

Himmler's Brain

by

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## CHARACTERS

IAN DURNING	Heroic, jaded, confused.
COLONEL MICHAEL MURPHY	Chief of intelligence, British Second Army.
WHITAKER	One of two guarding Himmler.
RIMMER	One of two guarding Himmler.
JANET	Female soldier of the Auxiliary Territorial Service; voluptuous.
DEB	Female soldier of the Auxiliary Territorial Service.
COLONEL GORBUSHIN	Soviet commander.
HEINRICH HIMMLER	Represented by a mannequin or dummy.

## SETTING

British Headquarters in Lüneburg, Germany.

## TIME

May 23, 1945.

## ACT I

Scene 1	Interrogation Room.	Now, 11am.
Scene 2	Interrogation Room.	Six hours later.
Scene 3	A Local Beer Hall.	Four hours later.
Scene 4	Interrogation Room.	The next day, 9am.
Scene 5	Interrogation Room.	15 minutes later.
Scene 6	Interrogation Room.	15 minutes later.
Scene 7	Interrogation Room.	6 hours later.
Scene 8	Interrogation Room.	6 hours later.
Scene 9	Interrogation Room.	6 hours later.

## ACT II

Scene 1	Interrogation Room.
Scene 2	Interrogation Room.
Scene 3	A Street.
Scene 4	Interrogation Room.
Scene 5	Interrogation Room.
Scene 6	A Local Beer Hall.
Scene 7	Interrogation Room.

## STAGE DIRECTIONS

CS	Center Stage
SL	Stage Left
SR	Stage Right
DS	Downstage
US	Upstage

Downstage	Part of the stage closest to the audience.
Upstage	Part of the stage farthest from the audience.
Stage left	Left when facing the audience.
Stage right	Right when facing the audience.
Full Wash	All stage lights are on.
Filter	A colored film placed over a light.

## ACT I

## SCENE 1

(Interrogation Room.)

(Lights up on IAN, CS.)

IAN

(To the audience)

The date is May 23, 1945, 23 days after the suicide of Adolf Hitler, 22 days after the suicide of Josef Goebbels, 21 days after the Battle of Berlin, 15 days after Victory in Europe, and 14 days after the capture of Hermann Goring.

(Lights up on HIMMLER on the floor under a white blanket.)

Heinrich Himmler, leader of the Schutzstaffel, or SS, and one of the chief architects of the Final Solution to the Jewish Question, was captured yesterday, and he is here, in this British detention center in Lüneburg, Germany, awaiting interrogation.

(WHITAKER and RIMMER enter and see HIMMLER unresponsive. They hastily try to revive him. They mime arguing over who's going to resuscitate him because neither wants to do it.)

By now, all the major death camps have been liberated, and the Allied commanders know what the Nazis had been doing with those mysterious train rides through Poland. The world will not know until the Nuremberg trials, which start later this year.

(WHITAKER and RIMMER get into a shoving and wrestling altercation.)

Colonel Michael Murphy, Chief of Intelligence, British Second Army, was given custody of Himmler and tasked with his interrogation.

(Lights down on HIMMLER, WHITAKER, and RIMMER. Lights up on MURPHY, SR.)

Col Murphy is massively hungover. His dinner of gin and bourbon has done terrible things to his GI tract.

MURPHY

I've got the shits. (Pause) Fucking hell, not again.

(MURPHY dashes off, SR. Lights up on

Himmler et al)

IAN

While Colonel Murphy was in the loo, Heinrich Himmler died.  
(WHITAKER and RIMMER stand up and look down  
on Himmler. They look at each other and  
shrug. They start shoving each other  
again.)

The death of the most wanted Nazi war criminal while the  
British Intelligence Chief was soldered to the toilet was  
a point of embarrassment. One can understand how Colonel  
Murphy wanted to keep this news from getting out. But get  
out it would.

(Toilet flushes. Enter MURPHY, SR. Full  
wash. As he crosses to SL, WHITAKER and  
RIMMER shuffle around HIMMLER's body to  
shield it from MURPHY.)

MURPHY

(Facing DS) That's it, boys. I'm never drinking again. I  
mean it this time.

(There is a table SL with glasses and  
bottles of booze. MURPHY pours himself a  
drink and chugs it.)

Now that's better. A little hair of the dog, eh?

(WHITAKER and RIMMER stand at attention,  
blocking Himmler from view.)

(Still facing DS) Do you know what the silver lining is  
in this whole terrible war? We got Himmler. Not the  
Americans, and certainly not the Soviet tossers. We did  
it. A major score for Her Majesty, eh?

WHITAKER

Certainly, sir.

MURPHY

And we caught him alive. Think of all the intel we'll get  
out of him. Think of watching that bastard hang! We have  
done more for the healing process of this world than anyone  
else. History will not forget us, boys. We didn't get  
Hitler, but damn it, man, we got the next best thing!

RIMMER

I'm getting excited just thinking about it, sir.

MURPHY  
(Looking around)  
Where is our guest?

WHITAKER  
Our guest?

RIMMER  
Could you be more specific?

(MURPHY turns toward them. They try hard  
to shield Himmler.)

MURPHY  
More specific?

RIMMER  
Yes, who might you be talking about, sir?

MURPHY  
Himmler! Who the fuck do you think I'm talking about?

RIMMER  
Not sure, sir. That's why I asked.

MURPHY  
What's that behind you?

WHITAKER  
Oh.

(Both men move out of the way.)

RIMMER  
You mean this, sir? (Points to HIMMLER) It appears to be  
Himmler, sir.

MURPHY  
Why is he on the floor?

RIMMER  
I suppose he was tired, sir.

(MURPHY walks to Himmler and looks under  
the blanket.)

MURPHY  
Why is he naked?

WHITAKER

Perhaps he's a nudist, sir.

RIMMER

Not with a knob like that, I reckon. Have you ever seen such a small one, sir?

MURPHY

(Checks Himmler)

What the fuck? He's dead!

RIMMER

Are you sure, sir? He might be playing possum, as the Yanks say.

(MURPHY grabs RIMMER by his shirt with both hands, shaking him.)

MURPHY

How did this happen?

WHITAKER

Well, you were off taking a poo, and we came in and found him like this.

RIMMER

We did our best to revive him.

WHITAKER

Right, but he seems to have hidden a poison capsule of some kind in his mouth. He must've bitten into it.

(MURPHY walks slowly SL, pours himself another drink, and downs it.)

MURPHY

Refresh my memory. Who was supposed to guard Himmler?

WHITAKER

We were, sir.

MURPHY

So, while I was away taking care of some personal business, and while you were supposed to be guarding him, Himmler stripped down to the nude, laid on the floor, put a blanket over himself, and bit into a poison capsule. Is that what



you're saying?

RIMMER

It appears that way, sir.

(RIMMER lifts the blanket and stares at  
HIMMLER.)

MURPHY

Hey. Put that blanket down.

RIMMER

Yes, sir. It's kind of interesting, though, init? I mean,  
he had a daughter, and frankly I don't see how he managed  
to make her.

MURPHY

Fucking hell. Keep him covered while I think of what to  
do. And do not let anyone in here.

(Clutches his stomach)

Dear God.

(Exit MURPHY, running, SR.)

WHITAKER

I guess we shouldn't have gone to play whiskey bridge with  
the priests.

RIMMER

Yeah. They're quite good at it. So, do you think Himmler  
will get a decent Christian burial?

WHITAKER

That's what you're thinking about? A Christian burial for  
that swine?

RIMMER

He was Catholic. I think every Catholic deserves a decent  
Christian burial.

WHITAKER

If Jesus Christ himself were here, he'd kick him in the  
nuts.

(RIMMER Lifts the blanket.)

RIMMER

You mean these tiny morsels?

WHITAKER

Would you stop showing them to me? I don't want to see them. You heard Colonel Murphy. Stop lifting the blanket.

RIMMER

It's just something you don't see every day. You know how I like collecting unusual things.

WHITAKER

So you're going to collect his bollocks?

RIMMER

If they'd let me have them. Himmler's bollocks: what a prize that would be. Better than what matadors get after a bullfight.

WHITAKER

You are twisted. You need to sort yourself out before we go home. By the way, did you hear about Ian?

RIMMER

What?

WHITAKER

His fiancée waited till the war was over to send him a dear John letter.

RIMMER

On the level?

WHITAKER

Yeah. He's devastated. He keeps asking to be sent to the front. Doesn't want to live anymore. We keep telling him the war is over, but it's not getting through. I think he's gone over the rainbow.

RIMMER

Poor chap. Birds sure can ruin your life. (Pause) I know what will cheer him up. Let's show him Himmler.

WHITAKER

Why, so you can lift up the blanket again?

RIMMER

It's comic relief.

WHITAKER

Get yourself sorted out, mate.

RIMMER

I am sorted.

WHITAKER

Enough about that. This is truly horrible: what's happened, and on our watch.

RIMMER

Why?

WHITAKER

Because this monster escaped justice.

RIMMER

He's dead, isn't he? So he took his own life instead of being hanged. He's just as dead, incapable of any more mischief.

WHITAKER

You call slaughtering millions of innocent people "mischief"?

RIMMER

What I'm saying is, we forced him to commit suicide. That had to mess with the old bean (pointing to his head). Besides, hanging him wouldn't make up for the millions he killed. To do that, we'd have to kill millions of innocent Germans.

WHITAKER

We did kill millions of innocent Germans.

RIMMER

So what's the problem? We're even Stephen.

(WHITAKER shakes his head)

RIMMER

Know what I'll do? I'll invite Ian and some female soldiers of the Auxiliary Territorial Service to look at the body. That'll cheer him up.

WHITAKER

We can't let anyone in here. You heard the Murphy.

RIMMER

Maybe Ian can find love again and send a dear Joan letter to his ex-girlfriend back home.

WHITAKER

Dear Joan?

RIMMER

Right.

WHITAKER

We're in enough trouble, don't you think?

RIMMER

The war's over. We won. Be happy.

WHITAKER

I'd love for someone to tell me what it is we've won.

RIMMER

How about, "Saving the world from the Nazis?" You think too much, I reckon. I know what'll cheer you up. How bout a looksie?

(MURPHY enters. He sees RIMMER lifting the Blanket.)

MURPHY

What did I tell you?

RIMMER

Colonel, I thought you were in the loo. I didn't hear the toilet flush. Is it backed up?

MURPHY

Come here.

RIMMER

Why?

MURPHY

I'm gonna break both your hands.

RIMMER

It's just a phase I'm going through, I think.

MURPHY

Oh, a phase? Even though this human scum doesn't deserve it, show some respect for the dead. We're better than him.

RIMMER

I think you're right about that, sir.

(MURPHY clutching his stomach and runs off  
SR.)

RIMMER

This will be easy, with the Colonel spending half the day  
on the crapper. We could have a party right here.

WHITAKER

You're mad.

RIMMER

Is it really too much to ask? After all we've been through?  
After all we've seen and done? Why not have a little party  
for our guest of honor? And think of poor Ian. He was almost  
getting his head blown off while his bird went off with  
another man.

WHITAKER

With a German prisoner, no less!

RIMMER

Really?

WHITAKER

No, I made that part up.

RIMMER

Ah. Keep it. It adds a lot to the story.

WHITAKER

Does something have to be added to this story?

RIMMER

Facts can't match the grandeur of the human imagination.

(Fade to black.)

## ACT I

## SCENE 2

(Interrogation Room.)

(Dark stage but for a light on  
HIMMLER's body, completely covered  
by a sheet.)

RIMMER

Right this way, ladies.

JANET

What is all the secrecy about?

DEB

Are we supposed to be in here?

RIMMER

(Pointing to DEB) No. (Pointing to JANET) You'll see.

(Calling off, SL)

Come on, Whitaker.

(WHITAKER enters SL.)

WHITAKER

I told you, I don't feel comfortable about this.

RIMMER

You know what I don't feel comfortable about? Getting shot  
at and bombed for six years. Consider this compensation.  
The queen would approve.

JANET

And what makes you think you know what a woman wants?

RIMMER

A lifetime spent satisfying the ladies.

JANET

Really?

DEB

Sounds more dubious than a Hitchcock villain. Are you the  
man who knew too little?

RIMMER

(To DEB) Fancy the pictures? Well, I'm about to show you something more astonishing, strange, and horrifyingly stupendous than you've ever seen in a theatre.

JANET

That's quite a buildup.

WHITAKER

(To JANET and DEB) You shouldn't be here. The only people allowed in here are me, him, and Colonel Murphy.

DEB

But you invited us.

JANET

Yes. (To RIMMER) If you don't want us here, say the word and we'll be off.

DEB

We should be off anyway.

JANET

Let's go.

RIMMER

Wait! Wait! Wait! Trust me, you won't want to miss this. You'll be telling your grandchildren about it.

JANET

All right, enough with the suspense.

RIMMER

Right this way.

WHITAKER

Aren't you going to wait for Ian?

JANET

(Hopefully) Ian's coming?

RIMMER

Why? Do you fancy him?

DEB

He's a little bit of all right.

RIMMER

(To WHITAKER) You know Ian is late for everything. I'll

show him again when he arrives.

JANET

Show him what? Fish or cut bait, please.

RIMMER

(To WHITAKER) Where is Murphy?

WHITAKER

He's playing whiskey bridge with the priests.

RIMMER

Right. They're probably letting him win.

WHITAKER

They wouldn't let starving orphans win.

RIMMER

Either way, he should be a while.

(RIMMER turns the sheet down to HIMMLER's waist.)

RIMMER (cont'd)

Behold the man!

JANET

You brought us here to see a dead body? I've seen enough of those to last a lifetime.

RIMMER

But there's more.

(RIMMER removes the rest of the sheet.)

DEB

(Laughs) Oh, my! That...that doesn't look real. Where's the rest of it?

WHITAKER

(Walking toward HIMMLER) Rimmer! Damn it!

RIMMER

What?

WHITAKER

You can show them Himmler's body without showing them



everything.

(WHITAKER covers HIMMLER with the blanket.)

JANET

Oh my God! That's Himmler?

DEB

So, the rumors are true. We captured him. Why's he dead?

WHITAKER

We think he bit into a poison capsule and committed suicide.

DEB

Who was guarding him?

RIMMER

We were.

JANET

Bang up job, boys.

RIMMER

It wasn't our fault. He wasn't searched properly.

JANET

Who was in charge of searching him?

WHITAKER

We were.

RIMMER

I brought you here to conduct an informal and unsanctioned scientific inquiry. So tell, ladies.

(Walks to HIMMLER and removes the sheet.)

Have you ever seen a knob this small?

JANET

I'm not at liberty to say.

DEB

My lady parts are bigger than that.

JANET

In all fairness, the man is dead. There's no blood flowing to it.

(WHITAKER covers HIMMLER with the sheet.)

RIMMER

Love, you could bury me in frozen tundra for ten years,  
and mine would still be ten times that size.

JANET

Congratulations.

RIMMER

(Moving his hand to his zipper) Fancy a peeksie?

JANET

Showing me your wanker would be like an unsharpened pencil.  
There's no point.

(IAN enters SL.)

RIMMER

Ian!

(IAN and WHITAKER exchange a glance.  
WHITAKER looks down at his own feet.)

The man of the hour has arrived!

DEB

Why is he the man of the hour?

IAN

What is so urgent that I have to come here now?

(JANET approaches IAN.)

JANET

Hello. We met at the last Victory Ball.

IAN

We did. Your name is Janet, isn't it?

JANET

Oh, you remember.

IAN

I do. (To DEB) And you must be Deb.

DEB

Oh, you remember.

JANET

I guess he remembers everyone.

IAN

It's nice to see you both again.

RIMMER

Come here, Ian. I want to show you something.

(RIMMER walks to HIMMLER.)

IAN

What's under the sheet?

(RIMMER pulls the sheet off HIMMLER with great fanfare.)

RIMMER

We got Himmler!

IAN

That's Himmler?

RIMMER

Yes!

IAN

Are you sure?

RIMMER

Well...yeah.

IAN

Why's he dead?

RIMMER

Well, you see--

IAN

Why's he naked?

RIMMER

Oh, that? Well--

IAN

Why's he naked and lying on the floor under a sheet?

RIMMER

Never mind that. Look at the knob!

IAN

The architect of those death camps we're liberating has died in our custody, and all you can talk about is his todger?

(WHITAKER covers HIMMLER's body with the sheet.)

RIMMER

This is for you, Ian. I thought this would cheer you up.

IAN

You thought *this* would cheer me up? Showing me a dead mass murderer's cock?

RIMMER

Didn't it?

JANET

(To IAN) Why do you need cheering up?

IAN

I don't.

RIMMER

His sweetheart back home sent him a Dear John letter last week.

DEB

I'm so sorry.

RIMMER

Don't be. He's taking it in his stride. He's getting right back out there, aren't you Ian?

JANET

Well, she sounds like a silly girl to me.

DEB

Still, distance doesn't often make the heart grow fonder. Sometimes, it makes the heart more...distant.

JANET

That's profound.

DEB

You know, (referring to HIMMLER) he doesn't look at all how I'd imagined. He doesn't look like the second most evil man in the world.

JANET

He looks like a poof accountant.

RIMMER

Yeah. All those Nazis look like poofs. What, with the Hugo Boss black with the leather and the riding crops. I've heard they use them recreationally.

JANET

Maybe they swap their breeches for assless chaps during R&R.

RIMMER

Oh, for sure. They're all pervy degenerates.

IAN

The Nazis are certainly degenerates, but why say "pervy degenerates" when talking about homosexuality?

RIMMER

It's self-evident, I reckon. You'd get in almost as much trouble being a poof as you would for setting up death camps.

IAN

Does that seem right?

RIMMER

Dunno. But it's not natural for a man to lie down with another man.

IAN

Who said so?

WHITAKER

Besides everyone?

RIMMER

Well, it says it in the Bible.

WHITAKER

When did you become so religious?

JANET

Can we talk about something else?

(DEB picks her teeth with her fingernail.)

RIMMER

(To DEB) Something in your teeth?

DEB

Yeah, I've had something stuck in them all day. It's really annoying.

(MURPHY enters SL, unseen by all.)

RIMMER

Fancy a toothpick?

(RIMMER lifts HIMMLER's blanket. He sees MURPHY and freezes.)

(MURPHY slowly walks toward RIMMER.)

MURPHY

Why? Why? Why?

RIMMER

I don't know, sir. I can't help myself. I was trying to cheer up old Ian.

MURPHY

How would you like a trip to the detention barracks? Maybe you can sort through your issues there.

RIMMER

I wouldn't like that at all, sir.

(Turning to the others.)

MURPHY

Do not let this man (pointing to RIMMER) lead you down a path of darkness. I need you all to leave and not tell a soul what you saw. I--

(MURPHY dashes off SR holding his stomach.)

JANET

Come on, Deb.

(JANET and DEB walk SL.)

RIMMER

Wait, ladies. I know a place we can go.

DEB

There's only one place, really.

RIMMER

Then, let's go there. I'll come with you. Come on, Ian.

IAN

I'll catch up with you.

RIMMER

Right.

JANET

(To IAN) You are coming?

IAN

Chances are good.

JANET

OK. See you then.

DEB

(To IAN, flirtatiously) Bye.

(RIMER, JANET, and DEB exit SL.)

IAN (cont'd)

(To WHITAKER) You're not even gonna look at me?

WHITAKER

I'm tired.

IAN

Of?

WHITAKER

Everything. I'm ready to go home.

IAN

You're going to act like what happened didn't happen?

WHITAKER

Nothing happened.

IAN

I was there, remember.

WHITAKER

I was drunk. You got me drunk.

IAN

I did no such thing.

WHITAKER

Look, I don't want any trouble.

IAN

You're not going to get any trouble from me.

WHITAKER

You're not the only source of trouble.

IAN

Whitaker--

WHITAKER

What do you want?

IAN

I want you to acknowledge what happened, and I'd like us to discuss it.

WHITAKER

I can't.

IAN

Why not?

WHITAKER

Because I don't want to.

IAN

Ah. So tell me, what's this with you telling people I received a Dear John letter? I called off the engagement, not her.

WHITAKER

Convenience.



IAN

Not for me.

WHITAKER

I don't want any trouble.

IAN

You said that.

WHITAKER

I want to leave all this behind me and go back home to my old life.

IAN

Your old life is a lie.

WHITAKER

But it's my lie.

(WHITAKER exits SL, leaving IAN alone on stage.)

## ACT I

## SCENE 3

(Local Beer Hall.)

(JANET and DEB sit at a table UP SL.)

DEB

I can't believe I saw Himmler.

JANET

I can't believe he's dead.

DEB

Even though you know who was guarding him?

JANET

Fair enough. I wouldn't put Rimmer in charge of peeling potatoes.

DEB

That may have been the strangest thing I've ever seen.

JANET

I've had men try lots of different things to get into my knickers, but no one ever tried to use a corpse.

DEB

Do you think that's what he wanted?

JANET

He offered to show me his wanker.

DEB

He was just teasing.

JANET

I'm sure.

DEB

Well, I give him points for inventiveness.

JANET

There's that.

DEB

He is funny and quirky, though.

JANET

You fancy him, Deb?

DEB

Oh. No, not like that. Well, I mean, I wouldn't kick him out of bed.

JANET

He's strange.

DEB

I dunno. At this point, I'm not too choosy.

JANET

Been a long time?

DEB

Remind me what goes where.

JANET

(chuckles) I could use a refresher. I haven't missed it much, though.

DEB

But you look like you'd be so good at it.

JANET

So I've been told.

DEB

When was the last time?

JANET

I can't remember.

DEB

Of course you do.

JANET

Two years ago.

DEB

Who was he?

JANET

He was a Lieutenant.

DEB  
Was it good?

(JANET nods.)

DEB (cont'd)  
Really good?

(JANET nods.)

DEB (cont'd)  
Tell me what happened. Where is he now?

JANET  
He's dead.

DEB  
Oh. I'm sorry to hear that.

JANET  
I had trouble remembering him until I met Ian.

DEB  
Ian reminds you of him? Like how?

JANET  
His look, his manner, the turns of phrases he uses.

DEB  
I see. Well, you can have him. I'll stay away. Don't worry.

JANET  
I wasn't worried.

DEB  
He did remember my name.

JANET  
Mine too.

DEB  
He gave me the eye.

JANET  
(Turning US) Are they still playing 501?

DEB  
(looking US) They are. Rimmer's about to throw one. Wait.  
He missed the dartboard by three feet.

JANET

The proper order would've been to buy us drinks first, then play darts for half an hour.

DEB

Don't sound like that.

JANET

What? They offered; I didn't ask.

DEB

I don't think they knew the proper order.

JANET

They'd make awful servers.

DEB

Better than guards. Oh, here they come.

(IAN, RIMMER, and WHITAKER enter UP CS,  
each holding two bottles of beer.)

IAN

(To RIMMER) You forgot your wallet again? I'm shocked.

RIMMER

I had to leave room in my pockets for my collectibles.

DEB

Who won?

RIMMER

We weren't keeping score.

IAN

I did, and Rimmer owes me money.

RIMMER

I let you win.

IAN

Then you let me win by a lot.

(The three men sit down at the table. From  
SL, they sit in this order: JANET, IAN,  
DEB, RIMMER, and WHITAKER. They hand beers  
to JANET and DEB.)

DEB

Thanks for the drink.

JANET

(To IAN) Yes, I thought you were going to bring these drinks tomorrow.

IAN

Tomorrow?

JANET

And tomorrow...and tomorrow, creeps in this petty pace from day to day to the last syllable of recorded time.

RIMMER

Is that from "Worker's Playtime?"

IAN

It's from Macbeth.

DEB

(To RIMMER) Do you forget your wallet a lot? That's wildly unattractive.

RIMMER

They know I'm good for it. I needed space in my pockets. Look.

(RIMMER empties his jacket and pants pockets and puts each item on the table. In this order, he takes out an Iron Cross medal, a Walther pistol, a Nazi armband, a Nazi dagger, a folded-up Nazi propaganda poster of Hilter, and Reichsmark coins.)

DEB

Are you starting your own museum?

(IAN unfolds the poster of Hitler and holds it up.)

IAN

Seriously, mate?

RIMMER

They're collectibles. Something for the old grandkids.

DEB

You're the quirkiest soldier I've met.

RIMMER

My quirkiness is my best quality.

IAN

It's his only quality.

(IAN picks up the coins and drops them on  
the table.)

Of what use do you have for Reichsmark coins?

RIMMER

You never know, mate. You never know.

DEB

You're a right laugh.

RIMMER

I am, especially when I'm all sixes and sevens.

(Deb laughs, then raises her eyebrows to  
JANET, who rolls her eyes.)

IAN

Excuse me. I have a date with the loo.

RIMMER

Why didn't you go while we were playing darts?

IAN

I didn't have to go while we were playing darts.

RIMMER

So you say.

(IAN rises and walks off US.)

RIMMER

(To WHITAKER) You've been awfully quiet.

WHITAKER

No, I haven't.

RIMMER

You didn't say a word the whole time we were playing darts.  
Himmler is more chatty.

WHITAKER

Shhh!

RIMMER

What? No one's listening to us.

WHITAKER

I guess I don't feel like talking. I think I'm gonna go.

RIMMER

But why?

WHITAKER

I don't feel like drinking, and I need some rest.

RIMMER

Can I have your beer?

(WHITAKER rises from the table and puts his beer  
in front of RIMMER.)

RIMMER (cont'd)

Thanks, mate.

WHITAKER

Good night, ladies. And remember not to tell anyone what  
you saw tonight.

JANET

It's already forgotten.

DEB

I'm going to tell everyone. (Pause) Just teasing.

(WHITAKER exits DOWN SL.)

RIMMER

You have a lovely sense of humor, Deb.

DEB

Why, thank you.

RIMMER

We should get together sometime and laugh and laugh and  
laugh.



JANET

That's a lot of laughs.

DEB

What do you have in mind?

RIMMER

We could stroll along the river and throw things at the geese.

DEB

Won't they all be dead?

RIMMER

We didn't drop bombs here. It's one of the few places we didn't. We can find a quiet place to enjoy the scenery if you don't fancy geese.

DEB

Scenery like what?

RIMMER

Somewhere off the beaten path.

DEB

A place of solitude?

RIMMER

Initially. Then, to be pierced by cries of ecstasy.

DEB

Ecstasy, eh?

(Pause while DEB thinks it over.)

JANET

You're not seriously considering it? With him? Mr. Collectible? Mr. Himmler's Knob?

DEB

(To RIMMER) OK, let's go.

RIMMER

Really?

JANET

(To Deb) Seriously?

DEB

We're just going to look at the geese. And if that's unsatisfying, maybe I can laugh and laugh and laugh.

RIMMER

Don't worry about that.

(RIMMER rises and holds out his arm.)

This way, my love.

(DEB rises and takes RIMMER's arm.)

DEB

How gentlemanly.

JANET

Don't forget your poster of Hitler. You can use it as a picnic blanket.

RIMMER

(Taking the poster.)

Thanks, and tell Ian to collect my things. They're quite valuable. (To DEB) But not as valuable as you.

DEB

What a sweet man.

JANET

I might be sick.

(RIMMER and DEB walk UP SL. He whispers something into her ear, and she laughs.)

RIMMER

(To JANET) By the way, be good to Ian. He has done heroic things.

JANET

Has he?

RIMMER

He rescued three children from a burning building during the fall of Berlin.

DEB

What a good chap.

RIMMER

The best, really. They were German children in a building we'd spent an hour firing upon with artillery. He didn't care.

(RIMMER and DEB exit, UP SL. JANET is alone at the table for a few seconds until IAN returns from downstage.)

IAN

Have they all gone?

JANET

Unless they've gone invisible, I'd say so.

(IAN sits.)

JANET (cont'd)

So, it's just us now.

IAN

Seems that way.

JANET

I am really sorry to hear about your girl back home. But as the bombardiers say, when God closes one door, he opens another really big one on impact.

IAN

You've been misinformed. I didn't get a Dear John letter. I broke things off.

JANET

Oh?

IAN

I don't know why Rimmer is spreading that falsehood.

JANET

What does it matter? It means you're unattached, right?

IAN

I...guess.

JANET

So that's a good thing, isn't it?

IAN

I don't know.

JANET

It's not?

IAN

I don't know.

JANET

Is something wrong?

IAN

Besides seeing combat for a year and murdering people?

JANET

We're all in the same boat.

IAN

(Pause) Tell me, Janet, are you looking forward to going home?

JANET

It hasn't sunk in yet, but I think I am.

IAN

Why?

JANET

(Laughs) What do you mean?

IAN

Why are you looking forward to going back to England?

JANET

I'd like to see my parents. I'd like to see my friends. I'd like to put this terrible war behind me and see if I can find beauty in the world again.

IAN

That's the thing. I don't think there's any beauty left in the world. Certainly, there isn't any waiting for me back in England.

JANET

I understand why you feel that way. There will be an adjustment period. I think we have to find our own beauty now, and it'll probably be different than what the people we used to be would find beautiful. Look at Deb and Rimmer. They went off to shag on a Hitler poster next to goose poo.

IAN

As they should.

JANET

(Pause) Can I tell you something?

IAN

Please.

JANET

I'm afraid I don't know how to say it.

IAN

What?

JANET

I fancy you, Ian. I have since we met at the Victory Ball. I hope you don't mind my being so forward.

(Pause)

I never would have said that back home. But now, I figure it's like eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow, we may be a corpse on the floor of an interrogation room.

(JANET puts her hand on IAN's thigh, but he pushes it off.)

JANET (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

IAN

Nothing.

JANET

What is it?

IAN

Nothing.

JANET

You don't find me attractive?

IAN

You are objectively beautiful.

JANET

Then why push my hand away?

IAN

I'm...not...feeling it.

JANET

Oh, I'm sorry. I'm sorry I did that.

IAN

You don't have to apologize.

JANET

No, I do. My vanity got the better of me. I've never...I mean, no man has ever...

IAN

Refused you?

JANET

Something like that.

IAN

Then, I guess I'm not like most men.

JANET

No, you're not. (chuckles nervously) What, are you a homosexual?

IAN

What an ego you have. Because I'm not interested in you, I must be into men?

JANET

Are you?

IAN

No!

JANET

Wait, you're not interested in me?

IAN

No, I'm not. (Pause) I'm sorry.

JANET

No, I'm sorry. I'd say I had too much to drink, but I've hardly touched one.

IAN

Let me be clear. I hate those poofs. I think they should all be executed.

JANET

Well, let's not go that far. (Pause) I think I should go.

Thanks for the sip of a drink.

(JANET rises and moves to exit. IAN rises.)

IAN

Wait!

(JANET stops and turns to him.)

IAN (Cont'd)

Come here.

(JANET walks to IAN. He takes her by the hands.)

My head is in a really strange place.

JANET

So is mine.

(IAN pulls her close and cautiously kisses her.)

JANET (cont'd)

That was nice.

IAN

Should we see if we can find Rimmer and Deb?

JANET

I don't think I want to see that.

IAN

It'll be dark. Besides, it'll be safer.

JANET

OK.

(IAN and JANET exit. Slow fade.)

## ACT I

## SCENE 4

(Interrogation Room.)

(At rise, HIMMLER's body is upstage. MURPHY enters from SR. He walks DOWN CS. A few papers are in his hand. He addresses the audience.)

MURPHY

Gentlemen: Brigadier Hughes, Dr. Wells, Colonel Stapelton, Sergeant McCandle, and...the rest. Let's start this unpleasant business. As you know, we captured Heinrich Himmler. We should get points for that, I'm sure you'll agree. But as you are also aware, no doubt from his decomposing body under the sheet behind me, he died while in our custody. This happened despite our best efforts, as we had top men guarding him.

(RIMMER and DEB sneak in UP SL and hurry toward HIMMLER. RIMMER holds a large camera.)

The fact that Himmler died in a way that, to some, makes us look like incompetent fools, we shouldn't forget that we are the ones who captured him in the first place. So, hooray for us, God save the queen and all that.

(DEB holds HIMMLER upright and poses with him. RIMMER positions himself in front of them with the camera.)

It also bears a mention that, although this pig doesn't deserve it, his mortal remains have been treated with the sort of respect only those in Her Majesty's service could provide.

(DEB smiles with HIMMLER. The flash in RIMMER's camera goes off.)

Several of you were good enough to provide a list of your questions, and I will address them now.

(DEB lifts the blanket, and RIMMER takes a picture of the lower part of HIMMLER's body. DEB lowers HIMMLER to the ground, and then both run off UP SL.)

Question One: Why is Himmler naked? That's a very good question, and there are viable theories to explain it. The primary one is that, well, it has been suggested that perhaps Himmler was a nudist.



Question Two: if he died by breaking a glass capsule containing cyanide, as is the official position, why did Dr. Wells find no glass shards in his mouth? The answer to this is very simple: he ate them. That's right, he ate the glass shards. This is the leader of the S.S. He's what Spanish dictator Francisco Franco would call a "bad hombre."

Question Three: Do the bruises on Himmler's face suggest that, instead of dying by suicide, he was beaten to death with his own shoes? This certainly did not happen. A cursory inspection of the body, which I invite all of you to do, will show that he is not wearing shoes. That was an easy one.

Those are all the questions I have time to answer now. We have more urgent business. The Americans want to see the body. Worse, a Soviet Commander, a Colonel Gorbushin, is en route to see the body as well. He has already expressed concerns about the thoroughness of our identification of Himmler, and from what I understand, he's armed with Himmler's dental records to conduct his own identification. This means only one thing: we will have to dispose of the body as quickly as possible. Are we in agreement?

(WHITAKER runs on stage from SL.)

WHITAKER

Colonel Murphy, Colonel Gorbushin is here.

MURPHY

Now? Oh. (Grabbing his stomach, feigning illness) I'm not feeling that well. Whitaker, you meet with him. I have a date with the loo.

## ACT I

## SCENE 5

(Interrogation Room.)

(At rise, HIMMLER's body is upstage. WHITAKER and RIMMER stand CS. RIMMER wears a cap.)

RIMMER

I don't understand why we have to meet the Russian commander. Where's Murphy?

WHITAKER

Pretending he's sick.

(As WHITAKER speaks, GORBUSHIN enters SL behind them and walks to HIMMLER's body.)

All we're going to do is let Gorbushin look at the body, he'll confirm it's Himmler, he'll say "dasvidaniya," and he'll be off.

GORBUSHIN

(Looking down at HIMMLER.)

This is not Himmler.

RIMMER

And who might you be?

GORBUSHIN

I know two things to be true: I am Colonel Gorbushin of the Red Army, and this is not Heinrich Himmler.

(MURPHY enters DOWN SR and watches unseen.)

WHITAKER

Now, when you say, "This isn't Heinrich Himmler," what do you mean?

GORBUSHIN

This is a body double. You have been hoodwinked.

RIMMER

How can you tell by looking at him for five seconds? It's Himmler sure as I'm standing here. Look at the mustache

and the weak jaw.

GORBUSHIN

I am not impressed with your analysis.

RIMMER

Well, feast your eyes on this, comrade.

(RIMMER pulls off HIMMLER's sheet.)

GORBUSHIN

What am I supposed to be looking at?

RIMMER

That! (Pointing to HIMMLER's genitals.)

GORBUSHIN

I did not bring my reading glasses.

(MURPHY walks toward GORBUSHIN with his hand out.)

MURPHY

Colonel Gorbushin, I am Colonel Murphy. You've seen Himmler's body and I'm happy that you're satisfied.

GORBUSHIN

Satisfied? I haven't been this unsatisfied since Stalin killed all but my greatest adversary during the Great Purge.

MURPHY

Who was your greatest adversary?

GORBUSHIN

Myself.

MURPHY

I've been praying for death for the past two days.

RIMMER

So has our plumbing.

GORBUSHIN

Colonel Murphy, this body is not Heinrich Himmler.

MURPHY

Of course, it's Himmler. Look at the mustache and the weak jaw.

GORBUSHIN

I have studied his photographs and know every square millimeter of his face. Stalin demanded that we do our own identification, or he would correct his error during the purge and send me to my reward of sweet nonexistence.

MURPHY

I see what's going on here. You can't stand the fact that we captured Himmler. First, we defeated the German Army. Then, we got the number two man in the Third Reich. And where is the number one man? Oh, you captured Hitler's smoldering remains, and now you're feeling the sting of seeing it done right.

GORBUSHIN

You must be drinking from the cup of the village idiot if you think the British defeated the German Army. We did. We killed far more German soldiers. I don't have the exact number, but it was a lot. As far as seeing it done right, that will be put to the test as soon as I go out to my rugged and versatile light utility vehicle and retrieve Himmler's dental records. I trust you will not touch the body until I return.

(GORBUSHIN exits SL.)

MURPHY

Whitaker, go out there and stall him for ten minutes. Rimmer, get a pair of pliers and pull out Himmler's teeth.

RIMMER

(Elated) Really? Can I keep them?

MURPHY

You can eat them for all I care. Pull them out in less than ten minutes and hide them.

RIMMER

Yes, Sir. I have a pair of pliers on me.

(RIMMER retrieves a pair of pliers from his pocket.)

(DEB enters, SL.)

RIMMER

Deb, my love!

DEB

(Affectionately) Hello, Rimmer.

RIMMER

Please, call me Norman. "Rimmer" sounds dirty for some reason.

MURPHY

I know you from the other night. You weren't supposed to be here then, and you're not supposed to be here now.

RIMMER

Colonel Murphy, can't she stay? This is my new girlfriend.

DEB

I wouldn't go that far.

RIMMER

(To DEB) But is there a possibility?

DEB

(Pause) Maybe.

MURPHY

What is going on here? You (pointing to RIMMER) start pulling out those teeth.

RIMMER

All of them?

MURPHY

No, just the bicuspid. Yes, all of them!

(WHITAKER runs in SL.)

WHITAKER

We got a lucky break. Colonel Gorbushin's driver locked the keys in the vehicle. Gorbushin keeps calling him and the car "village idiots."

RIMMER

What is a village idiot?

WHITAKER

Look in the mirror.

DEB

(To RIMMER) Why do you keep telling everyone that Ian's girlfriend broke it off with him?

RIMMER

That's what Whitaker told me.

(DEB looks at WHITAKER.)

WHITAKER

What?

DEB

Ian told Janet, who told me, that he was the one to break it off.

WHITAKER

He's in denial.

DEB

Doesn't sound like it.

WHITAKER

Did he tell Janet at the bar after I left?

DEB

Either that or while they were shagging, although that seems like an odd thing to say during the height of passion.

WHITAKER

What do you mean?

DEB

Ian and Janet shagged.

WHITAKER

(Visibly unnerved) I don't believe it.

RIMMER

Believe it, my friend. I seen it with my own peepers.

WHITAKER

How?

RIMMER

They were right next to us. Deb and I were doing it on a Hitler poster, and Janet and Ian were on a propaganda poster of Josef Goebbels saying, "Don't sweat the small stuff."

MURPHY

(To RIMMER) Pull out his fucking teeth! (To DEB) And you go back to whatever you're supposed to be doing.

DEB

Yes, Colonel.

RIMMER

(To DEB) I will make you mine.

DEB

We'll see. Meet me tonight?

RIMMER

I wouldn't miss it.

(DEB blows RIMMER a kiss. WHITAKER is  
downtrodden. He and MURPHY exist SL.)  
(RIMMER is alone. He cradles HIMMLER's  
dead in his lap and pulls out his teeth.)

RIMMER (Cont'd)

(Spoken after each extracted tooth) She loves me. She loves  
me not. She loves me, she loves me not, She loves me, she  
loves me not.)

(Slow fade.)

## ACT I

## SCENE 6

(Interrogation Room.)

(At rise, RIMMER is still pulling out HIMMLER's teeth. Rimmer wears a cap.)

RIMMER

She loves me, she loves me not. (The last tooth is the hardest to pull out. With much effort, RIMMER pulls it). Hey! She loves me!

(MURPHY and WHITAKER hastily enter SL.)

MURPHY

Gorbushin is right behind us. Did you pull them all out?

RIMMER

Yes, and she loves me. Can you believe it?

MURPHY

What are you talking about, man? Get rid of those teeth!

RIMMER

Where?

MURPHY

Anywhere!

(RIMMER removes his cap, throws the teeth into it and then puts it on his head.)  
(GORBUSHIN enters SL. He carries x-rays.)

GORBUSHIN

Now, we shall confirm that this is an imposter.

(GORBUSHIN walks to HIMMLER.)

GORBUSHIN (cont'd)

(To RIMMER) Please open his mouth.



(RIMMER opens HIMMLER's mouth. GORBUSHIN takes out the x-ray of HIMMLER's teeth and holds it up to the open mouth.)  
(Long pause, then looks at MURPHY.)

GORBUSHIN (cont'd)  
You are good. Stalin could use a man like you. Very, very crafty.

MURPHY  
Of course. I'm British. Just remember who cracked the Enigma code.

GORBUSHIN  
Ah, yes. Your Alan Turing.

MURPHY  
How do you know about Turing?

MURPHY  
Please, Colonel. We know everything. I hope your country treats Mr. Turing well.

MURPHY  
Oh, he'll receive a hero's reward. His future is very bright. We British know how to treat our heroes.

GORBUSHIN  
You can't do any worse than what my country does to them. We will see each other again, Colonel Murphy.

MURPHY  
Maybe we could have a little drinking competition next time?

GORBUSHIN  
I accept.

(GORBUSHIN walks to RIMMER)

GORBUSHIN  
Goodbye.

(RIMMER takes his hat off.)

RIMMER

So long.

(GORBUSHIN sees the teeth on RIMMER's head  
and grabs a handful before quickly exiting  
SL.)

RIMMER

He stole my teeth!

MURPHY

You two take the body, dig a hole, and bury it.

RIMMER

Did you hear me? He snatched them right off my head.

MURPHY

What do you want me to do about it?

RIMMER

They were my finest collectibles.

MURPHY

Take this body and bury it!

(WHITAKER and RIMMER pick up HIMMLER's  
body and start walking SL.)

MURPHY (Cont'd)

Whitaker, drive far away and bury it in an unmarked grave.

WHITAKER

Yes, sir.

MURPHY

Bury it where one will ever find it.

WHITAKER

Won't we want to find it? Just in case?

MURPHY

(The thought hadn't occurred to him)  
Of course. That's what I meant.

WHITAKER

OK, sir. I'll write down the lat/long coordinates.

RIMMER

(To WHITAKER) I could get a hundred quid for each tooth, easy.

WHITAKER

I don't want to hear it.

RIMMER

That's a lot of dosh for dental work.

WHITAKER

Shut it.

(WHITAKER, RIMMER, and HIMMLER exit SL.  
MURPHY walks DOWN SL to the table with the  
bottles of booze and pours himself a drink.  
He drinks the booze and then holds his  
stomach and grimaces. Slow fade.)

## ACT I

## SCENE 7

(Interrogation Room.)

(At rise, MURPHY is in the same spot and still drinking. He's drunk. WHITAKER and RIMMER enter SL. They are both dirty.)

WHITAKER

Colonel Murphy, we buried Himmler's body in a place no one will ever find but us.

RIMMER

(To MURPHY) Might I have a nip of what you're drinking?

MURPHY

Excellent work, boys. You have done your country proud. Are you ready for your next assignment?

WHITAKER

Of course.

RIMMER

Not at all.

MURPHY

Exhume the body you buried and bring it back here.

RIMMER

What?

WHITAKER

Why?

MURPHY

Word has come down that they want to remove Himmler's brain and study it to find out why he was such an evil bastard.

WHITAKER

With all due respect, sir, that sounds like a fool's errand.

MURPHY

(Turning toward WHITAKER) Then I have the perfect two men

for the job.

WHITAKER

Yes, sir.

MURPHY

(Pause) Why are you still standing here?

(WHITAKER and RIMMER walk SL.)

RIMMER

(To WHITAKER) When he drinks like that, he reminds me of my dad. He'd make fun of my last name even though it was his last name.

(WHITAKER and RIMMER exit SL. Slow fade.)

## ACT I

## SCENE 8

(Interrogation Room.)

(At rise, MURPHY is in the same spot and still drinking. He's even drunker. WHITAKER and RIMMER enter SL. They are both dirtier.)

WHITAKER

You wanted to see us, sir?

MURPHY

Yes. Excellent work again, boys. You will praise our countrymen's names.

WHITAKER

Thank you, sir.

RIMMER

Thank you, sir.

MURPHY

Himmler's brain has been removed. What do you think about that?

WHITAKER

Great, sir?

MURPHY

Are you ready for your next assignment? Can you guess what it is?

RIMMER

I have a suspicion.

MURPHY

Bury it deep, boys.

(WHITAKER and RIMMER move to exit SL.)

Oh, boys?

WHITAKER

Yes, sir.

MURPHY

(Taking a sip from his glass)

I had dreams, you know.

WHITAKER

Did you, sir?

RIMMER

What might those dreams be, sir?

MURPHY

I was going to open a pub. I can still see it in my mind's eye. All would be welcome, and all would say the nicest things: this is a proper pub, Colonel Murphy; we love what you've done with the place, Colonel Murphy; isn't she a little young, Colonel Murphy?

(WHITAKER nudges RIMMER and both exit SL  
as MURPHY continues to drink. Slow fade.)

## ACT I

## SCENE 9

(Interrogation Room.)

(HIMMLER's BRAIN is CS in a glass jar filled with liquid, five feet off the floor. A single spotlight with a red filter shines down on it.)

(WHITAKER and RIMMER enter SL.)

RIMMER

Look at that.

WHITAKER

I've never seen a brain in a jar before.

RIMMER

Me neither. I've seen plenty splattered on walls, but not in a jar. That is really something.

WHITAKER

Don't even think about it.

RIMMER

What?

WHITAKER

You're thinking how well that would look on your mantle.

RIMMER

Well, it would.

(IAN enters.)

RIMMER (Cont'd)

Ian! Look! Himmler's brain. They're going to study it and find out the source of his evil.

IAN

Are they?



RIMMER

Isn't it awesome? So what do you think?

IAN

I don't think anything. It looks like a regular brain.

RIMMER

That's why they have to dissect it and...all that other stuff.

WHITAKER

Ian?

IAN

Yeah?

WHITAKER

Can we talk?

IAN

Sure.

WHITAKER

Not right now, because I can't feel my arms, but maybe tomorrow.

IAN

I'd like that.

RIMMER

I'm knackered myself. I'm going to lie down, hopefully, with Deb.

WHITAKER

Yeah. Me too.

RIMMER

That's a bit presumptuous.

WHITAKER

Shut it.

(WHITAKER and RIMMER exit SL.)

(IAN stands closer to the BRAIN and looks at it before exiting SL. Fade to black.)

END OF ACT I

## ACT II

## SCENE 1

(Interrogation Room.)

(At rise, HIMMLER's BRAIN is UP CS. MURPHY enters from SR. He walks DOWN CS. A few papers are in his hands. He addresses the audience.)

## MURPHY

Gentlemen, we have successfully removed Himmler's brain, as you can no doubt see it in a jar behind me, floating in liquid. I suggested we use piss, but I was overruled. That's why we allowed him to kill himself. It was no accident--I was kidding before--and it is not a sign of complete and utter incompetence on our end. It was part of a well-conceived plan, mainly of my own design. The knowledge we will gain by dissecting this bastard's think-box will benefit humanity by ensuring no future savagery and a world without war. Wouldn't that be nice? We have our top scientists ready to get to work. We will figure out how the death camps happened so no such thing can ever happen again. With some Providence, we will be successful. If not, drinks are on me.

Several of you were good enough to provide a second list of questions; I will address them now.

Question One: Where is Himmler's body? Only three people know its location, and I am one. I'm sorry, but we must keep it that way. The Soviets are wiley, so the fewer people who know, the better. Rest assured that wherever it is, it does not smell lovely.

Question Two: Were all Himmler's teeth pulled out so the Soviets could not perform their independent identification? Would

Richard III look at home working the bell tower at Notre Dame?

Question Three: How can we be sure we captured Himmler and not a body double?

Those are all the questions I have time to answer now. We have more urgent business. I suspect the Soviets will not rest until they find Himmler's body so they can do their analysis. Let them try (laughs heartily). On an unrelated topic, there have been reports of homosexual activity among some of our British soldiers. I wouldn't be surprised to find it among the Nazis, what with their Hugo Boss black with the leather and the riding crops. But among Her Majesty's soldiers, that will not stand.

So be on guard, be observant, and report anything that looks fruity. That is all.

## ACT II

## SCENE 2

(Interrogation Room.)

(At rise, a red spotlight shines on HIMMLER'S BRAIN UP CS. Other lights dimly light the stage. RIMMER enters SL and approaches HIMMLER.)

RIMMER

Alone at last, you evil bastard. Are you going to give up your secrets? Are you going to let us know how you got so damn evil? Is your brain defective? That's what they're hoping for. I don't think they'll find that. It's something else. I've experienced it.

When I was about ten, a family moved into my neighborhood. There were two tots: the boy was seven, and the girl was five. They were both simpletons. (Pause) I think they were. They had to be. They carried around achievement citations from schools that didn't exist and ate buttons thinking they were sweets. They were more annoying than a seagull stealing your chips, mate. They wanted to play with me and my mates and followed us everywhere, so we started having a little fun with them. That's how it started: telling them we'd meet them somewhere to play, then not show up, and then telling them to go someplace different and not show up. That was good fun, but soon it wasn't enough. We started to abuse them. We spit in their hair. We'd pull their hair. We'd knock them down and punch and kick them. They kept showing up for more.

(MURPHY enters SR, unseen by RIMMER.)

The disturbing part, as I remember, is that I started fantasizing about abusing them in graphic terms--particularly the little girl. I dreamt about ways to torture her, you understand. I'm sure you understand. I used to picture me and her on a deserted island. The fantasies became so vivid.

Then, one day, I saw her walking down the street in front of our house, and...I couldn't take it anymore. The lines between the real world and my fantasies ceased to exist. I couldn't control myself. I ran down to the sitting room, saw her out the window, pulled down my pants, and...I took a shit in the middle of the floor! I pulled up my pants just before my mum came in. She screamed and called for

my dad. He came in and said, "Wot?" and she said, "Hold me, Bill. I'm so afraid!" Then he got a cricket bat and set out looking to kill the animal that did it. And it was me! Me! I'm the animal who did it! You hear me? I'm the animal! (Starts crying, then regains his composure). Oh, that felt good. I haven't cried in so long. The thing is, I grew out of it. That's the difference between us. I haven't told that story to a living soul. But I guess you won't say anything, eh?

(RIMMER turns around and sees MURPHY.  
MURPHY slowly turns around and exits SR.)

(WHITAKER enters SL.)

WHITAKER

Is Colonel Murphy in?

RIMMER

Haven't seen him.

WHITAKER

(Looking at the BRAIN.)

This is macabre.

RIMMER

Isn't it great?

WHITAKER

It's creepy.

RIMMER

It's like Frankenstein, but better. It's Himmler-stein. Can you imagine his brain in the monster?

WHITAKER

How would you tell the difference?

RIMMER

He may have a whole new, positive outlook with larger equipment downstairs.

WHITAKER

I don't want to hear one more word about that.

RIMMER

Right. So, did you meet Ian?

WHITAKER

What makes you say that?

RIMMER

The last thing you said was asking him if he wanted to talk.

WHITAKER

Oh, I forgot. No, I haven't seen him.

RIMMER

He's probably shagging Janet again.

WHITAKER

Shut it.

RIMMER

What? She's a stunner. A bird like that could get any man she wants. I'm quite envious.

WHITAKER

You have Deb. Deb's great.

RIMMER

Yeah, but not like Janet.

WHITAKER

Deb's quite fit.

RIMMER

Sure, but if you compare them to bombers, Deb is the De Havilland Mosquito, and Janet is the (cupping his hands and holding them in front of his chest) Avro Lancaster, the *heavy* bomber. I'd love to give it a go. How about you?

WHITAKER

Not really my type.

RIMMER

Not your type? She's every man's type.

WHITAKER

Not mine. I don't think she's Ian's type, either.

RIMMER

I disagree. I was there.

WHITAKER

Why were you watching them shag?

RIMMER

They found us. It was kind of strange. It was like he wanted us to see him have sex with her. She sure was reaching the heights.

WHITAKER

I don't want to hear it.

RIMMER

She was over the moon--

WHITAKER

Rimmer--

RIMMER

Hitting the jackpot--

WHITAKER

I'm asking you to stop.

RIMMER

(Pause) Coming to climax?

(WHITAKER shakes his head. IAN enters SL.)

IAN

(To WHITAKER) There you are.

WHITAKER

Where've you been?

IAN

Don't ask.

WHITAKER

I am asking.

RIMMER

(To WHITAKER) Told you.

IAN

Told you what?

WHITAKER

Nothing.

IAN

How can you stay in here looking at that thing?

RIMMER

I like it.

IAN

Why?

RIMMER

I'm learning a lot about myself.

WHITAKER

Lessons from a disembodied brain?

IAN

There's nothing to learn here.

RIMMER

There's always something to learn. Every day's a school day. That's what my dad used to say right before he'd tell me to skip school to get him booze.

IAN

They can cut that brain into a million pieces, and they won't learn anything. Not about evil, anyway.

RIMMER

You know what I've been thinking about while looking at this brain?

WHITAKER

How much you miss his knob?

RIMMER

Besides that. We're rounding up war criminals, right?

WHITAKER

Yeah?

RIMMER

Those who ordered the slaughter of innocent people, right?

WHITAKER

I'm glad you've been paying attention.

RIMMER

Well, that's what God did, didn't he?

WHITAKER

What do you mean?



RIMMER

Didn't God order the Jews to kill lots of people?

IAN

Are you talking about in the Bible when God ordered Moses to slaughter the Midianites?

RIMMER

Yes, he slaughtered all the midwives, that's right.

IAN

The Midianites, not midwives.

RIMMER

Oh. They sound similar.

WHITAKER

Only to someone who's off his nut.

IAN

I know that story. The soldiers couldn't carry out the order and spared the women and children, and brought them back as captives. Moses was so mad, because he'd get in trouble with God, that he ordered all but the virgin girls executed, and, well, I don't think they remained virgins for long.

WHITAKER

God sounds like a worse boss than Colonel Murphy.

IAN

But he drinks less.

RIMMER

I like reading the Bible.

WHITAKER

You've read the Bible?

RIMMER

Cover to cover.

WHITAKER

Really? What's your favorite story?

RIMMER

Well, I kind of like them all.

WHITAKER

Tell me one.

RIMMER

I dunno.

WHITAKER

You read it cover to cover. You can't tell me one story?

RIMMER

Why are you putting me in a spot of bother?

WHITAKER

It's a simple question.

RIMMER

Well, there's the one where, uh, Jesus led the Jews out of Egypt and set a bush on fire.

WHITAKER

Right.

IAN

(To RIMMER) I want to follow you around for a day. It must be fascinating.

WHITAKER

I have. Save yourself, mate.

RIMMER

That's really the right way to do it.

(RIMMER starts checking his pistol.)

IAN

The right way to do what?

RIMMER

To grab land. It's tidy. And that's what the Romans did wrong. The Romans integrated the conquered peoples into the empire, allowed them to become citizens, and even trained them militarily. Generations later, the descendants of those same people rose up against Rome and helped destroy it. If you want to do it right, if you want to take land for keeps, the best way is total extermination.

WHITAKER

I think you've been fighting for the wrong side.

RIMMER

I'm not condoning it, but facts are facts. Just ask the Yanks.

IAN

The part I find interesting about the story is that after the soldiers returned from committing atrocities, they had to observe a waiting or cleansing period before reintegrating into the community.

RIMMER

On the level?

IAN

"And do ye abide without the camp seven days: whosoever hath killed any person, and whosoever hath touched any slain, purify both yourselves and your captives on the third day, and on the seventh."

RIMMER

You learn something new every day.

WHITAKER

What did you learn yesterday?

(RIMMER stares blankly at WHITAKER.)

IAN

Some say it was meant to give them time to process what they did and tell themselves they were just following orders.

RIMMER

That's a well-good idea. Will they do that with us?

WHITAKER

What?

RIMMER

After all this, will they take us somewhere and give us time to process what we've done before we rejoin society? They won't toss us back into the mix as we are now, will they?

(Pause.)

WHITAKER

(To IAN) So, I hear you had a shag with Janet.

IAN

You heard correctly.

WHITAKER

Did you have fun?

IAN

It was great fun.

WHITAKER

Really?

IAN

Yeah.

RIMMER

Tell me, what was it like?

IAN

What are you talking about? You were there.

RIMMER

Yeah, but I was with the De Havilland Mosquito, and you were with the Avro Lancaster.

IAN

What?

RIMMER

You know... (cupping his hands in front of his chest) The heavy bomber?

IAN

You've lost the plot, mate.

WHITAKER

At least with him (nodding to RIMMER), it's what you see is what you get.

IAN

You're one to talk. If I were you, I wouldn't discuss anyone else's disingenuity.

WHITAKER

Sod off.

IAN

Why so hostile?

WHITAKER

Sod off!

RIMMER

(To WHITAKER) What's gotten into you? (To IAN) Oh, I get it. He's sweet on Janet. Did you know? And you shagged her anyway? You're a monster. Your brain should be in a jar next to Himmler's.

(WHITAKER storms off SL.)

RIMMER (cont'd)

(To IAN) Now look at what you've done. You'd better stay away from Deb, you cad.

(IAN exits SL, in pursuit of WHITAKER.)

RIMMER (cont'd)

(Calling after IAN) Ian! Save some for the rest of us, you beautiful bastard!

(Slow fade.)

## ACT II

## SCENE 3

(A Street.)

(Rise to full wash.)

(WHITAKER enters SR, walking briskly. IAN follows.)

IAN

Whitaker! Wait!

(WHITAKER stops CS.)

WHITAKER

What do you want?

IAN

I want to talk. That's all I've wanted.

(WHITAKER turns around to face IAN.)

WHITAKER

Fine. Talk.

IAN

Why are you acting jealous?

WHITAKER

I'm not jealous.

IAN

You're acting like you are. It bothers you that I was with Janet. Why would you feel this way if what happened between us meant nothing?

WHITAKER

I don't feel this way. I don't feel any way. I have no feelings for you except those of two people who've shared an incredibly traumatic experience.

IAN

Was the sex that bad?

WHITAKER

I'm talking about the war! Don't you see? This is an extra thing I don't need. I didn't ask for this.

IAN

We can't control our natures.

WHITAKER

This isn't my nature!

IAN

Then how do you explain it?

WHITAKER

I don't know, I...I'm not a poof. I'm not. Not like you.

IAN

I once thought like you do.

WHITAKER

Why did you do this to me? All I've been able to think about is going home. Now, that's the last thing I want to do. You ruined everything.

IAN

I don't accept that blame.

WHITAKER

All I want to do is pretend it never happened.

IAN

Sure. Bury it deep. That'll help.

WHITAKER

Not to mention it's illegal.

IAN

Laws are manmade and arbitrary.

WHITAKER

But prison bars are real. Even if I were like you, which I'm not, I don't want to go to prison. Consider me a bank robber who got away with it once and would never push his luck again.

IAN

It was as thrilling as a bank robbery? I'm flattered.

WHITAKER

I don't understand your cavalier attitude. You certainly don't care about my well-being. You just want some copping off.

IAN

There's a great deal at stake.

WHITAKER

That's what I'm trying to say.

IAN

No, bigger than that. (Pause) Suppose you're back in England and do what's expected of you: you marry a woman and have to submit to her sexually several times per week. How would that make you feel?

WHITAKER

I'd be fine with it.

IAN

Each night, she calls you, her husband, to the bedroom. It smells of her perfume. She's wearing the lingerie she bought for you, the one she feels self-conscious about. Her eyes are filled with a mixture of love and desire. And you look at her and feel nothing. No sexual attraction at all. What do you do? You have to do something. Women can fake it. Women can lie there. Men cannot. We have to rise to the occasion. You will fill your head with thoughts of having sex with others, with men. And that will work for a while, but that refuge will become closed off, and you will be left making a lifetime's worth of excuses. You will become a gifted liar. Despite what you want to do, you will seek out what you need. And then you'll get caught, and everything will come out. To your wife, to your children.

WHITAKER

Perhaps I should shoot myself in the head and get it over with.

IAN

There's a way other than suicide.

WHITAKER

What? Me and you having a life together back home?



IAN

It can be done.

WHITAKER

Ian, we were in combat together. It forms a bond. That's all this is.

IAN

That's not what I felt.

WHITAKER

Doesn't this have an unreal quality? I want to wake up and find out none of this happened.

IAN

Do you know how childish you sound?

WHITAKER

I don't care what you think. We shouldn't see each other again, under any circumstances.

IAN

That's what you want?

WHITAKER

More than anything.

IAN

I'm trying to help you.

WHITAKER

You're trying to help yourself. You don't care about me.

IAN

(Pause) OK. I don't want to hurt you. Believe me, it's the last thing I want to do. (IAN extends his hand) I won't bother you again. (Pause) I don't even get a handshake?

(WHITAKER reluctantly shakes IAN's hand. IAN pulls him in and gives him a hug. They embrace for a few beats and then WHITAKER kisses IAN.)

(JANET enters SL and halts when she sees them. IAN turns around and both men look at her. JANET hurriedly exits SL.)

WHITAKER

Shit! Shit!

IAN

Calm done.

WHITAKER

Think she'll tell?

IAN

I don't know.

WHITAKER

How can you not know? You were with her.

IAN

Only to make you jealous.

WHITAKER

I knew it.

IAN

Stay calm.

WHITAKER

How? You know what will happen to us if she tells.

IAN

I'll talk to her.

WHITAKER

What are you going to say? That I was giving you the Rescue Breathing Method?

IAN

I'll take care of it.

WHITAKER

How?

IAN

I said I'll take care of it. Don't worry about a thing.

(IAN exits SL.)

(Slow fade.)

## ACT II

## SCENE 4

(Interrogation Room.)

(At rise, HIMMLER's BRAIN is UP CS, covered by a sheet. MURPHY is DOWN CS.)

(GORBUSHIN enters SL.)

MURPHY

Ah, Colonel Gorbushin.

GORBUSHIN

Colonel Murphy.

MURPHY

To what do I owe this afternoon delight?

GORBUSHIN

I informed you of my visit.

MURPHY

Yes, but you're late.

GORBUSHIN

My apologies. I was caught up in a game of whiskey bridge with the priests.

MURPHY

Say no more. Those priests are more ruthless than your General Secretary.

GORBUSHIN

Our General Secretary attended the seminary in his youth.

MURPHY

That makes sense.

GORBUSHIN

You know why I'm here, and I want to thank you for finally doing what's right and granting me access to Himmler's body. Where is it?

MURPHY

It's right there.

GORBUSHIN

Where?

(MURPHY removes the sheet from HIMMLER's  
BRAIN.)

MURPHY

Here.

(GORBUSHIN considers the BRAIN.)

GORBUSHIN

(To MURPHY) You are good.

MURPHY

Thank you, Colonel.

GORBUSHIN

I admire you, in a way. I appreciate your...how do the  
Americans say it...your "I don't give a shit" approach to  
life.

MURPHY

It took many years of heavy drinking to achieve it.

GORBUSHIN

I have had many, many years of heavy drinking, and I have  
not yet achieved it.

MURPHY

That's because you drink vodka. Switch to whiskey. It'll  
get you there all good and proper.

GORBUSHIN

I do not drink brown liquor. No one in my family can. Did  
you ever see "The Wolfman" with Lon Chaney, Jr.? It's like  
that.

MURPHY

Has you howling at the moon, eh? Been there. Come to think  
of it, I live there.

GORBUSHIN

The last time I drank whiskey, I woke up next to a woman  
who looked like Baba Yaga.

MURPHY

Who's that?

GORBUSHIN

She has bony legs, a sharp nose, and iron teeth.

MURPHY

A real stunner, then. You and I must hit the town.

GORBUSHIN

I don't have adventures like that anymore. I am married to a good woman. Do you know when you have a good woman, Colonel Murphy? You smack her ass in the morning when you leave the house, and when you return at night, it's still shaking.

(Both men break into  
simultaneous laughter.)

MURPHY

Even though you're a damn communist, Gorbushin, I like you. We should keep in touch. I'll write.

GORBUSHIN

In one month's time, send a letter to any of the gulags. It'll reach me.

MURPHY

In that case, why don't you go back to the priests, and I'll meet you there in a bit. We can have our drinking contest.

GORBUSHIN

I'm already one bottle in.

MURPHY

We'll count that. I never like to cheat or give myself an unfair advantage.

(GORBUSHIN turns to the BRAIN and then back  
at MURPHY.)

I mean with drinking.

GORBUSHIN

I will take you at your word, God help me.

MURPHY

God? Aren't communists atheists?

GORBUSHIN

No. Stalin is our religion.

MURPHY

Fair enough. I'll meet you at the priests'.

(GORBUSHIN slightly bows his head and turns to exit SL. JANET enters SL and passes GORBUSHIN. He turns to look at her body as he continues to exit.)

JANET

Hello, Colonel.

MURPHY

Are you here to take pictures of Himmler's brain? Go ahead. I don't care anymore.

JANET

No, I'm not.

MURPHY

What then?

JANET

There's something I think you should know.

(Slow fade.)

## ACT II

## SCENE 5

(Interrogation Room.)

(MURPHY stands UP CS, holding a book.  
WHITAKER enters SL and stands to his left.)

WHITAKER

You wanted to see me, sir?

MURPHY

Yes. Do you know why I called you here?

WHITAKER

I do not, sir.

MURPHY

Not a clue?

WHITAKER

No, sir.

MURPHY

A female soldier from the Auxiliary Territorial Service  
saw you and Ian Durning engaging in what can only be  
described as a public display of gross indecency.

WHITAKER

I don't know what you mean.

MURPHY

Before you continue with your denials, I have already  
interviewed Ian.

WHITAKER

You have?

MURPHY

He told me everything, and I believe him.

WHITAKER

What did he say?

MURPHY

He said he forced himself upon you.

WHITAKER

Did he, sir?

MURPHY

I can only imagine how you're feeling after such a violation of trust. This is why the army criminalizes homosexual acts and views them as a violation of military discipline. It threatens unit cohesion and morale, as the present case illustrates.

WHITAKER

I can see that. So, what does this mean for me, sir?

MURPHY

I called you to find out if you're all right and if you want to press further charges against Ian.

WHITAKER

No, sir. No further charges.

MURPHY

Are you sure? Do you want to think about it? You won't appreciate how this has affected you until later. You're probably still in shock.

WHITAKER

I'm not in shock, sir. So, what will happen to Ian?

MURPHY

He'll be dishonorably discharged for sure. He'll likely face prison time.

WHITAKER

Don't you think that's a bit harsh, sir? He didn't hurt me.

MURPHY

He hurt the army. That's worse.

MURPHY

But, what if things aren't as they seem, sir?

MURPHY

What do you mean?



WHITAKER

What I mean is, could you tell me if Ian would be in any less trouble if--

MURPHY

If what?

WHITAKER

If he hadn't--

MURPHY

Careful, now.

WHITAKER

Yes, sir.

MURPHY

Whitaker, I don't give a damn who another man chooses to do some horizontal jogging with. Doesn't affect me at all. Compare that to an increase in the price of a bottle of Jameson, and I'd raise holy hell. However, I am bound by The Criminal Law Amendment Act 1885. I have it here. (reading) "Any male person who, in public or private, commits, or is a party to the commission of, or procures or attempts to procure the commission by any male person of, any act of gross indecency with another male person, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and being convicted thereof shall be liable at the discretion of the court to be imprisoned for any term not exceeding two years, with or without hard labour."

WHITAKER

Can you help him, sir?

MURPHY

I cannot. My personal views don't matter. I must adhere to the law.

WHITAKER

But I want to be clear--

MURPHY

You've been in combat for six years in the bloodiest conflict the world has known. It fucks with a man's head. That's what happened. You had battle fatigue, you were vulnerable, and Ian took advantage of that. Right? (Pause) Right?

WHITAKER

Yes, sir.

MURPHY

You'll sort yourself out when you're back home and safe, but I wouldn't tell anyone about this.

WHITAKER

Yes, sir.

MURPHY

Cheer up, Whitaker. You're a good soldier, and thanks partly to you, we got Himmler. Sure, it could've gone better. I might even be inclined to admit that we made a few mistakes, but it doesn't matter in the end. Himmler's dead, and soon, all the other war criminals will be hanged, like Göring. I can't wait to see that fat bastard do the long drop. His head will probably pop off.

WHITAKER

Yes, sir.

MURPHY

They're holding the trials in Nuremberg, the place where the Nazi rallies were held from the beginning. It's fitting and will be quite a spectacle despite its utter predictability.

WHITAKER

Predictable, how, sir?

MURPHY

You can expect all the Nazis to say they were "Just following orders." (In German accent) "I vuz just paying zee mortgage." Pathetic.

WHITAKER

You don't think that's a good excuse, sir?

MURPHY

It's bloody awful. Sure, you follow orders, but there's what's right and what's wrong. At some point, basic human decency must take over, don't you think?

WHITAKER

I think you're on to something, sir.

MURPHY

Of course. (Pause) That will be all, Whitaker. Ian won't be able to harm you anymore.

WHITAKER

Thank you, sir.

(WHITAKER moves to exit SL.)

MURPHY

Oh, and I drank Gorbushin under the table. He pissed himself while mumbling something about iron teeth.

WHITAKER

That's great, sir.

(WHITAKER exits SL.)

MURPHY

It was great.

(Blackout.)

## ACT II

## SCENE 6

(Local Beer Hall.)

(Rise to full wash. RIMMER, DEB, and JANET sit at a table SL.)

RIMMER

I can't believe Ian's a poof. Women loved him. Just when you think you know a geezer, he's plotting to get into your trousers. (To JANET) And you shagged him!

JANET

I knew something wasn't right.

DEB

It didn't sound like it.

RIMMER

If you knew, what was all that carrying on about? Were you auditioning for the West End?

DEB

Now that I think about it, Ian didn't make a sound.

JANET

Something was off, and now I know what it was. It wasn't me.

DEB

Is that all you care about? What about poor Ian? His life is ruined.

JANET

He lied to me.

RIMMER

He lied to us all. I used to shower with him.

DEB

He was probably acting all this time. (To RIMMER) Imagine if there was a law that you had to marry a man and have sex with him all the time. Would you like that?

RIMMER

I would not.

DEB

So there.

JANET

Deb, as always, you're missing the point. He lied. He presented himself as one thing when he clearly was something else.

DEB

Is that his fault, or did everyone else make him feel he had to do that?

RIMMER

Forget Ian. What about poor Whitaker? That was his mate. When he gets here, let's make him feel better.

JANET

Whitaker's coming here? (JANET rises.)

DEB

Where are you going?

JANET

I have to curl my hair.

DEB

You never curl your hair. Your hair is straighter than a tightrope at the circus.

(WHITAKER enters SL and takes a seat at the table.)

RIMMER

There you are. All your drinks are on me.

WHITAKER

I'm not drinking. I might never drink again.

RIMMER

I don't blame you. You've experienced a different kind of trauma. What did Murphy say to you?

WHITAKER

I'm not in trouble if that's what you mean. He says I have battle fatigue.

DEB

I'm glad to hear there are no repercussions.

WHITAKER

Not for me, but Ian is likely going to prison.

JANET

Prison?

WHITAKER

(Looking at JANET) Yeah. I would love to know who told him about it. Whoever did that is no better than the Nazi sympathizers who ratted out their neighbors and sent them to concentration camps for personal advancement and petty neighborhood rivalries. That person, whoever she is, is the lowest form of life.

(JANET turns and exits SL.)

RIMMER

(To DEB) Where's she going? Her hair really is straight, I'll give her that.

(To WHITAKER) Are you ok, mate, after what Ian done?

WHITAKER

I don't want to talk about Ian.

RIMMER

That's not healthy to leave it buried inside. You have to let it out. He did something horrible to you.

(WHITAKER stands.)

WHITAKER

I shouldn't have come. If you keep bringing him up, I'm going to leave.

(RIMMER stands.)

RIMMER

Don't go. I want to buy you drinks. Right, you're not drinking. OK, then, how about you watch me drink? Would that make you feel better?

WHITAKER

I think it's best for you if you stop talking about Ian.

RIMMER

What? I'm just trying to help. He was our friend, and now we find out he was a pervert. That messes with the old bean. After all we've been through together, he does this disgusting thing.

WHITAKER

Rimmer...

RIMMER

He cares nothing about the people he's hurt. What about you? What about those poor German children who turns out were rescued by a dirty poof who no doubt wanted to--

(WHITAKER punches RIMMER in the face.  
RIMMER falls into a seated position on the floor.)

RIMMER (cont'd)

What'd you do that for? (Checks his mouth) I think you knocked out a tooth.

WHITAKER

Replace it with one of Himmler's.

(WHITAKER exits SL.)

RIMMER

I know you didn't mean that.

(RIMMER stands up and walks SL after  
WHITAKER.)

RIMMER (cont'd)

Get back here and let me sock you in the jaw. Then we'll be even Stephen. Don't you want to be even Stephen?

(RIMMER exits SL.)

DEB

That was odd.

(Slow fade.)

## ACT II

## SCENE 7

(Interrogation Room.)

(HIMMLER's BRAIN is UP CS in a glass jar filled with liquid, five feet off the floor. A single spotlight with a red filter shines down on it.)

(RIMMER sits on the floor, arranging his collectibles.)

(WHITAKER enters.)

WHITAKER

You all right?

RIMMER

Yeah. I'm here with my collectibles. You know, they'll be worth a lot of money someday.

WHITAKER

I bet they will. So, would you like to punch me in the face so we'll be even?

RIMMER

Even Stephen?

WHITAKER

Sure.

RIMMER

Naw, mate. I've seen enough violence. I have to get ready to go home. I don't want to take it out on some poor geezer for bumping into me at a pub. I have to find some inner peace.

WHITAKER

So do I.

RIMMER

I'm sorry about what I said about Ian. I don't know why I said it.



WHITAKER

Conditioning, probably.

RIMMER

I feel awful about what happened to him. No matter what he done, he didn't deserve that. I respected him. And you...well, I've realized it's none of my business, really.

WHITAKER

That's the smartest thing I've heard you say. So, are you busy?

RIMMER

No, I'm about finished up here.

WHITAKER

Care to play some whiskey bridge?

RIMMER

With the priests?

(WHITAKER pulls a deck of playing cards from his pants pocket.)

WHITAKER

They cheat. No, just the two of us.

RIMMER

We can't play just the two of us. You need at least three.

WHITAKER

We'll make it work.

(WHITAKER sits down on the floor across from RIMMER. They begin a game of whiskey bridge in silence.)

(IAN enters and addresses the audience DS.)

IAN

Why did the British want to study Himmler's brain? Scientific inquiry? Propaganda? To do to the Soviets what Charles Boyer did to Ingrid Bergman in the movie *Gaslight*? They said they wanted to find out where his evil came from, and they did try.

But do you know what they found when they looked at his brain? Nothing. He was an ordinary man with an ordinary brain. A brain just like mine...or yours. The problem, I think, is that they focused on the big evil, the genocides and atrocities of war. If you ask me, and no one has, big evil accumulates from the small ones we ignore every day.

(WHITAKER and RIMMER rise and hug each other goodbye. WHITAKER exits SL. RIMMER watches him go, then turns toward HIMMLER's brain after his exit.)

It's almost fitting that Himmler's brain disappeared. Didn't you know? It vanished. Poof! No one knows what happened to it.

(RIMMER approaches HIMMLER's brain, looking over his shoulder.)

It disappeared like all the secrets it was supposed to contain.

(RIMMER picks up HIMMLER's brain and exits with it SL. IAN turns to watch him exit, then turns back to the audience.)

It may be for the best because what would we do with that knowledge if we had it? We'd misuse it, twist it to suit some warfare aim. Who knows? Maybe Himmler's brain is still out there somewhere, floating in liquid, still flush with memories of planning the Holocaust and thoughts of a thousand-year Reich. Let's keep it there, trapped within itself until it finally decays, and those thoughts disintegrate like iron left out in the rain. There will be another brain filled with similar ideas somewhere, maybe in a body walking around now, waiting for its time. That's a pleasant thought. And with that, good night.

END OF PLAY