

Fred Baker

Personal

[Scripts: Parting at  
Insdorf, Radio play -  
11.11.27]

[19-5]

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PARTING AT EMSDORF

Setting: Pastor Kielmann's parsonage in the village of Imsdorf, just so far from the German lines. An ancient room and a dark one. There is a door<sup>up</sup> left which leads to a hallway opening outdoors. In the same wall, downstage, another door. This latter door opens on the same hallway and, beyond, to the kitchen and dining room, across the hall. In the rear wall, two small windows, heavily curtained and blinded. Another, door, down right, to the cellar. Not much furniture, but what there is is work and massive. A few books. It is late of an evening in December, 1939.

At Rise: Old Pastor Kielmann is preparing for bed. He has turned his book face down on the table. He is now, out of old habit, testing the windows. He turns, squints nearsightedly about the room. There is a knock on the outside door, and in a moment Lieutenant Viertel's voice will be heard in the hallway.

Kielmann: Who is it?

Viertel (In hallway): Good friends and soldiers.

(Standing in doorway). Lieutenant Viertel.

Kielmann: Viertel?.....Come in, Hans, come in.

Viertel: Good evening, Pastor Kielmann.

Kielmann: I'm glad to see you. (They shake hands. Kielmann gazes at him fixedly.)

Viertel: I'm still alive - if that's the meaning of your stare. I'm still alive.

Kielmann: And well - and in your health - My welcome to you. (He gestures him to a seat.)

Viertel: Thank you - no.

Kielmann: I heard no sounds of gunfire all the day, and hearing none, I built a vision for myself, part prayer, part hope, part old man's dream - I built a thought of peace again out of the silence and my dotage.

Viertel: More out of your dotage than the silence. No peace in silences like these. The night whirls full of wind and combat. This restless, numb, unceasing quiet holds promises of guns and bloodshed. I judge that shrapnel will be cheap by morning.

Kielmann: (Again offering him a chair.) What peace this house of God's still blessed with that peace I offer.

*V. Not content with this night for peace - another place*  
Viertel: Another night for peace, perhaps, but not another place. This was a church betimes. 'Twill be betimes a church again. *Here, peace*

(The door is heard opening again and Corporal Brucher enters.)

Viertel:(Introducing.) Friedrich Brucher. This is Pastor Kielmann. You should know the Pastor, Corporal--



Brucher: Good evening, Pastor.

Viertel: Know him for his sweet insanity.

Kielmann: If you have come to tell me I must move, my answer's short; I've been pastor here for twenty years. This was my village, this was my church -

Viertel: (Impatiently.) Your villagers have gone, their young boys slaughtered. Your church is Armageddon. Two hundred feet from here, our nest of German howitzers, and on the other side, the English and the French.

Brucher: This is no place for God to loiter in.

Kielmann: God loiters best in haunts of danger. I give you hell and pleasant dreams. Good night.

(He starts to go. The men quickly exchange glances).

Brucher: (Stopping him) One moment. Listen. What do you hear?

Kielmann: What I have heard three days. What you hear. Nothing.

Brucher: Distrust these silences as we distrust them. Tomorrow bombs will fall. All the sky will darken with black wings and bombs will fall.

Viertel: And misery will spawn upon this German soil.

Kielmann: I shall stay here.

Brucher: Tonight a man was brought before us, an Englishman - We gladdened him awhile with rifle butts and floggings on the face and other small felicities. And when we'd made a nasty blob-

Viertel: (Interrupting, sharply.) Enough of this, Herr Corporal! The generals will be pleased, no doubt. And when you're old, your memoirs will sell better for the chapter titled "How I Delivered Anguish To a Blond Haired Boy from Surrey". The point is that he told us of his party: four of them who reconnoiter and seek details of our position. Two are dead and one's our captive, but one is free. Perchance that one is still among us and we'll be safe when we have found him. But perchance - and this is likely - he has returned and told our placements. I cannot tell - this may be so. And if right now, among the English, whispered plottings are in process, destruction's ours tomorrow morning.

Kielmann: If God so wills it.

Viertel: And so, distrust this silence. Brucher's right - there's death in silence. Leave this place and find a refuge.

Kielmann: I must stay here.

Viertel (To Brucher) I told you how it was with him. He is insane.



Kielmann: Goodnight, Hans Viertel. And - Brucher - Is it not -?  
Good night.

Viertel: A moment, Father.

Kielmann: What use! I've heard it told that old men have a way,  
a rooted way that ties them to what was. And ~~xxxx~~ should these roots  
be disinterred, they might as well be dead. And in this Insdorf  
village all my roots are deep -

Viertel: All this I understand. I understand that some phenomenon  
like death would come to you if you would disembowel your roots  
and travel elsewhere.

Kielmann: It would be another death.

Viertel: And when two deaths are scaled, there's not much choice.  
All this I understand. But, good Pastor Kielmann, this too I  
understand-

Kielmann: I know what you are set to say: I have a daughter.

Viertel: (quickly) Who is young! Remember that!

Kielmann: (Angrily). Hold off! "Remember that" you say, and  
"She is young" you say! I've listened to your guns some mornings  
and looked at Anna, and plead with her to go and leave me my  
senility and God! And when I saw her adamant and firm, I've  
crept within my cloister and lifted up my voice and wept out  
loud! "Remember that", you tell me, and "She is young!" Hold off  
your prating! What else could I remember if I stopped remembering  
her? Hold off and -!

(He stops sudden). Then quietly and contritely) I beg your pardon  
for this outcry and this anger. You touch a man whose fear is an  
open wound.

(There is a pause)

Viertel: (quietly) When I was yet a child, and lived in Insdorf,  
and all the older boys were wont to mock my twelfth year stammerings  
and lisplings, and call me Hans the Foolish, Hans the Stupid; and  
when my twelfth year heart was a lead plummet sounding the dark  
waters of my loneliness; and when I had no friend nor dear  
companion. In those far days of youthful desolation I used to come  
all shame and lisping, and sit beside you. This place was home,  
and church, and haven, and you, my friend....And now the nights  
are full of killings and I, lieutenant, lie the darkness through  
and dream of childhood and your kind hand upon my shoulder...I ask  
you, Father, again I ask you, not as soldier, nor lieutenant, but  
with twelfth year asking, boyhood asking, leave this place and  
find a refuge.

Kielmann: My child, I cannot, I cannot go.

Brucher: (Roughly) We waste our time. And there's an Englishman  
to ferret.



Viertel:(Irritably, to Brucher). Patience!

Brucher: We can return here when the Englishman-

Viertel:(Pleading with Kielmann) Father?

Kielmann: As I have said.

Viertel: So be it. Perhaps we shall return. Come, Brucher.

(They go out. In a moment, Kielmann follows them slowly to the hallway and, in a little while, the large bolts of the door are heard, closing. In the meantime, Anna has entered through the door, downstage, left. She has been in bed. Kielmann returns to the room and is surprised at seeing his daughter.)

Kielmann: Anna! Anna, you awake?

Anna: Not yet awake, nor yet asleep. I dreamed. I dreamed this town was green again, with flower boxes blooming, and lovers in the square. And in my dream I heard Hans Viertel's voice and yours, in anger.

Kielmann: 'Twas nothing.

Anna: 'Twas more than anything!

Kielmann: You're right. 'Twas more than everything. My Anchen, little child, you heard us speaking. You heard the doom that's set for Insdorf. And being good, and loving me, and hearing me beseech you, you will forsake this place and seek another!

Anna: I'll make a pact with you-

Kielmann: No pacts - no bargainings- no ifs nor wherefores! Forsake this place!

Anna: A pact with you! a father-daughter promise, here in this lost December, a sacred, sacred promise, of me to you and you to me-

Kielmann: No pacts!

Anna: Made now while there's a sabbath between dangers, on this, the evening of eternity-

Kielmann: No promises!

Anna: A pact that we shall never speak of this again! I shan't entreat you to abandon me. As for yourself, you'll do the same: No word, no gesture shall escape you: An end to worried footfalls 'round my bed; no deepening sorrow in your eyes shall let me know you'd have me leave this place.

Kielmann:(Painfully) Oh, daughter - daughter -

Anna: You promise!

Kielmann



Kielmann: With such a child as you, my last few years might be my glimpse of immortality-

Anna: Beside the point! A compact, Father!

Kielmann: If we were both to leave-

Anna: "Another death" you told Hans Viertel, and now you speak of leaving! Shame, Father! ----is it agreed?

Kielmann: Yes.

Anna: Thank you. (She takes his hands into her own) And now to bed. Your hands are cold and shaking.

Kielmann: It is nothing.

Anna: (Going to a cruet of wine on the table) Perhaps some wine - ! We'll celebrate our promise over wine! I feel a strange festivity tonight as though something ontoward has happened or is this moment happening, or is about to be! A strange festivity! Some wine!

Kielmann: (Taking the cruet from her.) Not this, my child...A time will come when one small cruet will remain to celebrate a greater festival, when all the bells will sound and hands will clasp across the Rhine! We'll drink this cruet then, or others will - if we are dead.

Anna: (Cally) Dead! The war can't last that long!

Kielmann: (More cheerily) I'd like some tea!

Anna: Good enough! Tea is good enough! I'll set the kettle boiling!

(She goes out, down left. A moment. Then the cellar door, right, opens slowly and EDWARD LAVY, the English soldier, stands there. He sees the pastor, whose back is toward him.)

Lavy: Don't move!

Kielmann: Who -? What-? (Who are you?) or (Who is he?)

Lavy: (Gun in hand) Turn and see.

(Kielmann turns) Edward Lavy: English - hungry -

Kielmann: You are welcome.

place  
Lavy: What is this?

Kielmann: A church.

Lavy: And you?

Kielmann: Its pastor. Hungry, did you say?

(He makes move toward kitchen.)



Lavy: (Jerkily) No tricks, my friend-

Kielmann: (Slowly) A man is hungry - there's no trick to that. Another offers food - still not a trick.

Lavy: When one's a German there's a trick! When one's an enemy there's a trick to that! Don't move!

(He sways a little with hunger and exhaustion)

Kielmann: (Moving toward him) Sit down, my boy!

Lavy: Don't stir, I tell you!

(He looks about him. Then suddenly he begins to laugh). A church! That's good, I say! A church! That's good!

Kielmann: You find it funny?

Lavy: Funny, yes! It might have been a school, a farm, or better still a prison, or a dungeon of fat stone and lizards on the walls, or better still - a stinking brothel!

Kielmann: My boy!

Lavy: But no! It had to be this place, this church with incense in the air!

Kielmann: No incense here-

Lavy: (Laughing painfully) A church I owe my life to! A church! That's funny!

(Anna enters quickly)

(Anna: (Not seeing Lavy at first) The kettle soon will boil and- What's this!

Kielmann: This Englishman-

Lavy: Be quiet!

Anna: Father, this is he that Viertel-

Lavy: (Savagely) What talking will be done <sup>that</sup> - I shall do! Be silent!

Anna: No further talk! The case is clear-

(She goes quickly to the door)

Lavy: Don't move, I tell you, or I kill!

Kielmann: Anchen, please!

Lavy: (Pointing gun) This thing I have here is no stranger! We two are old companions now. And I shall shoot and wear no sackcloth for the killing!



*Harold Flegal*

Anna: You Englishmen are brave! (She moves a step closer to door)  
I'll call the soldiers!

Kielmann: Annchen - daughter - !

Lavy: Stop! This is your daughter! This child you love will be a shadow,  
a wraith to haunt you if you permit her to set foot outside that doorway!

Kielmann: She will not go.

Anna: This is the valor I expected! Englishman of slops and garbage!  
Stands strong with pistol pointed at a girl and old pastor.

Lavy: (He reels suddenly) I - please - I (He faints)

Kielmann: (Moving toward him quickly) The boy is ill!

Anna: Let him die!

Kielmann (Kneeling beside him) Ill and weak and hungry- (Gesturing for  
help) Anna, please-

Anna: Let him die, I tell you! (Turns to door again). I'll go and summon  
Viertel!

Kielmann: No, Anna! I'll not have it!

Anna: 'Twas he that Viertel spoke of. This man's an enemy, a danger-

Kielmann: (Trying to revive him) A weak and hungry boy who's found a church-  
and -. (He tries to lift him) Anna, help me!

(The note of pleading in his voice brings her slowly beside the prostrate  
form)

Anna: (Mumbling) No good will come of this - No good - no good-  
(She is beside her father. She has Lavy's gun).

Lavy: (Reviving slowly- muttering under his breath) What strident toys  
are these - and treble voices screaming in the night - and imbecilic glee-  
and bloodshed-

Kielmann: (Helping him up) Get up, my boy. (Going for cruet of wine)  
Drink this.

Anna: The cruet, father! Must he swill our wine?

Kielmann: (As Lavy drinks from the cruet) Drink more.

Anna: No good will come of this - no good-

Lavy: (Fully conscious) Still here within the sacred precincts? I'd  
hoped I'd awaken to another place.

Kielmann: Better now? You're feeling better now?

Lavy: Yes. Well enough. ~~to go~~ Well enough to go and leave this house.

Kielmann: Wait. It is too soon and you are weak. Sit down awhile and take  
the suffering from your face.



Lavy: (Breaking out) This is no mask of tragedy you see here! No mask of suffering to be doffed with grateful gestures! It burrows deep into the fissures of my soul! If souls I have, and fissures in it!

Kielmann: Sit down. We'll have some food. All three of us - some ~~bread~~ food. There is in bread a benediction, a blessing there that prayer can't equal. Sit down. You're famished.

(He turns to his daughter as though asking her to prepare something for them) Anna, please.

Anna: I shall not stir.

Kielmann: Anna!

Anna: To feed this man I shall not stir!

Lavy: (Rising) Well said. I'll leave you now.

Kielmann: Not yet. I beg of you. If you go out the door some peril's sure to find you. Our German soldiers know you're here -

Lavy: (with a start) Here?

Kielmann: In this vicinity.

Lavy: I'll take my chances.

Kielmann: What chances are there? You will elude them, let us say, and the, what next? The night is bitter cold and you are trembling. Your face is drawn with weariness and hunger. Wait here awhile and eat with us.

Lavy: (Turning on him suddenly) Are you a thief?

Kielmann: (Stunned) A ~~liar~~ thief?

Lavy: A liar or a bawd?

Kielmann: A pastor, I have said.

Lavy: (With a laugh) That is a pity. Were you a thief I'd eat with you. Were you a liar, Bawd, or man of vile repute I'd eat your bread, and greedily, because I am starving.

(He wheels on Anna) Are you a harlot?

Anna: Father, are we to bear this?

Lavy: Were she a harlot or a painted whore I'd feed from her hand! But she is she, and you're a minister of God, and I despise you both. Goodbye.

Anna: (Pointing gun) A moment since you threatened me with this. I have it now! A moment since you raised this gun, and threatening with looks and braggart steel you said my step outside the door would mean my death. I have it now! And now I tell you just the same, as you told me. You move outside the door and you are dead!

Lavy: Ah, this is far better! This is direct and honest! - Your father's words of kindness are a menace. I do not trust his talk nor him. These



words of yours I love, I batter on them. - These I can cope with!! I recognize their tune: enemy to enemy speaking words of hatred. - These threats I know and I defy! (He makes a short movement toward the door)

Anna: Don't move. The soldiers will come back and take you. I'll see to that. Until that time, don't move!

Lavy: Again I say - goodbye.

Anna: I'll shoot. I warn you clear - I'll shoot!

(Lavy. He makes a sudden movement to the door. At the door he stops short, his back to them. In the meantime, there is no shot. He stands there, back to them, for a long time. Then, suddenly, in an agonized outcry: Go on - go on - what stops you? (Pause. He turns quickly, his face twisted in pain) Great wretched mockery of hell! You bloody, torturing, sadistic God! No pistol shot - no sharp report - no blood of mine - no pain - no last gasping gasp of death!

(To Anna) Why did you not shoot? Why do you stand there, mouth agape, with eyes of childhood wonder gazing on me? This but a little movement. One finger would have done it. One girlish finger and this me would be a clod of blood upon this threshold and I'd be free. Why did you not shoot?

Anna: (In small voice). I - I tried! The trigger jammed.

Lavy: You lie! I read it in your face - you lie! There was a silence without report. No gunshot nor no click. You did not even try! You did not try! The trigger jammed, you say! You lie! (He stands with his hands over his face trying to restrain his sobbing)

Kielmann: (Going to him gently) And now will you sit down?

(He leads Lavy to a chair. Long pause).

Lavy: (Quietly) My name is Edward Lavy.

Kielmann: So you have said. Lavy - lavy - the fingers in the temples of Solomon-

Lavy: Yes. They called them laves.

Kielmann: And you are one of them? A Lavy in a modern day-

Lavy: No temples now. No Solomons, and no songs. I am a Jew.

Kielmann: I see.

Lavy: A year ago I stood to take the vows of Hebrew clergy, of the rabbinate. A rabbi, I, young, and with my Hebrew God a flame within me. Now there's another flame, and hotter, a flame that burns and won't consume this life it feeds on. Through of that - I said my Hebrew God - you know how God can walk in all the stillnesses of mind, creating music, in all the darknesses, bringing light, in all the doubts, bringing faith, in all the turmoil, peace. You who are a man of Christ must know my ancient God, made modern for a modern day, reattered on your tears, new God of peace and sweet benignity, a staff to lean on, worship, trust - that God has failed me!

Kielmann: My son -

Lavy: Yes! Has failed me! My God's turned back to Jehovah. Turned his



brow away, revolted! A god of vengeance now, and white faces and bloodied!  
Jahveh! God of tortore, eye for eye and tooth for tooth! Old jealous god,  
with ancient eyes to lick and ancient graces! My God has failed me!

Kielmann: For any man to leave his God is quite enough of heartbreak-  
for you, my son-

Lavy: I have not left my God! He has left me! Abandoned me and all of  
us, forsaken us to new Galileas, given us another wilderness - made us  
through alone!

Kielmann: How did you become a soldier?

Lavy: I came to Prince as rabbi, but the praying was no good. The men  
still died.

Kielmann: This was has been a quiet one.

Lavy: Quiet, did you say, quiet? Look out this window - see your village.

Kielmann: That happened in September. How quiet - there's not much  
shooting.

Lavy: More ways to kill a cat than swinging! More ways to kill a man than  
blowing out his brains! I've seen men: He is past-time moments: waiting  
for the dawn; dreaming of their young; I've seen young boys go off in  
process, abuse their very souls, and come out dead. I've seen ghosts  
born ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~world~~ <sup>world</sup>, my friend. There's said when ghosts are borned, a  
kind of racked Caesarian of the soul, and teeth were arier. The praying  
was no good, I said. The men still died, I said. Still waiting. This is  
no time for Torah and for Talmud. Prayers and godstuffs unavailing,  
I chose a gun!

Kielmann: And you chose badly.

Lavy: Oh, stop your mumbling! Stop this gentle lashing out at ghosts!  
What do you know of ghosts?

Kielmann: (After a moment, quietly) I have had moments when I saw the  
strongest faith for single moments. I know how quiet and simple and  
faithful servants of the Lord must feel when, at such times as these,  
they find it hard to pray and to believe. And yet I say that these, the  
moments of great trial, are moments of great ecstasy. Your choice was bad.  
(Pause) A while ago you asked for death-

Lavy (To Anna) Why did you hold your hand?

Kielmann: (Quickly) And knowing her, my daughter, I did not interfere.  
She could not kill. But if she had, I'm sure of that: you, David Lavy,  
priest of Zion, with your dying breath would speak of Israel, and would  
pray to Israel's God and find your peace. You will return to God, my child,  
and find him where he always was: lighting the darkness, bringing music  
to stillness, and faith to doubting.

Lavy: (Racked) And now-? This moment-? What about now?

Kielmann: If you could only pray.

Lavy: Prayer! What prayer for me?



Kielmann: I do not know.

Lavy: A prayer! Give me a prayer!

Kielmann: I cannot.

Lavy: There! You see!

Kielmann: Your prayer must be your own.

Lavy: You are a man of God. No prayer from you?

Kielmann: No prayer. None.

Lavy: (Turning to Anna) And you. What of you? You, standing in your quietude, speak now! Give me a prayer!

Anna: I know but one.

Lavy: (Pleading) Say Teach it to me.

Anna: No good for you.

Lavy: Say it.

Anna: (In a whisper) Our Father, who art in heaven, (He turns his head away quickly, tormentedly.) Hallowed be Thy name, Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done-

Lavy: (Crying out) Enough of that! 'Twill do no good - and I am lost. Good night. (He starts slowly toward the door.)

Kielmann: Good night, my boy.

Anna: He'll not stand in your way again.

Lavy: I see you don't. And yet I wish you'd shot that gun.

Anna: I wish I had - for other reasons now.

Lavy: (At the door - after a pause) In better times than these you'd be my friend perhaps. We might discuss the Talmud maybe, or that prayer you prayed, and laugh and find a silly joke in an old commentary. But these are bitter times, and here I am Englishman with Germans, a Jew within the shadow of the swastika, a lost, tormented rabbi in a church. In better times than these perhaps, I'd find you wise - and you I might find beautiful. And if the times were better still, there might be no great differences at all, no German-English shadow, Christian-Jewish call, rabbi-priest distinctions. And if the times were better, better still, I might stand here and look at you and dream of futures. You and I - perhaps - who knows - we might be lovers with a lovely dream to share.

Anna: A lovely dream to share - in better, better times-

Lavy: Bad times are bad. - and yet again I wish you'd shot that gun. (He turns - is about to go)

Anna: (Suddenly listening) What's that?



Kielmann: I heard nothing.

Anna: A sound - a noise it was - a little scraping noise -

Kielmann: The night is wind, and full of sounds-

Anna: (Apprehensively) Not wind, Father-

Lavy: I heard no sound.

Anna: I did! The soldiers!

Lavy: There was no sound, I tell you!

Anna: I see! You heard it too!

Lavy: I heard nothing!

Anna: You heard it too!

Lavy: There was no sound, I tell you! (Excitedly) What will happen will happen in a stillness! (Whispering hoarsely to himself) Tread softly, sweet assimilation, tread softly and slow and make no sound! Save all the single calls and drum beats for other men, great heroes, who revered this life or loved it! But for us, tread softly!

Anna: You want them to come in! You really want to die!

Lavy: If there are soldiers coming, let them come. I'll not prevent them.

Anna: But I shall!

Lavy: How shall you! How could you have made a move tonight when I was at this door and you stood there. You could have made a move-

Anna: I could not! I could not!

Lavy: And had that move been made this misery I feel - you could have made that move, and did not! Well, there's another way to rid - to ward off these soldiers off! But you'll not make it! (There's a sudden knock on the door). Lavy: (Turning in the direction of the sound) Well done! I'm more than ready now! (Another knock) Leave off your knocking and come in. This is a church and you are welcome. And if you've just a single bullet, a small one, and can spare it, that too will find a welcome - in my heart! (Another knock) Leave off your knocking!

Kielmann: The door is locked. There's still some time.

Lavy: (With a laugh) Time? Time for what? A song, good Father? A roundelay perhaps, or would you like a prayer?

Anna: How did you come here?

Lavy: In and around and through the town and London Bridge is falling down! A dollar, a dollar, a roundabout soldier! (Another knock) Oh, damn your knocking!

Anna: How did you come?

Kielmann: He came through there - through the cellar.



Anna: Go out the way you came!

Lavy: November is a good month to cry in! December is a dandy month to die in! September is - it's not for anyone!

Anna: Go out the way you came!

Lavy: Not I!

Anna: Please! Please!

Mielmann: They'll hear him, daughter! (Looking out window) Look at the men - they're all about us! They'll hear him!

Anna: Down in the cellar - there's a window there - Under the altar it is - you crawl and crawl in darkness - and then quite suddenly it's light - I did it often as a child, exploring mysteries -

Lavy: And what did you find, my dear, my dear? What did you find, my dear?

Anna: Go, please!

Mielmann: He'll make a noise as he crawls through-

Lavy: Not in heaven, I won't! I'll crawl through silently! And all the angels' faces will be turned the other way!

(Another knock...Viertel's voice is heard shouting)

Anna: Please! You're wasting time!

Mielmann: Yes! You'd better go!

Lavy: I'm bored with cellar windows! I've a dark and misty window in the cellar that's my soul! I'm bored with that one too!

Anna: You fool! You think they'll kill you! You think it will be easy as all that!

Mielmann: We have a way, we Germans, and it's fine for breaking young men's spirits before it breaks their backs!

Lavy: (Savagely) What spirits, man, what spibits!  
(The knocking is louder now)  
Stop your knocking! I'm coming to let you in!

Anna: (Crying out to him) No, wait! Please wait! I beg of you, please wait! A lovely dream to share, share, you said-

Lavy: In better times, I said. It was a fantasy. Forget it.

Anna: I'll not forget it! I'm just as good at fantasy as you! In better times- that's what you said! The times are good! Oh, don't you feel it? All the world's at peace again! Nothing of these wars remains except a few satirical pages in a history book. This universe is your size and green and we're two people standing on a hill, a hill somewhere in England, if you like, or Galilee. You choose the place. Some place that's dear to you. A place where there are Hawthorns and a stream and we're two people standing there alone. You and I...Oh, look at me, Don't turn your face away-



Lavy: Sweet words - kind words -

Anna: The words a lover speaks in England somewhere-

Lavy: You'd really have me save myself?

Anna: Please! I beg of you-

Lavy: I dreamed a dream once. Shall I tell you?

Anna: Another time - we'll share it.

Lavy: There ~~will~~ never will be other times.

Anna: Don't say that! Go and never say it.

(He goes out quickly by way of the cellar. Kielmann immediately goes out the hallway door and in a moment returns quickly, followed by Brucher and Viertel. Brucher starts immediately to search the house.)

Viertel: For violent work we've laid upon your dear we hardly ask your pardon.....Well, Brucher?

Brucher: I could have sworn I heard his voice, Lieutenant.

Viertel: (Irritated) This incorporeal voice you heard, this night sound in the air is stuff to sleep on.

(To Kielmann) And so get sleep, if we've disturbed you-

Brucher: I'm still not satisfied.

Kielmann: If we, in any way, can be of service -

Viertel: None at all. I deeply thank you.

(Brucher is cutting a ludicrous figure by searching even behind chairs and under tables. Viertel, suddenly looks at the cellar door and continues:) The corporal, as you see, is bent on capture. He'll comb this sector for a flea, and miss the dog.

Kielmann: (Gesturing to cellar door) If you would care to search?

Viertel: I'm satisfied there's nothing there at all. (To Brucher who has gone into the hall and returned quickly) What now, Herr Brucher?

Brucher: Not anything at all, sir - nothing.

Viertel: No fleas, Herr Brucher?

Brucher: I beg your pardon?

Viertel: (Aping him) Nothing sir, not anything at all...You're satisfied?

Brucher: I'm still not satisfied. I'll look upstairs. (He is about to go)

Anna: (Mocking him) Such diligence as this will win you credit. You'll be a general, sure, at least captain. And when you die, they'll carve upon your tombstone: Herr General Brucher - He sniffed an Englishman and lost him and died - unsatisfied!



Brucher: (Angry - nettled) Go on and joke! Some run at diligence and joke! I'll do my work as I have done and ward of sleeplessness as best I can.

And when the daylight dawns-

(Viertel laughs, Brucher breaks off quickly). To hell with that! What use to look by sunset? We've lost him - that I know. At least we've done our job- or I have.

(Ce salue of the cellar door for the first time)

But wait a minute - one more try. 'Twill do no harm to have another go at finding what he's got to! That door- where does it lead?

Anna: To the cellar.

Brucher: (Moving toward it) I'll have a look.

Anna: Wait.

Brucher: (Surprised at her interference - smelling something) What's this?

Anna: You'll leave this place at once.

Brucher: (Turning suddenly to Viertel). A flea, you said! I heard you - fleas! The place is ridden with them! Fleas and dogs and sons of dogs! I'll have a look! By Christ, I'll have a look!

Kielmann: (Looking this way) One moment! This is a holy place, remember that! You sit not here lightly, with profanation, carrying obscenely in a place of peace, bloodily your sacrilege in God's house! And I'll not have it!

Brucher makes a move toward the door and Kielmann stands squarely in front of it.

I'll stand before this door until my end. And with this great defiance I'll cry out with all the strength God gives me that this place is sanctuary and beyond your rattling noise and searches.

Viertel: (Attentive now - pushing Brucher out of the way quietly) 'Tis but a cellar, Father.

Kielmann: Since when has God been known to frown on cellars?

Viertel: We'll not profane the church.

Kielmann: Nor any other room within this house.

Viertel: The ~~isxxx~~ man is there then?

Kielmann: If there's a mouse below there I'll ~~visit~~ hit. If there's a crawling thing upon the wall I'll give him refuge. If there's a man, this is his sanctuary.

Viertel: (In a low voice) Is there a man there?

Kielmann: I've said my say. Now do what you're a mind to.

Viertel: (Deeply) Father, please hear me: my duty's clear in this, it stands out plainly. But nevertheless I dream that this white head and an old man's voice would stand between me and the thing that's written I must do,

(Taking out his gun) This gun would free that door-



Anna: No - please - !

Viertel: Would free that door, I say. And yet I know that if you lay upon this floor and I stood here I'd not be freer than I am now! I could not step across you. (He moves to table, putting down his gun.) And so I put this here.....thus we stand here, friend and brother, face to face and looking squarely, reiterating all the promises that save us as we once were. Friend, I ask you, Minister of Christ, Defender of the Word, I ask you, tell me truly: is there someone hiding?

Kielmann: I've said my say.

Brucher: Break down the door! The man is there!

Viertel: (To Kielmann) Make it easy for me. I'll leave this place and not return 'till peace comes and I can pray again, make it easy for me to leave here.

Anna: No one's there! No one's there!

Brucher: She lies! The man's below!

Anna: No one! I swear it!

Viertel: I ask your father!

Kielmann: (Heavily) what is it you would have me say?

Viertel: You, Pastor Kielmann, Lover of God, Defender of Christ, simple Christian, do ~~not~~ tell me no one's there?

Kielmann: (Tortured) O I, Pastor Kielmann, with God's love and mercy, and sweet Christ's compassion, I tell you -

(The door opens and Lavy enters). Lavy: That no one's there. The word is spoken.

Kielmann: (Breaking down) Oh, my son-

Anna: (Rushing to Lavy) Why did you do it? Oh, why did you do it? (She sobs convulsively.)

Lavy: (Taking her in his arms, after a pause) If I could pray again, I'd pray for you and me, and your old father.

Anna: Why! Why did you do it? (She is embracing him fervently, still sobbing)

Lavy: Your arms are heavy around my neck ...and you are heavy around my heart...what is your name? I do not know your name.

Anna: (With a great sob) My name is Anna, your Lavy, and I shall come to death. 'Twas I who bore you, and bear you still within my womb, and love you.

Lavy: (Suddenly) Enough of this! (He ~~xxxxxxxx~~ breaks away quickly. He makes a quick movement toward the door, shouting) Come! Come! Take me, friends, and welcome!



Trainer calls out his name, softly. Victor looks like someone who has been  
in a room (actor)

Trainer: You're afraid of me, aren't you?

Trainer: There is a shot. They stop. They look out.

Trainer: (softly) You're afraid of me, aren't you?

Trainer: (softly) This was well done - and really! The music is better  
than you could! In the end, we succeed - the loud  
explosion - the gentle, gentle, gentle - the gentle, gentle, gentle -  
the end - well done - and really - (he falls)

Trainer: (softly) You're afraid of me -

Trainer: (softly) If you've a hand to hand me - hand in me - for this last  
night - I'll give it back again - quite soon - quite soon -

Trainer: (softly) You're afraid of me - and really! The music is better  
than you could! In the end, we succeed - the loud  
explosion - the gentle, gentle, gentle - the gentle, gentle, gentle -  
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the end - well done - and really - (he falls)



ANNOUNCER: We take you now to a broadcasting studio in Berlin

MUSIC DEUTSCHLAND - CHIMES

*Open*  
*all*  
BOB: Good morning everybody. I hope you're feeling Heil and ~~happy~~ <sup>healthy</sup> this morning. This is station A/D/O/L/P/ in Berlin operating with a frequency that gets on your nerves.

BONG!

*Rachel*  
*shuffled*  
GOODIER: Correction from the Censorship department. The German people have no nerves. They are strong, brave and fearless at all times.

*all*  
*Open*  
BOB: My mistake, <sup>Frau</sup> Herr Censor. Excuse, please. Ahem. You are listening to station A-D-O-L-P-H, owned and operated by the Adolph Hitler Broadcasting Corporation. President.....

*Rachel*  
*all*  
NORMAN: Adolph Hitler! ✓

*all*  
BOB: Vice President.....

*Rachel*  
*all*  
NORMAN: Adolph Hitler!

*all*  
BOB: Chief Announcer.....

*Rachel*  
*all*  
NORMAN: Adolph Hitler!

*all*  
BOB: Sound effect man.....

*Rachel*  
*all*  
NORMAN: Adolph Hitler! ✓

*all*  
BOB: This station broadcasts twenty-four hrs. a day to an audience consisting of....

*Rachel*  
*all*  
NORMAN: Adolph Hitler!

*all*  
BOB: We begin our day's broadcasting activities with a little music. Introducing the Happy Hitler Trio. They will now sing the number one hit on the HIT-LER Parade entitled: "THIS... is worth fighting for ???". We hope it will cheer you up

GONG

*all*  
*shuffled*  
GOODIER: Correction from the Censorship department. The German people don't have to be cheered up, They are always gay, happy and smiling!

*all*  
BOB: My mistake, <sup>Frau</sup> Herr Censor. Excuse, please!

GOODIER: Don't let it happen again.

*all*  
BOB: ~~Jawohl!~~



~~GOODIER:~~ And wipe that smile off your kisser!!

BOB: <sup>Opea</sup> ~~Jawohl.~~ Ahem. We bring you now the Happy Hi ler Trio'

TRIO: (SINGING THREE NOTES EACH TAKING ONE) Heil...Heil...Heil!  
(SING WITH TEARS IN VOICE.)

*all*  
I went through the fighting in Russia,  
But cold is a thing I deplore.  
And I heard a voice within me saying...

*Nadie To the*  
MURTON: THIS....is worth fighting for??? ✓

TRIO: I went to the desert with Rommel.  
And ran as I've not run before.  
And I heard a voice within me asking

*all*  
*Rachel*  
MURTON: (WEEPY) Fritz?

*Nadie* NORMAN: *all* " Yah? ✓

*Rachel*  
MURTON: THIS...THIS...is worth fighting for???

*all* MURTON: Didn't I fight in Norway?

*all* Two Others: Jawohl!

*all* GOODIER: Didn't I fight in France?

*all* Two Others: Jawohl!

*Nadie* NORMAN: *all* Didn't I fight in Russia?

*all* Two Others: YOU DID????

*To the*  
MURTON: Sucker!

TRIO: I took our a picture of Hitler.  
And gazed at the face I adore.  
And I heard a voice within me saying...  
(SCREAM FROM NORMAN)

ALL: (CRYING BITTERLY) THIS...IS WORTH FIGHTING FOR??????????

*Opea* BOB: *all* (ALL SOBING) That was very beautiful, very touching...  
And now we bring you the latest news.

TICKER.

*Nadie* NORMAN: *Rachel* Berlin. Yesterday the Fuehrer went horseback riding and was thrown by his horse.

*all* As a result of this ungrateful action from now on horses ill be abolished.

*Nadie* NORMAN: *Rachel* The Fuehrer announced today that he is building a new battle-ship.

*Trio: Out*  
*Opea*  
*Willie*



BOB: Rhoda  
alf

The Fuehrer's battleship will be bigger than any other battleship.

NORMAN: Nadie Rachel

The Fuehrer announced today that he is building a new transport plane.

BOB: Rhoda alf

The Fuehrer's transport plane will be bigger than any other transport plane.

NORMAN: Nadie Rachel

The Fuehrer announced today that he's developed a stomach ulcer.

BOB: Rhoda alf

The Fuehrer's ulcer will be bigger than any other ulcer.

TICKER.

BOB: Rose alf  
Katz

And now the hockey score in the game between the Goering Gorillas and the Fuehrer's own team.. the Hitler Hepcats! The game was refereed by the Fuehrer himself and the score was....Goering Gorillas...nudding. Hitler Hepcats..."8". It was an unusually clean game. Only three penalties were handed out to players and they will be shot tomorrow.

TICKER.

BOB: alf cut

And now we bring you Germany's most popular radio serial... "Against the Storm...Trooper."

MUSIC: - DEUTSCHLAND

BOB: alf  
cut

Against the Storm...Trooper. The story of a drip in the river of life. This story is brought to you by the Adolph Hitler Soap Co. Makers of Germany's finest soap..Blitzo. Aryans. Do you offend people? Do you stay home night after night all alone? Are you unpopular with the Gestapo? Then you have Befestigung Vertekunstlichvirshafter Ooemerklignachvar Umheiligkeitshoienesbrondhaufen Birtig. In other words... B.O. Only one thing can help you... Use BLITZO... THE sopp the Fuehrer uses. And now for our story. Last week, you will remember, Fritz Rumpelmeyer, the young stormtrooper, was sent tot the Russian front. You remember what he said of that occasion.

Nadie Rachel  
JIMMY:

(WEEPY) Brrrrrrrrr. It's cold here! ✓

cut BOB: alf

Then he was transferred to the African front.

Nadie Rachel  
JIMMY:

(WEEPY) Whew! It's hot here! ✓

BOB: alf  
cut

But today Fritz is back in the Faterland on leave. As our story opens he is just about to enter the Rumpelmeyer house where his whole family is gathered to greet the hero. Everybody is there. His momma, his poppa, his brothers, his sisters, his uncles, his aunties, his cousins. Oh they are going to have so much to talk about with Fritz. Let us listen.

DOOR CLOSES.



*all Rachel*  
AD LIB: It's Fritz. Fritz is here. Fritz has come home. etc.

*N.* JIMMY: *ℓ*. Heil Hitler, Momma!

*Oscar* ROBERTS: *R*. HIEL HITLER FRITZ.

*N.* JIMMY: *ℓ*. HEIL HITLER POPPA.

*Art* BOB: *Q*, HEIL HITLER FRITZ.

*N.* JIMMY: *ℓ*. HEIL HITLER UNCLE.

*Goodier* GOODIER: *R*. HEIL HITLER FRITZ.

*N.* JIMMY: *ℓ*. HEIL HITLER AUNTIE.

*Cleaver* PHYLLIS: *A*. HEIL HITLER FRITZ.

*N.* JIMMY: *ℓ*. HEIL HITLER COUSIN.

*Peter* PETER: *R*. HEIL HITLER FRITZ.

*N.* JIMMY: *ℓ*. HEIL HITLER SECOND COUSIN.

*Bob* NORMAN: *A*. HEIL HITLER FRITZ.

*N.* JIMMY: *ℓ*. HEIL HITLER THIRD COUSIN.

*Rose* MURTON: *R*. HEIL HITLER FRITZ.

*N.* JIMMY: *ℓ*. HEIL HITLER ANNA.

*Roberta* ROBERTA: *A*. HEIL HITLER FRITZ!

*Bob* BOB: *ℓ*. Ach, how kind it was of our great Fuehrer to give Fritz leave so he can see the family and talk things over. Why don't you show your appreciation for our Fuehrer's kindness by buying BLITZO...the soap with the blitzkrieg action... It removes dirt in thirty seconds...skin in thirty days. Here is what Brunhilda Bilgestaffen has to say about blitzo.

*Phyllis* PHYLLIS: I am not only using Blitzo for washing also I am eating it. Yum. Yum. It's erstesz vitamins have built up my figure wonderbar. Now I am the ideal type of Aryan Womanhood. Because of my glorious, robust and powerful Aryan physique all my friends is now calling me Fraulein Five by Five!

*Art* BOB: So much for Blitzo. But now let uf return to Fritz and his family and see how they're getting on.

*N.* JIMMY: *ℓ*. HIEL HITLER OLGA.

*Cleaver* ROBERTA: *R*. HEIL HITLER FRITZ. ✓

*N.* JIMMY: *ℓ*. HEIL HITLER MEYER.

*Oscar* GOODIER: *A*. HEIL HITLER FRITZ.

*N.* JIMMY: *ℓ*. HEIL HITLER LUDWIG.



*Shirley*  
NORMAN: R. HEIL HITLER FRITZ

BOB: And so we leave Fritz Rumpelmayer as he is chatting gaily with his family. But what does tomorrow hold in store for our hero? Will he see his former sweetheart Sieglinde? Will they be reconciled? Or will Fritz ignore her completely. Nobody knows.

*Out*

GONG

*Shirley*  
GOODIER: Correction. The Fuehrer knows.. The Fuehrer knows everything!

MUSIC: DEUTSCHLAND!

BOB: And now we bring you a special news broadcast... a resume of German Victories during the past week. (LONG PAUSE) Our next program will be a concert by the great Berlin Symphony Orchestra. Today, in honor of our Fuehrer this great aggregation of musicians will play Beethoven's Ninth Symphony by Adolph Hitler. Ready, Mein Herren.

*Dillon*

*Willa*  
MURTON: READY.

*Judy*  
*3 musicians: Dillon*  
*Sara*  
*Judy*  
*Pose*

GOODIER: READY.

NORMAN: READY.

BOB: Good. They're all here. Mein herren. Play for the Fuehrer!

*Judy*

THREE INSTRUMENTS PLAYING VERY BADLY: "AUGUSTINE."

MURTON: Halt. A report has just come in that we have lost ten tanks in Russia. We need sc4ap metal. The Fuehrer wants the tuba!

*Willa*

BOB: For the Fuehrer...take it!

MURTON: Heil Hitler! (DOOR SLAMS)

BOB: There are still two instruments left. Play for the Fuehrer!

*Judy*

MUSIC: TWO INSTRUMENTS.

MURTON: Halt. We have just lost ten more tanks. The Fuehrer wants the trombone.

*Willa*

BOB: For the Fuehrer...take it!

MURTON: Heil Hitler! (DOOR SLAMS)

BOB: There is still one instrument left. Play for the Fuehrer!

*Box*

MUSIC: ONE INSTRUMENT.

MURTON: Halt. We have just lost.....

*Willa*

BOB: For the Fuehrer....take it!

*Willa*



MURTON: *Wallas* Heil Hitler! (DOOR SLAMS)

BOB: *Judy* Now we have no more instruments. How can we make music for the Fuehrer?

*Q* NORMAN: To make music for the Fuehrer I don't need an instrument.

BOB: *Judy* You can make music without one?

*Q* NORMAN: YAH!

BOB: Then play...for the Fuehrer!

NORMAN: (RASPBERRY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!)

(THE END!!!!!!!!!!!!!!)

*When the F*