor Callahan says the numbers are exaggerated and I believe him.

JASON: Professor Callahan doesn't like Jews or Protestants or women -

LISA: Except in the kitchen or bedroom!

MARK: A lot of people say things about him that aren't true. He's very fair and objective. He just understands things about history that other people don't.

JASON: He's warped and twisted with hate, Mark. How can you even listen to him?

MARK: How can you not listen to him?

LISA: He is the voice of hatred. A lot of people listen to him.

MARK: He is the voice of reason that gets shouted over by emotional people.

LISA: Oh, the Jewish people don't have a right to be emotional. A soldier grabbed a man and cut off his side curls and laughed. The nurses and doctors in a hospital gave their patients shot glasses of cyanide, but the soldiers shot them anyway just to be certain. They tore families apart and ended lives every minute. But the Jewish people don't have a right to be emotional.

MARK: You don't know for sure that those things really happened.

LISA: And you don't know for sure that they didn't.

JASON: This kind of argument just ends in an impasse.

LISA: I'm not going to argue with him. He's so convinced in his terrified reasonings that he's right, it won't do any good.

JASON: I can see his point. If you admit the existence of evil, you have to deal with it. If you admit these things did happen to the Jews, then you have to accept some responsibility for it.

LISA: I wasn't even alive then and I didn't live in Europe.

JASON: But you're human and humans make choices. You made the choice to see the movie and whether or not to believe it. You make the choice about how much you want to

know about something.

MARK: You're both making my argument. If you can reduce an issue to reason and logic then it doesn't grow to be too big to handle. And you can remain

detached enough from it to keep it in its proper place. You're not doing that when you get all emotional about the Jews.

None of us had anything to do with something that happened on a very small scale fifty years ago.

JASON: You're talking like we're robots without any humanity at all!

MARK: I'm talking about rational humanity.

LISA: I'm talking about people feeling responsible for each other. We can't change the world, but we can do what we can for each other. The problem with the world is that we don't stick our necks out for each other.

MARK: What does that have to do with the so-called Holocaust? The Nazis did however much of it happened, we didn't.

LISA: On a small scale, we did. Or I should say our mothers and fathers and grandmothers and grandfathers did.

JASON: You're talking about collective guilt, the sins of the fathers, that sort of thing. That's kind of moralistic isn't it, Lisa?

MARK: That's bullshit, Lisa!

LISA: Not really. Let's talk about it a little. There were lots of people in the world then who didn't report to Hitler or shoot a Jew, but they contributed to the murder of the Jews. They were accomplices.

JASON: Who, Lisa.

MARK: Yeah, who Lisa?

LISA: Let's meet some of them. They're good people and interesting people yet they are accessories to murder.

MARK: You've been reading too much Agatha Christie, Lisa. I don't know where you get any time to read, though. Studying takes up all of my time.

JASON: And listening to Professor Callahan's lectures!

MARK: Introduce us to your accomplices, Lisa.

LISA: Don't you worry, Mark. You'll meet them some of them. You'd need about ten life times to meet all of them, but you will meet some of them. I promise. And I keep my promises. Here's the first one now. Come in Pastor Brown.

MARK: (Disgusted) Wait a minute! Never mind parading the German pastor in front of me. Professor Callahan says that one of the favorite tactics in this propaganda war. He says that the Jews blame the German churches for not taking a stand against Hitler.

JASON: They did more than not take a stand. Many of them enthusiastically joined the Nazis in persecuting the Jews.

LISA: Pastor Brown is not a pastor from Germany. He was an American Pastor in the early 1940s. I won't say which church he led for obvious reasons.

JASON: American? The American churches didn't persecute the Jews.

MARK: I see where this conversation is going, and I won't be led there, Lisa.

LISA: Be quiet, both of you. Pastor Brown, I want you to meet Mark and Jason.

P BROWN: I'm pleased to meet both of you. But Lisa, I don't know why you called me here.

LISA: I called you here because you did nothing.

P BROWN: I had nothing to do with what happened in Germany. I hated the Nazis.

LISA: Did you speak out against them from your pulpit? Did you pray for the Jews?

MARK: You'll have to excuse Lisa, Pastor Brown. She thinks that one person is responsible for everything that goes on in the world.

LISA: No I don't! But I think we should take care of our own little corner of it. Did you Pastor Brown?

P BROWN: Our church participated in national days of prayer. We sent packages overseas and we followed all of the rationing laws here. What more could we do?

JASON: Did you write any letters to President Roosevelt, expressing concern about the camps and the murders? Did you join any other ministers to write a declaration of concern?

P BROWN: Our congregation with the other churches in town sponsored a group of Jewish refugees. We provided them with food and clothing and helped them find jobs.

MARK: That should be personally responsible enough, even for you Lisa.

JASON: What happened to the Jews when the war ended, Pastor Brown? Did they all have jobs by then? Maybe we could talk to some of them, Lisa.

LISA: Tell us what happened to them, Pastor Brown. Tell us why we can't talk to one of them.

P BROWN: Why they all went back to Europe after that war. That was part of the agreement. That's why they were allowed to come here in the first place.

JASON: But Europe after the war was terrible. Full of refugees and hunger and sickness and death. Why did we send them back?

P BROWN: A few of them appealed to the government and a few of them got to stay. But most of them were sent back because that was the agreement.

MARK: I changed my mind, Lisa. I like the way this interview is going. He is a rational man, not an emotional one.

LISA: Those refugees were here in America for three years. They had time to settle in and make friends. Then when the war was over, they were uprooted again because of an agreement and sent into certain chaos. Do you know

how they did in Europe, Pastor Brown? Did you even ask?

P BROWN: I did my Christian duty.

LISA: And you didn't think you had a Jewish duty?

JASON: It's no use, Lisa. You can't make him see what he doesn't have the heart to see.

MARK: The pastor has a heart and it's in the right place-with his own people. That's logical.

LISA: Thank you for letting us talk to you, Pastor Brown. Would you ask Rivka to come in?

P BROWN: Rivka? You don't mean Rivka Levy?

LISA: She's Rivka Horowitz now. But yes, you probably did know her as Rivka Levy.

P BROWN: What could you possibly ask Rivka? She went back to Europe after the war. And she did marry Samuel Horowitz, after all the preaching I did to her trying to keep her from marrying him.

LISA: Why didn't you want her to marry him, Pastor Brown?

P BROWN: She was a wonderful student in math and English, with enough promise to go to any university she chose. She was musical too - sang and played the piano. I didn't want to see her waste herself on marriage, especially marriage to someone who had no future.

LISA: Rivka, would you and Dr. Horowitz come in now?

(Rivka and her husband come in. They are a distinguished looking older couple)

SAMUEL: Hello Reverend Brown, after all of these years.

RIVKA: (She doesn't speak to the Reverend, but nods politely)

LISA: (Gently) What happened to you after you returned to Europe, Rivka?

RIVKA: I went back to my native village in Poland. There were no Jews left there. My old friend Sanni tried to kill me with a pitchfork. She said everything that happened to the village- the Russians and their killing - was my fault.

LISA: How could they blame you? You suffered just as much as they did. You lost your family and possessions.

RIVKA: I am a Jew, so everything is my fault.

MARK: It's called scapegoating and it's an effective way to release hostility and tensions on one target. It's quite rational according to Dr. Callahan.

JASON: Unless you happen to be the scapegoat.

LISA: How did you find, Rivka, Samuel?

SAMUEL: I searched and asked at all of the refugee camps I could reach. Finally someone told me that Rivka had gone back to Treba and I walked there to find her.

RIVKA: He found me and brought me back to health. I was hungry and sick in both body and spirit. Maybe that's when he decided to be a doctor, when I got better. (She glances contemptuously at Reverend Brown.) Sam, didn't have a future, you know. He's been a doctor at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in New York for forty years. He specialized in immuneology. Maybe because there were so many sick people to learn from in the camps. They put him in a camp, even though the war was over, Pastor Brown. They called it a relocation camp, but in Poland, we all knew what that meant. We just had new jailers, Russians instead of Germans and of course, the Poles, who still hated us.

SAMUEL: Rivka, it happened so long ago. We did right to forget and go on with our life together and we had a good one.

RIVKA: You forget better than I do, Sam. (Turns to Lisa) Can you bring Sanni here? I want to talk to her.

LISA: So do I. Sanni, you can come out now.

SANNI: (Comes on stage waving pitchfork) I came to finish the job I started those years ago.

MARK: You wanted to kill her because you didn't understand her and feared her, isn't that right Sanni? It wasn't anything personal.

JASON: Did you think Rivaka and the rest of the Jews were a threat to you? Is that why you tried to kill her?

SANNI: I am going to finish killing her.

P BROWN: But woman, so much time has passed. What would be the point of killing her now?

SANNI: I hated her then and I hate her now.

LISA: Hatred is ageless and timeless.

P BROWN: But you grew up together in the same village. You went to the same school, that's what you told me. How can you hate someone you grew up with?

SANNI: It's nothing personal. I hate her because she's a Jew. Before I got old enough to understand that she was a Jew, I liked her. We went swimming together in the river one summer and we had picnics in the meadow behind my father's cottage. Remember the day the bull chased us, Rivka?

RIVKA: (Laughing) I remember. We ran faster than we dreamed we could!

SAMUEL: Then you discovered that she was a Jew.

SANNI: I didn't discover it for myself. My Papa told me one day when I was twelve that I couldn't be seen with Rivka anymore. I was getting too old to play

with a Jew. People were muttering. So I started to hate her and one day when Jascka looked at her instead of me, I ran at her with my pitchfork. This same one! Like this! (She runs at Rivka with the pitchfork. Reverend Brown jumps at Sanni and grabs the fork, but gets stabbed in the arm in the struggle)

LISA: You got involved, Reverend Brown! I guess it's better late than never! (She picks up her napkin and puts it on Reverend Brown's arm)

RIVKA: Now the man with no future will stop your arm from bleeding, Pastor Brown. Or will you, Samuel? You don't need to get involved.

SAMUEL: (Rips off a corner of the tablecloth and applies it to the wound) There's a lot of blood but the pitchfork didn't hit an artery. You'll be all right, Pastor Brown.

P BROWN: Remember what I taught you about forgiveness, Rivka?

RIVKA: There has to be a wrong before there can be forgiveness and you said you did no wrong.

P BROWN: I see that I lacked understanding and foresight. Samuel did have a future and we did send you two back into hell after we rescued you from it.

JASON: That is crueller than to send a person to hell permanently.

MARK: But this isn't rational. For every pastor or minister or priest who didn't get involved, you can find one who did. There was Dietrich Bonhoeffer who was German and was killed in a concentration camp and he was just one of thousands. So why attach involvement to survival. It's more a matter of chance.

LISA: It's a matter of chance and choice, Mark. If you have a chance to get involved, you have to make a choice. It's strictly up to you.

SANNI: (Still wielding the pitchfork) I have made my choice. I will kill you, Rivka. (She lunges at Rivka again. This time Jason comes to her rescue. He wrestles the pitchfork from Sanni and pins her arms behind her back. He throws the pitchfork at Mark.)

JASON: You have to get involved enough to duck, Mark!

(Mark grabs the pitchfork.)

P BROWN: I'm going to get Dr. Holmes to bandage this for me. You remember him, don't you Rivka? You surely must remember him, Samuel.

SAMUEL: Of course I remember him. He was the one who told me I did have a future even if it had to begin in Poland in the DP camps and age old hatred of the Jews. He made me want to heal instead of hurt the way I'd been hurt. I'll come with you, Pastor Brown.

RIVKA: I want to talk to you Pastor Brown, so I'll come too.(Rivka and Samuel lead Pastor Brown off stage. Sanni stands and watches them go.)

LISA: What's going to happen to you, Sanni?

SANNI: I want my pitchfork back. I'm going to throw it at other Jews. And if words and thoughts can kill Rivka, I will still kill her.

MARK: (Throws back pitchfork and Sanni catches it) That makes no sense, Sanni. You would be better off to lead your own life and forget about Rivka. As long as you want to kill her she has power over you.

SANNI: I can't stand the thought of her being alive in the same world as I am, breathing the same air, enjoying the same life, being happy with Samuel.

LISA: You can't forgive her for being, can you?

SANNI: I will kill her and even that is not enough. I have to purge her from my thoughts and memories before I will be happy.

LISA: You can't do that, Sanni. You know her. Once you know a person you can't undo the knowing.

SANNI: I can seize her life in my hands and let my hatred shape it. That will ease the knowing.

JASON: Go back to your village and get a life, Sanni.

SANNI: My new life begins here with death. (She aims the pitchfork at Lisa) Will you send me back?

LISA: Only if you want to go.

SANNI: I too, have a choice?

LISA: You too, have a choice, Sanni.

SANNI: (She puts down the pitchfork.) There is Alexander and our lying together. And our children. Alexander's love is warmer than Samuel's could have been.

LISA: Isn't life a better revenge than death, Sanni?

SANNI:: I'm going home. (She picks up the pitchfork and turns and walks about halfway to the exit, then whirls around and throws the pitchfork at Lisa. Lisa catches it.)

SANNI: Get involved how you can or you're an accomplice!

(She exits and shouts from offstage) I'm coming, Alexander.

JASON: (Picks up a bread stick) Whew, this was some evening after some dinner after some movie.

MARK: I'm going to tell Doctor Callahan about this. (He starts to get up.)

LISA: Sit down, Mark! The evening isn't over yet. We have to talk to the politicians yet. And we can't forget Kasper. He hid a Jewish family for several years in his barn. And Father Wiesnewski. We have to talk to Father Wiesnewski. Sit down, Mark. Don't you dare get up, Jason. (She flourishes the pitchfork.)

JASON: I'm not that daring.

MARK: Don't shoot. I'm sitting down.

LISA: (Keeps the pitchfork aimed at them.) Kasper's next. You'll enjoy what he has to say. Come on out Kasper and rescue me from these two.

(Mark and Jason keep arguing. Lisa watches the entrance, but no one appears.)

LISA: Kasper, it's your turn. Come out now and drown out these two.

(A tall, thin man, leaning heavily on a cane. limps out on the stage. He walks over to Lisa and falls on his knees in front of her.

LENNY: I'm not Kasper. I'm sorry, I'm sorry, but I'm Lenny. I'm not Kasper. Who is this Kasper?

MARK: Who is this Lenny?

LENNY: I'm sorry. I thought you called me, but you're looking for Kasper instead. I'm leaving right now.

LISA: Come and sit with us, Lenny. You sound like you have a story to tell?

LENNY: What do you mean? I didn't tell stories on anyone. I didn't even tell on Otto when he didn't listen to his grandmother.

LISA: What are you talking about Lenny? Sit down and tell us.

LENNY: (Sitting down and leaning the cane on the pitch fork.) It was Saturday night a long time ago when grandmothers still made apple pies, Otto's grandmother took one fresh from the oven and sent it home with him.

MARK: What has this got to do...

LISA: Listen, Mark. You might be surprised. Go on, Lenny.

LENNY: Otto met me on the corner of Holmes Street and he told me what he was gonna do. I tried to talk him out of it, but I couldn't.

LISA: What was he planning to do?

LENNY: He was going to go across the dam.

JASON: What does that mean, Lenny?

MARK: What the hell does that mean, Lenny?

LENNY: That means he was going to do something daring for an eleven year old kid. I thought he was the bravest kid I ever knew. But I also knew it was stupid. He was going to walk across the dam with the pie.

JASON: What dam?

LENNY: The dam over the river.

LISA: How could Otto walk across the dam, Lenny?

LENNY: There was a concrete walk across the top of the spill way that workmen used. But they knew that it was slippery, so they wore boots and were careful.

JASON: I get the picture. Otto wasn't so careful.

LENNY: He was careful, all right. But lichen grew over all over the concrete in the summer and the spray from the spill way kept it moist and slippery. Otto got about halfway across, and then he slipped. I watched that pie go sailing through the air and I watched Otto sail after it. I just stood there and stared. I didn't even run to get help, until it was too late. I just stood and watched him bob up and down in that bubbly water. Then finally he went under and I didn't see him anymore.

LISA: But Lenny, what does that have to do...

LENNY: I'm a Jew Lisa. I knew to keep my mouth shut, but it hurt me and it surely hurt my friend Otto.

MARK: True confessions are good for the soul, Lenny, but-

LENNY: I was the only Jew in my company in the army. We shipped out early in 1942. By then, I had learned to keep my mouth shut real well. I even kept it shut when the sergeant got my buddy killed and me hurt, just because we were Jews. I helped him kill Max and fix my leg up for me. (He picks up the cane again and shakes it. I helped the sergeant kill Max and hurt me. We Jews all help when we don't fight back.

LISA: But some Jews did fight back, Lenny. There was a special unit in the U.S. Army made up mostly of German Jews who fought with special ferocity against the Nazis. The German war machine was just too powerful for the Jews alone to defeat. It took the combined forces of most of the countries in the world to do that.

LENNY: Then there was my grandfather who wrote to us from Berlin: "This is the twentieth century after all. They're not going to kill us." If that sergeant was here now, I'd---

LISA: He is here now. Come over and sit down-

MARK: Professor Callahan?!

(A short, white haired man strides on stage. He nods at Mark.)

CALLAHAN: Good evening Mr. Murphy.

MARK: And all of this time I've just called you Professor when I could have called you Sergeant Callahan.

LENNY: (Salutes) Hi, Sarge.

CALLAHAN: I see you still haven't learned any respect after all of these years.

LENNY: The war's over. You're lucky I saluted.

CALLAHAN: I gather you're not afraid of me anymore, Lenny.

LENNY: (Pointing at his leg) This cured me of being afraid of you.

CALLAHAN: Ah, now you're angry and you want to get even. Isn't that

how you feel, Lenny?

LENNY: (Lunging at Professor Callahan and hitting him with the crutch) This is for Max!

CALLAHAN: Max was running away and I merely tried to stop him. It was my military duty.

LENNY: You killed him and I want to kill you.

CALLAHAN: But you won't, because you're a civilized Jew.

LENNY: More civilized than you are!

CALLAHAN: If that is so, why have you Jews managed to incur the hatred of people throughout the centuries, from Russians to Poles to Germans to Irish ad infinitum?

LENNY: Because you Gentiles have always been jealous of us. You've always wanted to rob us of our possessions and our lives. You can't have them! I won't give anything of mine to you willingly.

CALLAHAN: You have already given me your anger. I won Lenny! I use your anger as a weapon against you, just as I once used a gun against you and Max.

LENNY: Then you admit you did it.

CALLAHAN: Of course I did it. Doesn't that make you more angry?

LENNY: (Grabs the pitchfork and goes after Callahan)

MARK: (Gets between Lenny and Callahan and grabs the pitchfork) Stop it you two. There has to be a rational way to solve this. Tell him the way to solve this Sergeant Callahan.

CALLAHAN: The way to solve this is for Lenny is for me to finish what I started all of those years ago.

MARK: Killing isn't rational.

CALLAHAN: It is when you're making room in the world for the fittest.

JASON: (Horrified) You're a Nazi.

CALLAHAN: No, just a rational man.

JASON: A man without a conscience or heart.

LISA: Rationality doesn't allow much room for conscience or heart.

MARK: Professor Callahan has a heart. He cares about the people who are worthy of his caring.

LISA: And who are those people? Hitler? Stalin? Attila the Hun?

LENNY: We've done enough talking. We have to settle this, the sarge and me. The rest of you leave us alone. And give me that pitchfork! (He grabs the pitchfork from Mark and pins Callahan up against the wall with it)

CALLAHAN: You're taking up for yourself admirably, Lenny. It's too bad you didn't start doing that a lot sooner.

LENNY: You had no call to kill Max. I'm going to run you through with this pitch fork for Max and for my leg.

CALLAHAN: Valor comes late in the game!

LENNY: Quit using your big words to make fun of me, Sarge. I'm going to kill you. It's like you say, the survival of the fittest and I have the pitchfork.

CALLAHAN: I'm not worried. You don't have the guts to use it.

LENNY: (Pushes him closer to the wall) Just think of how those sharp points will feel going into your soft throat, Sarge. Even you have a soft throat, Sarge.

CALLAHAN: You won't do it, Lenny. You aren't rational enough to

kill. You don't have it in you to push that fork through my throat.

LENNY: (Grits his teeth and pulls back his arm.)

MARK: No, don't do it. Make him stop, Professor.

CALLAHAN: Don't worry, Mark. He won't do it. He can't do it.

LENNY: I'll do it. (He tightens his fingers on the pitchfork)

LISA: Stop playing with him Professor Callahan. You're twisting his feelings to suit your own purposes.

CALLAHAN: That's rationality.

LISA: That's immorality.

MARK: Morality is just a tool that irrational, emotional people use to --

LISA: Just shut up, Mark. Your words are as empty as your mind.

LENNY: Both of you, please be quiet. Thanks for trying to help me, Lisa, but I have to defend myself against him. You can't do it for me. I have to stand up against him alone. I have to stand on my own two feet. Until I can do that, I am an accomplice too. Then you can stand beside me, after I stand up first by myself.

LISA: It takes more strength not to kill.

LENNY: I know that young woman. I just want to see if I have that strength.

CALLAHAN: And do you, Jew? Or are you going to exact a toll of one for the Holocaust? And one for the leg?

LENNY: (Throws the pitchfork and it sticks in the wall) I'm going to let you drown in your own lies. That will be a worse punishment than being stabbed with a pitchfork. Being stabbed with the truth is so much worse.

CALLAHAN: Who's going to stab me with the truth?

LENNY: The very people you lied to. Wait and see, Sarge.

CALLAHAN: I'll wait but I won't see, Lenny. Because there will be nothing to see or hear.

LISA: Professor Callahan, Mark, Lenny, Jason, I want you to meet Sylvia and Eddie. They are from New York, but came here for a special visit.

(An ordinary looking young couple comes out on stage)

LISA: Sit down. We just want to talk to you for a few minutes. Have a soda or some coffee with us. (Everyone sits down)

EDDIE: No thanks. How about you Sylvia?

SYLVIA: I'd like some coffee with cream, please.

LISA: (Passing the coffee and creamer) What do you have to tell us?

SYLVIA: I came to tell Professor Callahan that he's wrong.

CALLAHAN: Who are you, young woman?

SYLVIA: I was in one of your history classes a few years ago.

CALLAHAN: Forgive me if I don't remember you, er...Sylvia.

SYLVIA: You're forgiven for that. What I can't forgive you for is the lies you taught me and the rest of the people in the class.

CALLAHAN: I taught you no lies.

SYLVIA: You taught us that there was no Holocaust, that only a few hundred thousand Jews were murdered, and their murders were normal casualties of war.

CALLAHAN :That is the truth.

SYLVIA: My grandfather and grandmother and uncles and aunts and cousins were all killed at Auschwitz. My father couldn't talk about it to anyone, not even my mother. I probably never would have known about them until one day I was telling my father about your history class. He started crying and cried without stopping for a long time. Finally, he got out their pictures and told me some of their stories. His cousin and his cousin's wife were on the St. Louis.

CALLAHAN: An illegal ship that no legitimate government, justifiably so, wanted to admit to its territorial waters.

LISA: A refugee ship that many countries, including the United States, refused to allow to land. The Nazis had already robbed them of their property and money and forced them to pay to leave Germany and their return passage in case of complications.

SYLVIA: England, Holland, France, and Belgium were a few of the countries who took in some of the refugees. Only about half of them survived the war. My father's cousin and his wife didn't.

CALLAHAN: Unfortunately, those things happened a lot during the War.

SYLVIA: My grandmother had a sister. The sister did survive along with my father. I visited her sister. Her name is Sarah. She told me that while they were in Auschwitz, one of the Nazis gave her the job of sorting out the clothes of the women who had already been gassed. One day she came upon a ring that she had given my grandmother and a lock of my grandmother's hair in the pocket of one of the coarse prison dresses. She knew my grandmother had been gassed and she vowed to survive to tell the story. She did. She told my father and she told me. I'm going to tell my children.

EDDIE: Aw, Syl, are you sure you want to do that?

SYLVIA: I told you, Eddie. This is important to me and to my heritage. My mother didn't really understand because she wasn't Jewish. I know you're not Jewish either, but if you really love me you'll try to understand. If you want children with me, you'll try to understand.

EDDIE: Okay, Syl. I'll try to understand.

CALLAHAN: You're letting yourself be misled by lies.

EDDIE: I love my wife and I'm willing to listen to her. If she says this happened to her relatives, I believe her. And you'd better not old man Shapiro hear you call him a liar or he'll take that pitchfork to you!

CALLAHAN: The pitchfork and I have already met.

SYLVIA: Professor Callahan my father said something that convinced me he was telling the absolute truth. Do you know what that was?

EDDIE: Sylvie, he couldn't know. He's never met your father.

SYLVIA: He's never met my father, but he denies the reality of his experiences. My father said to me, Sylvie, I wish it was a lie or an exaggeration. If that were so, I'd have my family. My father and mother would have been with me for all of those years. Maybe they'd still be here, and you would have known them too. I wish it had been a hoax!

MARK: Are you sure your father didn't - no of course, he didn't. That's not even a rational question.

LISA: You'd better rethink your unquestioning faith in Professor Callahan, Mark.

MARK: It's not faith. It's rationality. Who was that man you said was an example for everyone having to make a choice between cooperating or resisting, Professor.

CALLAHAN: You mean Kasper. Lenny came out instead of him.

LISA: I can call him again. Are you through with the Professor, Lenny?

LENNY: I am finally finished with him. (Waves his crutch in the air) Now, I can heal.

LISA: Kasper, you can come out now. (An old man with a long white

beard comes over to the table and sits now. He nods hello to everybody.)

KASPER: You called me, young woman?

LISA: Yes, Kasper, I did. Will you tell these people your story?

KASPER: There isn't that much to tell.

LISA: Tell them what there is of it, then.

KASPER: I had a farm in Poland. I inherited it from my father. When the Germans came the Jews from the cities tried to hide. A man and his wife and two children asked if they could hide in my barn. I let them.

JASON: A barn couldn't have been that good of a hiding place if the hunters were that determined.

KASPER: I had a cellar underneath the horse stalls that nobody could find without knowing where the handles to the doors were. And who would want to search under piles of manure?

MARK: You've got a point there. That's rational!

LENNY: You were a righteous Gentile, then.

KASPER: (Holding up his hand) Let me finish my story before you give me any compliments. The Jew paid me for the hiding place, paid me well. And I charged extra for the food he and his family ate.

CALLAHAN: That's a rational human transaction. You give and you receive in proportion to what you give. The basis for capitalism, I believe.

SYLVIA: Then you just hid them for the money. Not because they were in danger or you cared about them as people.

KASPER: I came to care about them as people. The man, Jacob was his name, was educated at Prague. He taught literature and French at the University of Prague until the Nazis declared his occupation non-essential.

JASON: What can be more essential than education?

CALLAHAN: You assuming that the Nazi interpretation of education was cultivating the mind instead of propaganda for its own cause. Education is a subjective definition like most other definitions, Jason.

MARK: If that's true Professor Callahan, why even pretend that scholarship is objective?

CALLAHAN: Scholars need their illusions just as religious people do.

KASPER: I liked Jacob's wife, too. Her name was Lisel and she could sew and embroider beautifully. She did a lot of sewing for my wife and other women in the village. She earned much of their food money that way.

LISA: You said they had children, too.

KASPER: Yes, they had two children, Timothy and Peter. The boys were about eleven and twelve. They liked soccer and played on the village team with the other boys. They scored many points.

LISA: These were good people, Kasper. Did the people in your village see this and accept them?

KASPER: Some of them did, but others hated them because they were Jews. I always expected someone to denounce them to the Nazis.

LISA: Why would they want to do that? They weren't hurting anyone and they were contributing to everyone's lives.

KASPER: They weren't really part of us. They were Jews. And many people blamed them for the war and the hunger and the hard times.

LISA: Hatred has many faces and many moods.

CALLAHAN: It motivates people. It's cold and cutting and rational.

LISA: It's the best accomplice, isn't it Professor?

CALLAHAN: One of the best, along with indifference and rationalization.

JASON: And emotion. Hatred is an emotion.

CALLAHAN: A rational one, directed and with a purpose. Tell me, Kasper, what did the hatred of the villagers for the Jews you were hiding finally accomplish?

KASPER: Someone told the Nazis where to find their hiding place. The Nazis came for them and transported them to one of the camps.

LISA: Did you do it, Kasper?

KASPER: I didn't, but it had to be someone I knew well, because only they would know the hiding place.

MARK: But boys who liked to play soccer. How could they hurt the Germans?

LISA: I don't need to tell you that Mark is a soccer player, Kasper.

KASPER: They were Jews.

MARK: But they were boys first.

LISA: A breakthrough! You just did it, Mark. You saw them as people first. That is the first step away from hatred. Are you sure you want to keep walking?

CALLAHAN: Mark!

MARK: (Looking confused.) I'm sorry, Professor, but they were boys.

KASPER: Don't get excited yet, Professor. Let me tell you about the Christmas celebration for the Jewish family before the Nazis came to take them away. I can still see it..

(Setting is in a stable. Straw. A manger. Cardboard animals. The restaurant table is off to one side so the people sitting there can see the stable scene. The same people are sitting around the table: Sylvia, Eddie, Professor Callahan, Mark, Lisa, Jason, Lenny and Kasper).

CALLAHAN: (Chuckling) One of the main rules of hatred. Enforce your customs on others while burying theirs. This ought to be good.

LISA: But Father Wisnewski meant well. He just didn't know that Jews don't celebrate Christmas.

CALLAHAN: Ignorance is another accomplice of hatred.

KASPER: Father Wisnewski meant to help the villagers live an example of Christian love. He insisted that they were going to give the Jews a Christmas gift.

MARK: Timothy and Peter, too?

KASPER: The Jewish children, too. This is what happened. Father Wisnewski announced it in church that Sunday morning before Christmas. They were all to come to Kasper's stable on Christmas Eve.

JASON: Did they?

KASPER: Most of them did. They were afraid to disobey Father Wisnewski, being the symbol of God that he was. And some of them were curious. Father Wisnewski told them..

Well, let him speak for himself. Father, what did you tell them?

(Father Wisnewski comes on stage, leading a group of villagers carrying armloads of gifts. Sanni is among them. They put the gifts under the manger and stare at it. Joseph and his wife Lisel, and the two boys Timothy and Peter, sit by the manger. Most of the people ignore them. One woman spits at their feet)

FATHER W: The Christ Child is indeed born tonight. He shines in the manger. I see the Virgin Mary covering him snugly against the cold in the stable.

KASPER:: I don't see anything except an empty manger with gifts under it. (He shivers) And it is cold in here.

FATHER W: Look at the scene with eyes of love, Kasper.. What do you see?

KASPER: I see an empty manger and I'm still cold.

FATHER W: (Holding up his crucifix) God Bless this manger and this Jewish family who lives here in the stable. Keep them safe and warm.

PEOPLE: (A few voices say Amen)

FATHER W: Now it is time for the gifts. Open them and give them to Joseph and Lisel and Peter and Timothy. When you do, you give them to the Christ child and The Holy Mother.

(An old woman darts to the pile and puts a package on it. She quickly exits)

TIMOTHY: (Loudly) Mama, why do they give us these gifts? Why aren't there candles and a menorah?

PETER: Mama, why does that priest wave the cross at us?

KASPER:: Father Wisnewski, I told you they were pagans. They don't even know who Christ is.

TIMOTHY: I know who he was. He was a prophet of God.

LISEL:: He is God's son. You blaspheme, you Jew! (She throws her gift at him and leaves)

FATHER W: The Jews are not pagans or blasphemers. They don't understand. You need to show God's son to them by showing them love. Then they will understand.

(The rest of the people take the gifts from under the manger and give them to the Jewish family. Most of them leave, but a few stand by Father Wisnewski.)

FATHER W: In the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit.

TIMOTHY: Mama, --

KASPER: (Puts his hand over Timothy's mouth) Shhh! This is the wrong time for questions or being too Jewish, Timothy. Accept what they are giving you.. They are giving from the heart.

TIMOTHY: We thank you for your gifts.

FATHER W: And I think Kasper has a bottle of wine that his wife made, don't you Kasper?

KASPER: The best of September's sun-kissed grapes.

FATHER W: We can taste it.

KASPER: We can sip it. We can drink it! (He takes a bottle of wine from under the manger and opens it. He pours some in a glass which is under the manger and passes the glass to the Jewish family. Each takes a sip and passes it to Father Wisnewski who takes a sip. Then Father Wisnewski passes the bottle of wine to Kasper.)

FATHER W: Cecila outdid herself this time, Kasper. . Tell her it is delicious wine without the blessing. And with it, beyond compare!

PETER: (Starts to say something, but Lisel quickly puts her hand over his mouth)

FATHER W: This is not a time for delicacy, Lisel. Let Peter speak.

LISEL: (Taking her hand off Peter's mouth) Speak thoughtfully, Peter.

KASPER: Please God, Peter will speak carefully.

PETER: I was just going to ask Father Wisnewski if there were any cookies to go with the wine!

FATHER W: There are! (He hands Peter and Timothy some cookies. Then he passes them to the other people who are there. Everyone is eating and talking. Suddenly there are loud shouts, stomping feet, and a dog barking. Three German soldiers and a dog burst into the stable. Lisel and some of the other women scream. Lisel grabs Peter and Timothy and shoves them behind her. Kasper springs to his feet and stands next to Father Wisnewski.)

FATHER W: (Holding the cru fix in front of him. He says calmly) Peace
be with you my friends.

(The soldiers advance, pointing guns at the group)

SOLDIER: Jews, come with us!

KASPER: I and my family are not Jews! . We live here in the village. We are not Jews!

SOLDIER: You are here in the stable with the Jews! You are drinking and eating with the Jews. Yet you say you are not Jews?

KASPER: Father Wisnewski forced us to do this!

SOLDIER: You are here with them, therefore, you are Jews. Enough of this talk. Come with us. (Motions with the gun. Nobody moves.)

SOLDIER: (To the dog) Claus, convince them to accompany us!

CLAUS: (Barks fiercely)

PETER: Claus, is that you? Come over here and I'll give you a piece of cookie.

TIMOTHY: Claus, let's go for a walk. We'll go down by the river where you like to roll over in the snow.

CLAUS: (Stops barking and goes over and licks the hands of the boys. He wags his tail and sits contentedly by their feet)

FATHER W: So much for the fierce guard dog! But how did you boys do that?

PETER: Claus lives here with Kasper and his family. He barks a lot but he doesn't hurt anybody. The soldiers must have thought he would help them, but they don't know Claus like we do.

SOLDIER: (Firing gun at the wall) Come, Jews, or the next bullet will hit you.

JOSEPH: They are not all Jews. Me and my wife and boys are the only Jews here. Claus isn't a Jew, either. He just likes to play ball with the boys. (The boys throw a ball and Claus races after it)

KASPER: See what I mean?

SOLDIER: Come with us. Raus!

(Joseph guides Liesl and the boys to the soldiers. Claus follows.)

PETER: Go home, Claus. You can't come with us. It's too dangerous.

TIMOTHY: We'll play ball with you when we come back, Claus.

SOLDIER: Raus! (He pushes the Jewish family off stage. Claus follows)

PETER: Please call him Kasper so he won't come with us.

KASPER: Come, Claus.

(Claus keeps following Peter and Timothy)

KASPER: Not only do I lose good tenants, but I lose my best farm dog.

FATHER W: Let's see where they are taking them.

KASPER: I know where they are taking them.

FATHER W: I will follow them with my crucifix. It will protect them. (He

follows and the people follow him offstage. Kasper walks over to the table and sits down)

KASPER: It didn't protect them. They went off in a transport and were never seen again.

MARK: What happened to Claus?

KASPER: The Germans took Claus, too. They must have thought he was a Jewish collaborator.

MARK: But that's ridiculous!

LISA: Isn't hatred, Mark? Ridiculous instead of rational?

CALLAHAN: Mark!

MARK: I don't know, Lisa.

LISA: We're making progress. At least you admit you're having doubts.

MARK: But how did the Germans know that Joseph and his family were in the stable?

KASPER: As I told you, someone in my family or in the village told them. It had to be that way. No one else knew of the hiding place.

JASON: Who would have told?

KASPER: Almost everyone in the village!

LISA: But it wasn't everyone in the village.

KASPER: No, it was just one person. A girl who should have known better because her best friend of many years was a Jewess.

MARK: You don't mean--

SANNI: (Rushes on stage and grabs the pitchfork before anyone can take it away from her. She faces the audience with it pointing at them) I turned in the Jews and I'd do it again! Even today!

JASON: Why do you hate them so much?

LISA: I think Rivka is the best person to ask Sanni that question, Jason. Rivka, come out here for a minute.

RIVKA: (Comes on stage) I've asked her that before but she won't tell me.

MARK: Either she won't or she can't because there is no reason.

SANNI: (Whirling around and pointing the pitchfork at him) Stop it right now or I'll run you through! There is a reason!

RIVKA: What is the reason, Sanni? We had such fun together here in the village when we were growing up. Why did you turn in the Jewish family when you know we are people just like you?

SANNI: You aren't people. You are things. You don't think and feel and dream and laugh and cry like people do!

MARK: But that's not true. Peter and Timothy laughed and cried and they loved Claus. They were people and the soldiers took them away and put them on a train. The train took them away to be gassed.

SANNI: I hate them. I'm glad they were gassed.

RIVKA: Sanni, remember the time you stepped in that deep hole when we were washing our clothes in the river? I threw one of my sheets to you and pulled you ashore. Do you remember, Sanni?

SANNI: I remember. I tried to forget, but I remember.

RIVKA: I could have let you drown, Sanni.

SANNI: (Throwing down the pitchfork and running over to Rivka. She

throws her arms around Rivka) I wish you would have let me drown, Rivka! I was your friend, but Papa wouldn't let me be any longer. I didn't stand up to him. I wish you would have let me drown, Rivka!

MARK: She hated herself, and she hated the person who made her feel that way.

CALLAHAN: You finally see the beauty of it, Mark. Hatred feeds on itself and destroys the person who feels it and the person hated. It's so logical. I love it!

MARK: It's not logical. It's tragic for the harm it causes to people.

CALLAHAN: People do it to themselves. Once they realize the logic of hatred, they use it as a weapon.

MARK: That's my point, Professor. They use it as a weapon against themselves and against other people. They produce the Holocaust. They are the accomplices that cause the event without even pulling a trigger. And they produce people like you who deny the stupidity and power of hatred and the harm that it does to people.

CALLAHAN: This is sad, Mark. You are starting to think like them.

MARK: I am starting to think, Professor. I am finally starting to think.

LISA: (Touches his arm) I'm proud of you, Mark.

MARK: You are? (He leans closer to her) I'll keep working at thinking, Lisa.

JASON: I think I have a rival.

LISA: But where does that leave you Rivka and Sanni?

RIVKA: Are you sorry for turning in the Jews, Sanni? Are you sorry you were an accomplice?

SANNI: I'm sorry because it ruined our friendship. But as for the rest of the Jews, I don't care about them.

RIVKA: I hope you mean until you know them as people and understand more about hatred and human responsibility.

SANNI: I mean as a matter of leading a safe life and survival.

RIVKA: Sanni, you're not human. How can you not do something when people are being hurt or murdered? Maybe if everyone had worked together to hide Jews and protect and save them, the Holocaust couldn't have happened.

SANNI: I am sorry for the way I acted toward you, Rivka, but I am sorry for nothing else. And how do you know you wouldn't have turned in the Jews? If the Germans had given you a choice between them or your family, how do you know you wouldn't have chosen your family? (She picks up the pitchfork and walks to the edge of the stage and points the pitchfork at the audience.) Think about it. Do you know what you'd do, who you would choose? Think about it. Would you be an accomplice? Are you an accomplice?

(CURTAIN)



