

PROJECT BERUF -KOPF

(Occupation Head)

A One Act play

By Tim Pullen

Professor (J.C.) James Calvin Holtz: 26 years old, Texas engineering professor.

Jonathan Hampton II: 42 years old Prestigious American Neurosurgeon.

Doctor Jeannine Delegrande: 38 years old French Chemist.

Gregory Bobinzwick/Subject Number Eighty: He was in his thirties, he's dead now, but he still gets to move.

Michael Arthur Ransen/ Subject number Seventy-nine: 24 years old. MI6 agent, trained to assassinate Mussolini, but failed for the love of a woman.

Dieter Buamgardner: Head guard

Sven Eberhart: German guard. Dumb as a post.

Doctor (Artz) Fräulein Frieda Goodentight: 32 year old German doctor working for the S.S. on this secret mind control project.

General Frank Wittauarner: 58 General in charge of this experiment.

Scene One

Friday November 5th 1943

(Lights up on a room made of mostly ply board. There is an array of odd equipment, test tubes, heart monitors, a brain floating in a jar, random vials of medical drugs, pills and liquid. Two men lay on gurneys, strapped down. There is an observation window where we can see a guard sleeping at a post and a door, when the door opens we see only bright white or darkness and get the idea those entering are freezing outside, rushing to enter, those exiting are reluctant to do so. Helmet in the room with batteries and antennae. As the scene opens we hear the beep of a flat lining heart monitor. Dr. Hampton is pushing on the patient's chest while Dr. Delegrande is performing mouth to mouth)

Professor Holtz: Another cowboy outta the rodeo (He turns off the monitor while the other doctors resign to defeat, he then stands over the body with a bible) Yeah thou I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil- (He continues quietly while the other doctors begin speaking over him here.)

Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me. Thy lead me to lay down in green pastures, and make sure there ain't any cow bombs where my head hits. Please receive this soul- subject number eighty with opens arms, whether he was a Jew or not, I'm sure whoever he was in life he didn't deserve any of this shit that lead to his death. thank-you lord for all your mercy and the state of Texas- Amen.

Dr. Delegrande: What of this subject? 'is vital signs are stable, no?

Dr. Hampton: He's been stable for two days now.

Dr. Delegrande: Will 'e be able to move again?

Dr. Hampton: Yes? Maybe. I just don't know. I think I've repaired the damage to the nerves, but I really can't say.

Professor Holtz: (Finished with the prayer, he pulls a sheet over the patient) Not like it matters, so long as he stays in a coma.

Dr. Hampton: We don't even know if we're right. Maybe this was the guy we needed.

Professor Holtz: Ya know it could be, MI6 is just Kraut code for some damned division he went missin' in.

Dr. Hampton: It's going to take more than one man to make a difference anyway.

Professor Holtz: Not nescicariiy, Jesus was just one man.

Dr. Hampton: And look at what happened to him.

Professor Holtz: Now you look here- (Deiter walks in the front door and wakes Sven they then walk past the glass wall, and begin to unlock the door)

Dr. Delegrande: Fer mae la busch, the Germans approach. (The three doctors attempt to look busy)

Deiter/Sven: (Salute in Nazi fashion) Heil!

Doctors: (With no enthusiasm, they toss their arms briefly in the air and mumble a phrase)

Dr. Delegrande: 'ail.

Dr. Hampton: Nail.

Professor Holtz: Whatever.

Deiter: I recommend you learn respect for the furor.

Dr. Hampton: Can't wait to pay my respects, (under his breath) at his funeral.

Sven: What was that?

Dr. Hampton: I'm sure we soon-will.

Deiter: I hope so, for your own sake. I have special treat for you. A package from red cross has arrived, the furor has graciously approved their dispersal.

Professor Holtz: A whole package just for the three of us? (They begin sorting through the package.

Dr. Hampton: It's already been opened, how covienant.

Proffessor Holtz: Savin' us time. Lucky they didn't eat it for us too.

Dr. Hampton: (holding up a can of spam) Maybe we're not that lucky.

Sven: All packages must be inspected for contra-ban.

Dr. Delegrande: Ciggeretts? What shall we do with these, we are not smokers.

Proffessor Holtz: Thank-god. You speak fer yourself darlin', I've only been a non-smoker cause I been out of cigarettes.

Dr. Delegrande: You should not smoke them all at once.

Professor Holtz: I'll light 'em to keep warm at night, German space heaters are for shit. No offense, your cars run great, but I come from Southern Texas. I have yet to grow accustom to this climate.

Sven: Has there been any progress with the subjects?

Dr. Hampton: This one is still alive, that's about the extent of our progress.

Sven: Artz Goodentight will be very disapointed, she was hoping for more impressive results.

(Johnaton giggles, then tries to conceal it. He does so every time he hears Dr. Goodentight's name) What is wrong with him?

Dr Holtz: He's sneezing, he's got allergies to somethin' in these packages.

Sven: Gazontight, Should I take them from here?

Professor Holtz: No, no, you just leave them where they lay, thank-you. Aren't there supposed to be chocolate bars in these things?

Dr. Hampton: I thought so.

Sven: It is only cheap D-ration chocolate. You're missing nothing.

Deiter: Genug!

Dr. Delegrande: If it is possible, another unit of plasma would 'elp us increase 'is strength, per'aps improved 'ealth would improve results?

Sven: Do they have plasma in these packages?

Deiter: I shall inform Arzt Goodentight, (John) Gonzuntight. However you shall see her yourself soon. She is coming for inspection with General Wittauarer this evening.

Sven: Can you not use the plasma from the deaciced subject?

Dr. Hampton: You've got no respect for the dead have-

Professor Holtz: Just stop talkin' John. You're going off with your pistol halfcocked when you ain't got a pistol.

Sven: What did you just say?

Professor Holtz: Arguing about this is as useless as tits on a boar hog, this man has a different blood type. If we use the plasma from subject eighty on subject seventy-nine then all we'll have is two dead men, do you verstehen that?

Deiter: Ya. If this one is dead I shall send the body to Falstad, they need cold tissue.

Professor Holtz: Is there any another kind of tissue around here? If you don't mind, we'd like to keep the cadaver just a few more hours, for experimental purposes.

Sven: It will take at least five hours to arrange transport from-

Deiter: Genug! Sie sprechen spitze. You may keep the corpse in here for the time being.

Professor Holtz: Why Not, he's not going bad. It's cold enough in here to freeze the balls off a pool table.

Sven: Heil Hitler! (He salutes and exits)

Dr. Hampton: Proffessor Holtz, please explain. What does a pistol and boars tits have to do with me giving Sven a piece of my mind?

Professor Holtz: You give him a piece of your mind it'll be the only piece he's got. That boy is too dumb to pour piss out of his boot, even if you wrote the instructions on the bottom.

Dr. Hampton: What difference does his intelligence make?

Professor Holtz: You wastin' your time! You can't go spewing out your social indignity on Nazis. He don't give a shit and all he's gonna do is punish you for it. These people are bringing us troupes barley breathin', Jews that

have been whipped for being Jews and this man they gave us split down his vertebra like someone was deveinin' a shrimp! They got no respect for the dead, hell they got none for the livin'! So what good is it gonna do you telling that kraut he's an asshole? It's like walking cross a field to tell a horse his wankers big! He knows and nothing's gonna change it!

Dr. Hampton: You're right, thank-you for the logic, I still don't get the connection with a hogs nipples.

Professor Holtz: Look you two, I get the feeling there's about to be a hornet in our out house.

Dr. Delegrande: What?

Dr. Hampton: Don't look at me, I speak English, not Texas.

Professor Holtz: Somethin's going on. The Krauts are gettin' restless, and that damn doctor Goodentight is gettin' antsy. (John chuckles) Look here, I realize her name is funnier than watching a cat try to bury it's crap on a marble floor, but you can't go giggling like a school girl every time someone says it.

Dr. Hampton: I'm sorry, but she fits her name so well.

Professor Holtz: I don't know about you two, but I ain't never met this General Wittauarer before, and I don't think it's a good sign that he's comin'.

Dr. Hampton: I'm taking it as a very good sign, my guess is the Allies are winning the war.

Dr. Delegrande: Oiu, I agree with doctor 'ampton.

Professor Holtz: Don't get me wrong, it's hunky dory if Hitler's losin' but that ain't good for us. Think about it, we're evidence. We know all sorts if things they shouldn't be doin'. And we ain't easy to toss into a suitcase either.

Dr. Delegrande: You believe they would kill us?

Professor Holtz: They'd lay us down faster than bell clapper in a gooses ass. (Dr. Delegrande looks To John for a translation)

Dr. Hampton: Don't look at me.

Proffessor Holtz: That's really damn fast.

Dr. Delegrande: Why would one put a bell clapper-?

Dr. Hampton: It's a southern thing, don't try. We would become a liability, would'nt we? (Artz Goodentight enters the front)

Proffessor Holtz: Well-well speak of the devil, and there she is. (Goodentight is let in the laboratory, her heil has less enthusiasm than the gaurds, but she does it none the less. The doctor's do not pretend to heil back.)

Artz Goodentight: Do you forget to seig heil to the furor?

Dr. Delegrande: We 'ave sworn no allegiance to your furor, you are aware of this.

Artz Goodentight: General Wittauerer will not be so lenient as I! When he enters this evening I expect the proper salute as if Hitler himself stood before you.

Professor Holtz: You mean this one? (He raises both hands and extends his middle fingers)

Artz Goodentight: The General has shot men for less. What progress have you made?

Dr. Hampton: Number seventy-nine is alive, he's comatose but alive.

Professor Holtz: Number eighty, not so much.

Dr. Delegrande: We 'ave thought of waking the subject with adrenaline 'owever I fear cardiac arrest could result from the shock.

Artz Goodentight: Seizt, we need this subject to stay alive! Is the helmet ready for demonstration?

Professor Holtz: Hell no, the thing ain't even ready to test, and we're all just about as worn out as a one legged man at an ass kickin' contest.

Artz Goodentight: We will have to use the test as the demonstration. Wake him! And do not let him die. If he dies, one of you three will replace him as the test subject!

Dr. Hampton: We've damaged the brains of most of our subjects with this thing!

Artz Goodentight: That is good reason to keep this subject alive! I have the plasma you requested!

Dr. Delegrande: Merci, this should 'elp 'im. (she takes the plasma to put on the tubes leading to Mike)

Artz Goodentight: I cannot express clear enough how important the meeting this evening is to me.

Professor Holtz: You just remember this man's life is on the line.

Artz Goodentight: His life is not the only one! Do not fail. Heil (She knocks on the door and is released. Lazily tosses her hand in the air as she exits)

Dr. Holtz: You see what I'm sayin'? Somethin's up around here.

Dr. Hampton: She's always in a bad mood.

Professor Holtz: And I can't blame her, woman's so ugly the tide wouldn't take her out, but ya gotta admit her attitude is headed south faster than grandma's nipples.

Dr. Delegrande: What?

Dr. Hampton: I understand that one. She's getting grumpier fast. You know she's not that bad looking, it's the way she presents herself.

Professor Holtz: You think so?

Dr. Hampton: I'm sure, my wife was a cleaning woman when I met her, the bun does something to a woman. So what do you propose we do?

Professor Holtz: Tell her to let her hair down?

Dr. Delegrande: About the wasp in the toilet. We need more time, per'aps a few days, we are so close.

Professor Holtz: We're a lot closer than you think.

Dr Hampton: How do you mean?

Professor Holtz: I know ya'll are gonna be upset about this. (putting the helmet on the dead man) Watch this. (he picks up a large receiver with an antennae on it and begins flipping levers, the body sits up, raises its arm, rubs it's tummy then pats its head)

Dr. Delegrande: Oh my god, we 'ave done it!

Professor Holtz: You two did a hell of a job mappin' out the brains interworkin's and I did a hell of a job zappin 'em.

Dr. Hampton: We actually did it! We got it!

Professor Holtz: (Turning off the set-up, then the body falls limp) We got it all right, question is, do we want to give it to them?

Dr. Hampton: No, No I don't want to-

Dr. Delegrande: What choice do we 'ave?

Dr. Hampton: Escape. Give the design to America?

Professor Holtz: Hell no, I was thinkin' we escape and destroy the plans for this rig. This set up comes at a price too high for the duchmark, the electrodes in this puppy that we use override the brains nerou transmitters also fry those transmitters.

Dr. Hampton: Fry?

Professor Holtz: Like catfish in a skillet. Once the wearer removes the helmet, they're paralyzed for life, not even able to speak. Well, I don't think.

Dr. Delegrande: But the subject will live?

Professor Holtz: In the sense the heart keeps beatin' (referring to the brain in a jar) Just as much as this fellers alive.

Dr. Delegrande: This simply will not be an acceptable design. 'Itler will not put this upon 'is army.

Professor Holtz: Right the furor would never sacrifice his people for a remote controlled army? One that even functions after death. I somehow don't think the Furor will think twice on that.

Dr. Hampton: He's right, it would be an unstoppable force. At least for the infantry on the front lines. I know the Nazi's would use this, Hitler's ethics are a little lax. We really should just destroy it.

Dr. Delegrande: And what will they do to my 'usband? What of my daughter? She is only eight! We cannot go on forever without results! What of your son!

Dr. Hampton: I know, I know! I never paid as much attention to him a I should've. Work always gets the best of me, then- I just never spent the time with him I should have.

Professor Holtz: This is why I sabotaged the last two tests. I knew we were too close.

Dr. Delegrande: You what? We could be at 'ome! 'Ow dare you make such a decision! We could be safe with our families?

Dr. Hampton: You don't believe that, do you?

Professor Holtz: Well that's why I'm tellin' you now! I was just stallin' a little longer thinking old blood and guts was due to round the corner and set us free, but it looks to me like the time has come for us to fish or cut bait. I don't see alot of room for stallin'. Look, I know you two got a whole lot more bet on this horse than I do, all I got is my own life to lose, you got families that could be in danger. I just don't like the idea of handin' over such a powerful technology to the kruats! We could single handedly give Hitler the world. I just don't want to do that.

Dr. Delegrande: You do not believe they will keep their word and return us to our families?

Dr. Hampton: I haven't seen the Nazis keep a promise yet. Sven even ate our damn chocolate, then left us with spam.

Proffessor Holtz: Really, I kinda like spam, you fry it up next to some eggs and grits-

Dr. Hampton: There are no grits in the box.

Professor Holtz: I gotta plan to escape, if yall wanna hear it. Maybe even win this game, but we're gonna need another player. Of course, if it don't work- well- like I said, you two got more ridin on this horse.

Dr. Delegrande: What do you think Doctor 'Ampton? You were the one working with the American military on a similar project.

Dr. Hampton: I was not. The Americans were after the opposite the Nazi's want. The U.S. was looking for defensive weapons and shielding that reacted to the solders brain! They wanted armament that the solider controlled, what the Nazi's want is armament that controls the solders. I actually had a nice prototype; I based it on the designs of medieval suits of armor. Except of course with tommy guns on the arms, and a mind activated targeting system, but that was rejected.

Professor Holtz: To bulky for the battle field?

Dr. Hampton: No, too pricey for congress.

Professor Holtz: Jeannine is right, you are the only one of us that worked with any military intelligence before. What do you think we can expect outside this room?

Dr. Hampton: I imagine it's an entirely different situation. I wasn't being held against my will so much in America.

Dr. Delegrande: 'Uman experimentation is unethical whether Americans or Germans do it.

Dr. Hampton: The participants were all volunteer, and all military. I'm not going to pretend I liked the project, I was still participating against my better judgment.

Professor Holtz: If it was against your better judgment, then why do it?

Dr. Hampton: I won't bore you with the details, I just got myself into some financial troubles during the depression.

Professor Holtz: You and the other forty seven states.

Dr. Hampton: The methods I used to rectify my financial situation put me in a vulnerable position with uncle sam.

Professor Holtz: Oh now I gotta know about your life of crime.

Dr. Hampton: It wasn't- I suppose technically it was. My family owned a distillery back in the day, you ever hear of Harbor Crest Rum or Whiskey?

Professor Holtz: Hear of it? Damn, my daddy gave your family all their money.

Dr. Hampton: Everything I needed was there. So, the last three years of prohibition I made a good deal of the fortune back by bootlegging. I didn't even know I had been caught till I received a letter from Mr. Wallace. He cut me a deal, if I helped with this top secret project my record would be expunged. I was two days away from being done with the whole thing when the Nazi's grabbed me.

Professor Holtz: But you didn't get caught during prohibition?

Dr. Hampton: No

Professor Holtz: How can they charge you with a crime, when it was legal before you got caught? That's like ropin' the cow after she's back in the barn.

Dr. Hampton: Most of my customers were congressmen. You'd be surprised how good their records are when term is up anyway. I didn't want to skip my son's childhood in prison. You know I am all that kid has. We lost my wife last year.

Dr. Delegrande: I am so sorry, I did not know.

Dr. Hampton: He may never get time with his dad, but he doesn't need to live in a world with Nazi mind control helmets. If I can stop that, he deserves it. What's your plan?

Professor Holtz: I'm thinkin' if we can get this guy up, and on our side, which should be easier than fallen off a bull in heat, all we gotta do is stage this demonstration tonight.

Dr. Hampton: You're assuming we have repaired the damage to his spinal cord correctly and he can still move.

Professor Holtz: Did I say this was a sure thing?

Dr. Hampton: You said easier than fallen off of something or other.

Professor Holtz: I just mean him being on our side is a sure thing.

Dr. Delegrande: 'Ow do you mean, stage a demonstration?

Professor Holtz: Get the Nazi's all good and watching the helmet work, but I won't really turn it on. Not until you and Junior here stick Sven and Deiter with some of your high grade TTX, bam their out with paralyses, and then he takes on the general while I inject or hog tie the good doctor Goodentight (John laughs)- you really gotta stop that. Then we put on their uniforms and high tail it outta here.

Dr. Delegrande: We do not even know where we are, we could be in the middle of Berlin for all we know, we could race out the door to run face to face with 'itler!

Dr. Hampton: I don't think so, there aren't that many guards around here, wherever here may be.

Dr. Delegrande: 'Ow can you know that for certain?

Dr. Hampton: Sven is the second in command. If there were many other choices would you put Sven second in command?

Professor Holtz: He's got a good point there. If brains were leather Sven and Deiter couldn't saddle a knat. So there must not be much choice.

Dr. Delegrande: It is such a great risk.

Professor Holtz: Givin' the Nazis an army of walkin' dead has its risks too.

Dr. Delegrande: As you pointed out Professor 'oltz, Doctor 'ampton and I 'ave far more to lose from failure. Were it only my life it may be worth the risk, but my daughter. I could not live with myself if this scheme fails and she is 'urt. Could you Dr. 'ampton?

Dr. Hampton: If I had an eight year old girl? No- no, I couldn't. But I've got a boy going on twelve that can't seem to hold a thought in his head, and I doubt Hitler could touch him, I sure as hell can't.

Professor Holtz: That's the way their supposed to be, the only thing eleven year old boys are supposed to think about are thirteen year old girls.

Dr. Hampton: I suppose you're right, I did think about the fairer sex often, but not many returned my interest.

Professor Holtz: The fairer sex? Hell all I thought about was sex didn't care how fair it was. Look, I'm willing to forget the whole thing, give the Nazi's

the damn thing and I'll just spend the night outside, then ya'll could just defrost me after the war.

Dr. Hampton: I'm in. Why not go for broke? Let's try to escape.

Dr. Delegrande: I want nothing to do with this.

Dr. Hampton: Think about it! With all due respect Doctor Delegrande, I don't think you're thinking this through. Once they get what they want from us, they'll probably kill us anyway.

Dr. Delegrande: And what of our families?

Dr. Hampton: Maybe they're already dead. It's most likely an empty threat. I'm fairly certain they don't have my son.

Dr. Delegrande: What makes you say that?

Dr. Hampton: They said he was a promising young man. I don't think they ever met my kid.

Professor Holtz: Please Junior, don't fight Jeannine on this.

Dr. Hampton: I'm a second, not a junior.

Professor Holtz: What's a matter with junior?

Dr. Hampton: It's just not what they named me, the second is like junior, but- but-

Professor Holtz: But more pompous and pretentious?

Dr. Hampton: I-I suppose so, it's a family tradition. My son is the third.

Professor Holtz: Now that's just lack of imagination.

Dr. Hampton: They haven't let us talk to our families, haven't let us see them. That leads me to believe the threats to them are empty.

Professor Holtz: Don't try to convince her, my daddy always told me there are only two methods to arguing with a woman, and neither one works. Let's just us try. We'll make it clear if we get caught, that she had nothing to do with it. Didn't even know about it, right Johnny? We'll swear up and down it was just us two dumbasses.

Dr. Hampton: All right. Unless one of us gets caught before the other, then he's the sole dumb ass.

Professor Holtz: That works for me. Me and Junior will take any heat. All we ask from you is silence, sound fair Jeannine?

Dr. Delegrande: Acceptable.

Dr. Hampton: Are you going to call me Junior from now on?

Professor Holtz: Unless you'd prefer Doctor Junior. We will still need your help Jeannine with the magic wake up juice on sleeping beauty here.

Dr. Delegrande: That must be done at any rate, for tonight's demonstration. (She begins drawing vials of serum)

Dr. Hampton: You really think we have a chance at this?

Professor Holtz: Don't know, but you can't get lard till you boil the pig.

Dr. Hampton: True. Strange, but true.

Professor Holtz: So you're a world famous brain doctor, but you made your millions selling booze to senators. That ain't quite ironic, but it's up there.

Dr. Hampton: I'm not proud of it. How about you? What do you do in real life?

Professor Holtz: Not too sure. I ain't lived much of real life, I'm only twenty-six. Just got my professorship at The Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas.

Dr. Hampton: You are kind of young to be a professor. I thought you just looked it- that is impressive.

Professor Holtz: Graduated top of my class in 35' at the age of eighteen.

Dr. Hampton: Very impressive, it's better to carry out a crazy plan, with a smart dumb ass than a regular one. Even if you are a little off.

Professor Holtz: Good to know someone's got confidence in me junior.

Dr. Hampton: Your family must have been fairly well off as well.

Professor Holtz: (laughs a little) Yeah, my father's in oil.

Dr. Hampton: That's what they call filthy rich

Professor Holtz: My daddy's filthy but not rich. He's an auto mechanic. Man's too poor to spend time.

Dr. Hampton: Then how'd you-?

Professor Holtz: Bull shit.

Dr. Hampton: Bull shit?

Professor Holtz: Well, all sorts of shit really. County fair science project, I designed a system of collection and dispersal of manure over the corn field that worked with water viaducts and watered the crops, cleaned out the stalls and delivered all those healthy nutrients to the plants with minum labor. Designed it mainly because I hated scoopin' shit, but it got me a scholarship.

Dr. Delegrande: Gentlemen, please. If this works I will need you to hold the subject down, the shock of his surroundings will be quite unnerving, 'owever, if this does not work, he may go into cardiac arrest and you two will need to 'elp revive 'im.

Dr. Hampton: There's a good chance he's paralyzed even if he does wake up.

Professor Holtz: Try not to be too optomistic. I'm ready. Should we say a prayer?

Dr. Delegrande: It could not do any 'arm.

Professor Holtz: Christ all mighty let this guy live, so for us a chance you'll give.

Dr. Hampton: Ready as I'm going to be. (the men grab the subject as Dr. Delegrande injects another serum into his catherder tube. Mike pops awake

and instantly starts screaming then flailing and kicking as the men try to hold him)

Mike: Bloody hell, Ouch! where am I? What have you done with me!
Bloody Nazi's!

Professor Holtz: Ah ha! He can move. Hot damn. He's a Britt, that's for sure.

Mike: You're definitely no German.

Professor Holtz: Southern Germany.

Mike: Why are you holding me down? Where's Natiley? Why is every inch of my body so sore?

Dr. Hampton: Probably because you've been in a coma for three weeks. Please try to clam down. Don't get too excited. You've been in an accident.

Professor Holtz: I don't recon I'd call it an accident.

Dr. Hampton: He had a knife through his spine. I'd hardly say that was intentional, at least on his part.

Professor Holtz: Damn sure intentional on somebody's part. You gonna give this man a physical or what?

Dr. Hampton: Can you lift your right leg? (He does) how about the left? (He does) can you sit up?

Mike: (he does) Hurts like hell, but yes I can.

Dr. Hampton: Holy cheese we actually did it. I can't believe we did it.

Professor Holtz: Sure looks like it.

Dr. Delegrande: Congratulations gentleman. You sir, are the first successful spinal cord transplant recipient in history.

Professor Holtz: First successful? Has anyone ever even tried that before?

Dr. Hampton: Never. Never, but we did it.

Professor Holtz: That's dandy, but-

Dr. Hampton: Do you know what this means? We can transplant organs from cadavers. It is possible. My wife died of seriosis of the liver- no one has to die from that any more- we could harvest healthy livers from-

Professor Holtz: I really hate to squish your enthusiasm John, but can we please put the cork in that campaign until after we're done with some more pressing issues? You've forgotten we're staring down another bull right now that has some sharp horns aimed at our hind quarters.

John: Yes, yes- you're right. Please professor Holtz.

Mike: May I ask what medical miracle have I just become?

Professor Holtz: When you arrived you were split open up your backside. The part of your spinal cord that connects your brain to the rest of your body was missing. We got ya fixed up- it looks like, we had to use some left over

bits from subject seventy-six to get your wiring fixed up, but it looks like it worked.

Mike: That's incredible.

Dr. Hampton: It really is.

Professor Holtz: I should tell ya we're pretty sure you're part Jewish now.

Dr. Hampton: At least part of you is Jewish.

Professor Holtz: This was the first time anything like this was ever even tried so far as I know, so if you're wonderin' which synagogue to attend, you are a bit unorthodox.

Mike: Natiley! It was her, wasn't it? Damn fool that I am. She was so beautiful, long dark hair, olive skin, gorgeous deep brown eyes. She was a Nazi, wasn't she? I bought that thin story of hers when I caught her speaking German on the phone. Austrian step-mother, I'm such a dullard-

Professor Holtz: Women, snakes and spiders all got one thing in common, the prettier they are, the more dangerous.

Dr. Hampton: I'm sorry, we can't really answer any of your questions- we don't know.

Professor Holtz: We don't know where any of our subjects come from, we don't even know your name, subject seventy-nine, is what we're supposed to call ya.

Mike: The name is Ransen. Michael Arthur Ransen.

Professor Holtz: Most folks are brought here dead. Or damn near.

Dr. Hampton: You were in the damn near category. The Germans usually take the tags before we read them, but Dr. Delegrande got a glimpse at yours.

Professor Holtz: Were you an MI6 agent?

Mike: Why do you ask?

Dr. Hampton: We're in a little bit of trouble we could really use some help.

Mike: I doubt they would consider me an agent, I was trained by MI6.

Dr. Hampton: My name is Jonathon Hampton the second, I'm a doctor from America, this is Professor James Calvin Holtz-

Professor Holtz: Most folks call me J.C. And you're welcome to do so.

Dr. Hampton: He's from Texas.

Professor Holtz: If I'm not mistaken that is a little piece of the USA.

Dr. Hampton: There's nothing little about Texas.

Professor Holtz: You can say that again.

Dr. Hampton: This is doctor Delegrande, she's from France.

Dr. Delegrande: I am a leading chemist in my nation.

Professor Holtz: Dr. Hampton here's a prestigious neurosurgeon, and me I'm just an engineer.

We was all kidnapped by the damn Nazi's, brought here to perfect a secret weapon to win the war for 'em. For some reason or other they want to figure a way to control minds. Don't make much sense 'cause I ain't seen a Nazi yet that's got a mind worth controlin' anyways.

Mike: Where are we?

Professor Holtz: Not a clue.

Dr. Delegrande: I was drugged, Professor 'oltz was knocked un conscious, and Dr. 'ampton made the trip with a burlap sack over his head.

Dr. Hampton: One that smelled like rotten potatoes, so I would've preferred to be drugged or knocked out.

Professor Holtz: What we can tell ya is it's snowing outside, been that way for going on the two months I been here. It stays damn cold all the time, till night fall, then it gets really damn cold. You could hang meat in my room.

Dr. Delegrande: We are locked in this lab for most of the day, then taken to our rooms and locked in at night. They 'ave our families captive, well-those of us with families-

Dr. Hampton: So they say-

Dr Delegrande: They 'ave threaten to kill them if we do not succeed.

Dr. Hampton: The guards seem to be getting fewer and further between. The only constant ones are Sven and Deiter, I think they got stuck somehow on the weekend shift. I do believe Sven may be mildly retarded.

Professor Holtz: There again we're only guessing. We ain't really sure what day it is, The only glimpse of outside we got is when that door opens out there, but we think it's Saturday. We also think the Kauts are in some sort of trouble.

Mike: The allies were making advances when I was last aware.

Dr. Hampton: The doctor in charge of this operation is getting more and more impatient, and tonight we're getting a visit from a high profile S.S. General.

Mike: So you decide to wake me at the last possible minute?

Professor Holtz: It's our hail mary pass, really we wanted ya to come out of the coma all natural like and on your own, we thought we might kill ya waking you up.

Dr. Delegrande: Under normal circumstances I would never attempt a procedure like that.

Mike: Wonderful.

Professor Holtz: We think we got a chance at escape, but none of us has ever killed before.

Mike: Me either.

Professor Holtz: Who's in charge of this war, my aunt Agnes and her quilting bee? Even the spies haven't killed nobody.

Mike: I'm not a spy, per say. I was trained to assassinate Mussolini. Obviously, I failed. They didn't have much concern for my escape, of course I had a chance, but if I missed it I was what one calls expendable.

Professor Holtz: The second we hand over this helmet, that's what we'll be.

Dr. Hampton: You were okay with being expendable?

Mike: My parents were killed during the Blitz, I thought anything I could do to help defeat Hitler, is what I should be doing.

Professor Holtz: Gotta give 'em credit for honoring his parents. Now can you honor us by helping us out of here?

Mike: I don't know, Do you have any propositions for our escape?

Professor Holtz: Hell, boy I got a plan if that's what you mean, just tell me what you think if it.

Mike: In that case, I'm all ears.

Professor Holtz: All right then, where do I begin?

Dr. Hampton: The meeting tonight.

Professor Holtz: Right, so we have this helmet that controls a person's body, pretty much turns 'em into a meat puppet. Thing is it works at the cost of the central nervous system of its wearer, but we don't think that'll stop Hitler from using it on his men.

Mike: Sounds dangerous enough.

Professor Holtz: So we're stuck between a kraut and a hard place. We don't want to give up our lives, or the damn thing we shouldn't have been smart enough to invent. So if we overpower the krauts tonight, we can borrow their uniforms and rustle up some transportation to get to a warmer climate.

Dr. Delegrande: And how do we save our families?

Dr. Hampton: We don't know they have our families, she just implied-

Delegrande: She implied killing my daughter!

Professor Holtz: Please, I know it's a-

Dr. Delegrande: You may be saving the allies, but my daughter is worth more to me!

Mike: I think I can save your argument, if you'd please.

Professor Holtz: Go on.

Mike: This helmet actually works, Am I correct?

Professor Holtz: If it didn't we wouldn't have risked your life waking you up.

Mike: And a general with the S.S.? Correct?

Dr. Hampton: Yes, yes of course.

Mike: With only two guards?

Professor Holtz: That's the way it's always been, but I can't make promises.

Dr. Delegrande: This is the first visit we've had from an officer.

Professor Holtz: She's right.

Mike: What if we alter your plan slightly and get the helmet on the General?

Dr. Hampton: Take control of the general, of course. We could secure our relatives. Possibly end the war ourselves.

Professor Holtz: We could use him to get to Hitler.

Delegrande: Then everyone in the world will know of our invention, that would not be good.

Dr. Hampton: Maybe we're being a bit ambitious, but the helmet on the general is a good thought.

Mike: We will have to subdue the guards rather quickly, before they or the general has time to react.

Dr. Delegrande: I've devised four different chemicals that induce seizures, two that paralyze and one that causes every muscle in the body to instantly relax.

Mike: It seems to me you're in a perfect position. Physicians free themselves. While you're at it, I'd like out as well.

Professor Holtz: Okay then, now how we gonna hog tie this calf?

(They begin to speak about the plan as the light fades to out.)

Scene Two

Same day, around six in the evening.

(Lights fade back up. Mike lays on the table. Two Identical helmets are on the floor by Professor Holtz. John, J.C. and Mike are playing rummy as Jeannine nervously tries to busy herself while watching out the observation window.)

Professor Holtz: Rummy! (He grabs a card)

Dr. Hampton: You don't have to yell! The cards already down.

Professor Holtz: What's the point of the game if ya don't yell rummy?

Mike: Perhaps the act of yelling, in itself is what's unnerving Doctor Hampton.

Professor Holtz: Sorry 'bout that, I didn't know you were nervous.

Mike: Are you not you nervous?

Professor Holtz: Sweatin' like a virgin at a prison rodeo. I think that's why I'm yellin' so much.

Dr. Delegrande: They approach!

Dr. Hampton: This is it, let's see what we've got.

Mike: Do make sure not to mix up those helmets.

Professor Holtz: Right-o agent Mike. (he takes one and hides it on a counter by the door.)

Dr. Delegrande: Are you all certain this is worth it?

Dr. Hampton: No, but we're doing it anyway.

Professor Holtz: I'm as certain as a sunrise.

(the Germans enter the room)

Sven: Die Spatzle war fantastisch.

Deiter: Vielen Dank, meine Mutter Rezept. Ich hoffe, dass die allgemeinen es genossen.

General Wittauarer: Ja, ich tat, war es fast so gut wie meine Frau.

Deiter: Macht Ihre Frau es von Grund auf neu?

General Wittauarer: (raising his arm in salute) Heil Hitler!

Everyone, the Germans with gusto, the allies with eh- the General does it again too, just for fun: Heil Hitler!

General Wittauarer: No, no, no! Slightly less angled at the shoulder! Stand straight! (He smacks a riding crop at Dr. Hampton who then straightens and does it again)

Dr. Hampton: Heil!

General Wittauarer: Better, much better. Why do these men not salute?

Dr. Delegrande: This man is dead sir.

General Wittauarar: Poor excuse. (he raises the dead man's arm and moves his mouth while voicing: Heil.)

Professor Holtz: This one's in a coma.

General Wittauarar: Raise his arm. (J.C. Does but gives the general a look.) Heil Hitler!

Professor Holtz: This boys nuttier than squirrel shit.

General Wittauarar: What was that Doctor?

Professor Holtz: Uh-Nachmittags (naH-mit-tahgs) schule (shoo-luh) schecht (shleHt)

General Wittauarar: Afternoon bad school?

Professor Holtz: I meant to say you were a very dedicated man, general. Sorry, my sprecin' of the duecth ain't that good.

General Wittauarar: Very gute then.

Sven: My sister makes a mushroom wine gravy for her spazzle, which is wundabar.

Deiter: I'd like to try that some day.

Sven: Of course, she doesn't make hers from scratch-

Artz Goodentight: Können wir den Spazzel vergessen? Es ist Zeit für die Präsentation.

General Wittauarar: Yes fraulein, I would like to see the progress your team of scientists has made.

Artz Goodentight: With respect, General, may I remind you, I have earned the title of doctor.

General Wittauarar: Yes, yes, of course, I do forget. You woman work hard for such titles, I will be more careful to respect yours.

Artz Goodentight: Thank-you General. This is Doctor Jonathon Hampton the number two.

Professor Holtz: Junior.

Artz Goodentight: He is the American neurologist, a pioneer and leader in his field. This is Doctor Delegrande, the chemist from Normandy- she was nominated for a Nobel prize two years ago. And this is Professor James Holtz, acclaimed in several countries for his talents in engineering-

Dr. Hampton: Several countries?

Professor Holtz: I don't like to brag.

Artz Goodentight: Please keep in mind we have not had choice subjects in these experiments. Many of our subjects have suffered brain damage before they arrived, one in particular was missing half his frontal lobe.

General Wittauarar: Fraulein Goodentight, (John's giggle) I have traveled a long way to see what these people have done!

Sven: Gansuntight.

General Wittauarer: I expect to see results! Not hear excuses!

Professor Holtz: Shall we milk this cow?

General Wittauarer: My apologies doctors, my English, much like your German is not to well.

Dr. Hampton: He's not good at English either, he's from Texas. He means to say, Shall we begin?

General Wittauarer: Ah, yes, yes we shall. I spend very little time speaking to Americans.

Artz Goodentight: Please tell me you three are ready for this presentation.

Professor Holtz: Ready as a two dollar whore at the shipyard.

Artz Goodentight: This better not be a disaster.

Professor Holtz: I think you'll be surprised.

Artz Goodentight: Please proceed professor-

General Wittauarer: Artz Goodentight! (John stifles a laugh)

Sven: Gunsuntight.

Artz Goodentight: Yes General?

General Wittauarer: I cannot help but notice that in this laboratory, and in your personal barracks there are in fact no photos, paintings, or sketches of mine furor.

Artz Goodentight: This installation was built only four months ago, with some haste. We simply were not supplied such things.

General Wittauarer: I do believe I have a spare in my case. Deiter!

Deiter: Ya vo General.

General Wittauarer: Bring my a hammer aund nail please.

Deiter: Ya vo! (he exits to get those)

Dr. Hampton: What we did, was map out the areas of the brain that contained motor skills-

General Wittauarer: One moment please doctor. (Deiter returns with hammer and nail) I think perhaps that wall, with Adolph facing east. (Deiter goes to place the nail) Nine! Too far left, over, nine, I bit too far- (they debate picture placement)

Professor Holtz: (to John) All hat no cattle.

General Wittauarer: Wunderbar Much better, don't you agree frulian Goodentight?

Artz Goodentight: Artz. Artz Goodentight, aund yes much better, shall we go on?

Professor Holtz: What the helmet does is drive these spikes into the cranium.

General Wittauarer: Putting holes in my soilders? We are German not Swiss, we do not wish to match their cheese. (after he sees no one is laughing) That was joke I was telling. (the Germans fake a good belly laugh)

Deiter: Ya, wonderbar.

Sven: Very funny heir General.

Professor Holtz: Well, it don't exactly puncture the whole way through. Just snug enough to the skull that these electrodes can arch.

Dr. Hampton: May I place the helmet Professor Holtz. (taking the pretend helmet and placing it on Mike) And now for the demonstration. (as J.C. Is playing with the controls Mike opens his eyes and begins to move around.)

General Wittauarer: Wunderbar! Very impressive doctors. May I give it a go?

Dr. Holtz: Sure thing General, here we go. (He hands the general the controls, Mike begins to approach Artz Goodentight as John pulls out an injection and heads towards Sven, Dr. Delegrande is having third thoughts again.)

General Wittauarer: I don't mean for him to be walking in that direction.

Professor Holtz: Don't worry, it takes some gittin' used to, (he sneaks up behind the general with the real helmet.) It ain't easy like driving a tank-

Dr. Delegrande: General! It's a trap! Look out!

General Wittauarer: Was! (pronounced Vas) Menner ausschaul!

Deiter: What is it you plan to do with that? (the Germans draw their guns and turn them on Mike, John, and J.C. . Leaving out Artz Goodentight whom has no gun.)

Dr. Hampton: Influenza inoculation?

(Mike goes back to pretending he's asleep)

Dr. Delegrande: I tried to stop them. I desperately tried to talk them out of it. I didn't want to keep my silence, please! I beg of you, spare my family!

General Wittauarer: Family?

Artz Goodentight: What is this! Dr. Delegrande? Are you telling me this device does not work?

Professor Holtz: Smoke 'em if ya got um. (he takes out a ciggeret to light, but the General confiscates the pack.) Damn.

Dr. Delegrande: The device works. We 'ave perfected the method of control over the human motor skills, but it comes at great costs to the wearer! Any subject that is controled by the 'elmet will lose all volentary control of their body. They will not even be able to speak again.

Dr. Hampton: So, there are a few bugs to work out.

Dr. Delegrande: They did not wish to give you that technology. They planned to take over the general to end the war. That man is awake and play

acting. I am sorry, this would not 'ave worked, you must know the risk is too great.

General Wittauarer: I see. (cocking his gun by Mikes head) Shall I pull the trigger?

Mike: I'd prefer not.

Dr. Delegrande: Please, spare my loved ones, I wanted no part of this plot. I 'ave shown you loyalty, 'ave I not?

General Wittauarer: You did very well Doctor Delegrande, you will be rewarded for your wise decision. Please remove whatever injectable Dr. Hampton holds from his hand. (she does so) So cowboy, you intended to make me a puppet? Maybe have me square dance to your national anthem?

Professor Holtz: Never. That'd be disrespectful to the USA, I'd make ya square dance to adelvice you chicken livered kraut. This was all my idea! I threatened the rest of 'em to go along with me.

General Wittauarer: Is that so.

Mike: Not quite general, I came up with the taking over your body idea.

Professor Holtz: Well, yeah guess you did, credit where it's due and all, I was just hopin' to kill ya general.

General Wittauarer: Very brash for a man in your position Professor Holtz, I almost admire that.

Dr. Hampton: It was just as much my idea as it was his.

General Wittauarer: I will need one of you to assit in building other devices like this. Fraulein, could you fetch me that helmet? (she takes it from J.C.) Perhaps we can have one made in your ten liter hat?

Professor Holtz: That's a ten gallon hat you metric moron.

General Wittauarer: We will, be holding this presentation after all, but I do have a new subject I would like to see it used on.

Artz Goodentight: This device works? You have complete control over the wearer?

Dr. Hampton: Yes, they'll do what we want, as long as they haven't been dead too long, they don't even need to be alive.

Artz Goodentight: And the subject cannot regain personal control afterwards? You are certain of this?

Professor Holtz: That's what happened to subject eighty. When I tried to reverse the process, he croaked. They never knew the thing worked till this afternoon, this was my idea.

Dr. Delegrande: (crying) I don't mean anything personal by it-

Artz Goodentight: Dr. Delegrande! Please compose yourself. Stand in between Sven and Deiter, they shall protect you from your peers. (she does) Gentleman, please care for her safety.

Deiter/Sven: Ya vo Artz Goodentight. (John just laughs to himself, everyone looks at him.)

Dr. Hampton: Sorry. You don't need protection Jeannine, I don't blame you.

Artz Goodentight: As to confiance en moi?

Dr. Delegrande: Vous parlez francais ?

Artz Goodentight: (still in French) Veuillez faire comme je le cher docteur, votre famille est secretaire. Quoi que vous dinjecter le guards destine a mon signal, est clairemet?

Dr. Delegrande: Oiu.

General Wittauarer: Fraulein Goodentight! Place the helmet on the subject please!

Professor Holtz: I don't blame ya Jennine, you should know that.

Artz Goodentight: Now! (Dr. Delegrande injects Deiter and Sven, they fall to the ground. Artz Goodentight slams the helmet on the general's head, he screams in pain and drops his gun) It's Doctor, My title is Doctor Goodentight!

Professor Holtz: You gotta turn it on!

(John goes for the controls, the General gets his gun but John activates the controls just as the gun is aimed at him. The General's motion becomes stiff, and mechanical, he dropps the gun as John hits a switch)

Professor Holtz: Now that's a surprise bigger than hell or half of Texas.

Artz Goodentight: Your families are safe, the general was never told about them. I was lying what the Americans would call a bluff.

Dr. Hampton: I knew it! My boys still in America.

Artz Goodentight: Yes, safe at home.

Dr Hampton: Trust me, he's never safe. He's always in some kind of trouble. Thank God I'll get to punish him when I get home.

Artz Goodentight: The General has my two children at Auschwitz, I know what a motivating thought that can be. I apologize for your anguish Dr. Delegrande. All I ask is a phone call, in his voice to his second in command to release the rieck insurance (german word) prisoners he is holding, my family will be among them.

Professor Holtz: I think that can be arranged, but you're gonna have to do the talking, I don't think I sprekin enough dutch to pull that off.

Artz Goodentight: I am a woman.

Professor Holtz: (speaks into the microphone, the General repeats, almost identical-just with his own voice) Don't matter who talkin' into this microphone, it's commin' outta his vocal cords.

Delegrande: I'm sorry, I was going to get us all killed to protect my daughter. You don't understand-

Dr. Hampton: We do- I do. I was fighting the instinct to do the same thing.

Professor Holtz: There are plenty of things in this world worth holdin' but grudes ain't one of 'em Doctor Jennine. Let's get back to some allied territory shall we? Come on Doctor Goodentight (John just luaghs) let's make that phone call.

Artz Goodentight: You'll need their uniforms, to pass as the general's men.

Dr. Hampton: I'll get them. (he begins undressing the guards, but only the top layers that he and Professor Holtz will need.)

Artz Goodentight: This way please. (They exit into the outter room and pehaps we can see them use the phone through the window, maybe not.

Mike: That worked out better than expected.

Dr. Hampton: All this time I thought she was a bad guy. (he finds a chocolate bar on Sven) That's where the chocolate bars are.

Mike: Motivation is obviously an important role in who's team you play for.

Dr. Delegrande: I panicked-

Mike: Please don't take that as a criticism doctor, it's merely an observation. Do you mind terribly if I have a seat? My legs are still a bit stiff.

Dr. Hampton: That's to be expected for some time, buy all rights you should be at least a quadriplegic.

Mike: Quite lucky I had good doctors.

Dr. Hampton: Good doctors and a brilliant engineer.

(Holtz and Goodentight re-enter with the general goose-stepping behind them.)

Professor Holtz: Dang this is fun, now I see why the Nazi's wanted this, watch. (Holtz begins to sing to the tune Aluetta as and the general dances, in the meantime John is dressed and hands J.C. His uniform) I'm a domkopf, I'm a stupid dumkopf, I'm a doumkoptpf yes sir I'm that dumb.

Mike: Could you imagine one of those on Hilter?

Professor Holtz: I'm imagining the whole S.S. doing the can-can behind Bob Hope.

Dr. Hampton: Okay, okay J.C. Quit playing around and get in this uniform. (J.C. Hands the control box to John and begins dressing. As Furlien Goodentight begins talking John starts playing with the general's motor skills.)

Artz Goodentight: You will have to inject me with the solution to paralyze me as well. If I am caught me and my family will certainly go to the gas chamber. There is one guard at the front gate on the weekend, his name is Cluase. All you must do is scream offnen sie die tor dumkopf! , and he will

do so. If by chance he asks for a password it is beruf-kopf. You are not in official German territory, we are in Norway.

Professor Holtz: What'd ya know, escapin' a puppet state with a puppet General.

Artz Goodentight: Head south east on the first main road you come to, this will get you to the Russian front in about an hour.

Dr. Delegrande: Are there road blocks on the way?

Artz Goodentight: Nine, there should not be, you are two miles east of a Luftwaffe air base. As long as you travel away from the base you should be fine. If anyone stops you, have the General tell them he is inspecting the front.

Mike: Once we get to the front, we'll be able to use the general as a prisoner, to earn the trust of the Russian guards.

Artz Goodentight: Take them these as well. (Hands John an attaché case of the general's.) I believe his orders from Hitler are in there.

John: (Talking to the General) Look what I have. (pushes levers, and the general smacks both cheeks in worry) What would you furor do if he knew we had these? (again pushes levers, the General smacks himself in the ass a few times) Why are you hitting yourself?

Dr. Delegrande: Please gentleman, this technology wasn't made for toys.

Dr. Hampton: A woman can always make a man do what she wants, this is new to us.

Mike: May I give it a go?

Artz Goodentight: You'll need these. (Giving Delegrande her outter uniform) Just inject me in the back of the neck so that my injuries match theirs please.

Dr. Delegrande: Wait, I do have a less potent version of the formula. It will keep you paralyzed for only a week or so, will they find you in time?

Artz Goodentight: They will change the guards on Sunday morning, it will be less than forty-eight hours before we are discovered.

Dr. Hampton: Then there shouldn't be time to starve to death.

Artz Goodentight: No, I would be fine, but how do I explain their permanent paralysis and my temporary one?

Dr. Hampton: (knocking a vile on the floor) In the fight, we ran out of the good stuff. Thank-you Artz Goodentight.

Artz Goodentight: My first name is Fredia. Thank you doctors, I too have been looking for a way out of this Nazi trap. I wish you a safe journey. Please remember that while it only takes one man to mislead a nation, a nation is made up of much more than one man.

Dr. Hampton: Do you have a good old country adage for that?

Professor Holtz: Not all kruats are sour? Or how bout, there's an ass for every saddle.

Artz Goodentight: Allow me to hit the floor as you did the guards, I have earned what broken bones I get.

Dr. Delegrande: Rest well Doctor Goodentight. (She injects her with the serum. Goodentight falls and J.C. catches her)

Dr. Hampton: She wanted to hit the floor.

Professor Holtz: My daddy always told me a woman should never brake bones that ain't her husbands.

Dr. Hampton: Well lay her down, and lets go.

Professor Holtz: Just one more thing. (he lets her hair down and removes her glasses) Dang, your right she is quite attractive.

Dr. Hampton: I told you. (J.C. Closes her eyes and puts her glasses back.)

Professor Holtz: Danksheine Doctor Goodentight, danksheine.

(They exit, lights out)

(Good en night-en, Heil allies!)

Just in case you want to know.

(American red cross care package in 1943.)

One pound can of powdered milk

One pound can of oleo margarine

Half-pound package of cube sugar

Half-pound package of Kraft cheese

Six-ounce package of K-ration biscuits

Four-ounce can of coffee

Two D-ration chocolate bars

Six-ounce can of jam or peanut butter

Twelve-ounce can of salmon or tuna

One-pound can of Spam or corned beef

One-pound package of raisins or prunes

Five packages of cigarettes

Seven Vitamin-C tablets

Two bars of soap

Twelve ounces of C-ration vegetable soup concentrate.