
THE
PHANTOM
STRIKES
AGAIN

By Shimon Tzabar

NEW SONCINO PRESS

THE PHANTOM STRIKES AGAIN

A DOCUMENTARY PLAY OF EVENTS THAT REALLY
TOOK PLACE BUT WERE HIDDEN FROM THE
PUBLIC EYE BECAUSE OF POLITICAL PRESSURE

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LONDON * TEL-AVIV**

Act 1, Scene 1

(Deep in the wilderness of Bolivia. Night. On the dark sky there is an even darker silhouette of the roof of a low shack or hut, and some trees. There are 2 guards in front of the shack, but we cannot see them. It's too dark for that. We only hear their steps, heavy boots marching to and fro.)

(The sound of one pair of boots stops)

VOICE OF GUARD 1: I wish I could have a smoke.
(The sound of the other pair of boots stops dead too.)

VOICE OF GUARD 2: We are on duty!

VOICE OF GUARD 1: I only said I wish I could.

VOICE OF GUARD 2: Same here.
(Sound of marching boots resumes. After a short while, one pair of boots stops again.)

VOICE OF GUARD 1: I wonder how long this will go on?

VOICE OF GUARD 2: Go on what?

VOICE OF GUARD 1: Marching to and fro; day and night. Endless.

VOICE OF GUARD 2: You ought to be proud. We are guarding the Fuhrer.

VOICE OF GUARD 1: Forever? I miss the fatherland.

VOICE OF GUARD 2: We all miss it. One day we will return.

VOICE OF GUARD 1: One day...

VOICE OF GUARD 2: Do you doubt it?

VOICE OF GUARD 1: I wonder...

VOICE OF GUARD 2: You wonder? the word of the Fuhrer is not enough for you?

VOICE OF GUARD 1: Of course it's enough, but after so many years...

VOICE OF GUARD 2: (With alarm) I detect the voice of doubt and treason and there is only one answer to that...
(We hear the sound of a rifle being loaded.)

VOICE OF GUARD 1: Hans, please...
(A fire ball and the blast of a gunshot.)

CURTAINS

ACT 1, Scene 2

(Same place in Bolivia. The interior of the shack that was seen in scene 1 as a silhouette. Early morning. A double bed occupies most of the room. There is a television set in front of the bed, and a small table. Eva is sleeping soundly. Adolph Hitler is awake, and starting into the void. A cock crows in the distance.)

EVA: (Eva wakes up, yawning.) Good morning Adolph.

ADOLPH: (grumbling) Looks quite shitty to me.
EVA: (gets alarmed at Adolph's cheerless grumbling) You haven't slept again?
ADOLPH: Why do you ask?
EVA: But you must sleep. Sometimes at least!
ADOLPH: I can't
EVA: Take a sleeping pill.
ADOLPH: It doesn't help.
EVA: Why not?
ADOLPH: I told you why not. I can't sleep, and I can't even close my eyes. Whenever I do, I see them.
EVA: Them? Who are they?
ADOLPH: The people I sent to the gas chambers. Millions and millions of them. All staring at me.
EVA: But you can't go on like that. You haven't closed your eyes for weeks.
ADOLPH: Anything Eva, but please, no pity. I don't deserve pity, not even from you.
EVA: (Tries to change the subject) Let us have breakfast. We will talk about it later.
(Eva gets out of bed and exists to the kitchen. Adolph stays in bed, still staring on.)
ADOLPH: (To himself) Breakfast. Who wants breakfast? How can you eat breakfast with millions of starving and dying people watching you... (short pause) Now they are staring at me even with my eyes open... They are hungry...they are walking skeletons... Their eye sockets are gleaming... They are walking towards me... towards the gas chambers... (shouts) I am the gas chambers!
EVA: (Her voice is heard from the kitchen) How do you want your eggs, soft or hard boiled?
ADOLPH: (shouting) I don't want eggs! Nothing. Just black coffee. No milk, no sugar!
EVA: (her face looks out from the kitchen door) But you must eat something. What about toast?
ADOLPH: Please Eva, a cup of coffee, that's all.
EVA: (comes in with a tray, carrying coffee and some food. Puts the tray on the table. Carries the cup of coffee to the bed, gives it to Adolph. Comes back. Sits in front of the tray and starts to eat. Talking, as if to herself.)
No sleep, no food. (louder, to Adolph) What will become of you? I ought to ask Doctor Schlesnger to have a look at you.
ADOLPH: You should not worry about me. Nobody should worry about me. I'm the biggest murderer in human history, and she is worried about me. (mockingly) A soft or hard boiled egg? (turns to her) I sent to the gas chambers six million Jews and half a million Gypsies! I don't need a doctor. I know what's wrong with me: My conscience is too heavy with the burden of guilt. No doctor can cure that!
EVA: I should never have let you watch television.
ADOLPH: Stop this blaming the media talk. I must accept responsibility for my actions like anybody else. I, Adolph Hitler, the Fuhrer of the German

people and the most powerful man in Europe. (he clutches his fist)
And what have I done! Inflicted misery, torture, famine and death all
over the world...

EVA: You are not responsible for the Japanese.

ADOLPH: That would have given me little comfort even if it were true. But I
am not sure about that either...

(door bell rings)

(alarmed) Who is it? So early in the morning? It must be the Shin
Beth or the Mossad. Yes, it must be them! At last they have found
my hideout. Wonderful. If it's the Shin Beth, let them in. It's time for
me to face my destiny.

(Eva goes out through the kitchen exit. We hear some
incomprehensible voices. She returns.

EVA: It's Herr Shildkrout.

ADOLPH: I told these idiots to let me alone. I don't want to see them. I'm not
going to play their neo Nazi games any more. These people are the
scum of the earth. A bunch of criminals. Tell him to go and jump in
the lake.

(Eva goes back to the door. We hear again the incomprehensible
voices. Eva returns. Suddenly the sound of water splashing.)

EVA: (Crosses herself) Poor Herr Shildkrout.

ADOLPH: What do they want of me? Why can't I get rid of them? Leeches.
Haven't I caused enough misery already? Shin Beth, Mossad, where
are you? If you managed to get Eichmann, why can't you get me?
Imbeciles. I'm a bigger fish than he was. I'm not a bureaucrat, I'm
not a pen pusher. I'm the one who gave the orders. I, Adolph Hitler, I
am the one who should have been on trial, cut up, quartered, hanged
and burned alive. I'm the chief villain, not that miserable
Eichmann...

EVA: Please Adolph, stop it...

ADOLPH: You are an angel, Eva. Why do you stick with a monster like me?

EVA: I am your wife, Adolph, and I love you.

ADOLPH: Love. This word must have a very special meaning when it is
applied to me. I can't be loved by anybody. Not even by you. I can't
understand why you still stick by me. You are young, beautiful, and
your hands aren't covered in blood. Why don't you leave me and
start a new life. You can still have children, you know...

EVA: Please, don't speak like that. I'm not going to leave, and you know
it.

ADOLPH: You must be mad.

EVA: Maybe, but you need someone to take care of you.

ADOLPH: Not that kind of care. I need the care of judges and of jailers. I need
the care of my victims or their descendants, if there are any.

EVA: I don't know what has come over you in the last few months. You
started to relax, sometimes you were even cheerful. You became
optimistic. You said that things are changing for the better, and
then... It's the television. I know. I shouldn't have let television into
the house.

ADOLPH: Everyone blames television these days. You should have known that
this thing was brewing in me for years. Defeat seems horrible, but it

may not be that bad after all. Of course I wanted to win. Everyone wants to win. But I lost. Why did I lose? I must have gone wrong somewhere. Where did I go wrong? I didn't know it then, but I know it now.

EVA: It was not your fault, Adolph. They were stronger. They had Roosevelt on their side.

ADOLPH: No. It was my fault. I know it was my fault. It was my fault in not being human. I was corrupted by power. I think that I was corrupted even before I had power. Whatever I touched, turned into blood. I was the modern bloody version of king Midas. No wonder all the world was against me.

EVA: Not all the world. The German people were behind you.

ADOLPH: I don't give a damn about the German people. They are enjoying their good life now without me. What bothers me, is not the German people but the...
(An engine noise is approaching. The engine stops. The door bell rings.)
See what they want, but don't let them in.
(Eva exits, after a while her face pops back in.)

EVA: Doctor Schlezinger for the monthly check-up. (Adolph does not respond) I'm letting him in.
(Since no response is forthcoming, she disappears for a moment to reappear with Dr. Schlezinger.)
(Dr. Schlezinger is a well built, tall man, with the harsh facial features of an old SS man. He wears a monocle in his right eye.)

DR.
SCHLEZINGER: (Give the Nazi salute) Good morning Fuhrer. How are you this morning? (opens his bag, takes out a stethoscope.)
(Adolph sulks. Folds his arms and is silent.)

EVA: Not very well.

DR. What's the matter?

SCHLEZINGER: He can't sleep.

EVA: Shall I prescribe sleeping pills?

DR. SCHLEZINGER: (bursts out loudly) No!

ADOLPH: (looking at Eva) Why?

DR. SCHLEZINGER: He has nightmares.

EVA: What kind of nightmares?

DR. SCHLEZINGER: Jewish nightmares.

EVA: Lack of iron. Give him a lot of raw liver.

DR. SCHLEZINGER: He's vegetarian.

EVA: Of course. I'm awfully sorry.

DR. SCHLEZINGER: (Agitated) Get out!

ADOLPH: (Steps back, stuffs his stethoscope back into the bag. Turns to Eva:)

DR. SCHLEZINGER: I've always remembered. This is the first time that I've forgotten.

ADOLPH: Now don't forget to jump in the lake!

(Dr. Schlezinger rushes out, leaving his professional bag behind.)
Raw Liver! Disgusting.

EVA: He has only forgotten once.

ADOLPH: I don't care what he remembers or forgets. He is one of the old Mafia. I'm fed up with them. What I have to do is to give myself up.

EVA: To whom?

ADOLPH: To the Jews. Let them put me on trial in public and show the whole world that justice is done.

EVA: Are you sure that's the best way?

ADOLPH: You don't have to come. You haven't done anything wrong.

EVA: Wherever you go, I go.

ADOLPH: You're crazy. Find yourself a young man and just forget about me.

EVA: Never! (Door bell rings again.)

ADOLPH: Look how they pester me.
(Eva goes to the door. Returns.)

EVA: The guards. They found Shildkrout's and Schlezinger's bodies in the lake. They think that Mossad has discovered your hideout, and want us to move out immediately.

ADOLPH: A bunch of idiots. They can also jump in the lake... No... Wait a moment... (to himself) That's my chance to get away. (to Eva) Yes. Let it be the Mossad. Tell them to bring new passports and money. You get dressed. Quickly. (Eva exits to deliver the message.)
(Adolph jumps out of the bed and starts to dress. His dress is a typical German Black Forest country dress, as depicted in postcards for tourists: a black hunting cap with a feather, black lederhosen with braces; green, long socks reaching up to his bare knees and black shoes. He has a holster with a revolver in it. He takes out the revolver, and with an expression of disgust, throws it into the fire-place.)

ADOLPH: (to himself) What a brilliant idea.
(Eva returns. She put on a female equivalent of Adolph's dress. They pull out a suitcase from under the bed and begin to pack. Eva picks up 2 books from a shelf: 'Mein Kampf' and the Bible. Adolph notices.)

ADOLPH: Throw this rubbish away! (She throws away Bible.)
Not this one, you idiot! (He snatches the 'Mein Kampf' from Eva and throws it into the fire-place, picks up the Bible, dusts it, kisses it gently and stuffs it in the suitcase.)
(The door bell rings again.)
Don't let them in. Take the passports and the money, and tell them to get the car ready. No driver, no body guards. We will send them our new address when we get one. You will drive the car, love.

EVA: Where are we going?

ADOLPH: If you want to follow me, don't ask questions. You'll know when we get there.

End of act 1

Act 2, Scene 1

(Tel-Aviv. A popular cafe, on Dizengof street. The tables are spread on the pavement, Paris like. The cafe is full of people, more are walking in front of the cafe. They are smartly dressed in the cleaning, dusting, and clearing the tables. The waiters are also Arabs. The day is nice, sunny and hot. ADOLPH and EVA, dressed as they were in the first Act, approach. They sit at a vacant table.)

EVA: (With relief.) Here we are at last.
(An ARAB WAITER approaches.)

WAITER: (In English.) Would you like something?

EVA: Something cold. Whatever you have.

WAITER: Orange Juice? CocaCola? Lager?

EVA: Orange Juice, and espresso for him. No sugar.
(The WAITER leaves. An Arab SHOESHINE BOY approaches. To ADOLPH)

SHOESHINE BOY: Shoeshine?
(ADOLPH is not paying attention. He seems to be deeply engrossed in his thoughts. The SHOESHINE guy does not wait for an answer and starts to brush his shoes. The WAITER returns with the order. Hands EVA a bill. She pays him.)
(The dialogue is again translated from the German.)

ADOLPH: (wakes up suddenly) What are you doing here?

EVA: Just relax. Have your coffee and enjoy yourself.

ADOLPH: Enjoy myself? I didn't come here to enjoy myself. We are sitting here doing nothing. We ought to look out for a policeman or a soldier.

EVA: What for?

ADOLPH: What do you mean what for? I have to give myself up, that's why we came here.

EVA: Don't worry, we'll find one. Rest before we move on.

ADOLPH: (Jumps nervously from his seat.) I don't want to rest. (Looks at EVA.) Okay, you rest. (Sits back.) (Jumps up again.) Here is one!
(A POLICEMAN is approaching. ADOLPH wants to move towards him but his foot is trapped in the hands of the SHOESHINE.)

POLICEMAN: (Loudly.) Who is the driver of the blue Mercedes? (Sees that ADOLPH is standing and looks at him.) How dare you park on a double line and on the corner! (Takes out a notebook and a pencil from his pocket.) I will teach you a lesson you will never forget!
(Starts to write a ticket.)

EVA: It's not his car!

POLICEMAN: How do you know?

EVA: I'm his wife. We just arrived, and we have no car.

POLICEMAN: Tourists, ha? (Looks at ADOLPH.) Why is he staring at me then?

EVA: He wants to talk to you.

POLICEMAN: (Comes nearer.) What does he want to talk to me about?

EVA: He wants to give himself up.

POLICEMAN: So it is his car!

EVA: Not about the car. We have no car!

POLICEMAN: Stop driving me bananas. If it is not his car, why does he want to give himself up? And why cannot he talk? Are you his wife or his secretary?

(This loud exchange makes them the centre of attention. Everyone stares at them and people of the street start to gather. EVA notices.)

EVA: Can we discuss it quietly? We want to tell you something important.

POLICEMAN: (Comes closer and lowers his voice.) What is that something important? (Suddenly he notices the crowd behind him. Turns quickly around.) What are you staring at? Is it a demonstration or what! Push off, all of you! (The crowd disperses. Turns back to EVA.) What is that something important?

EVA: It's about the Holocaust...

POLICEMAN: (Interrupts her.) Don't tell me. Politics is not my business. I'm a policeman and I want to nail the bastard who parked his car on a double yellow line and right on the corner. You don't know how dangerous that is.

EVA: But it's very important...

POLICEMAN: Don't tell me what is important! I want to nail that bastard. That is important! And don't nag me, please... (Leaves EVA and goes into the cafe shouting.) Who is the driver of the blue Mercedes! (Disappears inside the cafe.)

(EVA sits down in desperation. ADOLPH who was standing all that time with one of his feet on the shoeshine box, sits down also.)

EVA: It's so embarrassing. To talk to me like that? And a mere policeman?

ADOLPH: Don't make it a point of honour, dear. Humiliation is part of my punishment. To be talked down to by a Jew. It already makes me feel a little better.

EVA: It may be easy for you. I have never been so humiliated in my whole life.

ADOLPH: I told you not to follow me, but you insisted. Anyway, this is a lesson to be remembered. We cannot approach people on the street. We must do it properly at a police station in an official way. How do we find a police station?

(The SHOESHINE finishes and puts his hand out. EVA pays him. While he is paid, ADOLPH whispers something to EVA.)

EVA: (to the SHOESHINE.) Do you know where there is a police station? (The SHOESHINE points with his finger to the left, collects his tools and leaves.)

ADOLPH: (Sips his coffee in one gulp.) Get on with your drink, it's time to move.

Curtnains

Act 2, Scene 2

(Inside a police station. A POLICEMAN behind the desk. In front of the desk are two neighbours: a middle-aged MAN and a middle-aged WOMAN in a dispute. They shout at each other.)

(Until otherwise stated, all dialogue is translated from the Hebrew.)

MAN and WOMAN: (together, hysterical, and with fury. It does not matter here who's saying what, as long as it's all noisy and muddled. Plenty of room for improvisation.)

You fucking piece of shit!

Syphilitic dirty cunt!

SS bastard mad dog!

Mother fucker!

Leprosy on your head!

Rotten donkey head!

Kiss my arse!

(This can be repeated.)

POLICEMAN: Sharrap!

(They don't pay attention and go on shouting at each other.)

I will lock you up; both of you!

(Both stop quarrelling at once.)

(The POLICEMAN points at the MAN)

You speak. What's it all about?

MAN: She spat on me.

POLICEMAN: (To the WOMAN.) Why did you spit on him?

WOMAN: He called me a whore.

POLICEMAN: Why did you call her a whore?

MAN: She cursed my mother.

POLICEMAN: Why did you curse his mother?

WOMAN: He hit my dog.

POLICEMAN: Why did you hit her dog?

MAN: She let her dog pee on my laundry.

POLICEMAN: Why did you let your dog pee on his laundry?

WOMAN: Because he hangs his laundry on my terrace.

POLICEMAN: Why do you hang your laundry on her terrace?

MAN: It's not her terrace. It's my terrace.

POLICEMAN: Whose terrace is it?

MAN & WOMAN: (Together.) Mine!

POLICEMAN: Stop talking together. (Turns to the WOMAN.) Whose house is it?

WOMAN: Ahmed's.

MAN: No. It's the government's!

POLICEMAN: Is it Ahmed's or is it the government's house? You answer. (Points to the WOMAN.)

WOMAN: You see, this house was built by Ahmed's father. But now it's the

government's. They gave it to us.
POLICEMAN: (To the MAN.) Is it true?
MAN: Yes.
POLICEMAN: Now, who is Ahmed?
WOMAN: Ahmed Masry. His father built the house.
POLICEMAN: Ahmed Masry? Our cleaner? (The POLICEMAN turns his head around and shouts.) Ahmed, come here.
(Ahmed approaches with his floor cloth.)
AHMED: (Humbly.) Yes, mister policeman.
POLICEMAN: Do you know these people?
AHMED: Why? They live in my house.
MAN: That's not your house.
AHMED: It's not mine anymore, true. But it was mine. My father built it. The government gave it to them.
POLICEMAN: The terrace. To whom does the terrace belong?
AHMED: How do I know? Ask the government. (Goes back to his work. Starts to clean the floor around the desk so that he can watch what is going on.)
POLICEMAN: (Scratches his head.) I'll tell you what. This thing must be cleared up. You go home and come back tomorrow morning with your rent contracts, and we will sort it out. Now push off. Who's next?
(The MAN and the WOMAN reluctantly leave. Staring at each other.)
WOMAN: (To the MAN, but not too loud.) You bloody bastard.
MAN: (At the same time, and in a similar manner.) Lousy bitch.
(They go on but their voices fade as they leave the station. ADOLPH and EVA move forward.)
ADOLPH: Sprechen Sie Deutsch?
POLICEMAN: I don't speak Yiddish, I'm Sephardic Jew. (Turs around and shouts to the back of the station.) Inspector Binyaminy! There is a Wuzwuz here, see what he wants!
INSPECTOR: (Comes from the back of the station and turns to ADOLPH, asking him in Yiddish:) Wuzwilste?
(ADOLPH and EVA do not seem to understand. EVA moves forwards.)
(While this is going on, AHMED has finished cleaning the floor and is now cleaning the desk. The POLICEMAN hands him his gun. AHMED cleans the gun and hands it back to the POLICEMAN. Goes on cleaning.)
EVA: (To the INSPECTOR.) Do you speak English?
INSPECTOR: Yes. Very good English. What's the matter?
EVA: He wants to give himself up.
INSPECTOR: Who is he and what has he done?
EVA: He is Adolph Hitler.
INSPECTOR: Who?
EVA: Adolph Hitler.
INSPECTOR: (A moment's silence as he is trying to pull himself together.) What kind of joke is this?
EVA: It's not a joke. He is Adolph Hitler.
INSPECTOR: And who are you?

EVA: I'm Eva, his wife.
INSPECTOR: And what do you want?
EVA: He wants to give himself up, to be tried and punished for his crimes against the Jewish people.
INSPECTOR: A pair of jokers. (To to POLICEMAN.) Throw them out...
EVA: But inspector...
INSPECTOR: Nobody is going to pull my leg, honey. Out!
(The POLICEMAN points the door.)
EVA: (In despair.) But he really is Hitler.
POLICEMAN: Get out!
(ADOLPH and EVA realise that it's hopeless to argue and they walk slowly out.)

Curtains.

Act 2, Scene 3

(Same cafe as in scene 1. ADOLPH and EVA sit at a different table, not far away from the first.)

EVA: What are we going to do now?
ADOLPH: I'm thinking.
EVA: It's hopeless, let's go back.
ADOLPH: It's not easy, but not hopeless. For crimes such as I have committed, nothing is easy. The more difficult my redemption is, the more vigorously I have to pursue it. I came here to stand trial, and so I will.
EVA: I know. You don't have to repeat it again and again. But how are you going to manage it?
(The same ARAB WAITER approaches.)
WAITER: Do you want something?
EVA: (Whispers to ADOLPH and he whispers back. To the WAITER:) A cup of coffee, no milk no sugar, a ham sandwich and an orange-juice.
WAITER: We don't serve ham here. It's a Kosher cafe.
EVA: Whatever you have.
WAITER: What about a white meat sandwich?
EVA: White meat sandwich then.
WAITER: Certainly madam. (moves on.)
EVA: (To ADOLPH.) How can you get arrested, when we don't even speak the language?
ADOLPH: Have you kept any of those leaflets they gave us when we arrived?
EVA: Some, yes. (Opens her bag and puts on the table printed brochures and leaflets. Sifts through.)
ADOLPH: Anything interesting?
EVA: There is one about Hebrew lessons. Ulpan, they call it.
(The WAITER returns with the order. Puts it on the table. Hands ADOLPH a bill. EVA takes the bill and searches her bag for money. 2 tall well built MEN, shabbily dressed in civilian clothes, confront the WAITER.)
MAN: (To the WAITER, in Hebrew.) Identity card!
(The WAITER takes out a document from his wallet and hands it to the MAN. The MAN looks at the paper, gives a nod to the other. They grab the WAITER. One of the MEN whistles.)
WAITER: (Tries to resist.) Wait a moment. They have not paid me yet. Please... (They do not pay any attention to his protest. A Black Maria arrives and he is forced into it.)
EVA: (In German.) What is it all about?
ADOLPH: Yes, strange... reminds me of something, but what can it be... (falls into deep thoughts) strange... (suddenly he wakes up.)
What did you say about the Hebrew lessons?
EVA: They have Hebrew lessons for new immigrants.
ADOLPH: We are not immigrants. I did not come to live here. I came to die here.

EVA: And I will die with you.

ADOLPH: Don't be melodramatic. Why do you have to die? You have done nothing wrong. You will find somebody young and nice to start a new life with, and you will forget me.

EVA: I'll never forget you.

ADOLPH: Your devotion is touching my heart. If I were not Adolph Hitler, the former Fuhrer of the German people, I would cry. (Takes out a handkerchief from his pocket and wipes a tear running from the corner of his eye.)
(AHMED appears on the stage. He is walking on the pavement from left to right, on his way back from work at the police station. He notices ADOLPH and EVA at the table.)

AHMED: How are you Mister Hitler? (Takes out a piece of paper from his pocket.) Can you give me an autograph for my uncle? It will make him very happy.

ADOLPH: Don't be ridiculous. (To EVA.) It's pathetic. The only one who takes me for what I really am, wants an autograph. (Back to AHMED.) Tell me, you, whatever your name is...

AHMED: Ahmed.

ADOLPH: Ahmed. I did not come here to sign autographs. I came here to be tried and punished for my crimes. But they don't believe me. I can prove who I am. But to do so, I must be arrested, and interrogated. How can I be arrested?

AHMED: You will never be arrested.

ADOLPH: Why not?

AHMED: Because you are a German and you look like a German. To be arrested, you must look like an Arab.

ADOLPH: That will be difficult.

AHMED: Not at all. Come with me, Mister Hitler.
(AHMED takes ADOLPH and retreats with him into the cafe. EVA remains seated. The moment the two have disappeared, a young GUY who is sitting at the adjacent table, moves his chair next to EVA.)

GUY: Hello sweetheart. Can I buy you a drink?

EVA: Who are you?

GUY: If you'll tell me who you are, I'll tell you who I am.

EVA: I'm Eva Hitler.

GUY: And I'm Atilla the Hun.

EVA: You're making fun of me.

GUY: I didn't start it, honey. (Moves his chair closer.) Shall we have some fun together?

EVA: What do you mean?

GUY: You know what I mean.

EVA: I beg your pardon? (Moves herself away from the guy.)

GUY: High class lady ha? (Moves closer.)
(In despair, EVA turns her head towards the cafe, and sees AHMED and ADOLPH coming back. The GUY follows her look, and when he notices the two approaching, he moves himself quickly back and joins his old company.)
(The two come closer. Now we can see that they have exchanged

their attire. AHMED is wearing Adolph's clothes, while ADOLPH is in Ahmed's Arab garb. AHMED sits down, next to EVA. ADOLPH stands by.)

AHMED: As I told you: when they ask for an identity card all you have to say is: no card.

(AHMED barely finished his say, when the two plainclothes POLICEMEN arrive again. They grab ADOLPH.)

POLICEMAN: Identity card!

ADOLPH: No card.

(One of the POLICEMEN whistles. The Black Maria appears. Stops. A door opens. ADOLPH is pushed inside. The door shuts and the van drives away.)

Curtains.

Act 3, Scene 1

(The interrogation centre of the Secret Service, Shabak. In the centre of the stage: the interrogation room. The room is flanked by staircases going up and down. A maze of staircases. During the scene prisoners are led up and down these stairs. Each prisoner's head is covered with a black bag, which is only removed when he is actually interrogated. Because of this bag, the prisoner cannot see his way and is led by the guard like a blind person. From time to time a cry of tortured prisoner echoes through the place.)

When the curtain opens, a PRISONER with a bag on his head is sitting in the chair, facing the table and the audience. A strong light is projected onto his head. His GUARD stands behind him. Opposite the prisoner, on the other side of the table, with his back to the audience, sits the INTERROGATOR. In front of him, on the table, is an open file. The GUARD removes the bag from the prisoner's head. We see the face of a young Arab.)

(This scene is translated from the Arabic.)

INTERROGATOR: Your name?
PRISONER: Muhamed Ibn Mussa.
INTERROGATOR: Say mister when I'm talking to you!
PRISONER: Muhamad Ibn Mussa, Mister.
INTERROGATOR: Where do you live?
PRISONER: Han Yunes, Mister.
INTERROGATOR: What were you doing on Dizengoff street on the sixteenth of October at two o'clock in the afternoon, contrary to paragraph eight, section fourteen b, of the amendment to the civil criminal law?
PRISONER: I was looking for work, mister.
INTERROGATOR: Looking for work? Eh? You were not trying to abolish the state of Israel by any chance?
PRISONER: No, mister.
INTERROGATOR: You're lying!
PRISONER: No, mister. I'm not lying. I was looking for work, Mister. I can swear by my mother and father that I was looking for work, Mister.
INTERROGATOR: And you have never ever contemplated abolishing the Jewish state?
PRISONER: Never, Mister.
INTERROGATOR: What a damned liar! (To the GUARD.) Take him to room twelve. They'll get the truth out of him. Next.
(The GUARD puts the bag over the prisoner's head and takes him away. Another GUARD brings another PRISONER. Same procedure. When the bag is taken off, we see the prisoner's face bruised, full of cuts and bleeding. Obviously he has already had the treatment.)

Your name?

PRISONER 2: Nabil Halimi, Mister.

INTERROGATOR: Oh, no. Your name is Bashir Mustafa.

PRISONER 2: Yes, Mister. My name is Bashir Mustafa.

INTERROGATOR: Are you or are you not a member of the Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine?

PRISONER 2: No, Mister. I'm not.

INTERROGATOR: Yes, you are.

PRISONER 2: Yes, I am.

INTERROGATOR: Mister.

PRISONER 2: Mister.

INTERROGATOR: (To the GUARD.) He's alright now. We can send him back to Jennin. Next.
(The third prisoner is brought in. When the bag is removed we see it's ADOLPH.)
What's your name?

ADOLPH: Adolph Hitler.

INTERROGATOR: You're a nerve. Nobody calls me Hitler and gets away with it. (To the GUARD:) Take him to forty two, and bring him back to me afterwards. Next!
(As the next prisoner is brought in, a uniformed officer, the chief of the interrogation unit, enters the stage and walks to the interrogation room. When the INTERROGATOR sees the CHIEF he jumps to attention and salutes.)

THE CHIEF: How are the things?

INTERROGATOR: Very good, Sir.

THE CHIEF: You can sit down. (The INTERROGATOR sits down.) How many confessions?

INTERROGATOR: Thirty six, Sir. But we started late this morning.

THE CHIEF: Why?

INTERROGATOR: We ran out of bags, Sir.

THE CHIEF: You got two hundred last week.

INTERROGATOR: I know, but we are getting more and more of them all the time, Sir.

THE CHIEF: I don't want to tell you how to do your job, but you must understand the limits of our budget. It's value for money, these days.

INTERROGATOR: I do understand, Sir.

THE CHIEF: Have you tried to share one bag between two prisoners?

INTERROGATOR: Not yet, Sir.

THE CHIEF: Maybe that's the answer to your problem. Is there anything else I can do for you?

INTERROGATOR: No, Sir. Thank you very much, Sir.

THE CHIEF: Well, back to your duties then. (Exits.)

INTERROGATOR: (To the GUARD behind the PRISONER in the chair.) Did you hear what the chief said?

THE CHIEF: Yes.

INTERROGATOR: Stop day-dreaming and move your arse.
(The GUARD whistles and another PRISONER is brought in. The two guards remove the bag and are trying to fit two heads into one. The INTERROGATOR is watching from his chair, giving advice, but is slowly drawn in himself. the operation seems to be difficult,

because the bag is not big enough. They try to fit the bag with the prisoners in a standing position, then they lay the prisoners on the floor, and try it horizontally: First side by side, then one on the top of the other. This does not work either and they return to the vertical position. The fitting of the bags becomes a struggle, with more guards joining in. The struggle becomes rhythmical and is accompanied by music. In no time it develops into a dance. (A suggestion for the music: The Dance of the Hours, from the opera La Giaconda by Ponchielli). As the dance goes on, more guards join in. It ends, abruptly, when they manage to squeeze the heads of the two prisoners into one bag. The guards surround the prisoners in a circle and clap as does an audience after a performance.)

(While the guards are clapping, another GUARD runs down the stairs in a panic. He reaches the stage and shouts.)

THE GUARD: (In panic.) He's not an Arab!

ALL THE GUARDS (Chorus) Who's not an Arab?

TOGETHER:

THE GUARD: He is white and isn't circumcised! He's not an Arab!

INTERROGATOR: (Shouts) Quiet everybody! All of you. Back to your posts. (Points at the panicked guard.) You stay here.

(The guards return to their posts. The two prisoners whose heads are now in one bag, are led away by their guards. The INTERROGATOR is left with the panicking GUARD.)

Now tell me slowly and calmly what's the matter.

THE GUARD: He's not circumcised, his skin is white and he never cries Allah. But the most astonishing thing is that he does not mind the treatment at all. He even seems to enjoy it. Can you imagine that? He is all bruised, cut and covered with blood but, when I got tired and dropped the whip, he picked it up and went on whipping himself. He can't be an Arab.

INTERROGATOR: Which one is he?

THE GUARD: The one who called you Hitler. He isn't an Arab.

INTERROGATOR: If he isn't an Arab, what can he be?

THE GUARD: How would I know... Unless...

INTERROGATOR: Unless what?

THE GUARD: Unless he's a spy.

INTERROGATOR: A spy for whom? Who the hell is going to spy on us?

THE GUARD: How do I know... (hesitating) Amnesty International?

INTERROGATOR: Good God! That's all we need. (Picks up the phone and dials.) Hello, chief? Can you come down, sir? Yes, sir. Very urgent, sir. (The chief comes rushing in.)

CHIEF: What's the matter?

INTERROGATOR: It might be a false alarm, sir, but I think you ought to be informed, Sir.

CHIEF: (Impatiently.) What's the matter?

INTERROGATOR: We might have been infiltrated, Sir.

CHIEF: Don't talk in riddles. Spell it out!

INTERROGATOR: One of those brought in yesterday, isn't a Palestinian. He isn't even an Arab. He might be an Amnesty International spy, Sir.

CHIEF: (With great alarms.) What!?

INTERROGATOR: I'm not saying that he is. Just a possibility, Sir.
CHIEF: (After a few seconds of silence.) Has he been treated?
INTERROGATOR: Unfortunately, Sir.
CHIEF: Take care of him. Let Doctor Sevel check him, then dress him in your best Sabbath suit, and take him out for a good meal in the best restaurant in town. When you feel that he has settled down, send him to me.
INTERROGATOR: Yes, Sir.

Curtains.

Act 3, Scene 2

(In the Chief's office. The CHIEF walks nervously around his walls, biting his fingernails. A knock on the door.)

CHIEF: (Composes himself.) Come in.
(The INTERROGATOR brings ADOLPH in. He is immaculately dressed, a little too much for the occasion, but the suit is too big (or too small) for his size. His face is plastered and bandaged, and he is walking on crutches.)

CHIEF: (Gives a sign to the INTERROGATOR to leave.) I'm terribly sorry. All those responsible will be court martialled. I promise you that. Please sit down.

ADOLPH: (Sits down.) Sprechen Sie Deutsch?

CHIEF: Natürlich.

ADOLPH: (A big sigh of relief.) At last somebody I can talk to.

CHIEF: Can I offer you a drink? Whisky, cognac, schnaps, anything you like.

ADOLPH: Why this sudden change?

CHIEF: What change?

ADOLPH: First you beat me up. Well, I'm not complaining because I truly deserve it, but then you start to pamper me. Why this sudden change of mind?

CHIEF: Well, we realised our mistake. I deeply apologise.

ADOLPH: What mistake?

CHIEF: You aren't an Arab, are you?

ADOLPH: No.

CHIEF: How did you get into our interrogation centre?

ADOLPH: In disguise.

CHIEF: What for?

ADOLPH: For the sake of justice.

CHIEF: What justice?

ADOLPH: Historical justice.

CHIEF: So, you are a spy!

ADOLPH: (With great surprise.) A spy?!

CHIEF: Aren't you?

ADOLPH: Of course not! I gave myself up to let your people try me for my horrendous crimes.

CHIEF: What are you talking about?

ADOLPH: I'll tell you everything but, please, listen to my story with patience, please, and don't interrupt me, even if it may sound strange or fantastic to you. I am Adolph Hitler. The real Adolph Hitler. I did not commit suicide in Berlin, as it was reported and accepted by everybody, even by the Bolsheviks. It was all carefully planned and staged. I, and my wife Eva, were smuggled out to South America. After many adventures we finally settled in Bolivia, surrounded by my old officers. Following the events, reading books and watching television, I slowly realised the terrible reality of my policies. I know

that it sounds unusual; it never happens that heads of state become moral or get a bad conscience, like normal people do. All I can say is that that is exactly what happened to me. I won't go into details here. I hope that I will be given an opportunity to explain everything in detail at some other time. Please, don't take it as an attempt to hide something from you; it's not an excuse either. I don't think that what I have done can ever be excused. I'm just trying to concentrate on the events that are most important, the bare facts.

I know that I cannot bring back to life even one of my victims, let alone all the millions that I've tortured, killed or sent to the gas chambers. The only thing that I can do is to give myself up, victims judge me. I'm also aware that there is no punishment that can fit my crimes; but, at least, justice will be done. This is why I came here. Please, believe me. Don't send me away as a joker, the way they did in the police station.

CHIEF: This is unbelievable. I must notify my superiors at once.
(Picks up the phone and dials.)

Curtains.

Act 4, Scene 1

The cabinet room. Everything is flashy and glittering, with expensive mahogany furniture and copper fittings. A huge picture of Theodor Herzl hangs on the wall, surrounded by smaller pictures of the late prime minister Ben Gurion and the late president Weizman. A huge boardroom table in the centre of the room. Ministers are sitting around the table, with the PRIME MINISTER presiding. Ministers are dressed in black evening dress with tails, on their heads old fashioned top hats. Each hat has its title painted on it: 'Prime minister'; 'Minister of Foreign Affairs'; 'Minister of Justice'; 'Minister of Miracles'; 'Minister of Defence'; 'Minister of Religious Affairs'; 'Minister of Minorities'; and 'Minister without Portfolio'.

Even minister has, in front of him, a portfolio, except the MINISTER WITHOUT PORTFOLIO. In front of the door stands at attention a PAGE, dressed in ancient, Rococo style livery, including a white wig.

(When the curtain rises, everyone is chatting with everyone, with the exception of the MINISTER OF MIRACLES, who is very old and is having a nap at his seat, with his head resting on his arms. The PRIME MINISTER stands up and bangs on the table with a small wooden mallet. All ministers stop chatting and take their seats.)

PRIME MINISTER:

I have called you on the Holy Sabbath to a special cabinet meeting, because of something most extraordinary that has just happened and cannot suffer delay.

(Deep silence, every eye is focused on the PRIME MINISTER, except the MINISTER OF MIRACLES who is napping. Suddenly the phone rings. The PAGE lifts the phone, listens, then carries the phone, which has a long lead, to the MINISTER OF DEFENCE.)

M. OF DEFENCE: (Into the phone.) Yes. Attack. (Hands the phone back to the PAGE, who returns to his place.)

PRIME MINISTER: (Continues.) I have been informed that we have got him at last.

ALL TOGETHER: Arafat!

PRIME MINISTER: No. Adolph Hitler.

M. OF MIRACLES: (Wakes up.) A miracle! A miracle! (Goes back to sleep.)

M. OF HEALTH: Isn't he dead?

PRIME MINISTER: We thought so, but he's alive and in our secure hands.

M. OF RELIGIONS: Glory to God!

M. OF DEFENCE: Glory to Mossad!

M. OF INFORMATION: How did we catch him?

P. MINISTER: We did not catch him. He came here on his own accord and gave himself up.

M. OF INFORMATION: What for?

P. MINISTER: Apparently, to stand trial for his crimes against the Jewish people.

M. OF FOREIGN AF.: Just like that? Gave himself up to face trial, without notifying my department?

P. MINISTER: Well, it seems so.

M. OF FOREIGN AF.: I don't think he is genuine. It is a hoax.

P. MINISTER: He's Hitler all right. Our people checked it.

M. OF JUSTICE: And he pleads guilty?

P. MINISTER: Guilty on every charge.

(The telephone rings again. The PAGE brings the phone to the Defence Minister.)

M. OF DEFENCE: (Into the phone.) Drop a bomb. Show no mercy. Drop two if you want it to be on the safe side. (The PAGE takes the phone back.)

M. OF JUSTICE: Do you mean that he really repents?

P. MINISTER: Absolutely. That is what he says.

M. OF JUSTICE: If he repents and pleads guilty, it's not good for us.

P. MINISTER: Why?

M. OF JUSTICE: If he repents, and pleads guilty, it will be a very short trial. We won't get the chance to produce any evidence.

M. OF INFORMATION: What do you mean?

M. OF JUSTICE: If the accused pleads not guilty, the prosecutor presents evidence to prove that the accused is guilty. But when the accused pleads guilty, there is no need to produce evidence. It is regarded as a waste of the court's time and a waste of public money, to produce evidence when the accused pleads guilty. What are we going to do with all the evidence that we have accumulated on the Holocaust?

P. MINISTER: He does not even want a lawyer to represent him at the trial.

M. OF JUSTICE: Why is that?

P. MINISTER: He's afraid that a clever lawyer might persuade the court to find him not guilty.

M. WITHOUT PORTFOLIO: Can I say something?

P. MINISTER: No.

M. WITHOUT PORTFOLIO: Why not?

M. OF MINORITIES: Because you don't have a portfolio.
(Phone rings again. The PAGE takes the phone to the M. OF DEFENCE.)

M. OF DEFENCE: (Into the phone.) Shoot them. (Hands back the phone.)

M. OF RELIGIONS: I don't think he really is Hitler.

P. MINISTER: But we already checked it out. He's Hitler!

M. OF RELIGIONS: He can't be. You see: To repent, one must be human. But Hitler is not human, therefore he cannot repent. If he repents, as you are saying, he is not Hitler. He must be an impostor.

M. OF MINORITIES: Why should anyone impersonate Hitler?

M. OF INFORMATION: People will do anything to get publicity.

M. WITHOUT PORTFOLIO: Can I say something?

M. OF MINORITIES: No.

M. WITHOUT PORTFOLIO: Why not?

M. OF MINORITIES: I've already told you: you have no portfolio.

M. WITHOUT PORTFOLIO: But I want to say something.

P. MINISTER: Let's make an exception in this case. After all, it's an extraordinary emergency meeting.

M. WITHOUT PORTFOLIO: I also don't believe that he's Hitler.

P. MINISTER: Our people checked everything. It's true that he does not look like Hitler. He's an old man now with grey hair, and his moustache is grey too. But his signature matches perfectly, and his handwriting does not resemble that in the forged diaries. His recollections of meetings with Chamberlain and other world leaders and dignitaries fit well with our archive material. He also gave us accurate details of anti Jewish legislation and it all fits well with the documented evidence, some of it top secret and not available to the public.

M. WITHOUT PORTFOLIO: I'll not believe he's Hitler, even if he is Hitler. More so if he really is Hitler.

M. OF INFORMATION: That's nonsense. We shouldn't have allowed you to talk.
(Phone rings again.)

M. OF DEFENCE: (Into the phone.) Attack. You have my authorisation.

M. OF JUSTICE: I don't care if he's Hitler or not. Even if he is Hitler, I will deny it and will not put him on trial. My reasons are as follows: If we put him on trial, and he pleads guilty, we cannot present our evidence to show the world what he has done to us. By his admission of guilt, he makes a mockery of our justice. That snake takes advantage of the Jewish principle that the one who repents, is held in a higher esteem than the righteous. And what a chutzpah: He wishes to be punished! Are we going to grant Adolph Hitler his wishes? If he had pleaded not guilty and not wished to be

punished, then we could have tried him and punished him. But if he wants to be punished, we cannot punish him. Are we going to grant Hitler his wishes?

M. OF HEALTH:

I also see another danger. If a monster like Hitler can repent, then everyone can repent. You kill a Jew, and then you repent. That is going to encourage the killing of Jews.

M. OF RELIGIONS

M. OF MINORITIES:

(Together, in unison.) We have created this state out of the suffering that he had inflicted on us. We had to fight for it, we had to sacrifice the lives of our children to make it secure and large enough to contain all those who are still in the diaspora. Now he comes to us, guilt ridden, repenting his crimes, ready to suffer any punishment, and he wants all the world to see it with the limelight focused on him, and with all the glory that television provides. I know what he wants. He wants to snatch the heroism of the Holocaust from us.

M. OF MIRACLES:

(Wakes up.) It's a miracle. It's a miracle! (Goes back to sleep.)

P. MINISTER:

You have all had a say, and I agree with you that we should not yield to this monster. We are not going to put him on trial. We cannot afford that luxury, and jeopardise our spiritual enterprise. However, if we are not going to put him on trial, what are we going to do with him?

M. OF DEFENCE:

Leave it to me. I'll get rid of him with my bare hands.

M. OF FOREIGN AF.:

If the story that we have finished him off without a fair trial gets out to the foreign press and television, it will damage our reputation as people justice.

M. OF HEALTH:

I can certify him as a loony and lock him up in a mental institution. We already have a couple of Napoleons and half a dozen people who claim to be Jesus. He can join them and claim that he is Hitler as much as he likes.

M. OF RELIGIONS:

What mental institution did you have in mind?

M. OF HEALTH:

The most secure. The one in the old Acre Jail.

M. OF RELIGIONS:

I was afraid you would say that. That's a Jewish mental institution, with a synagogue and kosher food. I will not allow any Goy in there. Especially, not him.

M. OF FOREIGN AF.:

And I am certainly not going to suggest that we should send him back to where he came from. We, Jews, ought to be very careful not to use that argument, even against our worst enemies.

P. MINISTER:

Minister of Miracles, wake up. We need your advice.

M. OF MIRACLES:

(Wakes up.) That's a difficult one. Let me sleep on it. (Goes back to sleep.)

P. MINISTER:

I think we have made some progress. It is obvious that we cannot put him on trial. If we do so, it will not only tarnish the image of the state, it will also undo much of what we have already achieved. However, on the main question: what to do with him, nothing concrete and practical has been suggested. The most honourable Minister of Miracles promised to sleep on it, but how long is he going to sleep on

it? We do not know. Anticipating that such a problem might arise, I asked the head of all our security services to stand by, in case his advice would be needed. Since his advice is needed, I will call him in.

(The P. MINISTER knocks on the table with his mallet. The door opens and in comes, sitting in and pushing his wheelchair, the head of all the security services. He is a huge dark figure, wearing a mask like Darth Vader in Star Wars. On his lap lies a small suitcase.)

P. MINISTER:

I'm happy to introduce the head of Mossad, Shin Beth, Shabak and all other affiliated secret services, to the new members of our cabinet. I can't introduce him by name because it is secret. Actually, I don't know it myself. His face and his voice are secret as well. Nobody, as far as I know, not even his own mother, has ever seen or heard him. In order for the head to give us his counsel, and answer our suggestions, a special device, familiar to all of us, will be employed.

(The HEAD opens his suitcase. He takes out a ventriloquist's puppet.)

THE HEAD:

(Through the puppet, with a baby voice.) Good morning ladies and gentlemen. I am ready to answer your questions.

M. OF RELIGIONS:

Are there any ladies here? (Looks around with suspicion.)

M. OF MINORITIES:

(Looks also around) I don't think so.

THE HEAD:

I deeply apologise. My opening speech was pre recorded.

P. MINISTER:

While you were waiting behind the door, you listened to our deliberations. Can you offer us any advice as to how to get rid of this pest that calls himself Adolph Hitler?

THE HEAD:

Yes M' lords. But before I proceed, I must give you some background information that you don't possess, because it is highly classified. As far back as 1968, we carried out a comprehensive study of all the possible dangers that our young state could ever face. Amongst these dangers, the one designated eleven thousand six hundred and five, was exactly the one that we are facing now. Namely, the possibility that Adolph Hitler might repent, and give himself up to face trial.

M. OF DEFENCE:

Did you plan any counter measures in case this might happen?

THE HEAD:

Of course. We planned and prepared counter measures for every potential danger that might face our beloved state.

M. OF DEFENCE:

What about our case?

THE HEAD:

Among the possible scenarios, there was one that foresaw the possibility that the Minister of religion would object to Adolph Hitler being certified and sent to Acre Jail Mental Hospital. The solution to this one was that if we cannot send Hitler to a loony bin, there is nothing in law or by custom, to prevent is sending the loony bin to Hitler.

M. OF RELIGIONS:

What do you mean by that?

THE HEAD:

Let us clarify the situation. Adolph Hitler is, at the moment,

in jail. We cannot keep him there for long, because his presence there, would, sooner or later, leak out to the press. Once the public became aware that we were holding Hitler, the demand to put him on trial could not be resisted.

Since we can't keep him in jail, we have to let him go. Once freed, where is he going to go? Knowing how stubborn this maniac is, there is no doubt that he will call a press conference or go straight to a newspaper. A repented Hitler is hot news, because it is unique. Never happened before. All we have to do is strip him of this uniqueness.

M. OF INFORMATION:

And how do you propose to do this?

THE HEAD:

By creating a lot of Hitlers and letting them all go loose.

M. OF INFORMATION:

And will they all repent?

THE HEAD:

Not necessarily. Some will, some won't. It does not matter. Whatever they do, it will only increase the confusion. You see, once we release these Hitlers, we can set out Hitler free too. He will not be noticed in the crowd.

P. MINISTER:

All this is very clever, but time is not on our side. How long will it take to make enough of them so that we can get rid of this one?

THE HEAD:

No reason to worry. We have already been producing Hitlers for quite a while. They are not as good as the original. The Hitlers we have been able to produce are not really Hitlers. A better description might be mini-or pseudo-Hitlers. I tested them myself. Not one of them is capable of full scale genocide, not yet anyway. But they are very good at killing and torturing individuals, destroying and uprooting small communities, introducing slave labour and the like.

M. OF DEFENCE:

(With disappointment.) These are not Hitlers. What you have just described, are ordinary people, ordinary patriots; You find them all over the world.

THE HEAD:

I will not call them ordinary people, but I will concede that you can find them in other countries too. We are not the only secret service in the world. Other countries have similar institutions and they work on similar lines. Don't forget there is also a free exchange of information between us. However, they all resemble Hitler to a greater or lesser degree, and for our purpose it is sufficient.

M. OF HEALTH:

But what has all this to do with what you said before, that instead of sending Hitler to a loony bin, we should send the loony bin to him?

THE HEAD:

If you think that what I have just proposed is normal, you ought to have your own head examined.

P. MINISTER:

Stop being personal. I won't allow it in my cabinet. (Looks at his watch.) We are already late. (To the HEAD:) Thank you for your most excellent work. I would never have imagined that we had such a brilliant security service. Release all your Hitlers immediately so that we can resume our normal lives.

(The HEAD of all the security services folds his puppet and puts it in his suitcase, bows and departs. the PRIME MINISTER returns to face his cabinet.)

Before I close this session, I would like to remind you that the secrecy of this extraordinary meeting is vital to our security. I will tolerate no leaks. The only risk is him (points his thumb to the PAGE at the door) but he has already volunteered for a suicide mission to Iran. See you at the next regular session tomorrow.

(The telephone rings again. The PAGE takes the phone to the MINISTER OF DEFENCE.)

M. OF DEFENCE:

Shoot them. Try the new missiles, and don't miss.

(The curtain falls, but we hear an echo of the MINISTER OF DEFENCE's last words reverberating and fading slowly away.)

Curtains.

Act 5, Scene 1

(A jail cell. A narrow wooden bed, on which ADOLPH sits, his head down, buried in his palms. A ray of light comes in from a small iron bar window.)

(A key turns in the lock. The door opens and in comes the JAILER. Behind the JAILER is MOSH, another prisoner.)

JAILER: Wake up. Somebody wants a word with you.
ADOLPH: (Jumps to his feet with excitement.) At last!
JAILER: (To MOSH.) You have five minutes. I'll wait.
MOSH: I'm Moishe. You can call me Mosh. I'm trying to stage a play for the Passover festivities. We are an actor short. What do you say?
ADOLPH: Me? Why me?
MOSH: You are the right shape, and you are not likely to go home before the Passover.
ADOLPH: Ich bin kein schauspieler! Und Ich kann auch kein Hebraisch sprechen!
MOSH: None of us is an actor, and you don't have to say anything. We are trying to stage Dostoyevsky's The Grand Inquisitor, from The Brothers Karamazov. All you have to do is to walk slowly, then you stop and stay still. You don't have to say anything. Just smile.
ADOLPH: (With great surprise.) Smile?
MOSH: Smile.
ADOLPH: (Surprise is now mixed with some apprehension.) Smile?
MOSH: Surely you can smile, can't you?
ADOLPH: I don't know. I never tried.
(Somebody knocks at the door. The JAILER unlocks the door. Opens it a little, enough to poke his head out.)
JAILER: What do you want?
VOICE FROM NOWHERE: They want you at the office, quick.
JAILER: (To MOSH and ADOLPH.) I'll give you five more minutes. (Goes out and locks the door behind.)
MOSH: There is nothing to it. Everyone can smile.
ADOLPH: I suppose so, yes.
MOSH: Smile!
(ADOLPH is trying to comply with the request, but finds it difficult. He makes a face that is supposed to be a smile but looks more like a cry.)
That's not a smile!
(ADOLPH is trying again. Makes different faces.)
Yes, yes. Almost. Yes. You had it a minute a go... Not that one. The one before. Oh, you lost it again!
I know. You can't do it because I'm looking at you. I'll turn

around. (Turns around.) Find a nice, relaxed smile. Not a laugh. I don't need a laugh. Just a small, delicate smile, and freeze it. I'm turning around now!

(MOSH turns around. ADOLPH's face is as serene as it always was. We can see that he has given up the struggle.)

Don't try to act. Just be natural. What do you do when you are happy?

ADOLPH: I'm never happy...

MOSH: (In despair.) Please, don't start. I don't want to listen. Your problems are your problems, and my problems are my problems. I didn't come here to listen to your miserable life. All I'm trying to do is to bring some fun, some culture, to this desolate place. It's not a big deal... Dostoyevsky... It's the mirror of their own lives... but these fucking criminals won't cooperate... (A key turns in the lock. The JAILER is back.)

JAILER: (Waving a letter in his hand.) Mosh, back to your room. Find yourself another actor, his one isn't for you anymore. This one is going. (Pushes MOSH out and closes the door.)

(To ADOLPH.) Collect your things and push off.

ADOLPH: Where are we going?

JAILER: Not we, you.

ADOLPH: Where to?

JAILER: I don't know. Wherever you want.

ADOLPH: What about the trial?

JAILER: What trial? (Opens the door ajar.) Out!

ADOLPH: What do you mean out? I have to stand trial for my crimes against humanity; particularly my crimes against the Jews.

JAILER: I don't know what you are talking about. All I know is that I have to kick you out of here before eight o'clock.

ADOLPH: I am Adolph Hitler.

JAILER: Hitler, shmitler. I have my orders, and I'm going to carry them out. (Looks at the letter, and reads:) See to it that the prisoner in cell 24 is released and thrown out of jail before eight o'clock. Don't pay any attention to him claiming to be Adolph Hitler. Clean the cell and change the bedding. We will send you three Palestinian terrorists who, for lack of prison accommodation, had to spend the night in the Minister of Defence's bathroom... (To ADOLPH.) Well, the rest is not your business. (Folds the letter and tucks it in his pocket.) Now you understand? (Looks at his watch.) You have one minute to go.

ADOLPH: What about the trial?

JAILER: Get out! (ADOLPH holds fast to the bed.)

Get out before I lose my temper!

(Looks at his watch.) Four, three, two, one, zero.

(Grabs ADOLPH by his collar. ADOLPH struggles to stay, holds on to anything, but the JAILER is strong. He drags him to face the door, then kicks him out with his boot, closes the door and starts to collect the bedding.)

Curtains.

Act 5, Scene 2

(Outside the jail. In front of the jail there is a small square, with a single tree. EVA and AHMED are sitting in the shadow of the tree. At that very moment, the door of the jail opens and ADOLPH is thrown out. EVA and AHMED rush forward, lift him, and dust his clothes.)

EVA: I didn't believe I would ever see you again.
ADOLPH: How did you know I was here?
AHMED: My nephew happened to be the jail cleaner.
ADOLPH: Do you know what they have done to me?
EVA: What have they done to you?
ADOLPH: They kicked me out!
EVA: What about the trial?
ADOLPH: I don't know. They just kicked me out.
AHMED: There will be no trial
ADOLPH: How do you know?
AHMED: Another relative of mine, a little bit removed, is the cleaner in the Cabinet Office. He didn't listen to the whole discussion because he was sent to make coffee. But he managed to hear enough. There was a decision not to prosecute you.
(A few ARABS appear at the back of the stage with tires. and erect a barricade across the street.)
ADOLPH: I can't understand these Jews. After all that I have done to them, they won't put me on trial?
EVA: Give it up, Adolph. It's all in vain.
ADOLPH: How can I give it up? That is what I came here for! How can I pay for my terrible deeds, if I'm not punished?
AHMED: They won't put you on trial because it's against the interest of the state.
ADOLPH: How can my trial be against the interest of the state? I can't understand it!
EVA: Can't you help the Jews in other ways?
ADOLPH: (In deep despair.) I wish I had committed suicide in the bunker!
EVA: Be positive, Adolph. For once in your lifetime, try to be positive.
ADOLPH: I am positive. That's why I'm so desperate. Nobody, not even you, understands how positive I am. I'm not possessed any more with a wish to kill and destroy but with a desire to repent and help.
EVA: Help them, then.
ADOLPH: How?
EVA: I don't know. Ahmed, how can he help the Jews?
AHMED: Why should he help the Jews? Everyone is helping the Jews. It's time for somebody to help the Arabs.
ADOLPH: Don't be ridiculous! If anyone needs help, it's the Jews. They have been persecuted throughout the centuries by people like me.
(One of the ARABS from the rear of the stage comes forwards and approaches AHMED.)

THE ARAB: (To AHMED.) Can you help us? We've run out of matches.
 (AHMED searches his pockets, finds a box and hands it to the ARAB. The ARAB tries a match but it does not work. It's already a used match. Tries another, it doesn't work either.)
 (To AHMED.) Are you one of those who puts used matches back into the box? A nasty habit. That's why we didn't manage to start the fire. See if your friends have something.
 (EVA picks up a lighter from her purse and hands it to the ARAB who returns to his group. At this very moment, the jail gates open, and somebody else is thrown out.)

AHMED: Look who's here! Mister Haim Gitler. What a surprise. (To ADOLPH and EVA.) That's our local hashish dealer. (To GITLER.) Why have they released you so soon? I was not expecting you before Passover.

GITLER: Castrate me if I know. We are at the morning parade. Everyone calls out his name, so they can check if ain't nobody is missing. When I call out Haim Gitler, they drag me to the office, and tell me to piss off. When I start to argue, they give me the boot.
 (The ARABS at the rear of the stage have managed to start a fire at the barricade. Black smoke is rising from the burning tires.)

AHMED: Why did you argue? Do you like it there?
 GITLER: Don't be daft. Nobody likes it there.
 AHMED: Why did you argue then?
 GITLER: I'm not going out and leaving two kilos of the best Lebanese behind. Can you imagine how much it cost me? I must go back there as quick as possible.
 (Picks up a stone and throws it at a prison window. The broken glass panel shatters onto the stage. GITLER runs to the prison gate and bangs on the door with his bare fists.)
 (GITLER's stone has apparently triggered a new sequence of event: after the stone is thrown, there is a reply of automatic fire. This doesn't come from the jail, but from somewhere behind the stage. In response to the shooting, more stones are thrown. This time, from the ARABS, behind the barricade. In response to the stone throwing there is more shooting. Suddenly, ISRAELI SOLDIERS are approaching from their side of the stage, while stone throwing ARABS appear from the other side. Some of the SOLDIERS shoot, while others are beating up the ARABS with clubs.)

A VOICE: They are attacking the Jews! (The voice is reverberating as an echo.)
 ADOLPH: (With great alarm.) What! They are attacking the Jews?
 (Picks up stones and throws them with great ferocity at the ISRAELI SOLDIERS. The ARABS advance. ADOLPH continues to throw stones. The ARABS are almost in control.)

THE ARABS (While still throwing stones.) We kicked them out!
 (They surround ADOLPH, and raise him up on their shoulders.)
 Three cheers for the hero!
 You showed them what the Palestinians can do!
 Out with the occupation!
 Almost single handed you kicked out the Jews!
 Out with occupation!

You saved the Arabs!
 (ADOLPH jumps down to earth. Distances himself from the group that is hailing and praising him.)

ADOLPH: What? You are the Arabs? Did I save the Arabs? I thought you were the Jews. I am not here to save the Arabs. I am here to save the Jews. (In despair.) What have I done?
 (Leaves the ARABS with a disgust that is obvious from the gestures and walks in the opposite direction, on his way he picks up stones and throws them at the ARABS with the same ferocity that he threw stones at the JEWS, just a few seconds ago. ADOLPH's change of sides encourages the ISRAELI SOLDIERS who renew their advance on the ARABS, now beating them with clubs. When the ARABS retreat, and the battle ends, ADOLPH turns to the officer in charge of the soldiers.)

THE OFFICER: Forgive me!... It was a mistake!... Please forgive me!..
 How could you make such a mistake? Jews are Jews and Arabs are Arabs! Who are you anyway?

ADOLPH: (To himself.) I'll never forgive myself.

THE OFFICER: Who are you?

ADOLPH: Adolph Hitler.

THE OFFICER: What a funny name. If I were you, I would change it to something more acceptable.

ADOLPH: Like what?

THE OFFICER: (Thinks)... Well... Rehavaam Zeevi, for example, or something like it. Anyway, you are a great fighter. We need people like you. (Turns to the soldiers.) Halt! It's peaceful now. I don't think they will start again after the beating they got. Let's go back to base.
 (The soldiers turn around and walk slowly back. ADOLPH walks with them.)
 (EVA, AHMED and GITLER were watching these happening while standing in a corner, at the front of the stage. The moment ADOLPH joins the soldiers on their way back, EVA rushes to him.)

EVA: Adolph!
 (ADOLPH looks at her and waves his hand with a good-by gesture, and goes on with the soldiers.)

EVA: Adolph! Come back! Don't leave me here! (She hurries after him, but AHMED stops her.)

AHMED: Leave him Eva. Don't you see that he has gone mad?

EVA: (Stops, but still continues to cry.) Adolph! Adolph!
 (EVA collapses into the arms of AHMED.)

Curtains.

(After the curtain falls, the head of all the secret services appears. He pushes himself in his wheel-chair to the centre of the stage. Turns to face the audience. Takes out the puppet from the suitcase, put his hand inside the puppet.)

HEAD OF SECURITY: (Through the puppet.) Whether you like it or not, this is our reality. Even I, with all the power of the state behind me, would have never been able to construct a reality more real than the one you have just seen. As far as the play goes, this is supposed to be the end. However, you might be curious and would certainly like to know what happened to our hero and heroine after some time has elapsed, six years, let us say. If this is your wish, stay in your seats. My secret agents have followed Adolph and Eva and even filmed them with a video camera. Adolph learned Hebrew in an Ulpan, found himself a place in an old people's home, and lives on a meagre pension. Eva stay with Ahmed and she seems to be quite happy. I am going to show you the latest video film of these two people that was taken only a few months ago.
(The HEAD OF ALL THE SECRET SERVICES folds his puppet, tucks it into his suitcase and wheels himself out of the stage.)

EPILOGUE, OR THE LAST VIDEO PICTURE

(as taken by the Secret Service)

(Independence Park in Jerusalem. ADOLPH is sitting on a bench reading a newspaper. A MIDDLE-AGED MAN dressed in military uniform is walking by, limping slightly. His chest is adorned with badges and medals. He holds a cigarette in his hand and searches for matches. Since he cannot find any, he turns to ADOLPH.)

SOLDIER: Have you got a light, please?
(ADOLPH offers him a lighter. The SOLDIER lights his cigarette, sits down on the bench. Returns the lighter.)
Tanks. (Breathes deeply.) It's my first cigarette today. I have given up smoking.

ADOLPH: Why?

SOLDIER: It's not good for you. Don't you know?

ADOLPH: Of course. I gave up smoking years ago.

SOLDIER: You still carry a lighter.

ADOLPH: A momento. My wife gave it to me. Dear Eva.

SOLDIER: I'm terribly sorry...

ADOLPH: Oh no. She is not dead.

SOLDIER: Still living with you?

ADOLPH: No.

SOLDIER: Divorced?

ADOLPH: Just disappeared.

SOLDIER: Must have been great shock to you?

ADOLPH: Not really. I was too busy at the time, and when I realised what had happened, it was too late.

SOLDIER: What do you do now?

ADOLPH: An old man like me? What can I do? Just retired. What do you do?

SOLDIER: (Proudly.) I am a poet. My name is Amos.

ADOLPH: (Gives him a look.) Is this a literary uniform? Have you got all those medals for poetry?

SOLDIER: Only three. The rest are for bravery on the battlefield. This (points to a medal) is for my Participation in Dir Yassin; This one (points to another) for Kibye; This one for the Kfar Kasem and this one for the battle of The Little Big Horn.

ADOLPH: Isn't that in North America?

SOLDIER: They might have one too, but I mean the original, the Biblical Little Big Horn. The one that is near Metula, where General Trumpeldor was killed by the Arabs.

ADOLPH: You seem to be very brave and lucky soldier.

SOLDIER: Not always. This one (points to a medal) I got for clearing a mine

field, so that the tanks could go forward. I lost my feet then. (Lifts his trousers and shows ADOLPH his two artificial legs.)

ADOLPH: Surely, this must have put you out of active service?

SOLDIER: (Proudly.) Not me. I went on, and on, and on. I have also written a military march. Something the soldiers can sing when they are marching in a great hurry. Would you like to hear it?

ADOLPH: Of course.

SOLDIER: (Stands up and takes a deep breath.)
 When the bloody fucking foe
 at the bird will have a go
 who will dare to tell him no
 with an arrow, sling or bow?

With an arrow, sling or bow,
 with a prick a foot or so,
 hold the trumpet, let it blow
 praise to god and tally-ho!

Anyone with hand or foot,
 with a soul to preen and boot,
 anyone with claim to loot
 let them cry and shout and hoot.

Let the noble and the bum
 clear their throat and lift a thumb
 let them shout or only hum
 Zion, Zion, here I come.

Zion here we come en masse,
 let the glory come and pass
 kick the Arabs up the ass
 Since God, as always, is with us.

SOLDIER: How do you like it?

ADOLPH: Quite nice, but, to be honest, poetry is not my cup of tea.

SOLDIER: What is your cup of tea?

ADOLPH: At the moment I'm writing my memoirs. Genuine, this time. In my spare time I paint pictures.

SOLDIER: Really? You paint pictures? I also paint pictures. Why don't you come over to my studio and see my pictures. I live around the corner.

ADOLPH: Why not?

SOLDIER: Ok. Let's go then.
 (Embraces ADOLPH and the two walk together off the stage. As they are leaving the stage, a family arrives from the other end. The family consists of EVA, still in her German dress, AHMED, still in ADOLPH's German country dress, and a boy of 5, wearing a smaller replica of his father's clothes. EVA pushes a pram. They sit on the park bench and do not notice ADOLPH, who has just, at that very moment, disappeared with the soldier cum poet cum painter, at the other end of the stage. As they sit down, the boy picks up a small blue and white Israeli paper flag from the floor.)

EVA:

(Snatches the paper flag from the boy, throws it away. Slaps the toddler on his hand.) I told you time and again not to pick things up off the floor!

Curtains.

THE END

AS IT HAPPENS, ADOLPH HITLER DID NOT COMMIT SUICIDE IN THE BERLIN BUNKER. LIKE OTHER NAZI LEADERS HE HAS ESCAPED TO SOUTH AMERICA. UNLIKE OTHER NAZI LEADERS HOWEVER, HE SLOWLY REALISES THAT HIS POLICIES WERE ABOMINABLE AND MONSTROUS. THE SYSTEMATIC MURDER OF JEWS AND GYPSIES. THE ENSLAVEMENT OF EUROPE AND ALL THE OTHER WAR CRIMES LIE HEAVILY ON HIS CONSCIENCE. HE IS AWARE THAT HIS REPENTANCE CAN NOT BRING BACK TO LIFE ANY OF HIS VICTIMS. THE LEAST HE CAN DO IS TO GIVE HIMSELF UP TO THE ISRAELI AUTHORITIES AND LET THE JEWS PUT HIM ON TRIAL AS THEY DID TO EICHMANN.