

SIDE 1: RAJA/HONZA

HONZA. (staring after the train) Jiri- they said they wouldn't take him. He was a plumber, an electrician- so clever- they said they wouldn't take him...

RAJA. Everyone goes...Jiri? Was he your friend?

HONZA. He was my brother...

RAJA. You're Honza Kosek. I heard about you. My name is Raha- Raja Englanderova. My brother...Pavel...and Irca...

HONZA. I know. They got married, and they're on the train now...what's the good of that?

RAJA. They're still together.

HONZA. What's the good of that!

RAJA. Together they'll not be afraid. That's the good!

HONZA. You are afraid.

RAJA. What if I am? You're laughing at me...you think I'm a coward.

HONZA. I'm laughing at you because you're a girl, and don't know the first thing about- about anything.

RAJA. Well...it's all easy for you. I've heard how you get by the guards- it's easy for a boy.

HONZA. Maybe. My father was beaten and left for dead before me eyes. I saw it. I couldn't move, I was so afraid. But I didn't run. I never understood ot- until my father dying told me "You are a good boy Honza. You are afraid, but you are not a coward."

RAJA. I'm sorry...Well, it's late, I have to go...

HONZA. Where are you going?

RAJA. Number 25. Where do you live?

HONZA. House number 2- on the other side, near the wall.

RAJA. There're thirty girls- in our group- most of us from Prague...Arena, she's in charge of the whole compund- she lives with us.

HONZA. We live alone; we elect our own leader- and we have meetings...secret ones.

RAJA. Don't you have one of the older men there?

HONZA. What for? We're all old enough- we work in the fields.

RAJA. So do we- some of us. I do. I'm old enough.

SIDE 2: IRENA/RAJA

IRENA. Raja, Raja, it's all right. A message came through.

RAJA. What is it? Tell me. Tell me.

IRENA. The boys are back...all of them!

RAJA. I've been holding my breath for two days...waiting...waiting...I couldn't think of anything else but Honza!

IRENA. What would you have done if he had not come back? If weeks and months had passed?

RAJA. Waited...and held my breath...for tomorrow...then waited again.

IRENA. Waiting days are long days, Raja. You would learn to stop thinking of tomorrow and to keep alive today. That's the secret of waiting- remember that- to keep alive today.

RAJA. Part of me would always be waiting.

IRENA. Then you would do what we all learn to do to make waiting bearable.

RAJA. I don't know how...I'm afraid...

IRENA. Afraid of tomorrow? Then think of today- now. Can you live until tonight?

RAJA. Yes...

IRENA. And tomorrow morning...do you think you can live till noon?

RAJA. Yes...

IRENA. And at noon, in the heat and the hunger, the stench and the weariness...can you live until night?

RAJA. Yes, yes...

IRENA. Then you will survive. Each day you find some reason...

RAJA. As you have done.

IRENA. Yes. Somehow- one of us is sure to survive. One of us must teach the children how to sing again, to write on paper with a pencil, to do sums and draw pictures. So we survive each today.

SIDE 3: IRENA

IRENA. Raja, Raja Englanderova, you know by now that my number- 102866- was called; when you come to school today you will see that I have gone. I have wrapped up the last of the pictures and poems in my shawl. See that these are buried with the rest- somewhere. And remember what they mean to all of us. I have nothing else to give you but this- what you and all the children have made of Terezin- the fields, the flowers- and all the butterflies...goodbye.

SIDE 4: RAJA (or OTHER ROLES)

RAJA. (*Opening the sheet of paper left for her by Honza. Reading.*)

Memory, come tell a fairy tale
About my girl who's lost and gone.
Tell, tell about the golden grail
And bid the swallow, bring her back to me.

Fly close to her and ask her soft and low
If she is well? Ask too before you go
If I am still her dearest, previous dove.
And hurry back, don't lose you way.
So I can think of other things.
But you were too lovely, perhaps to stay.
I loved you once. Goodby, my love.

(*Putting the letter away*) Goodbye. It was the motto of Terezin. It should have been written over the entrance instead of the lie that greeted newcomers: "Work makes us free." It was goodbye, not work, that made us free. It was the only thing we knew would never change.