Antigone in Munich by Claudia Haas

(Alex’s home. SOPHIE [age 21] is sketching ALEX, and ALEX is sculpting or sketching or simply posing for SOPHIE. It is May, 1942.)

SOPHIE: I want a world where this is all we do.
ALEX: After the war.
SOPHIE: So many things are “after the war.” Turn left.
ALEX: Not my best side.
SOPHIE: Right then. A little more.

(SOPHIE is not happy with the pose and gets up and gently puts her hand on his cheek, moving his head. ALEX briefly touches her hand. It briefly affects them. SOPHIE sits back down.)

SOPHIE: Don’t move.
ALEX: Are you admiring my classical Roman profile?
SOPHIE: Peculiar.
ALEX: My profile!
SOPHIE: I drew you looking like Peter Pan.
ALEX: That English boy who is determined to remain a boy?
SOPHIE: Yes.
ALEX: My Russian soul is wounded.
SOPHIE: Your Russian soul is delicate.
ALEX: Forget the profile. Try me full-faced—as a thinker! Look at my eyes! Do they remind you of Tolstoy! (ALEX poses.) Or better yet—the man who is one with the great outdoors! (ALEX poses.) That is how I want to be remembered!
SOPHIE: Remembered?
ALEX: Later. When I am old and white-bearded.
SOPHIE: After you have grown up!
ALEX: Out of the mouth of a schoolgirl.
SOPHIE: Is that how you see me?
ALEX: No. There are no more Peter Pans. We grew up before we left Primary School.
SOPHIE: No wonder I yearn for childhood. Maybe after the war, I will rediscover it.
ALEX: After the war, I will return to Russia. It is there that I will become the man I wish to be.
SOPHIE: Will you practice medicine in Russia?
ALEX: I will be an artist.

SOPHIE: Yet you study medicine.

ALEX: There is no propaganda in medicine. Its facts cannot be twisted to suit the political climate. For now, I am better suited to medicine. Its facts are not under attack. But when I am free—I will sculpt. I will live out in the country with my clay and stone and find what is hidden inside. It will be a simple life.

SOPHIE: You? Leading a simple life? Alex—with his wining and dining and concerts/Divisions, Sophie. They are ways to block-out the outside world. But when the war is over, I will return to what is dear to me. Art. Russian literature. Nature. (Beat.) What will you do after the war? When you're all grown up?

SOPHIE: Listen to American jazz—cranked up loudly on the phonograph! Buy every banned book legally and read them all! Put huge amounts of jam on bread because it isn't rationed!

ALEX: /But—what will you do?

SOPHIE: Live peace. Teach peace. In the mountains where you can touch the sky.

ALEX: You're a dreamer.

SOPHIE: I've wanted to bring the natural world to people since I was knee-high. "Keep true to the dreams of your youth."

ALEX: That's a Russian ideal.

SOPHIE: Hardly! A German quote! Friedrich von Schiller. It's truth. You can be forty, fifty and beyond and still hold on to your early dreams. My body will age. My dreams won't.

ALEX: May they still be intact later—when all this ends.

SOPHIE: They will be. It's what keeps me sane.

ALEX: We should play a game... "when the war ends, I will...".

SOPHIE: "When Hitler loses, I will get my country back."

ALEX: Sophie...that statement is treasonous.

SOPHIE: Not here! Not in your apartment. "When Hitler loses, we will be allowed freedom of thought."

ALEX: Be careful, my dear.

SOPHIE: "When Hitler loses, we will rebuild." Your turn.

ALEX: Sophie...

SOPHIE: He must lose. It's the only way Germany can win. Have you read these? I've been meaning to show them to you. He teaches peace. With hard truths.

(SOPHIE brings some papers to ALEX. They both hold the letters for a moment.)
ALEX: Bishop Galen’s sermons. Yes. I have copies. It’s a wonder the Gestapo hasn’t arrested him.

SOPHIE: “Deporting the mentally ill to the great unknown never to be heard from again.” Are we doing that? Killing innocents that have no defense? Thou shall not kill. Thou shall not kill. Thou shall not kill. It’s all through his sermons. And yet, we kill—the most innocent.

ALEX: Take care where you share these.

SOPHIE: Do you do what I do? Share small snippets of conversation, listen to someone’s humor and then try to decide what side they’re on.

ALEX: We all do that. It’s how we found each other.

SOPHIE: I don’t remember a world where we didn’t do that. I want a world where we talk, rail against the world, go home and no one gets arrested.

ALEX: I love the beauty of your convictions.

SOPHIE: Alex?

ALEX: Just appreciating…what’s good.

SOPHIE: I should/

ALEX: /Yes.

SOPHIE: /It’s getting late and I have a 9 a.m. lecture tomorrow.

ALEX: Sophie. (Pause.) Talk to Hans tomorrow.

SOPHIE: I always talk to him.

ALEX: There are things you should know.

SOPHIE: What?

ALEX: Talk to him.

(SOPHIE packs up. She goes to ALEX and they hug. A kiss is almost possible but doesn’t happen.)

SOPHIE: Good night.

End of Scene.