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THE RIGHT TO LIVE

by

ALLAN E. SLOANE

FOR

UNITED JEWISH APPEAL

AMERICAN JEWISH

STARRING: KATHARINE HEPBURN AND DANA ANDREWS

PRODUCED & DIRECTED: HIMAN BROWN

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY
SUNDAY, MAY 18, 1947
10:30 - 11 P.M. E.D.T.



CUE: (NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY)
(.....30 seconds)

ANNOUNCER: Now -- The Right To Live, starring Katharine Hepburn and Dana Andrews.

MUSIC: A FEW MOODY BARS, STING AND UNDER

DOCTOR: Tell me -- why did you come to me?

NAOMI: Friends say you can answer a question for me. Maybe there isn't even an answer, but --

DOCTOR: What is the question?

NAOMI: Have I the right to be alive -- when all the others are dead?

MUSIC: UP AND TO A FINISH

ANNOUNCER: The National Broadcasting Company is proud to dedicate the next half hour to the United Jewish Appeal for an unusual drama -- "THE RIGHT TO LIVE", starring Katharine Hepburn and Dana Andrews, especially written by Allan E. Sloane and directed by Himan Brown. (MUSIC STING) This is not a story ... it is a true case history from the actual files of Europe's desperate uprooted men and women. It is one story of one question asked by one woman -- who is only one of many thousands who have no other place to turn for help but the agencies of the United Jewish Appeal. Here to enact that one woman's story is -- Miss Katharine Hepburn...

MUSIC: UP IN POTGNANT-CHILD-PLAY MOOD (A BAR OR TWO)
THEN UNDER

SOUND: SOME BIRDS AND SOME EUROPEAN TRAFFIC

NARRATOR: It is May, and this is Paris ---- where you have an address, but not a home. It is Spring now, and you sit in a park, by the entrance, to watch the children come and go. . . as you have sat in every Parisian park -- to watch the children. . . Sometimes, a ball rolls to you, and sometimes, when you pick it up and give it to a child, you can touch a hand... once, even, a small girl slipped, skipping, and fell, and before her mother took her away, you had her for a moment to hold, to comfort.

SOUND: A STEEPLE CLOCK STRIKES FOUR, SLOWLY.

NARRATOR: But now it is four o'clock, time for your appointment across the boulevard, with the doctor, friends say may help you. So you cross, and in his office --

DOCTOR: Your name is --

NAOMI: Naomi, Doctor - Naomi Grief.

DOCTOR: Why did you come to me?

NAOMI: There is no other place to go - and others who have been here say you can answer a question for

me.

DOCTOR: Maybe I can help you find the answer for yourself. What is the question?

NAOMI: It will sound foolish --

DOCTOR: Not to me. There are 60 thousand lost people like you in France. Hearing your -- questions, that is my work. So --

NAOMI: Maybe there isn't even an answer.

DOCTOR: What is the question, Naomi?

NAOMI: Have I the right to be alive?

DOCTOR: What?

NAOMI: Have I the right to be alive?

DOCTOR: Why shouldn't you be? Don't you think the very fact that you are, is an answer?

NAOMI: If I did, I wouldn't have come to you. Besides -- sometimes I don't even think I am alive. Sometimes I think what happened to me was -- was something somebody was dreaming about. And then --

DOCTOR: Yes --

NAOMI: And then the dream is over. Everybody else in it is gone, and there's only me. Why should they all be gone but me? Maybe I'm not even here -- and if I am -- what right have I got to be?

DOCTOR: Why shouldn't you be?

NAOMI: Because everybody else is dead.

MUSIC: A LIGHT OMINOUS STING AND HOLD

DOCTOR: Tell me about it.

NAOMI: All of it?

DOCTOR: All. Sit down there and talk to me. Just -- remember, -- and talk to me.

MUSIC: UP IN MOODY ACCENT AND HOLD UNDER FOR SPEECH

NARRATOR: It is another May and this is -- Warsaw, ... 62 Sienna Street. Evening. The ghetto gates are closed. Those who are allowed to go out by day -- to work in the fields, to scrub Warsaw's Aryan streets - are back now -- or will never come again. (PAUSE) You, Mrs. Naomi Grief, wife of Doctor Romek Grief, are preparing supper.

SOUND: STIRRING OF POT

NARRATOR: Your daughter, Raya, looks up from play and asks, as she does every night, not -- "When is Daddy coming home," but the Ghetto children's question-

RAYA: Do you think Daddy will come home?

NAOMI: Yes, Raya. I think he will.

RAYA: Bola's father didn't come home last night.

NAOMI: I know. (PAUSE) Play, Raya -- play.

RAYA: What's for supper?

NAOMI: Bread and honey. Potato peeling soup.

RAYA: No potatoes?

NAOMI: We had the potatoes last night.

RAYA: Maybe Daddy will bring something home.

NAOMI: Maybe.

SOUND: THE LATCH IS TRIED ON THE DOOR

RAYA: There's daddy.

NAOMI: Wait.

SOUND: ONE KNOCK

RAYA & NAOMI: R --

SOUND: ONE KNOCK

RAYA & NAOMI: O --

SOUND: ONE KNOCK

RAYA & NAOMI: M --

SOUND: ONE KNOCK

RAYA & NAOMI: E --

SOUND: ONE KNOCK

RAYA & NAOMI: K. (RAYA ALONE) It's Daddy!

NAOMI: (NOW HAPPY) All right, Raya --(Fade) open the door.

SOUND: DOOR IS OPENED

ROMEK: (WARM) Hello, Rayusha. . .

RAYA: Hello, Daddy. What's in the package?

ROMEK: Shhh! A surprise!

NAOMI: (A LITTLE OFF) What are you two whispering about?

RAYA: Daddy's brought something. Like you said.

ROMEK: As you said. (PAUSE) Naomi -- here. It's for you.

NAOMI: Food?

ROMEK: Open it.

SOUND: A PAPER IS RUSTLED. THERE IS A PAUSE

NAOMI: (CHOKED) Romek, Romek --

ROMEK: For you.

NAOMI: Lilacs.

RAYA: Flowers?

NAOMI: Lilacs. . .

ROMEK: What you smell, Raya, from the other side of the wall. Remember, you asked -- what smells so nice?

RAYA: (SOFT) Are those lilacs?

ROMEK: Yes. (BITTER) They only grow outside the wall.

NAOMI: Where'd you get them, Romek?

ROMEK: I bought them -- for a hundred zlotys -- from one of the boys who go over the wall.

NAOMI: A hundred zlotys could have bought a loaf of bread.

ROMEK: We had bread yesterday. We have bread tonight.

When did you last have flowers?

NAOMI: I'm sorry, Romek. Now have supper. I'll put them in water.

ROMEK: Wait. I have something else.

NAOMI: More surprises!

ROMEK: Yes. Look. One for you -- one for me---one
for Raya --

NAOMI: (IT IS TOO WONDERFUL TO MAKE NOISE) The
passports. The passports --

RAYA: What's a passport?

ROMEK: Freedom. Now we can go away.

RAYA: Where?

ROMEK: Come on. You're a big girl. Read it to your
mother. Read.

RAYA: All right. U-N-I-T-E-D -- United --

ROMEK: That's right --

RAYA: S-T-A-T-E-S. States. United States.

ROMEK: That's right. Keller's coming tonight to
take them away. We won't need them. He's
coming to tell us when we'll go, how we'll
go. But first - supper.

RAYA: Where's the United States?

ROMEK: Far away -- far across the ocean.

RAYA: Very far away? Really far?

NAOMI: Very far -- really.

RAYA: That's good.

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE UNDER

NARRATOR: The bread and the potato-peel soup are a feast,
tonight -- with the lilacs on the table, the
blossoms that must be smuggled into the ghetto,
the way food is. . . (MUSIC RISES A BIT THEN
BACK UNDER) But the lilacs and the feast-feel-
ing, they fade, the next morning, as you take
the passports and go. As you pass the lines of
people taken from their houses -- you feel a
shame that you should be going free. They are
gathered to be shipped East, in cattle cars,
to the camps whence only shoes and clothes and

the fillings of teeth ever come back. You feel a shame -- (SNEAK SOUND OF TRAIN) for your train will go -- West.

SOUND: TRAIN'S EUROPEAN SCREAM AND RUSH UNDER

NARRATOR: Westward you go -- but still, the farther away you move, the clearer becomes the Ghetto. They do not fade, the pictures. . . it is as if you had been a photographic plate for four years, and now you bear, indelible, the pictures of the ghetto. (MUSIC WEAVES IN AND OUT)

NARRATOR: The wall around. . . with the bricks the masons left loose for bread to be smuggled through... the girl who sang in Sienna Street the song about the train that would not come back, the mad girl... the bodies with the blue faces and the clenched fists, found starven always in front of food shops -- the ones you in the ghetto called -- Dreamers of Bread. . . the horse bone jelly at 10 zloty a portion. . . the smell of lilacs from the other side. . . and last of all -- the sidewalks of every street -- yellow with the stains of washed-away blood.

SOUND: TRAIN UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: West and west, to a place called Vittel, in

NARRATOR: the South of France. And there while you wait... fear waits with you, for it is just another ghetto with barbed wire for walls. Friends are there....those who had arrived before...still waiting to be exchanged for German nationals...waiting, never knowing whether their passports will be honored or taken away. And so you know the old despair when one night, a bribed guard comes -

GUARD: Grief --

ROMEK: (WHISPER) Yes --

GUARD: (WHISPER) What is it worth to you to know something?

ROMEK: I have an American dollar --

GUARD: I'll take it! Now listen! You're all going away --

ROMEK: Yes --

GUARD: But not to South America!

ROMEK: Where?

GUARD: Drancy! It's a durchsgangslager --

ROMEK: A transit camp! From there the next stop is -- Belsen! When?

GUARD: Tomorrow. I can save one of you ... smuggle you out of here for money!

MUSIC: HIT (SHORT) AND FADE

NARRATOR: You and Romek tell the others. Who is the one to be? Everybody turns and looks at silver-haired Rabbi Aleksander, who has been waiting longer than anyone. Your Romek understands the silent election....

ROMEK: Rabbi --

RABBI: Yes?

ROMEK: You heard the news --

RABBI: Yes.

ROMEK: One can go. We have decided it will be you. We will get you out. We can get enough money to --

RABBI: It says in the Torah --

ROMEK: Rabbi Rabbi -- it is no time for the Torah!

RABBI: It says in the Torah -- In the day that thou standest ready to cross to the other side, in the day that the strangers shall carry away thy brother captive --

ROMEK: Rabbi!

RABBI: In that day shalt thou look into thy heart and ask "Wherefore shall I cross to the other side, when my brother is delivered up unto mine enemy." Then shalt thou do what thou findest in thy heart to do, and in thy heart alone.

ROMEK: So, Rabbi?

RABBI: So I shall stay. (PAUSE) Let the little one go. (SOFT) A child -- I make the decision for her. Let the little one go.

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE

NARRATOR: That night, you go with Raya in your arms down the corridor. The bribed guard meets you, and with lies and bribes and bribes and lies, you are outside. Outside the barbed wire. Then --

GUARD: All right. Hide her.

NAOMI: Where? Where?

GUARD: That I'm not supposed to know. That I don't know.

NAOMI: But where can I go, where can I take her?

GUARD: (A SHRUG) I said I could get one out. The rest is up to you!

MUSIC: AN ACCENT AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You walk a way through the quiet town, carrying your little Raya, until she says --

RAYA: I can walk, mommy.

NAOMI: No -- let me carry you a little.

RAYA: Don't get tired.

NAOMI: (SOFT) Carrying you?

RAYA: But where to, Mommy? Where to?

NARRATOR: What can you answer when you don't know? But you walk, carrying, until you can carry even this dear burden no more. You sit down on a stone step, in the shadow of a building that is old. A door opens --

MUSIC: IS OUT

SOUND: DOOR OPENS CREAKILY

NAOMI: (SHE GASPS)

MOTHER: Don't be afraid.

NAOMI: Who are you?

MOTHER: Mother St. Helen.

NAOMI: This is a church!

MOTHER: Yes.

NAOMI: I -- I'm sorry. I'll go away -- I didn't mean to -- come here. I --

MOTHER: Are you one of the people from the camp?

NAOMI: (SILENCE)

MOTHER: Are you afraid to tell me?

NAOMI: SILENCE

MOTHER: (SOFT) Little girl -- what's your name?

RAYA: Raya.

MOTHER: Raya. Raya, are you afraid of me?

RAYA: No.

MOTHER: CHILD -- will you come inside with me --

NAOMI: Raya! Raya --

MOTHER: Just for a moment? And then come back to your mother?

RAYA: Is it all right, Mommy?

NAOMI: Why -- why do you --

MOTHER: You will see. Will you come, Raya?

RAYA: Yes.

MOTHER: Come then.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS WIDER, CLOSES SLOWLY

NARRATOR: You sit and wait. In the dark, you can hear the pulse of your own heart, you scarcely dare breathe lest -- lest you be found out. Then --

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

RAYA: (SOFTLY) Mommy -- it's me.

NAOMI: I was waiting for you to come back --

RAYA: Can I tell her, lady?

MOTHER: Yes. Tell her.

NAOMI: What is it, Raya -- what is it?

RAYA: Inside, Mommy -- the lady showed me what is inside.

NAOMI: Yes --

RAYA: Inside there are children. Lots of children.

MUSIC: A THROB - UNDER

NARRATOR: You look at the sister. She nods. She urges Raya into the circle of your arms. You hold her till the small beat of her heart is so close to yours, it becomes part of it again, and then she takes Raya to -- safety. You watch the child grow smaller and smaller down a corridor -- with no guards in it -- until she is gone.

MUSIC: A FAR-AWAY ECHO OF THE THROB

MOTHER: Don't be afraid. Just tell me her name -- and whatever happens, we will keep her safe.

NAOMI: Her name is Raya Grief. If she asks for us -- we are Naomi and Romek, -- Grief. Tomorrow, we're going to Drancy --

MOTHER: I know. Just before a train leaves -- children are brought to me.

NAOMI: And you -- save them?

MOTHER: Yes. Some day we'll give them all back.

NAOMI: You -- promise?

MOTHER: I give you my word.

NAOMI: I -- I trust you.

MOTHER: (SOFTLY) God be with you.

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE UNDER

NARRATOR: You get back into the camp, and the guard asks no questions when you return without Raya. But you returned with something that was never there before, through all the terror of the ghetto. And that is -- an ache in the crook of your elbow, an ache in your arms that has never been there before and will never go away until you have Raya back.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

SOUND: TRAIN WAITING, BELL AND PUFFING UNDER -

NARRATOR: On the train, the next morning --

ROMEK: Naomi -- I want to tell you something about
last night --

NAOMI: What is it, Romek?

ROMEK: When you went away with little Raya --

NAOMI: Yes --

ROMEK: I thought -- perhaps, I thought, Naomi won't
come back. Perhaps she will run away and hide
with Raya---

NAOMI: No, I wouldn't do that. You know I'd stay with
you --

ROMEK: You would have been right to go --

NAOMI: No, I wouldn't. I belong with you -- wherever
we go.

SOUND: TRAIN HAS PULLED OUT, AND WHISTLE SHRIEKS.

ROMEK: (QUIET) Well -- wherever that is -- we're
going!

SOUND: TRAIN UP AND UNDER INTERIOR PERSPECTIVE

NARRATOR: You ride for hours across Southern France, across occupied France, going East, East. There is nothing to say, almost, nothing to feel. To say what you do feel would hurt too much. But Romek has been thinking.

ROMEK: (WHISPER) Naomi -- we'll never come back, ever --

NAOMI: (SAME) No -- somehow we will.

ROMEK: Never. So -- you have to escape --

NAOMI: Or you. Both of us.

ROMEK: All right -- both, then. But whoever can -- should -- must --

NAOMI: How?

ROMEK: I've been watching. The washroom -- if the train slows down -- go there -- and jump --

NAOMI: Not alone, Romek --

ROMEK: You must!

NAOMI: No -- wherever you go, I want to be with you --

ROMEK: No! You have to stay alive -- for Raya!

NAOMI: They'll catch me --

ROMEK: No. You can speak French -- people will help you --

NAOMI: Come with me, come with me --

ROMEK: It's safer for one alone. Promise me you'll go.

NAOMI: Please, Romek -- I'm afraid --

ROMEK: I'm not.

NAOMI: You're not afraid?

ROMEK: Knowing Raya is safe makes me less afraid -- knowing you're safe will make me -- altogether unafraid. You have to go to make me not afraid.

NAOMI: You're just saying that. --

ROMEK: (FIERCE) Believe me, believe me! I want you to go! If I know you have a chance -- (BREAK) I want you to!

NAOMI: With all your heart?

ROMEK: Yes!

NAOMI: Then -- when the train slows down -- I'll go. But first --

ROMEK: No -- no. Don't show any sign. The guard is watching.

NAOMI: (SOFT) I was only going to say -- I -- I never did say thank you -- for the lilacs.

SOUND: TRAIN WHISTLE\$SCREAMS AND RUSHES UNDER

NARRATOR: After a while, the train slows down. Romek looks at you -- he burns the look of him through his eyes into yours, he burns his soul into you so you may remember him -- you touch his hand, he kisses the palm, closes the fingers -- he can do no more, say nothing more, for a guard watches -- and then, you rise.

SOUND: TRAIN SLOWS DOWN

NARRATOR: Your hand, with your hand you brush his hair as you pass. The guard does not make room for you, but you go to the washroom. You shut the door

SOUND: TRAIN UP

NARRATOR: You open the window --

SOUND: WINDOW OPEN ON EXTERIOR PERSPECTIVE OF SLOWING TRAIN.

NARRATOR: You see the ground rushing by -- still with some speed. You realize the train is beginning to go faster. Then you hear, from far away ---

RABBI (FILTER) Then shalt thou do what thou findest in thy heart to do, and in thy heart alone -

NARRATOR: You start to shut the window -- but you hear -- closer, urgent --

ROMEK: (FILTER) You have to go to make me not afraid --
I want you to!

NARRATOR: You leave it open. You jump!

SOUND: THE TRAIN SCREAMS AND ROARS AWAY

NARRATOR: You are outside a city. It is Paris -- and there
is a name in your memory, from far away and long
ago. After long searching, the name becomes a
real person -- and with her, you stay. There
you hide, until -- there is no more war.

MUSIC: HIT HOPEFULLY AND FADE

NARRATOR: Then, you begin to search, for Raya and Romek.
But when you look for Raya -- there is no Raya.
When you ask about Romek -- through the American
Army, the British Army, the French Free Army --
every possible source -- there is no Romek. And
so you begin to ask yourself --

MUSIC: AN ACCENT

NAOMI: (BITTER) What right have I got to be alive?

MUSIC: POIGNANT ACCENT AND FADE AWAY UNDER

NARRATOR: Months pass. There are needs beyond answering the
everpresent ache in your arms for Raya and Romek.
Last December, in France's bitterest winter, there
was the need for - -

WOMAN: A coat? Just a minute.

NARRATOR: (LOW) It is a clothing distribution center of the Joint Distribution Committee. The only place to which you -- and all the others -- can come. The woman comes back.

WOMAN: Here. Try this on.

NAOMI: (DULL) Try it on?

WOMAN: Yes. If it doesn't fit, I'll find one that does.

NAOMI: You mean I can have one -- my size, even?

WOMAN: (GENTLE) If we have one.

NAOMI: It doesn't matter. This one is all right. Any one is all right for me.

WOMAN: But --

NAOMI: Let me take this and go. (BEAT) I don't even deserve a rag.

MUSIC: HIT POIGNANTLY AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You see yourself walking by mirrored in the windows of the stores of Paris, wearing a coat from America against the cold of Europe, and you say --

NAOMI: (WHISPER) You have no right to have a coat. The others didn't even get -- a shroud.

MUSIC: STING

NARRATOR: Last week, you were sent to still another agency of the J. D. C. to answer still another need.

MAN: A job? There is one thing we need -- nurses.

NAOMI: I was a nurse.

MAN: Then you'll certainly do.

NAOMI: Thank you.

MAN: We can't pay much. Not much beyond a place to live, and food.

NAOMI: I don't care. I don't want the pay. I don't deserve the money.

MAN: That's a funny way to talk, Miss Grief.

NAOMI: Mrs. Grief. My husband was a doctor.

MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER

NARRATOR: You go about the job of nursing others like yourself, but not even that work, work that is needed, makes you worthy in your own eyes. For you ask -- why should a mere nurse have been spared -- when a doctor, a good doctor -- was taken?

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE UNDER

NARRATOR: Then, one of the doctors where you work sends you to this one, who asks now, today --

DOCTOR: In other words -- you feel guilty that you are alive?

NAOMI: Yes.

DOCTOR: And you feel that nothing anybody does for you -- you deserve?

NAOMI: Nothing.

DOCTOR: But that's not true. It's just because you are alive -- (SOFT) one of so few who are -- that it is being done!

NAOMI: I have no right to be. That's what I came to ask you.

DOCTOR: Naomi -- I suppose you know you have what is called a "complex." A guilt complex.

NAOMI: Yes. My Romek was a doctor, I know that much.

DOCTOR: But knowing it does not help -- is that it?

NAOMI: No. It doesn't help.

DOCTOR: But you did what he wanted you to do. You must realize that. If you were able to live after him -- somehow that means you were meant to.

NAOMI: No -- I can't believe that.

DOCTOR: (STRONG) Wait.

SOUND: WINDOW IS THROWN OPEN

DOCTOR: Look. Look through the window. (STREET SOUNDS AND CHILDREN AT PLAY COME THROUGH) The people, walking -- the children, playing --

NAOMI: I see them --

DOCTOR: They're all alive -- and yet, the Germans were here too. Any one of them might have been killed -- the children, not even born -- but they're alive. They were saved -- because they were meant to be.

NAOMI: Was I?

DOCTOR: Yes! You're as alive as they are! And because you are, you have the right to be! You're still young, and you must -- (PAUSE) You're not listening to me.

NAOMI: No.

DOCTOR: Why not? You asked me to help you, and now -- (HARD) Stop staring at the open window.

NAOMI: I was just listening to the children playing. I don't see them? Where are they?

DOCTOR: In the hospital yard. It's part of the agency service. They're what we call -- "unaccompanied children." No parents. (SOFT) Naomi --

NAOMI: Yes?

DOCTOR: Naomi -- listen to me. You have got to stop looking for Raya! You're still looking, aren't you?

NAOMI: No.

DOCTOR: Yes you are.

NAOMI: No. I've stopped looking. She wouldn't know me even if she's alive. And -- (PAUSE) I've stopped looking. I just -- yearn to see children.

DOCTOR: (SOFT) If I let you see our children -- will you promise me something?

NAOMI: What?

DOCTOR: Don't break your heart again, looking for your little one.

NAOMI: I promise.

DOCTOR: Ana something else. When you have seen our children, and you go out of here - believe me -- you go out into a world that needs you. Go out, fall in love, marry -- have more children. The world needs Jewish children -- even the people in D.P. camps are having babies -- people who lost theirs -- people who lost their husbands, their wives -- they are marrying, they are finding a new life. You'll see, someday you will find a home in Palestine --

NAOMI: Stop, stop --

DOCTOR: No. I won't stop. You came for an answer -- and this is it. We have lost enough of us. We cannot lose any more. You have more than a right to be alive, you have a duty to be alive -- you are alive, you must forget the dead --

NAOMI: (QUIET) No.

DOCTOR: Then I cannot help you.

BIZ: SILENCE

NAOMI: You said --

DOCTOR: Yes?

NAOMI: You said I could look at the children --

DOCTOR: All right. Follow me.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS. FOOTSTEPS TO STOP

DOCTOR: In here. You can look in at them.

SOUND: ANOTHER DOOR OPENS ON

SOUND: BABBLE OF CHILDREN AND FORKS AND SPOONS, ETC.

NAOMI: (HER HEART IN IT) Look at them. Look at them . . .
(SOFT, SOFT) They're -- so alive.

DOCTOR: Maybe you'd better --

NAOMI: (SOFT) Just a little longer. It's like --
holding them -- to look --

DOCTOR: All right.

MUSIC: BEGINS TO SNEAK

NARRATOR: They look at you curiously and turn their faces
away. Little strangers, dear, small unknown
children -- twenty Rayas. . . (SOFT) But one
looks back after she looks away. She leaves the
table. She stands before you. She says --

RAYA: (GENTLE) Hello, Mommy. I was waiting for you to
come.

MUSIC: HIT HARD AND UNDER

NARRATOR: The doctor is asking "Now have you a right to be
alive, now have you?" But you don't hear him.
You have never seen such a beautiful child. You
have never seen such a beautiful Jewish child.

NARRATOR: And she is yours -- and it is all right. It is for this that you were kept alive, that you might live for her to be in your arms again.

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE UNDER

DOCTOR: But for every one child who finds its own mother -- there are thousands that have no parent but the heart and the hands of the living who have no kinship with them other than that of humanity. There is a life to be lived by each lost child, a life to be found somewhere for all of them. I wrote "Case closed" on the notes I took while Naomi Grief talked to me. But what can I write about the other cases? (PAUSE) You ask yourself -- and do what you find it in your heart to do.

MUSIC: HIT AND COME TO FINISH

ANNOUNCER: You have been listening to Dana Andrews and Katharine Hepburn starring in "The Right To Live" a program especially written for the United Jewish Appeal by Allan E. Sloane. Now...an important message concerning the United Jewish Appeal:

LOCAL ANNOUNCER: CUTS IN FOR TWO MINUTE APPEAL

MUSIC:

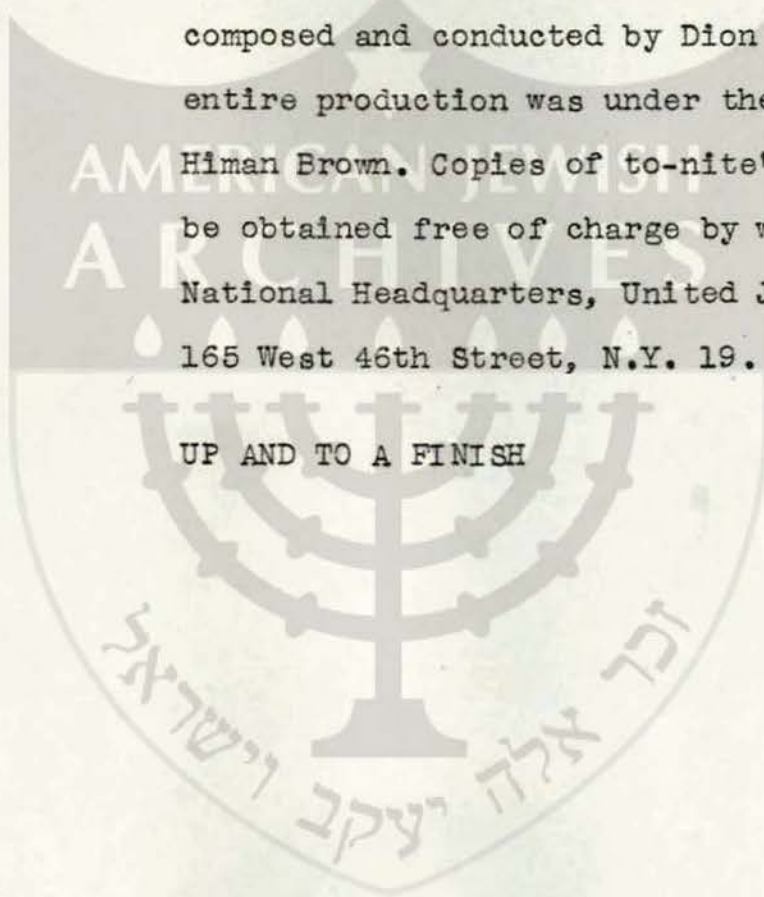
HITS AND UNDER

ANNOUNCER:

The United Jewish Appeal is deeply grateful to the National Broadcasting Company and to all the artists who made this program possible. In the cast we heard Katharine Hepburn as Naomi, Dana Andrews as Romek. The music was composed and conducted by Dion Romandy. The entire production was under the direction of Himan Brown. Copies of to-nite's drama may be obtained free of charge by writing to National Headquarters, United Jewish Appeal, 165 West 46th Street, N.Y. 19.

MUSIC:

UP AND TO A FINISH



16 April

TO-MORROW THE HARVEST

by

ALLAN E. SLOANE

FOR

UNITED JEWISH APPEAL

STARRING: GREGORY PECK

PRODUCED & DIRECTED: HIMAN BROWN

CUE MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM
(.....30 seconds.....)

ANN'R And now GREGORY PECK...starring in "TOMORROW THE HARVEST"!!

MUSIC HIT POIGNANTLY AND HOLD UNDER FOR

SOUND NOT QUITE RMYTHMIC SCRAPE OF SHOVEL...SOUND GOES UNDER

DOCTOR (PROJECTING A BIT) All right, David....Put away your
spade....that's enough for to-day.

SOUND THE SHOVELLING CONTINUES

DOCTOR (QUIETLY) David...didn't you hear me? Enough for
to-day.

SOUND THE SHOVELLING CONTINUES IMPLACABLY

DOCTOR (VERY GENTLY) Why do you keep on digging?

DAVID I have to dig. I haven't dug enough to-day.

DOCTOR Enough what?

DAVID Grave. (PAUSE) Never enough....graves!

MUSIC HITS POIGNANTLY...SWELLS AND THEN COMES UNDER FOR

ANN'R The Mutual Broadcasting System is proud to contribute the next half hour to the UNITED JEWISH APPEAL....for an unusual drama: TO-MORROW THE HARVEST, starring Mr. Gregory Peck and directed by Himan Brown.

The United Jewish Appeal is for one hundred and seventy million dollars to support the relief, rehabilitation, and resettlement work of the Joint Distribution Committee, the United Palestine Appeal, and the United Service for New Americans. (MUSIC STING) And now, Mr. Gregory Peck, as David Stein.....

MUSIC COMES UP FOR A MOMENT AND FADES MOODILY UNDER

NARRATOR: (UNPOSITIVE, FUMBLINGLY, BUT SOMEHOW A LITTLE CRAFTY. TO BE EXACT, HE IS AN OBSESSIVE.)

David, David (HE REACHES, FINDS THE NAME) Stein. David Stein -- they keep telling you. "They" are the doctors in this place where you are. Where you are -- well, there are walls around. . . a few guards -- not with guns, no. Dressed like the doctors, white. A hospital -- they tell you, where you are to get better and then -- (PAUSE) You are not sure, not sure of anything. Except when it comes daylight, and you go outside with the others to work with picks and shovels. For the harvest -- they tell you. (PAUSE) They lie to you, they lie! (LIGHT STING AND SNEAK MUSIC CONTINUES) Harvest! You know what this work is, with the spade!

You look at the tattooed number, pricked forever on your forearm, and you know. There will be no harvest here -- for you are the gravedigger of Jedestadt!

MUSIC: HIT HARD AND FADE AWAY UNDER

SOUND: A DOOR OPENS SOFTLY

DOCTOR: (SOFTLY) All quiet in this ward?

WARDMAN: All quiet tonight, Doctor. Except young Kramer over there. He's afraid of another bad night.

DOCTOR: Let him have something to help him sleep, then.

WARDMAN: I will, doctor. (PAUSE) AS

SOUND: DOOR BEGINS TO CLOSE

WARDMAN: Doctor --

DOCTOR: (AS DOOR STOPS CLOSING) Yes?

WARDMAN: (NEAR WHISPER) David Stein hasn't said anything tonight-- yet. But --

DOCTOR: (SAME) If he asks -- or if you think he needs -- give him something too. (PAUSE) He's a lean one, but he's strong, so --

WARDMAN: Double?

DOCTOR: Double. (PAUSE) (A SIGH) Aaah, I don't know. We tell him where he is, we show him we are friends, we do

NARRATOR: The doctor and the ward man - - (LET "GRAVES" COME CLEAR) They're talking about you!

everything we can . . . and still. . . day in, day out -- he digs graves. (PAUSE) Well . . . goodnight.

SOUND: DOOR SHUTS

NARRATOR: (OVER ALL THIS) The doctor's gone. He'll go and talk about you some more. They will think up new lies to tell you. (A GROAN OF HALF-SCORN, HALF-DESPAIR)

WARDMAN: (A LITTLE OFF) Is that you, David?

NARRATOR: (IN DULL CHARACTER) No.

WARDMAN: I thought I heard you -- groan.

NARRATOR: No.

WARDMAN: Would you like something to help you sleep, David?

NARRATOR: No.

WARDMAN: All right.

MUSIC: STING AND UNDER

(NOTE: IN CHARACTER AS NARRATOR, MR PECK IS PSYCHOTIC, AT ONCE CRAFTY AND LOST. BUT AS DAVID, THE OUTWARD ASPECT OF THE NARRATOR, HE IS QUIET, ALMOST A CLOD)

NARRATOR: Something to make you sleep. How can you sleep when they might listen to what you might say?

See? That one : MAN: (OFF) No. Please. Not again --
in the bed over please. No.

there. He talks. : WARDMAN: Kramer? Shhh...go to sleep.

The one in white : MAN: Aaaah! I thought they were
goes and listens.

To spy -- then, coming again.

to lie. : WARDMAN: Shhh. A dream . . . go
to sleep . . .

NARRATOR: (OVER SOUND OF TIPTOE FOOTSTEPS) The one in white comes by. He stops. You will pretend to sleep.

WARDMAN: David?

BIZ: SILENCE

WARDMAN: David?

BIZ: SILENCE

WARDMAN: Hmmm.

SOUND: THE FOOTSTEPS GO AWAY

NARRATOR: He is satisfied you are asleep. One lie for you, David!
(WHISPER) You lie straight, straight like a stick. You clutch your thighs with your hands, tight, hard. Dig your nails deep in the flesh, make the pain keep you awake. Don't sleep, don't sleep. . . (SOMBRE) For you have been behind walls before, and they came in the night with lights and roused you out. There they wore grey --

here they wear white... there they wore pistols, here --
hah, they'll come some night with pistols, with lights,
and questionings -- you remember, you remember!

SOUND: A LOW RHYTHMIC SOBEING, COMING FROM UNDER PREVIOUS, THEN
OUT IN THE CLEAR A MAN'S HARD SOBS.

NARRATOR: (URGENT) Tight! Hold on tight, dig with the nails --
somebody is sobbing. (A SOB) It is you!

MUSIC: HIT AGONIZEDLY AND FADE FAR UNDER

NARRATOR: It is long after you sobbed. . . oh, you must sleep.
But then the dream will come, inside your head, where
nobody can hear it but you. Always at night -- the dream--

SOUND: SUDDEN AND SHOCKING, BUT ON FILTER, A BABY'S WAIL.

NARRATOR: (LIKE A SOB. THE FIRST WORD MERELY A THROAT-NOISE, THE
SECOND--A PANG) Ah -- the dream!

SOUND: AGAIN, STILL ON FILTER, THE BABY'S CRY. BUT LITTLE BY
LITTLE IT MOVES FROM FILTER TO LIVE

MARTHA: David -- the baby.

DAVID: (A WHOLE MAN. YOUNG, HUMOROUS) I know. Let him cry.

MARTHA: You can say that. You'll go into the woods with your axe,
and all you'll hear is the birds -- but all I'll hear,
if I don't quiet him -- is -- that!

SOUND: THE BABY

DAVID: It's music.

MARTHA: Ha!

DAVID: Real music. (PAUSE) Feed him. Maybe he's hungry.

MARTHA: I fed him!

DAVID: Then sing him to sleep. (THIS PROVES HE LOVES HER) Sing to him, Martha . . . the lullaby. . .

MARTHA: (WARMLY) Sometimes I think you like the lullaby better than the little one does . . .

DAVID: (QUIET) I never knew you knew it. My mother's lullaby -- my grandma's lullaby -- -- -- then, I marry. . . there is a son -- (DEAR SMILE) and my wife, my beautiful young wife --

MARTHA: DAVID!

DAVID: My wife sings from out of nowhere -- my mother's lullaby. It's -- (A PAUSE) Yes. I love it. Sing.

MARTHA: SHE SINGS A LULLABY AND THE BABY QUIETS HIS CRYING.

DAVID: HE JOINS IN, HUMMING SOME, PUTTING IN A WORD HERE, A WORD THERE, WHEN --

SOUND: ON CUE DOOR OPENS

WALTER: (LOUDLY) David? Listen, David --

DAVID & MARTHA: Shhhh!

WALTER: (LOUD WHISPER) Oooh -- I'm sorry. Listen, David --

DAVID: All right, Walter. . . I'll be with you in a minute.
Here. Take my axe and wait outside.

WALTER: Okay - - but I don't think we oughta go into the woods
today.

DAVID: What's all this?

WALTER: Well -- you live right here outside Jedestadt, or you'd
of heard. Sumpin's gonna happen today -- sumpin's gonna
happen.

MARTHA: What's got into your head, Walter?

WALTER: It's true, Mrs. Stein. I head the fellas talking in the
strasse - -

DAVID: (CASUAL-LIKE) Tell me about it on the trail, Walt.
Martha -- I'll be home around sundown, so --

MARTHA: (QUIET) Wait. (PAUSE) Walter -- what's going to happen?
Do you know?

WALTER: Well, I -- DAVID: Some nonsense the boy --

MARTHA: Please, David. (PAUSE) Tell me, Walter.

WALTER: Well -- I heard them say the area leader was coming
through town today. (WHISPER) Grossmund -- coming to
Jedestadt.

BIZ: SILENCE

DAVID: (QUIET -- HARD) Gauleiter Grossmund. (PAUSE) Coming here.

WALTER: With -- troops.

DAVID: Of course -- with troops.

MARTHA: David --

DAVID: Nothing will happen. Just a visit. Passing through. What is there in Jedestadt for him to do?

MARTHA: (WHISPER) You hear stories. Mrs. Jacob's Willi --

DAVID: Stories. (PAUSE) Come on, Walt. There's wood to cut.

MARTHA: Don't go to the woods, please. Stay with me --

DAVID: Martha -- it's -- sidewalk talk and small boys' whispers. Nothing will happen. (QUIETER) If we just -- go about our business -- nothing can happen. (PAUSE) And I'm going on mine -- cutting wood.

MARTHA: Take me with you.

DAVID: Into the woods? (SMILE) And feed the baby on what -- acorns?

MARTHA: Please, David. Stay here, please -- or take me --

DAVID: Martha -- stay in the house, that's all. Nothing will happen -- but if anything does -- (GRIM) stay in the house!

SOUND: THE BABY CRIES

DAVID: Ah. I woke him.

MARTHA: (QUIET) David -- don't go.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

DAVID: (GENTLE, SOOTHING) It's all right, Martha.
Walter -- run ahead. I'll catch up with you.

WALTER: Uh-huh.

SOUND: (HE GOES OFF WHISTLING GAILY)

DAVID: Martha --

MARTHA: (HOLDING BACK) Yes --

DAVID: Sing the lullaby. . .

MARTHA: I --

DAVID: Sing to the little one, Martha -- sing. . .

MARTHA: (SHE SINGS SOFTLY, THE BABY'S CRYING STOPS, HER SINGING
IS INTERRUPTED BY

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES SLOWLY

MUSIC: PICKS UP UNDER SINGING, SAME THEME, RISES POIGNANTLY AND
FADES UNDER

SOUND: BIRDS - FOREST BACKGROUND - A CROW CAWS FAR AWAY

DAVID: All right, kid. Knock off a while. Let's eat.

WALTER: I'd kinda like to sneak back to town and see --

DAVID: Look - The only reason they let us live is -- they need the wood we cut. So -- work ---

WALTER: Wait. (PAUSE) You hear something?

DAVID: (AFTER A PAUSE) Crows . . . a brook. . . the wind... the only things around here that can go where they want. . . (PAUSE) No. Nothing.

WALTER: I did. I think I heard --

SOUND: VERY FAR OFF, A SIREN.

WALTER: There! Y'hear?

DAVID: Yes. Go on. Eat. Then we'll work.

WALTER: That's Grossmund coming! Cantcha hear -- they're coming!

DAVID: (QUIET) I know. Walter -- get it off your mind. (THE SIRENS COME NEARER) -- Forget it. Just - work. If we -- mind our own business they'll --

WALTER: (FULLY EXCITED) They're coming down the road, right through there -- David -- I could cut through and --

DAVID: No. We see enough of them. Once was enough. Let them scream through town and go.

SOUND: THE SIRENS FADE OFF.

DAVID: Come on. We can get another tree cut up before sundown.

WALTER: They oughta be right in town now. Right in town.

DAVID: And right on through. So --

SOUND: FAROFF -- A SHOT, THEN, RAPIDLY, THREE MORE.

WALTER: What was that!

DAVID: One of their autos backfiring. Look, kid -- What do you want me to do -- chop this forest to cord-length by myself?

BIZ: SILENCE

DAVID: All right -- we'll never get any work done till you find out. Come on, I'll carry your axe.

WALTER: No. I can carry it.

DAVID: (SMILE) Then -- turn the blade away from your neck. I don't want to have to carry you home!

SOUND: CROW CAWS --

SOUND: AN EXPLOSION FAROFF. SEVERAL OTHERS. OVER IT, MACHINE GUN AND RIFLE FIRE. HOLD, THEN STOP. THEN SOME MORE MACHINE GUN FIRE. A SHOT OR TWO ECHOES. LETS TRY THE RICHOCHET RECORD

WALTER: (QUIET) Backfiring? Tell me that was backfiring.

SOUND: SIRENS CREEP IN BEHIND

DAVID: (LOST) It could be -- it could be something --

WALTER: (QUIET. MATURE) It could only be -- dynamite -- machine guns -- rifles.

DAVID: No -- it --

WALTER: And -- we don't have dynamite. We don't have -- anything!

SOUND: YOU ARE KEEPING THE SIRENS COMING ON

SOUND: OVER SIRENS, FOOTSTEPS GOING AWAY

DAVID: (PROJECTING) Kid, kid -- where you going?

WALTER: (FROM OFF) To the road, the road --

DAVID: (YELLING) No! No -- stay away from the road! Walter!

WALTER!

SOUND: A SHOT. THEN TWO MORE. THE SIRENS FADE AWAY TO UTTER SILENCE.

DAVID: WALTER. I told you to -----

MUSIC: A CRY AND SILENCE IT

DAVID: Stay away ---!

WALTER: (DYING) David -- I --

DAVID: Shhh, kid -- shhhh. . .

WALTER: No -- no, they --

DAVID: Shhh, -- I'll -- I'll carry you home --

WALTER: You said -- you said you didn't want to carry me -- don't -- don't forget my -- axe --

DAVID: No. I got the axe too. (PAUSE) Put your arm around my neck, kid --

MUSIC: THE LULLABY BEGINS TO SNEAK

WALTER: David --

DAVID: Don't talk, kid -- save your strength -- in town, the
doctor --

WALTER: I didn't do -- anything, I just -- came to the edge of
the -- woods --- the woods. . . They --- they shot me.
They --

DAVID: Not much longer, kid -- just a little way.

WALTER: David -- I -- (PAUSE) (SOB) Mama -- ma -----

MUSIC: WEEP FOR THIS CHILD, FOR HE IS DEAD.

DAVID: Soon, baby -- soon, we'll -- (PAUSE) Walter. . . (HOLD)
Kid. . . (PAUSE)(WHISPER) It's all right, Walter. I'll
still -- carry you home. And-- I didn't forget -- your
axe.

MUSIC: GRIM LIKE A FUNERAL MARCH AND UNDER

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON STONE. THEY STOP. A CRACKLING IS HEARD, AS
OF A FIRE.

DAVID: (QUIET) I lied to you, kid. I carried you here -- but
it's not home. There's nothing here but -- fire.
Dynamite? You were right...And - - - mach'ne guns --
right. (LONG PAUSE) I -- I lay you down, kid -- I lay
you down by -- your mama. . .

MUSIC: POIGNANT BUT GROWING ANGRY UNDER

DAVID: Nothing left. Your house -- Willi's house -- my house.
(HE YELLS, SHRIEKS) There's nobody left alive but me!

MUSIC: STAB AND FADE WITH A SOLITARY OBOE UNDER

SOUND: SCRAPE OF SHOVEL, UP, UNDER, WEAVE WITH OBOE DARKLY
TELLING THE LULLABY

DAVID: (SORT OF DELIRIOUS) I read (PAST TENSE, "RED") the story
in the fire and blood . . . the bricks that were houses. . .
the -- things that were people. . . the -- stink and
the silence that was my town, my Jedestadt. . . I read
the story in the ruins and the bodies by the walls,
Walter -- and the -- broken rocker in my Martha's kitchen--
and the broken cradle in my - - - (HE BREAKS, THE MUSIC
SAYING IT) For one Grossmund shot, for one gauleiter
killed, for one tyrant dead -- my whole town -- murdered!
And I buried them all.

MUSIC: UP AND INTO DREAM THOUGHTS AND UNDER

DOCTOR: (FADING FROM OUT OF MUSIC) Stein! Wake up! Stein!

DAVID: No -- no -- I have to dig --- have to -- bury -- every
body -- every body --

DOCTOR: (GENTLY) It's all right, David. You're not -- back there.
Come on -- get ready for breakfast. (SMILE) It was only
a dream.

MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER

NARRATOR: The dream! (LIGHT STING) Every time you fall asleep -- the dream. And when it is over -- they always say -- "It was only." They lie. (SOUND OF IRREGULARLY MARCHING FOOTSTEPS COMES IN UNDER) For as you march with the others out into what they call the garden -- on your arm is the mark that says it was not "only." The mark of the number tattooed on your arm, burned into your mind. (THE FOOTSTEPS STOP)

SOUND: SPADES BEGIN TO SCRAPE AGAIN, ONE IN F.G.

NARRATOR: Now, out again in their "garden," you are digging. Each with his spade, his pick.....The one in white walks around, talking to one here, smiling to another there... But you -- you dig. . .

SOUND: SCRAPE OF SHOVEL CLOSE

DOCTOR: Well, David? How is it today? Working hard?

DAVID: Yes.

DOCTOR: What are you digging there?

DAVID: You know.

DOCTOR: No. I want you to tell me.

DAVID: Graves.

DOCTOR: (QUIET) You don't have to dig graves any more. This is a garden.

DAVID: No. Why would I be digging graves in a garden?

DOCTOR: That's a twisted logic, David.

DAVID: I don't understand.

DOCTOR: It's not that this is not a garden -- but that these are not graves.

DAVID: No. They are graves.

DOCTOR: How do you know?

DAVID: Who should know better?

DOCTOR: But for whom? There are no dead people here.

DAVID: There will be. There always are.

DOCTOR: All right, David.

SOUND: SCRAPE SCRAPE AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You have your special place to dig, by the wall. Three already done this morning, as the sun shines from straight overhead down into them. One -- a large one, yet not too long. For a woman, say. . . (LULLABY SNEAKS) Another -- a tiny one. For a baby, say. A third -- smaller than the first, larger than the other. For a boy. For the people of the dream. Every day it is the same -- you have to start like that -- those three.

MUSIC: TO A SLIGHT PEAK THEN OUT FOR

NARRATOR: But today, as you dig -- something happens. It is when you rest a bit, to wipe your mouth with the back of your hand. . . and in that moment --

SOUND: A BABY CRIES OFFMIKE

NARRATOR: The dream?

SOUND: A BABY CRIES AGAIN

NARRATOR: The dream -- if it is the dream -- then --

MUSIC: A GIRL SINGS THE SAME LULLABY AND THE BABY STOPS CRYING GRADUALLY.

NARRATOR: (OVER IT) It is the dream. In the bright, straight-down-shining sun -- the dream! Everywhere in this place with walls -- the dream! (SINGING CONTINUES UNDER) If you can get away from this place -- maybe you can kill that dream!

MUSIC: SHARP AND RUNNING AWAY WITH

DOCTOR: (OFF) Stein! Stein! Get off that wall! Stein!

BIZ: A BABBLE OF EXCITED VOICES IN B.G. THEN

DOCTOR: (YELLS) Guard! David Stein --- over the wall -- bring him back!

SOUND: SHRILL POLICE WHISTLES BLOW

DOCTOR: (CALLS) Be careful -- he's got a heavy pick!

MUSIC: WITH WHISTLES AND MELEE, HIT AND FADE UNDER

NARRATOR: You hear the whistles, and know you have to hide, once you reach the other side of the wall. But you have hidden before from those who chase. And a good place is -- the

very nearest place! There, they look last. So --

SOUND: A DOOR IS OPENED HURRIEDLY, SHUT SLOWLY

NARRATOR: A farmhouse -- right on the other side of the wall. . .
into its back yard you dropped, with your pick. And
inside -- you hang on to your pick. Because, inside --

MIRIAM: (YOUNG, WARM) Hello.

DAVID: Don't move. Don't make a cry!

MIRIAM: Why? Is somebody after you?

DAVID: No -- no.

MIRIAM: What do you want, then?

DAVID: Nothing. Don't get up -- stay there.

MIRIAM: You looked thirsty. I was going to get you water. (PAUSE)
Why don't you set your pick down and drink some water?

DAVID: I'll get it.

SOUND: STEPS. POURING OF WATER INTO TIN.

MIRIAM: You were running.

DAVID: Who are you? Why do you ask me questions?

MIRIAM: My name is Miriam. I live here.

DAVID: Alone?

MIRIAM: No. (PAUSE) Don't be afraid of me.

DAVID: I'm not afraid.

MIRIAM: (QUIET) Then why don't you put down your pick?

DAVID: I -- I might need it. (FAST) Stay where you are --

MIRIAM: I was only going to shut the door to the little room.

DAVID: I'll do it.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS. DOOR BEGINS TO CREAK. SUDDENLY -

SOUND: A BABY CRIES.

MIRIAM: Oh. The baby.

DAVID: There is no baby. How can you hear a baby? I hear the baby. It is in my dream.

MIRIAM: What are you talking about?

DAVID: The baby -- there is no baby. It's dead -- I buried it. (WILDLY) Every day I bury it -- but it cries in my head --

MIRIAM: (SMILE) No. It cries in the other room.

DAVID: No. When I work by the wall -- it cries!

MIRIAM: The wall. (PAUSE) You're from the other side.

DAVID: Yes. That is why I carry the pick. I ran away.

MIRIAM: I know.

DAVID: How?

MIRIAM: I guessed it when you came in. Please -- let me go to the baby.

DAVID: There is no baby, there is no baby!

MIRIAM: Please.

DAVID: Don't come near me --

MIRIAM: (GENTLE) I won't hurt you. But -- I'm going to the baby.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

MIRIAM: Now let me through the door. And -- thank you for putting the pick down.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS ON BABY CRYING. ALSO ON

MIRIAM: SINGING THE SAME LULLABY WHICH MAINTAINS THEN GOES UNDER

NARRATOR: The same lullaby, the same. A -- a different girl -- a different baby. A real baby -- on the outside of the wall -- and this girl -- she sings to it. The same song.

MUSIC: HER SINGING UP A BIT THEN BACK UNDER

NARRATOR: No. It's the dream. She isn't real. She is -- she is dead. You buried her. You must see that she doesn't sing in your dream again. Nor the baby cry. Across the wall, there are graves for her -- for the baby -- lift your pick -- open the door -- a little more --

SOUND: DOOR CREAKS OPEN ON HER SINGING LOUDER

MIRIAM: (AFTER A PAUSE) Shhh. He's sleeping.

DAVID: I -- (PAUSE) I -- (AGONIZEDLY) I was going to --

SOUND: THE BABY CRIES SUDDENLY

MIRIAM: Now see what you've done?

DAVID: It's -- (TWISTEDLY) it's music --

MIRIAM: What did you say?

DAVID: It's music. (WEARILY) Didn't I say that before --
somewhere?

MIRIAM: (SOFTLY) Not to -- me.

DAVID: Sing. Sing to the little one.

MIRIAM: Why?

DAVID: Sing the lullaby -- sing -- for my sake, sing!

MIRIAM: SHE BEGINS WHEN SUDDENLY

SOUND: KNOCKING ON DOOR OFFMIKE

MIRIAM: Shh! Put down the pick! I'll hide it! - No -- you -- you
hide! Here!

DAVID: No, no --

MIRIAM: Hide, hide!

SOUND: KNOCKING IMPORTUNATELY

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS AWAY FROM MIKE

MIRIAM: (A LITTLE OFF) Hide!

MUSIC: STING AND UNDER

NARRATOR: (URGENT) Don't believe her! She'll tell them where you are! Hold your pick -- stay in the open!

SOUND: DOOR IS OPENED

DOCTOR: I'm sorry to annoy you -- but I'm from the hospital out back -- Doctor Kremer --

MIRIAM: Yes, doctor.

DOCTOR: One of our patients -- ran away a while ago. Jumped over the wall -- there. Into your yard.

MIRIAM: Into my yard --

DOCTOR: Apparently. Did you see him? Did he knock on your door, or -- is he anywhere about?

MIRIAM: No. I haven't seen anybody.

DOCTOR: He was tall and lean, and he carried a pick. He has -- illusions. He may be --

MIRIAM: I haven't seen anybody, doctor.

DOCTOR: I'm sorry.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

MUSIC: CUTS OFF

DAVID: Why did you do that?

MIRIAM: Because I know who you are.

DAVID: Who am I?

MIRIAM: One of the men who works in the hospital told me. You're -- David Stein.

DAVID: (DULL) That's what they always tell me. They always lie to me, though.

MIRIAM: No they don't. I know about you. You think it's a concentration camp. You dig -- always graves.

DAVID: Yes -- always graves.

MIRIAM: We don't need graves here.

DAVID: Yes -- everywhere. For Jews -- nothing but graves.

MIRIAM: No. This is not -- the old country. This is a new country. That's a hospital. You're not a prisoner, David -- you're a patient. You're not accused of anything -- just sick. You don't have to be afraid.

DAVID: What do you mean -- this is a new country.

MIRIAM: Don't you know where you are, David?

DAVID: No. When you talk -- I -- I believe what you say. I -- I believe you. But -- I am -- mixed up. Where is this?

MIRIAM: (QUIET) The homeland.

DAVID: No.

MIRIAM: Yes. Palestine. Come. I'll show you. Come to the door.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MIRIAM: See? There is your hospital? That isn't a prison. And there -- there is a road you can go on -- when you are better. There are hills you can climb --

DAVID: Hills. I see -- trees. (PAUSE) I think -- (BEAT) Yes. I remember. I was a woodcutter, I was a farmer!

MIRIAM: Those are olive trees. (MUSIC SNEAKS) Do you know now, David Stein? You are -- home. Look at all the land that needs a farmer. Look at the river running wild down there. Look at the earth waiting for the seeds --

MUSIC: IT RISES THEN DIVES UNDER

NARRATOR: (WHISPER) But you are looking at her, at the girl. The land she tells you about is a bride, waiting for the husband, the land is asleep, awaiting the husbandman --

MUSIC: A LIGHT ACCENT AND BACK UNDER

MIRIAM: Now do you know, David? A new land -- waiting. (PAUSE) What are you thinking? Why are you looking at me?

DAVID: I was wondering. The baby. (PAUSE) What about your husband?

MIRIAM: We were at Buchenwald.

MUSIC: POIGNANT STING

NARRATOR: She stretches out her arm. It is tattooed with the mark of the concentration camp. It is an answer.

MUSIC: STING

DAVID: And the little one?

MIRIAM: Not mine. A woman gave him to me to care for. She is gone. I think -- sometimes when they want me to put him in the nursery in town -- I think no, I must keep him and bring him up. We who are left must nurse the young. . . the young children and -- the young land. . .

DAVID: No more graves.

MIRIAM: I wanted to hear you say that. Now you have to go.

DAVID: (FRIGHTENED) Where -- why?

MIRIAM: (GENTLE, SMILE) Back to the hospital. By yourself. Walk in. Tell them who you are.

DAVID: They won't let me out.

MIRIAM: (SOFT) Do you want to be out -- to be well?

DAVID: (WHISPER) Yes.

MIRIAM: (SOFT, SOFT) Why?

DAVID: (QUIET) You know why. (PAUSE) To come back to you. If you will let me.

MIRIAM: I want you to. (PAUSE) So go -- now.

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE UNDER

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

DAVID: Doctor --

DOCTOR: (EXCITED) Stein -- who brought you back! Where have you been -- (SHARP) put down the pick!

DAVID: (QUIET) It's all right, Doctor. I know who I am. I know where I am.

DOCTOR: Who are you!

DAVID: David Stein, a woodcutter from Jedestadt.

DOCTOR: (CAUSIOUS, CLINICAL) And where are you?

DAVID: (SMILE) A hospital. In the homeland. I have been sick.

DOCTOR: (SAME) You -- have been sick?

DAVID: Yes. But no more.

DOCTOR: Do you know what we call you here?

DAVID: David.

DOCTOR: No. The Gravedigger of Jedestadt.

DAVID: Yes. Jedestadt. That was my home.

DOCTOR: But were you a --gravedigger?

DAVID: (SOFTLY) No. Only -- afterward.

DOCTOR: Take up your pick.

DAVID: Yes?

DOCTOR: And come with me.

DAVID: Where?

DOCTOR: Over to the wall. You will see why.

MUSIC: HIT QUESTIONINGLY AND UNDER

NARRATOR: The doctor, the one in white, leads you to the wall. There are the others, digging, spading -- but why does he take you to the wall? Is he - is he really a doctor? Was there really a girl over the wall -- a baby -- a lullaby -- a new life? Or is the dream coming back --

MUSIC: OUT

DOCTOR: David --

DAVID: Yes.

DOCTOR: Do you see that? Do you see those?

DAVID: (HE IS ALMOST AS HE WAS IN THE BEGINNING--DULL) Yes.

DOCTOR: Who dug them?

DAVID: I.

DOCTOR: What are they? And those we filled in day after day -- what were they? Do you know?

DAVID: Yes.

DOCTOR: Tell me.

DAVID: They are --

DOCTOR: Yes?

DAVID: I dug them -- I know what they are -- but -- when I see them --

MUSIC: A WOMAN'S VOICE BEGINS TO SING THE LULLABY A LITTLE OFF.
A BABY IS CRYING, TOO, BUT QUIETS AS THE SINGING MAINTAINS
UNDER

DAVID: Wait. Doctor -- do you hear -- a baby? And a woman,
singing?

DOCTOR: Of course. The girl on the other side of the wall. (QUIET)
But why are you stalling? What are these you have dug?

DAVID: Nothing. Just -- holes in the ground.

MUSIC: IT PICKS UP SOFTLY THE LULLABY THEME, CHANGING IT TO
SOMETHING QUIETLY TRIUMPHANT AND UNDER

DOCTOR: (HAPPY AND QUIET) All right, David. You have won.

DAVID: Thank you, Doctor. That means -- I am well.

DOCTOR: Yes. You are well.

DAVID: Then -- may I have my pick and my spade?

DOCTOR: What for? You don't need them any more.

DAVID: No, but I need something to begin with. And a farmer needs
a pick and a spade. (PAUSE) There is land -- beyond the
wall. (PAUSE) May I go -- beyond the wall?

DOCTOR: (AFTER A PAUSE) Yes.

DAVID: When?

DOCTOR: Now.

MUSIC: HIT TRIUMPHANTLY AND UNDER

NARRATOR: With your pick and your spade, you go beyond the wall. To dig graves no more. You go beyond the wall where the dream lies buried, where the past is earthed deep and covered over. Beyond the wall -- to plow, to plant, to harvest -- life. Gravedigger no more. David Stein, you go free.

MUSIC: HIT TRIUMPHANTLY AND FADE FOR

ANN'R: You have been listening to Gregory Peck, starring in "To-Morrow The Harvest" a program especially written for the United Jewish Appeal by Allen E. Sloane. Now...a message from your local chairman for the United Jewish Appeal:

LOCAL ANNR....CUTS IN FOR TWO MINUTE APPEAL

MUSIC TWO MINUTES TO FILL...SUGGEST PERHAPS ACHRON'S HEBREW MELODIES OR SOMETHING COMPARABLE)

ANN'R The United Jewish Appeal is deeply grateful to the Mutual Broadcasting System and to all the artists who made this program possible. In the cast to-nite we heard Gregory Peck as David, _____ as Miriam, _____ as the Doctor, _____ as Martha, _____ as Walter and _____ as the Wardman. The music was composed and conducted by _____. The entire production was under the direction of Himan Brown.

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

OPERATION NIGHTMARE - UNITED JEWISH APPEAL

MONDAY, JUNE 9, 1947

7:30 - 8:00 PM EDST

CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)
(..... 30 seconds))

ANNCR: Al Jolson and John Garfield . . .

MUSIC: SING AND UNDER:

ANNCR: On behalf of the United Jewish Appeal, the
Columbia Broadcasting System presents ---
Operation Nightmare.

JOLSON: This is Al Jolson. I've got a story to tell, -
a story about people, just like you and me.
These people got mixed up in the war, - they
were in the war, - what's left of them. And
it's for them that the United Jewish Appeal ---
the UJA --- is conducting one of the greatest
campaigns in the history of this country.
Let me tell you about --

MUSIC: AN ACCENT

ANNCR: Operation Nightmare.

SOUND: THUNDERCLAP

MUSIC: IT WINDS DARKLY UNDER

JOLSON: Ever wake up in the middle of the night --
drenched with cold sweat . . . breathing in
hard sobs . . . your fingernails digging into
your palms . . . scared by a dream? This kind,
maybe?

WOMAN: I dreamt I was driving my car. . . (A HUGE CAR
SNEAKS, BUILDING). . .the road went straight
ahead, far as I could see. . .the car went
faster, faster, faster and faster -- then all of
a sudden, no road, nothing. I slammed on the
brakes. . .I pressed and pressed. . . but they
wouldn't hold. . .the car just shot out from
under me, until --

SOUND: A HUGE CRASH ECHOES AWAY UNDER:

JOLSON: Nightmare. (A PAUSE) Or this kind --

KID: I dreamed I was comin' home from school. . .
(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS UP STAIRS) runnin' up the
porch stairs. . .ringin' the bell my old way --
you know (SHAVE AND A HAIRCUT) (CONTINUING TO
RE-LIVE IT). But nobody answered. I knew my
ma hadda be home, so I peek in the window. Sure
enough, she's sittin' there, sewin' or something.
I rattle the door (SOUND THEREOF). She doesn't
hear me. I start to yell. Ma, I holler -- Hey,
MA! I can hear myself hollering, but she can't.
Then -- she looks right through the window at
me -- and right on through me, like I'm not

there! (FAINT STING, MUSIC) I start in to
bawl and yell mom, MOMMA, MOMMA!

MUSIC: A POIGNANT ACCENT:

JOLSON: Nightmare.

MUSIC: NIGHTMARE STING AND AWAY FOR:

JOLSON: Or the kind I have, the same one, over and
over. . .

MUSIC: AN ORCHESTRA TUNES UP IN FAR B.G.

JOLSON: Show time. The band tuning up in the pit. Me
in the wings. Waiting. Sweat under my makeup,
sweat in my hands. . .then --

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA INTO VAMP FOR TYPICAL JOLSON SONG.

JOLSON: (TENSE) They go into my vamp. I crack my
knuckles, give it the smile -- and run onstage.
(APPLAUSE BEGINS TO RISE) I open my mouth to
sing --

KID: Yeah --

JOLSON: And nothing comes out. (APPLAUSE BEGINS TO GO
CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-REPEATEDLY) Nothing.
I can't hear myself sing -- the audience is
right out there -- I'm singing -- but nothing
comes out -- nobody hears me -- nobody!

MUSIC: OUT OF CLAPPING, THE JOLSON SONG HORRIBLY
TORTURED AND OUT FOR:

JOLSON: (QUIET) And then -- I wake up. Just -- a
dream.

MUSIC: A STING.

JOLSON: But there is a nightmare I have to tell you
about that needs no sleeping for its setting.
There is a nightmare alive in the world from
which men and women and kids will not awake to
rub the eyes and say -- "Aaah ... just a
dream." There is nightmare in which a million
people and more -- live WIDE AWAKE!

MUSIC: STING AND OMINOUS UNDER:

JOLSON: Weary, hopeless, despairing, people with no
place to go, except from -- on a road that has
no end. Not a dream -- a reality, with numbers.
(PAUSE) Wait a minute - let's have some
statistics.

STATISTICS: One million people -- one million and some
thousands more, in the Displaced Persons Camps
of Europe. Of these, two hundred and fifty
thousand are Jews, - seven hundred and fifty
thousand are Balts, Yugoslavs and Poles.

MUSIC: AN ACCENT

JOLSON: Nightmare -- with numbers. And a name --
Displaced Person. And only one stop on the
weary road -- a camp. The second summer
after. . . Liberation -- and people are still
living in -- camps. Let me show you.

MUSIC: AS IF FROM ALOFT IT CIRCLES DOWNWARD UNDER

JOLSON: (SOFTLY) Look into a building within the wire
and walls of a camp -- any camp. For what will
happen now, is happening in all the camps. Here
is a man, here is a woman.

YOUNG MAN: My name is Nathan, Nathan Wandler. The
concentration camp number tattooed on my arm
is A-2443. A for Auschwitz. I'm 32. I weigh
about a hundred and eighteen. My parents,
two brothers, a sister, and some uncles and
aunts, died in a concentration camp - before
liberation. I don't know how I escaped. I
only have one person left in all the world.
My wife.

YOUNG WOMAN: My name is Anka. Anka Wandler. I'm 28. I
weigh about -- ninety-eight. I lost my parents,
and three brothers. I have nobody but my
husband, Nathan.

MUSIC: ACCENT

JOLSON: Presenting -- Mr. and Mrs. D. P.

MUSIC: ACCENT AND WIND UNDER

JOLSON: A year ago, they were married. Somebody brought a handful of field flowers. . . somebody rustled up a shawl for the bride, another scrounged two glasses of wine. . . and after the ceremony and the blessing, they stood in the open barracks area of the camp --

SOUND: BIRDS SING AND REPEAT OCCASIONALLY

NATHAN: (MURMURING) The foxes have holes. . . the birds of the air have nests .. but man hath not where to lay his head . . .

ANKA: (SOFTLY) Don't talk like that, Nathan . . . be happy.

NATHAN: I am. . . but there's so little we ask to be happy. A home -- but where? Just married -- and we have to live separate -- in barracks.

ANKA: We could live in mine. There are only two families in my room. . . but the room is small. . .

NATHAN: Or mine. The room is large -- but there are four families living there . . . You decide.

ANKA: Whatever you say, Nathan.

NATHAN: (SMILE) Whatever you say -- Mrs. Wandler.

ANKA: (SOFT) I say -- I say it doesn't matter now.
Some day is what matters. And some day --
we'll find a home, we'll have a home of our
own. We'll -- (A TAKE) Oh, Nathan!

NATHAN: (ALARMED) What's the matter, Anka?

ANKA: Everybody's watching us out of the windows --
your barracks and mine!

NATHAN: Let 'em all watch. (SOFT) Come close.

ANKA: Nathan!

NATHAN: (SOFT) So, then. Kiss me.

SOUND: A LIGHT KISS.

NATHAN: That's for the busybodies in your barracks. .

SOUND: AGAIN A KISS

NATHAN: That's for my barracks. . .

ANKA: Nathan!

SOUND: A GOOD BIG KISS

NATHAN: That's for me.

ANKA: For me . . .

NATHAN: For -- us. For now. But soon -- no more
barracks. . . soon, another land, no walls, no
camps -- free - and a home. Soon!

MUSIC: PDIGNANTLY PUNCTUATE AND FADE FOR

JOLSON: Soon, hey? That was last year. They're still in that camp. Living in his barracks now. (WITH A SHRUG) Of course, instead of three families, there are seven now -- but the room is a little larger. (A PAUSE) Not large enough for one family.

MUSIC: AN ACCENT

JOLSON: Honeymoon -- in a D. P. Camp . . . Nightmare. (PAUSE)

STATISTICS: Just a minute Mr. Jolson 45 thousand Jewish refugees did find new homes in 1946.

JOLSON: Found new homes? Where?

STATISTICS: Twenty-six thousand in Palestine. Fifteen thousand in the United States -- four thousand elsewhere.

JOLSON: You said forty-five thousand?

STATISTICS: That's what I said.

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE FOR

JOLSON: Homes. That's where some of the United Jewish Appeal money goes. Homes and how to get there. To get people out of the nightmare. But - uh -- you, you with the statistics - -

STATISTICS: Right here.

JOLSON: How about the kids?

STATISTICS: Well. . .

JOLSON: Tell me.

STATISTICS: Well, for example -- of every ten Jewish children in all Europe --

JOLSON: Go ahead.

STATISTICS: You asked for this. (PAUSE) Only one is left alive. One in every ten children is left.

BIZ: SILENCE.

STATISTICS: From the latest cable to the United Jewish Appeal from Europe, I quote you the following. (PAUSE) Children who are twelve years of age have the average height, weight, and development of children of -- six.

MUSIC: A SOB.

JOLSON: Nightmare --- and when the children wake up in the morning, there is no mother or father to say, "It's all right. I'm here." They wake up to -- nightmare. (PAUSE) D.P. Junior.

MUSIC: AN ACCENT AND TAKE IT AWAY
THE SAME THEME AS WE USED BEFORE TO DESCENT
INTO THE D. P. CAMP, AND UNDER:

JOLSON: All right. A year has passed since the wedding of Nathan and Anka. -- Look down into the room with seven families. It's all right. A D. P. has no privacy ...

NATHAN: (SOFTLY) Anka -- Anka honey ...

ANKA: (WEAK) Nathan ...

NATHAN: I have to leave you a while, Anka. I want to get into the food line early ...

ANKA: Don't leave me ...

NATHAN: I'll be back. The earlier I get there -- the hotter the soup'll be when I get back ...

ANKA: Please ...

NATHAN: Don't worry, dearest. (SMILE) It isn't time yet. The doctor said it will be a while yet - sleep ... sleep ... and I'll come back ...

MUSIC: UP SOFTLY AND UNDER AND INTO:

SOUND: STIRRING OF A LADLE IN A BIG POT.

WOMAN: There's for you ... soup ...

SOUND: SOUP POURED INTO BOWL.

WOMAN: And bread.

SOUND: BREAD -- HARD -- ON A TIN PLATE

WOMAN: All right. Next?

NATHAN: Wait, please. Could you fill this bowl too --
for my wife?

WOMAN: Can't she come herself, friend?

NATHAN: No. She's going to have a baby, you see.

WOMAN: All right. There's for her ... soup ...

SOUND: SOUP POURED INTO BOWL.

WOMEN: And bread.

SOUND: AS BEFORE.

NATHAN: Thank you.

WOMAN: Careful. Don't spill it.

NATHAN: Don't worry. I won't.

WOMAN: Wait.

NATHAN: Yes?

WOMAN: Here. A soldier gave me this. I was saving it
for my own, but -- you take it. For your wife.

NATHAN: An orange.- -

WOMAN: (SMILE) Take it -- take it before I lose the
courage to let it go.

NATHAN: A whole orange ... I -- I can't take it ...

WOMAN: (SOFT) You don't take it. I give it. (PAUSE)
For the baby. It must be strong.

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE UNDER:

NATHAN: Anka ...

ANKA: I was asleep ...

NATHAN: I know. It's good. I wouldn't wake you. But
I've reheated the soup. Here. I'll feed you.
And I have a surprise for you.

ANKA: What is it?

NATHAN: Wait. I hid it while you were sleeping ...
(A LITTLE OFF) Right here, I hid it ... under
the -- (PAUSE) It's gone.

ANKA: What was it, Nathan?

NATHAN: Nothing. Eat your soup, Anka. I'll be back.

ANKA: Where are you going?

NATHAN: To look for it. (BITTER) I never thought
anybody could steal from others who have
nothing!

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE FOR:

NATHAN: Sonny, did you see anybody sneaking out of our barracks a while ago?

SONNY: Nope.

NATHAN: Okay. Thanks. (PAUSE) Wait. Who're you?

SONNY: Who're you?

NATHAN: Don't sass me. You don't belong with the folks in this barracks. Where'd you come from? What're you doing, hanging around here?

KID: That's my business.

NATHAN: What's that inside your shirt?

KID: (LOW) Leggo my wrist.

NATHAN: I said what's that inside your shirt!

KID: (LOW) Leggo -- leggo o' me!

SOUND: CLOTH RIPS.

NATHAN: An orange. Where'd you get that?

KID: (LOW) I give you one chance to leggo.

NATHAN: (FURIOUS) I give you one chance to tell me where you got that orange, or I'll --

KID: You'lll what! You won't turn me in --

NATHAN: (QUIET) Put that rock down --

KID: (LOW) Leggo my arm. Leggo --

NATHAN: I said --

KID: A GUTTURAL SOUND, LIKE AN ANIMAL.

NATHAN: (A GASP -- THEN) You -- you hit me! For --
for an orange!

KID: (A SNARL) I told you to let go!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY FAST.

NATHAN: (HE YELLS) Stop him -- stop that kid!

MUSIC: HIT HARD AND FADE.

DOCTOR: There. That'll hold it, Nathan. Just a bad
bruise. . .

NATHAN: Thanks, Doctor. And don't tell Anka.

DOCTOR: No.

NATHAN: Did they catch the kid?

DOCTOR: Yes.

NATHAN: What'll they do with him?

DOCTOR: Depends on you. You can bring charges in the
camp court -- if you want to. You see - we've
got the responsibility -- and the privilege --
of governing ourselves -- but --

NATHAN: But he slugged me --

DOCTOR: But, I was going to say, that we're pretty lucky. We're pretty lucky that only a few of these kids who've been living in caves and forests, living by starving and stealing - have become problem children. They've got a hard row to hoe, harder than grownups.

NATHAN: I hate to think what he'll grow up to be.

DOCTOR: (QUIET) Is it his fault the only law he knows is -- take what you can get, any way you can get it? He had to live that way to live at all. It'll take all our time and care to bring him around. (PAUSE) But it's up to you.

NATHAN: (SOFT) My wife's gonna have a baby. A boy, maybe. And God knows -- he'll need a break in this world. So -- I guess - - - yeah. I'll give one to this kid. (PAUSE) No Charges.

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE FOR

JOLSON: A break in this world for the kids -- the one in ten left alive. Go ahead, statistics.

STATISTICS: U.J.A. has supplied juvenile delinquency experts for the regeneration of Jewish children. Teachers, psychologists, - and the United States Army have helped to set up training programs for the children. There already are 13,000 students in 73 new schools - another 13,000 are still without any form of education.

JOLSON: Yes, much has been done. But a D.P. Camp is still -- nightmare.

MUSIC: THE NIGHTMARE STING

JOLSON: A nightmare in which a woman lives and looks back to a past that is -- terror. Because --

ANKA: This is Anka. I forgot to tell you before. I was married before. I had a baby before. In Buchenwald I was in charge of counting shoes. One pair I counted and threw on the pile -- one pair of little shoes, belonged to my baby.

MUSIC: A WHISPERED NOTE

JOLSON: A nightmare in which a man lives and looks around at a present that is -- horror. Because -

NATHAN: This is Nathan. I was married before too. I had a wife before. Right here, right in this camp, right here in this camp, she died. Right here.

MUSIC: A WHISPERED NOTE

JOLSON: A nightmare in which a child lives and looks forward to a future that is -- unknown. Because --

SONNY: (WHISPER) I'm the kid with the rock. Everybody keeps promising we'll get out of here. Yeah. I heard that before. I don't believe 'em. I don't believe -- nobody.

MUSIC: THEMATIC AND AWAY UNDER

JOLSON: The ingredients of nightmare. No home -- no past, present, or future -- and food others may steal. But a man doesn't live by bread alone. He wants work. So it's wonderful when the camp director calls you to his office. . .

DIRECTOR: Nathan Wandler?

NATHAN: Yes sir --

DIRECTOR: You applied for a job a while ago. You listed yourself as an architect?

NATHAN: Yes.

DIRECTOR: Well -- you're lucky. There's a job for you.

NATHAN: Wonderful! Where?

DIRECTOR: Right here in camp.

NATHAN: Doing what?

DIRECTOR: Building more barracks.

NATHAN: Barracks.

DIRECTOR: Of course, we don't really need an architect, but I guess you can still use a hammer.

NATHAN: (VERY VERY QUIET) Director -- don't misunderstand me. I'd carry bricks -- in America. I'd mix cement -- in Palestine. I'd chop trees, dig ditches, straighten out rusty nails with my bare hands -- any place else in the world I could get to -- but in Germany, in All Europe -- I wouldn't drive a thumbtack. (PAUSE) Maybe some guys would -- maybe some want to stay here -- but me -- not me. Sit here and rot? Me, a head full of homes to build for my people, cities to plan -- (SOFT) I dream of cities growing in the desert -- and not just me, either. (WHISPER) Aaron the violinist, lives in my barracks -- a heart full of music... his fingers move all day, playing a fiddle he

NATHAN:
(CTD)

hasn't got -- music, he dreams -- (MORE AND MORE) Levine in my barracks, Levine the chemist, the scientist -- not so much as a test-tube. . . Martha, the teacher -- in my barracks -- where is her classroom, where are her books, -- and Joseph, big, husky Joseph the steelworker -- in my barracks, making dishes from ration tins -- Good Heavens we have a barracks full of brains and muscle for dreaming and building -- anywhere else in the whole world -- and you ask me to put up barracks in a D.P. Camp! (PAUSE) Not me. Find me a clean job on the training farm. I'll dig the earth with my hands!

MUSIC:

HIT AND FADE

JOLSON:

This is what is known as -- despair.

MUSIC:

A LIGHT STING

JOLSON:

Mr. Statistics now quotes you a confidential report from a U.J.A. zone director in Germany. Quote.

STATISTICS:

The Jews have been in D.P. Camps for almost two years. The great majority of them want to go to Palestine. Many pin their hopes on emigration to the United States and to other lands which will give them a haven. They fear having to stay in Germany indefinitely.

STATISTICS:
(CTD)

There is a necessity for work for these people in order to keep up their morale. But there is a refusal on the part of the D.P.'s to do work which will build up the German economy. This is understandable.

JOLSON:

Unquote. (PAUSE) There is, however, -- a however. That however is what Nathan asked for -- work on the training farm.

SOUND:

BIRDS.

SONNY:

They said I should report to you.

NATHAN:

Well! Look who's here!

SONNY:

Yep. It's me.

NATHAN:

So I have to make a farmer out of you?

SONNY:

I guess so. Don't be sore at me. I'll be good.

NATHAN:

Yeah, sure.

SONNY:

Honest I will. (LOW) SPECIALLY FOR YOU.

NATHAN:

Why me?

SONNY:

Oh ... you know.

NATHAN:

No I don't, kid.

KID:

You gave me a break, didn'tcha?

VQ

NATHAN: You mean, by not pressing charges?

KID: Yop. (PAUSE) Nobody ever gave me a break before. So -- I'll do anything you say.

NATHAN: Okay. Friends?

KID: Friends.

NATHAN: Attaboy. Okay -- where do you want to start?

KID: Pickin' potatoes, maybe?

NATHAN: They don't pick. They dig.

KID: Well whaddaya know!

NATHAN: Not much, but I'm learning. You see, I was an architect.

KID: What's that?

NATHAN: A house designer ... a builder ...

KID: (SOFT) And they got you -- doin' this?

NATHAN: (QUIET) I asked for it.

KID: Gee. You wouldn't think an architect --

NATHAN: Look. Before you can have houses -- you have to have -- land. Before you put up towers -- you have to have the foundations -- Not this land, kid -- our own. Some day -- our own --

KID: You believe that?

NATHAN: I have to.

KID: Then I do.

NATHAN: All right. We'll be farmers first. We'll learn how to make our land -- grow things. There's more to it than sticking seeds in the ground. All kinds of things to learn -- when to plant, how to sow -- then -- you reap. You're living off the land -- then you live on it -- then -- you build on it. See?

KID: Kind of. It sounds nice.

NATHAN: Dream-talk. Here. Take a spade.

KID: I get to dig in the dirt, hey?

NATHAN: Not dirt, kid -- earth. Soil. Dirt is -- dirt is -- (REACHING FOR WORDS) evil -- filthy -- barren! ... Soil, earth -- it's fruitful -- it grows things ... it -- (BEAT) Speeches I'm making. Come on -- dig. Dig the way you'll dig some day in Palestine.

SOUND: TWO SPADES GOING UNRHYTHMICALLY IN EARTH.

NATHAN: What are you going to be when you grow up, kid?

SONNY: You won't laugh, willya?

NATHAN: I won't laugh.

SONNY: An architect. (PAUSE) For you.

NATHAN: Thanks, kid. But keep digging, just the same, because -- (PAUSE) Oh-oh.

SONNY: What'd you hit?

NATHAN: I don't know. Something. . .

SOUND: DIGGING UP A BIT THEN STOP.

SONNY: What'd you find?

NATHAN: Look for yourself.

KID: (AFTER A PAUSE) Bones. Lyin' in the earth.

NATHAN: Earth? (PAUSE) This is dirt.

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE.

JOLSON: What can a Jew harvest from a land fertilized with Jews? (PAUSE) Nightmare.

MUSIC: THEMATIC STING AND AWAY FOR:

STATISTICS: A total of 46,304 refugees are being given the chance to build a new life through 610 training centers all over Europe. Forty-two thousand D.P.'s are expected to take part in a planned work program. Twenty-eight thousand are already employed.

JOLSON: Good.

STATISTICS: You interested in 586,000 yards of material?

JOLSON: What about it?

STATISTICS: The camps have received the material. The Jews will make new clothes.

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE FOR

JOLSON: Will make. And food, if UJA help continues. And there are always more D.P.'s, for there are a million outside the camps. And inside -- 600 babies born each month. To parents like Nathan Wandler, waiting outside the hospital . . .

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

DOCTOR: Nathan?

NATHAN: Yes, Doctor. Anything happened yet?

DOCTOR: Not yet.

NATHAN: Doc, be honest with me. What's wrong? What's wrong with Anka?

DOCTOR: She's not strong enough.

NATHAN: Could I help -- could I give blood?

DOCTOR: You could give her blood -- if you had the strength yourself. But it isn't blood she needs. She needs -- food she didn't have for the last nine months. She needs -- hope she's lost for the last two years. She needs -- heart, and strength, and -- more.

NATHAN: What else? What more?

DOCTOR: (QUIET) The will to have a child.

NATHAN: What are you saying? What are you saying?
The baby -- she wants the baby -- our baby!

DOCTOR: (QUIET) Does she?

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

NURSE: (OFF) Doctor!

DOCTOR: Coming!

SOUND: DOOR SHUTS

NURSE: I think --

DOCTOR: Wait --

ANKA: Nathan . . . Nathan --

NATHAN: What is it, Anka?

ANKA: Nathan --

NATHAN: Shhh, Anka -- be quiet.

ANKA: It's not fair, Nathan. It's not fair. . .

NATHAN: What's not fair, Anka?

ANKA: To -- to bring a baby -- here . . .

NATHAN: (SOFT) You haven't had the baby yet, Anka...

ANKA: Forgive me, Nathan -- I --

NATHAN: Anka!

ANKA: (WHISPER) Forgive me -- I don't -- want him
any more.

NURSE: (PIERCE) She's right, she's right! What
right have we got to bring babies into this
world?

DOCTOR: Be quiet!

NURSE: I'm sorry.

DOCTOR: Never mind sorry! Prepare for a Caesarian!
She'll have her baby whether she wants to
or not!

MUSIC: HIT HARD

DOCTOR: (WEARY) All right. Take care of her, nurse.
I'll see if I can get this little D.P. to
yell.

SOUND: A SHARP SLAP

BIZ: SILENCE

SOUND: A SHARP SLAP

BIZ: SILENCE

SOUND: A SHARP SLAP

BIZ: SILENCE

DOCTOR: Nurse.

NURSE: (A SOB) Yes.

DOCTOR: She didn't -- she didn't really want to bring a baby into this kind of a world -- alive. (PAUSE) She didn't.

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE FOR

JOLSON: You think I'm going to give you the old happy ending and tell you the baby lived? Why should I? That's for the movies. A technicolor dream with a happy ending? No. This is no dream. This is real, this is Nightmare.

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE FOR

JOLSON:

It is true that for every Anka who doesn't want to bring her baby into this kind of a world-- hundreds of D.P.'s are having theirs, confident in the help that comes from America. And for every Nathan who dreams of a home, work, decency, outside the reminder that is Germany -- hundreds do get away. But whatever is done for those who despair in the old world, must come from the new. At the end of this month UNNRA is going out of business. One day some of its work will be taken up by the International Refugee Organization of the United Nations. In the meantime, for the hundreds of thousands of Jews who wait in the D.P. camps from day to day, from month to month from year to year --- there are only the efforts of the United States Army and the United Jewish Appeal. To the end that the misery of these people may be something less than the nightmare I have shown you, the United Jewish Appeal is raising 170 million dollars. It is not too much. It is not enough. But to many sufferers it will bring brighter tomorrows.

SOUND:

AUTO COMES UP FAST AND CRASHES.

JOLSON:

And to be a D.P. in Europe is not a dream in which you open your mouth and sing, and the audience does not hear you. It is a nightmare in which a million hands reach out and a million voices cry out to be heard. For the love of humanity -- will those voices be answered?

MUSIC:

A QUESTION.

JOLSON:

Or will we have them say Eili, Eili, lama azavtanu. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

ANNCR:

You have heard Al Jolson, and John Garfield in Operation Nightmare, presented on behalf of the United Jewish Appeal. The script was written by Allan E. Sloane, and the program was produced and directed by Himan Brown. For a copy of tonight's script you may write to the United Jewish Appeal, at 165 West 46th Street, New York 19, New York.

MUSIC:

TO FILL.

ANNCR:

This is CBS, the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.

#

"BARBED WIRE SKY"

by

Ranald MacDougall

Tuesday, May 6th, 1947

9:30 to 10:00 P. M. E.D.T.

PRODUCED BY: Alan Reed

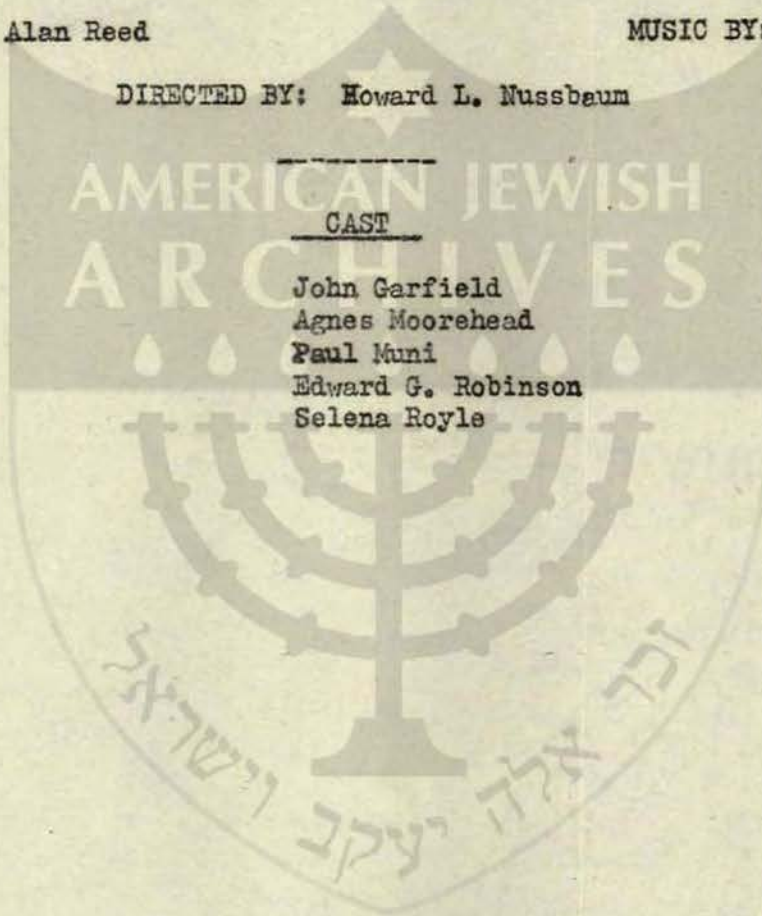
MUSIC BY: Victor Young

DIRECTED BY: Howard L. Nussbaum

AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES

CAST

John Garfield
Agnes Moorehead
Paul Muni
Edward G. Robinson
Selena Royle



(NETWORK CUE)

ANNCR: The American Broadcasting Company, in cooperation with the United Jewish Appeal....presents John Garfield, Agnes Moorehead, Paul Muni, Edward G. Robinson, Selena Royle and Victor Young's music in a special program dedicated to one hundred seventy thousand children who survived the Nazi concentration camps...and who lived for so long under the..."Barbed Wire Sky."

MUSIC: IN ... ESTABLISH AND PAUSE FOR:

ANNCR: You will hear the voices of John Garfield, Selena Royle, Edward G. Robinson, Agnes Moorehead and Paul Muni, in that order.

MUSIC: UP FULL AND DOWN FOR:

GARFIELD: Another collection, you might say. Another group, hat in hand, palm outstretched, saying - this is worthy, this is good. Give. Yes. But there is something more.....

ROYLE: A responsibility...a shouting of the conscience...a voice somewhat louder and more imperious than ours... a thread from us to you that is stronger than the thin band of electric impulse that presently holds us together.

ROBINSON: Press the button...turn the dial...pull the switch... still the voice will be heard...the program will go on...

ROBINSON: Your responsibility will not end....you will
be aware of it. You cannot escape.

MOOREHEAD: You cannot evade the facts of the matter. You know
as we do...that across the bright blue skies of Europe...
shining in the sun...glistening in the night...there is
barbed wire in the sky....

MUNI: And behind the evil barbs...still imprisoned...Jewish
people. Men, women and children. Formerly victims
of the Nazi horror. Now victims of circumstance. And
only you can save them...you are their only hope.
They're looking at you. Do you feel the bright,
desperate pressure of their quiet eyes?

GARFIELD: Turn us off now, if you will. Get rid of us, and
our outstretched palms. Then - try to sleep tonight.

MUSIC: UP FULL AND OUT

GARFIELD: Times change. People change. The world changes.
Many things, in many ways, change and change again.
It's tough sometimes to know the score. So most
of us, in one way or another, form a personal
philosophy...a method of dealing with things as
they come up....little facts, ideas, opinions...
it starts when we're very young....

VOICE: Two and two is four.

GARFIELD: And it goes on as we grow older....

VOICE: White is a combination of all colors. Black is
the absence of color.

GARFIELD: We store these things up....and cling to them in a changing world....This is white....this is Black... two and two is four....and in time the substance of this accumulated personal knowledge begins to serve us in many ways...makes things know to us in terms of memory. You press a mental button...something clicks... the mind sifts, assorts, digests, selects...you ask a question and the answer comes....

VOICE: (ON ECHO) What is the autumn like in New England?

MUSIC: IN UNDER

GARFIELD: Autumn in New England....falling leaves...red and gold...a trace of frost in the morning...sometimes the milk in the bottle on the doorstep pushes out the cap...cider...the taste of apples...cold and sweet...next door the man is burning maple leaves... and for an instant, you can smell it.

MUSIC: OUT

VOICE: (ON ECHO) San Francisco. What is San Francisco like?

MUSIC: IN UNDER

GARFIELD: San Francisco...hills...clean white buildings... people laughing...seagulls crying hoarsely while you eat on Fisherman's wharf...across the bay a bridge of steel gleaming in the sun...trolleys going up...trolleys coming down...taxis...busy... busy...very clean.

MUSIC: OUT

GARFIELD: The pleasant things come to mind easily. The memory of happiness. The thought of all those moments when the world seemed very good. How quickly the mind will bring them to you. But how slowly...and with what pain...we remember other things. Other names.

VOICE: (ON ECHO) Belsen.

GARFIELD: Belsen?

VOICE: (ON ECHO) Belsen.

GARFIELD: Belsen. It means something. It suggests something. Eyebrows. Small, piggish eyes.

Kramer! That was his name!

MUSIC: STINGS IN AND CONTINUES

VOICE: Item.

GARFIELD: Kramer, the commander of the concentration camp at Belsen, loved flowers. He used a kind of fertilizer that ranks him with Attila the Hun, with Golgotha and his hill of skulls...Kramer used the remains of human beings to fertilize his flowers.

MUSIC: PUNCTUATES

GARFIELD: How quickly it comes now. The gates are open. We remember suddenly. Things that all of us have tried very hard to forget. Names, and places, and things that happened, Buchenwald...

VOICE: Item.

GARFIELD: The wife of the commander at Buchenwald collected tattooing, She covered her books with human skin. Dachau,

VOICE: Item.

GARFIELD: Men and women were impaled on hooks through the roof of the mouth while waiting to be tossed into the furnace, Hadamar.

VOICE: Item.

GARFIELD: Fifteen hundred men sealed into a room with gasoline and acetate, then burned alive.

MUSIC: PUNCTUATES

GARFIELD: The names of these places are enough to bring back the taste of horror...Stettin, Aussig, Kohnstein, Nordhausen, Auschwitz, Maidenek, Treblinka...and many, many others, Places where six million Jews died in agony.

MUSIC: PUNCTUATES

GARFIELD: Or lived. Seven hundred thousand lived. With typhus...typhoid...tuberculosis...anaemia...influenza...diphtheria...and a number of other diseases not considered polite to mention. They were naked, starving, beaten, tortured, burned and various other things...in various degrees.

MUSIC: PUNCTUATES

GARFIELD: Is that enough? Will you settle for that? Or would you like one more fact?

VOICE: In parenthesis.

GARFIELD: .. In each of these camps there were mounds of a peculiar sort. The mound at Belsen was three hundred feet long, one hundred feet wide, and four feet high. It consisted of thirty thousand human bodies, stacked up like cordwood.

MUSIC: SMASHED UP FULL AND OUT

ROYLE: A few steps from this...within sight and sound and smell of it...was the children's section of the Belsen concentration camp...and the children themselves...five hundred of them.

VOICE: (OFF) Come, children. March.

SOUND: ENDLESS SHUFFLING OF FEET

ROYLE: They were first to be taken from the camp at Belsen... at Nordhausen...Dachau...and all the others...the children were liberated first...marched away from horror...those who could still walk...Look at them. See them go by. Silent. Always quiet. They were taught that first of all. Look at their eyes. A three year old boy... his face is eighty. A six year old girl...who will never live to be seven. Look at them. A marked place in your history books. An exclamation point in time. One hundred seventy thousand children.

SOUND: UP FULL. CUT ABRUPTLY

ROYLE: Perhaps it's difficult for you to imagine that many. Well concentrate...use a magnifying glass...the story of one of these children is the story of them all. So pick a child...any child. That girl there? All right, we'll talk to her. Come here, little girl.

SOUND: OF FOOTSTEPS OFF... HESITANT

ROYLE: Closer. Closer still.

SOUND: IN AND STOP

ROYLE: Look at her closely. See her with your mind...touch her with your heart. A little girl. Dark hair, brown eyes, fair skin. Merely a child. But if you come closer still...and look very deep into her eyes...you will see something there you've never seen before in the eyes of a child...you'll see the formation...the hint...the desire...to make a sound that all the world should hear...

SOUND: (OFF MIKE) A PIERCING SCREAM

MUSIC: STINGS

ROYLE: This silent child...and all the others like her...is one vast, unarticulated scream of agony.

MUSIC: CONTINUES

ROYLE: What happened to her? That's quickly and simply told. It began with the sound of footsteps on the stair.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS AS DESCRIBED: ...HEAVY BOOTS

ROYLE: There had been a time when this child, like any other child, begged for candy, made up songs around the house, and liked to feel her father's hand against her cheek. And that time ended with a knock upon the door.

SOUND: OF POUNDING ON THE DOOR...IT OPENS

VOICE: Out, Jew!

MUSIC: PUNCTUATES

ROYLE: Her father, whose hand had been so soft and gentle, was made into fertilizer. Her mother, whose voice had been so sweet and tender, hung for a time from a hook until she was grateful to die.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

ROYLE: (QUIETLY) These things have happened. There is a certain monotony about death, and dying. It tends to become a figure...a vital statistic, of which we, in our time, will make one. But we, at least, have this advantage...we never know until that last split instant of time...that final tenuous line between ourselves and eternity...the face and step and voice of death. But six million Jews in Europe have known death intimately...have sensed its inexorable approach... have seen its face...and heard its approaching step...

SOUND: OF FOOTSTEPS COMING UPSTAIRS...POUNDING ON DOOR...IT OPENS

ROYLE: And then its voice...sounding in the night.

VOICE: Out, Jew!

ROYLE: All these children have heard that voice...those footsteps...whatever they are, or will be, is intimately ground from the memory of that horror. As they grow older, and begin to sense that these things were in no way a normal aspect of living for those who are Jewish, the horror if it will mount in them, as it has in all of humanity... as they realize what happened to their fathers...

VOICE: Dead!

ROYLE: Mothers...

VOICE: Dead!

ROYLE: Cousins...

VOICE: Dead!

ROYLE: An uncle in Schierstenstadt...

VOICE: Dead!

ROYLE: Another in Bremerhaven...

VOICE: Dead!

ROYLE: Et Cetera. Et cetera. Beyond ordinary human capacity for understanding, into the realm of higher mathematics. Until horror becomes a figure...

VOICE: Six million Jewish dead.

MUSIC: PUNCTUATES

ROYLE: And not only the children...but the aged, infirm, and homeless...a million and a half of them. They stand before you now...a monument to Kultur...a headstone on the grave of humanity...with a simple inscription reading, "Here lies decency -- long dead in Germany."

MUSIC: SWEEPS UP AND OUT

ROBINSON: In _____ hours and _____ minutes, the second world war will have been over in Europe two years exactly. These people we speak of, were officially free on May 8th, 1945. Let's go back a little. Let's restate the problem as it existed then.

VOICE: In the rubble of German cities...in the stench of German concentration camps....there are thirty million displaced persons. They are without food, clothing, medical supplies...and most of them without homes.

ROBINSON: Now, how do we go about the process of solving the problem? Can we deal with such a magnitude of distress on a statistical basis? Shall we make out little cards, properly perforated, to be filed by machine..consulted by machine...analyzed by machine...so that these people need never be touched by human compassion...shall we leave them to the recording machines?

VOICE: They must be dealt with on a businesslike basis.

ROBINSON: All right, let's try it. Let's get at the facts. Trot out the figures. Forget the concentration camps....the heaped up bodies of the dead...the rachitic residue of the living. Peace has come. Horror has gone. Put it on a businesslike basis. Start with this girl. This child. She needs help. Consider her in terms of need. Reduce her to a statistic.

VOICE: Age?

ROBINSON: She doesn't know.

SOUND: PUNCHING MACHINE (SIMILAR TO ADDING MACHINE)

MUSIC: PUNCTUATES

VOICE: Born, where?

ROBINSON: She doesn't remember.

SOUND & MUSIC

VOICE: Father's name?

ROBINSON: Unknown

VOICE: Mother's name?

ROBINSON: Unknown

SOUND & MUSIC

VOICE: Weight?

ROBINSON: Sixty-three pounds

SOUND & MUSIC

VOICE: Height?

ROBINSON: Fifty-four inches.

SOUND & MUSIC

BARBED WIRE SKY
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-12-13-

VOICE: Physical development?

ROBINSON: Retarded.

VOICE: By illness?

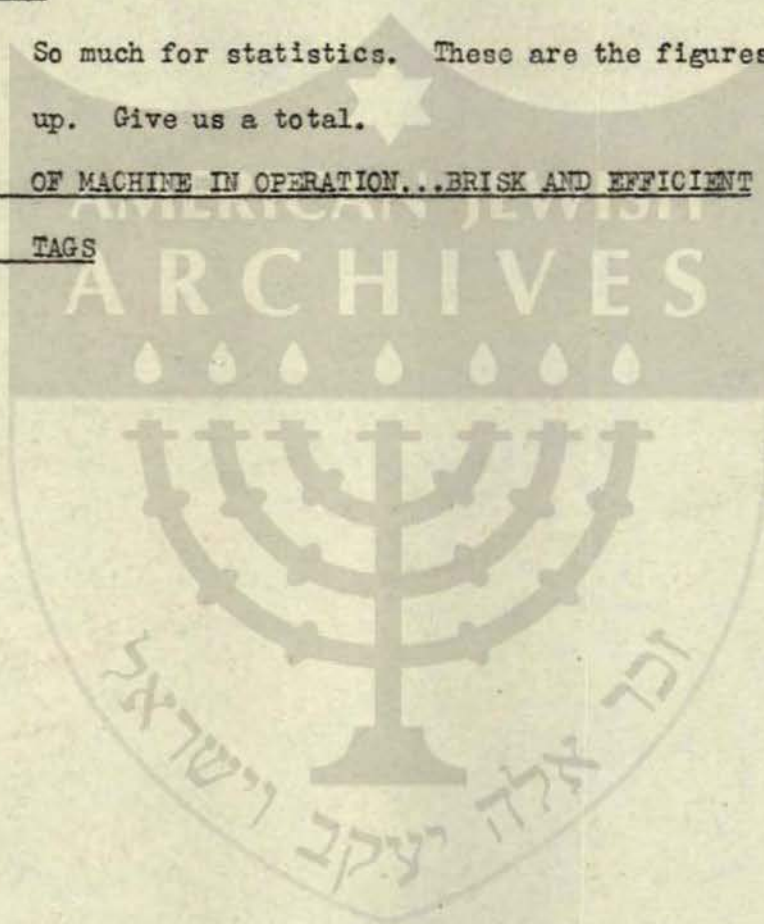
ROBINSON: No. History.

SOUND & MUSIC

ROBINSON: So much for statistics. These are the figures. Add them up. Give us a total.

SOUND: OF MACHINE IN OPERATION...BRISK AND EFFICIENT

MUSIC TAGS



ROBINSON: What does it amount to?

VOICE: Total. This would appear to be an ordinary child, in need of two thousand (?) Calories of food per diem.

ROBINSON: Is that all?

VOICE: We make a certain allowance for the exhaustion of muscle building tissues.

ROBINSON: And what allowance for the brain? What concession to the Memory? What about it?

VOICE: Psychiatric examination of this child reveals anxiety neurosis syndrome, verging on trauma.

ROBINSON: A neat, precise, scientific statement to the effect that this girl is unhappy.

VOICE: Yes.

ROBINSON: You're wrong. She's not unhappy. How could she be? She's never had a neat, precise, scientific basis of comparison between the way she lives and the way the rest of the world lives. This girl thinks the whole world lives behind barbed wire.

MUSIC: IN AND DOWN FOR:

ROBINSON: She doesn't cry. What is there to cry about...a broken doll? She's never had one...and it wouldn't matter to her anyhow. In her blood is the memory of a worse breakage. The guards at Belsen were not too fond of children.

MUSIC: PUNCTUATES:

ROBINSON: She doesn't complain. What is there to complain about? Anything that happens now is better than the way things used to be.

MUSIC: PUNCTUATES:

ROBINSON: What if she has been to four different D.P. camps since Belsen. They were all better. The barbed wire sin't charged with electricity any more.

MUSIC: PUNCTUATES:

ROBINSON: What if she is a little hungry because there isn't enough to go around? She's not starving any more.

MUSIC: PUNCTUATES:

ROBINSON: What if she is cold from time to time because there isn't enough fuel to keep the barracks warm. It's warmer than the grave at Belsen.

MUSIC: PUNCTUATES:

ROBINSON: Can you deal with such hopelessness on a statistical basis? Can you punch a card that will adequately express the misery of this child and all the others like her, on May 8th, 1945? Is there a machine anywhere that will convolute from its insensate depths the answer to this misery?

(A PAUSE)

And the answer is so simple. So exact. So inescapably correct. The answer is...freedom.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

MOOREHEAD: It seemed a simple problem two years ago, and the answer was easy and quick. There were this many displaced persons here, that many displaced persons there. What should we do with them?

VOICE: Feed them, clothe them, send them home.

MOOREHEAD: A simple thing to do...reasonable, logical, and humanitarian. First, the children...

MUSIC: COMES IN

BARBED WIRE SKY
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MOOREHEAD: They were to be taken away from the camps...to places where they could forget the past, and learn how to be children... how to laugh, and be merry. All the gentle things that belong to children. Songs that mean nothing, sung in the bath. The shape of an orange, and the proper way to peel it. How to use a crayon. How to write one's name. Trust, confidence, affection...all the simple things that make childhood such a happy state of affairs, were to be theirs.

MUSIC: UP AND DOWN:

MOOREHEAD: And for the elders...a new faith in humanity..a restoration of their homes and possessions...a place in the sun, and the warming certainty that once again they were free men and women, with barbarity and barbed wire far behind them.

MUSIC: UP AND DOWN:

MOOREHEAD: For these purposes, UNRRA was founded. And to these purposes the United Jewish Appeal was dedicated. The Joint Distribution Committee would look after the Displaced Persons until they left. In Palestine, the United Palestine Appeal would look after the immigrants as they arrived. And in the United States, the United Service for New Americans would help those who came here become good citizens. This was the plan. And in the concentration camps, in the D.P. camps, and the internment places, there was hope there was excitement and gratitude...thanks to America.

VOICES:

IN POLISH: Thank you, America,

HUNGARIAN:

FRENCH:

ROUMANIAN:

CZECH:

RUSSIAN:

ITALIAN:

ETC:

MUSIC: SWELLS UP AND OUT:

MOOREHEAD: That was two years ago. The war was over. Anti-Semitism, butchery, and savagery were officially a thing of the past. There was peace, and hope for the future, these people could go home. It might take a little time, but two years should be enough. So the United Nations decided...

VOICE: On June 30th, 1947 UNRRA will end. Relief for the displaced, lost peoples of Europe will cease.

MOOREHEAD: And why not? By that time they would all have gone home. They would be restored to their property in various European countries...happily resettled with complete freedom and civil liberty.

VOICE: Eighty-five thousand Jewish displaced persons.

MOOREHEAD: That's the figure as of January 1946. Eighty-five thousand Jews in D.P. camps. Surely, in another year they'd all be taken care of. So they thought. The United Jewish Appeal last year was based on such an estimate, and the feeling that this year there would be no further need. Why then, are we here, asking for more money?

VOICE: AS of January, 1947, there were two hundred fifty-six thousand Jews in the D.P. camps.

MUSIC: UNDERLINES:

MUNI: That's why we're here. There are not less people to take care of...but more! And on June 30th, shortly to arrive, UNRRA ends. Which brings a thought to mind - on July 1st, which by custom follows June 30th by only a small margin, who is going to supply breakfast for these people? Lunch? Dinner? And so on, to starvation. Who will feed them?

MUSIC: UNDERLINES:

MUNI: That's question A. Question B, politely asked..is this. Why are there more Jews behind barbed wire now, than a year ago?

MUSIC: OUT:

MUNI: So much for questions. How about some answers,

VOICE: Question A. Who will feed them?

MUNI: The American Army is doing what it can. But beginning July 1st, very nearly the only thing between these people and starvation is the United Jewish Appeal. This appeal, formerly a matter of relieving suffering -- now a matter of life or death.

VOICE: Question B. Why are there more this year?

MUSIC: IN AND DOWN FOR:

MUNI: It goes back to the end of the war. Two-thirds of all the Jews who had once lived in Europe were dead. The fraction that remained, who were Hungarian, Roumanian, Czechoslovakian, French, and every other nationality, started back to their homes..to the land they owned before the war..to the businesses

they had build up, the schools that were theirs, the places where they had been born. Were they met with flowers in Poland?

SOUND: SMALL CALIBRE MACHINE GUN:

MUNI: A welcome home from some who themselves were once among the persecuted in Poland.

MUSIC: STINGS:

MUNI Did bands play, and people sing, when the Jews started back into Hungary?

SOUND: CRASHING GLASS:

VOICE: (SHOUTING) Go back to the gas chambers, Jew!

MUNI: Greetings and salutations from a former friend in Hungary.

MUSIC: STINGS:

MUNI: Surely the people of Roumania, some of them now living on Jewish property, welcomed their friends home with loving hearts.

SOUND: OF A BLOW AND A GROAN:

MUNI: But what about Austria? Surely this nation of the waltz and gemutlich keit...surely here, the Jew could go back to his land, in peace and safety.

SOUND: POUNING ON DOOR...IT OPENS:

VOICE: Out, Jew!

MUNI: A welcome committee in Austria.

MUSIC: STINGS:

MUNI: There is, to be sure, a trace of anger in the way these things are mentioned. But there is also understanding. Hitler's work was done in these countries. One does not live for seven years exposed to leprosy without catching it.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT:

MUNI: But what are these people to do? Sit there in the camps...
waiting for life --

VOICE: How many of you D.P.'s are there?

MUNI: And answering silly questions? Wanting liberty -

VOICE: Which way, please?

MUNI: And receiving investigation Committee? Hoping for the
pursuit of happiness -

VOICE: (CLEARING OF THROAT) It seems reasonable to believe that in
due time, beyond a question of doubt, there is every reason
to believe, that in the course of human events, beyond a
peradventure, we have every reason to think...(FADE)

MUNI: And being made the subject of a thousand objectives reports?
If this to be the fate of the Jewish people still alive in
Europe? For us, peace has come, long since. For these people,
the war is not yet over!

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER:

MUNI: We will not mention here one of the few places in the world
where these people could expect a hearty welcome. We will
not argue the pros and cons of a subject to be decided, we
hope and trust, by the United Nations. But we would like to
point out to you, humbly and with due respect for your political
feelings whatever they may be..while they wait for whatever
fate the congress of the nations assigns to them..while they
sit and hope that one day they will be truly free...these
people are threatened with starvation, disease, and death,
unless you help. Can you refuse?

MUSIC: FULL AND OUT:

ANNOUNCER: From New York we present the Honorable Henry Morgenthau,
Junior.

(MR. MORGENTHAU'S ADDRESS APPROXIMATELY TWO MINUTES)

MUSIC: IN FOR:

ANNOUNCER: You have just heard an address by the honorable Henry
Morgenthau, Junior -- General Chairman of the United Jewish
Appeal. You have been listening, ladies and gentlemen, to
a special program featuring John Garfield, Agnes Moorehead,
Paul Muni, Edward G. Robinson and Selena Royle.

The program was written by Renald MacDougall, produced by
Alan Reed, and directed by Howard L. Nussbaum...with music
composed and conducted by Victor Young...in behalf of the
United Jewish Appeal.

Copies of the script of tonight's play can be obtained by
writing to the National Headquarters of the United Jewish
Appeal at 342 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

THIS IS ABC...THE AMERICAN BROADCASTING COMPANY.