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*Dramatic Publishing*

# The Rose of Treason



By  
James DeVita

# The Rose of Treason

First commissioned and produced by  
the University of Northern Iowa Theatre Department  
in cooperation with the Sturgis Youth Theatre.

*Drama. By James DeVita. Based on the true story of Sophie Scholl and The White Rose. Cast: 18m., 6w., plus extras or 7m., 4w. with doubling.* This play is a fictional dramatization set in Germany during World War II. It is based on the true story of Sophie Scholl and the resistance group known as The White Rose. In 1943, a group of university students in Germany were appalled at the truth which was coming to light about the Nazi Party. They started a resistance group aimed at bringing down Hitler and the Nazi regime. Their story is one of breathtaking courage, selflessness and utter faith in what is right. The efforts of The White Rose, referred to once as “quite possibly the single most heroic feat in European history,” are an inspiring tribute to the goodness of humanity shining even in the darkest moments of history. *Representational set. Approximate running time: 90 minutes. Code: RA4.*

ISBN-13 978-0-87602-409-6



The Rose of Treason



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# **The Rose of Treason**

A fictional dramatization based on the true story  
of Sohpie Scholl and The White Rose by

JAMES DEVITA



**Dramatic Publishing Company**

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

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(THE ROSE OF TREASON)

ISBN: 978-0-87602-409-6

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**"Night had to be, that this light might appear."  
—Paul Claudel**

# **CHARACTERS**

## **IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE**

Else Gebel  
Father, Mr. Robert Scholl  
Mother, Mrs. Magdalena Scholl  
Liebereiche, a troopleader  
Hitler Youth: Ericka, Paul, Eugene, Carl  
Hans Scholl  
Sophie Scholl  
Leader, Female Troop  
Gestapo Officer 1  
Gestapo Officer 2  
Gestapo Officer 3  
Traute Lafrenz  
Alexander "Alex" Schmorell  
Christoph "Christl" Probst  
Willi Graf  
Teacher, Female  
Professor Huber  
Robert Mohr  
Voice of Goebbels  
Radio Voice  
Custodian  
Lawyer  
Roland Freisler  
  
Train Passengers  
Students

## **POSSIBLE DOUBLE CASTING**

Christoph/Carl  
Female Troop Leader/Mother/Female Teacher  
Willi/Paul  
One of the Officers/Mohr  
Alex/Eugene  
Liebereiche/Father or Freisler or Huber or Mohr  
Traute/Ericka



# THE ROSE OF TREASON

by James DeVita

## Act 1

*(As the house opens, the stage is dark but for the following quote projected on the upstage wall.)*

SLIDE

“He who has the youth has the future.”

*(The quote remains as the audience is being seated. House lights fade to black. As soon as the lights go to black, the author of the quote is projected beneath it.)*

SLIDE

—Adolph Hitler.

*(This appears just long enough for the name to be read. Slide goes off to black. Three sharply defined areas of light come up on the stage revealing: Down left: Mrs. Magdalena Scholl seated at a small table, staring out. Father stands behind her holding an envelope. This area represents the Scholl house. Down right: sitting at a small desk, is Else Gebel. This area represents the prison. She is proofreading a letter she has written. Up Center is a youthful Sophie Scholl in a flower print summer dress, the hem of her dress hiked up mid-calf as if she is wading through a shallow stream, a beautiful summer day, outside playing.)*

ELSE

Thursday, February 18. Gestapo Headquarters. Munich.

FATHER *(To mother.)*

It's a letter.

*(Hands her the envelope.)*

ELSE

I have a picture of you in front of me, Sophie. You and your brother and some soldiers at a train station.

MOTHER *(She hands the envelope back.)*

You read it.

FATHER

It's from the prison.

*(Opening it.)*

ELSE

I imagine you're there to see them off, but you're not looking at them. Everyone's in uniform. Carrying bags. Waiting to leave for somewhere.

MOTHER

What do they want now?

FATHER

Nothing. It's from an...Else Gebel. *(Beat.)* Lena...it's about Sophie.

*(Music from the Hitler Youth Anthem plays loudly as lights dim on Else and the Scholls. A slide appears and the actors playing Willi, Alex, Christl, Traute, and Hans all enter in Hitler youth uniforms. They form a smart line. Sophie exits to change into Hitler youth uniform as this takes place. Liebereiche enters with music.)*

SLIDE

"You, my youth, are our nations most precious guarantee for a great future. My magnificent youngsters, with you I can make a whole new world." — Adolph Hitler.

LIEBEREICHE *(Slide out.)*

All boys 10-14 will be in the Jungvolk, 6-10 years olds will be allowed to participate informally, 14 to 18 year olds in the Hitler Jugend, 10 to 14 year old girls, the Jungmadel, 14-18 year old girls in the Bund Deutcher Madel. These are your performance booklets to record your progress in athletics and your blossoming in the glorious spirit of National Socialism. Here in the Hitler Youth your education will not be one of memorizing dead facts from musty books! A physically superior individual is of more value to the our country than an intellectual weakling! You have the rare honor to be the first soldiers of a new idea! You are destined to be the leaders of a new order!

LIEBEREICHE (Cont.)

Never forget that you will one day rule the world! HEIL HITLER!

ALL HITLER YOUTH (*Saluting sharply.*)

HEIL HITLER!

SLIDE

“Strengthen the young in an unquestioning trust and confidence in the regime.” —*Adolph Hitler.*

*(Trumpets sound. They stop and salute as the following oath of the Hitler Youth is heard over a loudspeaker. It is, however, taped with the voices of ten year old children. A solemn beating of drums plays underneath. Behind them, a slide of young children giving the Nazi salute.)*

VOICES OF CHILDREN

In the presence of this blood banner which represents our Fuhrer, I swear to devote all my energies and my strength to the savior of our country, Adolph Hitler. I am willing and ready to give up my life for him, so help me God.

FATHER

The Pied Piper of Berlin.

*(Actors exit. Sophie and Hans, still quite young, enter into the area representing the Scholl house.)*

MOTHER

Troop Leader! Hans, I'm so proud of you.

SOPHIE

He gets to carry the flag!

MOTHER

Really?

HANS

Yes.

SOPHIE

And when they go to Nuremberg in September? He'll get to march in the very front. I'm going to be a troop leader too. Just you watch.

FATHER

You seem to march a lot.

HANS

We do all kinds of things. Boxing, and swimming, barnfires, and wrestling, and marksmanship—

SOPHIE

And singing.

HANS

We have arm bands—two teams, different color arm bands—and then we have to hunt each other down in the woods and rip them off the other team. It toughens us up.

FATHER

For what?

HANS

I don't know, just—you know. *Everybody's* joining.

FATHER

Everybody doesn't have much of a choice, do they?

HANS

We're going to go on a field trip to the Luftwaffe next month.

FATHER

And what are you learning, Sophie?

SOPHIE

"Obedience, duty, self sacrifice, and physical self control." Boys get to do all the fun stuff.

HANS

You tell them what happened today?

SOPHIE

No, I didn't, Hans, thank you.

FATHER

What?

SOPHIE

Nothing.

MOTHER

What happened?

SOPHIE

I climbed one little tree and the Troop Leader almost had a heart attack.

MOTHER

Sophie.

SOPHIE

She didn't know what to do. She was simply *appalled*. Started running in little circles, yelling, "German women do not climb trees." I told her, well German *girls* do.

MOTHER

Where are you going this weekend?

SOPHIE (*Simultaneously.*)

Camping.

HANS (*Simultaneously.*)

Hiking! Next time I get to take my troop out alone.

SOPHIE

Well, when you do, you should let them climb some trees.

HANS

We're allowed to, Soph.

SOPHIE

You're allowed to!?

(*Teasing, running after Hans.*)

I hate you! You get to do everything!

HANS

German girls do not climb trees!

(*She jumps on Hans, playfully wrestling with him. Both laughing.*)

Or their brothers!

MOTHER

Be careful.

HANS

Stop it!

SOPHIE

What, it'll toughen you up!

HANS

Stop.

*(Hans exits, still carrying Sophie.)*

SOPHIE

German men do not giggle!

*(Mother and Father exit as lights shift and Liebereiche, Hans and other Hitler Youth enter, returning from a long hike.)*

LIEBEREICHE *(Exhausted.)*

Physical training instills confidence and heightens aggressiveness. The best Hitler youth is one who combines these virtues, and completely surrenders himself physically, morally, and intellectually, to the National Socialist world view. Rest!

*(They all take backpacks off and rest, sit, etc.)*

This alone is the supreme task of education. Help me with this, would you? We'll camp here for the night. Get a fire going while I pay tribute to the watering hole.

HANS

Heil Hitler.

LIEBEREICHE

Yes. Heil Hitler.

EUGENE

I didn't think he was going to make it up that last hill.

HANS

That's enough of that.

PAUL

What are we doing tonight, Hans?

HANS

I don't know. How about some music. Paul, you get the wood. Carl, help him, would you. Kindling too!

BOTH

Yes. We know. Etc.

HANS

Hand me that bag, would you, Eugene. God, it's beautiful out tonight. Thanks.

*(Handing out sheet music.)*

Here we go, now. I'm tired of singing alone.

*(Paul and Carl come back with wood.)*

Pass those out.

LIEBEREICHE *(Returning.)*

It's getting cold. Where's that fire?

CARL.

In a minute.

LIEBEREICHE *(Eugene gives music to Liebereiche. Hans is tuning his guitar.)*

What's this? Good, Hans. Singing instills a sense of national—Hans.

HANS

Yes?

LIEBEREICHE

What is this?

HANS

Music.

LIEBEREICHE

Russian.

HANS

Yes.

LIEBEREICHE

You can't sing these.

HANS

What?

LIEBEREICHE

You can't sing these, Hans.

*(Takes the music from Hans.)*

LIEBEREICHE (Cont.)

Give me those, boys.

*(Collects the rest.)*

C'mon. No music tonight. Come on, now, it's late. Time for prayers. You lead, Hans.

HANS *(The boys gather.)*

Fuhrer, my Fuhrer, given to me by God, protect and preserve my life for long.  
*(Others join in.)*

You saved Germany in time of need. I thank you for my daily bread. Be with me, my Fuhrer, my faith, my light, Hail to my Fuhrer!

LIEBEREICHE

Get the fire going and then sleep. Hans. I'd like to talk to you.

*(Hans exits with Liebereiche. Blackout at the same time as a flashlight pops on. Actors exit in black as Sophie and a girlfriend, Ericka, are walking on with sleeping bags and flashlights. They pick a spot and lie on the ground. Sophie plays with the flashlight.)*

SOPHIE

No, I just don't see why she can't join too. It's stupid.

ERICKA

It's just the rules.

SOPHIE

It's a stupid rule.

*(Pointing to the sky.)*

There it is. See it?

ERICKA

No.

SOPHIE

Right there—too late. Clouds.

ERICKA

How about here?

SOPHIE

Sure, if you want to sleep on a boulder. This is good.



ERICKA

I'm hungry.

SOPHIE (*They place their sleeping bags down.*)

I mean, they let me in. With this hair and my eyes—Annalisa's blonde and has blue eyes.

(*Shines the flashlight in Ericka's face.*)

You don't have blue eyes.

ERICKA (*Batting away the flashlight.*)

Stop it! Stop—great. I'm blind.

SOPHIE (*Shining flashlight in her own face.*)

None of it makes any sense to me.

(*Dreamily.*)

What do *you* think?

ERICKA

I don't know.

SOPHIE

You're a big help. Don't you ever wonder about things?

ERICKA

Would you please stop talking. I'm tired and I'm hungry and I want to go to—

(*A female troop leader walks by. Sophie quickly shuts off the flashlight. She and Ericka pretend to be asleep. After the female leader passes, Sophie and Ericka turn onto their stomachs, leaning on their elbows. Sophie has a book.*)

SOPHIE (*Turning on her flashlight.*)

I hate her. Ever since they made her troop leader. She thinks she's somebody now.

ERICKA

Can we go to sleep?

SOPHIE

I'm going to read.

Fine. Good night. ERICKA

Night. SOPHIE

Fritz was staring at you today. ERICKA

Really? SOPHIE

Oh, like you didn't notice. ERICKA

What are you talking about? SOPHIE

LEADER (*Coming back on.*)  
You two, lights out. Up at six tomorrow. We have a long—what are you reading?

What? SOPHIE

That book. What is it? LEADER

Henrich Heine. SOPHIE

That's not suitable reading for German girls. LEADER

Henrich Heine is German. SOPHIE

It's not suitable. LEADER

Have you read any his books? SOPHIE

What did you say? LEADER

SOPHIE

I said, have you read any of his books?

LEADER

Of course not.

SOPHIE

Then how do you know they're not suitable?

*(Leader takes her book.)*

Give me that. You give me that!

*(She takes it back.)*

It's *mine*.

LEADER

Who are you?

SOPHIE

My name is Sophie Scholl. Remember that.

LEADER

I will.

*(Exits.)*

SOPHIE

God, she makes me so mad.

LEADER *(From off.)*

Lights out!

*(Sophie turns off her flashlight and lays back as a slide appears and Father and Hans enter mid argument.)*

SLIDE

"Conscience is a Jewish invention." —Adolph Hitler.

FATHER *(Slide out.)*

Up and down the Tauentzienstrasse! Every window, every shop!

HANS

They, they, you keep saying they! Who did!

FATHER

Everyone—SS, storm troopers, and your vicious little Hitler Youth gangs.

HANS

That had nothing to do with my troops! We can't be responsible for everyone.

FATHER

You can't be responsible—I thought you were all *one*, one nation, one—all soldiers of some grand *new idea*.

HANS

You—you know, you don't know anything! Nobody *ordered* them to do it. It's not like it was planned or anything.

FATHER

No, they *volunteered*—in the glorious spirit of National Socialism I suppose.

HANS

Oh—you're so—you know, you act like it's 1930 or something. Open your mind a little.

FATHER

Open my—

HANS

Yes! You know, Hitler's done a lot of good things. He's the only one really doing anything—

FATHER

Oh, yes, I forgot, you're right, Hans—we have a great new *highway system*. The hell with the rest of the country.

HANS

You don't understand anything.

FATHER

I don't!?!—take that thing off in my house!  
(*The HY uniform.*)

HANS

I've got a meeting tonight.

FATHER

I said take it off! I have to watch them march down the street everyday in their goddamn parades, I don't have to look at it in my own house. I'd like to know what *makes* you think they're not going to come knocking on your door someday?

*(Sophie pokes her head in—unseen—and listens to the argument.)*

HANS

Well, if he's so terrible, vote him out of office. You're the ones that put him there!

FATHER

And how do you suggest we do that? He's outlawed every party except his own. We *can't* vote him out!

HANS

God, it's the same thing with you every night.

FATHER

You sit around your bonfires waving flags and singing about how great it is to be German, while your blessed *Fuhrer* is trying to drag us into another war—and sending anyone he doesn't like off to god knows where.

HANS

Yeah—and you know what? That's a lot of *communist* propoganda.

FATHER

Oh, for—

HANS

It's all lies! God, you believe anything you hear. They're in protective custody.

*(Sophie exits.)*

FATHER

You know, Hans, I've always respected your opinions, I...I encouraged you to think for yourself. I never worried about you cause I always knew you'd do the right thing—*eventually*. But now, I—I can't even have an intelligent conversation with you.

HANS

Well, don't!

FATHER

I haven't been!

*(They exit together, arguing, as a slide appears and Sophie and Mother enter.)*