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(GOOD)

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GOOD

A Full-Length Tragedy
for Six Men, Four Women, Optional Musicians

CHARACTERS

JOHN HALDERlecturer in German literature, early forties
MAURICEHalder's Jewish friend and analyst, forties
MAJOR (FREDDIE) S. S. Major, forties
HELEN Halder's wife, late thirties
MOTHER Halder's mother
SISTER head nurse
BOULLER Nazi Over-Leader
ANNE Halder's student and lover, early twenties
DOCTOR S. S. doctor
EICHMANN Nazi Over-Leader
BOK S. S. officer
DISPATCH RIDER in the S. S.
HITLER The Fuhrer
MUSICIANS

Time: The Nineteen-Thirties
Place: Germany

Author's Note

Although *Good* is obviously based on facts of recent history, documentary material, and is peopled in some cases by real characters, this story of how a 'good' man gets caught up in the nightmare of the Third Reich is a work of the imagination.

What the tragedy which I have written as a comedy, or *musical comedy* is about, will hopefully emerge in the performance. If it proves the good play we hope it is, like all good plays, it will have a special meaning, or shade of meaning, for each person who experiences it.

I grew up during the war under a deeply felt anxiety that the Germans might win the war, overrun Britain and that I and my mother and father would end up, like my less fortunate co-religionists, in a Nazi Death Camp — perhaps specially built in Scotland or England.

There seems to have been some pressure building up in me for a long time to write a play about the Final Solution, marking and responding to a great historical and personal trauma. Not as a Jew, wanting to add my wreath to those already piled high at the graves of the Six Million, but as my own little gesture to revive their memory in our consciousness. It still seems that there are lessons to be learned if we can examine the atrocities of the Third Reich as the result of the infinite complexity of contemporary human society, and not a simple conspiracy of criminals and psychopaths. The 'Inhumanities' seem to me only too human and leading to a final Final Solution to end all Final Solutions — the solution to the Human Problem, a nuclear holocaust.

C. P. Taylor

Act One

This is a play with music. The music, which is heard in the mind of John Halder, and through him by the audience, serves as punctuation to the action on stage.

The musical accompaniment may be piano only or perhaps a single violin or an accordion. (C. P. Taylor first conceived the band as a group small enough to move with Halder around the stage.) In the Broadway and London productions, a thirties dance band ensemble was used. We are including in this playbook many of the directions for the Broadway version with, of course, the directions for the small orchestra. However, directors are encouraged to use as much or as little of the accompaniment as they see fit. The play could even be done without accompaniment.

Stage directions from The Royal Shakespeare Company's production are being included here. They are meant to be helpful, but not to serve in any way as a limitation to your own directorial creativeness.

AS THE LIGHTS COME UP: The stage is bare except for an upright piano UC with its keys facing the audience. An accordion leans against the back wall, as well as fourteen folding chairs set there at random. Four music stands are near the chairs. Another chair is visible UL. An S. S. uniform has been laid out across this chair, a pair of shiny jackboots stand beside it.

As the play is about to start, four MUSICIANS walk onto the stage from the exit door R with their instruments. They unpack, leaving their cases along the back wall, and set up chairs and music stands in the four corners of the central playing area.

Another man, the BAND LEADER, follows the MUSICIANS on with a stack of music folders. He places two of the chairs by the piano, distributes the folders to the MUSICIANS, and sits at the piano.

Once they have tuned their instruments, the MUSICIANS begin to play: Music Cue Number One, "DU BIST MEIN STERN."

JOHN HALDER rushes in through the door R. His jacket is over his arm. He is late and is just strapping on his watch. He circles the stage while the MUSICIANS play. Then MAURICE strides on and moves to the left corner of the piano. After a quick look at the Band Leader's music, MAURICE sings as HALDER settles upstage to listen.

MAURICE.

DU BIST MEIN STERN
DU BIST MEIN MOND UND MEINE SONNE
MADAM YVONNE
DU SUBE FRAY
DIE ROSEN ROT
DIE BLUTEN ZART
SIND DEINE LIPPEN
OH LOB MICH LIEBEN

DEINEN SU BEN BAUCH
IN DEINEN AUGEN LIEGT DEN HIMMEL
DEINE TRENE
UND SCHAU ICH TIEF HINEIN
DANN FUHLICH DICH AUFS NENE
DU BIST MEIN STERN
DU BIST MEIN MOND UND MEINE SONNE
MADAM YVONNE
DU SUBE FRAU.

(MAURICE exits and the BAND segues into another tune: Music Cue Number Two, "MONTE CARLO." HALDER moves up behind the piano as if to sing, but the BAND plays something he isn't expecting. He turns to exit.)

(An S. S. MAJOR enters. HALDER goes upstage. The MAJOR goes to the right corner of the piano to sing.)

MAJOR.

EINE NACHT IN MONTE CARLO
MOCHT ICH WANDELN UND AUF PALMEN MIT DIR
SIEHST DU VON PALMEN DEN HIMMEL NICHT
KRIEGST DU DEN HIMMEL VON MIR
EINE NACHT IN MONTE CARLO
MOCHT ICH LERNEN UNTER STERNEN
WIE SCHON ES IST
WENN MAN EINE KUST
DIE MAN NIE VERGIST.

(The BAND plays an instrumental during which the COMPANY enters through the door R. They take chairs from the back wall and set them up in the central playing area. HELEN

takes a chair DL and sets it up for MOTHER, who sits down. HELEN gets another chair which she places up and to the left of Mother's chair, and sits. MAURICE gets a chair and places it left of the piano, then stands just in front of it. The SISTER gets a chair and places it DR, then sits. BOULLER gets a chair and places it behind the piano. He remains standing by the chair. ANNE gets a chair and places it up and to the right of the MUSICIAN UL, then moves UC. The DOCTOR gets a chair and places it DR, near the SISTER. HITLER is the last to enter. He carries a small banjo which he leans against the back wall. The MAJOR resumes his singing.)

MAJOR.

EINE NACHT IN MONTE CARLO
MOCHT ICH LERNEN UNTER STERNEN
WIE SCHON ES IST
WENN MAN EINE KUST
DIE MAN NIE VERGIST.

(As the MAJOR finishes, HITLER comes downstage to the right of the piano with a chair which he opens so that there is a noisy clunk that punctuates the last note of the Major's song. The MAJOR moves away behind the piano. HALDER moves in closer, a few paces up and to the right of the piano. The music segues into Music Cue Number Three, "I'M ALWAYS CHASING RAINBOWS.")

MAURICE.

AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW
THERE'S HAPPINESS,
AND TO FIND IT, HOW OFTEN I'VE TRIED.
BUT MY LIFE IS A RACE,

JUST A WILD GOOSE CHASE,
AND MY DREAMS HAVE ALL BEEN DENIED.
WHY HAVE I ALWAYS BEEN A FAILURE?
WHAT CAN THE REASON BE?
I WONDER IF THE WORLD'S TO BLAME?
I WONDER IF IT COULD BE ME?

(As the houselights go out, HALDER steps up to the piano and speaks, over the music, to the audience.)

HALDER. The bands came to me in nineteen thirty-three. So you can't say they came with the rise of the Nazis, exactly. The Nazis were on the rise long before that. To some extent, it was a device that was with me from childhood. Bringing music into the dramatic moments of my life. But from thirty-three, they became an addiction. Jazz bands . . . cafe bands . . . tenors . . . crooners . . . symphony orchestras . . . depending on the particular situation and my mood. (He crosses DL.) A strategy for survival? Turning the reality into fantasy? It was a dance band, that day. (He moves R.) What they were playing was an English song . . . or an American. Is there any difference? (The SISTER steps C.)

SISTER (impatiently). Doctor Halder?

HALDER. Yes. I'm coming. (To the audience, as music ends.) Stolen, of course, from Chopin . . . *Fantasia Impromptu* . . . nice, wallowing-in-self-pity kind of thing.

SISTER. Visiting hours are between seven and eight, Doctor Halder. (HALDER steps up to the SISTER.)

HALDER. I live in Frankfurt, you see.

SISTER. I see.

HALDER. Long journey to Hamburg . . . Busy time at the university, just now. Coming up to examinations.

SISTER. You can go and see her for ten minutes or so. But we

are about to serve lunch. (The SISTER returns to her chair. HALDER turns his attention to MOTHER.)

MOTHER. Johnnie. Listen to me. Get me out of here. Another day, and I'll go out of my mind. Get a chair for Helen. (She looks at the spot where she imagines HELEN to be.) Helen, have pity on me.

HALDER. Helen's not there, Mother.

MOTHER. Will you get your wife a chair? This isn't the time or place for jokes, son.

HALDER. Mother, you're imagining it. She's not here.

MOTHER. She's not standing beside you?

HALDER (moving to C). It's just you're confused, just now. That's all.

MOTHER. Listen, are you trying to make me mad altogether? Helen, tell him. He has to get me out of here. Have pity on me.

HALDER. You've been in a coma, Mother. A thyroid deficiency . . . one of the effects . . . you see things.

MOTHER. Helen's not there? Are you not there, Helen? Wait a minute. Do you think I'm going out of my mind? If I'm going out of my mind . . . that's a bad business.

HALDER. It makes you confused. That's all.

MOTHER. Wait a minute. Last night. Did that happen? You were drunk . . . and banging away at the door all night to get in?

HALDER. Imagination.

MOTHER. John . . . come closer to me, a minute. (HALDER moves in closer to MOTHER.) Is anybody listening to us? (HALDER looks around and notices the OTHERS leaning closer to listen.)

HALDER. No one is near us.

MOTHER (in a stage whisper). You're not a Communist?

HALDER. You know that. I could never accept Marxism. Parts

of it . . . yes.

MOTHER. I'm *talking* to you, son. You're not a Communist and Hitler's not going to put you in prison. Your trial's this afternoon.

HALDER. For God's sake, Mother!

MOTHER. Oh, thank God! Thank God! You're *not*?

HALDER. Mother!

MOTHER. Listen . . . I'm going out of my mind. Johnnie, I've got to go home.

HALDER. You can't *see*, Mother.

MOTHER. What about your house?

HALDER. With the children and Helen . . . I couldn't cope with you, Mother. *I* would . . . but how can I ask the children and Helen . . .

MOTHER. Listen. Is that my imagination, too? This place, it's a *front*. Men come up here to go with the women. That sister, there . . .

HALDER. This hospital's a front for a brothel?

MOTHER. Is it not? Johnnie, this is a bad business. I'm going out of my mind.

HALDER. I could cope with you for a *week*, Mother. We'd *like* to have you for a week or so. But you know what Helen's like. She can't even organize the house with just *us* in it. You wouldn't be happy. You never are there . . .

MOTHER. The best thing is to take twenty or thirty of my pills and finish myself off once and for all.

HALDER. You could do that. It's against the law, but . . .

MOTHER. What have I got to live for? I can't see. My eyes are finished. Nobody wants me. I'm better out of it. What have I got to live for, for God's sake!

HALDER (moving downstage, away from MOTHER). A difficult question, that.

DOCTOR. Can I help you?

HALDER (stepping UR). This is Tiergartenstrasse Four? (The DOCTOR shifts upstage next to the SISTER.) I'm looking for the Committee for Research Into Hereditary Diseases . . . Over-Leader Philip Bouller . . .

DOCTOR. You've come down the wrong passage. I'll show you where his office is, Herr . . .

HALDER. Professor Halder. Is this some new committee? I've never heard of it before.

DOCTOR. It's just been set up, Herr Professor. You have an appointment with the Over-Leader?

HALDER (backing away to C). I have an appointment. Yes. Pleasant place . . . to work in.

DOCTOR. It used to be one of the best residential areas in Berlin, Charlottenburg. I'll see if the Over-Leader is free, Herr Professor . . . (MAURICE moves a chair DC for HALDER and helps him hang his jacket across the back of the chair. BOULLER moves a chair from behind the piano and sits in the place MAURICE has just vacated.)

MAURICE. Will you stop bloody wandering around, man. Sit down. Bands?

HALDER (sitting). Have you got to be a doctor, Maurice?

MAURICE. I am a doctor. It's an automatic response. Somebody comes to me as a doctor, I'm a doctor. What do you want to do . . . pull me into *your* neurosis. I've got my own, thanks.

HALDER. How could I come to you as a doctor? The question I'm putting to you . . . as my closest friend . . . my only friend . . . should I see a psychiatrist?

MAURICE. Why? You have a bad attack of bands?

HALDER. Not very big bands . . . music, generally. Odd times, the Berlin Philharmonic . . . last Senate meeting, it was the Phil . . . playing the storm movement of the *Pastoral* . . .

MAURICE. What's he saying to me? I don't understand what

you're saying to me. You've made a decision to try and throw off this neurosis you've been living with all your life to give your work and family relationships a more healthy basis. What does *that* mean, Johnnie? That's just words. We don't work like that, for Christ's sake . . . you and me.

HALDER. I want to *try* . . . All my work so far has been based on this bloody anxiety neurosis . . . I do . . . I want to see what work I can do, free of it . . .

MAURICE. People don't go to analysts to streamline their lives . . . they go to free themselves from agony. Just now, my agony . . . my neurotic track . . . that wakes me up at four o'clock in the morning in a panic . . . I'll tell you about it. Give you insights into yours. (He crosses away, DL and back.) I can see . . . objectively . . . intellectually . . . the Nazis . . . That's just flag waving to get hold of the masses. This anti-Jewish hysteria . . . now it's got them where they wanted to go . . .

HALDER. I can't get lost, you see. I can't *lose* myself in people or situations. Everything's acted out against this bloody musical background. I mean, could it be some subconscious comment on my loose grip of reality? The whole of my life's a performance. Is that too glib, do you think, Maurice?

MAURICE. If you knew the unconscious like I do . . . nothing's too glib for that bastard. What I'm saying to you . . . (He moves away UL, then notices that Halder's attention has wandered.) . . . Listen to me. It's interesting, sometimes, listening to other people. You don't need to make too big a habit of it . . . (He crosses back to HALDER.) . . . but odd *times* . . .

HALDER. I'm *listening*.

MAURICE. I'm telling you . . . I know, for Christ's sake . . . The Nazis are politicians above everything else. *Realists*. I know that.

DOCTOR. Professor Halder?

HALDER (sitting up and shifting his attention). I'm slightly early. I can never time appointments. I'm sorry.

DOCTOR. Over-Leader Bouller has someone with him at present. He will see you shortly.

HALDER. That's all right. That's fine. I have my book here. This is a new committee . . . I gather . . .

DOCTOR. You will have to excuse me. (He executes a sharp Nazi salute.) Heil Hitler.

HALDER. Yes, of course. (He waves weakly.) Heil Hitler.

MAURICE. Politicians are practical people. I know that . . . They live in the world as it is.

HALDER. Maurice . . . maybe we should just have some coffee . . . forget about my problem . . .

MAURICE (ribbing HALDER). Listen . . . if it's sex, Johnnie, I can understand that . . . sex is difficult. Coming to a friend about your problems of getting it up . . . or maybe tastes you've developed like having to be tied up or something. (He crosses behind HALDER and to his right.) Listen, you'd be amazed how common transvestism is.

HALDER. I've never been attracted to bondage or flogging or anything like that, Maurice . . . definitely not . . . I don't think I have . . .

MAURICE (moving DR). Listen, I know how much Germany depends on Jewish brains . . . Jewish business . . . Hitler's got all the power he needs now. They're bound to drop all that racial shit they had to throw around to get their votes . . . they can't afford *not* to. I *know* that . . . but I can't *believe* it. You see what I'm getting at . . . I'm sorry . . . I'm developing an obsession . . . I'm in a bloody panic state . . . look at me. (The SISTER moves her chair forward for MAURICE, then steps back to the piano. The DOCTOR sits, HALDER moves in, urging MAURICE to sit.)

HALDER. I'll get you a drink, Maurice . . . Relax. You're right . . . all that anti-Jew rubbish . . . you're right. Just balloons they throw up in the air to distract the masses . . . you're right.

MAURICE. I *know* I'm bloody right. I'm telling you . . . But my bloody anxiety neurosis has fixed on to it . . . and I can do shit all about it . . . Listen, what do I want to run off to America for . . . or Shanghai?

HALDER. Shanghai might be interesting. China . . .

MAURICE. This is my home. I love Frankfurt. I love Hessen. I love the whole bloody place.

HALDER. Take a bit of cheesecake, Maurice.

MAURICE. I'm a German. I was born here. Look at me. Jewish? It could well be my grandmother had it off with some Bavarian peasant or plumber or something . . . who the bloody hell knows?

HALDER. Maurice . . . you're right . . . the Racist program is not practical . . . they'll drop it . . . they'll have to drop it.

MAURICE. I said I *know* I'm right. Stop bloody telling me . . . I know . . . I don't want any cheesecake, for Christ's sake! This is my home . . . every morning . . . before breakfast . . . I take a walk in Nizza Park . . . along the river . . .

HALDER. Yes . . . you're right . . . talking about impotence complexes . . . I might have a bit of . . .

MAURICE. I'm telling you about my feelings for bloody Frankfurt! (Halder's attention wanders. Music begins: Music Cue Number Four, "SEPTEMBER SONG.") Walking about Frankfurt in the morning. Looking at the river and the trees . . . and the wonderful buildings. The *pride*! For Christ's sake . . . you are . . . you're proud to be a German . . . to live in a city like this . . . walking by the cathedral . . .

HALDER (to himself). He's a nice man. I love him. But I cannot get involved with his problems. So in the next few months

they might kick in his teeth. But just now, he's all right. What's he worried about. I bet you *he* has no problems in bed with his wife. *I've* got problems *now*. *Me*. Yes . . . all right . . . you have to share your problems with your friends. But my problem is *immediate*. It's an urgent problem . . . (The music stops. To MAURICE.) You're right, Maurice. It's a beautiful city to live in.

MAURICE. Was that you having a visitation from one of your bands just now?

HALDER (shifting to C). Yes. I do that from time to time. I talk to myself in my mind. That's another addiction.

MAURICE. About me?

HALDER. More or less.

MAURICE. Negative . . . resentment?

HALDER. Negative *and* positive, Maurice.

MAURICE. This morning . . . walking along Deer's Ditch . . . passing Goethe's house . . . I thought about you. What a worthwhile man that is . . . Johnnie Halder.

HALDER. You know Goethe refused to send Beethoven money when he was desperate . . . dying.

MAURICE. Listen. Don't talk about Beethoven, Johnnie.

HALDER. I never knew that till a few weeks ago. The week Hitler became Chancellor, I happened to be going through some papers in the library. I found this letter . . . Beethoven writing to Goethe for a few marks . . . desperate . . . last days before he died. (He moves to the left side of the chair C.) The swine wouldn't send him a penny! Ignored his letter.

MAURICE (crossing to HALDER, with sudden insight). It's just come to me, John . . . Hitler has perverted the whole nature of our relationship. He's bugged up one of the few friendships I valued . . . That's not *good*, man.

HALDER (to himself as he crosses DR, then L). Failing throws me into a panic state. It's not good.

MAURICE. I'm envious . . . I'm bloody envious.

HALDER. Of my *state*, Maurice?

MAURICE (moving to Halder's left). You're safe. That's what I'm talking about. You can stay in Frankfurt for the rest of your life. End up professor . . . Vice Chancellor . . . *I* cannot predict what pillow I'll be resting my head on tonight.

HALDER. That's panicking, Maurice. That really is.

MAURICE. It is . . . you're right. Next week.

HALDER. But we've established that. They've got to drop the anti-Jew program . . . in the long run . . . for the survival of the bloody state.

MAURICE. *I* know that . . . and *you* know that . . . but does bloody *Hitler*? That's what's worrying me. That's it . . . not neurosis at all. It's bloody reality.

HALDER. The night the girl turned up at my house, I turned it into an opera. There was a cafe quintet playing Wagner . . . (Music begins: Music Cue Number Five, "STAR OF EVE." HELEN moves to the left end of the piano. BOULLER picks up one of the books on the piano, then helps HELEN onto the chair and onto the top of the piano. She stretches out to read. Several of the OTHERS shift to get a better view of the scene. MAURICE moves behind MOTHER. The DOCTOR stands and shifts DR. HITLER crosses R. The MAJOR moves up-stage, away from the piano. The SISTER sits next to the BAND LEADER. ANNE crosses up to C. To the audience.) I had difficulties stepping through the debris of my wife's battle with the day. (He crosses to the right end of the piano.) Helen was lying in front of the fire reading a biography of Tellerman, waiting for me to cook the supper for the kids. (He stands on the chair beside the piano to sing.)

HALDER.

I BOUGHT SOME SMOKED HAM,
GHERKINS AND BREAD.

YOU NEED NOT TROUBLE
YOUR PRETTY HEAD.
EVERYTHING'S COLD,
NO NEED TO WAIT.
JUST TAKE YOUR SEAT
AND FILL YOUR PLATE.

HELEN (recitatively). Darling, I want to talk to you seriously.
Your mother phoned, very disturbing. And my father, we had
a long conversation. I hate nagging at you, and pushing you,
but really you can't hang on any longer. You'll have to shake
yourself out of this apathy.

HALDER.
WILL YOU HAVE IT AT THE FIRE,
IF I CLEAR THE NEWSPAPERS
AND SCORES?
I THINK I CAN GET DOWN TO THE CARPET.
I QUITE LIKE EATING ON THE FLOOR.

HELEN (recitatively). I had Mother pick up the children from
school and take them home for a meal.

HALDER.
SHOULD WE TRY A MAID
ONCE MORE?
I KNOW YOU FIND IT HARD

(The BAND stops abruptly.)

HAVING STRANGERS LIVING WITH US.

HELEN (sitting up). Johnnie . . . I'm useless . . . I spent all
afternoon trying to play these triplets against duplets in that
Beethoven sonata . . . my whole life . . . everything . . .
Look at the state this house is in. I didn't even clean my teeth
this morning. I'm a slut. I've no idea why you love me. *Do*
you, love?

HALDER. Yes. I love you.

DOCTOR (crossing in a few steps). Over-Leader Bouller will see
you now, Herr Professor.

HALDER. Thank you. (Relieved at the interruption, he moves
to get his jacket and puts it on.) Heil Hitler. (He crosses to the
chair RC.)

BOULLER. Heil Hitler. (He crosses DC. The MAJOR moves
behind the piano. HITLER moves to the right end of the
piano.) Please sit down, Herr Professor. Make yourself com-
fortable. Please, if you wish to smoke, be at ease to do so.

HALDER. Thank you, Over-Leader. (He sits.) I don't smoke.

BOULLER. Before we begin, I wish this to be clearly under-
stood. Everything that is discussed between us in this room is
absolutely top secret. This is understood?

HALDER. Absolutely, Over-Leader.

BOULLER. Apart from knowing something of your work and
your record since you joined us, your superiors have recom-
mended you without reservation as a person of total loyalty to
the state and National Socialism. Would you consider this an
accurate description of your position and commitment?

HALDER. I've written about this, Over-Leader. I am committed
to use whatever abilities and talents I might have for the better-
ment of the lives of the people around me.

BOULLER. Are you warm, Herr Professor? It's a hot day.

HALDER. Slightly. Yes.

BOULLER. Please . . . take your jacket off. Make yourself

comfortable. (HALDER begins to remove his jacket. BOULLER crosses behind Halder's chair and places his hand on Halder's shoulder. At the touch, HALDER stops.) We have called you here in the role of a consultant . . . a comrade who we can trust and who is, at the same time, something of a figure in the academic world. We have been reading your novel. As you see . . . about life in a home for the aged . . . You raise very interesting moral questions in it, Herr Halder. Some of your conclusions . . . *fascinating* . . . *profoundly* . . .

HALDER. It was a subject close to me . . . at the time . . .

BOULLER. I have coffee at two-thirty. Would you like coffee?

HALDER. Please . . . yes.

BOULLER. I'll arrange to have an extra cup brought in. In the meantime, this is a letter I would like you to read. It was sent direct to the Chancellory for the attention of The Leader. It's from the father of a deformed child. (HALDER takes the letter.) Even your wife, Herr Professor . . . not a *hint* of what is discussed here must be communicated to even your wife . . . not a word . . . this is a direct order from the top leadership. You understand this?

HALDER. Fully, Over-Leader. Yes.

HELEN. John, I'm sorry . . .

HALDER. Why should you be sorry? I don't mind living in chaos. It's all right. The children are used to it.

HELEN. You come back from a hard day at work, and I overwhelm you with self-pity.

HALDER. Yes.

HELEN. You shouldn't stand this. Me turning your house into a shithouse, Johnnie.

HALDER (moving to the left end of the piano). Tell you what. (BOULLER crosses R. The DOCTOR moves up behind the piano.) After tea, we'll clean it up.

HELEN. I wish you wouldn't buy pastries anymore. It's just

indulging my greed and making me fat.

HALDER. Don't eat them.

HELEN. For Christ's sake, why do you love me?

HALDER. I don't know why I love you. Have you got to?

HELEN. I can't even look after your bloody kids . . . Father phoned . . .

HALDER (to the audience, crossing to the chair C). Behaviorist psychiatrist . . . losing clients left, right and center to Jewish Freudians . . . all right now, Hitler was in . . .

HELEN (climbing down and crossing to the right of the chair at C). He wants to speak to you. Tonight. He says the time is long past for being pure and self-righteous. For the sake of your children and me . . . you must make a definite decision to join the National Socialists . . . with your army record, they'll welcome you with open arms . . . Actually, he heard from somebody very high up. Goebbels has read your *Faust and Goethe in Weimar*.

HALDER. I was thinking about Hitler, on my way home.

HELEN. He's right. You'll get nowhere in the university now, unless you join the party, Johnnie. Father says you could even lose your lectureship . . .

HALDER (taking Helen's hand). Listen, you are not to leave me. You understand. Whatever it is. You and the kids. They're the whole basis of my life.

HELEN (pulling away). Yes. I know . . . I know that, dear. I'll never leave you. You'll never leave me.

HALDER. I thought I'd tell you.

HELEN. I'm sorry . . . I'm tired, Johnnie.

HALDER. I'll come up soon. I'm waiting for this student . . .

HELEN (stepping to HALDER and taking his hand). I love you.

HALDER. I love you. (Music begins: Music Cue Number Six, "YOU ARE MY HEART'S DELIGHT." BOULLER circles and

stands on the chair at the left end of the piano to sing. To the audience.) I had to keep saying that to her. For *my* sake. Not to pacify *her* . . .

MAURICE (crossing downstage as BOULLER begins to sing against Halder's speech). And the girl turned up with Richard Tauber? (HELEN moves RC. HALDER joins MAURICE and together they cross R. HITLER sits in the chair near HELEN. ANNE steps next to BOULLER.)

HALDER. It's very complex. Unless you bear with me, Maurice, and follow every strand . . . you won't get anywhere near the core of what is happening to me. (He crosses to the chair at C and removes his jacket, then hangs it across the back of the chair.) If you will anyway . . . if there's anything to *get* to the core of, anyway. (He moves to the right end of the piano. BOULLER hands a book to ANNE. She takes it to the chair at C and sits. The DOCTOR goes to a chair UL and sits.) She had an appointment with me that morning. So the tenor turning up in my office was clearly related to her coming to see me. *Could've* been Richard Tauber. He was singing *You Are My Heart's Delight*. (BOULLER ends the song. HALDER crosses back to the chair at C and stands next to ANNE.) Yes . . . probably *was* Tauber. (The music ends.)

ANNE. *That's* what I find hard, Herr Doctor. Trying to find what it has to do with my life. Faust . . . or practically everything on the literature course . . . Goethe, especially, though . . . obviously he's Germany's greatest writer . . . There must be something missing in me.

HALDER. Tell me about your troubles in your lodgings.

ANNE. You see . . . it's ridiculous . . . I find what happens to me in my digs . . . I don't know why . . . profound . . . *important*, anyway . . . and what happens in Faust banal . . . trivial . . . How am I going to get a degree with an attitude like that?

HALDER (crossing DL). That's what worries you, then.

ANNE. We're all in this flat in the Altstadt . . . I thought when I first went there . . . wonderful, living in the old town . . .

HALDER (moving up, opposite ANNE). Next door to where Goethe was born.

ANNE. There's a dozen of us . . . and we're all alone. In this flat with Frau Stagl. She runs it for some capitalist.

HALDER. Jew.

ANNE. Probably . . . Anyway, they're all so pathetic and interesting. There's a man who has an obsession with trains. He plays them all night. A couple of days ago, one of the lodgers smuggled a woman into his room. You should've seen her. At least forty-five . . . breasts down to her waist. I thought . . . poor soul, you must be desperate.

HALDER. I can see that. Yes. Faust with his deep abstract thoughts . . . in his study . . . conjuring up rather tedious, depressing spirits spouting poetry . . . and the devil with his cheap conjuring tricks . . . and your fellow lodger with his train set.

ANNE. Herr Doctor, what am I going to do? I'm never going to get through my exams like this, am I?

HALDER. You didn't find my book on Goethe helpful?

ANNE. I found your two novels more real. I'm sorry . . . it's just me.

HALDER. And this man who keeps knocking at your door?

ANNE. It's understandable. He gets confused. You see . . . there are a couple of prostitutes in the house, too.

HALDER. Listen. I'd like to think about this. (He circles up and to Anne's right.) You've raised an important point . . . the contemporary significance of Faust . . . to your generation . . . Why don't we have another one-to-one seminar . . . very soon . . . this evening. Are you busy this evening?

ANNE. Actually he's quite nice, this man who keeps knocking at my door. Very tall. Lovely white teeth. It's just . . . he gets on my nerves . . . he keeps waking me up. I mean, he's not a rapist or anything. He takes "no" for an answer very calmly, you know. "Well, if you're not inclined to . . . That's all right. Pity. Sorry for troubling you." I'm sorry. (She touches Halder's hand apologetically. Music begins: Music Cue Number Seven, "YOU ARE MY HEART'S DELIGHT," Violin Solo.) I'm doing it again. Why am I coming out with all that rubbish, Herr Doctor?

HALDER (to himself). She touched my hand! No. Our clothes accidentally brushed together. My shirt and her dress . . . that was all . . . I liked her in the white socks . . . I admit that. (Music out.)

ANNE. Yes . . . I'd like to come tonight. Very much. If you can spare the time, Doctor . . . that would be wonderful.

MOTHER. John . . . it's like a prison here. I want to get back to my own house.

HALDER. I'm organizing everything, Mother. There was a burst pipe . . . the whole house is damp, just now . . .

MOTHER. It doesn't matter . . . if there's food . . . as long as I can get back to my own bed.

HALDER (stepping toward MOTHER). I've got the plumbers coming in . . .

MOTHER. Why can't I come to *you* for a week?

HALDER. You can come to me for a week. What happens *after* the week?

MOTHER. No. The best thing is to do away with myself. That'll be a finish to the whole problem.

HALDER (stepping downstage, checking his watch). She's late. (Music begins: Music Cue Number Eight, "YOU ARE MY HEART'S DELIGHT" Reprise. HELEN crosses in a few steps, behind HITLER. MAURICE moves LC.)

MAURICE. Your mother turned up. This girl . . . and the band. You had a crowded evening. (BOULLER sings as HALDER speaks. ALL stand and act as a chorus, echoing the song.)

BOULLER.

IN DREAMS WHEN NIGHT IS FALLING,
I SEEM TO HEAR YOU CALLING.

FOR YOU HAVE CAST A NET AROUND ME
AND 'NEATH A MAGIC SPELL HAVE BOUND ME,
YOURS, YOURS ALONE.

YOU ARE MY HEART'S DELIGHT
AND WHERE YOU ARE, I LONG TO BE

YOU (Echo: YOU)

MAKE MY DARKNESS BRIGHT (Echo: DARKNESS
BRIGHT)

WHEN LIKE A STAR (Echo: STAR)

YOU SHINE ON ME (Echo: ME)

(ALL sing a chorus of "ooh's" under the last two lines of Bouller's song.)

SHINE, THEN MY WHOLE NIGHT THROUGH
YOUR LIGHT DIVINE BIDS ME HOPE ANEW.

HALDER. Richard Tauber came back for a final chorus, too. Maurice . . . listen . . . what it could be . . . is nothing I touch real . . . is it? My whole life is like that . . . I do everything, more or less, that everybody else does. But I don't *feel* it's real. Like other people. On the other hand, it could be other people probably feel the same thing. (He reacts to the singing.) For Christ's sake, maybe I *am* in a bad way . . . So I'm entitled to pity myself a bit . . . There's the doorbell.

(The BAND sits. HALDER steps up beside ANNE. MAURICE moves away DR. HELEN circles above the piano. The SISTER, DOCTOR and MOTHER sit.)

BOULLER (taking Anne's book from her chair and moving the chair DL).

THAT DREAMS OF MINE

MAY PERHAPS COME TRUE.

AND I SHALL HEAR YOU WHISPER

I LOVE YOU.

(The music continues as a background.)

HALDER (to the audience). She was very pale and loveable. That was my first impression. Standing in the doorway . . . wet . . . her hair was dripping . . . and her coat . . . soaked through. (To ANNE.) I'll put some more coal on the fire. Are you soaked through? Take my dressing gown.

ANNE. I don't mind being wet.

HALDER (crossing up and to the right of ANNE). I'm going to give you some cognac. Will you take it?

ANNE. Yes, please. Thanks.

HALDER. Frau Halder's gone to bed. That doesn't mean you're late. She goes to bed early. One of her pleasures is reading in bed.

ANNE. Frau Stagl kept me back. She had an accident . . . nothing much. She burned her arm . . . cooking. I took her to the hospital to get it dressed. She's fine now, but it took up all the evening . . . waiting around.

HALDER. Would you like some smoked ham . . . and bread? I was going to have some myself . . . just before you came.

ANNE. Actually, I am hungry. Please . . . shall I help you?

HALDER. I've got everything here . . . (To himself.) . . . That girl is definitely after me. Am I after her, that's the question.

Could be . . . (To ANNE.) Listen, you can't go all the way back to your digs tonight. It's still pouring. I'll bring you down some blankets. (He steps R to get a chair. HITLER hands him one and he moves DL with it, placing it next to the other chair.) That couch is very comfortable. I've slept on it myself.

ANNE. Herr Doctor, I couldn't sleep *here*. (Music out.)

HALDER. And a pillow . . . We haven't got to the core of the problem yet, anyway.

ANNE. You see, I don't believe in evil. Not like Goethe seems to. Do you? (The DOCTOR stands. The MAJOR goes to the right end of the piano.)

HALDER (crossing to ANNE). That's what we have to talk about. It could be a way into Faust for you. While the examiners generally are looking for the same old stock answers to the stock questions. If a student does come up with a really original approach . . . showing that he's taking a work they take so seriously as seriously himself . . . (To himself.) . . . She's *rousing* me. Christ! She is! Where there's life, there's hope. I've always thought there was a major flaw in me. Love . . . I never thought it was in me to love . . . to really love . . .

ANNE. If you get me the blankets . . . I'll make up the bed, Herr Doctor.

HALDER. Yes . . . I'll get them for you. Do you like two pillows or just one?

ANNE. I'd like two, please.

MAJOR (coming to meet HALDER with outstretched hands). Herr Doctor . . . delighted to meet you. (HALDER takes the Major's hand.) Please, come in. You wish to join us. First class. Your father-in-law, Doctor Brunau, telephoned me. He speaks so highly of you.

MAURICE (crossing to HALDER, then continuing DL). You

joined the Nazis! *You . . . for fuck's sake.*

HALDER. I *told* you I joined the Nazis.

MAURICE. The reality is coming to me . . . Jesus . . . Johnnie . . . God in heaven!

HALDER. Facts of life. (He turns to ANNE and discovers that he is still in a hand clasp with the MAJOR. He extricates himself.) Anne . . . I think I'd better tell you this. The last few months . . . you've been coming to me for seminars . . . what's happened is I've been getting emotionally attached to you.

ANNE. Have you? Honestly?

HALDER. I don't know how it happened. I have.

ANNE (thrilled, putting her arms around HALDER). John . . . I love you . . . I can't believe it . . . I love you . . . I've loved you for months . . . and you love me . . .

HALDER. I love you.

MAURICE. And you lost your erection?

HALDER. I was a bit overwhelmed by her response.

MAURICE. Panic?

HALDER. A bit . . . yes. Yes . . . I was frightened. In a panic. What was I letting myself in for? I've got a first-class job. Peace of mind. Wife . . . kids . . . and I'm suddenly jumping into the sea. I was bloody terrified. (Music begins: Music Cue Number Nine, "FALLING IN LOVE AGAIN." The SISTER sings under Halder's speech.)

SISTER.

ICH BIN VON KOPF BIS FUSS
AUF LIEBE EIN GESTELLT
DAN DAS IST MEINE WELT
UND SONST GAR NICHTS
DAS IST WAS SOLLICH MACHEN
MEINE NATUR

ICH KANN HALT LIEBEN NUR
UND SONST GAR NICHTS
MANNER UM SCHIRREN MICH WIE
MOTTEN UM DAS LICHT
UND WENN SIE VER BRENNEN
JA DAS FÜR KANN ICH NICHTS
ICH BIN VON KOPF BIS FUSS
AUF LIEBE EIN GESTELLT
DAN DAS IST MEINE WELT
UND SONST GAR NICHTS.

HALDER. I have a good wife . . . reasonably attractive . . . three first-class children . . . a home . . . a growing reputation as a critic and a novelist . . . (The SISTER stands.) . . . I'm on the brink of committing myself to the National Socialists and a completely new phase of my life . . . to get myself involved in an affair with a woman . . . you understand? What was I going to do? I had, with a couple of sentences, unleashed the floodgates of a woman's heart, as Goethe might have said. (HELEN takes her book from the piano and crosses DL. SISTER continues to sing as she moves L.) Two women loved me. In these days, that was a problem. (He moves downstage.) My God! My children! What was going to become of them? Where could I go? Where would we live? Anne and I . . . in that sordid lodging house . . . it didn't even have a proper garden . . . I needed a garden. (He crosses toward HELEN. The OTHERS gather near HALDER and HELEN as HALDER continues to speak.) And Helen . . . how could I leave Helen? You know how you get when you jump into the sea for the first time like that . . . with a combination of guilt, brandy, over-fatigue and general tension on top of ever-present anxiety neurosis . . . (HALDER drops into a chair. HELEN sits next to him, absorbed in her book.) I fell asleep.

When I woke up, Helen was up, reading some new book on keyboard technique.

HELEN. I woke up and couldn't get to sleep again. Did I wake you?

HALDER. That student turned up, last night. Soaking wet. It was pouring. So she's downstairs. In the lounge. I gave her some blankets.

HELEN. That's all right. Will she be warm enough?

HALDER. I gave her some blankets. Helen, I want to talk to you. (ALL shift slightly to hear HALDER. ANNE modestly turns away.) I've decided to join the party. (MAURICE laughs derisively and walks upstage. The SISTER sits at the piano. The DOCTOR moves up and sits. BOULLER returns to the left corner of the piano. HITLER wanders far UR. The MAJOR moves near a MUSICIAN. ANNE sits. The BAND LEADER goes upstage to get the accordion.) I had a long talk with your father. He's right. Basically . . .

HELEN. You told me that. Who's going to give her breakfast?

HALDER. I'll give her breakfast. I didn't tell you about my decision.

HELEN. I *assumed*, in the end, you'd be sensible.

HALDER. I'm doing it because I love you . . . you know that. If it was just myself, I'd take a chance. I'm not one hundred percent sure about Hitler . . . you understand that . . . I love you and the children . . .

HELEN. I know that.

HALDER. That's the whole foundation of my life.

HELEN. That's good.

HALDER. I'll never leave you.

HELEN. Why should you?

HALDER. You won't leave me?

HELEN. Why should I?

HALDER. Plenty of people leave each other.

HELEN. Plenty of people get knocked down by buses.

HALDER. That's a good observation.

HELEN. Well, they do. I'm glad. Father'll be glad, you joining the party. It's a real commitment. You're not just joining to keep your job or get on in life.

HALDER. Am I not?

HELEN. You see . . . I don't do anything well . . . do I? I'm useless.

HALDER. You're a good wife.

HELEN. I don't think I am.

HALDER. You are. You're the best wife in the world. I love you.

HELEN. *Do you?*

HALDER. You're my sweetheart, aren't you?

HELEN. Am I?

HALDER. You are. What are you?

HELEN. Your sweetheart . . .

BOULLER. I brought the coffee in myself . . . to avoid interruptions. (He crosses to C.) Halder, would it surprise you if I said Doctor Goebbels himself had suggested your name to us? He drew our attention to your novel . . . he was profoundly moved by it . . . "objectivity," he said, "combined with compassion and humanity."

HALDER (to the audience). They got me at a bad time. With my mother in the state she got herself in . . . and the state I got in at her state . . . I had to write all the guilt out in a pro-euthanasia novel.

BOULLER. You read the letter? (He crosses to HALDER.)

HALDER. You read the letter? (He has forgotten.) I've read it. Yes . . . moving. (He hands BOULLER the letter.)

BOULLER (moving to C, holding up Halder's novel). The Leader himself has looked over this. Do you know that? Would you like to read his comment? (He shows HALDER.) Look . . . in his own writing . . .

HALDER (to the audience). God forgive me . . . The human bloody being! (He crosses to BOULLER.) The surge of pride in me! Reading that scrawled sentence in Adolf's shaky hand. It said: "Written from the heart!" (Music begins: Music Cue Number Ten, "BAVARIAN MOUNTAIN BAND." The BAND LEADER moves to the rear of the piano with the accordion. The other MUSICIANS join him as they play. The MAJOR moves to the right corner of the piano. BOULLER moves to the left corner of the piano. He and the MAJOR join the BAND LEADER in yodelling.)

MAURICE (climbing onto his chair). A Bavarian mountain band?

HALDER (to the audience). While Anne was in the bathroom and the Bavarian mountain ensemble were singing their hearts out, I kept moving from panic to romantic plans of going back to nature with my beloved. (He moves to the left end of the piano.)

HALDER.

WE'LL GO TO SCHWARDZWALD, ANNE AND I.
BETWEEN BERNAU AND WEHR, THERE'S A STRETCH
OF FOREST THERE, NOBODY GOES INTO.

(He circles upstage of the piano.)

WE'LL BUILD A ROUGH HUT. DRY. WARM.
WHAT DO A MAN AND A WOMAN NEED TO LIVE?

(He returns to C.)

NOW AND THEN, I'LL BUY A RIFLE, OF COURSE.
I'LL SHOOT WILD BOAR, DEER.

It was irresponsible of me in my position to encourage her.
(The MUSICIANS move in behind HALDER.)

WE'LL KEEP A GOAT . . . A GOAT.

Can you keep a goat in the forest? Why shouldn't you? I'm not talking about illegally living in the forest. Obviously, I'll have to buy some land . . . four or five acres . . . I'd sell the house . . . split the money two ways, between Helen and me . . . (Sarcastically.) . . . I could gather folk tales from the natives and make a book out of them. (He moves behind ANNE.) Everything under the pure sky . . . we eat, sleep, make love under the sun . . . or stars . . . whichever is about at the time of the activity . . . (He moves to C and speaks sarcastically.) . . . to the accompaniment of the Bavarian mountain ensemble . . . (The music crumbles and stops. The MUSICIANS retake their seats. To ANNE.) Are you musical? Do you play anything?

ANNE. I don't play anything. No. I like music but I never seem to be able to stand more than about the first movement of anything. I can sit through all the movements of *Beethoven's Fifth* . . . I don't mind that. Do you play? Obviously somebody does . . . with all that music around.

HALDER. No, I don't play. Look, will I take you into the university with me this morning? Or do you want to go back to your lodgings first?

ANNE (looking at him, in love, as though drinking him in). I still can't believe it! All the time I have been thinking, "He'll never look at me." And I've been in your mind . . . all the time.

HALDER. You stood out, you see . . . as an exceptional person . . . that is what drew me to you. You are . . . there's no question about it . . . I'm drawn to you . . . I like you

very much . . . but you have to understand . . .

ANNE. Yes, I want to understand. I want to understand everything about you.

HALDER. When I said to you, last night, how much I liked you, you might have got the wrong impression. Sometimes I can be very inarticulate.

ANNE. Honestly . . . I feel it . . . you love me . . . last night, I felt it . . . this morning, you're fighting it . . . I know. It must be frightening for you. I know that. Are you frightened, love?

HALDER. I don't know where I am. No.

ANNE. Last night . . . you said you were emotionally involved with me . . . you loved me.

HALDER. You see . . . it's the children . . . I love them . . . I could never leave my children . . . being a father . . . you see . . .

ANNE. No. I can see that. You love them. They love you. I suppose your wife being what she is . . . not being able to cope . . . you have to be father and mother to them.

HALDER. They love their mother, too.

ANNE. Do *you* love her? Do you still love her, do you think?

HALDER. Outsiders might think . . . with all the rubbish littering the floors . . . my having to cook meals and send the children to school . . . I don't say the pigsty here doesn't get on my nerves at times . . . and not being able to invite people to the house . . . without having a major cleaning operation . . .

ANNE. John . . . you're drowning . . . I'm not saying that because I love you and I need you . . . you're drowning. (HELEN goes to HALDER and ANNE. HALDER walks upstage, guiltily.)

HELEN. I came down for more coffee. Is there any hot? (To ANNE.) Has he fed you?

ANNE. Yes, thank you. He made me eat a proper breakfast.

HELEN. I'm sorry the place is such a pigsty. I haven't been coping with things.

ANNE. It's all right.

HELEN. Did you tell me her name, John?

ANNE. Anne. You have lovely children. The girl's beautiful, isn't she?

HELEN. Did you make anything for me, John?

HALDER. I've fried you liverwurst. I was just going to do an egg for you.

HELEN. Were you warm enough here?

ANNE. It was wonderful. John had to wake me.

HELEN. You look very young. How old are you?

ANNE. I'm older than I look. I'm nearly twenty.

HELEN. I'm happy at thirty. I don't worry about not being young anymore. If I'm thirty, I'm thirty. I'm not *all* that bad looking, am I? What do *you* think? (Music begins: Music Cue Number Eleven, "JEWISH WEDDING SONG." HITLER moves to the right corner of the piano and plays along with the BAND on the banjo.)

MAURICE. Jewish wedding song? (He executes a bit of Jewish folk dancing as he moves C. The DOCTOR retreats UL. HITLER climbs onto the chair by the piano.)

ES GE KOOMEN DI MUMA MALEM

HOT GE BRACHT DI

SHAYNE CALEM

SHAYNE FINE

DI MUMA MALEH

HOT GE BRACHT DI

SHAYNI CALEH.

(He interrupts himself.) *Hütler?*

HALDER. I think it was Hitler. Might have been a bit of Charlie Chaplin. (HITLER, who has been strumming along with the BAND, is now offended. He hits a sharp chord of protest and stops playing. The BAND continues to play under. HITLER hands the banjo to the SISTER, who puts it away behind the piano. He then assumes an oratorical stance.) There was this street musician playing that tune you sometimes sing . . . that wedding song.

MAURICE. Playing a Jewish song?

HALDER. He kept changing. (He and MAURICE move to HITLER and stand one on each side of him.) I'm standing in the square by the fountain, paralyzed. Not physically. Whatever part of me is responsible for decision-making. That seemed to have gone out of action . . . on my way to join the party. (Music out.)

HITLER (getting up momentum, to the world). Understandable. Totally understandable. You make a deal with yourself one minute, you totally repudiate the next. (To HALDER, conversationally.) Quite right. Absolutely naive to think you can guarantee the minute you set yourself on a course that you're going to hold it over the next sixty seconds.

MAURICE. Sounds more like Chaplin than Adolf.

HITLER (to the world). The complexity of the human central nervous system alone. All the forces playing on the human organism . . .

MAURICE. Huh!

HITLER (to the world). Basically, what have we in a human being? A complex electrical network. No. Even more complex . . . a complex electrical and chemical network. (To HALDER.) Can you *have* chemical networks?

HALDER. He's a victim of the failure of the Social Democrats. What the Socialists promised the workers, the Nazis gave them . . . society needs them.

MAURICE. That's conscious shit. You don't need the sub-conscious to handle political shit. It deals with the *real* shit.

HITLER (to the world). Man does not live by bread alone.

HALDER. I'm not sure about that.

HITLER (conversationally). I'm not sure about anything. That's the human condition. "Man, you are born to uncertainty. You can be sure of nothing."

MAURICE. Definitely Charlie Chaplin.

HITLER (to the world). For the first time in my life, I am breaking free from the emotional umbilical cords that tied me to my mother.

MAURICE. Now *that's* Hitler. Pure, *unadulterated* Hitler shit.

HITLER. Ring of truth, but, Maurice.

MAURICE. Shit *has*.

HALDER. Everything has.

HITLER (to the world). Breaking through to manhood. Completing myself as a human being . . . establishing new emotional umbilical strands with a woman I have chosen in my manhood. (ALL except MAURICE turn away. HALDER crosses in behind ANNE. To MAURICE.) Yes. I'm being pretentious and heavily profound. But it does happen. From time to time, you are confronted by profundities. (To himself.) I have to get out of this . . . apologizing for any profound universal statement that comes to me . . . watching my thoughts and language so that they're continually muted, tied to the earth . . . when you fly, you fly . . .

HALDER. When you walk on the earth . . .

HALDER and HITLER. . . . you walk on the earth.

MAURICE (to HALDER, moving down). You see . . . my fellow Jews. I can't stand them. My best friends are gentiles and Nazis.

HITLER (to the world). What is the objective reality? The objective reality is there is no objective reality. I don't know.

Who knows? Where am I? I don't know where I am. I don't know what I'm doing. I don't know I don't know what I'm doing. Is that possible?

MAURICE (taking a step upstage). I'm telling you, you're right. Johnnie, tell him he's right.

HITLER (to the world). How do I bring about a balance between the electrical and chemical forces in my body to make for something like the optimum functioning of myself as an organism? (HALDER walks over and stands directly in front of HITLER.)

HALDER. By joining the Nazis?

HITLER (to the world). But now I am moving to a soul union.

MAURICE. Huh!

HITLER. What the fuck else is it, for Christ's sake? That's what it is. That's what I'm looking for. A soul union. (To the world.) Now I am moving to a soul union.

HALDER and HITLER. Joining the Nazis is no longer a simple case of my own electrical and chemical state.

HITLER. It is *hers*, too.

HALDER (to HITLER). That's what I'm telling you. I have to see Anne, first. Before I can make a definite decision.

HITLER (to HALDER). Yes. *Now*, I understand *why* I have to see her.

HALDER. Do I?

MAURICE. John. (He moves up to HALDER.) This is a classic neurotic relationship. My best-loved friend is a Nazi!

HALDER (to ANNE). I had to talk to you about it first.

ANNE. You see . . . I'm not a political person. I wish I could help you more . . . I've never been able to get involved with politics . . . just now . . . whatever you do would be all right to do . . .

HALDER. I couldn't make the move, you see . . . till we talked about it.

ANNE. I'll try to help you . . . as much as I can . . . I hate them . . . being so down on the Jews . . . I hate that. (HALDER crosses to Anne's side. MAURICE moves to the left corner of the piano.)

HALDER. Their ideal might be a Germany without Jews . . . But the reality is Jews are part of Germany. It's not real, a Germany without Jewish doctors, scientists, chemists . . . and *capitalists*, for Christ's sake . . . without Jewish capitalists.

ANNE. I think . . . you see . . . people just survive and live. It doesn't seem to matter what kind of government people have. They survived through all kinds of terrible times, didn't they? You find somebody you love . . . and you have a family . . . and look after them . . . and try and not harm anybody. Isn't that what happens? In the end, you have to survive. And the less you harm people in surviving . . .

HALDER (kneeling). It's not only survival, is it? Joining the Nazis. If people like us join them . . . instead of keeping away from them, being purist . . . and pushed them a bit towards humanity . . . is that kidding yourself?

ANNE. What if they push *us* the other way?

HALDER. Yes, it could happen. Yes. If it did . . . I'd get out . . . no question about it . . . I'd pull myself away. I'd get out of the country. We'd get out of the country . . . What are you thinking about, sweetheart?

ANNE. No . . . it's just . . . it's not good being frightened for yourself. When you're on your own. But being frightened for somebody you *love*.

HALDER (putting his arms around ANNE). We'll be all right. We'll help each other, won't we? As long as we are together. I feel that. That's the first time I've felt anything like that in my whole life. It doesn't matter what happens round us . . . as long as we have each other.

BOULLER. Another letter we received only this week on the same theme. (He moves in behind HALDER. The DOCTOR sits. The MAJOR steps in. HITLER sits on the right end of the piano. HALDER takes the letter from BOULLER. ANNE crosses R.) The Chancellory is continually receiving requests from relatives of people with incurable mental illnesses for the Leader's permission for mercy deaths for these patients. (He crosses C. HALDER moves to the chair.) This is, of course, just another aspect of the way Germans are beginning to come to terms with the world and the human situation as it *is* . . . throwing away superstition and mysticism and self-indulgent sentimentality.

HALDER (sitting). Which does not always lead to humanity and compassion.

BOULLER. Halder, we want a paper from you. Arguing along the same lines as you do in your novel, the necessity for such an approach to mercy killings of the incurable and hopelessly insane, on the grounds of humanity and compassion.

HALDER. The novel came out of a direct experience . . . my mother's senile dementia.

BOULLER. Exactly. This is what makes your analysis so potent. As the Leader says, "From the heart." And I would add, from the mind. I take it the opinions so clearly expressed in your book, Halder, are firm, personal convictions . . .

HALDER. Below a certain level of the quality of human life . . . yes . . . I can't see it worth preserving. From the individual sufferer's point of view and his family's . . . yes.

BOULLER. Look here, Professor . . . let me be open and frank with you . . . I could rest much easier in my bed, with your participation in this project . . . (He crosses to HALDER.) . . . You and I know how these things can get out of hand. There are certain elements in the party . . . and aside from that aspect . . . the inhumanities that can happen in hospitals and other medical institutions . . . If we could

have you with us. You follow me? This would be, for me, a guarantee that the whole question of humanity in the carrying out of this project would never be lost from the initial stages of planning to the final implementation of the scheme.

HALDER. I'll draft out a paper for you, Over-Leader . . . in the next week.

BOULLER. That is *excellent*, Halder. First-class . . . (He takes the letter back from HALDER.) . . . one copy only . . . and to be handed personally to me as soon as you have it. (Music begins: Music Cue Number Twelve, "DRINKING SONG." After the violin plays a sustained note, BOULLER starts to sing.)

DRINK, DRINK, DRINK TO EYES
THAT ARE BRIGHT AS STARS
WHEN THEY'RE SHINING ON ME.

BOULLER and DOCTOR.
DRINK, DRINK, DRINK TO LIPS
THAT ARE RED AND SWEET
AS THE FRUIT ON THE TREE.

BOULLER, DOCTOR, HITLER.
HERE'S A HOPE THAT THOSE BRIGHT
EYES WILL SHINE . . .

(MAURICE, the SISTER and the MAJOR move behind the piano. BOULLER crosses UR.)

BOULLER, DOCTOR, HITLER, MAURICE.
. . . LOVINGLY, LONGINGLY, SOON INTO MINE.

(HELEN and MOTHER stand behind their chairs. The DOCTOR steps in a couple of steps.)

ALL except HALDER.

MAY THOSE LIPS THAT ARE RED AND SWEET,
TONIGHT WITH JOY MINE OWN LIPS MEET.

(The MUSICIANS stand.)

ALL except HALDER.

DRINK, DRINK,
LET THE TOAST START.
DRINK, DRINK,
MAY YOUNG HEARTS NEVER PART.
DRINK, DRINK, DRINK,
LET EVERY TRUE LOVER SALUTE HIS SWEETHEART.
LET'S DRINK!

HALDER (to the audience). It could have been the atmosphere of the place. (ALL hum the next verse under Halder's speech. He crosses downstage.) The National Socialist office was in this great house that belonged once to some great nobleman. Marble hall . . . (The MUSICIANS sit.) . . . chandeliers . . . turning everything into *The Student Prince*. (He moves C, then crosses between the MAJOR and ANNE.) God forgive me! It was a wonderful feeling . . . joining. You have no idea, the emotional heights it lifted me to.

MAJOR. Listen, we're old comrades.

HALDER. Yes, I suppose we are.

MAJOR. You went into the Hessian Life Guards first. Remarkable.

HALDER. I'm not sure how I got in, you see. There was some confusion when I joined up in nineteen-sixteen. (He speaks to the audience as he moves about downstage.) It's a terrible thing. But it's a wonderful thing getting into a uniform. When I first got into my uniform in nineteen-sixteen . . . all the

emotions came back to me now . . . for the first week, Martin and I . . . a quasi-emotional homosexual relationship to be frank about it . . . (He stands downstage at RC.)

ALL except HALDER.

DRINK, DRINK,
LET THE TOAST START.
MAY YOUNG HEARTS NEVER PART.
DRINK, DRINK, DRINK,
LET EVERY TRUE LOVER SALUTE HIS SWEETHEART.
LET'S DRINK.

HALDER. This friend I had. Martin . . .

MAJOR (crossing downstage of the piano).

IRON CROSS FROM THE KAISER'S OWN HAND,
READY TO DIE FOR HIS DEAR FATHERLAND.
TRUMPETS SOUND AND THE CALL IS CLEAR,
THE NIGHT IS GONE AND THE DAWN IS HERE.

(Music out.)

HALDER (to the audience). Back in nineteen-sixteen, for the first week, we went around in uniform . . . looking for officers to salute. One of the most exciting experiences in my youth. Walking around Stuttgart, saluting officers. Some of the swine didn't even look at us . . . turned their heads in the opposite direction . . . And now joining the party . . . not just joining . . . but being taken in like a brother . . .

MAJOR. Herr Doctor . . . (He moves downstage.) . . . You can't join the S. S. How can a man like you join the S.S.? That amuses me. The modest opinion you have of yourself. HALDER (moving to the MAJOR). I hadn't . . . I'll be honest

with you, Major . . . I hadn't heard of the S. S.
MAJOR. The S. S., you see, Doctor . . .

ALL except HALDER.

DRINK, DRINK, DRINK TO ARMS
THAT ARE WHITE AND WARM
AS A ROSE IN THE SUN.
DRINK, DRINK, DRINK TO HEARTS
THAT WILL LOVE ONE ONLY,
WHEN I AM THE ONE.

MAJOR (engaging HALDER in a fraternal handclasp).
HERE'S A HOPE THAT THOSE SOFT ARMS WILL TWINE,
TENDERLY, TRUSTINGLY, SOON AROUND MINE.

(Music out. The MAJOR puts an arm around Halder's shoulder and moves him downstage.)

MAJOR. Let me tell you something. I never tell this to the usual applicants. You understand? But look here . . . John Halder . . . the Goethe man. My wife is a great reader. I'm sure she must have read several of your books . . . and your father . . . the Roman man . . . now . . . that book I read . . . obviously such a deep book as that, I just got the gist of it, but that wonderful discovery he made . . . "The true and pure German culture can be found only in those parts of Germany the Romans failed to contaminate." You see, I still remember bits of it . . . Look here, I'm going to lunch shortly. Lunch with me . . . please . . . I want to talk to you in detail about the S. S.

HALDER (to the audience). They loved me. You see? (ALL hum the next verse under Halder's speech.) I was an old soldier . . . and the Goethe man . . . if they love you like

that, you can't help loving them back. Freddie, the Major, gave me smoked ham and baked potatoes and Frankfurt Cyder . . . MAJOR. Better than wine, eh? Our Apelwoi . . . the Kaiser had his own elite regiment . . . as you know . . . the Imperial Guard and, of course, now we have our own elite. The S. S. Clearly, that is the only place for you . . . in the elite along with us.

HALDER (to the audience). He was such a nice, open man. His father was a schoolteacher . . . so was his wife's father. He wasn't a cliché Nazi ex-jailbird thug . . . and he told me what Hitler had said to him . . . (HITLER stands on top of the piano.)

MAJOR. I can hear his voice now.

ALL except HALDER (whispering under the MAJOR and HITLER).

DRINK, DRINK,
LET THE TOAST START.
MAY YOUNG HEARTS NEVER PART.
DRINK, DRINK, DRINK,
LET EVERY TRUE LOVER SALUTE HIS SWEETHEART.
LET'S DRINK!

MAJOR. That Austrian accent. Pleasant, quiet, concerned. He was so concerned about us.

HITLER (to the world). I should like to make you two pledges. I will never give a command to march against the lawful government of Germany . . . that is, I will never attempt a second time to come to power by force.

ALL except HALDER (singing under).

DRINK, DRINK,
LET THE TOAST START.
MAY YOUNG HEARTS NEVER PART.

DRINK, DRINK, DRINK,
LET EVERY TRUE LOVER SALUTE HIS SWEETHEART.
LET'S DRINK!

MAJOR (stepping upstage). We all looked at him. Everybody was surprised. This is nineteen thirty-two I am talking about. The terrible conditions. Inflation. Unemployment. Children in the streets in winter without shoes.

HITLER (to the world). And I promise you, I will never give you an order which goes against your conscience.

MAJOR. "I will never give you an order which goes against your conscience." And the way he said it, you see . . . (The MUSICIANS stand. HALDER, swept up in the song, joins the singing.)

ALL.

DRINK, DRINK,
LET THE TOAST START.
MAY YOUNG HEARTS NEVER PART.
DRINK, DRINK, DRINK,
LET EVERY TRUE LOVER SALUTE HIS SWEETHEART.
LET'S DRINK!

(The lights fade to black. ALL exit in the darkness.)

Act Two

AS THE LIGHTS COME UP: The BAND returns and tunes up. Music begins: Music Cue Number Thirteen, "MONTE CARLO." MOTHER enters and resumes her place. HELEN stands behind her chair. EICHMANN enters and stands UR. ELIZABETH stands near one of the MUSICIANS. The DOCTOR enters and moves UL. BOK enters with a book and a glass of beer which he places on the piano, then moves behind the piano. The MAJOR goes to the right side of the piano. ANNE enters and stands at Bok's left. HALDER enters, chatting with MAURICE. As they approach the piano, MAURICE goes to the front left corner of the piano, HALDER to the right. HALDER hangs his jacket across the back of the nearest chair.

MAURICE (interrupting the music). I'm talking to you, you Nazi cunt! You hear me?

HALDER (to himself, crossing in front of the chair). I don't mind the abuse at all. It is understandable. But I want to get down to business and piss off. Otherwise, I'm going to end up getting involved in his problems . . . I am not getting *involved*. (He goes behind the chair.)

MAURICE. Johnnie . . . when I called you a "Nazi cunt," I was just saying, if I was given to using obscene language, that is what I would call you. That's what you are, in fact. You are a Nazi cunt.

HALDER. You are my only bloody friend, you know that?

MAURICE. Get me these tickets for Switzerland then.

HALDER. How can I get you tickets to Switzerland, for Christ's sake? You don't think I wouldn't, if I could? (To himself.) I love him. I love him. So I'll join him in prison when they start rounding them up.

MAURICE (crossing downstage). I'll tell you what it is. Are you listening? I give you food and drink. You come here . . . hungry . . . I sit you down to smoked salmon.

HALDER (moving downstage after MAURICE). We sit down to a meal that would have cost some worker, if he's lucky, what he earns in a week, Maurice. That's what I'm getting at . . .

MAURICE. *More!* The wine alone is a week's wages.

HALDER. We can't go on like this, can we? You as a Socialist . . . me as a Socialist . . . How long can you go on crying about the poverty of the workers while you are living off the fat of the land?

MAURICE. Johnnie . . . Johnnie . . . This is my fucking home. I'm like in mourning . . . I'm bereaved. (He moves up to a chair and HALDER follows.) You know that? The idea of being cut off for the rest of my life from my place in Burgsinn. I've put up nesting boxes for the spring. I went out and bought special nesting boxes . . . for woodpeckers . . . we were looking forward to woodpeckers nesting at the back of our cottage.

HALDER (to himself). I want to talk to him about that cottage. (He sits. To MAURICE.) I want to talk to you about the cottage.

MAURICE (pacing back and forth, then stopping beside HALDER). I come *alive* there. The trees . . . and the green . . . I was bloody *born* here . . . my father was *born* here . . . my grandfather . . . Listen . . . I don't even *like* Jews . . . I like my wife and kids . . . but generally . . .

HALDER. I don't like *anybody* all that much.

MAURICE. That's true . . . Listen, Johnnie, for Christ's sake, you've got to help me get out of here. Are you listening to me? You've got to *help* me! (He moves up as MOTHER stands and moves a few steps forward, hesitantly.)

MOTHER (sounding lost and frightened). John . . . John . . . John . . . for God's sake . . . where am I?

HALDER (from his chair). Where do you think you are, Mother?

MOTHER. It's no use. Take me back to the hospital. I'll never manage to live here on my own. Take me back . . . I'm collapsing.

HALDER. Just try, Mother . . . try to get a picture of your house in your mind.

MOTHER. Am I in the kitchen?

HALDER. No, you're in the bedroom.

MOTHER. I'm in the bedroom? (She gropes around.) It's no use, son, I'm finished. I can't take it. I'll go back to the hospital.

HALDER (resigned, crossing to MOTHER). I'll take you over to the bed again. (He leads MOTHER back to her chair.) Try to picture it in your mind . . . your room. Put your hand on the bed.

MOTHER. It's no use. I tell you, I'm finished. You have got your own life to lead. Go back to Frankfurt, son. I'll go into some institution.

HALDER. Follow the edge of the bed, Mother, with your hand . . . think . . .

MOTHER. I can't think. It's all going from my brain.

HALDER. Think of the room . . . you remember the room before you lost your . . .

MOTHER. It's all going out of my brain. I'm telling you, I can't . . . (She senses that HALDER is about to leave and finally tries.) . . . This is the bedroom wall? (She feels it.)

That's the bed cabinet . . .

HALDER (moving C). Try again, Mother . . . work out what it is . . . how can that be the cabinet?

MOTHER (feeling). It's the table.

HALDER. That's right.

MOTHER (stepping forward). And that's the way to the door?

HALDER (giving up, despairing). That's the window. (Music begins: Music Cue Number Fourteen, "LOHENGRIN," Prelude Act Three. MOTHER resumes her seat.)

BOK (shouting and waving a book at HALDER from behind the piano). Herr Professor, what about this? (He crosses down to

HALDER with the book.) It's in French. Can't make it out.

HALDER (looking at the book). *Recherche Du Temps Perdu*.

BOK. Eh?

HALDER. *Remembering the Past*.

BOK. Oh, well . . . this might as well go, too. Don't want to waste any time on the past, do we? (He crosses up left of the piano and shouts off.) Here you are, lads . . . fancy French dish for your bonfire. (He tosses the book off as the BAND segues into "I'M ALWAYS CHASING RAINBOWS." ANNE comes DR, followed by the Major, who is now known as FREDDIE. MAURICE and BOK move behind the piano. EICHMANN sits next to the piano.)

FREDDIE. Brandy, Johnnie?

HALDER (stepping up to join FREDDIE). Good party, Freddie. We're both enjoying ourselves. (ELIZABETH crosses to HALDER and takes his arm.)

ELIZABETH (to FREDDIE). Freddie, I want to talk to you a minute. (To HALDER.) John, why didn't you *tell* us about your accomodation problem? (To FREDDIE.) These two poor children have nowhere to live.

ANNE. We'll find somewhere. It's just that John has to live somewhere where there are fields and open spaces.

FREDDIE. I'm just going to have a quick word with Johnnie, Liz, my love. (He moves downstage with HALDER.)

ELIZABETH. We're going to choose our May Queen. Where are you going?

FREDDIE. Choose Anne. Look at her! Why can't I have women like that falling for me.

ELIZABETH. Freddie, they need somewhere to live . . . desperately.

FREDDIE (crossing DL). We'll organize that. Don't worry about it. (ELIZABETH takes a step toward FREDDIE. HALDER moves C.)

ELIZABETH. We will be choosing the May Queen and the May King at nine precisely.

FREDDIE. I just want a minute with him, Liz. (He sits. Music out.)

HALDER (turning to the DOCTOR). What a pleasant place this is, Doctor. (The DOCTOR steps forward. ELIZABETH backs up to the piano.)

DOCTOR. It hasn't been a private residence for many years.

HALDER. All the courtyards and archways.

DOCTOR. It was sold for an orphanage. Then it became a hospital, Herr Professor. . . Your field is *literature*, then? . . . I see . . .

HALDER. I think Berlin sees me as some kind of humanity expert. My role is to look round, assess the arrangements and make some recommendations on general humane grounds.

DOCTOR. Yes . . . I understand . . . We'd have thought, of course, you were a medical man. What would you like to do first? Meet the staff?

HALDER. I think I'll just wander around, if you don't mind.

DOCTOR. I'll get someone to show you round. That's the best thing. One of our medical staff, I think. He can explain the medical ins and outs. (HALDER steps downstage.)

FREDDIE. I'm going to let you into this to show you I trust

you, Johnnie. Both of us . . . our records . . . we don't need to goosestep round the square, shouting "Heil Hitler," to prove we're good party people, do we? (HALDER backs up as FREDDIE moves to him. The DOCTOR steps back L.) Look, here, there's an order come through for you. I'd rather we didn't make it an order . . . you know that . . . this particular order especially . . . because I can understand how you'll feel about it . . . we all have our vices . . . our private secrets . . . not a man hasn't something he doesn't want anybody else to know about . . .

HALDER. If it's an order, give it to me. It's all right, Freddie.

FREDDIE. I'm letting you into my vice! (ALL move forward to hear this.) Gramophone records . . .

HALDER (clearly disappointed). Gramophone records?

FREDDIE. That's right.

HALDER. Military marches.

FREDDIE. That's what it says on the labels.

HALDER. Jazz . . . (Music begins: Music Cue Number Fifteen, "WAREHOUSE BLUES." The NAZIS relax and enjoy the music.)

FREDDIE. I changed all the labels. Took me weeks. You know the party line on decadent Negroid swamp jungle music. Opium . . . I'll tell you something . . . I know this for a fact. The Great Man . . . up in Berlin . . . you know his favorite film . . . Jew Charlie Chaplin . . . watching Charlie Chaplin till midnight . . . every night. I can't help it. I've been playing jazz since I was called up . . . used to have a sergeant in my squad . . . got killed in Verdun . . . he played the fiddle . . . he played that . . . *St. Louis Blues* . . . soothed me.

HALDER. I'm trying to listen to the music.

FREDDIE. Soothes me, that music . . . Christ knows you need *soothing* in this bastard job at times. Building a country from

fuck all. What did those Social Democrat shits leave us? A fucking shit heap . . . I'm sorry . . . I don't usually talk like that . . . but it's true.

HALDER. It's a nice tune . . . (To himself.) . . . What else can you say?

FREDDIE. I haven't any *real* friends. (Music out. ALL, except HALDER, shift away from FREDDIE. HELEN moves to the left corner of the piano. ELIZABETH moves to a chair. The DOCTOR sits. BOULLER moves upstage. BOK stands behind his chair. ANNE crosses R.) I haven't . . . have you? . . . apart from your woman, I mean. Between you and me . . . most of the comrades . . . they're good lads . . . but they piss me off, after an hour or so . . . only one who doesn't seem to piss me off's you . . . probably because you're educated . . . I don't know. At times, *you* piss me off, too, of course.

HALDER. Mutual.

FREDDIE. I know I piss you off. No question about that. (He hands HALDER the list.) That's the list.

HALDER (studying the list). Oh . . . I like him . . . I like everybody . . . it's just *books* . . . it's a list of books. (He reads.) I see . . . I'm ordered to organize the book-burning ceremony at the university.

FREDDIE. When the order came through, you see . . . I said to myself, "Johnnie's got deep feeling about books and this is going to cut him badly" . . . I know that.

HALDER. Long list . . . Thomas Mann . . . Remarque . . .

FREDDIE. I read that. *All Quiet on the Western Front*. Don't ask me why they've done a downer on that. That's exactly how it was at the front, wasn't it?

HALDER (to himself). There's a positive aspect to all this. You've got to make a supreme effort and look positively. One of the basic defects of university life is learning from

books. Not from experience . . . life . . . involvement . . . commitment . . .

FREDDIE. Mind, I can see what they're getting at, burning Freud's filthy shit. Pervert, isn't he? Tried to make out everybody's as twisted and perverted as he is!

HALDER (to himself). If you look at it from the philosophical standpoint, that the burning is symbolic of a new healthy approach to university learning . . . Man does not live by books alone.

FREDDIE. All right, Johnnie? Can I leave that to you?

HALDER. As long as I can keep *my* copies, Freddie.

FREDDIE. *I've* got my jungle music, haven't I? (Music begins:

Music Cue Number Sixteen, Schubert's "STANDCHEN."

HELEN sits next to the BAND LEADER and plays the piano along with him. EICHMANN crosses between HALDER and FREDDIE, who quickly separate. HALDER goes to the right end of the piano. FREDDIE gets his holster from a chair and puts it on, then sits. ELIZABETH moves to the back center of the piano. ANNE comes around to Elizabeth's left. BOK crosses to the right of the DOCTOR, who turns his chair around and sits against the chair back. HALDER takes out a pencil and writes on the back of the orders.)

EICHMANN.

GENTLY FLOATING, THROUGH THE EVENING,
HEAR THIS SONG FOR YOU.
IN THIS QUIET
GROVE BELOW YOU
WAITS YOUR LOVER TRUE.

(He moves to the left end of the piano.)

HALDER (to the audience). You might think what a bloody

ridiculous thing to be doing, writing out a recipe for goulash for your wife who you are about to leave. But if you think about it, it's sensible enough, if she can't *cook*. Anyway, it was something practical to do, while she was practicing Schubert. (To HELEN.) It's a simple recipe, Helen. (Music out.) You see . . . I've written it out in simple stages.

HELEN. John, you're so pale. You don't look well.

HALDER (to himself). That's a good approach. Excellent. Go on, make it really difficult. Be understanding. (HELEN turns downstage.) I am very sorry for that woman. All my compassion goes out to her. I'm failing her . . . I'm failing *myself* even worse.

HELEN. Are you just going to leave me one *recipe* before you run off to the forest with her?

HALDER. Helen, I don't know what I'm doing. (To himself.) Who says I'm running off? (To HELEN.) I don't know if I'm going anywhere . . . I'm just writing this recipe . . . because it's easy . . . all you need is a tin of meat . . . (He hands the recipe to the BAND LEADER, who hands it to HELEN.)

HELEN. It looks easy enough on paper, but I'm not sure there's not something wrong with me. I don't seem to be able to coordinate things . . . I get obsessed with the wrong order. When I make stew, I get obsessed with the potatoes to be cooked and cook them . . . before the meat.

HALDER (at the side of the piano). I don't know *what* I'm going to do . . .

HELEN. I hate it when you suffer like this . . . look at you.

HALDER. Why have you turned so bloody understanding all of a sudden?

HELEN. I don't know . . . have I? I'm just lost . . . that's all . . . the worst thing . . . you know what the worst thing is . . .

MOTHER (calling). John! John . . . Helen . . . (HALDER sits beside the piano.)

HALDER. I'll be up in a minute, Mother.

MOTHER. I need to go to the toilet.

HALDER. What was the worst thing . . .

MOTHER. John!

HALDER. You've just *been* to the bloody toilet!

MOTHER. I need to go again. Have I got to have set hours when I go and don't go?

HELEN (standing). *I'll* take her. (HALDER circles upstage around the piano.)

HALDER. She's *my* mother . . . you take her all day . . . stop being so nice to me, will you . . . (HELEN sits.

HALDER continues to MOTHER.) . . . I'm coming . . .

I'm here, Mother. (MOTHER stands. HALDER directs her R to a chair.)

MOTHER. I'm really sorry. I can't get my bowels to make a timetable for me, son. (HALDER positions MOTHER in front of the chair and steps away.) Where's the seat?

HALDER (guiding MOTHER). There you are . . . I'll wait outside for you.

MOTHER. Wait outside . . . stay inside . . . what difference does it make to me now.

HALDER. I'll wait outside. (He takes a step upstage and turns slightly away.)

MOTHER. John . . . what's going to happen to me if you run off with that prostitute from Altstadt? Don't kid yourself, she's in love with you . . . she knows when she's got a mug . . . with a position and a good income . . . Where's the toilet paper? (She searches in the air to her right.) My God! I can't find it. This miserable house. They don't even have any toilet paper. I knew it was an unlucky house the first time I stepped through the door.

HALDER. There's the toilet paper, for God's sake. (He moves in to MOTHER and stretches her left hand out.) Mother, why the hell did you have to tell Helen about Anne? (MOTHER stands.)

MOTHER. Where's the wash-hand basin? I need to wash my hands.

HALDER. Follow the wall . . . use your imagination . . . You'll never be able to bloody live on your own if you don't give yourself a shake.

MOTHER. I'm sorry, son . . . I can't perform for you . . . I can't take it in . . . and be independent, so you can run off with your prostitute and leave me on my own without feeling guilty . . . Where's the bloody tap?

HALDER. Use your imagination.

MOTHER. I can't wash my hands with imagination, son. Maybe you can. God in heaven . . . the women you pick . . . I told you from the beginning . . . your father did . . . that woman is no good to you . . . didn't we plead with you . . . the night before your wedding . . . to call it off . . . (HALDER takes Mother's shoulders and attempts to move her L. MOTHER resists.) . . . Where are you taking me now?

HALDER. I'm taking you back to the bedroom. (He firmly guides MOTHER back to her chair at L.)

MOTHER. I've been stuck up there all day. I want to go downstairs . . . What are you going to do about the children? (She sits.)

HALDER. They'll be all right. I'll look after them.

MOTHER. That woman. Dear God, she can't even make a cup of coffee. She gave me bread and butter this morning . . . the bread was cut like doorsteps . . . I want to go *downstairs* . . .

HALDER. Sit in your room a minute.

MOTHER. Will you take me downstairs? What do you think

you're doing . . . torturing me here . . . locking me up like a prisoner with not a soul coming to see me all day . . . if that is what you wanted to do . . . giving me a holiday with you . . . you should never have taken me out of the hospital.

HALDER. I'll come back in a minute. *I need to go to the toilet. (He goes downstage. To the audience.)* Helen was in the kitchen. Trying to cook the recipe I'd written out for her. (HELEN stands and studies the recipe. HALDER moves to Helen's left.) It could well be there is a vestigial brain damage. Not all that much. A trace. That stops her cooking and cleaning the house. And, of course, relating to me as deeply and fully as I need.

HELEN. You *fry* the onions first?

HALDER. You don't need to do it this *minute*, do you?

HELEN. I'm doing it now. While you're here to put me right. Up till a few months ago . . . I wouldn't have felt it so much . . . you saying you love somebody else . . . now when you say it . . . it's like a cold hand reaching into my intestines . . . I loved you a bit during our honeymoon . . . and after . . . then just a few months ago . . . I really started falling in love with you . . . it surprised me . . . I don't know why. Did you notice?

HALDER. Yes. (To the audience.) Well, when your wife suddenly comes out with something like that, for Christ's sake . . . (To HELEN.) I think so.

HELEN. Probably my instinct told me I was losing you . . . so I began to realize what I was losing . . . *I don't know.* (She sits again.)

HALDER (to himself). She's not frying the *meat*. (To HELEN.) You have to fry the meat, too, Helen.

HELEN. That's right . . . the idea of losing you . . .

HALDER. You're *not* losing me.

HELEN. Just . . . my whole life really . . . it's round you . . .

that's the basis of my whole life . . .

HALDER (to HELEN). I won't leave you. (To the NAZIS near him.) What do I mean by that . . . I won't . . . (He moves UR.)

HELEN. Don't just say things to pacify me, John . . . will you not, love . . . I couldn't stand that . . .

MOTHER. John . . . John . . .

HALDER. Oh, Jesus . . . I cannot cope with that bloody woman just now.

MOTHER. John . . .

HALDER. I'm coming.

MOTHER. I thought you were in the toilet.

HELEN (standing on the chair to speak over the piano to HALDER). What are you going to do with her . . . if you have any ideas, tell me.

MOTHER. John . . .

HALDER. I'm coming.

HELEN. I don't understand you, John. What do you mean . . . you're not leaving me?

HALDER (crossing to the right end of the piano). I don't know. (To himself.) What do I mean? (To HELEN.) I'll be in every day to see you and the children . . . make sure you're all right.

HELEN. If you're living miles away . . . in the forest . . .

HALDER. I've got to come into the university . . . I have Storm meetings . . . all kinds of things to do in Frankfurt.

HELEN (referring to the food). Is this right?

HALDER. That's fine.

MOTHER. John . . . John . . .

HELEN. I wish I could help you . . . I do . . . it's a shame for you . . . I know . . . it's me . . .

HALDER. I'd better get that bloody woman downstairs.

HELEN. I haven't any *friends* . . . I could never make friends . . . never at any time . . . I never had any real

friends . . . except you.

MOTHER. John . . .

HALDER. I'm bloody coming! (To HELEN.) You still have me . . . as your friend.

HELEN. When I started loving you . . . the children irritated me . . . their continual bloody presence . . . I just wanted the two of us to be on our own . . . just stupid fantasies . . . you know what I'm like.

MOTHER. John . . .

HALDER (crossing downstage). I'll bring you down in a bloody minute!

MOTHER. I don't *want* to go down. I need to go to the *toilet*! (HALDER moves R. The DOCTOR steps LC.)

DOCTOR. You have to ask yourself, as you did in your novel . . . which moved me deeply, Herr Professor . . . (He crosses to HALDER. BOK and EICHMANN come closer. ANNE comes around the left end of the piano and moves down a few steps.) . . . When you come to this level . . . is this *human* life? She has no control over her bladder or bowels . . . the dimmest awareness of her environment and what is happening round her.

HALDER. We can take the arguments as read, I think, Doctor. (Uncomfortable, he moves L.) What we have to make sure of is that the procedure is carried out humanely . . . their last hour must be absolutely free from any trace of anxiety . . . (He moves C.)

DOCTOR. Absolutely . . . of course.

HALDER. This room is adequate . . . but it needs to be much more ordinary and reassuring. Could it be made to look like a bathroom, perhaps, so that the patients are reassured and believe they are being taken for a bath.

DOCTOR. Yes. So they come in here . . . ostensibly for a bath . . . a normal daily routine.

HALDER. What about the families? This is very important. Exactly how the families are informed will have to be carefully worked out . . . in detail.

DOCTOR. Of course, Herr Professor. Of course, they'll be bound to accept the doctor's word on the death certificate.

HALDER. I'd like a meeting of everybody concerned, after lunch, Doctor, to discuss this in detail. The families have had enough pain as it is, looking *after* poor souls like her. (Music begins: Music Cue Number Seventeen, "SYMPHONY NUMBER NINE." HALDER moves DR with the music in a modified goosetstep.)

MAURICE. Listen . . . if you're terrified . . . fucking say so. (He comes DL. The DOCTOR leans against the right corner of the piano.)

HALDER. I am not consciously aware I ever knew that tune. (He joins MAURICE. HELEN sits left of the piano. EICHMANN sits. BOK moves LC. ANNE crosses upstage of the piano, next to ELIZABETH.)

MAURICE. What's all this roundabout evasive shit for?

HALDER. Just now, at this moment in time, Maurice . . . going to your house . . . how can I go to your house, Maurice?

MAURICE. So how does the cat get over the water? I can't come to *your* house!

HALDER. Worse . . . coming to my house.

MAURICE. It's cold in the park . . . meeting in this stupid fucking park.

HALDER. You should've put on a warm sweater. (Music out.)

MAURICE. Listen, Cunt . . . Are you going to get me these tickets to Switzerland?

HALDER. How can I go to the station and ask for five one-way tickets to Switzerland, Maurice?

MAURICE. Ask for *returns*.

HALDER. Or returns . . . I'm a bloody officer in the S. S.

(He shifts upstage. MAURICE, agitated, circles Mother's chair.)
MAURICE. I can't understand that . . . that is the whole foundation of the party . . . racialism . . . anti-Semitism.

What's the matter with you, Johnnie, for fuck's sake?

HALDER. You're panicking, Maurice. (He perches on the back of a chair.) There's no . . .

MAURICE. I'm talking to you. (Music begins: Music Cue Number Eighteen, "SYMPHONY NUMBER NINE.")

HALDER. Is that somebody coming? Feed the pigeons, Maurice. (He starts to feed the birds.)

MAURICE. Nobody's coming.

HALDER. There is somebody coming.

MAURICE. Yes . . . they're coming to listen to your band. It's an unusual attraction for winter in the park. Will you stop feeding those fucking birds? (Music out.)

HALDER. I'm saying . . . there's no problem . . . you said so yourself . . . after the first year or so . . . the Nazis have got to come to terms with reality.

MAURICE. You want to rent my cottage?

HALDER. You only use it for holidays . . . and odd weekends, anyway.

MAURICE (crossing to HALDER). To live with your lady friend. You want to wander over the carpet of pine needles, hand in hand. In the dawn . . . it's a nice picture. (He circles to Halder's right.)

HALDER. It's difficult . . . getting the right place, Maurice. I'll pay you a good rent . . .

MAURICE. Listen . . . when I go away . . . take it . . . I won't need it in Switzerland, will I?

HALDER. I don't *want* you to go away. You don't need to go away. You know that.

MAURICE. Listen, you Nazi cunt . . . I'm sorry. I don't see you as a Nazis cunt . . .

HALDER (to himself). I love Jews . . . I'm attracted to their whole culture . . . Their existence is a joy to me. Why has it got to be a bloody problem to everybody? (To MAURICE.) If you just relax, Maurice . . . Don't make yourself conspicuous . . . for the time being . . . that's all.

MAURICE. Keep my prick under cover at all times . . . go and hide in my cottage in the forest.

HALDER. You could do that.

MAURICE. Where will you go with the love of your fucking life? Listen . . . (He moves away R.) . . . What's coming over me . . . I don't go in for those obscenities.

HALDER. You know how complicated my life is with Helen and Anne.

MAURICE. You've got your own psychiatrists now. You don't need a decadent Jewish pig like me. You've got your own Nazi school of psychiatry. (He crosses in to HALDER.) Go to your behaviorist father-in-law. He'll organize you getting up to *Fucking Deutschland Uber Alles*.

HALDER. Maurice . . . calm down . . . for a minute . . .

MAURICE. It's a basic biological drive, you see, Johnnie. When people come after you with machine guns . . . you start running. Listen, I'm calming down . . . I'm looking at it coldly and rationally. The cunts want to crucify me.

HALDER. I can't see Hitler surviving more than a year. *You* can't. Once the country is functioning again . . . capitalism starts working . . . they'll throw him out. Capitalists are realists . . . the driving force is profit . . . business. They can't afford to have a mystic idealist like that running the country. Think about it.

MAURICE. Yes . . . I'm thinking about it.

HALDER. At the beginning, you need something like that . . . with the country in the state it is . . . to get the program off the ground. Get everybody moving in the one direction. But

once it's moving . . . they've got to throw him out. They threw out Roehm, didn't they?

MAURICE (moving C). You don't *listen* to people. I'm telling you . . . There is legislation coming up in the next day or two . . . today . . . maybe *yesterday* . . . against men without any foreskins . . . I know that . . . *laws* . . . you see? I *know* . . . I've got hard information. Now, will you get me five tickets to Switzerland, you Nazi cunt . . . no, you won't . . . you're not interested in what happens to me . . . understandable . . . all right . . . fuck off, then. (He crosses UL.)

HALDER. Did you buy me some cheesecake?

MAURICE (coming down to C). Where will you get Jewish cheesecake when you have locked up all the Jews? What you're obsessed with is this new problem that has come up. You thought that was the ultimate, not being able to get it up for your wife. Now you get it up for everybody, the complications really fucking set in.

HALDER. I didn't tell you *why* it was complicated, Maurice. (To himself.) I cannot see any way out of this dilemma. The metaphysical catshit in *Mein Kampf* . . . about pure races and foul, perverted, spiritually-riddled-with-disease Jews . . .

MAURICE (going to HALDER). Listen . . . I'll give you the cottage for five tickets.

HALDER. Maurice . . .

MAURICE. You *tempted*?

HALDER. It's watched . . . the station . . . how do I explain? (Music begins: Music Cue Number Nineteen, "PILGRIMS' CHORUS." MAURICE moves L.)

MAURICE (stopping). That cheesecake . . . (He sees the irony.) . . . I bought it at Epsteins' . . . I can't *stand* them. I can't *stand* Jews. I spent thirty-five marks there in one go. They didn't even look at me. You're right. There is something

seriously wrong with the Jews. I can see Hitler's point.

HALDER. With people.

MAURICE. That's what I said, with people.

HALDER (to himself). Thirty-five marks. For a *grocery order*!

MAURICE. What kind of neurotic am I . . . I've been through analysis . . . Nazis I buy cheesecake for, while they're passing laws to ruin my whole life. Jews, in the same boat as me, who haven't done me any harm, except they don't wish me "good afternoon," I can't stand . . . (Music out.)

HALDER. Another word for the human being, Maurice, neurotic.

MAURICE. Yes, from the moment you're born into the world.

HALDER. Maurice, stop panicking, for God's sake. It'll be all right, I'm telling you.

MAURICE. Yes, for you it'll be all right . . . for Nazi cunts . . . it's going to be a beautiful world.

HALDER. Maurice, you are in a panic state. It is pointless trying to reason with you just now. We'll talk about it when you are calmer.

MAURICE (moving downstage). Yes, when I'm lying in the fucking ground raked with Nazi cunt machine gun bullets.

HALDER. That's right, Maurice, we'll talk about it then.

MAURICE. Listen. You'll have to run from here, Johnnie . . . for your fucking life, Johnnie . . . as much as me . . . maybe even more than me. (He leaves HALDER and goes UL, past the piano. The DOCTOR speaks from the piano.)

DOCTOR. If you come in here, Herr Professor . . . you can meet some of the patients.

HALDER. What is vital, Doctor, is to look fully into their families . . . the quality or lack of quality of their relationships to the patients . . . how often they visit them . . .

DOCTOR. Absolutely, of course . . .

HALDER. I'd like to talk to some of the relatives.

DOCTOR. One or two, Herr Professor, have expressed strong views about the pointlessness of the existence of human parodies like these . . . I am using their words, of course.

HALDER (to an unseen patient). Hullo . . . is that your doll? What do you call it? Does he behave himself? (To the DOCTOR.) I'd suggest something like the families being told the patients are being sent here for a new course of treatment.

DOCTOR. Or perhaps for a routine transfer . . .

HALDER. The patients should not have the slightest grounds for alarm or anxiety.

DOCTOR. We are planning to hold to the normal procedures, Herr Professor. On arrival, each patient would be examined by a doctor . . . a thorough examination . . .

HALDER. And no delay. It would be quite intolerable if they stayed here any length of time.

DOCTOR. Absolutely, Herr Professor. Once the decision has been reached to terminate . . . (Music begins: Music Cue Number Twenty, "PILGRIMS' CHORUS." The opening chords of the music force HALDER into a crouch on his chair.)

ANNE (crossing to Halder's side as BOK goes next to the DOCTOR). What is in your mind, John? That is the most important thing; the beliefs in your mind . . . I don't know . . . (MAURICE steps down beside HELEN.)

HALDER. It's a political hysteria for the minute . . . Hitler being in power . . . getting drunk with success . . . once the hysteria's over . . . I told Maurice this.

ANNE. Do you *think* it is?

HALDER. What about Freddie's summer house by the river?

ANNE. Liz is taking me tomorrow to look at it.

HALDER. It was a nice party . . . it was nice . . . when they crowned you May Queen . . . I know it's stupid . . . but I had this feeling of pride . . .

ANNE. I looked as though I'd stepped out of *Das Rheingold* in that dress.

HALDER. You're lovely.

ANNE (holding her hand out to HALDER and moving closer as HALDER takes her hand). I love you and you love me.

HALDER. I do . . . but that didn't stop them going for the Jews . . . their wives loving them . . .

ANNE (shifting away). I don't know what it is . . . these books . . . I just say to myself it's just books . . . just a gesture. It doesn't mean anything. Most people, they're not even aware they exist. But when I think about them burning the books . . . I'm frightened.

HALDER. I know . . . you're right. That's the feeling . . . exactly.

ANNE. Do you have it?

HALDER (going to ANNE). I went into a fever hospital when I was four . . . scarlet fever . . . they came for me during the night . . . a nurse carried me away from my room.

ANNE. All we can do is hold on to each other. If we're good to each other. And the people round us. If we try to the utmost to be good . . . (She throws her arms around HALDER and they cling to each other.) . . . What else can we do? (Music out.)

HALDER (to the audience). I haven't even read Einstein. (Music begins: Music Cue Number Twenty-One, "MY BLUE HEAVEN." The embrace between HALDER and ANNE becomes a dance position. FREDDIE moves to ELIZABETH and takes her into his arms. ANNE and HALDER, FREDDIE and ELIZABETH, foxtrot. MAURICE moves to the left corner of the piano to sing. HELEN crosses to the center back of the piano. BOK goes to the left of the piano. The DOCTOR goes to Helen's right and removes his white coat. He puts on a dispatch rider's cap and gets an envelope with orders in it.)

MAURICE.

WHEN WHIPPOORWILLS CALL
AND EVENING IS NIGH,
I HURRY TO MY
BLUE HEAVEN.

(MAURICE continues under.)

A TURN TO THE RIGHT,
A LITTLE WHITE LIGHT,
WILL LEAD YOU TO MY
BLUE HEAVEN.

YOU'LL SEE A SMILING FACE,
A FIREPLACE, A COZY ROOM,
A LITTLE NEST
THAT NESTLES WHERE
THE ROSES BLOOM.

JUST MOLLY AND ME,
AND BABY MAKES THREE.
WE'RE HAPPY IN MY
BLUE HEAVEN.

FREDDIE (to HALDER). Two things I enjoy. I love polishing boots till you can see your face in them . . . and making fires . . . I'm a born hotel porter, aren't I?

ELIZABETH. It's a beautiful house, Anne.

ANNE. It is a nice house. I like it.

FREDDIE. It's a *professor's* house . . . come up in the world since your little wooden hut by the river. (The DOCTOR/ DISPATCH RIDER sits. HELEN sits.)

ANNE. I loved that summer house . . . (HALDER and ANNE go downstage C. FREDDIE and ELIZABETH finish UR, near

the piano.)

HALDER (to himself). Life is sweet. (To the audience.) For the next five minutes . . . (Music out.)

FREDDIE. Johnnie . . . I want to talk to you . . . (FREDDIE steps down. ELIZABETH moves UR. HALDER crosses left with ANNE, then goes to FREDDIE.) . . . Come over here a minute.

HALDER. Anne's cooking a duck for dinner . . . especially for you.

FREDDIE. Good woman. Christ, she's an excellent woman you've got, Johnnie. You want to hear the verdict? The verdict is that we can't have any kids.

HALDER. That's only one opinion, Freddie, for Christ's sake.

FREDDIE. Johnnie, don't be nice to me, not just now. Do not be nice to me.

HALDER. Nothing marvellous about kids, anyway.

FREDDIE. I said don't be nice to me. I know you're a good, nice man.

HALDER. I mean it. There's nothing marvellous about having kids.

FREDDIE. You can say that because you've *got* kids.

HALDER. Yes, you're right. I used to dream about having a kid before I had any. You're right.

FREDDIE. Look at us, for fuck's sake. Liz and me . . . they keep on me at headquarters . . . when are you going to start breeding . . . a perfect Nordic pair like you and Liz. This regime . . . it's obsessed with breeding. I'm going to be stuck Major . . . you know that. I might even be demoted . . . till I breed some fucking kids . . . that's not why we want kids . . . that's the official line. I even had to go to Liz's uncle's doctor in Wiesbaden, for fuck's sake. Just in case they tracked down my report . . . they'll probably still track it down . . . What am I going to do, for Christ's sake? We love each other.

HALDER. It could be the doctor's wrong, Freddie. (To the audience.) What else can you say in a situation like that . . .

I was getting to love him . . . and Liz . . . we both were.
 FREDDIE. I haven't been sleeping three nights running. Going round in circles . . . talking about it . . . Liz and me . . .
 (Music begins: Music Cue Number Twenty-Two, "MY BLUE HEAVEN" Reprise.)

MAURICE.

YOU'LL SEE A SMILING FACE,
 A FIREPLACE,
 A COZY ROOM,
 A LITTLE NEST THAT NESTLES
 WHERE THE ROSES BLOOM.
 JUST MOLLY AND ME,

FREDDIE (over MAURICE). It's *me*. Nothing to do with poetry . . . that's all right, as far as that's concerned . . .

BAND LEADER.

JUST MOLLY AND ME,

MAURICE.

AND BABY MAKES THREE.

BAND LEADER.

AND BABY MAKES THREE.

MAURICE.

WE'RE HAPPY IN
 MY BLUE HEAVEN.

FREDDIE (over MAURICE). I used to think that was all that

counted . . . Liz is all right. (Music out.)

HALDER (stepping DC, to the audience). Then there was this screaming motorbike. They were always running around with screaming motorbikes . . . with dispatch riders. (He crosses downstage and circles behind the chairs.) Anne showed a young lad into the room . . . tall . . . blond . . . beautiful in his S. S. uniform . . . he didn't say anything . . . handed Freddie a sealed envelope. (The DOCTOR/DISPATCH RIDER crosses down to FREDDIE. MAURICE goes UR. ANNE moves in next to the piano. ELIZABETH moves to the right end of the piano. MOTHER moves up and stands behind a chair. HELEN crosses past the left end of the piano. EICHMANN steps in front of his chair.)

FREDDIE. All right. Thank you. Dismissed. Heil Hitler.

DOCTOR/DISPATCH RIDER. Heil Hitler. The Jews have shot Van Rath, sir. In the Paris Embassy.

FREDDIE. Dismissed.

DOCTOR/DISPATCH RIDER. You're to go to headquarters.

FREDDIE. I've got a car.

DOCTOR/DISPATCH RIDER. Yes, sir. (He crosses up.)

FREDDIE (calling after the DOCTOR/DISPATCH RIDER). Von *who*?

DOCTOR/DISPATCH RIDER. A secretary in the Embassy. A Polish Jew shot him.

FREDDIE (to HALDER). If I got desperate . . . if you were desperate . . . for your wife to have a kid . . . would you get someone like that lad there?

HALDER (moving to FREDDIE). Who's Von Rath?

FREDDIE (in a tantrum). Who the fuck knows or cares. Some fifteenth fucking secretary in the Paris Embassy . . . but the cunt's fucked up my whole night. I haven't had duck for months . . . I wanted to fucking talk to you.

HALDER. Leave Liz here.

FREDDIE. I'll leave Liz here. Women . . . I've got to burn

down a few synagogues and arrest some Jews. I could be up all night. (ELIZABETH sits. FREDDIE crosses up to her side. HALDER joins ANNE.)

ANNE. I thought it was all finished. I thought they'd finished with the bloody Jews.

HALDER. A Jew's shot somebody in the Paris Embassy.

FREDDIE. You stay the night here . . . all right, Liz? You'll be all right?

ANNE. You're not really going to burn down synagogues, Freddie?

FREDDIE. Save some of the duck, Anne . . . won't be the same heated up . . . still . . . no . . . First thing is a briefing session to organize, down to the last detail, a spontaneous demonstration of the indignation of the people of Germany . . . for tomorrow night.

DOCTOR/DISPATCH RIDER. Over-Leader Eichmann is ready to see you now, Professor Halder. (As HALDER moves R, MAURICE goes to Halder's right.)

HALDER. Thank you. (BOK picks up a folder from the piano and hands it to the DOCTOR/DISPATCH RIDER, who crosses and gives it to EICHMANN. EICHMANN studies the file as he goes DL and sits. The DOCTOR/DISPATCH RIDER leans against the back of a chair. FREDDIE and ELIZABETH go behind the piano. ANNE sits beside the piano. MOTHER moves upstage. To EICHMANN.) Heil Hitler.

EICHMANN. Heil Hitler. Sit down, Herr Professor. HALDER sits.) I've just been going through your papers . . . joined us in nineteen thirty-three . . .

HALDER. Early nineteen thirty-three, Over-Leader.

EICHMANN. And been an excellent comrade, Halder, since your first days . . . as an officer and a university man. I think we can all work well together . . . the ingredients are all there . . . for an excellent working relationship. What do you think?

HALDER. If the leadership believe we can.

EICHMANN. You haven't written specifically on the Jewish question . . . Halder?

HALDER. My field, as you'll see, is German Literature.

EICHMANN. I mean on the question from a racial point of view. At the same time, some of your papers here . . . and reports on some of your lectures . . . (EICHMANN takes a lecture out of the folder as he crosses to C.) . . . This paper on the reactionary, individual-centered emphasis of the Jewish influence on Western literature . . . very good, true, deep comment . . . first class.

HALDER. I have to warn you, Over-Leader, I have had very little personal contact with Jews.

EICHMANN. There's a note here referring to some kind of friendship with a Gluckstein . . . Maurice Gluckstein. (MAURICE takes a step downstage.)

HALDER. Mainly a professional relationship . . . as a doctor.

EICHMANN. That's right . . . he was a doctor . . . I have it down here. (He moves to HALDER.) But your paper on the corrupting Jewish influence on our literature . . . (HALDER takes the lecture, which EICHMANN holds almost in his face, and crosses L.)

HALDER. In the course of these lectures, we will examine the highly individually-centered philosophy of Judaism. The concept that God Himself can be appealed to directly, without the need for priests or other intermediaries . . . We will look at the total preoccupation with self-fulfillment of much contemporary literature, influenced as it has been by the strong current of Jewish humanism . . . Proust . . . Gide . . . Kafka . . . It will be my thesis, that while this was a valid exploration of the human soul at the time, it pushed Western literature in a direction which almost entirely ignored man as a social animal. This is not to say that writers have not

touched on these aspects of humanity, but they have examined them only from the point of view of individual fulfillment, rather than the fulfillment of a culture, or a nation as a whole. The question I will be asking is, can this be the only role of literature? The self-fulfillment of the individual? Can we not move in a new direction, reflecting that in which our political philosophy has moved . . . the common interest before self. (He drops the lecture. To the audience.) In the morning of the Night of Broken Glass . . . (The DOCTOR/DISPATCH RIDER and EICHMANN sit.) . . . I didn't have to go into the university . . . I went into the garden to dig the last of the potatoes. The air was sharp and all the scents of autumn were still fresh to me. Giving me the feeling I was in a different country . . . The last few days, my stomach's not been right . . . state of my stomach's always going up and down. When my stomach was bothering me . . . it didn't look good. This Jew operation tonight. It weighed on me . . . along with the food I couldn't digest properly . . . I enjoyed the duck . . . at the same time . . . (To himself.) . . . I am very happy. I love her. She loves me. I've got enough money. People recognize me for the brilliant man I am . . . (Music begins: Music Cue Number Twenty-Three, Mendelssohn's "VIOLIN CONCERTO.") . . . It's a very Jewish interpretation, Maurice . . . of course . . . it's a Jewish concerto . . . you're quite right . . . listen . . . this Jewish operation tonight . . . If you try to look at it in perspective. Yes . . . of course . . . it's not a good thing . . . for tonight . . . and next week . . . coming down on a racial group like arresting Jews . . . breaking into their houses and synagogues . . . no doubt . . . I'll be honest with you, Maurice . . . kicking in quite a number of Jews' teeth and balls . . . You know what the roughnecks in the party are like . . . excesses are bound to happen . . . I am not deluding myself . . . am I?

Maurice? This is a regime in its childhood . . . It's social experiment in its earliest stages . . . You know what a child is like . . . self-discipline isn't formed, yet a large element of unpredictability . . . it *could* be . . . if the Jews stayed here much longer . . . You see what I'm getting at? Some of the extreme elements in the regime could get out of hand . . . Christ knows *what* they would do to the Jews next . . . I see tonight . . . as a basically humane action . . . it's going to shock the Jews into the *reality* of their situation in Nazi Germany . . . tomorrow morning . . . they'll be running for their lives out of the country. A sharp, sudden shock . . . that is going to make those who still delude themselves they can stay here in peace to face reality . . . and . . . (Music out.) . . . Keep out of it . . . as much as possible. You can do fuck all about it. Tonight . . . what can I do about it? All over the country, they'll be marching against the Jews. It's a bad thing. No question about it. Work it out . . . me . . . if I *died*. That would worry me . . . the idea of being snuffed out . . . If I got *cancer*. That would worry me. Or if they stuck me in one of these concentration camps and one of Himmler's perverts got at me . . . that worries me . . . If Anne stopped loving me and ran off with another man . . . that would worry me. I've got a whole scale of things that could worry me . . . the Jews and their problems . . . yes, they are on it . . . but very far down, for Christ's sake . . . way down the scale. That's not so good, the Jews being so low down on my anxiety scale. *Emotionally. Intellectually* . . . as an intellectual concept it's fairly high as a moral problem. The thing is, I am fundamentally a happy person . . . that's what it is . . . That's the problem. I'm a happy person . . . absolutely.

BOK (calling). Herr Professor . . . it's Bok. (He moves right of the piano, then down.)

HALDER. I'm here . . . out in the garden . . . (He moves DR, then up. EICHMANN moves away R.)

BOK. What a house you've got. A mansion. Look at the garden. Acres.

HALDER. Four acres.

BOK. You deserve it. I'm delighted for you. Do you know that? That you've got a good woman like Frau Halder . . . and a house like this.

HALDER. I've got some beer. Would you like some beer, chilled in the fridge?

BOK (hesitating). They sent me up with orders for you. I've got them here. I wouldn't mind a cold beer. (He sits while HALDER crosses C.)

HALDER (to himself). If they won't let me alone, they won't . . . (He gets the beer and goes back to BOK.)

BOK. It's a big show tonight. You heard? The Jew cunts murdered Von Rath.

HALDER. Was he a friend of yours, Bok?

BOK (exchanging the orders for the beer). I like that, that's to the point, isn't it? That's a wonderful thing about you, Herr Professor. You can get it straight up the hole . . . Who gives a shit for Von Rath. You're right. It's the idea of a Jew having the cheek to shoot a German.

HALDER (moving away L). Your beer all right?

BOK. I've never had a garden. I thought about getting an allotment . . . never got down to it.

HALDER (reading the orders). We move into action three p.m. this afternoon.

BOK. That's the orders. You should see the excitement in the university. The students are making banners . . . organizing torches . . . nobody's doing a stroke of work.

HALDER. I was looking for a peaceful day in the garden. I wish they'd get these bloody Jews out of their system. Why

didn't they all get to hell out of here years ago, while they still had a chance.

BOK. Get the cunts out now, Professor.

HALDER. Would that make you really happy, Bok? When there is not a single Yid left in the universe?

BOK. *Me?*

HALDER. I'm talking about *you*. Would that make you really happy . . . paradise . . . a Jew-free world?

BOK. I'll put it to you this way. Hitler, now . . . he comes up with this stuff about the Jews. He's thought about it, worked it out. The Jews are sucking the fucking lifeblood of the country . . . Now . . . look at us . . . now . . . he's begun to shake the cunts out. Everybody's got jobs . . . holidays . . . couple of years time and everybody'll have their own cars . . . ordinary workers. Some people used to say he doesn't know what the fuck he's talking about, Hitler . . . just farts out of his mouth instead of his asshole. What do they know? He's delivered the goods, hasn't he? He knew what he was talking about all along. Herr Professor . . . *you* didn't like living in a Jew Germany . . . did you? Now . . . you walk about in the streets. And you feel it . . . you know. This is *our* place now . . . don't you? He's got us back our own country . . . Look at *you*, if you don't mind me saying. You're laughing, now, Professor . . . you've taken over that Jew shit Mandelstam's job . . . big house . . . the whole university's back to a German university . . . You've got no complaints, what Hitler's done for you . . . have you?

HALDER (to himself). I am very happy . . . I am . . . (He moves DL. Music begins: Music Cue Number Twenty-Four, "SYMPHONY NUMBER NINE." EICHMANN crosses in.) We're growing marrows in the garden, Mother. Dad loved marrows . . . fried with sausage and onion. That time we went to Rugen . . . remember the holiday house we had in

Rugen . . . Listen, I have had a complaint about you . . . from the Sister . . . climbing out of your bed in the middle of the night . . . What do you say, Mother? . . . I can't make you out . . . (At last understanding.) . . . You were going home . . . yes . . . I understand you, Mother . . . I heard you . . . (Music out.) . . . You were going home . . .

EICHMANN. Basically, your usual, clear, objective reports . . . that's what we want from you, Halder . . . on leadership, morale . . . amenities . . . the general situation of the camps I've listed. I'll follow this up by a personal visit.

HALDER (moving toward EICHMANN). This order, Over-Leader, to resettle all the Jews by the end of the year . . .

EICHMANN. Sooner if possible . . . (He starts to go, but is stopped by Halder's wavering.)

HALDER. Since we're going to work closely together . . . and I am in the role of some kind of advisor . . . could I ask you how you feel about this direction of resources . . . personally . . . I'm thinking of us fighting the war on so many fronts . . . the desperate shortage of rolling stock for the offensive and so on . . . and redirecting so much of it to transporting Jews . . .

EICHMANN (exchanging a look with BOK). Russia, we'll soon finish off . . . that'll be one front less . . . in any case . . . that's our orders . . .

HALDER. I was curious about the need for such urgency . . .

EICHMANN. Your point about fighting the war on so many fronts . . . all the more reason to keep the enemy within under tight control . . . you can see that, can't you . . . from the question of security alone . . . You'll make the arrangements then . . . You'll need to base yourself in Berlin during your assignment with me . . .

HALDER. I'll make the arrangements . . . yes.

EICHMANN. The leadership, of course, have ordered me that on

no account are you to cut yourself totally off from your university. Some sabbatical is being arranged for you . . . but it is vital you are in Berlin within the next week . . . I look forward to us working together. (He crosses up to the right corner of the piano. ANNE collects the S. S. uniform and boots.) ANNE (calling). Johnnie . . . are you going to get changed, for God's sake? You've got to report at three o'clock.

HALDER (yanking off his tie). I'm coming.

ANNE (crossing down and putting the uniform on a chair). John . . . relax . . . all right, love?

HALDER. I had the picture in my mind, out there in the garden. Germany's been turned into one great prison. (He pulls off his shirt.) You don't think we should run away? It mightn't be too late . . . (He sits and removes his shoes.)

ANNE. Too late for what? Run away where? Why do you have to make such a dramatic thing out of everything?

HALDER. No . . . just sometimes I panic.

ANNE (stepping R and holding his shirt as HALDER removes his pants). I know . . . Now listen here, that's exactly what you are doing. You're panicking . . . talking about prisons and running away . . . (Suddenly aware of how HALDER looks.) . . . Men look funny in their underwear, don't they?

HALDER. Do I? (He stands.) Yes . . . I panic . . . sometimes. In the garden, after Bok went off, I had this wave of panic and guilt . . . I'd destroyed your whole life. (Music begins: Music Cue Number Twenty-Five, "LOHENGGRIN," Prelude Act Three.)

ANNE (helping HALDER into his shirt, then handing him his pants). How have you done that? If it is destroyed . . . the words you use, love! If it is, I did it myself. It was my choice. You . . . I wish you hadn't a wife and family that keep pulling you from me . . . but you have. I love you. It would've been easier if I loved somebody without all these weights on them . . . but I love you. (HALDER sits again. ANNE brings his boots and kneels to fix the legs of his pants.) What

exactly are you going to do tonight? Think about it . . . you are going out on a police action. That's all. You're not going to *shoot* Jews . . . do any violence to them. Your orders are to keep things under control. Stop people burning down Frankfurt . . . that's *all*, for God's sake . . . (She goes behind the chair for Halder's tie.) . . . Just try and think calmly what you are really doing . . .

HALDER (moving C). I am. You've got a good, logical mind. That's good. You're right.

ANNE (tying Halder's tie and getting his jacket). Somebody in the family needs to have one. (She helps HALDER into his jacket.) Are you going to stop beating your breast now about things you don't *need* to beat your breast about? You've got plenty of *real* things to feel guilty about. (She gets Halder's belt and holster.)

HALDER. You're right. What real things?

ANNE (putting the belt around Halder's waist). In any case, for God's sake . . . if I was Jewish, I'd have got out of here *years* back . . . the first year Hitler was in power. Any Jew with sense is out by now. The ones that are left must be utterly stupid or desperate to hang onto their property . . . What are they doing staying in Germany? (She crosses UC.)

HALDER (getting his cap and gloves). Listen. You're so clever. You're right. Everything you say is so logical and true.

ANNE. You look lovely in that uniform! I think Elizabeth is after you. Do you know that?

HALDER (going to ANNE). So we won't run away, then? To California.

ANNE. All right. We'll run away. I'll pack and you can phone your children and tell them you'll write to them every week.

HALDER. I'd better go.

ANNE. Is the revolver loaded?

HALDER. I *think* so.

ANNE. I'll see you when I see you, love.

HALDER. I love you.

ANNE. I love you . . . (Music out.) . . . And no *prisons* or yawning chasms in front of you.

HALDER. God, I love you, sweetheart.

ANNE. I know you do. (She goes up to the left corner of the piano.)

EICHMANN. What do we do with them, Halder? The sick and the diseased . . . the volume of Jews and anti-socials flooding into the camps.

HALDER (moving away DL). I see . . . yes . . . we're talking about the sick and diseased.

EICHMANN. The Reich Leader has been into this personally. It is coming from him. We need a center in the east to carry out these actions that are now necessary.

HALDER. We are concerned particularly, of course, with the highly infectious diseases . . . typhoid . . .

EICHMANN. Halder, we're at war. Surrounded by enemies. How can anyone expect us to bear the burden of millions of diseased, anti-socials, sucking the blood and strength of the country.

HALDER. I'm looking at the map. I see . . . because of the railway?

EICHMANN. It's a logical center. We have psychologists and medical doctors and other specialists looking into this. But you are one of us, John. I need a report I can trust . . . an evaluation of the recommendations for the processing of the diseased and the unfit . . . We're not monsters, for God's sake. The order's out. It has to be obeyed. (He comes C.) I am in total agreement with it, in any case. But I want the same human, without-sentimentality approach that seems to be your particular strength. Understood, then?

HALDER. I'll be on the train for Silesia tonight.

EICHMANN. Total and absolute top secret. I agree, by the way, totally with your report on the experiment in the east. The procedure is not to be even considered . . . on grounds of humanity, among other things. I want any evidence you might find there, too, of unnecessary cruelty . . . indulgence in sadistic behavior . . . Apart from anything else, these things have a disastrous effect on the general level of discipline.

HALDER. I'll make a full report.

EICHMANN. Directly to me. No copies, Halder! (Music begins: Music Cue Number Twenty-Six, "JESU, JOY OF MAN'S DESIRING." The BAND LEADER plays a chord, then moves to a chair. ANNE sits left of the piano. MAURICE stands on a chair. HALDER moves to the left corner of the piano.)

HALDER. Maurice came to me. With the Frankfurt Jewish Choral Society, singing *Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring*. He had disappeared months ago. I don't know where to. One day he stopped meeting me in the park. But he came to me that night. Through the smoke of the burning buildings.

MAURICE. The flames are aesthetic. Never seen Frankfurt look more like the set of *Götterdämmerung* at Bayreuth. (He sits on the piano.)

HALDER (to the audience). It was five o'clock in the morning and they were still at it. I was dizzy with the smoke and the violence was getting to my nerves. We were sitting on a scrap of wasteland. Although it was November, there were still flowers growing through the cracks in the concrete. (Music out. To MAURICE.) Maurice . . . it's just come to me . . . our whole approach has been superficial and simplistic. (He sits with MAURICE.) The *Jews*, the victim . . . the *Nazis*, the persecutors. We've reduced the whole complex situation to this stock, simplistic construct . . . (MAURICE appears to take this in.) . . . What do you think, Maurice?

MAURICE. I'm trying to take it in, Johnnie. The effect seems

simple enough . . . they mow me down with machine guns, cut off my balls, rape my wife . . . no . . . I take that back . . . most of them couldn't rape a sparrow.

HALDER. What we are doing, Maurice . . . listen to this . . . if we are allowing ourselves to be trapped by obvious, stock responses . . . instead of daring to confront ourselves with reality . . . Maurice . . . maybe it's the Jews' fault . . . maybe they are responsible for pushing Germany into this Jewish, moralistic, humanistic, Marxist, total fuck-up . . . (Music begins; Music Cue Number Twenty-Seven, "JESU, JOY OF MAN'S DESIRING" Reprise. MAURICE climbs off the piano and steps away L.) Maurice . . . I'm trying to communicate deep and profound truths with you . . . (To BAND LEADER.) Will you stop conducting that choir? (To MAURICE.) What is the Frankfurt Jewish Choral Society doing singing about Jesus, anyway? (Music out.)

MAURICE. It's reformed. Converted. (ALL take their final places along the rear wall. ELIZABETH crosses several paces RC. HELEN goes several paces L. MOTHER walks L and stops past HELEN. The NAZIS form a row between the wall and the piano. EICHMANN is RC. FREDDIE is further R. BOK is LC. ANNE steps L. The DOCTOR/DISPATCH RIDER goes behind a chair UL.)

HALDER. You think we might be having a kind of nervous breakdown . . . the whole thing. A national nervous breakdown.

MAURICE (moving behind the piano). It's a standard process. Evolution, isn't it? Animals go as far along the line of development as they can. And that's it. They get too big, too heavy. Or too specialized. And then they go extinct. Don't worry about it.

HALDER. I don't accept that . . . Maurice.

MAURICE. All right . . . don't accept it. Please yourself.

HALDER. Maurice. We have to accept the consequences of your Jewish humanism . . . The time's past for covering it up with pseudo-scientific smokescreens . . . I'm not blaming you . . . I forgive you, Maurice.

MAURICE (joining HALDER on the piano). What's he saying? What is this shithead talking about? It's my fault, his fucking machine guns mowed me down?

HALDER. I'm talking about objective moral truth, Maurice. What is an objective moral truth? I'm not being profound, Maurice . . . I'm just coming to grips with reality. What has happened is we have confused subjective fantasy concepts like good, bad, right, wrong, human, inhuman . . . as objective, immutable laws of the universe. Jews are bad, Germans are good. Like a stone falls to the ground . . . it is a moral act to get rid of the Jews. It's an immoral act. That's just clouded, subjective thinking parading as objective moral truth . . . There's something there, Maurice. Do you not think there's something there?

MAURICE. I'm confused . . . what are you saying! It's a good thing to have your balls cut off . . . it's a beautiful, uplifting experience being mowed down by machine guns . . . Johnnie, I'm confused.

HALDER. It's what is happening. That is what human beings do . . . what happens. How the world is . . . not what Jesus or Marx or Moses or all the Jewish moralists would like it to be. How it is . . . If we could work on that basis of accepting the world *as it is* . . . What do you think?

MAURICE. People fuck other people's wives, Johnnie. That's the world *as it is*. How does that fit in with your new approach, Boychical?

HALDER. That's true. That's an important point. I don't like that. The idea of somebody stealing Anne. That's not good, Maurice. You're right.

MAURICE. Listen. Don't worry about it. It's too complicated. There's too many people in the world to cope with . . . with too many problems.

HALDER. Coping with all those *people*, Maurice.

MAURICE. Two's difficult . . . three's getting too many. Ten for a Minyan's impossible.

HALDER. Listen . . . you're probably right, Maurice. The way things are going . . . that should be the end of us . . . you're right. I can't see people lasting much longer on this earth.

MAURICE. Best thing. A finish to people torturing the earth. I'm telling you. Who needs us?

HALDER. Look at that . . . what is it? Ragwort? Dandelion? Pushing its way through solid concrete.

MAURICE. Through a crack.

HALDER. That's right. It couldn't push its way through solid concrete.

MAURICE. Concrete rots in the end. It can wait.

HALDER. It can wait. Plants are in no hurry.

MAURICE. John, my friend, let's go home.

HALDER. You know what I could do with a good, thick slice of ham . . . two eggs . . . black bread and butter . . . hot mug of coffee . . . and seeing Anne . . . could do with my arms round Anne more than anything else just now.

MAURICE. Let it all burn. Don't want to drag out the end too long.

HALDER (moving downstage). So don't worry, Ragwort, or whatever you are . . . won't be long, now . . . you'll soon have it all to yourself. (MAURICE crosses slowly away right, to the rear wall. When HALDER mentions his name, he looks back once over his shoulder. HALDER steps R.) Nice flower that, Maurice. (The DOCTOR/DISPATCH RIDER brings a greatcoat to ANNE. She brings it to HALDER and puts it over

Halder's shoulders, then steps away.)

ANNE. We're mad. Some couples are separated for years . . .

HALDER (stepping toward ANNE). I know.

ANNE. I've never heard of Auschwitz.

HALDER. In upper Silesia.

ANNE. Yes, you told me.

HALDER. I should be back in a week or so . . . two at the most. I'll phone you every day, if I can.

ANNE. There is something wrong with us . . . the way we can't stand being separated.

HALDER. I know.

ANNE. Are you all right now, love?

HALDER. I'm fine.

ANNE. John . . . listen to me . . . whatever happens . . . round us . . . however we get pushed . . . I know we're good people . . . both of us . . . it just isn't what's happened . . . you destroyed me . . . pulled me down . . . it isn't . . . it's the other way round . . . you've pulled me up . . . I've done the same for you . . . from the first time we came together . . .

HALDER. Yes . . . we probably are . . . *good*. (He shifts downstage.) Yes . . . whatever that means.

ANNE. You know what it means.

HALDER. Yes. (He puts on his S. S. cap.)

ANNE. *Remember* it then. (HALDER steps further downstage.)

HALDER (to the audience). I got into Auschwitz early in the morning. It was an ordinary, dirty industrial town. Big station. Munition trains . . . sparrows on the platform poking at microscopic crumbs on the concrete. People going about their work. Like a normal town. I was sitting on the platform, feeling insecure like I always feel away from home . . . absolutely longing for Anne and the children . . . the comfort of her hand in mine. I'd taken out a book, while I was waiting for

a car from the camp to pick me up. A German translation of *Don Quixote* . . . I could only read escapist literature like that in these days . . .

ANNE. Remember it, then. And remember that I love you. And you love me . . . and we'll always love one another . . . will you remember that?

HALDER. I'll remember that. (Music begins: Music Cue Number Twenty-Eight, "MARCH MILITAIRE." As HALDER takes another step downstage, ANNE moves to the center of the rear wall. To the audience.) When we arrived at the camp, Hoess, the Commandant, was waiting at the gate for me. Funny man . . . poor soul . . . something *wrong* with him. I was trying to work out what exactly it was, all the time he was welcoming me . . . He showed no emotion. That was it. Might have been some mental condition. On the other hand, just stress. The poor bastard had a hell of a job. He did make a supreme effort and *smiled*. (The tempo of the music picks up and begins a slow crescendo to the end.) The funny thing was . . . I could hear this band . . . playing a Schubert march. "Oh," I registered to myself. "We're having Schubert, now." . . . Then I became aware that there was in fact a group of prisoners . . . maybe in my honor. I'm not sure . . . The important thing was . . . the significant thing . . . the band was *real* . . . the band was *real*! (The music takes over. With the last chords, the lights go out in several steps, crumbling to a blackout with the final chord.)

GOOD was first produced in London by the Royal Shakespeare Company at The Warehouse on September 2, 1981, and was subsequently presented by Michael White at the Aldwych Theater, opening on April 20, 1982.

GOOD was produced on Broadway at The Booth Theater, on October 13, 1982, by David Geffen, Warner Theater Productions, Inc., Elizabeth I. McCann and Nelle Nugent, and The Shubert Organization.

ORIGINAL CASTS

New York, London

HALDER. Alan Howard, Alan Howard
MAJOR. Pip Miller, Pip Miller
SISTER. Kate Spiro, Penelope Beamont
MOTHER. Marjorie Yates, Barbara Kinghorn
DOCTOR. Timothy Walker, Timothy Walker
MAURICE. Gary Waldhorn, Joe Melia
HELEN. Meg Wynn Owen, Domini Blythe
BOULLER. Nicholas Woodeson, Nicholas Woodeson
ANNE. Felicity Dean, Felicity Dean
FREDDIE. Pip Miller, Pip Miller
HITLER. David Howey, Chris Hunter
BOK. David Howey, Chris Hunter
ELIZABETH. Kate Spiro, Penelope Beamont
DISPATCH RIDER. Timothy Walker, Timothy Walker
EICHMANN. Nicholas Woodeson, Nicholas Woodeson

The Broadway production was directed by Howard Davies. Settings and costumes by Ultz, in association with John Kasarda (settings) and Linda Fisher (costumes). Lighting by Beverly Emmons. Music arranged by George Fenton. Musical direction by Michael Dansicker. Company stage management by Jane Tamlyn. Production stage management by Janet Beroza.

PROPERTIES

ACT I

Preset on Stage:

Upright piano, with keys facing audience.
Fourteen folding chairs against back wall.
Four music stands.
One folding chair with S. S. uniform on it and jackboots near it on floor.
Accordion leaning against back wall.
Two books on piano; one with two letters in it.

Brought Onstage:

Music folders (Band Leader).
Banjo (Hitler).

(The books and accordion should be taken off by the actors between acts.)

ACT II

Preset on Stage:

"Sam Browne" belt and holster with gun on chair.
Orders in envelope behind piano.
Dispatch rider's cap behind piano.
File folder, containing lecture and other papers, on piano.
Black greatcoat.

COSTUMES

JOHN HALDER

Acts I and II:

two-piece, brown-tweed suit	beige and white striped shirt
white collar	maroon striped tie
brown shoes	brown knee-high socks
studs and cuff links	beige suspenders
white cotton boxer shorts	

Act II (onstage change/S. S. lieutenant's uniform):

black breeches	black jacket
khaki shirt	black tie
black cap	black jackboots
"Sam Browne" belt and holster	black leather gloves
black greatcoat	

SISTER, ELIZABETH

Sister, Act I:

grey dress	black stockings
black shoes	

Elizabeth, Act II:

green dress	black dress shoes
white silk stockings	

MOTHER

Acts I and II:

brown dress with white, ruffled front	black shoes
flesh-colored cotton stockings	

DOCTOR/DISPATCH RIDER

Doctor, Acts I and II:

full-length white lab coat with S. S. insignia on left breast (worn over S. S. uniform given below)

Dispatch Rider, Act II:

black breeches	brown waist-jacket
T-shirt	black tie
black jackboots and socks	black belt
cuff links	brown cap (added onstage)

MAURICE

Acts I and II:

two-piece white silk suit, double-breasted	white shirt and collar
maroon bow tie with white polka dots	brown socks and shoes
cuff links and studs	suspenders

HELEN

Acts I and II:

rose, beige and grey pleated skirt	pale blue chemise
light green cardigan	light green stockings
burgundy shoes	

BOULLER, EICHMANN

Bouller, Act I:

white dress jacket	black trousers
white shirt	black tie
black shoes and socks	black suspenders

Eichmann, Act II:

brown political uniform jacket	khaki shirt
brown tie	black trousers
black shoes and socks	black suspenders

ANNE

Acts I and II:

beige and white cotton print dress
beige sandals

white cardigan
white ankle socks

MAJOR, FREDDIE

Acts I and II:

black breeches
khaki shirt
black cap
"Sam Browne" belt and holster

black jacket
black tie
black jackboots and socks
black suspenders

HITLER, BOK

Hitler, Act I:

three-piece brown-tweed suit
pale green, blue, rust plaid tie
brown shoes
suspenders

white shirt
oatmeal knee-high socks
cuff links
Hitler moustache and hairpiece

Bok, Act II:

black breeches
khaki shirt
black cap
suspenders

black jacket
black tie
black jackboots

MUSICIANS

Band Leader, Acts I and II:

three-piece charcoal-grey suit
black bow tie

white shirt and collar
black shoes and socks

Violinist, Acts I and II:

black dress with three-quarter length sleeves
dark hose

black dress shoes

Guitar Player, Acts I and II:

three-piece brown suit
black and orange bow tie

white shirt and collar

brown high-lace shoes and dark socks

Trumpet Player, Acts I and II:

three-piece brown suit
dark tie
brown derby

white and blue striped shirt, white collar

brown high-lace shoes and dark socks

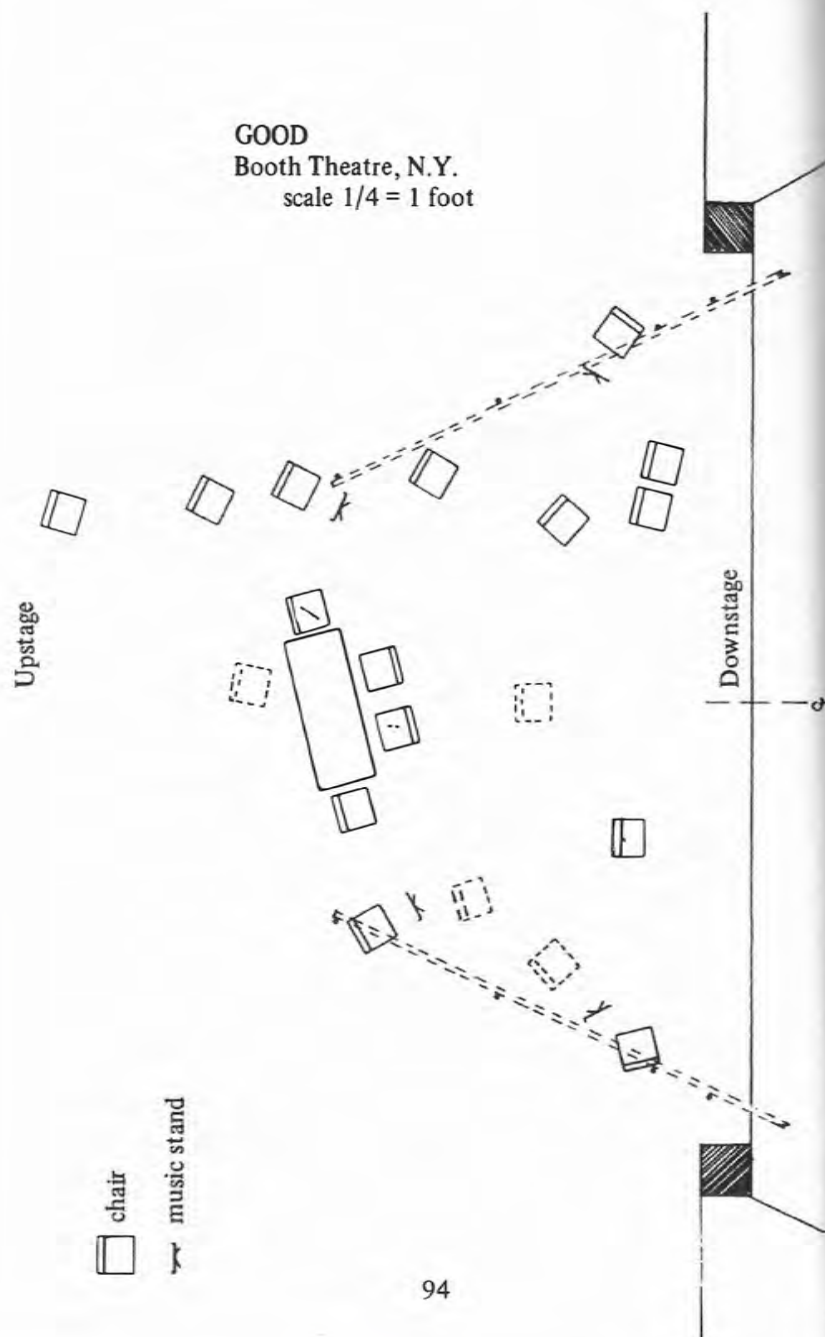
Reed Player, Acts I and II:

two-piece dark blue striped suit
dark blue tie
dark blue cap

black and white pin-striped shirt

black shoes and socks

GOOD
Booth Theatre, N.Y.
scale 1/4 = 1 foot



MUSIC CUES

TITLE	COMPOSER
1. <i>No Other Love</i> (<i>Du Bist Mein Stern</i>)	Music: Eisemann Mihaly Lyrics: Pam Smolley Used by permission of Colgems-EMI Music, Inc.
2. <i>Monte Carlo</i>	Werner R. Heymann Used by permission of Ufaton-Verlagsgesellschaft mbH.
3. <i>I'm Always Chasing Rainbows</i>	Lyrics: Joseph McCarthy Music: Harry Carroll Used by permission of Robbins Music, a Catalog of CBS Songs, a division of CBS, Inc.
4. <i>September Song</i>	Lyrics: Maxwell Anderson Music: Kurt Weill Used by permission of Hampshire House Publishing Corporation and Chappell & Co., Inc., TRO ©1938 and renewed 1966.
5. <i>Star of Eve</i> (<i>O Du Mein Holder Abendstern</i> from <i>Tannhauser</i>)	Richard Wagner
6. <i>You Are My Heart's Delight</i>	Lyrics: Harry Graham Music: Franz Lehar Used by permission of Warner Bros. Music.
7. <i>You Are My Heart's Delight</i> (Violin Solo)	Same as above.

8. *You Are My Heart's Delight* (Reprise) Same as above.
9. *Falling in Love Again* Friedrich Hollander
Used by permission of
Ufaton-Verlagsgesellschaft mbH.
10. *Bavarian Mountain Band* George Fenton
Used by permission of Shogun Music Ltd.
11. *Jewish Wedding Song* George Fenton (traditional)
Used by permission of Shogun Music Ltd.
12. *Drinking Song from The Student Prince* Lyrics: Dorothy Donnelly
Music: Sigmund Romberg
Used by permission of Warner Bros. Music

ACT II

13. *Monte Carlo* (Instrumental) Werner R. Heymann
Used by permission of
Ufaton-Verlagsgesellschaft mbH.
14. *Lohengrin*, Prelude Act III Richard Wagner
- I'm Always Chasing Rainbows* (Instrumental) Lyrics: Joseph McCarthy
Music: Harry Carroll
Used by permission of Robbins, Music, a Catalog of
CBS Songs, a division of CBS, Inc.
©1938 and renewed 1966.
15. *Warehouse Blues* Nigel Hess
Used by permission of Shogun Music Ltd.

16. *Standchen (Serenade)* Franz Schubert
17. *Symphony Number Nine* Beethoven
18. *Symphony Number Nine* Same as above.
19. *Pilgrims' Chorus* from *Tannhauser* Richard Wagner
20. *Pilgrims' Chorus* from *Tannhauser* Same as above.
21. *My Blue Heaven* Lyrics: George Whiting
Music: Walter Donaldson
Used by permission of Leo Feist, a Catalog of
CBS Songs, a division of CBS, Inc.
22. *My Blue Heaven* (Reprise) Same as above.
23. *Violin Concerto* Mendelssohn
24. *Symphony Number Nine* Beethoven
25. *Lohengrin*, Prelude Act III Richard Wagner
26. *Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring* J. S. Bach
27. *Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring* Same as above.
28. *March Militaire* Franz Schubert

BACKGROUND READING MATERIAL

Davidowicz, Lucy S.	WAR AGAINST THE JEWS, 1933-1945
Fest, Joachim C.	FACE OF THE THIRD REICH
Fest, Joachim C.	HITLER
Mollo, Andrew	HISTORY OF THE WAFFEN S.S.
Roper, Hugh Trevor	LAST DAYS OF HITLER
Shirer, William S.	RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH
Spere, Albert	INSIDE THE THIRD REICH
Stern, J.P.	HITLER, THE FUHRER AND THE PEOPLE

"GOOD" reviews from the Royal Shakespeare Company productions.

London

"THE BEST
HISTORICAL
PLAY
I'VE SEEN."
SUNDAY TIMES

"MASTERLY
PRODUCTION
... HIGHLY
RECOMMENDED."
TIME OUT

"REMARKABLE ...
A MASTERPIECE."
PUNCH

New York

"UNDENIABLY
PROVOCATIVE
WORK. A
FLAWLESS
DISPLAY
OF THEATRE
CRAFT."
NEW YORK TIMES

"A TRIUMPHANT,
WONDERFUL AND
INCANDESCENT
EVENING IN
THE THEATRE."
NEW YORK POST

"FASCINATING,
MOVING THEATRE."
DAILY NEWS

"Best Performance by an Actor"
The London Theatre Critics' Award

In the leading role, Alan Howard's performance was considered the best of the London season, and another actor received an award for best supporting actor.