

**Characters: Heinz (male) 16**  
**Eva (female) 14**

#### SCENE FOUR

The lights come up on the Geiringer's Apartment. It is late October, 1940. The Germans have been occupying The Netherlands for a few months and slowly the Nuremburg Laws have been put into effect. MUTTI and PAPPY are at the table in deep muffled conversation - perhaps with tea. HEINZ and EVA are off to the side. EVA is playing with her marbles and chatting away. HEINZ is engrossed in *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* and paying no attention to EVA.

EVA

So Frau Visser had me stay after school. She was not appreciative that I corrected her French. But don't you think a teacher should be teaching the subject correctly? All the students laughed when I corrected her. I don't think she liked that very much. What do you think?

HEINZ

Uh huh.

EVA

And I forgot to tell you about Sanne! She's not speaking to me right now. But I don't care. She should have invited me to her birthday party! I spend as much time with her as Anne and Hanne! But she was mad about the chocolates. I told you about the chocolates, didn't I?

HEINZ

Uh huh.

EVA

I wish I could have seen her face when she opened them. I was so clever. First, I unwrapped all of the chocolates and ate every single one. They were so good. I should have saved you one. Then I worked very hard and cut the carrot and turnip into the exact same-size squares that the chocolates were. And then I carefully rewrapped them to look like the original chocolates. Then, I put the fake chocolates back into the box, retied the bow and presented them to her!

(EVA takes a moment to savor the memory. Maybe she has a laugh to herself. She is immensely pleased with her wrongdoing. HEINZ remains oblivious.)

It was terribly naughty but she deserved it.

HEINZ

That's nice.

(EVA punches HEINZ.)

HEINZ (cont'd)

*Eva!*

EVA

*Heinz!*

HEINZ

What?

EVA

You're not listening to me!

HEINZ

I'm reading!

EVA

*I'm talking to you!*

HEINZ

You're always talking.

EVA

*You're always reading!*

(HEINZ is still ignoring EVA. She punches him again. HEINZ is not amused.)

Stop reading!

HEINZ

Listen to this.

“To give up the insupportable yoke of the land which men equate with freedom is not a great sacrifice.”

EVA

That's nice. (Beat.) I have no idea what that means.

HEINZ

That's what Captain Nemo tells his men when they want to go back to land. Captain Nemo thinks they should stay on the ship.

EVA

If people want to leave the ship, the captain should let them.

HEINZ

But the men have more freedom on the ship than on the land.

EVA

That's silly. There's more room on the land.

HEINZ

But you're not free to go anywhere. Like us. We can't leave Amsterdam. We can't go to the movies. We can't go to ice cream shops. Wouldn't you rather live on a ship where you were free to go to those places?

EVA

Do they have ice cream shops on ships?

HEINZ

*Eva!* Think. If we lived on a free ship, Pappy could still run his business. He can't here.

EVA

*Could Pappy run his shoe business on a ship?*

HEINZ

Why not? Sailors wear shoes.

EVA

All right. I'll live on a ship. But only if you and Mutti and Pappy are with me. And I could have lots of ice cream.

HEINZ

Seriously, Eva. Look at Mutti and Pappy. They're worried. Pappy's trying to start a business at home but times are getting tough again. Like they were in Vienna.

EVA

Do you think Pappy will have to leave the country again to find a job? I hate it when we're separated. I never want to go through that again.

HEINZ

You know Pappy will do whatever he can to support us. And keep us safe.

EVA

But what if he has to go all the way to America? And what if we can't join him? What if we don't see him for a whole year? What if he goes so far away that we never find him again?

HEINZ

I don't know.

(Pause as EVA absorbs this answer.)

EVA

That's the first time you've ever said, "I don't know" to me.

HEINZ

I wish I had a better answer. (Beat.) Eva, have you ever thought about what you wanted to be when you grow up?

EVA

Not really. I suppose it would be nice to be a mother some day. I love playing with babies in the courtyard.

HEINZ

But what would you like to *do*?

EVA

Grow tulips!

HEINZ

*Tulips?*

EVA

I love how the parks are filled with them. Vienna was never like that. Tulips make me happy. What will you do?

HEINZ

I don't know. And I really want to know. I love my music. I love the idea that it makes people happy. But then I think about painting. When I go to the City Museum and see Rembrandt's paintings, I think how his works bring pleasure to so many people hundreds of years after he's gone. Imagine having that ability.

EVA

Rembrandt? The artist who did all those dark pictures?

HEINZ

Yes, Rembrandt! And the paintings weren't all dark. He did this clever trick where he would pose his subject just so.

(HEINZ tilts EVA'S face so she is posed "just so.")

HEINZ (cont'd)

He would let a little light center on the middle of the nose. That way, one half of the face could be painted in tiny details and the other half is shaded – darker – so there's more emotion. I love that idea!

EVA

Remember when we would go through Uncle Ludwig's art catalogue in Vienna? And he would say, "Heinz, someday you will be in this catalogue."

HEINZ

There was that painting of a young girl in a field of flowers that you loved.

EVA

It was my favorite! And you used to say, "Eva, someday I am going to paint you in a field of flowers."

HEINZ

And I will!

EVA

I want a field of tulips!

HEINZ

Then I will paint you in a field of tulips!

EVA

I miss Uncle Ludwig. And Aunt Sylvi.

HEINZ

At least they're safe in England. We used to see them every week. And now it's been – years.

EVA

Two years. The first thing we should do when this war is over is visit them.

HEINZ

If we make it to the end of the war.

EVA

Of course we will.

HEINZ

I don't know if Pappy can keep us safe anymore. Already, some Jews have been taken away. Nobody knows where they go.

EVA

They're just making new, stupid laws. They're not really going to do anything. The Dutch won't let them.

HEINZ

I hope you're right. I'm scared. I hear things which makes me worry. You know how I always worried about my good eye going bad and being blind forever? Now, I worry about dying.

(Beat as HEINZ says this really to himself.)

What happens? Is it – just nothing forever?