

Scene Five
A Drab Government Office

(GLEB is on the telephone with his superior. He has an office to himself now. It has a view and his own telephone. He is well on his way up the Soviet ladder in his new uniform and boots and he is very pleased about it.)

GLEB. Thank you, sir, your confidence in me will be justified: my own office with a view of the Nevsky Prospekt, a Russian telephone that works.

(His superior is not amused.)

That was a joke. We have wonderful telephones.

(The door opens. An ASSISTANT pops his head in.)

COMRADE #3. She's here.

(He goes.)

GLEB. Sir, our little troublemaker has been found.

(He hangs up and goes to the window and stands looking down at the city below. He cuts a formidable figure with only his back for his visitor to ponder. ANYA enters.)

It's a remarkable city, our Leningrad. All those people down there, coming and going, creating a future for themselves. I stand at this window for hours admiring them and wondering why a few bad apples are getting up to mischief instead. I can see all the way to the old Yusupov palace. Funny business going on there. Counter-revolutionary behavior some would say.

ANYA. Why was I brought here?

GLEB. I thought you could tell me, comrade.

(He turns to her.)

You, the frightened little streetsweeper! I'd almost stopped looking for you on the Nevsky Prospekt. Anya? Am I right?

ANYA. Yes.

GLEB. I am Deputy Commissioner Gleb Vaganov. It's the uniform and the office that make the bad impression. I'm really not so bad. See? I have a sense of humor. You're shivering again. A friendly cup of tea will warm us both up.

ANYA. What is the charge?

GLEB. There is no charge. Why should there be? You have a job, food on the table, your own place in the new order of things.

ANYA. I'm very thankful.

GLEB. Which is why I'm warning you to leave your world of make-believe before it's too late.

ANYA. I don't understand.

GLEB. If you really were who you're pretending to be, they would kill you without hesitation.

ANYA. Everyone imagines being someone else. I'm no different. It's an innocent enough fantasy.

GLEB. No, Anya, a dangerous one. The Romanovs are gone, every last one of them. They no longer exist. My father was one of their guards.

ANYA. I don't want to hear this.

GLEB. When he was told to fire, he obeyed orders.

[MUSIC NO. 07 "THE NEVA FLOWS"]

END HERE

~~BE VERY CAREFUL
OF THESE RUMORS THAT PREVAIL.
BE VERY CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.
I WAS A BOY
WHO LIVED THE TRUTH BEHIND THE TALE -
AND NO ONE GOT AWAY...
I SAW THE CHILDREN
AS THE SOLDIERS CLOSED THE GATE.
THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER, AND HER PRIDE.
MY FATHER LEAVING,
ON THE NIGHT THEY MET THEIR FATE,
HIS PISTOL BY HIS SIDE.~~