

# the white rose

Book & Lyrics by  
Derek P. Hassler

*A faded brick wall. Up above, a Solari flip clock with today's date and time.*

*As the houselights dim, the clock makes a shocking noise and flips back to:*

ACT I

MUNICH. FEBRUARY 22, 1943. 4:38PM.

*Stadelheim Prison. Four brick pillars move in as two figures enter. Voices resonate through the chamber reminiscent of Barber's "Agnus Dei:" a requiem.*

**NO. 00 DIE GEDANKEN SIND FREI**

VOICES

“...DIE GEDANKEN SIND FREI,  
WER KANN SIE ERRATEN,  
SIE FLIEGEN VORBEI  
WIE NÄCHTLICHE SCHATTEN.  
KEIN MENSCH KANN SIE WISSEN,  
DIE GEDANKEN SIND FREI...”

*(...Thoughts are free, who can guess them?  
They fly by like nocturnal shadows.  
No person can know them, no hunter can shoot them  
with powder and lead: Thoughts are free...)*

MOHR

Es ist Zeit.

SOPHIE

*(wiping a tear from her eye)*

Ich habe gerade Abschied von meinen Eltern. Ich hoffe, Sie verstehen, Herr Mohr.

MOHR

Sie sind so jung.

SOPHIE

When I was a child, my father told me, "From the moment you're born, that clock begins ticking." We are all given one life on this magical, imperfect, confusing planet. Now I ask you, Mr. Mohr, what do you plan to do with the time you have left?

*The clock begins flipping back to:*

NO. 01 I'VE NEVER FELT MORE ALIVE

CAFE VON BÖHMEN. SEPTEMBER 4, 1942. 7:08PM.

*A crowded cafe in Munich. There is an explosion of celebration and cheers.*

SOLDIERS

WE ONLY HAVE THREE MORE DAYS.  
SO, RAISE A GLASS! HAVE SOME WINE.  
IT'S NOW OR NEVER, I'LL SPEND WHAT I GOT.  
COME MONDAY I'LL SHIP  
TO THE FAR EASTERN LINE.  
GET ME A DRINK AND A SMOKE.  
SOON I'LL BE WASTED AND BROKE.  
AND FIND A DOLL TA CALL MINE.  
I'VE NEVER FELT MORE ALIVE!

*HANS enters. He is rather unassuming with a bohemian look to him. He also carries with him a small brown suitcase.*

HANS

Christoph! I think we're first to arrive.

CHRISTOPH

Hans!

*(pointing at the suitcase)*

Is that what I think it is?

HANS

I GOTTA KNOW, HOW'S THE WIFE?

CHRISTOPH

She's good.

HANS

AND TELL ME, CHUM, HOW IS LIFE?

CHRISTOPH

Life's good.

*(singing)*

THE BOYS DO NOTHING BUT PLAY.

(MORE)

CHRISTOPH (CONT'D)  
AND HANS, WE FOUND OUT TODAY  
ANOTHER KID'S ON THE WAY.

HANS  
Shit.  
*(singing)*  
I'LL BUY YOUR DRINK.  
WAS IT PLANNED?

CHRISTOPH  
*(laughing)*  
Yes.

HANS  
JUST ASKING,  
YOU UNDERSTAND.

CHRISTOPH  
YOU KNOW MY LIFE IS A BORE.  
NOW WHO'S THIS GIRL YOU ADORE?

HANS  
LAST NIGHT SHE SHOWED ME THE DOOR.

CHRISTOPH  
Ouch.

STUDENTS  
WE ONLY HAVE THREE MORE DAYS.  
AND THEN IT'S BACK TO THE GRIND.  
COME MONDAY MORNING, MY CLASSES BEGIN.  
TONIGHT IS MY CHANCE  
TO SIT BACK AND UNWIND.  
THE CITY'S CALLIN' MY NAME.  
TO LET IT PASS IS INSANE.  
YOU MUST BE OUT OF YOUR MIND.  
I'VE NEVER FELT MORE ALIVE!

ALL  
TONIGHT IN MUNICH  
HEAR THE YOUTH OF THE NATION.  
JOIN IN THE BANQUET  
OF ADULT LIBERATION.  
WE ONLY HAVE THREE MORE DAYS.

*Two more students enter. It is clear they have been waiting for HANS and CHRISTOPH.*

ALEXANDER

Hans!

HANS

Alex!

ALEXANDER

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?  
I'VE BEEN DRINKING ALONE.

CHRISTOPH

Hey, Willi.

WILLI

YOU'D BE SURPRISED  
BY THE MONEY HE'S BLOWN.

ALEXANDER

GUYS, ALL WILLI DOES IS  
BITCH AND MOAN.  
I TELL YA...

CHRISTOPH

WELL, THANK THE HEAVEN'S WE'RE HERE.

CHRISTOPH + HANS

NOW LET'S GET WILLI A BEER.

ALL FOUR

AND TOAST TO ANOTHER YEAR!

ALL

WE ONLY HAVE THREE MORE DAYS,

HANS, ALEX, WILLI, CHRISTOPH

UNTIL THE SHIT HITS THE FAN.

ALL

THERE'S NOTHING BETTER  
THAN NUMBING YOUR BRAIN.

WILLI  
AND PRETENDING YOU'RE BRAVE  
IS JUST PART OF THE PLAN.

ALL  
I'VE NEVER FELT MORE ALIVE.

*Dance break.*

*Three men enter--clad in a black uniform, knee high boots,  
and red armbands around their left arms: the Gestapo.  
Instrument by instrument, the music cuts out.*

*After a awkward moment, one of the men approaches the  
bar.*

GESTAPO AGENT

*(to the bartender)*

Three beers, please.

*The party resumes.*

GROUP 1  
TONIGHT IN MUNICH  
HEAR THE YOUTH OF THE  
NATION.

SIT BACK, RELAX, AND  
HAVE YOURSELF A LIBATION.

GROUP 2

YOUTH OF THE NATION!

WITHOUT HESITATION!

ALL  
WE ONLY HAVE THREE MORE DAYS.

BARTENDER

Tonight at the Cafe von Böhmen drink all you can. No rations  
required!

*Cheers break out.*

ALL  
WE ONLY HAVE THREE MORE DAYS.  
THE HOMELAND'S WINNING THE WAR.  
A NOTE TO RUSSIA, FROM MUNICH WITH LOVE.  
WATCH YOUR BACK, STALIN CAN'T  
PROTECT YOU ANYMORE.

(MORE)

ALL (CONT'D)  
WE ONLY HAVE THREE MORE DAYS.  
SO LIVE IT UP IN A HAZE.  
AND THEN WE'LL SETTLE THE SCORE.  
I'VE NEVER FELT MORE A...  
NEVER FELT MORE A...  
NEVER FELT MORE A...

ALEXANDER  
Hey, where the hell is Sophie?

CHRISTOPH  
Yeah! Where is she?

WILLI  
Doesn't she know we're all waiting for her?

HANS  
*(looking at his watch)*  
The train must be late. I have a feeling she'll be here any moment.

ALL  
I'VE NEVER FELT MORE ALIVE!

*Direct segue:*

NO. 02 FINALLY IN MUNICH

*The back wall lifts, and we see:*

MUNICH TRAIN STATION. SEPTEMBER 4, 1942. 7:32PM.

*A young girl comes bobbing through the train steam, down the center of the platform.*

AGENT  
Travel papers! Have your travel papers out. Out and ready.

SOPHIE  
*(handing the AGENT her papers)*  
Boy, you can say what you want to about your trains, but they do not run on time.

*(singing)*  
THAT TRAIN TOOK FOREVER.  
FOUR HOURS, SIX MINUTES—  
BUT I KNEW SOON I'D BE STANDING RIGHT HERE.  
I'D BE HERE.

AGENT

Reason for domestic travel?

SOPHIE

To study at the University of Munich.

*(adding)*

With my brother.

AGENT

*(handing the papers back)*

Next!

SOPHIE

SINCE CHILDHOOD, I'VE FELT IT.

IT'S YEARNING. IT'S CALLING.

A CHANCE TO STUDY WITH MINDS JUST LIKE MINE.

JUST LIKE MINE.

AND AS I PASSED THE PRAIRIE,

AS I PASSED THE REICHSBAHN,

AS I PASSED THE MOUNTAINS,

I SAW THE VAST HORIZON OF MY FUTURE

COMING CLEAR.

*She looks around at all the people and buildings.*

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

NOW I'M—

FINALLY HERE IN MUNICH.

IS IT A CRIME

TO FEEL THAT I BELONG?

WHERE ARTISTS AND THINKERS

CREATE THEIR OWN LAWS.

WHERE YOU CAN BE SOMEONE

WITHOUT FEAR OR PAUSE.

YES, I'M—

FINALLY HERE IN MUNICH.

FOR TWELVE MONTHS, I'VE WAITED,

WHILE WORKING IN A FACTORY.

MY DUTY TO THE HOMELAND, I SUPPOSE.

OH, I SUPPOSE.

BUT AS I PACKED THE WAREHOUSE,

AND I PACKED THE BOXES,

AND I STACKED THE STEEL YARD,

I KNEW EXACTLY WHERE MY LIFE WAS HEADED,

SO I GOT BY.



SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
NOW I'M—  
FINALLY HERE IN MUNICH  
WHERE THERE'S NO TIME  
TO THINK OF FOREIGN WARS.  
WHERE SHARING YOUR  
THOUGHTS  
AT THE END OF A NIGHT  
IS AS COMMON AS WINE  
AND A CIGARETTE LIGHT.  
YES I'M—  
FINALLY HERE IN MUNICH.

CHORUS  
I'M—  
TIME—  
OOO—  
OOO—  
AH—  
I'M—

*Time slows. The students and soldiers dance in slow motion.*

SOPHIE  
OH—  
I BELIEVE  
THE WORLD IS FULL OF MAGIC.  
AND I BELIEVE  
I HAVE MAGIC IN MY SOUL.  
IF IT'S TRUE,  
WE'RE ALL PUT HERE FOR A  
REASON,  
I'M READY FOR MY REASON  
AND FOR LIFE TO TAKE  
CONTROL!

CHORUS (CONT'D)  
I BELIEVE—  
I BELIEVE—  
OOH—  
READY FOR MY REASON.

CAFE VON BÖHMEN. SEPTEMBER 4, 1942. 7:58PM.

*SOPHIE enters the cafe.*

SOPHIE  
FOR I'M—

CHORUS (CONT'D)  
I'M—

HANS  
Sophie!

SOPHIE  
YES! I'M FINALLY HERE IN  
MUNICH.  
GIVE ME WHAT'S MINE  
ON THIS ROAD I'M TRAV'LING  
UPON.  
GIVE ME FREEDOM OF THINKING  
AND PUT AWAY FEAR.  
TELL ALL OF THE HOMELAND  
I'M FINALLY HERE.  
YES, I'M—  
FINALLY HERE...  
FINALLY HERE...  
FINALLY HERE...

CHORUS  
MINE—  
OOH—  
OOH—  
AH!  
I'M  
FINALLY HERE...  
FINALLY HERE...  
FINALLY HERE...

*SOPHIE steals a cigarette from HANS' breast pocket.*

SOPHIE  
IN MUNICH!

*She strikes a match and lights her cigarette.*

HANS  
You don't smoke.

SOPHIE  
I do when I have something to celebrate.

HANS  
Sophie, I'd like you to meet Christoph, Alexander, and Willi.

SOPHIE  
Any friend of my brother is a friend of mine.

WILLI  
Why, you're the spitting image of each other.

SOPHIE  
I've only been here five minutes, and I'm already being insulted.

*ALEX places a bottle of wine on the table.*

ALEXANDER  
Newbie pays for the first round.

HANS

Take your pick, Sophie. What are we celebrating?

SOPHIE

Hmm...

NO. 03 CHANGING

SOPHIE

THERE'S AN UNOPENED BOTTLE OF WINE  
AND WE ARE...

*(she thinks for a moment)*

TOASTING TO YOUTH.  
TOASTING TO YOUTH.  
THERE'S A ROOM FULL OF FRIENDS  
WITH AN UNOPENED BOTTLE OF WINE  
AND WE ARE TOASTING TO YOUTH.

CHRISTOPH

TOASTING TO YOUTH.

SOPHIE

THERE'S A LIT CIGARETTE,  
AND A BOTTLE OF WINE  
IN A ROOM FULL OF FRIENDS...

ALEXANDER

*(layering)*

IN A ROOM FULL OF FRIENDS...

WILLI

*(layering)*

IN A ROOM FULL OF FRIENDS...

HANS

*(layering)*

IN A ROOM FULL OF FRIENDS...

CHRISTOPH

*(layering)*

IN A ROOM FULL OF FRIENDS...

ALL

TOASTING TO YOUTH.

*They clink glasses.*

WILLI  
TO A SUMMER NIGHT.

CHRISTOPH  
TO THE JOKES WE TELL.

HANS  
TO THE LIVES WE HAVE.

ALEXANDER  
TO THIS NOISY HELL.

ALL  
TO THE TABLE WE ALL SIT AROUND.

SOPHIE  
THERE'S AN UNOPENED BOTTLE OF WINE,  
AND WE ARE TOASTING TO YOUTH.

ALL  
TOASTING TO YOUTH.

SOPHIE  
TO MY DEAREST BROTHER, HANS.

HANS  
TO MY DEAREST SISTER, SOPHIE.

CHRISTOPH  
*(to WILLI and ALEX)*  
TO ALL THE THIRD WHEELS!

SOPHIE  
*(to HANS)*  
TO NOT A SINGLE SECRET KEPT BETWEEN US.

HANS  
To not a single secret...

*The party freezes. HANS enters his own secluded world.*

CHORUS  
AHH—

HANS

MY DEAREST SISTER, SOPHIE.  
AS I LEARNED LONG AGO,  
YOU WILL FOLLOW ME SO BLINDLY  
WHEREVER I WILL GO.  
AND NOW---  
YOU'RE FIN'LLY HERE IN MUNICH.  
BUT I'M SORRY, SOPHIE.  
THERE ARE THINGS YOU CANNOT KNOW.  
THERE ARE THINGS YOU CANNOT KNOW.  
THERE ARE THINGS YOU CANNOT...  
THINGS YOU CANNOT...  
THINGS YOU CANNOT...

*(yelling)*

Two! Three!

*(singing)*

MY FIRST REVOLUTION  
AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN  
WAS AGAINST MY DEAR OLD FATHER  
AND THE THOUGHTS HE HELD SUPREME.  
WHEN I JOINED THE GERMAN YOUTH  
HE SAID, "WAKE UP AND SMELL THE TRUTH."  
BUT I WAS ENERGIZED BY ALL THE LIES,  
AND ALWAYS BEEN UNCOUTH.  
THE GROUP WAS SO SUCCINCT,  
WITH EV'RY MOVE DISTINCT.  
I FELT THE PROMISE OF TOMORROW,  
LIBERATION FROM THE SORRW.  
BUT MY FATHER COULDN'T SEE—

HANS (CONT'D)

IT WAS THE YOUTH OF THE  
NATION.

REBUILDING THE FOUNDATION  
OF THE HOMELAND I HAD IN MY  
HEART.

WELL, SOMEONE HAD TO  
STAND UP  
AND MAKE A START.

'CAUSE THINGS WERE CHANGING.

CHORUS

THINGS WERE CHANGING.

REARRANGING.

STAND UP.  
MAKE A START.

*The party unfreezes.*

SOPHIE

THERE'S A HALF DRUNKEN BOTTLE OF WINE,  
AND WE ARE TOASTING TO YOUTH.

ALL

TOASTING TO YOUTH.

SOPHIE

THERE'S A LIT CIGARETTE,  
AND A BOTTLE OF WINE  
IN A ROOM FULL OF FRIENDS...

ALEXANDER

*(layering)*

IN A ROOM FULL OF FRIENDS...

WILLI

*(layering)*

IN A ROOM FULL OF FRIENDS...

CHRISTOPH

*(layering)*

IN A ROOM FULL OF FRIENDS...

ALL

TOASTING TO YOUTH.

HANS

Wait!

*The party freezes.*

HANS (CONT'D)

A SUDDEN REVELATION  
AT THE AGE OF NINETEEN  
SHOWED THE YOUTH WAS BUT A TACTIC  
AND THE WHOLE THING WAS OBSCENE.  
THEY TALLIED WHERE WE WENT—  
EVERY DOLLAR THAT WE SPENT.  
AND ALTHOUGH YOU TRIED  
YOU COULDN'T HIDE  
A SINGLE DAMN CENT.  
THEIR POINT WAS TO DISTILL  
EXTINCTION OF FREE WILL.  
AS MY FRIENDS SAT THERE EMPOWERED,  
I THOUGHT, "I AM NOT A COWARD."

(MORE)

HANS (CONT'D)  
I THREW DOWN MY HAT AND TOLD 'EM  
THEY COULD SHOVE IT UP THEIR ASS.

HANS (CONT'D)  
IT WAS THE YOUTH OF THE  
NATION.  
TEARING DOWN THE  
FOUNDATION  
OF THE HOMELAND I HAD IN MY  
HEART.  
WELL, SOMEONE HAD TO  
STAND UP  
AND MAKE A START.

CHORUS  
THINGS WERE CHANGING.  
REARRANGING.  
STAND UP.  
MAKE A START.

'CAUSE THINGS WERE CHANGING.

*The party unfreezes.*

SOPHIE  
Hans. Are you okay?

HANS  
I'm fine.

SOPHIE  
What are you thankful for?

HANS  
Absolute trust.

CHORUS  
AH—AH!

*The party freezes.*

CHORUS (CONT'D)  
MUNICH, THE LAST HAVEN IN THE HOMELAND.  
PERFECT FOR SOMEBODY TO MAKE A STAND.  
THE CITY FEELS PEACEFUL  
BUT SOVEREIGN, IT'S NOT.  
MUNICH—

HANS  
BUT HERE'S A THOUGHT.

I'VE SEEN A COUNTRY GRIPPED WITH FEAR.  
I'VE SEEN MY NEIGHBORS DISAPPEAR.  
THE PROPAGANDA LEAD TO STRESS.  
DOWN WENT THE CULTURE, ART, AND PRESS.

BUT IF WE GIVE PEOPLE A CHOICE,  
IF WE PROVE THEY HAVE A VOICE,  
COULD IT FLOURISH TO A FOREST  
AND REPLACE ANY TRACE  
OF THE OPPRESSION WE'VE LEARNED TO ENDURE?

LIKE A BOILING POT THAT OVERFLOWS,  
NO ONE GUESSES, NO ONE REALLY KNOWS  
WHEN THE PRIZE OUTWEIGHS THE COST  
AND THE LINE OF REVOLUTION'S CROSSED.

CHORUS  
MUNICH, THE LAST HAVEN IN THE HOMELAND.  
PERFECT FOR SOMEBODY TO MAKE A STAND.  
DIE GEDANKEN SIND FREI  
YOU'LL GET THROUGH THIS SOMEHOW.  
MUNICH—

HANS  
CAN'T STOP ME NOW.

*(spoken)*

The plan was simple. I would produce a single leaflet, condemning the National Socialist war effort, which would be anonymously distributed at the University of Munich on the first day off classes. Now, all I needed was a team. One that would follow me through the gates of Hell without a question asked...

*The clock flips.*

CAFE VON BÖHMEN. MAY 23, 1942. 10:02AM.

*WILLI and ALEXANDER unfreeze. They're in the middle of a conversation with HANS.*

WILLI  
*(to HANS)*  
IT'S OFFICIAL: YOU HAVE GONE INSANE.  
THERE'S A LEAK SOMEWHERE INSIDE YOUR BRAIN.  
(MORE)



WILLI (CONT'D)  
A WAR CRIME IN WAR TIME  
GET'S A ONE WAY TICKET ON A TRAIN.

*(spoken)*

There's no way in Hell.

ALEXANDER

SAY THE WORD, I'LL DO IT.  
ANYWAY YOU VIEW IT  
I WILL STAND WITH YOU.

*(to WILLI)*

AND HE WILL TOO.

WILLI

What?!

*ALEXANDER and WILLI freeze.*

VERSAILLER STREET 16. MAY 24, 1942. 6:27PM.

*(CHRISTOPH's apartment)*

*CHRISTOPH unfreezes.*

HANS

But you're not a student. You're a medic. You're protected by your uniform.

CHRISTOPH

Not from treason. That's death—without trial.

HANS

THINGS ARE CHANGING.

CHRISTOPH

I HAVE A WIFE WITH A BABY.

HANS

REARRANGING.

CHRISTOPH

All right,

*(singing)*

AT BEST, I'LL SAY "MAYBE."  
LOOK, I'VE A FAM'LY I NEED TO PROTECT.

HANS  
BUT PEOPLE NEED OUR HELP.  
NO DISRESPECT.

CHRISTOPH  
HANS, THINGS ARE CHANGING.  
*(speaking)*  
God speed. I'll be with you in spirit, but I can't be involved.

*CHRISTOPH freezes.*

*WILLI and ALEX unfreeze.*

ALEXANDER  
*(handing WILLI a paper slip)*  
Willi, take care of this. We need a place to house the  
operation—preferably somewhere **the Gestapo** would never go.  
*(a beat)*  
Like an art studio.

WILLI  
Am I taking my orders from Hans or you? I didn't want to do this in  
the first place.

ALEXANDER  
*(patting WILLI on the cheek)*  
You're so cute when you get mad.  
*(freezing)*  
Thanks!

WILLI  
“WILLI, TAKE CARE OF THIS...”  
“WILLI, TAKE CARE OF THAT...”  
IT'S NOT MY IDEA, BUT  
THEY SEEM TO HAVE MY BACK.

*WILLI freezes.*

CHORUS  
MUNICH, THE LAST HAVEN IN THE HOMELAND.  
PERFECT FOR SOMEBODY TO MAKE A STAND.  
DON'T YOU FORGET, THERE ARE THINGS STILL  
UNPLANNED...  
MUNICH!

*The clock flips.*

MANDL STREET 1/I. JULY 10, 1942. 9:50PM.

*(HANS' apartment)*

*WILLI and ALEXANDER unfreeze.*

*WILLI holds a notebook and takes notes--this seems to hurt his brain.*

WILLI

IF WE CUT OUR RATIONS DOWN BY HALF.  
THAT'S ENOUGH TO BUY A MIMEOGRAPH.  
WE'LL TAPER  
THE PAPER  
'TIL WE'RE ABLE TO ACQUIRE CASH.

ALEXANDER

I'll take care of it.

*ALEXANDER grabs WILLI's notebook and begins writing:*

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Dear Step-father.  
Need money.  
Please send.  
Alex.

*ALEXANDER tosses the notebook back.*

HANS

Are you kidding me?

ALEXANDER

He's desperate for my love.

HANS

Let's print!

*WILLI and ALEXANDER freeze.*

*The clock begins counting forward. In slow-motion, the frozen party recedes upstage. Downstage, the following items appear:*

*A table filled with papers, a mimeograph machine, and a table with a typewriter.*

*The whole stage seems to transform into an underground workshop under the following section -->*

EICHEMEIER'S STUDIO. SEPTEMBER 4, 1942. 3:15AM.

HANS (CONT'D)

*(as the scene changes)*

LIKE A BOILING POT THAT OVERFLOWS,  
NO ONE GUESS, NO ONE REALLY KNOWS.  
WHEN THE PRIZE OUTWEIGHS THE COST  
AND THE LINE OF REVOLUTION'S CROSSED.

HANS (CONT'D)

LIKE A BOILING POT  
THAT OVERFLOWS,  
NO ONE GUESS,  
NO ONE REALLY KNOWS.  
WHEN THE PRIZE  
OUTWEIGHS THE COST  
AND THE LINE OF  
REVOLUTION'S CROSSED.

ALEXANDER

I DON'T NEED A REASON  
FOR COMMITTING TREASON.  
I WILL STAND WITH YOU  
AND HE WILL TOO.

*HANS continues under.*

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

I DON'T NEED A REASON  
FOR COMMITTING TREASON.  
I WILL STAND WITH YOU  
AND HE WILL TO.

CHRISTOPH

GOD SPEED  
MY FRIENDS.  
I'LL BE WITH YOU.

*ALEXANDER continues under.*

*WILLI and ALEXANDER tirelessly crank the mimeograph. Leaflet after leaflet pours out.*

CHRISTOPH (CONT'D)

GOD SPEED  
MY FRIENDS.  
I'LL BE WITH YOU.

WILLI

"WILLI, TAKE CARE OF THIS" AND,  
"WILLI, TAKE CARE OF THAT"  
WELL, NOT MY IDEA, BUT  
THEY SEEM TO HAVE MY BACK.

*CHRISTOPH continues under.*

WILLI (CONT'D)

"WILLI, TAKE CARE OF THIS" AND,  
"WILLI, TAKE CARE OF THAT"  
WELL, THIS WASN'T MY IDEA, BUT  
THEY SEEM TO HAVE MY BACK.

CHORUS

MUNICH, THE LAST HAVEN  
IN THE HOMELAND.  
PERFECT FOR SOMEBODY  
TO MAKE A STAND.

*The leaflets are placed into an empty leather briefcase.*

HANS

*(ending the cannon)*

LIKE A BOILING POT THAT OVERFLOWS,  
NO ONE GUESS, NO ONE REALLY KNOWS.  
WHEN THE PRIZE OUTWEIGHS THE COST  
AND THE LINE, AND THE LINE, AND THE LINE,  
AND THE LINE...

ALL

...AND THE LINE, AND THE LINE, AND THE LINE, AND  
THE LINE, AND THE LINE OF REVOLUTION'S CROSSED!

*HANS closes and grabs the suitcase as the clock creeps  
forward to the beginning of the show:*

HANS

NOW...

CAFE VON BÖHMEN. SEPTEMBER 4, 1942. 7:08PM.

*The group resumes their places at the cafe.*

ALL (+ CHORUS)

WE ONLY HAVE THREE MORE DAYS,

HANS, ALEX, WILLI, CHRISTOPH

UNTIL THE SHIT HITS THE FAN.

ALL

THERE'S NOTHING BETTER  
THAN NUMBING YOUR BRAIN.

WILLI

AND PRETENDING YOU'RE BRAVE  
IS JUST PART OF THE PLAN.

ALL

I'VE NEVER FELT MORE A//LIVE...

HANS  
THINGS ARE CHANGING.

*SOPHIE enters the cafe—She recreates the earlier scenes,  
interacting with an invisible crowd.*

SOPHIE  
*(in another time)*  
Hans!

CHORUS  
FREIHEIT!  
*(cont'd)*

WILLI & ALEXANDER  
WE ARE THE YOUTH OF THE NATION.

HANS  
REARRANGING.

SOPHIE  
...I do when I have something to celebrate...

CHORUS  
FREIHEIT!

WILLI & ALEXANDER  
REBUILDING THE FOUNDATION  
OF THE

ALL  
HOMELAND WE HAVE IN OUR HEART.

SOPHIE  
...Any friend of my brother is a friend of mine...

HANS, WILLI, & ALEXANDER  
AND SOMEONE HAS TO STAND UP AND MAKE A  
START...

GROUP 1  
*(layering)*  
MAKE A START...

GROUP 2

*(layering)*  
MAKE A START...

GROUP 3

MAKE A START...

SOPHIE

*(layering)*

...TO NOT A SINGLE SECRET KEPT BETWEEN US...

*Everything freezes except for HANS.*

CAFE VON BÖHMEN. SEPTEMBER 4, 1942. 8:42PM.

*HANS looks straight at SOPHIE, still frozen in mid-cheer.*

HANS

MY DEAREST SISTER, SOPHIE.  
AS I LEARNED LONG AGO,  
YOU WILL FOLLOW ME SO BLINDLY  
WHEREVER I WILL GO.  
AND...

HANS & SOPHIE

NOW—

SOPHIE

*(unfreezing)*

I'M FINALLY HERE IN MUNICH.

HANS

BUT I'M SORRY, SOPHIE.  
THERE ARE THINGS YOU CANNOT KNOW.  
THERE ARE THINGS YOU CANNOT KNOW.  
THERE ARE THINGS YOU CANNOT...  
THINGS YOU CANNOT...  
THINGS YOU CANNOT KNOW.  
FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION.

*(beat)*

'CAUSE THINGS ARE CHANGING.

*The party unfreezes. They all hold their glasses to the sky.*

ALL

OH—PROST!

UNIVERSITY OF MUNICH. SEPTEMBER 7, 1942. 9:58AM.

*Professor KURT HUBER's classroom. A desk pulls out as students are entering and exiting. We are between classes. HANS is at the desk, holding his leather suitcase.*

HANS

Thank you so much. I'll see you on Wednesday.

HUBER

*(winking)*

If I'm still here.

*SOPHIE enters.*

SOPHIE

Hans, I was worried. You left so early this morning.

HANS

Hey, remember, the guys are coming around tonight to celebrate.

SOPHIE

Celebrate what?

HANS

The first day of class.

*(smirking)*

What else?

NO. 04 IDEAS

HUBER

It's 10:00, which means we're late.

*SOPHIE takes her seat and realizes she is the only female in the room.*

HUBER (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, I am Professor Huber.

*(singing)*

IN THIS CLASS

WE'LL BE LOOKING AT THE THEORY OF PHILOSOPHY.

OR THE STUDY OF THE NATURE OF REALITY.

ARE THERE "BADS?" ARE THERE "GOODS?"

ARE THERE "SHOULDN'TS?" ARE THERE "SHOULD'S?"

DO THESE QUESTIONS NEED TO BE ASKED?

(MORE)



HUBER (CONT'D)

AN IDEA.  
CAN IT CHANGE THE COURSE OF NATURE  
INDEPENDENTLY?  
IS IT DOOMED TO DIE CONSIDERING IT'S BREVITY?  
WELL, AS HISTORY TENDS TO SHOW  
AN IDEA CAN OVERTHROW  
AN ENTIRE CENSUS OF THOUGHT.

AN IDEA STARTS AS SEEDS.  
AND THEY GROW UNTIL THEY'RE WEEDS.  
THEN THEY FLOURISH TO A FOREST  
WHICH REPLACES ANY TRACES  
OF WHAT MAY HAVE BEEN THERE BEFORE.  
THAT'S WHY AN IDEA'S WORTH FIGHTING FOR.

*(beat)*

Do you follow?

*A strikingly handsome Aryan student stands. His dull,  
brown uniform makes the red band around his bicep glow.*

HEINRICH

Herr Huber, are you ridiculously implying the Reich could be  
overthrown by an idea?

HUBER

Your name?

HEINRICH

Gregory Heinrich.

HUBER

Heinrich. "Heim" meaning "home." "Ric" meaning "power." Well,  
Gregory.

HUBER (CONT'D)

TAKE THE FÜHRER.

HE SAW A HOMELAND SUFFERING  
OF POVERTY.

SO HE PUSHED A NEW IDEA OF  
TOTAL SOVEREIGNTY.

STUDENTS

TAKE THE FÜHRER.

POVERTY.

TOTAL SOVEREIGNTY.

HUBER

WHEN THE WEIMAR TOOK A HIKE,  
HE FORMED WHAT WE CALL THE REICH.  
AND THE REST IS HISTORY.

*(looking for a name on his roster)*

Ah! We have a Scholl in our midst. Herr Scholl, am I ridiculously implying the Reich could be overthrown by an idea?

SOPHIE

It's fräulein Scholl. And I believe you are saying if the Reich truly is the government of God, then neither the Führer nor Herr Heinrich should have anything to worry about.

HUBER

Herr Heinrich, you may sit.

*(singing)*

AN IDEA STARTS AS SEEDS.  
AND THEY GROW UNTIL THEY'RE WEEDS.  
THEN THEY FLOURISH TO A FOREST  
WHICH REPLACES ANY TRACES  
OF WHAT MAY HAVE BEEN THERE BEFORE.  
THAT'S WHY AN IDEA'S WORTH FIGHTING FOR.

*(beat)*

Any questions?

*The classroom splits and we see the grand marble entryway of the University. HANS, WILLI, and ALEXANDER enter. ALEXANDER holds the leather suitcase.*

HANS

THINGS ARE CHANGING.

ALEXANDER

I have them here in my suitcase.

HANS

REARRANGING.

ALEXANDER

Nine hundred forty-four leaflets.

HANS

FROM THIS MOMENT ON WE ARE FREE.

WILLI

That's a liberal way to look at treason.

HANS  
IT'S US WHO'LL CHANGE THE COURSE  
OF HISTORY.

*(spoken)*

Ready?

ALEXANDER

*(beat)*

Let's go.

*Back into the classroom.*

HUBER  
AN IDEA STARTS AS SEEDS... AND...

HANS & STUDENTS  
AND THEY GROW UNTIL THEY'RE WEEDS.

HUBER  
THEN...

HANS & STUDENTS  
THEN THEY FLOURISH TO A FOREST  
WHICH REPLACES ANY TRACES  
OF WHAT MAY HAVE BEEN THERE BEFORE.

HUBER  
YES! WHEN YOU FIND AN EAGER MIND  
YOU MAKE A PACT TO QUICKLY ACT.  
A SMALL IDEA MAY TURN TO A WAR.  
THAT'S WHY AN IDEA'S WORTH FIGHTING...

STUDENTS  
THAT'S WHY AN IDEA'S WORTH FIGHTING...

ALL  
THAT'S WHY AN IDEA'S WORTH FIGHTING FOR.

HUBER  
We'll pick up on Wednesday. Good luck.

*Some students are adventurous enough to pick them up.*

STUDENTS

SHH...

THERE'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT.  
THERE'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT IN THE AIR.  
THERE'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT.  
THERE'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT HERE, I SWEAR.

WHAT'S WITH THE PAPER?  
WHAT A STRANGE AND ODD ACCOUNT.  
WHAT IS THIS PAPER?  
THERE ARE TOO MANY HERE TO COUNT.

PICK THEM UP, THEY'RE ALL AROUND.  
HUNDREDS MORE STILL ON THE GROUND.  
SHH...

*One girl picks it up, sees what it is, and gasps. She lets the leaflet drop.*

STUDENTS (CONT'D)

PICK THEM UP,  
*(shouting)*

Wait!  
*(singing)*

PUT THEM DOWN  
WATCH THEM SPREAD AROUND THE TOWN.

THERE'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT.  
SHH...

*SOPHIE picks one up and begins reading.*

SOPHIE

"Every individual has to consciously accept his responsibility. If everyone waits for someone else to make a start, nothing will change. Adopt passive resistance..."  
*(she gasps)*

ON THIS PAGE  
A LITTLE BIT OF MAGIC.  
ON THIS PAGE.  
A VOICE WITHIN THE DARK.  
LOOK AROUND,  
AND REVEL IN THE MOMENT.

(MORE)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
COULD THIS BE MY REASON  
AND MY CHANCE TO LEAVE A MARK?

STUDENTS  
SHH...

SOPHIE  
"Support the resistance. Make copies and distribute the leaflet."

*SOPHIE folds up the piece of paper and almost puts it in her satchel. HEINRICH approaches her.*

HEINRICH  
I'd be happy to deliver that to the Gestapo on your behalf...  
*(beat)*  
Unless...

SOPHIE  
You're so kind.

*SOPHIE hands him the leaflet. He exits.*

STUDENTS  
PICK 'EM UP, THEY'RE ALL AROUND.  
WATCH THEM SPREAD AROUND THE TOWN.

GROUP 1  
THERE'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT.

GROUP 2

SHH...

THERE'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT.

SHH...

*SOPHIE looks around, picks up another leaflet, places it in her satchel, and quickly exits.*

GROUP  
MUNICH, THE LAST HAVEN IN THE HOMELAND...  
PERFECT FOR SOMEBODY TO MAKE A STAND...

GROUP 1  
THERE'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT.

GROUP 2

SHH...

*The stage begins transforming.*

ALL  
MUNICH, THE LAST HAVEN IN THE HOMELAND...  
PERFECT FOR SOMEBODY TO MAKE A STAND...

*The clock flips:*

MANDL STREET 1/I. SEPTEMBER 7, 1942. 6:30PM.

*(HAN's apartment)*

*HANS, CHRISTOPH, ALEXANDER, and WILLI  
are drinking wine.*

NO. 06 PASS IT ON

HANS  
THERE'S A HALF DRUNKEN BOTTLE OF WINE  
AND I AM TOASTING TO YOU.

CHRISTOPH, ALEXANDER, WILLI  
TOASTING TO YOU.

HANS  
THERE'S A ROOM FULL OF FRIENDS  
WITH A HALF DRUNKEN BOTTLE OF WINE  
AND I AM TOASTING TO YOU.

CHRISTOPH, ALEXANDER, WILLI  
Toasting to you.

*SOPHIE enters.*

SOPHIE  
Boys!  
*(singing)*  
DID YOU SEE AT SCHOOL TODAY,  
A STUDENT HAD HIS SAY:  
IT'S TIME TO START PEACEFUL RESISTANCE.

HANS  
Sophie...

SOPHIE  
NOW BEFORE YOU SCREAM AND SHOUT,  
I BEG YOU HEAR ME OUT.  
HE SAYS RIGHT HERE, HE NEEDS ASSISTANCE...  
(MORE)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
*(pulling the leaflet out and reading)*

“MAKE AS MANY COPIES AS YOU CAN  
AND PASS IT ON.”

HANS  
THERE’S A HALF DRUNKEN BOTTLE OF WINE  
LET ALEX POUR YOU A GLASS.

ALEXANDER  
WILLI, POUR HER A GLASS.

SOPHIE  
Guys!  
*(singing)*  
HERE’S AN OPPORTUNITY  
TO COPY WHAT WE SEE  
AND SHOW THIS MAN HE’S NOT ALONE.  
IT’S TRUE THE VAST MAJORITY  
HAS VIEWS LIKE YOU AND ME.  
IT’S TIME TO MAKE OUR VOICES KNOWN.

LET’S MAKE AS MANY COPIES AS WE CAN  
AND PASS IT ON.

HANS  
MY DEAREST SISTER SOPHIE,  
PUT ALL OF THIS TO BED.  
PLEASE PUT DOWN THAT SILLY LEAFLET  
AND PICK UP A DRINK INSTEAD.

SOPHIE  
BUT HANS—  
THERE ARE RUMBLINGS HERE IN MUNICH.

HANS  
WELL, I’M SORRY SOPHIE.

SOPHIE  
Why aren’t you excited by this?

HANS  
THERE ARE THINGS YOU CAN NOT KNOW.

SOPHIE  
What are you talking about?

HANS & WILLI  
THERE ARE THINGS YOU CAN NOT KNOW.

SOPHIE  
What are you saying?

HANS, WILLI, CHRISTOPH  
THERE ARE THINGS YOU CAN NOT...  
THINGS YOU CAN NOT...  
THINGS YOU CAN NOT...

ALEXANDER  
We wrote it.

HANS  
*("what the fuck?")*  
Alex!

ALEXANDER  
What? She lives with you now. She was going to find out sooner or  
later.

SOPHIE  
Hans?

HANS  
IT'S JUST A LITTLE SECRET...

SOPHIE  
...*KEPT* BETWEEN US.  
*(she looks around at each boy)*  
You all knew?

*They silently nod.*

ALEXANDER  
Can we get back to drinking now?

SOPHIE  
*(to HANS)*  
HOW COULD YOU NOT TELL ME?

HANS  
FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION.



SOPHIE  
HOW COULD YOU NOT TELL ME?

HANS  
FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION.

SOPHIE  
YOU PRETEND I'M NOT HERE.  
YOU ASSUME I DON'T BELONG.  
YOU'VE DECIDED I'M NOT STRONG,  
ENOUGH.

WELL I WANT "IN."

HANS  
IT WAS A ONE TIME THING.

SOPHIE  
THEN WE'LL PUBLISH ONE MORE.  
COME TOGETHER, MAKE A PACT.  
AND DECIDE WE HAVE TO ACT  
RIGHT NOW.

CHRISTOPH  
IT'S TOO RISKY.

WILLI  
IT'S ABSURD.

HANS  
SOPHIE, NOT ANOTHER WORD.

ALEXANDER  
IS THIS A BAD TIME TO ANNOUNCE  
THE BOTTLE'S EMPTY?

HANS  
Sophie...

SOPHIE  
*(slowly; putting the puzzle together)*  
HERE'S AN OPPORTUNITY...  
*(beat)*  
TO CHALLENGE WHAT WE SEE...  
*(beat)*  
AND CHANGE WHAT FEW HAVE TRIED TO MEND.  
(MORE)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
WE'LL START WITH THREE OR FOUR,  
THEN PRINT A COUPLE MORE.  
A WEB TOO VAST TO COMPREHEND.

WE'LL WRITE AS MANY LEAFLETS AS WE CAN.  
MAKE AS MANY COPIES AS WE CAN.  
SPREAD AS MANY COPIES AS WE CAN...ASKING:

WHAT DO YOU BELIEVE IN?  
WHAT DO YOU BELIEVE IN?

HANS  
FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION...

SOPHIE  
WHAT DO YOU BELIEVE IN?

ALEXANDER  
I BELIEVE IN YOU.  
I BELIEVE IN ME.  
I BELIEVE ALL PEOPLE ARE THE SAME WHEN  
THEY ARE FREE.

SOPHIE  
WHAT DO YOU BELIEVE IN?

CHRISTOPH  
I BELIEVE IN HOME.  
I BELIEVE IN PRAYER.  
I BELIEVE MY CHILDREN SHOULD GROW UP WITH-  
OUT A CARE.

SOPHIE  
WHAT DO YOU BELIEVE IN?

CHRISTOPH & ALEXANDER  
THERE'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT.

WILLI  
I BELIEVE IN FAITH.  
I BELIEVE IN GOD.  
I BELIEVE IN HELPING AS OUR BROTHERS  
FIGHT ABROAD.

SOPHIE  
WHAT DO YOU BELIEVE IN?

CHRISTOPH & WILLI  
THINGS ARE CHANGING.  
I BELIEVE IN THE YOUTH OF THE NATION.

ALEXANDER  
I BELIEVE IN CHOICE.  
I BELIEVE IN FATE.  
I BELIEVE THE PEOPLE OF OUR HOMELAND  
CAN BE GREAT.

SOPHIE  
WHAT DO YOU BELIEVE IN?

ALEXANDER & WILLI  
REARRANGING.  
I BELIEVE IN BUILDING THE FOUNDATION...

CHRISTOPH  
I BELIEVE IN LOVE.  
I BELIEVE IN HOPE.  
I BELIEVE THAT WAITING OUT THE STORM'S  
A SLIP'RY SLOPE.

SOPHIE  
WHAT DO YOU BELIEVE IN?

CHRISTOPH & ALEXANDER  
...OF THE HOMELAND WE HAVE IN OUR HEART.

WILLI  
I BELIEVE IN CHRIST.  
I BELIEVE IN CHOICE.  
I BELIEVE THE LOST AND LONELY FEW SHOULD  
HAVE A VOICE.

SOPHIE  
WHAT DO YOU BELIEVE IN?

ALEXANDER  
SOMEONE HAS TO STAND UP AND MAKE A START...

CHRISTOPH  
*(layering)*  
MAKE A START...

WILLI

*(layering)*

MAKE A START...

SOPHIE

*(layering)*

MAKE A START.

*The room falls silent as they look at HANS.*

HANS

*(deceptive cadence)*

I BELIEVE A GROUP OF FIVE  
CAN CHANGE THE WORLD.

*They all look at each other. It's been decided.*

NO. 06A INTRO TO "CAN'T STOP US NOW"

HANS

TONIGHT.

SOPHIE

TONIGHT.

HANS

LET IT BE KNOWN...

SOPHIE, WILLI, ALEXANDER,  
CHRISTOPH

LET IT BE KNOWN...

HANS

WE STAND FOR MUNICH,  
BERLIN, AND COLOGNE.

SOPHIE, WILLI, ALEXANDER,  
CHRISTOPH

FOR THE HOMELAND.

HANS

FOR THE HOMELAND.

SOPHIE, WILLI, ALEXANDER,  
CHRISTOPH

WE STAND AS ONE.

HANS  
NO LONGER FIVE.

SOPHIE, WILLI, ALEXANDER,  
CHRISTOPH  
TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT WE  
NEVER FELT MORE ALIVE...

HANS  
TONIGHT, MY DEAREST FRIENDS,  
WE TAKE THIS VOW...

HANS, SOPHIE, ALEXANDER, WILLI,  
CHRISTOPH  
THE WHITE ROSE.  
THE WHITE ROSE.

HANS  
CAN'T STOP US...

NO. 07 CAN'T STOP US NOW

HANS  
...NOW.

*The apartment begins to fade away, and the underground workshop comes to life. In the background, the marble entryway of The University of Munich appears.*

HANS (CONT'D)  
Willi, you're our operations guy.

WILLI  
Got it.

HANS  
Sophie, I need you on supplies.

SOPHIE  
Yes, sir.

HANS  
Christoph, I need you...

CHRISTOPH

*(cutting him off)*

This is where I leave you.

*He smiles and exits.*

HANS

*(affirming)*

God speed.

*(beat)*

And Alex. You're the most important. I need you on money.

ALEXANDER

I got you covered.

*(music cuts)*

Dear Step-Father.

Need Money.

Please Send.

Alex.

HANS

THE WINDS HAVE CHANGED.

THE TIDES HAVE TURNED.

WE'RE CROSSING BRIDGES

WE THOUGHT WERE BURNED.

WILLI

BEYOND THE SKY.

ALEXANDER

BEYOND THE SUN.

WILLI & SOPHIE

A NEW TOMORROW

HAS JUST BEGUN.

*The mimeograph comes to life as SOPHIE cranks out copies. WILLI places the copies in an unmarked suitcase and ALEXANDER passes the suitcase off to HANS.*

HANS

IT'S TIME TO OPEN UP

THEIR EYES—NOW.

WHITE ROSE

OH-WOAH-OH.

ALEXANDER  
TEACH THEM WHAT  
ARE LIES—NOW.

WHITE ROSE  
OH-WOAH-OH.

WILLI  
SHOW IT'S TIME  
TO RISE—NOW.

WHITE ROSE  
OH-WOAH-OH.

HANS  
HERE WE GO—

*Students enter the university entryway and HANS throws a handful of leaflets into the air.*

*The clock flips:*

UNIVERSITY OF MUNICH. SEPTEMBER 10, 1942. 11:15AM.

WHITE ROSE  
CAN'T STOP US NOW!

*Students pick up the leaflets.*

WHITE ROSE (CONT'D)  
LEAFLET NUMBER TWO:

WILLI  
*(as students read)*  
“It is our responsibility to spread information from person to person.”

ALEXANDER  
“Three hundred thousand Jews have been murdered in Poland.”

SOPHIE  
“But why tell you facts you already know?”

HANS  
“Because only apathy allows evil men to act.”

THE WHITE ROSE

STUDENT ONE

“The White Rose.”

STUDENT TWO

The White Rose?

WHITE ROSE

*(affirming)*

The White Rose!

SOPHIE

EVERY ROSE

*HANS arrives with an official address book.*

HANS

HAS IT'S THORN.

SOPHIE & HANS

FROM THE ASHES  
A MOVEMENT'S BORN.

ALEXANDER & WILLI

STEP BY STEP

SOPHIE

BRICK BY BRICK.

WHITE ROSE

WE MOLD THE CANDLE  
AND LIGHT THE WICK.

HANS

We got two-hundred envelopes. They should be addressed to random addresses in Berlin, Frankfort, and Stuttgart from this book. The rest, we'll circulate at the university.

SOPHIE

I want to help this time.

HANS

You are helping.

SOPHIE

No, I want to help. I want to distribute some of the leaflets.



HANS

We discussed this. It's too dangerous.

SOPHIE

For a man. They'd never suspect a woman.

HANS

I said "no."

*(turning)*

How's that draft comin' along, Alex?

ALEXANDER

It's now or never.

*The mimeograph comes to life as SOPHIE cranks out copies. WILLI places the copies in an unmarked suitcase and ALEXANDER passes the suitcase off to HANS. WILLI and ALEXANDER also carry leaflets in envelopes.*

*Along with the university, two mailboxes pull out.*

HANS

HIGH TIME WE SEND THESE OUT  
BY MAIL—NOW.

WHITE ROSE

OH-WOAH-OH.

HANS

EV'RY HOUSE  
AND JAIL—NOW.

WHITE ROSE

OH-WOAH-OH.

HANS

WE'RE TO BIG  
TO FAIL—NOW

WHITE ROSE

OH-WOAH-OH.

HANS

HERE WE GO—

*Students enter the university entryway and HANS throws a handful of leaflets into the air. ALEXANDER and WILLI drop their leaflets in the mailboxes.*

UNIVERSITY OF MUNICH. SEPTEMBER 14, 1942. 2:20PM.

WHITE ROSE  
CAN'T STOP US NOW!

*Three doors pull out. Three residents are checking their daily mail, when they come across a suspicious envelope.*

WHITE ROSE (CONT'D)  
LEAFLET NUMBER THREE:

RESIDENT ONE

*(reading the leaflet)*

"The goal of passive resistance is to bring down National Socialism."

HERTA

"Sabotage every rally involved in continuing the war."

RESIDENT TWO

"Sabotage the arts which depend on the government's money."

HERTA

"Sabotage all publications and newspapers that help spread the brown lie."

ALL THREE

The White Rose.

HERTA

Christoph!

*CHRISTOPH enters through the door.*

CHRISTOPH

What is it?

HERTA

Look what came in the mail today. Addressed to your unborn child!  
You better not have anything to do with this.

*CHRISTOPH examines the leaflet and lets a sly smile cross his face.*

CHRISTOPH

I'll get rid of it.

HERTA

Hurry. Just holding it is a death sentence.

*HERTA goes inside.*

CHRISTOPH

*(putting the leaflet in his breast pocket)*

GOD SPEED MY FRIENDS.

I'LL BE WITH YOU.

*The doors pull away to reveal students passing leaflets around the university.*

STUDENT GROUP ONE

THERE'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT.

THERE'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT.

CHRISTOPH

GOD SPEED MY FRIENDS.

I'LL BE WITH YOU.

STUDENT GROUP ONE

THERE'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT.

STUDENT GROUP TWO

CAN YOU  
FEEL IT  
IN THE AIR?

STUDENT GROUP ONE

THERE'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT.

STUDENT GROUP TWO

CAN YOU  
FEEL IT IN  
THE AIR?

*Dance break. The students dance and revel in the secret leaflets.*

HANS  
WOAH-OH-OH-OH!

*The mimeograph comes to life as SOPHIE cranks out copies. WILLI places the copies in an unmarked suitcase and ALEXANDER passes the suitcase off to HANS. WILLI and ALEXANDER also carry leaflets in envelopes.*

WILLI  
JUST LIKE A SPEEDING TRAIN  
ON TRACK—NOW.

WHITE ROSE  
OH-WOAH-OH.

ALEXANDER  
NO MORE LOOK-  
ING BACK—NOW.

WHITE ROSE  
OH-WOAH-OH.

HANS  
BOYS! PICK UP  
THE SLACK—NOW.

WHITE ROSE  
OH-WOAH-OH.  
HERE WE GO—

*Students enter the university entryway and HANS throws a handful of leaflets into the air. ALEXANDER and WILLI drop their leaflets in the mailboxes.*

UNIVERSITY OF MUNICH. SEPTEMBER 18, 1942. 9:45AM.

WHITE ROSE (CONT'D)  
CAN'T STOP US NOW!

*The students rejoice in the falling leaflets, like dancing in the snow.*

STUDENTS

OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH.  
OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH.

WHITE ROSE

WE ARE THE WHITE ROSE.  
CAN'T STOP US NOW!

STUDENTS

OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH.  
OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH.

WHITE ROSE

WE ARE THE WHITE ROSE.  
CAN'T STOP US NOW!

STUDENTS

AH—

*SOPHIE, ALEXANDER, WILLI, and HANS move to  
the front of the stage.*

WHITE ROSE

Leaflet number four:  
We are the White Rose.  
We are your bad conscience.  
We will not go away!

ALL

CAN'T STOP US NOW!

NO. 07A INTRO TO "DEAD SILENCE"

*As the students exit, GREGORY HEINRICH picks up a  
leaflet.*

STADELHEIM PRISON. SEPTEMBER 18, 1942. 10:06PM.

HEINRICH

THERE ARE RUMBLINGS ON THE STREET.  
TREASON. HERE IN MUNICH.  
IN THE CITY OF THE FÜHRER.

NOW, BEFORE ANOTHER LEAFLET'S DROPPED,  
THE WHITE ROSE MUST BE STOPPED.

(MORE)