

THE SCORE  
by Oliver Cotton

**Voltaire** Life is a shipwreck but we must not forget to sing in the lifeboats. *Au revoir, monsieur.*

**Johann** *Au revoir, monsieur.*

**Voltaire** bows and leaves. **Johann** looks at Carl.

**Carl** Congratulations. You have the approval of the greatest philosopher in Europe.

*The door opens and Emelia enters.*

**Emelia** Shall I come back, sir?

**Johann** That's alright, Emelia. Come in.

**Emelia** goes to Johann and takes a shirt from him.

**Emelia** Allow me, sir.

*She goes to the chest of drawers and begins to remove clothes. She folds them and starts to place them in the bags.*

**Emelia** Can I enquire when you are planning on leaving, Herr Bach?

**Johann** As soon as possible.

**Carl** Is there a coach to Luckenwalde later today?

**Emelia** I can ask. Spend the night there, Herr Bach – you could be in Leipzig by tomorrow evening.

**Johann** Anything rather than stay here.

*In the near distance a series of loud cannon shots.*

**Emelia** That'll be Babelsberg. Some manoeuvre, some war game . . .

**Johann** My son says he no longer notices it. Hard to believe, even after five years.

**Emelia** Count yourself lucky. My boy only had to hear a bugle and he'd want to enlist.

**Johann** And did he? Enlist?

**Emelia** On his fifteenth birthday. He died two years ago. Killed in action.

*A beat.*

**Johann** Where was this?

**Emelia** One of His Majesty's campaigns. Over in the East. Somewhere near Breslau.

*She continues to pack his clothes.*

He wanted to be a soldier. All his life. Franz. Growing up here – well you can imagine – there's nothing else. When he was small he'd follow behind when they drilled – all day. Up and down with a stick over his shoulder. Loved it. Christ knows why.

*A beat.*

**Emelia** So he gets to fifteen and there's no stopping him.

**Johann** How old was he when –?

**Emelia** When he got blown to bits? Eighteen. His Majesty sent his condolences. My husband wanted us to move on – get work somewhere else, but I've been here fifty years. These people are shits. Us moving won't change that. We'd just be working for different shits.

*A silence.*

**Carl** By the way, Emelia, once again – thank you for releasing me.

**Emelia** smiles.

**Emelia** Lucky I had the spare key. But you're not the only one who's free, sir.

*She points a thumb to her bosom.*

Got the boot. Dismissed.

*A shocked silence.*

Carl Dismissed? For unlocking a door?

Emelia Letting you out. Insolence, disobeying a royal order –

Johann That's an outrage!

Carl I shall speak to the King immediately . . .

Emelia It'll do no good, sir. His Majesty leaves that sort of thing to Herr von Meckelsdorf.

Carl Then I shall talk to him.

Emelia Please don't, sir. It's been coming for some time. I only needed an excuse. He gave me twenty-four hours to get out.

Carl So where will you go?

Emelia I don't know. This has been my home for fifty years.

Johann Do you have any relatives?

Emelia Only my sister.

Johann In Leipzig. Of course! Ulrike! Married to Gustav!

Emelia Yes, but Gustav's in jail.

Johann Why?

Emelia Some officer insulted Ulrike, and Gustav hit him. Broke his jaw. That's all I know. They've got five soldiers billeted in their house.

Johann Then you can stay with us!

Emelia Oh, Herr Bach, I couldn't –

Johann And you can travel with me. I'll enjoy the company. Say yes.

Emelia Herr Bach, I –

Johann Say yes.

Emelia beams.

Emelia Yes.

*Suddenly Johann picks up the shallow bowl and pours the remaining coins into a jug. Hands the jug to Emelia.*

Johann Here.

Emelia stares at the money in shock.

Emelia What's this?

Johann Just take it.

Emelia stares into the jug.

Emelia But this is a fortune! Where does it come from?

Carl Well –

Johann It would take too long to explain. Please –

Carl takes the jug from Johann and presses it into Emelia's hands.

Carl It's yours. Hide it in here.

Johann It might make some sense of the last few days.

Emelia giggles the jug, which is clearly very heavy. She stares at father and son in wonder.

Emelia I don't know what to say, sir.

Johann Just get me that coach!

Emelia grins. She bows and leaves, holding the jug of cash. Blackout.

### Scene Seven

*A beautiful soprano voice is heard singing in Italian.*

*Six weeks later. Leipzig. July 1747. Thomasschule, Bach's apartment. Afternoon.*

*Summer heat. Fierce shafts of sunlight stream through the windows.*

**MASTER CLASS**  
by David Pownall

may be seen running at the head of the pack through the pale moonlight or glimmering borealis, leaping gigantic above his fellows, his great throat a-bellow as he sings a song of the younger world, which is the song of the pack."

[Pause. PROKOFIEV lightly plays the Wolf theme again in a jocular way]

STALIN: You're a thousand miles away with that. No wonder you can't get through to ordinary people. They know what the power of Nature is. They feel it.

[STALIN goes to a huge wall mirror]

PROKOFIEV: Do you worship Nature?

STALIN: I was taught to worship God. They were hard men who taught me. They used force. We can all become God if we grind away at it. That's Christian teaching.

[STALIN stares into the mirror]

PROKOFIEV: And the wolf? Can he become God?

STALIN: The animal is always holy. That was the first work of God, the beasts. Grrr! Bahooo! White Fang! Red claw! Grrroah!

PROKOFIEV: Tariel, the oversexed Georgian outmoded militarist, a man in the peak of condition, climbs a sharp gradient [Improvises] encounters a lion and tiger in the act of bestial coition and Jack London with an enormous wolf on a lead. Tariel is not confused. Being an educated man his mind turns to thinking how to exploit this galaxy of sexual opportunities. But what's this? The lion, the tiger and the wolf have set up a ménage à trois and are tearing the seats out of Tariel's and Jack London's trousers. "My God!" the humans cry and run home to their respective mothers. Meanwhile, back in the Kremlin, Ivan the Terrible is growing hair all over his body... there's a full moon... madness...

[Pause. They look at STALIN who is grimly silent. Then ZHDANOV suddenly roars with laughter. STALIN leaves the piano and goes over to ZHDANOV. For a moment it looks as though he might hit him but he merely slides his arm round ZHDANOV's shoulder then steals his drink. They sport like a couple of boys]

ZHDANOV: Get your own!

STALIN: Come on, meanie!

ZHDANOV: Get off me! I want my idea discussed seriously. I'm the one who has to go back and chair that bloody conference tomorrow and I must have something to tell them, be able to show we've made some progress, taken a few decisions. Let's move the whole thing to Siberia.

STALIN: Too crowded!

ZHDANOV: Too crowded!

[They roar with laughter, holding on to each other. PROKOFIEV nods and smiles, playing gentle music on the piano. SHOSTAKOVICH sings quietly. STALIN balances a glass of vodka on his forehead, gyrating slowly]

SHOSTAKOVICH: My woeful heart is a caravanserai, serai, serai, serai.

ZHDANOV: All those who want this arsehole of a poncy, cock-eyed, idiot knight transferred to the bloody tundra say aye! [Pause] Aye!

PROKOFIEV: I'm easy.

SHOSTAKOVICH: Me too. You can send him to anywhere you like as far as I'm concerned. It's the story that matters. It's man against Nature. That's the theme. It's very sad.

STALIN: You always did write miserable music.

SHOSTAKOVICH: Did I?

STALIN: What have you got to be miserable about?

SHOSTAKOVICH: It just seems to turn out that way.

STALIN: Answer the question. Why do you write such miserable, whining, complaining dirges all the time?

[Pause. ZHDANOV disentangles himself from STALIN]

SHOSTAKOVICH: I write from what I feel. Maybe I'm a depressive.

STALIN: You abuse your status. People look up to you. And what do you do for them? You unload your own self-indulgent misery on them. You make them unhappy. That can't be justified.

PROKOFIEV: Perhaps it is melancholy rather than misery?

ZHDANOV: Don't split hairs, you fucking dilettante! Here he is, living in the most stirring times Russia has ever seen, and all he does is make people want to commit suicide. What right has he got to do that? Why don't you cheer the buggers up for a change?

STALIN: I know why he does it. He's disappointed with the way things have gone. He hates the Government. He feels out of place.

SHOSTAKOVICH: That's not so...

STALIN: Yes it is! You're undermining us! Sit down. Play us some of your miserable, horrible music so we can all have a good cry. Go on. I'm in the mood for it.

[SHOSTAKOVICH sits down at the piano. PROKOFIEV gives him a pat on the shoulder and moves away]

STALIN: Come on, make us miserable. We all want to die. Russia is a failure. The great experiment has been a disaster. All happiness has been destroyed.

SHOSTAKOVICH: I don't believe that.

ZHDANOV: Play or I'll smash your head in! My life's work being pissed on by a neurotic nancy-boy like you! Go on, tell me. Make me cry.

[SHOSTAKOVICH starts to play a piano theme from the 14th prelude from Op. 34 - 24 Preludes for Piano. At first he falters but he becomes involved with the music and strengthens his playing]

ZHDANOV: Boo hoo! Everything's a mess.

STALIN: Shut up, you ignorant pig! [Pause] Who is this music for, Shostakovich?

SHOSTAKOVICH: For the dead.

[He plays on. STALIN drinks more. He leans against the mantelshelf]

STALIN: Do you know how many died? I hardly dare think of the number. I could not bear to see it written down. Should I whisper it to you?

[SHOSTAKOVICH plays on, shaking his head]

STALIN: Twenty million. Don't tell anyone, will you? Twenty million. My heart is a caravanserai. To him who has been struck in the liver by a snake treacle is better suited than red candy. To him who is dying of poison antidote is everything. Twenty million. An entire generation. [SHOSTAKOVICH stops playing. STALIN goes over to him and takes his hand. He kisses it]

STALIN: Do you know why your music isn't liked any more?

SHOSTAKOVICH: No, no.

STALIN: Remember before the war how they all loved you?

SHOSTAKOVICH: Yes, I do.

STALIN: You have lost that audience. Not your fault. They were the ones who died in the war, the twenty million.

SHOSTAKOVICH: I know, I know.

[SHOSTAKOVICH lowers his head]

STALIN: Now there are only old folk and children. All the life has to come from me. [Pause] You must stop mourning for the dead. Give the old folk and children what they need to cheer them up. They have to work hard these days.

[SHOSTAKOVICH lowers his head until it touches the keyboard]

STALIN: The old folk prefer old music. The children learn from the grandparents because their fathers and mothers are dead. So, it is old music we need - Tchaikovsky, I'm afraid, Rimsky, all the old favourites, Do it for me.

[SHOSTAKOVICH weeps. STALIN sits next to him and plays the theme from the Pathétique]

SHOSTAKOVICH: All I can hear is their silence. I don't know what they are saying. It's all been washed away.

ZHDANOV: They're saying get on with it!

STALIN: Prokofiev, you must face it as well. Your greatest fans are in the graveyard.

PROKOFIEV: I'll be joining them before long.

STALIN: Don't keep writing for them. You can compose like anyone you want. If I told you to imitate Beethoven, you could do it, and better the original.

PROKOFIEV: Could I? Beethoven was a German. If I don't feel like writing like a German. Is that surprising?

STALIN: You know what I mean.

PROKOFIEV: We are already servants of one compulsion - our work. What you are asking would put us into a double servitude. Why not take what is Caesar's and leave us something to write with - a small freedom which is, after all, something of a secret.

STALIN: I don't like secrets. You'll do as you're told.

PROKOFIEV: You're expecting too much of us.

STALIN: Why? All I'm asking you to do is go back to being a student again. It's never too late to learn.

ZHDANOV: Do it for the cripples running the factories, the children in the fields twelve hours a day. Make sense of their drudgery. It will take fifty years for us to recover from the war. Extend our traditions of music to cover that period and Russia will be grateful.

STALIN: Exactly, Andrei, exactly. Well done. That's put it in a nutshell. They can do it. They're geniuses, these two. If you're a genius in the Soviet Union today you have terrible responsibilities - as I know, to my cost.

[Pause]

All those unfulfilled lives wasted in war are my destiny. I must live them out. I'll survive to be a thousand, a thousand thousand. In the stalks of young gooseberries is a substance that prolongs life. Georgian gooseberries, of course.

[Pause]

ZHDANOV: So you two know what you must do.

STALIN: They're good men. I trust them.

ZHDANOV: We'll go back to the conference and sort this out. I'm not going to stand up there and say - everyone has to write old music.

STALIN: Tsarist, bourgeois, capitalist music. Get it right. *[Picks up the icon]* Old friends are best. Old enemies are better.

ZHDANOV: I'm not going to say that. I'll find a way of putting it over. But I need your help with the decree. Am I going to get it?

*[Pause. STALIN sits down, holding the icon to his chest]*

PROKOFIEV: We will do what we can, within reason. Our kind of reason.

ZHDANOV: That's not enough...

STALIN: That is enough. They're going to write music like Tchaikovsky from now on. I know them. They're good Russians. They'll sacrifice their individuality like I have. Who am I now? I don't exist any more as a man. Stalin died in the war. Two lives I've lost. God lives in light, alone.

*[STALIN falls asleep. Pause. ZHDANOV looks at him, turns and looks at the composers, putting his fingers to his lips. He takes off his jacket and covers STALIN up with it. Pause. He holds out his hand for PROKOFIEV's and SHOSTAKOVICH's jackets. They take them and hand them over. ZHDANOV covers STALIN with them, then beckons the composers to leave. They wait for him by the door. ZHDANOV turns out the light]*

PROKOFIEV: Please pass our thanks to Comrade Stalin for a most instructive and helpful evening.

ZHDANOV: See you at the conference tomorrow. Good night.

PROKOFIEV: Good night.

SHOSTAKOVICH: Good night.

*[ZHDANOV ushers them out, then exits himself, closing the door behind him. STALIN sleeps on in the darkness. Bix Beiderbecke plays O' Man River on his cornet again as total blackout closes in]*

THE END

## MUSIC TO MURDER BY

*For Julian Leigh*

**COLLABORATION**  
by Ronald Harwood



COLLABORATION

*Strauss villa, Garmisch, November 1933.*

*The Hitler salute from Hans Hinkel, aged thirty-three, in a Propaganda Ministry uniform. He is a man of immense charm who smiles a great deal.*

*Strauss responds with a half-hearted salute. Pauline remains still.*

**Hinkel** Hinkel. State Commissioner, Reich Chamber of Culture. I was so pleased to receive your invitation. Thank you. It is such a great honour to meet you at last.

**Pauline** Did you wipe your feet?

*Hinkel is a little taken aback.*

**Hinkel** Yes.

**Strauss** (*amused*) On all three mats?

*Hinkel thinks about it.*

**Hinkel** Yes.

**Strauss** Then all is well. Thank you for coming so promptly.

**Hinkel** How could I refuse an invitation from the greatest living German composer? I was pleased to take this opportunity to meet you because –

**Pauline** (*interrupting*) My husband explained the problem in his letter.

**Hinkel** Yes, the Zweig business.

**Pauline** The Arnold Zweig business.

**Hinkel** I'm not sure I understand the fuss. Two Jew writers called Zweig, it's easy to make a mistake.

**Strauss** Stefan Zweig is one of the foremost writers in the German language. I know nothing of the other man.

ACT TWO

**Hinkel** He is a Jew Communist.

**Strauss** (*waving the information aside*) The mistake caused my collaborator Stefan Zweig immense trouble.

**Hinkel** I'm not sure what it is you want me to do –

**Strauss** I will tell you what I've already done. I contacted my friend Hugo Rasch, music editor of the *Völkischer Beobachter*. He has promised to do everything he can with his chief, Rosenberg, to get an apology and a retraction published.

**Hinkel** (*a broad smile*) Then I am superfluous.

*Strauss hesitates, but Pauline steps in.*

**Pauline** No. My husband thinks Dr Goebbels should apologise.

**Hinkel** (*the smile vanishing*) My Minister? Apologise? To a Jew who signed a letter of protest?

**Strauss** What letter of protest?

**Hinkel** You didn't know? A letter signed by among others Thomas Mann and this Jew Stefan Zweig protesting against the list we drew up of cultural leaders opposed to the Führer. The Germans who signed we deprived of German citizenship. Well, they are after all despoilers of our culture. And I think it rather impertinent for an Austrian Jew to sign a letter of protest about what happens in Germany, don't you? There will, of course, be a price to pay. (*Hesitates, then with care.*) But, that's not – there is another –

*He falls silent.*

**Pauline** (*a slow realisation*) You did not come here because my husband invited you. You have other things to say.

COLLABORATION

*Hinkel hesitates again.*

Hinkel (to Pauline) I would greatly appreciate it, dear lady, if you would allow your esteemed husband and I to talk alone. I have to deliver a private message from Dr Goebbels –

Strauss I'd like my wife to stay.

Hinkel (icy, brusque) Then perhaps you would prefer to come and see my Minister in Berlin. In person.

*A charged silence. Pauline sweeps from the room.  
Silence.*

Strauss Well?

Hinkel This is a delicate matter. (The smile.) Dr Goebbels has asked me to alert you to an order that is about to be issued to all theatres in Germany.

Strauss What order?

Hinkel No works by Jews are to be produced. Or even those works in which a Jew has participated.

Strauss (taken aback) Does that mean – does that include my work?

Hinkel Only your work in which you have collaborated with a Jew.

Strauss Zweig.

Hinkel Yes. And von Hofmannsthal.

Strauss Von Hofmannsthal?

Hinkel He was a quarter-Jew, was he not? We make no distinctions.

*Strauss explodes.*

ACT TWO

Strauss This is contemptible. I will protest to the highest authorities. I will appeal to the Führer himself. I am not going to obey this order. And you may tell that to Dr Goebbels. And if you won't, I will. If necessary in Berlin. In person.

*Silence. Eventually, Hinkel smiles as if he is changing the subject.*

Hinkel Have you heard or read about the problems we are having with Wilhelm Furtwängler?

Strauss No.

Hinkel Furtwängler hires too many Jew artists for his opera performances. He champions Paul Hindemith, a standard-bearer of decadence. Hindemith is German, of course, but you have only to listen to his music to possess the most drastic proof of how strongly the Jew infection has taken hold of our national body. Furthermore, Furtwängler writes letters of complaint to the press and has a Jew secretary. To crown it all Goering has made him a Prussian Privy Councillor. It's not to my Minister's liking.

Strauss So? What has all this to do with the performances of my operas?

Hinkel (ignoring the question) We will have to find a way to make him toe the line. Not easy. The Führer, alas, is his greatest admirer. But I have taken it upon myself to see that the position of his Jew secretary is made untenable – (Breaks off.) But in your case –

*He falls silent, smiling.*

Strauss (on edge) What do you mean, 'in my case'? I have said time and time again that I greatly admire Adolf Hitler, but I will not toe the line under any circumstances.

COLLABORATION

I composed music under the Kaiser and during the Weimar Republic. Music is indifferent to regimes. My new opera, *The Silent Woman*, libretto by Stefan Zweig, is almost ready to be staged and I tell you now, it will be staged.

*Hinkel continues to smile.*

Hinkel My Minister asked me to convey his enormous admiration for all your great achievements. He has no doubt that you are the finest example of what is best in German music.

Strauss Thank you, but I am not looking for good reviews at the moment. I am looking for my operas to be performed.

Hinkel My Minister urges you to co-operate with us. Because in your case he believes that opposition would be more dangerous.

Strauss (*exasperated*) More dangerous than what, more dangerous for whom? I don't understand what you mean by 'in your case'. What is so special about my case?

*Silence.*

Hinkel (*steel*) Your daughter-in-law is a Jew, am I right?

*Strauss freezes.*

Your grandchildren are therefore also Jews. Half-Jews.

*Silence.*

Dr Goebbels wanted me to make it clear that you are very important to us. He urges you to support our endeavours to cleanse German music from degenerate influences. If you do, you have his word that no harm will come to any member of your family. I'm sure you understand now. I'll be perfectly frank. We need you. To that end, I have the honour to inform you that my

ACT TWO

Minister invites you to become President of the Reich Chamber of Music.

*Silence.*

I will take your silence as acceptance.

*No response.*

Furtwängler is to be your deputy.

*No response.*

And I should drop this matter about the Jew Zweig. Or, rather, the Jews Zweig. (*He chuckles.*) I can't see my Minister being helpful in any way.

*Silence.*

I won't keep you. It's been such a great honour for me to meet you. Please make my farewells to your delightful wife. (*His broad grin.*) President of the Reich Chamber of Music, I bid you farewell. (*Gives the Nazi salute.*) Heil Hitler!

*He goes.*

*Strauss is perfectly still, staring into space, appalled. After a moment, Pauline re-enters and immediately sees his distress.*

Pauline What is it? What did he say? What was the message?

Strauss (*barely audible*) I am to be President of the Reich Chamber of Music.

Pauline But that will mean working for them –

Strauss I couldn't refuse. I must do as I'm told.

Pauline Why, why do as you're told?

Strauss Or else.

COLLABORATION

Pauline (*desperate*) Or else what?

*He breaks down.*

Strauss Alice. The grandchildren. They'll be protected if –

*Pauline puts a hand to cover her mouth to stifle a cry.*

I had no choice.

*He struggles for control.*

*Zweig's villa, Salzburg, August 1934.*

*Zweig, in his shirtsleeves, staring into space. After a moment, Lotte enters.*

Lotte Dr Strauss is here. I've offered him refreshment but he declined. He's washing his hands. He seems very agitated. Or elated. I can't tell which.

Zweig Is his wife with him?

Lotte No, thank heavens, she terrifies me.

Zweig She means well.

Lotte Are you sure?

Zweig (*a smile*) Show him in.

*Lotte goes. Zweig puts on his jacket as Strauss enters, greatly excited.*

Strauss My dear Zweig –

Zweig Dear Doctor.

Strauss (*gleeful*) I cannot wait to tell you the latest developments.

ACT TWO

Zweig Good or bad?

Strauss Last week, I was conducting in Bayreuth. Talk about fanatics, the Wagners want Hitler investigated to make sure he's a Nazi.

*Zweig smiles.*

I conducted *Parsifal*. Toscanini refused to conduct there on political grounds and I substituted for him. I did so, believe me, to save Bayreuth. Anyway, Goebbels also happened to be present and he paid me a private visit.

Zweig What did he want?

Strauss They won't allow me to have a Jewish librettist. They will not allow *The Silent Woman* to be performed.

Zweig (*quiet, distressed*) Oh my God –

Strauss No, no, listen, I told him I had no wish to make difficulties for him or for the Führer and that I was quite willing to withdraw *The Silent Woman* but I said that would result in a horrible scandal for the Third Reich. I kept a perfectly straight face, you'd have been proud of me. He became evasive and I thought incoherent. He said, 'I can muzzle the press but I can't guarantee that somebody won't throw a stink bomb during the premiere.' God knows what he meant. And then guess what he suggested?

Zweig Tell me –

Strauss That we submit the text to Hitler himself.

*He chuckles.*

Zweig Hitler's going to read the libretto?

Strauss No, no, he's read it, or had someone read it. Goebbels said if Hitler found nothing objectionable, then

**TAKING SIDES**  
by Ronald Harwood  
(Extract from Act I)

TAKING SIDES

David Were they colleagues, perhaps?

✓ Tamara No. That's just the point.

*Emmi returns with a tray of coffee and cups, flustered but pleased, a little excited.*

Emmi Dr Furtwängler spoke to me. He wants to know how long he is to be kept waiting.

Arnold Emmi, put the coffee down, then go out there and tell him in these words, these exact words, mind, tell him, 'You'll wait until Major Arnold's ready to see you or until hell freezes over, whichever takes longer.' You got that, Emmi? And don't say anything else, okay?

Tamara Can't he come in, please?

Arnold Go on, Emmi. Then come back and take notes. I'll do the coffee.

*Emmi goes out.*

Tamara, how do you take your coffee?

Tamara Is there cream and sugar?

Arnold There is in the American Zone.

*He serves her coffee. Emmi returns, sits at her table.*

Okay, Tamara, let's hear what you have to say. You handle this, David. You and Tamara seem to have a certain – rapport. I'll just sit here and listen.

David Whatever you say, Mrs Sachs, will be treated as confidential.

Tamara But I don't want it treated as confidential. I want the world to know.

David When I asked if your husband and Dr Furtwängler were colleagues, you said, 'No, that's just the point.' What did you mean exactly?

ACT ONE

Tamara (*distracted*) I can't remember what I wanted to say now. It's gone out of my mind. (*She rummages in her handbag.*) I have a list here, why did I bring this list?

David Perhaps it would help if I asked you questions –

Tamara I think Dr Furtwängler is the only man who can give me proof that my husband existed.

David How could he do that?

Tamara I've not been well. For some years now I've not been well. After they took Walter – we were in Paris at the time – I returned here to be near my mother. My father was with the army of occupation in Denmark. I shall be thirty-three next birthday, look at my hair – (*She holds out a strand of hair.*) I'm trying to return to France but the French authorities are not helpful. I want to die in Paris. It was the only place we were happy.

Arnold (*gently*) Tamara, where are you staying? Because I'll have you taken back there and then I can get a doctor to you, and –

Tamara (*to David, ignoring Arnold*) I was a philosophy student in 1932, at the University here in Berlin. I was eighteen years old. I was taken to a recital in a private house to hear a young pianist. The house belonged to Dr Myra Samuel, who was a famous piano teacher of the time. The young pianist was Walter Sachs, aged seventeen. A year younger than me. I fell in love with him just listening to him play. He was very beautiful. We were married. He was a Jew. I am not. My maiden name was Müller.

Arnold Just tell us how Dr Furtwängler figures in all this.

Tamara It's an outrage what you are doing, you know.

Arnold What are we doing?



TAKING SIDES

Tamara Behaving like them.

David What happened to your husband, Mrs Sachs?

Tamara He died. In Auschwitz. That's in Poland. I don't know the exact date.

David And Dr Furtwängler?

Tamara We were tipped off that my husband was to be arrested within the week. We had no money, no influence. We went rushing round to Myra Samuel. We asked for help. She said she'd see what she could do. That evening she sent a message: be at such-and-such an address at midnight. It was a cellar, once a nightclub but closed down. We were terrified. We knocked. Dr Samuel opened the door and admitted us. There was only one other person there. 'This is Wilhelm Furtwängler,' she said. 'He will listen to you play.' There was an old upright piano, a Bechstein, out of tune. Walter sat down and played no more than three minutes of the 'Waldstein' Sonata. Dr Furtwängler suddenly stood. He said, 'I will try to help,' and left quickly. The very next day we received an official permit to leave. We took the train to Paris and we were happy. Walter began to make a name for himself. Then, June, 1940. They took Walter away. I am not Jewish. My maiden name was Müller -

*She suddenly remembers something, becomes agitated.*

Yes, yes, I have this list - (*Rummages in her handbag again, produces sheets of paper.*) I remember now, these are some of the other people he helped, Jews and non-Jews he helped. (*Reading.*) Ludwig Misch, Felix Lederer, Josef Krips, Arnold Schönberg, dozens and dozens of people he helped. He helped Walter Sachs, my husband, undoubtedly the finest pianist of his generation. I'll find out more, I'll keep asking, I'll write letters, I'll give

ACT ONE

evidence, because I know what you want to do, you want to destroy him, isn't that true? You want to burn him at the stake -

David We're just trying to find out the truth -

Tamara How can you find out the truth? There's no such thing. Whose truth? The victors? The vanquished? The victims? The dead? Whose truth? No, no. You have only one duty. To determine who is good and who is evil. That's all there is to it. To destroy one good man now is to make the future impossible. Don't behave like them, please. I know what I'm talking about, the good are few and far between. You must honour the good, especially if they are few. Like Dr Furtwängler. And the children of the good. Like Fräulein Straube.

Arnold Gee, Emmi, you're really famous in this city.

Tamara I want to see him, please. I want to know if he remembers Walter. I want to know if he remembers that night Walter played the opening of the 'Waldstein' Sonata on an out-of-tune Bechstein upright piano in a Berlin cellar.

*David looks enquiringly at Arnold.*

Arnold Tamara, not today. We have to talk to your benefactor first, you see?

Tamara You're going to set fire to him, aren't you?

Arnold Ah, c'mon, Tamara, I'm only an investigating officer. I don't have the power to set fire to anybody. Even if I wanted to. Which I don't. Believe me. Here's what we'll do. Emmi's going to take you out the back way and she's going to get Sergeant Bonelli to drive you to wherever you want to go. (*Writes on a piece of paper.*) This is my number. I want you to call me if you need anything, I mean

TAKING SIDES

anything, food, cigarettes, medicine, anything, okay?  
How's that sound?

Tamara It sounds as if you're going to burn him.

Arnold Emmi, take Tamara out the back way.

*Emmi starts to take Tamara to the door but Tamara stops.*

Tamara Would you like this list? I have a copy.

Arnold You keep it, Tamara, and the copy. But thanks a lot.

*She goes quickly, followed by Emmi. Arnold gives a yelp of triumph.*

Jesus Christ! Are we going to nail him! We're going to nail him good and proper –

*He stops, noticing David's bewildered expression.*

You don't see it, do you?

David No, I don't see how a list of people whom he's supposed to have helped –

Arnold David, last month I was in Vienna. I had with me an Austrian driver, Max his name was, he'd done time in the camps. We were looking at these Viennese cleaning up the bomb damage, scavenging for rotting food, butt ends, anything. I said, 'To think, a million of these people came out to welcome Adolf on the day he entered the city, a million of them, and now look at 'em.' And Max said, 'Oh, not these people, Major. These people were all at home hiding Jews in their attics.' You get the point, David? The point is they're all full of shit.

David If I may say so, Major, I think Dr Furtwängler's in a different category. He is, after all, one of the most famous conductors in the world –

ACT ONE

Arnold (*interrupting*) I'm going to tell you another story, David. Before I got this assignment, I was at Ike's headquarters, interrogating prisoners of war. Then they sent for me. They said, 'You ever heard of Wilhelm Furtwängler?' 'No,' I said. 'You heard of Toscanini?' 'Sure,' I said. 'You heard of Stockowski?' 'Yeah,' I said, 'I heard of him, old guy with white hair, looks like Harpo Marx's grandpa.' 'That's the one,' they said, 'and this guy Furtwängler's bigger than both of them.' 'I get it,' I said, 'the guy's a band leader.' They laughed, oh boy, they really laughed. They said, well, he may be more than that, Steve. In this neck of the woods he's probably Bob Hope and Betty Grable rolled into one. 'Jeez,' I said, 'and I never heard of him.' And you know what they said next? They said, 'Steve, that's why you get the job.'

David Who's 'they', Major?

Arnold Who's 'they' what?

David Who's the 'they' that sent for you? Who's the 'they' that gave you this assignment?

Arnold There's no 'the they', David. I'm just doing my job. And always remember we're dealing here with degenerates, that's all you got to remember. I seen things with these eyes –

*He shudders. David watches him.*

David Major –

Arnold Steve, c'mon, please –

David Don't treat me as if I'm not on your side.

Arnold Well, I do that, David, because I don't yet know what side you're on.

David I think that's insulting –