

Germany Calling
By John Sheerman

Johnsheerman@hotmail.com
07811 376268

CHARACTER NAME	BRIEF DESCRIPTION	AGE	GENDER
William Joyce	Short, brown hair, a deep scar runs from the corner of his mouth to his right ear.	39	Male
Quentin Joyce	Handsome, tall, broad shouldered	28	Male
Nurse	A Londoner	26	Female
Policeman	A Londoner	29	Male
Judith Wayland	Well spoken, Intelligent	27	Female
Albert Pierrepont	Softly spoken, earnest, a Yorkshireman	38	Male
Prison Guard	Patient	40	Male

SCENE ONE.

18th June, 1945 - London

WILLIAM lies in a makeshift hospital cot covered in a blanket, his eyes are closed. A NURSE stands over him and a POLICEMAN sits in a chair with a paper, leaning back, balancing on the back legs precariously.

The nurse touches Williams forehead and then gently holds his wrist to feel his pulse.

POLICEMAN

Don't know why you bother.

(Silence)

POLICEMAN

Plenty of people need caring for . . . Plenty people could do with nurses besides him.

(Silence)

POLICEMAN

Waste of time.

(Silence)

POLICEMAN

I said its a waste of time.

NURSE

I heard what you said.

POLICEMAN

Well?

NURSE

What is it you'd like me to say? What would you have me do different?

The POLICEMAN considers this grumpily.

POLICEMAN

Checking his bandages, coddling him, making him comfortable. Just leave it, just leave him be, that's what I'm saying. Better still, better still, make him uncomfortable. What about that?

NURSE

Wouldn't make me a very good nurse.

POLICEMAN

Our little secret.

NURSE

What do you want me to do? Poke and prod him?

POLICEMAN

For starters.

NURSE

Let his wounds go bad?

POLICEMAN

Yeah, why not?

NURSE

Until fever sets in? Gangrene? Death?

POLICEMAN

Now you're talking.

NURSE

If you're lying in a hospital bed some place would you want a nurse doing that?

POLICEMAN

No but I never/

NURSE

Then pack it in.

The NURSE takes some clothes and carefully hangs them over the back of a chair.

POLICEMAN

You know they're only gonna shoot him anyway.

NURSE

Then you'll want him in one piece for the firing squad won't you.

The POLICEMAN considers this.

POLICEMAN

You'd best wake him up any way. They're moving him in a bit.

NURSE

Read your paper and leave us be.

The POLICEMAN obediently picks up his paper.

POLICEMAN

You shouldn't talk to a Policeman like that you know. Officer of the Law.

NURSE

Like what?

POLICEMAN

Disrespectful, there's laws against it.

NURSE

I guess you'd know, *Officer*.

POLICEMAN

He doesn't look like much up close, does he? He's only a little bloke.

NURSE

He's half starved.

POLICEMAN

But he's little. He's a small . . . I was expecting him to be . . . when they said I had to watch him . . . when they told me I was guarding him I thought he'd be a big bloke. He's only a tiddler.

The NURSE glances down at WILLIAM lying in the bed.

NURSE

If he hears you talking about him like that...

POLICEMAN

I'm not bloody scared of him am I?! If he wakes up I'd say the same thing. . . . Besides, besides . . . All I said was he's small which happens to be true, he is.

NURSE

Diminutive.

POLICEMAN

I can say what I want. He's my prisoner. I'm not worried about...

The POLICEMAN stops suddenly.

POLICEMAN

Dim what? What did you call me?

NURSE

Diminutive, *he's diminutive*. Small. My brother was barely his height. My mum always said he was . . . diminutive. Sounds better I think.

POLICEMAN

Sounds like a big way of saying little. Did he serve, your brother?

NURSE

Yeah.

POLICEMAN

. . . . and did he?

NURSE

Did he what?

POLICEMAN

Come back?

NURSE

Kind of a question is that?

POLICEMAN

You said he *was* little so....

NURSE

No, he didn't.

POLICEMAN

There you are then.

The POLICEMAN jabs a finger in the direction of WILLIAM.

POLICEMAN

He's a . . .

NURSE

A what?

POLICEMAN

You know. He's a . . . he's a Nazi! He's got blood on his hands.

NURSE

This again!

POLICEMAN

I don't think you get it.

NURSE

And you do? I know who he is. I know as much as you do I reckon. Every sod in the country knows who he is. I listened to him bleet on, same as you. But he's been shot. Its my job. So you leave me to do mine and I wont give you any advice on . . . Police work.

POLICEMAN

There's that tone again.

NURSE

I don't have a tone.

POLICEMAN

There it is again.

NURSE

You going to arrest me for my tone? Prisons must be overflowing at this rate. Murder, bank robbery, *tone*.

The POLICEMAN looks back at his paper for a moment.

POLICEMAN

I'm off for a drink after.

The NURSE looks unimpressed at this statement.

NURSE

Right?

POLICEMAN

What time do you finish?

NURSE

That sort of depends on you doesn't it.

POLICEMAN

Oh yeah?

NURSE

When he leaves, I go home.

The POLICEMAN looks slightly disappointed.

POLICEMAN

Oh. . . . I won't be paying for any drinks tonight I reckon. When my mates find out what I was doing today. They'll never believe it. Free drinks all night.

NURSE

Yeah, you've read the paper, eaten a scotch egg and nodded off twice. They must be easily impressed, your friends.

POLICEMAN

You've been paying close attention then?

The NURSE chooses to ignore this. The POLICEMAN stares at WILLIAM.

POLICEMAN

That scar. I'm not squeamish or nothing, I've seen blood in my time.

NURSE

Have you now.

WILLIAM has opened his eyes and sits up in bed and listens to the NURSE and the POLICEMAN.

POLICEMAN

But that scar. . . gives me the . . . How do you suppose he got that?

NURSE

Ask him why don't you?

POLICEMAN

Maybe I will.

POLICEMAN

He must've got it in Germany. He must've got in a scrap with a Kraut soldier, he mouthed off to a Jerry and they gave him what for.

WILLIAM

Terribly sorry to disappoint you Officer . . .

The NURSE and POLICEMAN spin around, the POLICEMAN gets to his feet, tipping his chair over in the process.

WILLIAM

But I received this right here in the Nations Capital. The Lambeth honour as I like to call it.

POLICEMAN

How long you been listening?

WILLIAM

Predictably the blame for every conceivable incident must now be aimed at Germany but the 26 stitches I incurred were not amongst them. These were made in England.

The POLICEMAN picks up his chair, composing himself.

NURSE

How you feeling?

WILLIAM

Until a few minutes ago . . quite good. Then I remembered where I was.

POLICEMAN

Thought you were back in Germany did you?

WILLIAM

As a matter of fact, yes. Have you been? I can't recommend it enough.

WILLIAM reaches next to him and takes a packet of cigarettes and puts one in his mouth.

WILLIAM

Would you have a light Officer?

The POLICEMAN eyes him suspiciously.

WILLIAM

My personal possessions have been confiscated, (temporarily I hope). Amongst them a rather nice silver lighter and cigarette case.

The POLICEMAN reaches into a pocket for a lighter. He seems reluctant to approach the bed.

WILLIAM

Would you care for one?

POLICEMAN

No funny business.

The NURSE steps forward and stretches out her hand.

NURSE

Oh give him the lighter for goodness sake.

POLICEMAN

Stay back! Keep your eye on him!

NURSE

He's not going anywhere.

POLICEMAN

Can't take any chances with this one.

WILLIAM lifts his right arm to reveal he's handcuffed to the bed.

WILLIAM

I don't think i'd get far dragging a bed down the Charing Cross Road.

POLICEMAN

Suppose you would if you could. If you had half a chance.

WILLIAM

Escape?

POLICEMAN

Yeah.

WILLIAM

Absolutely, wouldn't you?

The POLICEMAN looks disgusted.

POLICEMAN

No!

WILLIAM

You wouldn't even give it a try? Why ever not?

POLICEMAN

I'm not a coward.

WILLIAM

Surely to sit here and do nothing would be the cowardly option. Inertia.

POLICEMAN

I'd . . . I'd stay and . . . I'd stay and take what's coming to me.

WILLIAM

So if you were in my shoes (or lack thereof) the handcuffs were off and that door over there was wide-open you'd simply sit here and count the cobwebs?

POLICEMAN

Well I'm not and it isn't so nobody's going nowhere alright. Don't go getting any ideas.

WILLIAM

All I'd really like to do is to smoke this cigarette.

The NURSE watches the POLICEMAN as he plucks up courage and approaches WILLIAM. He lights the cigarette gingerly, takes a cigarette for himself and steps back to a safe distance tucking the cigarette behind his ear.

WILLIAM holds the packet up to the NURSE.

WILLIAM

Nurse?

The NURSE shakes her head as she puts some bandages into a medical bag.

NURSE

They're moving you soon, Bandages will need changing.

WILLIAM

Where to next?

NURSE

Don't know exactly. Think they want to/

POLICEMAN

Never you mind. You're being moved that's all.

NURSE

He's gonna find out either way.

POLICEMAN

Not from me he's not and not from you.

NURSE

Keep your hair on.

POLICEMAN

I've warned you.

NURSE

My tone was it?

POLICEMAN

You can wait outside if you like.

WILLIAM sits back and smokes, staring thoughtfully up at the ceiling. The POLICEMAN sits back down and picks up his paper and then stares over at WILLIAM.

POLICEMAN

You're in the paper.

WILLIAM

Am I?

POLICEMAN

Front page.

WILLIAM

Which one?

POLICEMAN

All of them.

WILLIAM

Conquering hero returns?

POLICEMAN

Reckon they might throw you in the Tower. That's what it says here.

WILLIAM

Well at least I'll have a nice view of the river.

POLICEMAN

I doubt you get a window.

WILLIAM

Still. I'll be in good company; Walter Raleigh, Thomas Moore, Pepys I believe for a time.

POLICEMAN

Guy Fawkes.

WILLIAM

Who could forget Mr. Fawkes.

POLICEMAN

The most hated man in England.

WILLIAM

Until now. A terribly misunderstood individual, I've always thought.

POLICEMAN

Come again?

The POLICEMAN turns to the NURSE, incredulous.

POLICEMAN

Are you hearing this?

NURSE

I've got ears haven't I?

POLICEMAN

He wanted to . . . He tried to blow up Parliament, the King!

WILLIAM

A sensible notion. Imagine if he'd been successful?

POLICEMAN

That's . . . that's . . .

WILLIAM

Generations of Royals, hereditary peers, Etonians all snuffed out in one go. The same Elites still in charge today. Not exactly what I'd call progress.

POLICEMAN

Traitor to your country.

WILLIAM

Not actually my country as it happens.

POLICEMAN

What?

WILLIAM

American. New York to be exact.

The POLICEMAN looks quite bemused by this.

POLICEMAN

You're a Yank?

WILLIAM

Technically.

POLICEMAN

. . . Well, traitors a traitor.

WILLIAM

Quite right. Off with his head!

There is a knock at the door. The POLICEMAN checks his watch.

POLICEMAN

Speak of the devil.

The POLICEMAN gets to his feet.

WILLIAM

And just when we were getting to know one another.

POLICEMAN

You better get him up. Get his shoes on, quick.

NURSE

What do I look like? Your bloody butler?

The POLICEMAN looks agitated.

POLICEMAN

Just do it will you. Can he stand? Can you stand?

NURSE

It'd be better if he didn't.

WILLIAM begins to pull himself up to a sitting position with some difficulty.

The POLICEMAN straightens his uniform and then unlocks the door and pulls it open. QUENTIN stands in the doorway. A handsome, smartly dressed man in his Twenties.

POLICEMAN

Who are you?

WILLIAM stares at the figure in the doorway and QUENTIN stares back.

WILLIAM

Q?

QUENTIN enters the room ignoring the Officer in his way. The POLICEMAN attempts to block his path unsuccessfully.

POLICEMAN

'Ang about!

QUENTIN approaches the bed but says nothing.

WILLIAM

I'd get up and greet you properly but . . .

WILLIAM indicates his handcuffs.

WILLIAM

Had I known you were coming I'd have smartened myself up. Lounging about in bed like this.

QUENTIN stands motionless, staring at WILLIAM. The NURSE and the POLICEMAN both stare at QUENTIN.

NURSE

Is he alright?

WILLIAM

I think so.

POLICEMAN

He isn't saying anything.

WILLIAM

He hasn't seen me for six years. Nurse, could you get him a glass of water?

NURSE

Of course.

QUENTIN snaps out of his daydream.

QUENTIN

I'm alright . . .

QUENTIN opens his mouth to speak but nothing happens.

QUENTIN

. . . Hello Will.

WILLIAM

Hello Q.

QUENTIN

I . . . brought you some biscuits.

WILLIAM appears amused at this statement.

WILLIAM

Thank you very much.

QUENTIN

Rich tea.

WILLIAM

Of course.

QUENTIN

This isn't going according to plan.

WILLIAM

You mean the whole biscuit thing?

QUENTIN

Exactly.

WILLIAM

Would you like to try again?

QUENTIN

When I heard you'd been captured I tried to . . . when I read they were bringing you back . . . I asked to see you . . . this is the first time they would let me . . . let any of us see you. They said I couldn't see you now but they were so busy wrangling photographers.

POLICEMAN

Photographers? Outside here?

QUENTIN

Hundreds of them. In the street, hanging out of the windows across the street, climbing up lamp posts.

POLICEMAN

Blimey.

The POLICEMAN attempts to crane a look out of a small window.

QUENTIN

I can't quite believe its you.

WILLIAM

I must look a sight.

QUENTIN

Its like I'm seven again and visiting you in hospital...

QUENTIN gestures to the scar on WILLIAM's face.

WILLIAM

Ah yes. We were just talking about my kiss from a Communist.

QUENTIN

Six years.

WILLIAM

Have I changed all that much?

QUENTIN

I don't think we have long. They're taking you to Bow Street. They want to charge you immediately.

POLICEMAN

Yeah, High Treason.

WILLIAM

Where are my manners? I haven't introduced you. Q this is a Policeman, Policeman, this is Q.

QUENTIN nods to the POLICEMAN.

WILLIAM

And that's Nurse. She looks fierce but she's actually a delight.

QUENTIN

Thanks for looking after him.

NURSE

They come in, I patch 'em up.

WILLIAM

Even the diminutive ones.

The NURSE gives WILLIAM a look as QUENTIN turns to the POLICEMAN.

QUENTIN

Do you think we might have a little privacy for a moment officer?

POLICEMAN

Not a chance sir. I've got orders.

QUENTIN

Of course, I quite understand but it would only be for a minute or two.

POLICEMAN

My orders are to stay here and guard the prisoner. I'm not going anywhere so there it is.
Plain and simple.

QUENTIN

Perhaps I might have a word with your Sergeant? We can get this straightened out?

POLICEMAN

Go ahead, if you can find him.

QUENTIN

Would you mind getting him?

The POLICEMAN stares at QUENTIN and smiles.

POLICEMAN

You must think I'm thick or something.

NURSE

I'll go if you like?

POLICEMAN

You stay put!

QUENTIN

Officer I/

POLICEMAN

I don't know who you are or who let you in here but I know exactly who he is and I'm not letting him out of my sight until they come and drag his arse to Bow Street! Is that understood?

QUENTIN and the POLICEMAN stare at each other for a moment. Eventually the POLICEMAN returns to his seat and picks up his paper, opening it with a flourish.

WILLIAM

It would seem that privacy is a luxury I can no longer afford.

QUENTIN eyes the POLICEMAN and turns back to his brother.

WILLIAM

We've some catching up to do.

QUENTIN

Where to even begin? I don't know what you don't know.

WILLIAM

If ignorance is bliss I should be positively euphoric.

QUENTIN takes a breath.

QUENTIN

Mother and Father.

Beat.

WILLIAM

Yes . . . Yes. A few letters reached me through back channels. When did they . . . ?

QUENTIN

Father in '41 then/

WILLIAM

Not feeling so euphoric after all.

QUENTIN

Mother in '44.

Beat.

WILLIAM

Joan? Frank? Robert?

QUENTIN

In one piece. They're doing alright. All doing their bit.

WILLIAM

Their bit?

QUENTIN

Working, serving, here and there. Joan's working on a tram. She quite enjoys it I think.

WILLIAM nods and considers this.

WILLIAM

You? In one piece?

QUENTIN lifts his arms for an inspection and turns 360 degrees.

QUENTIN

In one piece. Which is more than I can say for you.

WILLIAM

I'm on the mend. Isn't that right Nurse?

NURSE

Considering.

QUENTIN

How were you captured? I read that they found you in Denmark. You were in Denmark?

WILLIAM

Yes, Margaret and I were . . . keeping a low profile near the border.

QUENTIN

And Margaret, where is she?

WILLIAM

. . . they won't tell me. A camp somewhere I think. Belgium? I don't know.

QUENTIN

Why did they shoot you? Were you armed? Did you shoot back?

WILLIAM

Its all rather a blur, I'd rather not go into it if....

QUENTIN

They wouldn't tell us much of anything, all we know is from the papers. When we found out you'd been captured I started making arrangements. I wasn't sure where to/

WILLIAM

I can't tell you how good it is to see you, a friendly . . . familiar face. Perhaps we could talk more another time.

QUENTIN

. . . Anther time?

WILLIAM

Well, they'll be here any moment.

QUENTIN considers this as he stares at WILLIAM.

WILLIAM

Once the dust settles perhaps you could visit me again. If they haven't put me up against a wall and shot me that is.

QUENTIN

It won't come to that.

The POLICEMAN scoffs loudly from behind his paper.

QUENTIN

I can help. I want to help.

WILLIAM

That won't be necessary.

QUENTIN

I've hired a Solicitor.

WILLIAM

You've what?

QUENTIN

We're going to get you the best legal team possible.

WILLIAM

I can't ask you to do that.

QUENTIN

You don't have to. Its done. The Solicitor will meet you at the Magistrates Court.

WILLIAM

Is he reputable? Is he . . .

QUENTIN

One of the best in the country.

WILLIAM

There's no . . . I have no money, no money to pay...

QUENTIN

He said that the main thing when you get there is just to appear . .

WILLIAM

Yes?

To appear . . . penitent.

QUENTIN

WILLIAM stares calmly at QUENTIN.

Penitent?

WILLIAM

QUENTIN

To show you regret what happened. Help soften public opinion. He thinks that could be the key.

WILLIAM

If they want to shoot me . . . again, then they can go ahead. They're well within their rights to do so. That's exactly what we'd have done if the shoe were on the other foot. Penitent! Honestly.

Legally speaking/

QUENTIN

WILLIAM

Legally speaking they are going to do everything in their power to execute me. Isn't that right Officer?

The POLICEMAN appears from behind his paper, hesitantly.

Not for me to say.

POLICEMAN

Not for you to say!

WILLIAM

Judge and Jury. Not me.

POLICEMAN

Treason is treason, isn't that right?

WILLIAM

Beat.

That's about the size of it.

POLICEMAN

WILLIAM

If they're expecting to hear me snivel and beg then . . .

WILLIAM lies back in his bed, irritated.

WILLIAM

. . . I have some dignity left. I'd sooner hobble into that court and yell "Heil fucking Hitler". In fact you've given me a very good idea for my opening remarks. Thank you.

The NURSE looks at the floor awkwardly. The POLICEMAN peers over his paper at WILLIAM.

QUENTIN

You can't be serious.

WILLIAM

Are you a betting man Q?

Beat.

QUENTIN

Just listen to what the Solicitor has to say, that's all I ask.

WILLIAM shrugs and attempts to adjust his position on the bed which clearly causes him discomfort. QUENTIN steps forward to help.

WILLIAM

The bullet struck in rather a . . . sensitive location. Needless to say sitting down is no longer a pleasant way to pass the time.

QUENTIN reaches for a satchel on his back and puts his hand inside.

QUENTIN

I brought you a few things.

The POLICEMAN springs to his feet.

POLICEMAN

Woah, woah! Steady on! What do you think you're playing at?

QUENTIN

I'm sorry, I don't follow.

What have you got there?
POLICEMAN

Beat.

Creature comforts?
QUENTIN

POLICEMAN
You come waltzing in here unannounced is one thing but this...

WILLIAM
Quick, hand me the file before he notices!

POLICEMAN
You can't be giving him anything without my say so alright?

The POLICEMAN places himself between QUENTIN and WILLIAM.

QUENTIN
Its just a few bits and pieces.

POLICEMAN
That's as maybe. Hand 'em over.

QUENTIN reluctantly hands the satchel to the POLICEMAN who unceremoniously rummages around inside. He pulls out a box of cigarettes and turns them over, placing them on the bed.

POLICEMAN
Cigarettes.

QUENTIN and WILLIAM observe this with patent amusement.

The POLICEMAN produces a packet of biscuits and inspects them, placing those on the bed.

POLICEMAN
Biscuits, rich tea.

The POLICEMAN pulls out a box of pencils and eyes them suspiciously.

What's all this?
POLICEMAN

Beat.

Pencils.
QUENTIN

I can see that. What's he want these for?
POLICEMAN

I don't particularly.
WILLIAM

Writing things down?
QUENTIN

Exactly.
POLICEMAN

The POLICEMAN places them on the bed and gives WILLIAM a suspicious glance. He pulls a black leather-bound notebook out of the bag. He looks at this, turns it over and then opens it and flicks through the empty pages and shakes the book by its spine to see if anything falls out.

One notebook, empty.
POLICEMAN

I thought you might like to keep a journal, a diary, that sort of thing. Your memoirs . . . I don't know. Important to keep your mind active . . . inside.
QUENTIN

Very thoughtful.
WILLIAM

Beat.

I appreciate you coming. I'm happy to see you, very much. I knew if anyone came to see me . . . I hoped it might be you but . . . you should go.
WILLIAM

I just got here.
QUENTIN

WILLIAM

Its been a long day and/

QUENTIN

Joan wanted to come with me but she had to work. Did I tel you she's working on a tram?

WILLIAM

Yes.

QUENTIN

Of course I did. Few of your old friends got in contact once they heard you were home, wanted to send you letters.

WILLIAM

Is that right.

QUENTIN

I said once I knew where you'd be going I'd tell them where to send things, letters, packages and whatnot. They'll have to keep you in hospital until the wounds have healed I'd have thought. Wouldn't you think, Nurse?

The NURSE shrugs.

NURSE

They haven't said either way.

QUENTIN

The Solicitor thought Brixton maybe? Not too far.

WILLIAM

Q, you should clear out of here before they come for me.

QUENTIN

So many people outside, photographers, journalists, people wanting to catch a glimpse.

WILLIAM

Quentin.

QUENTIN

Its like you're a movie star or something, I was in town when John Wayne was here opening a new picture and I swear the crowds are bigger downstairs.

POLICEMAN

What picture was it?

QUENTIN looks surprised at the question. WILLIAM sits up in bed and moves his legs over the side of the cot. The others don't notice.

QUENTIN

I don't . . . I can't remember.

NURSE

Was it a war one?

QUENTIN

John Wayne and . . . Claudette Colbert I think. A comedy.

POLICEMAN

A comedy?

NURSE

With John Wayne?

POLICEMAN

He doesn't do comedies does he?

NURSE

If he does I've never seen one.

WILLIAM reaches for a pair of shoes under the cot and slips them on. He reaches down and ties the laces.

POLICEMAN

You sure it was John Wayne?

QUENTIN

Pretty sure. There was a big billboard with him on it.

POLICEMAN

Any good?

QUENTIN

I didn't see it. I was just nearby.

POLICEMAN

Did you get a look at him? Was he a big fella? I always figured him for a big fella.

WILLIAM does up the buttons on his shirt and tentatively gets to his feet.

QUENTIN

I think I saw him. They closed down the road both ways. All the cars were stopped, people were getting out to see what was what. I was on the top deck right at the front.

POLICEMAN

On a bus?

QUENTIN

I had a pretty good view, there was a Rolls Royce and a red carpet and flash bulbs . . . And I could see a man . . . A tall man with a big hat . . . I figured it was John Wayne. Who else would wear a hat like that in London? I think it was him.

NURSE

I don't really care for John Wayne pictures, all those Westerns. Not my thing at all.

POLICEMAN

Did you get his autograph? There's money to be had in autographs.

QUENTIN

No, I was too far away...

POLICEMAN

Pity. That'd be worth a bob or two.

WILLIAM is now on his feet and runs his hands through his hair.

QUENTIN

Asking a total stranger for a signature . . . feels a little...

NURSE

My cousin got Gracie Fields' autograph once. She's still got it I think.

POLICEMAN

I almost got George Formby's once but I was working so I didn't dare ask.

WILLIAM reaches over on to the bed, he takes one of the pencils and starts jotting something down on one of the pages of the notepad. The NURSE, the POLICEMAN and QUENTIN turn to see WILLIAM dressed and upright.

WILLIAM tears the page out of the pad loudly and holds it out to the POLICEMAN.

WILLIAM

Here you are. One for your collection. It'll be worth a lot more in a week or two.

There is a loud knock on the door.

BLACKOUT.

SCENE TWO.

13th December, 1945 - Westminster

WILLIAM sits at a table in a wood-paneled room, there is an unlit fireplace to the left and a door to the right. WILLIAM holds a pencil in one hand, poised over a black leather notebook. He looks up to the ceiling for a moment, finding the thought he was looking for scribbles it down with enthusiasm.

The nib of his pencil breaks abruptly and WILLIAM mutters something angrily under his breath and holds his pencil up to observe the damage. He considers his options for a moment and places the notebook and pencil on the table in front of him.

There is the sound of a heavy bolt sliding across the door outside.

The door opens and JUDITH, a smartly dressed young legal secretary enters clutching some papers. The door shuts behind her and the bolt can be heard sliding into place.

JUDITH

Mr Joyce asked me to tell you he's on his way and won't be long. He stayed back to talk to Sir Alex. They all seem very buoyant.

WILLIAM

Buoyant? I shall go to the ball after all.

JUDITH

I just meant that they seemed pleased.

WILLIAM

Do you have a cigarette?

JUDITH

I'm terribly sorry but I don't smoke.

WILLIAM

Don't apologise. The Fuehrer hated smoking. Vegetarian too. Something of a health nut as it turns out. So you're in good company.

JUDITH turns and looks to the door and back.

JUDITH

Sure he'll be back soon.

WILLIAM

Do you have a pencil that I might borrow? I was mid epiphany when my lead gave up the ghost.

JUDITH rummages in her bag.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

A pen and ink? Slate and chalk? Quill and parchment? Paint brushes and canvas? No?

JUDITH

I usually do.

WILLIAM

Judith.

JUDITH

Yes?

WILLIAM

Last name?

JUDITH

Sorry?

WILLIAM

What is your last name?

JUDITH

Oh, Wayland.

WILLIAM

Judith O'Wayland (didn't have you down for Irish).

JUDITH

I'm not Irish.

WILLIAM smiles benignly.

WILLIAM

And what does the rest of the O'Wayland clan think of you working on my case?

JUDITH

I don't really... we don't discuss my work. There are actually a number of documents that need your signature before we go back in.

WILLIAM

Happy to sign some autographs while we wait. Although it will be difficult to do so without a pen. Don't you think?

JUDITH considers this for a second.

JUDITH

Quite right.

JUDITH plonks a thick document in front of WILLIAM.

JUDITH

Mr Joyce also asked that you reread the transcripts from the original trial.

WILLIAM

Judith, life is quite literally too short for such things.

JUDITH

He said you'd say something like that and told me to say that its very important that you give them a once over.

WILLIAM leans back in his chair.

WILLIAM

Did you know Quentin and I actually lived not too far from here many years ago?

JUDITH

He also told me you'd try to change the subject.

Beat.

WILLIAM

Well I'd happily read them but I don't have my glasses.

JUDITH

Right. He did also mention to me your near perfect vision.

WILLIAM glares at JUDITH, momentarily defeated.

WILLIAM

I know they say don't shoot the messenger but in this case I'd like to make an exception.

The sound of a heavy bolt sliding out of place and
 QUENTIN enters with a briefcase and hat. The door
 shuts behind him and the bolt slides back into place.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Q, is it alright if we shoot Judith?

QUENTIN

Certainly not.

QUENTIN places his case and hat on the table, he seems
 preoccupied.

WILLIAM

Well there you are Judith, you have been spared. However from the expression on my
 brothers face it would seem that I have not.

QUENTIN

Is it cold in here? Perhaps we could light the fire. Have you read the transcripts through?

QUENTIN turns to JUDITH.

QUENTIN

Did he read the transcripts?

JUDITH looks panicked.

JUDITH

He was just about to?

WILLIAM

Was I indeed?

QUENTIN

We need to be absolutely clear that there are no inaccuracies, nothing that we've missed.
 Sir Alex was very clear on that. Why don't we all sit quietly while you read the
 transcripts. I'm sure we could all do with a moment of calm.

WILLIAM

Moment of calm? Moments of calm are all I've had to entertain me all day. I'd rather
 have a moment of uninterrupted yodeling or a good game of off-ground tig if its all the
 same to you. Besides which we have work to do.

QUENTIN

Sir Alex was very insistent that/

WILLIAM

I don't claim to be a Barrister but rereading this weighty tome is not going to effect today's outcome.

QUENTIN

Judith, back me up here?

JUDITH looks panicked again.

JUDITH

Well...

WILLIAM

Sir Alex is very kindly attempting to distract us while we wait for a verdict. He might very well have sent us back here to recite our seven times tables.

QUENTIN

Please just do it William.

Beat. WILLIAM sighs and looks at the document.

WILLIAM

Very well. One times seven is seven. Two times seven is fourteen. Three times seven is/

QUENTIN

William, for goodness sake.

WILLIAM

We have a few valuable moments together today and I don't intend to waste them rehashing events I would frankly rather forget.

QUENTIN

But if it helps even a little/

WILLIAM

NO!

Icy silence. WILLIAM picks up his notebook.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I've been making as many notes as I can, they've been just pouring out of me but I worry my handwriting has deteriorated. I thought we could start by going through them. Do you have a pen?

QUENTIN

A pen?

WILLIAM

Or a pencil. A pencil would be better. I've also made a list of chapter headings. Thought it might help if we start to think about shape.

QUENTIN

Have you eaten anything?

WILLIAM

I'm not hungry thank you.

QUENTIN

You need to keep your strength up. Have you been sleeping?

WILLIAM

I sleep enough. Have you?

QUENTIN

Judith would you be able to ask if they could bring something for William?

JUDITH heads eagerly for the door.

JUDITH

Of course, I'll be right back.

WILLIAM

Judith, don't take another step.

JUDITH stops.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I am not hungry. I do not require sustenance. Your journey will be entirely wasted.

JUDITH looks to QUENTIN to break the stale mate.

QUENTIN gestures for JUDITH to stay.

QUENTIN

Perhaps we should get that fire going.

WILLIAM

What time is it?

QUENTIN

Its early.

WILLIAM

If I wanted that vague an answer I'd just glance at the sun.

QUENTIN glances at this watch.

QUENTIN

Five after three. We might have an hour or more.

WILLIAM

Or a few minutes. How long did the original jury wrestle with their decision? 20 minutes wasn't it?

JUDITH

19.

WILLIAM

Perhaps these fellows can break that record.

QUENTIN

This is rather different. They're required to review all previous evidence.

WILLIAM

I'll wager you they're nose deep in the sports pages.

QUENTIN

Nonsense.

WILLIAM

Yes on second thoughts they wouldn't pass up the opportunity for a good snooze.

QUENTIN

Clearly I have more faith in the House of Lords than you do.

WILLIAM

I won't disagree with you there.

QUENTIN

Judith, what was your feeling on it?

JUDITH freezes on being named.

JUDITH

On?

QUENTIN

The mood as we left the chamber?

WILLIAM

Oh don't put the poor girl on the spot.

JUDITH

Sir Alex is the best person to ask about this but . . . I think the mood was . . . good.

WILLIAM

Well there you go. Incredible. Perhaps next you'd like for her to read my tea leaves.

QUENTIN

William.

JUDITH

The facts speak for themselves.

WILLIAM

Then they are very softly spoken facts because the original jury ignored them as did the criminal court of appeal.

Beat.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I always rather hoped that after the war had been settled (with different results of course) I'd have come here for a real Peerage, not to get my neck stretched.

QUENTIN

I wish you wouldn't talk that way Will.

WILLIAM

I believe it is known as hangman's humour. I think I'm beginning to get the knack of it, don't you?

WILLIAM changes position, wincing slightly.

QUENTIN

How is it?

WILLIAM

Healing nicely thank you.

WILLIAM picks up his notebook, flicking through the pages.

QUENTIN

Perhaps we could get that fire going?

WILLIAM

I've made a list of chapter headings which I think will help us to organise ourselves. Early years. New York. Ireland and so forth. Education. The B.U.F. Oswald Moseley in particular.

QUENTIN

This is all very good but shouldn't we stay focussed on the trial for the time being?

William puts his notebook down.

WILLIAM

Judith, you're the closest thing we have to a legal expert right now.

JUDITH

Well I wouldn't say/

WILLIAM

Now that the court has heard our appeal and are considering their verdict is there anything at all that we can do to alter their decision?

JUDITH looks nervous.

JUDITH

Not really.

WILLIAM

So we are powerless to do anything meaningful to change the course of justice.

JUDITH

I'd perhaps put it in more positive terms but . . . yes.

QUENTIN

Perhaps we could just take a few minutes to gather ourselves before jumping headlong into your memoirs.

WILLIAM

Very well. Lets take a few moments and relax. Better yet why don't I tell you a story.

QUENTIN

Or we could just sit here for a moment and/

WILLIAM

There was once a brave knight, we shall call him Bill and he was trapped in a tall tower by an evil king who didn't like him because he was so very wise and witty. The knight was all alone and kept apart from his beloved princess who was far away. Every day he plotted his escape to freedom but alas the tower was too tall and the walls too thick. He dreamed constantly of friends and loved ones in his homeland and it made him terribly sad but the one thing that made him sadder than all the rest was that absolutely nobody in all the land would give him a bloody cigarette.

QUENTIN

Damn it. Sorry.

QUENTIN looks around the room for his coat.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

With everything going on I . . . they were in my coat which is. . . I've left it outside the chamber.

QUENTIN gets up.

JUDITH

I can go.

QUENTIN

No that's alright.

WILLIAM

Yes, let her go.

QUENTIN

I won't be long.

JUDITH

I don't mind really. I'm not doing a lot of good here.

WILLIAM

She's got a point.

QUENTIN

Its not your job to fetch and carry.

WILLIAM

We have a mountain of things to do here and she doesn't mind. She said so. Out of the mouths of babes.

JUDITH

Is it on the coat stand by Saint Stephens?

QUENTIN relents.

QUENTIN

Left inside pocket. Thank you.

JUDITH

Won't be long.

WILLIAM

Yes, thank you Judith.

JUDITH knocks on the door, the bolt can be heard sliding across, the door opens and she exits. The door shuts and the bolt slides back into place.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

She's a nice girl.

QUENTIN

Isn't she.

WILLIAM

Reminds me a little of Joan.

QUENTIN

Bit of a scatter brain.

WILLIAM

That's why she reminds me of Joan.

QUENTIN

You should be nicer to her.

WILLIAM

Judith or Joan?

QUENTIN

Both, but more immediately Judith.

WILLIAM

I am nice to her.

QUENTIN

You tease her.

WILLIAM

I do no such thing . . . any way its fun. Haven't seen Joan for a while. Or Frank for that matter. Are they well?

QUENTIN

Yes they're fine. Working a lot.

WILLIAM

Its quite alright Q, they don't have to visit if they don't want to.

QUENTIN

They do want to but/

WILLIAM

Quite understandable under the circumstances. I wouldn't venture anywhere near Wandsworth if I didn't have to, let alone the prison. I rather liked the idea of being kept in the Tower. Befitting my status. But Wandsworth...

QUENTIN

I think it was bombed quite hard round there.

WILLIAM

If you want to see a place really devastated by bombing you should have seen Berlin. It almost broke my heart to see it towards the end. Have I had any post?

QUENTIN

No. No post.

WILLIAM looks deflated at this news.

WILLIAM

How strange. I haven't had a letter in over a week. I had hoped for something from Margaret.

QUENTIN

I'm sure she'll write when she can.

WILLIAM

Nothing? Not even fan mail?

QUENTIN

I'd hardly call it fan mail.

Pointing an accusatory finger at QUENTIN

WILLIAM

Ha! J'accuse! So I have had post!

QUENTIN

You have had post. Joan and I have been going through it and if anything constructive turns up I'll be sure to pass it your way.

WILLIAM

Have you any idea what its like cooped up in that cell 23 hours a day?

QUENTIN

I have an idea, yes.

WILLIAM

I was getting quite a lot of supportive correspondence there for a time.

QUENTIN

Well it would seem your detractors are much more persistent letter writers.

WILLIAM

Well at least they haven't forgotten about me. *Unlike my fucking family!*

QUENTIN

No.

WILLIAM

The prison library is an utter disgrace. Its either trashy romantic fiction or scarcely disguised Jewish propaganda wrapped up to resemble text books. I dread to think what sort of Bolshevik lies are being pumped into schools now.

QUENTIN

History is written by the/

WILLIAM

Yes, yes don't remind me. When I do find something bearable to read some oaf has ripped half the pages out. I shudder to think why. I offered to update the library for the Warden and that was over a month ago.

QUENTIN

I can bring you more books. Just make a list and I'll gather what I can. Are you cold? I could try to light this fire, there's a little coal. Perhaps its for decoration.

WILLIAM

I rarely feel the cold. Light it if you wish. You look thin Q, are you eating? Are they feeding you?

QUENTIN shakes a coal scuttle by the fire.

QUENTIN

They? Who might *they* be?

WILLIAM

A lady friend? I don't know?

QUENTIN

Joan cooks when she can and I can do wonders with an egg when I get my hands on one.

WILLIAM

But no lady friend?

QUENTIN puts the scuttle down.

QUENTIN

I'll ask them for some kindling. It *is* cold in here isn't it.

WILLIAM studies QUENTIN, who stares back.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

I have friends who are ladies, I do not have a lady friend if that's what you mean. Why the sudden interest?

WILLIAM

I am attempting what I am reliably informed is known as "Small talk".

QUENTIN

It doesn't suit you.

WILLIAM

No I didn't think it did. I've been practicing it with some of my Wandsworth neighbours without much success.

QUENTIN

Perhaps you need to accept you're more of a "large talk" type of person.

QUENTIN glances at his watch.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

How long ago did Judith leave? I hope she isn't lost again?

WILLIAM picks his notebook up.

WILLIAM

We have the room to ourselves and we haven't even started on these notes.

QUENTIN bends over and peers up the chimney breast.

QUENTIN

I think its blocked off.

WILLIAM

Sensible precaution. Its almost Christmas. Saint Nicholas might slip down the chimney and break me out.

QUENTIN

I never had Father Christmas pegged as a Nazi.

WILLIAM

A man that can cross international borders unhindered and sneak into buildings undetected in the dead of night. Oh yes, we recruited him on day one.

QUENTIN chuckles at this.

QUENTIN

So that's why Churchill's bunker didn't have a chimney.

WILLIAM chuckles at this and begins to make a new note in his little book.

WILLIAM

Very droll.

QUENTIN

Are you writing that down? And there was me thinking we were having a conversation.

WILLIAM

No reason we can't do both.

No I suppose not.

QUENTIN

WILLIAM looks up at QUENTIN.

WILLIAM

Which reminds me I need fresh pencils.

QUENTIN

I have more at home.

WILLIAM

It wouldn't hurt for you to write some of these things down too, you know.

QUENTIN

Fresh pencils. I'll remember.

WILLIAM

That's not what I mean.

QUENTIN

We've had a trial to prepare for.

WILLIAM holds up his notebook and waves it.

WILLIAM

This is more important now.

The bolt can be heard sliding out of place and the door opens. JUDITH enters and the door shuts behind her.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

The traveller returns.

The bolt can be heard sliding back into place.

JUDITH

Was I gone long? I stopped off at the chamber for an update. They'll send a clerk when they have a verdict. It could be any minute.

Beat. WILLIAM and QUENTIN stare at JUDITH who stares back. Stalemate.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

What have I done?

JUDITH looks blankly back at them.

WILLIAM

Have you heard of the Geneva Conventions?

JUDITH

Of course, why?

WILLIAM

Because if I didn't know better I'd say you were intentionally torturing me.

JUDITH suddenly remembers and reaches into her bag, producing cigarettes, passing them to WILLIAM.

WILLIAM eagerly tears open the packet and puts a one in his mouth. He takes a silver lighter and lights up and inhales deeply, stretching back in his chair.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Aaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

QUENTIN

You should cut down.

WILLIAM

I'll be stopping completely very soon but for now... allow me to enjoy my only remaining vice.

WILLIAM flicks ash and considers the cigarette in his hand and takes another drag.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I miss German cigarettes.

QUENTIN

Sorry, they were all out.

WILLIAM

In particular a brand called Heer and Flotte. I'd recognise the smell anywhere, takes me right back to the MohrenStrasse of an evening, Margaret on my arm after a good meal at the Kaiserhof, hardly a care in the world.

WILLIAM closes his eyes for a moment.

JUDITH

Sounds lovely.

WILLIAM

Judith, it was. Happiest years of my life, no contest.

William takes another pull on his cigarette.

QUENTIN

Perhaps I should go and ask if they can do something about this fire. I'm losing the feeling in my feet.

WILLIAM

Its so important to stress the mood in those early days of the war, Q. Berlin at the beginning was so vibrant and optimistic. No shortages, no bombs, no fear. We felt . . .

(Savouring the memory)

Invincible. There wasn't a doubt in my mind that we would win, and win fast. Everyone is so quick to label Hitler as a crackpot, as a madman but in those early days...

QUENTIN

Yes you've written extensively about this period. Enough for several chapters.

WILLIAM

So you have read the notes I gave you.

QUENTIN

I said I would.

WILLIAM

And you think you have enough on the early years? '39? '40?

QUENTIN

You paint quite the picture.

WILLIAM

Splendid.

QUENTIN

The parties and the restaurants.

WILLIAM

And the work.

QUENTIN

Yes and the work.

WILLIAM

I enjoyed myself but I worked tirelessly as well, my broadcasts were planned in great detail. I was always the first to work and the last to leave. That's why so many of the others fell by the wayside, pure laziness.

QUENTIN

Perhaps they didn't have your zeal.

WILLIAM

I should think not.

QUENTIN

I have noticed though that the notes on the days around your capture are much lighter.

WILLIAM

Very little happened, frankly it was tedious. I've never been so bored. Why inflict that on the poor reader?

QUENTIN

I'm sure they'd be curious to know the details.

WILLIAM

And they shall have them. I was walking in the Wassersleber Woods collecting wood when I was set upon by two British officers. One of them a Jew, would you believe, I found out later.

QUENTIN

It just lacks your eye for detail, that's all.

WILLIAM

It was a warm sunny morning, I could hear bird song, there were beautiful blossoms in the trees. Its all in my notes.

JUDITH

Sounds lovely.

WILLIAM

Yes it was the perfect day other than that I got shot.

(turning to Quentin)

Can we please get back to the matter in hand?

QUENTIN
Which is?

WILLIAM
The book.

QUENTIN
We were talking about the book.

WILLIAM
We have so little time and we're wasting it. I was getting more done on my own.

Beat. QUENTIN pulls his briefcase towards him.

QUENTIN
I almost forgot...

WILLIAM

(sulkily)
What?

QUENTIN
I think I just might have something that may lift your spirits. I wasn't sure if there'd be time but...

QUENTIN glances at his watch and then shrugs.

WILLIAM sits up, intrigued.

WILLIAM
What? What is it?

QUENTIN opens his briefcase and produces a bottle wrapped in brown paper, passing it to WILLIAM. WILLIAM rips the brown paper open and stops, peering at the label. He looks up at QUENTIN open mouthed.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Its . . its . . how did you? . . Where did you?

QUENTIN turns to JUDITH and smiles.

QUENTIN

Judith, remember this moment. The first and only time you will ever see William Joyce lost for words.

WILLIAM

Freihof Schnapps?

WILLIAM takes the bottle and looks at it carefully, inspecting every surface, holding it to the light.

QUENTIN

I've been saving it for... an occasion. I couldn't bring it inside the prison, I shouldn't really have brought it here.

JUDITH

Its German?

QUENTIN

Yes. Don't ask where I got it.

WILLIAM

Where did you get it?

QUENTIN

I've been brewing it in the bath.

WILLIAM

I thought the distillery was bombed in '44. One of the most barbaric acts of the war. I never thought I'd see another bottle.

QUENTIN

I wasn't sure of the right time to give it to you.

WILLIAM gets up and takes several glasses from beside a water jug, he inspects them for cleanliness and blows away any dust before placing them excitedly on the table.

WILLIAM

In such prestigious surroundings and with such fine company. There couldn't be a better time. For all we know this is the last remaining bottle.

QUENTIN

Perhaps.

WILLIAM

Judith, you are about to taste one of the greatest liquids ever to be graced by the distillation process.

JUDITH

Its alcoholic I take it?

WILLIAM

Oh yes it most certainly is. All the best things in life generally are, I find.

JUDITH

Thank you but I really shouldn't.

QUENTIN

None for me either Will.

WILLIAM looks baffled.

WILLIAM

I beg your pardon.

QUENTIN

We're working after all.

WILLIAM looks at QUENTIN and JUDITH for a moment holding the bottle reverently like a newborn.

WILLIAM

Many years from now when you are both old and grey, incapable of anything more energetic than occasional flatulence.

QUENTIN

William, really?

WILLIAM

You will have ample time to contemplate all the things you didn't do. The opportunities squandered, the poor choices, parties not attended, the kiss not stolen, the door left unopened, but I beg of you, I implore you from the bottom of my heart not to let this be one of them.

Beat.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Besides which its damned rude to let a man drink alone.

QUENTIN

A drop, just to taste it.

WILLIAM

Absolutely, just a drop.

JUDITH

Well I wouldn't want to be rude.

WILLIAM slowly twists the cork open and holds the bottle up to his nose taking a deep breath, eyes closed.

WILLIAM

Sublime.

WILLIAM pours a generous splash into three glasses. Then takes his glass and holds it out in front of him.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Gentlemen. Lass uns einen toast machen.

QUENTIN and JUDITH raise their glasses.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Prost!

JUDITH

Prost.

QUENTIN

Cheers.

They all take a drink. QUENTIN reacts as if having just swallowed hot tea, JUDITH splutters and WILLIAM quietly enjoys the sensation of the liquid slipping down.

JUDITH

That's quite something.

WILLIAM

Isn't it though. I put away my fair share of this stuff in Berlin.

(reconsidering)

Several people's share I imagine.

WILLIAM refills their glasses and takes another cigarette and lights it. He sits back in his chair and exhales smoke above his head. WILLIAM takes a silver cigarette case from his jacket pocket and hands it to JUDITH.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Take a look at that, Judith.

JUDITH hesitantly takes the case and examines it.

JUDITH

Very nice.

WILLIAM

Do you know who gave me that?

QUENTIN

I'm sure Judith isn't interested in your memorabilia.

WILLIAM

A gift from my former employer, sadly now passed.

JUDITH

You mean from...

WILLIAM

Joseph Goebells gave that to me in '42.

JUDITH

Its . . its very impressive.

WILLIAM

He had it engraved with my name. Turn it over. On the other side, see the Swastika?

JUDITH turns the case over and looks at the underside.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

If there is one thing the Nazi's really excelled at it was branding.

QUENTIN

Yes, *that's* the one thing the Nazi's will be remembered for.

JUDITH

You knew Goebells?

WILLIAM

I was acquainted with many of the great men of the Reich. I was considered one of them for a time. Der Fuehrer once described me as his "Geheimwaffe".

QUENTIN

I don't think this is appropriate conversation.

WILLIAM

Oh come now Q, I think the cat is well and truly out of the bag as far as my allegiance is concerned, don't you?

JUDITH

His secret weapon.

WILLIAM

Very good. You speak German. There is hope for you yet.

JUDITH

Some.

WILLIAM

I could have used a girl like you. Did you ever listen to my broadcasts?

QUENTIN

Really William, what a question.

WILLIAM

What? Its simple enough

JUDITH

I listened, yes.

WILLIAM

There you see. That's all I wanted to know.

JUDITH

I think most people did. There wasn't much else on was there.

WILLIAM

I see.

JUDITH

The BBC did news updates and safety announcements and just the dreariest music you ever heard. Stuff even my parents couldn't abide.

QUENTIN

The best of a bad lot you might say.

JUDITH

But everybody knew about Lord Haw-Haw. Some people said they didn't listen but secretly you knew they probably did, they listened because they thought you knew where the bombs were going to hit.

WILLIAM

(loftily)

Very often I did.

JUDITH

And there was always someone who did an impression.

(attempting a voice)

“Germany Calling, Germany calling.”

(embarrassed)

Well I could never do it.

QUENTIN applauds with amusement.

QUENTIN

Very good, a striking resemblance.

WILLIAM smokes silently, unimpressed.

JUDITH

That was terribly rude.

QUENTIN

Nonsense, Will asked you a question and you answered.

WILLIAM

I asked if she listened. I didn't think she'd break into Vaudeville.

QUENTIN

Well I'm sorry if this dashes your image of us all gathered around the wireless with baited breath, hanging on your every word.

WILLIAM

You'd have been wise to listen to me more carefully.

QUENTIN

It was a little light relief in difficult times.

WILLIAM

(icily)

Light relief? So I was just a joke? A figure of fun?

JUDITH

I think Quentin simply meant that you were very entertaining.

WILLIAM

It would seem you both underestimate the work I did? I had millions of listeners.

QUENTIN

Will, did you really think you were successfully recruiting new Nazi's over the airwaves?

WILLIAM

How can you even doubt it?

Beat.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Well if my part in the war was so insignificant then why in the hell am I even here?
No go on, why don't you enlighten me. I was just an entertainment, a Punch and Judy
show.

QUENTIN

You picked the wrong side.

WILLIAM

Sound reasoning, devotion to a true cause, a vision for the future...

QUENTIN

The wrong vision.

WILLIAM

We lost the war, that doesn't automatically mean that we were wrong.

QUENTIN

I think you'll find that's exactly what it means.

WILLIAM

How disappointingly myopic of you.

QUENTIN

You lost.

WILLIAM

You think you won? What did you win? What tangible thing did you win?

QUENTIN

A little humility at this point might have really helped us.

WILLIAM

Where has humility ever gotten anybody? Where has humility gotten you?

QUENTIN

And where has your slavish devotion to Der Fuehrer gotten you?

WILLIAM

I can feel only pity for a man who wanders through life without convictions.

QUENTIN

Yes, your convictions, what were they? Anti-Capitalism, anti-communism, anti-semitism though of course not in that order.

WILLIAM

You're damn right not in that order!

QUENTIN

Aren't you tired of being anti so very much and pro so very little?

WILLIAM

Judith, don't be taken in by this whiter than white image my little brother is trotting out. He came with me to dozens of meetings of the British Union of Fascists. He would hand out pamphlets and follow me about.

WILLIAM turns to QUENTIN.

Or had you forgotten that?

QUENTIN

You were devoted to Oswald Moseley. I was 15 and devoted to my big brother!

QUENTIN looks uncomfortable at having lost his temper ever so slightly and finishes the remaining Schnapps in his glass. WILLIAM brandishes the bottle of Schnapps.

WILLIAM

I told you this stuff was good, didn't I?

WILLIAM pours more of the alcohol into each of their glasses. Neither JUDITH or QUENTIN resist.

WILLIAM

I've got a very good idea.

WILLIAM excitedly moves chairs around.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Why on earth didn't we do this sooner?

QUENTIN

Do what?

WILLIAM

Judith if you'd be so good as to stand here.

JUDITH does as she is told.

QUENTIN

Will, what are we doing?

WILLIAM

All in good time Q, all in good time.

(pointing)

Stand there please.

WILLIAM takes a seat by the table and refills his glass, downs the lot and bangs the glass on the table three times.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Order, order, court is in session, Judge Haw Haw presiding in the case of the Crown versus William Brooke Joyce

QUENTIN

Will what are you/

WILLIAM

Order! It is customary at this juncture to hear closing arguments from both sides before I ignore all sense and reason and have the defendant hanged by the neck until he is dead.

QUENTIN

William, this is ridiculous. I'm not a lawyer.

WILLIAM

That's alright, I'm not a real judge.

WILLIAM

The life of this man hangs in the balance (quite literally). What say the Defence?

Silence. WILLIAM calls over to Judith in a stage whisper.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

That's you Judith.

JUDITH

Me?

WILLIAM nods and waves her on.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

Well . .

QUENTIN

William, what is this to achieve?

WILLIAM

Objection!

QUENTIN

What?

WILLIAM

Over ruled! Please continue your Honour.

JUDITH begins her closing remarks.

JUDITH

Well . . Members of the jury. . . . Is there a jury?

WILLIAM

If you think it'll help.

JUDITH

Members of the Jury, I . . . I stand here in front of you today and urge you to spare this mans life for all the reasons . . that I have laid out over the course of the trial.

JUDITH sits down.

WILLIAM

Jog my honourable memory please.

JUDITH reluctantly gets back up.

JUDITH

Very well. Mister Joyce's actions overseas were indeed . . difficult for us to understand. I do not ask you to forgive him for what he did during the war, for the things he said on the wireless, the propaganda he spread to the British people.

WILLIAM

He's a traitor!!

QUENTIN

Aren't you the judge?

WILLIAM

I'm filling out the room a little.

JUDITH

Well isn't . . isn't that just it. For a man to commit treason surely he must be a citizen of this kingdom? William Joyce was born in New York as we have proven over and again. He grew up in Ireland. He does not currently hold a British passport. An enemy of the British people he may be, but a traitor he is not. Quite simply Geography is his best defence.

JUDITH sits down and then remembering something immediately gets to her feet again.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

What is more Joyce never picked up a weapon in conflict, he never fired upon our troops, or spilt the blood of a single Allied soldier, as a journalist and public speaker, he was a spokesperson, a mouthpiece for the Nazi regime, his crime was of words, can we execute a man for declaring what he believes to those who choose willingly to listen? Can we execute a man for defending his principles, no matter . . . no matter how . .

WILLIAM

Go on.

QUENTIN

Yes go on.

JUDITH

No matter how . . . utterly odious we might find those principles to be, how inexplicable. If we kill a man for his convictions then must every German follow him? Every man, woman and child for choosing the other side?

QUENTIN

The German people didn't choose anything, they weren't recruited, they didn't sign up to Hitlers insanity. Did you or I choose to be on the side of the Allies?

WILLIAM

Order.

JUDITH

I only meant that the German people are not at fault. Should they be punished?

WILLIAM

They will be punished either way. The Allies will see to that.

QUENTIN

He isn't German! He's a . . . tourist!

WILLIAM

Very good. I might have stood a better chance with you in the wig and robes.

JUDITH sits down, looking a little flushed and uncomfortable. QUENTIN pours schnapps into his glass.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Right lets here from the Prosecution shall we.

QUENTIN

You mean me I suppose?

WILLIAM

Well I can't very well do it. Off you go.

QUENTIN

No thank you.

WILLIAM

I'll hold you in contempt of court.

QUENTIN

I'll take my chances.

WILLIAM

Objection!

QUENTIN

I really don't wish to engage in this . . parlour game.

WILLIAM

If you don't think you can...

WILLIAM bangs his glass on the table twice. QUENTIN
downs his drink.

QUENTIN

Gentlemen of the jury... the man standing before you IS guilty. We all know who he is and what he said and did during the war. He talks constantly, incapable of silence even to save his own life. His words were his weapon, his tongue was his instrument of war. An American he might be by birth but he wrapped himself in the British flag for years, devoted himself to British political matters, he applied for a British passport on more than one occasion and assumed the identity of an English gentleman. He lived in London until only a few days before war broke out, he could have gone anywhere, back to the United States perhaps or Ireland. But no, he went to Germany, he marched straight into the arms of our enemy and offered them his loyalty. His radio addresses to the British people would have rung quite hollow in a German accent don't you think, but from a fellow countryman they could sow the seeds of doubt in the minds of soldiers, Wardens, munitions workers, children. His job was to undermine and sabotage the British war effort by rotting away at the foundations. He betrayed the country he claimed to love, the country he had called home for years. He turned his back on England . . he turned his back on his family . . he left his mother and father behind to deal with his betrayal . . to face the hatred of their neighbours alone. They died of shame knowing their son had turned his back on his family in search of . . fame, celebrity, no matter the cost.

Beat.

WILLIAM

Well that was really rather convincing. I've got goose bumps.

QUENTIN

. . . . I said I didn't want to play.

WILLIAM

But play you did.

The bolt can be heard sliding out of place. WILLIAM,
QUENTIN and JUDITH turn towards the door.

BLACKOUT.

SCENE THREE.

2nd January, 1946 - Wandsworth

WILLIAM stands in the centre of a waiting room as ALBERT, dressed in a plain brown suit takes measurements and puts them into a little notepad with a small pencil.

WILLIAM observes as ALBERT checks off every measurement with painstaking accuracy. ALBERT speaks with a gentle West Yorkshire accent.

WILLIAM

Are we almost done?

Beat.

ALBERT kneels and makes another measurement and makes a note in his little pad.

ALBERT

Almost.

Beat.

WILLIAM

I fail to see how the dimensions of my inner leg is any of your concern.

Beat.

WILLIAM

I assume they pay you by the hour.

ALBERT continues his work, calmly and quietly.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Its just that I'm not sure if you're aware but I am a little short of time . . . in general.

Beat. ALBERT takes the tape measure and puts it around WILLIAM's neck and takes another measurement. WILLIAM grabs the tape yanking it out of ALBERT's hands, throwing it to the floor.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

For Christ's sake any fool can tie a noose. Length of rope round the neck, pull a lever, gravity does the rest. People commit suicide every fucking day quite successfully without any help from you!

Silence. ALBERT quietly picks up the tape measure.

WILLIAM stares ahead, breathing heavily after his outburst and the redness in his face changes from fury to embarrassment.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Perhaps there's more to it than that . . . I don't know.

Beat. ALBERT smiles faintly at WILLIAM.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Please continue.

ALBERT places the tape measure carefully around WILLIAM's neck once more.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

So . . . are you any good . . . at this?

ALBERT looks WILLIAM firmly in the eye.

ALBERT

Yes.

ALBERT removes the tape measure and makes another note.

WILLIAM

What number am I?

Beat.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

How many of these have you done?

ALBERT

Enough.

Enough?
WILLIAM

Yes.
ALBERT

WILLIAM
If we're going to spend this precious time together could you at least respond in multiple syllables?

ALBERT takes a breath.

ALBERT
In my experience conversation only adds to general anxiety . . . and whatever you might think of me, I have no desire to add to your woes.

WILLIAM
(amused)
My woes?

Aye.
ALBERT

WILLIAM
If I told you my only woe right now was having nobody to talk to would you indulge in a little . . . inane chatter?

ALBERT considers this.

Fair enough.
ALBERT

Beat.

Excellent.
WILLIAM

WILLIAM searches for something to say. WILLIAM and ALBERT stare at each other awkwardly. ALBERT goes back to his measurements.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Can't think of anything to...

(Having brainwave)

School me in the ways of the hangman? Tricks of the trade.

ALBERT

Don't be troubled by the details Mr Joyce.

WILLIAM

You know who I am.

ALBERT

I do.

WILLIAM

Of course you do. Doesn't everyone.

Beat.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

If you're worried about my pissing my pants and crying then have no fear.

ALBERT

There'd be no shame if you did.

WILLIAM

You don't really believe that. I think it would be very shameful and so do you.

ALBERT

It takes all sorts I suppose.

WILLIAM

Would you? Piss and cry I mean?

ALBERT

Men like to claim they don't fear death but when its staring them in the face its another matter. I hope I'd be brave, I wouldn't be surprised if I wasn't.

WILLIAM

Its staring me in the face, nose to nose.

ALBERT

Yes.

WILLIAM

And I'm telling you I'm *not* scared.

ALBERT

I'm glad to hear it.

WILLIAM

So give me a number.

Beat. ALBERT glances at WILLIAM.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

The number. You must know it. Of course you do. Seared indelibly in your memory I should think. Like notches on a bedpost.

ALBERT says nothing.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Tell you what, I'll count up from one and you just scratch your nose when I'm near.

Beat.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six. Seven.

(changes his mind)

. . . . It'd be much quicker if you just told me.

ALBERT

Enough.

WILLIAM seems defeated on the subject.

WILLIAM

Where do you go to learn this? Is there a school? An apprenticeship perhaps? Lots of little boys running around with bits of rope and cloaked faces. St Barnaby's School for the Young Hangman.

ALBERT

Yeah, that's about it.

WILLIAM

Who is the famous executioner . . always drunk, Oh what's his name? . . I'm usually good with . . John something . . he hacked the Duke of Monmouth to bits . . total disaster. John Ketch!

ALBERT mutters a name irritably.

ALBERT

Jack bloody Ketch.

WILLIAM

Yes! Jack Ketch.

ALBERT

One rotten apple 300 odd years ago and he gives us all a bad name.

WILLIAM smiles as he considers this.

WILLIAM

Yes, without Jack Ketch there wouldn't be a bad word said about executioners.
So go on. What makes a good hangman? I'll take your secret to the grave!

ALBERT considers the question and changes his mind.

ALBERT

No.

WILLIAM

Go on. I'm not scared.

ALBERT

So you said.

WILLIAM

I'm hanging on your every word.

ALBERT shakes his head. WILLIAM is delighted by his own joke.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I simply couldn't help myself, please go on. Go on.

ALBERT picks up his notepad from the edge of the bed, tucks the little pencil inside and closes it firmly. He turns and looks at WILLIAM.

ALBERT

Each one is different, unique, you learn from them, you adapt. Me dad did it, me uncle as well, they passed on knowledge to me when I were a lad, first hand experience from every man and woman that they dispatched. I add to it myself, to help inform the next, to make the next easier, quicker . . softer.

Beat.

ALBERT

Each one's different. If I were making a pair of gloves I wouldn't assume every hand were the same. Age, Weight, height, muscle, size of your head, size of your neck. The length of rope is crucial to the result, too short and a man may swing for some time. Too Long and the act is violent in other ways. If the knot is placed in just the correct spot...

ALBERT touches a spot on WILLIAM's neck just to the right of his chin. WILLIAM doesn't move an inch.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

If all my measurements are good, if the rope is the right length, thickness then I may be satisfied that the least amount of pain need be caused. None I hope.

WILLIAM stares back at ALBERT, frozen.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

You asked.

WILLIAM

I'm not scared of dying. You don't believe me?

ALBERT

If it helps you to say it then keep saying it.

WILLIAM

I'm really not. Its for the greater good. All they're doing is making me a martyr.

ALBERT

Well I'm finished.

WILLIAM

Do a lot of them scream and beg? I bet they do. Describe a few. It'll cheer me up.

ALBERT

I'm not here to upset you or to cheer you up neither.

ALBERT turns to leave.

WILLIAM

You'll be famous. The man who dispatched Haw Haw. They'll all want to know how I went. Every detail.

ALBERT

Our meeting shall remain between the two of us, of that you can be sure.

WILLIAM

Oh don't give me that. Tell them all the gruesome details, leave nothing out. They'll lap it up.

ALBERT

I'm not in the business of entertainment.

WILLIAM

Pity. We could charge a penny a ticket and make a small fortune. Is there a crowd outside yet?

ALBERT

I didn't think to notice.

WILLIAM

There will be. Some to mourn me, others to celebrate, yelling and frothing at the mouth.

ALBERT

People are drawn towards death, fascinated, like a magic trick.

WILLIAM

You should write a book. Fill it with every memory of these nasty little encounters, every villain you measured up, every butcher . . . every innocent man.

ALBERT shoots WILLIAM a look.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

You must have wondered about a few of them? Wrongly convicted and cold in the ground at your hand.

ALBERT says nothing.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

You know who I am.

ALBERT

You think you're innocent?

WILLIAM

I wouldn't go that far. It must have crossed your mind from time to time?

ALBERT

That isn't really in the job description.

WILLIAM

You've killed, executed, dispatched . . . whatever you want to call it . . . dozens? Perhaps hundreds of people in your career and yet tonight you will sleep safe and warm in your own bed.

ALBERT

That's not true.

WILLIAM

Really?

ALBERT

I'm staying at a hotel in Tooting.

WILLIAM

So what do you think?

ALBERT

This is why these things are usually done in silence.

WILLIAM

But since it isn't?

ALBERT

It doesn't matter what I think. It mustn't.

WILLIAM

Want to know what I think?

ALBERT opens his mouth to speak but WILLIAM is too quick.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Of course you do! I think at a certain point all roads eventually started to converge on this moment. This outcome. All roads. My brother . . .

he still seems to have some faith in the justice system. But as I keep reminding him. Justice for whom? For the British people? For the Jewish elites? . . . For me?

ALBERT gathers his belongings to leave.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Be honest. You've been looking forward to this one a little.

ALBERT says nothing.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

A little frisson of excitement at the prospect of killing a celebrity AND a traitor.

ALBERT

Sorry to disappoint you.

WILLIAM

You're trying so very hard to appear blank and impartial. It doesn't work with me. I see through you completely.

ALBERT

Do you now?

WILLIAM

Yes, you should definitely write a book. That's what I'm doing. A legacy. I'm going to live on in its pages.

ALBERT reaches the cell door.

ALBERT

Well... you better finish it quick.

WILLIAM

Yes.

WILLIAM stares at ALBERT in the dim lighting of the room.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

You aren't at all what I thought death would look like.

ALBERT considers this.

ALBERT

Maybe I'll look different in a few hours.

ALBERT calls down the corridor.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Guard!

WILLIAM

You could stay and talk with me for a while. Until my brother/

ALBERT

/No I'd best be off.

Beat.

WILLIAM

Right. Any tips for my last evening? People keep telling me to get a good night sleep. I can't for the life of me think why.

ALBERT

Its just what you say isn't it. When you don't know quite what else to say.

WILLIAM

What do you say?

ALBERT

Finish that book I suppose.

WILLIAM

Anything else?

ALBERT

Nobody ever asked me before. Come to think of it nobody ever talked so much as you.

WILLIAM

Yes, I get that a lot.

Beat.

ALBERT

Make your peace, whatever that is to you.

The GUARD arrives at this moment accompanied by
QUENTIN.

QUENTIN

I'm sorry I'm late, I had a rotten time getting in. The whole road is blocked right up the/

QUENTIN stops as he realizes WILLIAM has company.

WILLIAM

Don't worry Q.

QUENTIN

I can come back.

ALBERT moves towards the door and turns back.

WILLIAM

No, he's just leaving. This is my brother Q. Q, this is my Tailor.

QUENTIN extends a hand to ALBERT. They shake.

WILLIAM

See you in . . . well . . . a few hours.

ALBERT

That you will.

ALBERT nods and exits with the GUARD.

QUENTIN watches him go.

QUENTIN

Who was.. Was that?

WILLIAM

Yes.

QUENTIN

That was the...

WILLIAM

He's very thorough.

WILLIAM stops and stares at QUENTIN who looks flustered.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Are you alright Q?

QUENTIN

Yes I just . . . it took me forever to get here and then you weren't in your cell. The guard didn't seem to have the slightest idea where you were. Half an hour I waited.

WILLIAM

Don't worry Q, you didn't miss anything. I'm still here. You look terrible.

QUENTIN

Me? I'm fine.

WILLIAM

You're not fine. You are far from fine. Its your neck still isn't it.

QUENTIN sighs.

QUENTIN

Its glandular apparently, it'll pass.

WILLIAM

Neck problems are a family concern, it would seem.

QUENTIN gives WILLIAM an unimpressed look.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Really? Nothing? The hangman had a better sense of humour!

WILLIAM pulls up a chair, wipes the seat with his sleeve and offers it to QUENTIN.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Take a seat. Make yourself comfortable.

QUENTIN

And after all that they told me I only had 20 minutes.

WILLIAM

20 minutes?

QUENTIN

Lock down until the morning.

WILLIAM

But I'll see you . . . I'll see you in the morning?

QUENTIN

Of course. I mean yes, of course. I'll be here. I'm not going anywhere. We'll all be here, Joan, Frank, Angus, we'll all be here.

WILLIAM

20 minutes? Who told you that?

WILLIAM checks the time and looks towards the entrance.

QUENTIN

The big one, red hair with the flat nose. Oxley?

WILLIAM sits down, takes a cigarette in his mouth and lights it.

WILLIAM

Ogden. What a specimen of a man. Everyone just calls him Ogg. One syllable that absolutely sums up a man. Ogg. . . Ogg.

QUENTIN

Well Ogg said that's all the time we had. He has to take you back to your cell. I can go check?

WILLIAM

Only to deduct 5 minutes from our time together. No. When he comes to turf you out we can argue the point.

QUENTIN

I'd be disappointed if you didn't.

WILLIAM

Though arguing with Ogg is like debating theology with a sack of potatoes. Somewhat one-sided. Speaking of which I had father Stanton here again this morning campaigning vehemently for my soul.

QUENTIN

Did he make a sale?

WILLIAM

He makes some interesting arguments and I admire his determination but no . . . he didn't get his man. I just enjoy watching the veins in his head swell when he gets on to the Catechism. I believe we parted as friends.

QUENTIN

How are you feeling?

WILLIAM considers this and checks the time again.

WILLIAM

Like there is too much to do and too little time. You'd be amazed how it zips by so much quicker when you have so little of it left. Its rather tricky deciding how to spend it, even in here. I found myself furiously reading a book last night so I'd finish it in time. Gives new meaning to the idea of a deadline.

QUENTIN

Can I help?

WILLIAM

Oh yes you can.

WILLIAM gets up takes a small pile of papers from inside a brown paper bag and hands them to QUENTIN.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

There are letters for Angus and . . . well you'll see who they're for. There's one for you of course but well . . . for after I've . . . shuffled off. I'm running out of new ways to describe that now. I've been forced to resort to such colloquialisms as 'kick the bucket' and 'pop my clogs'.

QUENTIN takes the letters and examines the bundle. He briefly flips through the envelopes identifying names.

QUENTIN

I saw Judith today. Its why I was a little late actually.

WILLIAM pauses for a moment, searching his memory.

WILLIAM

Judith?

QUENTIN

Legal secretary?

WILLIAM

Yes of course. I liked her a great deal. Did a terrible impression of me if I'm not mistaken.

QUENTIN

(remembering fondly)

Oh yes she did. You got her drunk.

WILLIAM

I seem to recall you were the one who produced a bottle of Schnapps. I merely encouraged you both to sample it.

QUENTIN

We sampled most of the bottle.

WILLIAM

I've always liked a girl who can handle her drink.

QUENTIN

Handle her . . . ? She vomited in the fireplace.

WILLIAM

Yes, I liked her. She's the kind of girl you should be looking for. Is she taken?

QUENTIN

Is she . . . ? No. I don't know. I didn't enquire.

WILLIAM

Well you should. You should enquire. Take some initiative and take her to dinner. Intelligent, not quite my type but pretty in a strange sort of way. You'd make a fine couple.

QUENTIN

I found her outside when I arrived.

WILLIAM

. . . Outside the prison, here?

QUENTIN

She was hoping to visit you I think. I'm not actually sure.

WILLIAM

That's very sweet.

QUENTIN

She was sitting across the street when I arrived, it was almost dark but I spotted her . . . just sitting . . . Looked like she'd been there some time, frozen solid by the looks of her.

I thought perhaps she was waiting for a bus or a friend, perhaps she lived in Wandsworth. I wasn't sure whether to disturb her at first . . . but I crossed the road, just to say hello. She didn't seem to notice me, just staring at the gates. She finally came to as I stood in front of her, like I'd woken her and she gave me a big smile and we talked for a little while.

WILLIAM

About me?

QUENTIN

About the case yes, about what she'd been doing since. She asked me about tomorrow...

WILLIAM

What about it?

QUENTIN

Just . . . the basics.

WILLIAM

Time of departure.

QUENTIN

Yes, I suppose so. She said she'd written to you.

WILLIAM

Not to my recollection. I think I would have remembered.

QUENTIN

She showed me a letter she'd brought with her.

WILLIAM

For me?

QUENTIN

I think so.

WILLIAM

One way to find out. Hand it over.

QUENTIN

. . . She held on to it. We talked a little more and then she just upped and left.

WILLIAM

She always was a scatter-brain.

QUENTIN

She's gone now, she just wanted me to tell you . . well I don't exactly know what she wanted to tell you she never really said. I think she wanted to say that she was thinking of you . . .

WILLIAM reaches into a pocket and produces a silver cigarette case. He examines it, checks there are no cigarettes inside and hands it to QUENTIN.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Would you see that she gets that?

QUENTIN

Is this the...

WILLIAM

The very same.

QUENTIN

The one given to you by...

Beat.

QUENTIN

You want to give this to Judith?

WILLIAM

I liked her. She was a sweet girl.

QUENTIN

But...

WILLIAM

All my other trinkets are spoken for I think.

QUENTIN

Its very kind but...

WILLIAM

Not that I had much to begin with. I left Berlin in something of a hurry.

QUENTIN

I don't think...

WILLIAM

If you'd like to keep it for yourself that's quite alright too, she'll never know after all. She seemed rather impressed by it when I showed it to her so I thought . . . Why not.

QUENTIN and WILLIAM stare at each other.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

You'll be sure to thank Mister Slade and the rest of the legal eagles for me?

QUENTIN

Of course.

WILLIAM

I fear a letter from a condemned man thanking a lawyer for all his help would sound deeply sarcastic.

QUENTIN

You might have a point.

WILLIAM

I've been thinking about my last words.

QUENTIN

Your...

WILLIAM

My last words, the last words of the condemned man. I am entitled to a moment to say something. My last broadcast if you will.

(doing a voice)

Wandsworth calling, Wandsworth calling.

QUENTIN

Your last words.

WILLIAM

Is there an echo in here? Yes. I want to know how it sounds. A second opinion. I don't mind admitting I'll be a little nervous and the practice might help.

QUENTIN

(scoffing)

You, nervous?!

WILLIAM

So hard to believe?

QUENTIN

What do I know about public speaking?

WILLIAM

Probably nothing.

QUENTIN

You don't need my help.

WILLIAM

Why is it so hard for you to believe that/

QUENTIN

How many times have you spoken in front of hundreds . . . thousands of people?

WILLIAM

This is a little different.

QUENTIN

I think you'll be fine.

WILLIAM

You asked me if you could help? This is it.

QUENTIN

The very idea of you with . . . what is it? Stage fright.

WILLIAM

I'd simply like to/

QUENTIN

One thing you don't lack is confidence.

WILLIAM

Its not an issue of confidence but/

QUENTIN

Your entire career consists of public speaking.

WILLIAM

I would just like to practice a few times before tomorrow so that I don't/

QUENTIN

You'll get it first time like you always do.

QUENTIN laughs nervously.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

You've never been nervous a day in your life.

WILLIAM stares at QUENTIN patiently and takes a cigarette and puts it in his mouth.

WILLIAM

Is that what you think, little brother?

QUENTIN stares back at WILLIAM.

WILLIAM

The first time I was put in front of that microphone in Berlin. I barely knew which end I was meant to talk into, I had no experience to speak of. I had at least one drink more than was necessary before I was meant to start and I'd smoked my voice raw. I was sweating through my shirt, my jaw was as tight as a vice, I couldn't seem to swallow no matter how much water I drank. My heart was beating so fast I thought it might crack my ribs and to make matters worse my bowels had liquified and the nearest toilet was on the next floor up. I'd hidden myself away up there for maybe an hour, away from prying eyes, I sat on the bowl so long my legs went to sleep, eventually they sent someone to find me. When I finally made an appearance I only had a minute or two. I could hear voices babbling away in muffled German as I tried to control my breathing and smoke at the same time without dropping the cigarette in my lap (which I did, several times). I turned the receiver off twice during that first broadcast without even knowing it.

Beat. WILLIAM lights a cigarette.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I didn't want anybody knowing I hadn't a clue what I was doing. If they did, if they sniffed the first sign of weakness I'd have been out on my ear the very first day. No question. The others were too terrified of being replaced by someone better and when I came along, an English Gent (or so they thought), they didn't like that one bit. They were right not to like it because once I was behind that microphone, once I was sat at that desk that was it. I was home. The first one was somewhat bumpy . . . Actually I have almost no memory of that first attempt, just flashes of light and sound, gripping the table with one hand and the microphone with the other but after that . . . after that I was home. All those years traipsing up and down the country in town hall's, speech after speech, changing one mind at a time. This was different.

After the third or fourth broadcast was under my belt I knew I was going to be alright, better than alright. I remember finishing that broadcast and the atmosphere had suddenly changed, like there was static in the air, and looking around I could see every other person in that place, just for that brief moment, just when their guard was down I could see as plain as day that they absolutely fucking hated me . . because I was better than all of them and I was just getting started, just getting into my stride. Goebells had his star, his secret weapon. Most of the others were gone within a year. . . . I don't even remember their names.

QUENTIN

You never told me that before.

WILLIAM

I've never told anyone that before and I'd appreciate it if you didn't either. Just two brothers talking.

QUENTIN

While we're talking then...

WILLIAM

Yes?

QUENTIN

Your capture. You've never discussed it.

William smiles.

WILLIAM

It happened as I described.

QUENTIN

You were jumped on whilst walking in the countryside.

WILLIAM

Collecting firewood, yes.

QUENTIN

That's it.

WILLIAM

Like I said.

WILLIAM reaches into the brown paper bag where he had stored his letters and documents and pulls out his leather-bound black notebook which is now worn and tired, bulging with extra bits of paper.

WILLIAM

I smoked all the cigarettes, I enjoyed the biscuits but *this* was the greatest gift of all.

QUENTIN

You finished it.

WILLIAM

At the risk of seeming too grand...

QUENTIN

You? Never!

WILLIAM

This is my legacy. My opus. My rallying cry for the National Socialist movement in Britain, for the world.

QUENTIN

That's really . . . really well done.

WILLIAM

There's a dedication.

WILLIAM hands the notebook to QUENTIN.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

In the front.

QUENTIN opens the first page and silently reads the hand written note.

QUENTIN

That's . . . so kind of you. You needn't have done that.

WILLIAM

Now all you need to do is get it to a publisher.

QUENTIN

A publisher?

WILLIAM

My handwriting is ghastly I'm afraid but its legible . . . just.

QUENTIN

I don't know the first thing about publishing.

WILLIAM

You didn't know anything about Law either and yet here we are three trials later.

QUENTIN

But Will....

WILLIAM

What's to know? Plonk this manuscript on the desk of any non Jew publisher in London and the rest should take care of itself. They'll be falling over themselves to get their grubby little mitts on it. The life of Lord Haw Haw told in his own hand, and printed only months after his death at the hands of the British government. It sells itself.

QUENTIN looks at the notebook he is holding and turns it over in his hands. He attempts to hand it back to WILLIAM.

WILLIAM

Q, once I'm dead they destroy everything in here, they empty my cell, everything belonging to me. Prison policy. I need you to take that with you, for safe keeping. It can't stay here. That's yours now. You understand?

QUENTIN nods.

QUENTIN

You believe there's an appetite for this . . . now.

WILLIAM

Now more than ever.

QUENTIN looks at the floor as he considers what he is going to say next.

QUENTIN

Will, you don't get to see the papers.

WILLIAM

I see cuttings. I talk to people, inmates, guards.

QUENTIN

Right, I wasn't sure if...

WILLIAM

What do you want to ask me, Q?

QUENTIN

. . . . So you know about Belsen?

WILLIAM stares at QUENTIN, then smiles.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)

You know about Dachau, Auschwitz. You know what went on? What they've discovered?

WILLIAM

I think I know what you want me to say.

QUENTIN

. . . I want to know the truth.

WILLIAM

No you don't. You want me to tell you that I had no idea what was going on.

Beat.

WILLIAM

I know now and I knew then. I don't shrink away from the messy side of what the Fuehrer was doing.

QUENTIN

The messy side?

WILLIAM

It wasn't pretty but it needed to be/

QUENTIN

Stop.

WILLIAM

You asked, Q, You asked the question.

QUENTIN

No, stop.

WILLIAM

Five minutes left together and you want to quiz me on matters of policy.

QUENTIN

I wish I hadn't.

WILLIAM

Then why did you?

QUENTIN holds up the notebook to make his point.

QUENTIN

This. What is it? A memoir or propaganda?

WILLIAM

A good memoir can be both, *should* be both.

QUENTIN

The more you talk about the Fuehrer . . . that look in your eye, like hypnosis.

WILLIAM

I'm not hypnotised Q, far fucking from it.

QUENTIN looks WILLIAM dead in the eye.

QUENTIN

What about Judith? How does she fit into your Jewish world conspiracy?

WILLIAM

What?

QUENTIN

You said we'd make a good couple, isn't that right? Just the sort of girl I should be taking to dinner.

WILLIAM looks genuinely surprised.

WILLIAM

Really? I never would have guessed. I'm usually so good at judging.

QUENTIN

There was no shortage of work she could have done elsewhere. She didn't have to work on your case.

WILLIAM

Then why did she?

QUENTIN

If you'd gotten your way....

WILLIAM

You mustn't think of it on a person by person basis.

QUENTIN

That's the only way you can think of it. Person by person. Despite it, despite everything she believed *she still believes* you don't deserve this.

QUENTIN shakes his head.

QUENTIN

When you came back, when they captured you and brought you back I was so . . happy . . elated . . I felt drunk for days knowing you were coming back. I knew you were in bad shape but I didn't care. I knew you were in trouble but I didn't think about that, not at first. I was just so . . excited to have my big brother back. No matter what happened when you were away, the internment camps, everything. None of it mattered. I was going to see my big brother again. This sounds stupid now . . . but it never really occurred to me that you really believed in it all, in Germany, in Him.

There is a sound of keys clanking in a heavy metal door. WILLIAM and QUENTIN tense up as they realise their time together is coming to an end. A GUARD enters the room.

GUARD

Alright then Mr. Joyce. I've got to get you back to your cell now. Its after 10. Your brother will see you in the morning.

WILLIAM

I was expecting Ogg.

GUARD

What have I said about calling him that?

WILLIAM

That it sums him up in one syllable.

GUARD

. . . I never said that.

WILLIAM

Do you think we might have five more minutes? Perhaps smoke a cigarette?

WILLIAM holds his packet of cigarettes out to the GUARD. The GUARD takes one and looks at his watch.

GUARD

Two . . . two minutes. I'll be right outside.

WILLIAM stares at his brother for a moment and looks over to the cell door and back to his brother.

WILLIAM

We'd crossed the border into Denmark with fake papers. Wilhelm and Margaret Hansen. All we had to do is keep a low profile for a few months until it was safe to move. We were in the middle of nowhere, not a soul for miles. At first it was peaceful. After the constant bombings, the ground shaking as the Allies got closer and closer. It was wonderful, like a second honeymoon. So quiet. So peaceful. I'd go for walks in the woods, for hours. Occasionally I'd see a farmer or someone traveling through, it didn't matter. I was just Wilhelm Hansen. On this particular day, a beautiful spring morning, clear blue skies, the smell of flowers was overpowering and I was striding along a new route searching for firewood. I saw two British Officers doing the same. We'd seen Allied troops going past for the last few days in large numbers, Margaret had been making no secret of her attempt to flirt with them as they marched past. There we were in the woods. We waved, we smiled, we continued our search for combustibles.

WILLIAM stops as he recalls the story.

WILLIAM

They barely gave me a second look. I continued my search and moved on my way to another patch. That should have been the end of it but we found ourselves a few hundred yards away from each other again half an hour later, there was another polite wave and our search continued. I had searched this patch only a few days before and there was little in the way wood lying around. I walked towards them with my little bundle of sticks and politely informed them that only a few minutes walk away in the other direction they might have more luck. The two men seemed very grateful, I pointed them in the right direction and off they went, all very cordial. Again, that should have been that.

WILLIAM lights a cigarette.

WILLIAM

It just so happens that certain types of wood burn far better than others, I'd been fighting with this issue for weeks now and was keen to share this knowledge with anyone who might listen. I followed the two men a few feet and called after them. I called again, they turned to face me. I began to regale them with the finer points of deciduous vs coniferous branches.

After weeks alone, starved of conversation the dam walls finally burst and the desire to talk was overwhelming. And talk I did. . . . I began to notice one of them start to angle his head slightly as he tuned his ear to my voice. I was suddenly aware of feeling exposed. Then there was silence, a pause in conversation. I'd forgotten what I was saying only moments ago and they seemed to be thinking about something else entirely. Their eyes narrowed, their posture changed, they went from men on a walk to a soldiers without even knowing it. "Are you William Joyce?" It can only have taken me a second or two to respond that I wasn't and that they must have me confused with someone else but it wasn't enough to convince them. By now both men were analysing ever detail of my face and I was realising a little too late that further conversation was only going to confirm their suspicions. I smiled as widely as I could muster and reached for the papers in my breast pocket. In my haste to prove I was not who they now thought I was I did perhaps reach too eagerly inside my jacket. My fingers had barely touched the corner of the document as I saw the pistol being lifted towards me. I saw a flash, I saw spots, then I saw the blue of the sky as I lay flat on my back.

WILLIAM looks at his brother and shrugs. He gestures around him.

QUENTIN

That bloody mouth of yours.

WILLIAM smiles. QUENTIN holds up the notebook.

QUENTIN

I assume that's not in here.

WILLIAM

No. Certainly not.

QUENTIN

Its the truth.

WILLIAM

It is . . . unhelpful.

QUENTIN smiles and shakes his head.

WILLIAM

If you don't want to help me with this then perhaps Margaret or Angus can/

QUENTIN

No, I'll do it. Of course I'll do it. I'll make sure it ends up in the right place.

WILLIAM stares at his brother for a long moment and then finally smiles, reaches across and squeezes QUENTIN's shoulder.

The GUARD enters the room again and taps his watch.

GUARD

That was 5 minutes right there, Gentlemen.

WILLIAM gets to his feet and smiles at QUENTIN.

WILLIAM

I'll see you in the morning.

QUENTIN

Yes.

WILLIAM

No need for goodbyes or anything like that.

QUENTIN

No, I'll see you in the morning.

WILLIAM

You don't/

QUENTIN

I'll see you in the morning.

WILLIAM nods and smiles and follows the GUARD towards the door. He stops and turns back to his brother, remembering something.

WILLIAM

I never told you what I was going to say tomorrow. My last broadcast.

Beat.

QUENTIN

You'll do fine.

WILLIAM pats his pockets and searches for something and eventually finds a small piece of paper folded in his trouser pocket.

WILLIAM

It'll only take a moment.

WILLIAM clears his throat and reads.

WILLIAM

In death as in life, I defy the Jews who caused this last war, and I defy the power of darkness which they represent. I warn the British people against the crushing imperialism of the soviet Union. May Britain be great once again and in the hour of the greatest danger in the West may the Swastika be raised from the dust, crowned with the words - "you have conquered nevertheless". I am proud to die for my ideals and I am sorry for the sons of Britain who have died without knowing why.

QUENTIN stares back at WILLIAM, his mouth opens but no words come out. WILLIAM calmly folds the piece of paper and carefully puts it back in his pocket.

WILLIAM

I'm still tinkering with it but thats the gist.

The GUARD reappears in the doorway to move WILLIAM along.

WILLIAM takes a cigarette and lights it and smiles at QUENTIN.

WILLIAM

I liked Judith. Give her the cigarette case anyway.

WILLIAM exits followed by the GUARD leaving QUENTIN alone in the room. He stares at the doorway. He picks up the worn, bulging leather notebook and studies it carefully. He opens it and rereads the words written on the inside cover and smiles. He closes the notebook and checks his watch.

QUENTIN stands up and looks around the room. He walks over to a bin in the corner of the room and removes the lid. He looks at the notebook once more and then drops it into the bin, replaces the lid and exits.

BLACKOUT.