

**THE LIFE AND DEATH ORCHESTRA PRESENTS
THIS WAY FOR THE GAS,
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN**

April 2nd 2009

Joan Lekwerekwere – a Darfurian Sudanese African woman in her twenties - in Auschwitz and then cut to a field of flowers in Africa to commemorate genocide. She is like any other tourist carrying a camera. You see her pictures as she speaks the poem.

JOAN LEKWEREKWERE

*Those dying here, the lonely
Forgotten by the world
Our tongue becomes for them
The language of an ancient planet,
Until, when all is legend and
Many years have passed,
On a new Campo dei Fiori
Rage will kindle at a poet's word*

Screen goes completely black

BOROWSKI

*The world is ruled by neither justice nor morality;
Crime is not punished nor virtue rewarded,
One is forgotten as quickly as the other.
The world is ruled by: power*

Warsaw 1942

Tadeusz Borowski is on a trolley bus, looking at faces on the street. There are tanks in the streets. Then you see him going upstairs in an old-fashioned communist council block. On the stairs there are cigarette butts and blood. He knocks at the door on the fourth floor. The door opens. Four men with revolvers pull Borowski inside and the door is closed. Throughout this scene we hear instrumental version of "Never". Over the instrumental we get the credits. The vocal version of Never is on Songs For The Betrayed World cd

Refugee camp. Djabal, North Western Darfur 2009.

Against a backdrop of trees in Africa, Joan, a woman from Darfur is wandering and searching. She sings the song "Missing" whilst looking for someone, clutching a camera and a photograph of her family. When she shouts Giaul, she shows the photograph to passers by.

JOAN LEKWEREKWERE

*When I think back on all the good times
And I see your smiling face
I can hardly believe you're missing
And you've gone, and you've not left a trace*

*Where are you, where are you, where are you?
Please God send us a sign
Where are you, where are you, where are you?
Don't be lost in the midst of time*

.....
Giaul, Giaul...

Romania 1942.

A woman is looking anxiously for someone through the window of a house with lots of paintings in the room around her. The camera moves across the road and we see a woman on a stretcher being carried out by her family and people with bundles under their arms. Police and soldiers stand around supervising. Camera goes back to the woman who goes to the front door and lets in a man (Daghani). They embrace. Throughout this scene we hear instrumental version of "Missing".

2009. TV Studio Her photographs illustrate what she talks about.

JOAN LEKWEREKWERE

These are my photographs. When I was young I used to stand under a tree. I call it the peace tree. It is for peace and love. It is a very big tree. Later on I made a special seat so I could sit in that tree and I would sit in that tree and think. It was a mango tree. When I met Giaul we would sit there for hours, nearly the whole night and talk under that tree. We first kissed under that tree and when I started taking pictures I took so many of us and our families around that tree. And of course I loved showing Jennifer and Selima my special seat. That tree is a blessing to me. So when I came to Djabal I saw all these trees. It seemed like a thousand noor trees and then I saw thousands of people sheltering under them.

Under the first tree I found Akin who had been shot in the neck and jaw, his brother Nasir only shot in the foot had carried him for 49 days to get here.

Under the second tree was Toona whose parents had been killed and stuffed in the village well to poison the local water supply, then the janjawid, the devils on horseback, had tracked down the rest of her family and killed her husband Mohammed.

Under the third tree was Joy whose family had been killed in front of her, and then she was gang raped and left naked and mutilated in the desert.

Of course I looked for Giau under a thousand trees. I still hoped. I didn't find Giau but I found someone who knew what had happened to him.

(JOURNALIST) KIRSTY WARK

Under the trees by Joan Lekwerekwere

this scene is continued much later in the film

Romania 1942.

Inside the same front room. Two guards are talking to Arnold and Nanino Daghani.

GUARD 1.

Get your things Daghani. We have a deportation order for you. You can fill a sack to take with you while we make a record of all household things and clothing left.

Guard 2 starts to write list.

Arnold DAGHANI.

Where are we going?

Nanino starts to fill a sack.

GUARD 1.

Over the river Mikhailowka.

Nanino DAGHANI.

The prison camp.

GUARD 1.

No, it's a labour camp.

ARNOLD.

Either way, it's not a holiday. We don't need anything more than the clothes we stand in.

GUARD 1.

Whose are the paints? (He sees a box of water colours and a sketch book on the table by the window.)

ARNOLD.

Mine. I'm a painter.

GUARD 1.

Why haven't you packed them. They might give you an easy job.

Arnold shrugs.

ARNOLD.

We're being sent to our death and you expect me to take paints? To what use? I'm not going to take them.

GUARD 1, looking at Nanino.

To what use? They might just save both your lives, you never can tell

NANINO.

Arnold, do as he says. When your enemy gives you good advice you should take it.

GUARD 1, more forcefully.

Put the paints in.

Arnold doesn't move so Nanino opens the sack and puts paints and sketch books in it.

BOROWSKI STORY – PART 1

Munich 1946.

Borowski is sitting with Anatol in the flat. Anatol is sitting opposite him and has obviously asked Borowski a question. Camera starts behind him and gradually goes around the room, finishing on his face on the words "...when the war came".

BOROWSKI.

Autobiographical sketch, huh? What would I write in it?

That 15 years before the war those closest to me had a ground level tour of all the prisons and camps of the North. I never had a family life because my father was sent by the soviet communists to Murmansk to build The White Sea for the Union of Socialist Republics, accused of working with Polish terrorists.

My mother was then sent to Siberia for opening her mouth.

So I was in a boarding school on my own. When the war came I had friends in the people's guard and one girl I particularly liked was at the underground university. So I joined the underground university.

Forgive me for going on about myself - It's a fault of autobiography.

At the underground university.

Borowski at the front of the class with Professor Krzyzanowski. Maria is in a class of twelve people.

BOROWSKI, looking at Maria.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;

Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come is still unsure:

In delay there lies no plenty;

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,

*That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.*

PROFESSOR KRZYZANOWSKI.
*Excellent translation, Tadeusz.
See you all tomorrow.*

The class ends, and everyone walks out into a corridor.

STASZEK, with book in his hand.
Thanks. I'll be directing it soon. Will you be in it?

BOROWSKI, laughing.
The clown?

STASZEK.
No, stupid!

BOROWSKI.
*Of course I'll be in it.
(actor like) Contacts here, contacts there, I'll stage an act for you here and two
elsewhere.*

MARIA.
Your translation was so good.

BOROWSKI, looking deep in her eyes.
It's easy when you believe it.

Cuts to footage of Warsaw during war with tanks on the street.
Borowski recites lines from his poem.

BOROWSKI.
*A long column of automobiles stationed itself at the end of the avenue and
waited for streetcars like a tiger tracking antelope. We spilled out of the
moving trolley bus like pears and tore diagonally across a field newly planted
with vegetables. The earth smelled of spring.....And in the city on the other
side of the river, as in a deep jungle, people were being hunted*

Borowski at home with his mother who is giving a young Jewish boy some soup

BOROWSKI.
Who's this?

MOTHER.
This is Jacob Jersz. He's going to be staying here for a while.

BOROWSKI.
You mean hiding here?

Jersz runs off into what was Borowski's room.

MOTHER.
I've put another bed in your room, Tad.

BOROWSKI.
I was thinking of getting my own place anyway. I can probably get a room at work.

Borowski's mother puts her arms around him.

Borowski walking to the underground university, sees Maria ahead and catches up with her.

BOROWSKI.
Come and live with me. I love you.

MARIA.
I haven't got time for love. I'm too busy.

BOROWSKI.
There is only love.

MARIA.
Don't be silly, Tadeusz. There's millions of people to help. You could join us.

BOROWSKI.
But you're working for the communists, the soviets. They kidnapped my mother and father. They're just as bad.

MARIA.
But the communists are willing to help us now. Think of those in camps like your father and mother were. We're just wasting time while they suffer agonies. So join us, Tadeusz. It's now that people need help.

BOROWSKI.
And it's now I need your love, Maria. Come and live with me.

MARIA.
I'm busy.

BOROWSKI.
I can't help you.

MARIA.
Right. I can never go out with you.

BOROWSKI.
Never?

MARIA.
Never.

Borowski in his room, completely sparse, just a wooden bed and a dressing table with a mirror which he's looking at. He has a glass of cider by his side and is drunk and depressed. He plays the song Mourrir D'Amour (To die of love – modern version you can listen to by Charles Aznavour and Compay Segundo) over and over again and is reading a Raymond Chandleresque story from the pulp fiction magazine Black Mask and dressing up as Philip Marlowe complete with seeming toy gun and acting it out to himself .

BOROWSKI

*She was young, pretty, reckless and wild. This was no run of the mill neat little blonde, this was the only blonde in the world. And yes she'd gotten to me. People say love is nice like it's a nice cosy cup of tea . It's not. Usually it's as appetising as eating your own shit..Love is just a nice way of saying what the heartless heart desires and the heart is truly heartless. That's why it's easy to fall for someone who is a mass murderer or even worse someone who doesn't want you. Yes when you love you don't ascend into heaven you fall into hell. That's why they say fall in love. So I look at the body on the floor and the gun on the kitchen table and I know love is brutal. Love isn't gratitude,.it's the bird on the wire you shoot, it's the tightrope with no safety net, (and now he adds obviously not from the book) it's the girl who says never, never who saves everyone else but kills you (points toy gun at himself in the mirror and shoots. **Mirror explodes in a 1000 pieces**)*

At the Essentialists' Club.

First we see the sign "Essentialists' Club". Underneath it says "Learning-Poetry-Friendship and Love".

Olga is on stage, singing "Hymn D'Amour.(Piaf song) Borowski is listening intently. He's joined as the song is half-way through by André and Waczek. They toast with vodka (we don't know what). They start to laugh and have fun. Eva is on stage and she starts to recite a poem about stars.

ANDRÉ

Look, Tadeusz, join us. We must fight the Germans.

BOROWSKI.

But why must we be communists? Are they any better? Nazis from the west commies from the east. What's the difference. They've already taken over the whole of eastern Poland for their union of socialist socialist republics.

ANDRÉ.

But we're in Warsaw and we're fighting for control of our own land, of our own lives, and communism means everyone will own our land.

BOROWSKI.

Like in Russia? Where everyone owns everything or is it everyone owns nothing? What principles will your new Europe be built on? What values will you defend? What about freedom and liberty? Europe and Russia are heading downhill fast like my poem says. There will remain after us only scrap iron and the hollow jeering laughter of generations. (said theatrically)

EVA.

Things aren't that bad, Tad.

WACZEK.

You're just a nihilist, Tad. You've got to do more than write poems for things to get better. You think too much. Communism means everything is ours and the state matters more than any individual.

BOROWSKI.

And you'll send me to Siberia or The White Sea if I don't write the right poems? Like the million Polish troublemakers who the Russians have already deported to Siberia from Eastern Poland.

WACZEK.

You're too soft, Tad. If we're going to fight the Nazis we must be just as tough and ruthless.

BOROWSKI.

Aha, we must be just like them – we must be Nazis?

Maria arrives by the side of the table, waiting for André and Waczek.

WACZEK.

If we trample on a few eggshells by mistake so be it.

BOROWSKI.

I'm the eggshell. You say everyone, I say you and me. (looks at Maria.) You say tough, I say love is everything.

ANDRÉ, looking at Maria.

We should be going then? Have you got the papers?

MARIA.

Yes. I'll see you at the front door.

Waczek and André walk off.

Maria sits down next to Tadeusz, and Eva turns and starts to talk to Staszek.

MARIA, to Borowski.

You're a funny guy. On the one hand you don't seem to believe in anything except poetry, and on the other you have so many morals.

BOROWSKI.

Will you come and live with me?

MARIA.

Can't you see that I'm too busy?

BOROWSKI.

I know; fighting for freedom with those Stalinists. But you can't put our life on hold. We've got to have fun. Life's about learning, poetry, love, fun, and you love me so come and live with me.

MARIA.

I told you –

BOROWSKI.

You go on and on about freedom. What about the freedom to love?

MARIA, after a pause.

I think you should help me in the underground. There's so much to do, so much to fight for. But you're always writing. Is there nothing you would sacrifice poetry for?

BOROWSKI.

I would sacrifice poetry for love.

MARIA, considering.

Alright. I will live with you. You don't have to sacrifice poetry but you do have to help me. Will you?

BOROWSKI.

I will.....(pauses) Be careful.

Then she goes and he heads for the stage, and sings the "Essentialist Hymn". We see Maria at the door with André and Waczek, looking at a false passport. They turn to stage and start singing when the chorus of the song comes in.

STASZEK.

Thanks to Eva and Olga. And now we are all going to sing the Essentialist Hymn.

ALL sing chorus.

We are the essentialists

Ecclesiastic-futurists

We are the essentialists

Ooooo! Ooo! Ooo!

BOROWSKI.

We do whatever must be done

But never where it should be done

We are the essentialists

Ooooo! Ooo! Ooo!

ALL sing chorus.

STASZEK.

*In our studies and cabarets
On top of women we do lay
We are the essentialists
Ooooo! Ooo! Ooo!*

ALL sing chorus.

STASZEK.

*We'll make it through eternity
Lauded by posterity
We are the essentialists
Ooooo! Ooo! Ooo!*
ALL sing chorus.

BOROWSKI.

*Away with poet medievalists!
Vivat only essentialists
We are the essentialists
Ooooo! Ooo! Ooo!*

ALL sing chorus.

André, Waczek and Maria leave. Maria waves to Tadeusz as she leaves.

More scenes of Warsaw, with tanks and Nazi soldiers and tune "Never".

Borowski in his room with Maria. The room is much more civilised than before. Borowski puts Us Two on record player and they dance to the song. They drink and lie down on bed. Now there are flowers and a dog and lots of pictures and clothes

More scenes of Warsaw

Back in their flat the following month

BOROWSKI, holding a book.

Yes thank God for this printer. You can run off extremely precious radio bulletins, from the West and diagrams on how to conduct street battles while I can print up my lofty metaphysical hexameters.

MARIA, taking a book off him.

It's a great book, darling. I'll read it on the bus. I've got to deliver these papers

BOROWSKI.

You will be careful? And ring me from Marta's!

Maria goes out.

Collage of scenes...

Borowski in armchair, reading book by Maurois, looking at telephone, day turns into night, he gradually becomes more anxious.... paraffin lamp comes on, and later on goes out, by candlelight he relights it and looks at telephone. Later we see him sleeping in armchair. We see Borowski wake up in the night, then he daydreams... Borowski and Maria, together. Background music – Track “*Us Two*”. (original version on the Songs For The Betrayed World cd)
Maria is wearing heavy red robe.

First light, he gets up and we see him go out of the door. Then repeat of first scene with Borowski on trolley bus, him going up the stairs in council block, and the door opening and four men with revolvers grabbing him.

Borowski is put on a chair in a room, surrounded by guards.

GUARD.

You were looking for the revolutionary Maria Rundo. We found your poems in her pocket.

Another guard who is searching him, pulls out another book (“*Brave New World*”) from Borowski’s coat, and hands it to main guard.

BOROWSKI.

Where is she? She’s my fiance. Who are you?

GUARD.

Don’t worry, Romeo. We’ve already got her and her communist friends. Can you believe it, this was the HQ of their little soviet. Anyway you’ll soon join her.

BOROWSKI.

Where?

GUARD.

You’re heading for the brand new world of Auschwitz.

BOROWSKI.

What have I done?

GUARD, holding up book.

It’s not what you’ve done – it’s what you are.

Pawiak Prison, Warsaw

Borowski in cell, watching soldiers throwing grenades at tenements in ghetto behind wire across the road. Flames are seen in the ghetto. This is the uprising in the ghetto He sees Maria’s back as she is taken out of the building and put into a black van, and taken away.

At the Young Artists and Scholars Club, 1946.

We see the sign, and the clear resemblance to the Essentialists’ sign.

"Auschwitz 1987".(original version on Songs For The Betrayed World cd) Shot inside the club in pitch dark with face lit by candle and violins playing

OPERATIC SINGER (Like Diamanda Galas)

*And nobody shouts halt
And nobody fires
And yet this deathly
Silence fills one's ears
And no one slaps your face
Or whips your back, your eyes
And no one weeps
Nor do the skies cry out
Even though we have arrived
At this well known place
With its resonant name:
Auschwitz.
Auschwitz.*

BOROWSKI

*I was lucky, I had a job.
Like most jobs it had its good points and bad points.
The bad thing was I had to assist in killing innocent people.
The good thing was I got to live...*

or maybe that was the worst thing of all.

What?

*You don't want to come in?
You don't want to kill your fellow humans?
Tough.*

This is the real world!

*You just need to see it as clearly as I do.
You might think it's an upside down world,
Ruled by criminals and power-hungry madmen;
Not compassionate concerned people like you and me*

This is the real world!

*Everything you need is here...
A football field, brothel, factories to work in, concert halls,
and of course the crematorium waiting room,
though you'd call it the hospital
and over there the shed
that's where people are asphyxiated on a half hourly basis*

This is the real world!

*Everyone has a job,
Builders, plumbers, clerks, doctors.*

Everyone except my friend who could have done with the work, But his trade was not needed; he was an undertaker.

Band begins playing “*This Way For the Gas, Ladies and Gentlemen*”. (original version on Songs For The Betrayed World cd) Olga sings chorus with small choir and plays piano in band.

*We walk round naked, the heat burns our skin
In Cyclone B, our suits are delousing
Cold killer of lice; people in gas chambers
This camp is sealed so tight*

*We sit legs dangling, bacon & bread we gnaw
Sent just a week ago, from Warsaw
Held by my mother’s hand Dear Lord
Where is she now, God knows*

*And Henri my French friend dreams of French wine
We’ll get it from a Strasbourg transport, the very next time
Bring me some shoes with double soles, I ask
Patience, I’ll get you anything you want*

*And what if there are no more cremos I say
They’ll run out of people one of these days
“Stop talking nonsense”, Henri replies
We’d all starve to death if there’s no-one left to die*

*Sweat drenched men in bunks of eights and ten
Nude withered bodies, the stink alone is hell
A rabbi wails so desperately
A muslim falls and is pushed aside by Henri*

*Religion is the opium of the people, Henri shouts
If they didn’t believe in God, they’d have smashed the cremos down
Why haven’t you done it, I say rhetorically
“Idiot” is all he says back to me*

CHOIR.

*It’s this way for the gas
It’s this way for the gas*

BOROWSKI.

*Shiny brutal faces, carrying briefcases and whips
We stand straight, as the top SS arrive
Discuss their mail from their children and their wives
Their bamboo whips snap impatient by their sides*

*And then the transport comes and we hear the shouts
From tiny barred windows pale faces pushed out
Of terror stricken women and exhausted men
Give us water, give us air*

*The bolts crack and the doors fall open
Like fish cast out on the sand they appear
What's going to happen to us they say silently
But the camp laws say to the end we must deceive*

*A huge wave of people are prodded on the road
Like a blind mad river, trying to find a new bed
But all they will find is the stench and the muck
Loaded like cattle in the back of a truck*

*The Red Cross van drives reassuringly beside
But it carries the gas that will kill every man, woman and child
The enormous cross on its back, red as blood
Seems to dissolve in the sun*

CHOIR.

*It's this way for the gas
It's this way for the gas*

BOROWSKI.

*Among the SS, the woman commandant
Colourless hair tied in a Nordic knot
Gun at her side, with a rat-like smile
She's come to check out the new female crop*

*The lucky few are taken to her room
Where the boys from Zauna will shave their pretty heads
Laugh at their outside world modesty
Before they fill her bed*

*Pick up your child another SS man roars
But she so wants to live, it's not mine she cries
Big Andrewi from Sebastupol, grabs hold of her
You bloody Jewess, would you run from your own child*

*Above the teeming crowd, a girl appears
Soft blond hair she turns and stares at me
Listen, tell me where are they taking us
I say nothing, I know she says*

BOROWSKI.

*Four Canada men, lug a giant swollen corpse
Kicking children who howl like dogs
They throw this mound of meat on the sick
On top of the smothered, and unconscious in the heat*

*I wish to speak to the Commandant snaps an old man
A young SS man laughs as he strikes him with a hand
In half an hour you'll talk with the top Commandant
Make sure you greet him with a heil Hitler*

CHOIR.

*It's this way for the gas
It's this way for the gas*

BOROWSKI.

*Meanwhile in the shit and dirt of the train
We find naked little bodies with bloated skins
Looking like monsters with enormous heads
We carry them like chickens, several in each hand*

*Throw them on the truck, throw them with the women
The SS Officer cries casually
But he's more worried by his cigarette lighter which won't flame
My poor boy, the Jewish woman says, as I hand them to her with no shame*

*I'm not a good person, I say to Henri
Damn all these people, I feel no pity
It's natural, Henry says, it's healthy c'est logique
Everyone relieves their hate by turning on the weak*

*Just when I thought it was all over
Another transport and then another train
I seize a corpse by the hand
But the fingers close round mine, my heart pounds*

*My heart is like lead then jumps in my throat
My nausea is deafening like nobody knows
I begin to vomit then like a drunk
I weave away past the rails*

*I lie against the metal and dream of my bunk
Suddenly I see the camp, as a haven of peace
Others may be dying, but I've still strength and food
For this living moment, for today*

CHOIR.

*It's this way for the gas
It's this way for the gas*

BOROWSKI.

*But the lights on the ramp still have a spectral glow
The wave of feverish people, on and on they flow
Most still think they're going to the washroom
They can't buy life with concealed gold*

*Experienced professionals probe every recess of their flesh
Pull diamonds from the colon and gold from the tongue
Gold teeth will soon be packed up in crates
On the train, bound for Berlin*

*For days the whole camp lives off the loot
We say the Strasbourg transport was a good rich train
Great columns of smoke rise in the sky
The black river flows over Birkenau*

CHOIR.

*It's this way for the gas
It's this way for the gas*

Instrumental outro is played.

Over the instrumental, Borowski narrates two anecdotes:

BOROWSKI.

I saw a man carrying a brown paper parcel, holding it tight as he walked to his death. I wondered what could be so important about it. Then I realised, it was like holding someone's hand.

BOROWSKI, monologue.

An old friend told me a story, he was even luckier and had joined the Sonder which although you have to work in the crematorium is better than swinging a pickaxe on nothing but one bowl of soup a day. So you're still alive, Abbie? And what's new with you. Not much, he muttered. Just gassed up a Czech transport. That I know, I mean personally. Personally? What's sort of personally is there for me? The oven, the barracks back to the oven. Well, if you really want to know – we've figured out a new way to burn people. Want to hear? I indicated polite interest. Well then, you take four little kids with plenty of hair on their heads, then stick the heads together and light the hair. The rest burns by itself and in no time at all the whole business is gemacht. Congratulations, I said drily and with very little enthusiasm. He burst out laughing and with a strange expression looked right into my eyes. Listen, Doctor, here in Auschwitz, we must entertain ourselves in every way we can. Otherwise who could stand it? And putting his hands in his pockets, he walked away without saying good-bye. But this is monstrous and grotesque, like the whole camp, like the whole world.

Borowski picks up poetry book and reads from it

*I remember your smile as elusive
as a shade of the colour of the wind
a leaf trembling on the edge
of sun and shadow, fleeting
yet always there. So you are
for me today, in the sea green
sky, the greenery and
the leaf rustling wind. I feel
you in every shadow, every movement,
and you put the world around me
like your arms. I feel the world
as your body, you look into my eyes
and call me with the whole world*

the shine of the moon will unite us tonight, my love,

nothing but death can be mightier than this

Over this poem we see Maria as she was and then she changes into a bald sick woman with scabies on bunk in Birkenau. We stay on Maria on camera as Borowski voices over

You cannot imagine how very pleased I was. I discovered Maria was in the women's camp and I managed to write to her. And the letters I got back... "I feel sick and desperate because I feel responsible for you being in this camp." And then I found out she'd been really sick and had angina, flu, typhoid, malaria, and scabies, incessant scabies, but she wrote "There's nothing the matter with me. I'm as healthy as an ox. I'm just in hospital." But she was on the brink of death. That was what the winter of 1943/44 was like. But I survived the camp with food parcels and luck. In the summer of '43 I was also sick, nothing like as bad as Maria. But after that winter, I had some good luck, when I was sent to the women's camp to pick up infant corpses..I found out where she was and got a job as a roofer

(Now we see Borowski and friends mixing up tar with mates and then sneaking off to see Maria.)

There I managed by cunning and stealth to spend whole days on the bunk with Maria. She had had all her hair shaved off after having typhoid fever. But I said

BOROWSKI

***'Don't worry, our children won't be bald.'* (We see him say this in Birkenau and then they kiss and cuddle...the magic is still there)**

Then we see him on the roof of Canada (the block in Birkenau where all the hair and gold teeth and all the belongings on the victims were kept) while Maria sings Pigtail (original version on Songs For The Betrayed World cd)

Maria in close up with bald head on roof of Canada with Borowski.

*MARIA sings. BOROWSKI joins on chorus singing the harmony.
When all the women in the transport
had their heads shaved
four workmen with brooms made of birch twigs
Swept up
and gathered up the hair*

*Behind clean glass
the stiff hair lies
of those suffocated
there are pins and side combs
in this hair*

*This hair is not shot through with light
is not parted by the breeze*

*This hair is not touched by any hand
or rain or lips*

*In huge chests
clouds of dry hair
of those suffocated*

*and a faded plait
a pigtail with a ribbon
pulled at school
by naughty boys*

*This hair is not shot through with light
is not parted by the breeze*

*This hair is not touched by any hand
or rain or lips*

*This hair is not shot through with light
is not parted by the breeze*

*This hair is not touched by any hand
or rain or lips*

We see Borowski talking still in the club

BOROWSKI

It couldn't last. I was shipped off to Stuttgart, and then, after the usual rain mud misery and hunger, to Dachau. Until one night the Americans started firing over the camp at SS positions. And the SS went to the devil if there's life after death. The Americans were dumbfounded when they saw us eating raw potatoes. Americans always were idealists. And then I looked for Maria. I hung up posters everywhere, I sent letters everywhere. Nothing came of it. But I knew she was alive. That's when I wrote my famous poems

Some newsreel footage of Dachau liberation for the above

He pauses.

I know you are alive. How else could there be meaning in the light and shadow of the cold distant stars. Reflections of this earthly crystal? The black earth glistens with dew like mercury, forests grow dark above the horizon as though rising from the bottom of the sea. And my blood pounds, answering with its beat the rhythm of the waves of the sea, of the universe which is so close to me and yet so distant and which pulses with your blood. I feel you are there. I know you are alive.

He pauses.

I think of you. I know I must leave. Perhaps we can return to our past. But I know neither what youth will be like nor where you are. But I'm yours or no one's. Listen! Listen! Read this poem if somewhere you are alive.

He pauses.

You know I think more and more often that I should go back. Maybe I'll meet you and happiness? Happiness is being sad together. So I look through the moonlit window, and listen. Nothing. A breeze stirs somewhere. Alone among the leaves, the moon. What's here? Longing and sleepless nights. Unknown streets and somebody's verse. I live here as a nobody, a displaced person. I had a girl once. A tall slender girl. I keep dreaming about her. I watch our past life in the half light like a movie. I'm glad you can't see the look on my face. And our great love is so far away. And the great war is so close.

These are my poems. But much more important were my letters to find Maria. They were like throwing stones into water

We see him writing this letter in refugee camp

Dear Sophia,

Find Maria for me. In August 1944, she went to Bergen-Belsen or Ravensbruck. Tell her that I still exist. If she got married, it would be best for her to divorce right away. And if she didn't, okay. I'm writing very romantic poems about her.

Greetings to Staczek.

Keep well,

Tadeusz

I started living with three people from the refugee camp because luckily the Red Cross Tracing Service needed a good writer – They all say I have one failing. I am too intense. I talk so much about Maria. How could she have put up with him. I hadn't heard a word from home for two years, and then, two letters on one day, one from Staczek and one from my brother.

Staczek writes very simply, like a man who wishes to convey something straight from the heart in a foreign tongue. "We love you and think of you", he says, and "we also think of Maria, your girl. We live, we work and write, except that André has been shot during the public execution on Nowy Swiat and Waczek is dead." (Camera shows empty table where they would have been.)

What a pity that the two most talented men of our generation with the most passionate desire to create a new world were the ones who had to die.

You probably remember how I argued with them. Their imperialist conception of an all powerful state and their unconscious hypocrisy. But across the barrier that we will all cross I still see their faces, and I think about them, the lost young men of my generation. And I feel a growing emptiness around me. They went away while still so much alive. May they find in that other world the truths and the love that they failed to find here. And Eva, the girl who recited such beautiful poems about harmony and stars, and always used to say to me "things aren't that bad", was also shot. (during these words, we see her

reciting the stars poem from earlier in the film, and then we see her shot.)

The other letter was from my brother telling me that my love poems have been published, and also says that my mother prays for us, Maria and me, to return and prays that we will always be together. I wished for a third letter from Maria. Is she alive?

Heading - THE DAGHANI STORY - use Daghani logo and his picture of clown (from p25 of Daghani art book)

At dawn

On bunk in work camp with 4 people, 63 inches wide and 2ft 5inches high . Bell rings

NANINO

Why? Why did we walk like meek sheep to the slaughterhouse?

Why did we not fight back?

What had we to lose?

Nothing but our lives.

Why did we not run away and hide?

We might have had a chance to survive.

Why did we walk deliberately and obediently into their clutches?

I know why.

Because we had faith in humanity.

Because we did not really think that human beings were capable of committing such crimes.

DAGHANI.

Fuck me they don't like artists

During this everyone is getting up and out of hut

Cold snowy ground. Men and women prisoners are digging, wearing very few clothes.

Band begins playing "Deathfugue". They are like a ragged gypsy band (original version on Songs For The Betrayed World cd) Make it look like p16 and p17 of Daghani art book or use original paintings and use pic Let Me Work on p48 and have woman drop onto knees and beg Ivan the overseer to let her work rather than taking her to the Cherry Orchard to kill her

DAGHANI (rapped).

Black milk of daybreak we drink it at evening

We drink it at midday and morning, we drink it at night

And we drink and we drink and we drink

We shovel a grave in the air there you won't feel too cramped

A man lives in the house he plays with his vipers he writes

He writes when it grows dark to Deutschland your golden hair Marguerite

He writes it and steps out of doors and the stars are all

Sparkling he whistles his hounds to come close

He whistles his Jews into rows has them shovel a grave in the

Ground

He orders us strike up and play for the dance

*Black milk of daybreak we drink it at evening
We drink it at midday and morning, we drink it at night
And we drink and we drink and we drink
A man lives in the house he plays with his vipers he writes
He writes when it grows dark to Deutschland your golden hair Marguerite
Your ashen hair Shulamith we shovel a grave in the sky
There you won't feel too cramped
He shouts jab the earth deeper you there you others sing up and play
He grabs for the rod in his belt he swings it his eyes are blue*

Nanino has been nibbling some bread while shovelling. Ivan the guard notices and beats her as p19 of art book

Jab your spades deeper you there you others play on for the dance

*Black milk of daybreak we drink it at evening
We drink it at midday and morning, we drink it at night
And we drink and we drink and we drink
A man lives in the house your goldenes Haar Marguerite
Your aschenes Haar Shulamith he plays with his vipers
He shouts play death more sweetly Death is a master from Deutschland
He shouts scrape your strings darker you'll rise then in smoke to the sky
You'll have a grave then in the clouds there you won't feel too cramped
Dein goldenes Haar Margarete
Dein aschenes Haar Sulamith*

*Black milk of daybreak we drink it at evening
We drink it at midday and morning, we drink it at night
And we drink and we drink and we drink
Death is ein Meister aus Deutschland his eye is blue
He shoots you with shot made of lead shoots you level and true
A man lives in the house your goldenes Haar Margarete
He looses his hounds on us grants us a grave in the air
He plays with his vipers and daydreams der Tod ist ein Meister aus
Deutschland*

*Dein goldenes Haar Margarete
Dein aschenes Haar Sulamith*

*Black milk of daybreak we drink it at evening
We drink it at midday and morning, we drink it at night
And we drink and we drink and we drink and we drink
And we drink and we drink and we drink and we drink
And we drink and we drink and we drink and we drink
And we drink and we drink and we drink*

The guard approaches the work gang

GUARD

Which one of you is the painter

DAGHANI

I am

GUARD

Come with me

Then we see Daghani painting signboard in guardhouse. The sign says it is strictly forbidden to enter the camp for Jews without permission

GUARD

Well done Leonardo

The guard is biting through a morsel of bread he was about to swallow . He holds it out to Daghani and Daghani eats it. The Chief then comes in and looks at sign with other guards and then looks at Daghani

Nanino in wooden hut with Daghani and a few others. Daghani is painting in a sketchbook the work gang, but when guard comes in quickly turns page to a picture of an eagle

Guard enters.

GUARD.

Hey Leonardo! Why don't you paint yourself a loaf of bread?

DAGHANI.

I have! I've done better. Tomorrow we're going to Gaissin. We've been commissioned to make a mosaic sculpture of the German eagle out of sand and stone for your company offices so we'll get real bread! And soup!

Guard leaves after looking at picture of eagle

***DAGHANI turns page showing picture of work gang to Nanino
My first, let's hope I shall be able to do some more. I am going to record
all this for the world to see***

Band begins playing "Five Men". (original version on Songs For The Betrayed World cd) Footage of Bosnia (execution of five men) interspersed with Daghani showing his pictures to camp inmates The pictures from his book The Grave is in the Cherry Orchard.

DAGHANI

They take them out in the morning

To the stone courtyard

And put them against the wall

Five men

Two of them very young

The others middle-aged

Nothing more

Can be said about these men

*When the platoon
Level their guns
Everything suddenly appears
In the garish light
Of obviousness so clear*

*The cold, cold blue
The yellow wall
Instead of a horizon
The black wire on the wall*

*That is the moment
When the five senses rebel
They would gladly escape
Like rats from a sinking ship
From this hell*

*Before the bullet reaches its destination
The eye will perceive the flight
The ear record a steely rustle*

*The nostrils will be filled with biting smoke
A petal of blood will brush the palate
The touch will shrink and then slacken
Now they lie on the ground
Covered up to their eyes with shadow
The platoon walks away
Their button straps
And steel helmets
Are more alive
Than those lying beside the wall*

*I did not learn this today
I knew it before yesterday
So why have I been painting
Unimportant poems on flowers*

The camera shows five men talking together in a cell.

*What did the five men talk of
What did the five men say
The night before
The night before the execution*

*Of prophetic dreams
Of an escapade in a brothel
Of car parts
Of a sea voyage
Of how when he had spades*

*He ought not to have opened
Of how vodka is best
After wine you get a headache
Of girls
Of fruit
Of life*

*I did not learn this today
I knew it before yesterday
So why have I been painting
Unimportant poems on flowers*

*I did not learn this today
I knew it before yesterday
So why have I been writing
Unimportant poems on flowers*

*So one can use in poetry
Names of Greek shepherds
And one can attempt to catch the colour
of the morning sky*

*One can write of love
And also*

We see Daghani painting a picture of a flower.

*Once again
In dead earnest
Offer the betrayed world
A rose*

The picture of Tulips by Arnold Daghani to be illustrated on screen.

Use original footage of Granada tv documentary about Daghani. Shot in Palmeira Square flat. Mix this in with Daghani and Nanino in footage now in Palmeira Square. The whole to look like a documentary.

DAGHANI

Over five hundred people died in our camp. When we were sent to paint the head offices we escaped. We walked over 40 miles to the ghetto at Bershad crossing dangerously the River Bug on the way, all the time carrying all my camp paintings rolled up tight in a small tin tube. Then later on our families with the help of a German soldier who used to be my brother's driver and some bribes in the right quarters got the Red Cross to get us back to Bucharest. A few months later everyone was killed in our little camp. Only Nanino and I survived. We escaped because I was a painter, and Nanino made me take brushes. She saved me and my paintings saved us. The rest were shot like the five men in pits, like rats.

(pointing) *The picture I gave my wife, Nanino while I was in the camp, painted on New Year's Day 1943. Pathetic and poignant and all I could give her.*

After we escaped, I remembered the five hundred who died, with a drawing... (illustrated on screen) No-one believed me. Mrs E T the grammar school headmistress in Bucharest who lived next door read my extermination camp diary and handed it back to me saying it would be terrible were it true, can you lend me a cup of sugar.

And years later, when Holocaust mourning became an industry, our little camp was not recognized. Too few atrocities apparently; we were no match for aristocratic Auschwitz. How ironic is that? Even in death the inmates of our little camp were second best.

But I remember them, so I tell you, it's the least I can do.

Daghani moves to the piano to play "Roll Call".

DAGHANI.

Recites "Roll Call" commemorating the 506 names of all those who died in Mikhailowka.

Edit this song.

DAGHANI (gets up at the end.)
Remember Mikhailovka

DAGHANI.

We wandered, it's what we do. For where is home for us? After the war we lived first in Romania but I couldn't fit in with socialist realism. Impressionism is painting what you see, expressionism is painting what you feel and socialist realism is painting what you are told to hear! So then France, then Israel and Switzerland. My travels ended in Brighton, Hove actually – in Palmeira Square!! Not that it was any promised land, it is just where I will live until I die. My work still searches for a home. It's in a dark basement at the University of Sussex. All my drawings and writings have been offered to many museums and universities. But my outpourings, like myself, are not the easiest company.

NANINO.

His diary, secretly written in English shorthand, we transcribed and offered to publishers. They turned him down, citing "too few atrocities". But he could only write truth. If not for the world, then for us, and the people who died. Not atrociously enough, apparently. What a nice world..

THE JOAN LEKWEREKWERE STORY

2009 in an office at Yarlswood Detention Centre in UK

OFFICIAL

I'm sorry but you will have to leave your accommodation as your claim has not been proved

JOAN

But they will kill me if I go back

OFFICIAL

I do sympathise but to gain asylum here you have to prove that the authorities there directed a sustained campaign of persecution against you, not just random acts of persecution by individuals. And I am afraid you haven't proved that

JOAN

They killed my husband

OFFICIAL

Officially there is no record of his death

JOAN

There is genocide going on, the army are killing people every day but they don't go around announcing it to the world

OFFICIAL

Yes but our laws say we must have proof

JOAN

Can't you see what I've done. I've left everything behind me, my two beautiful children, my family, my job, and my home, MY HOME! I walked and ran a hundred miles. Then I travelled in the back of a van with eight other people for three days. Finally I came here on an aircraft so I have no jewellery any more, I have nothing any more and when I got here I was kept prisoner and then put in a dirty house with strangers who speak a language I don't understand. I have had to live on £40 a week of Asda vouchers and people look at me in the queue as if I am bad. Then you brought me here and locked me up and it is just like a prison. And now you tell me I will have to sleep on the street if I don't go back. Why would I have suffered all this if I wasn't scared for my life. Why can't you be a good person.

1945

Newsreel footage of the war over, especially footage of Belsen and Dachau. Borowski in a room in a camp with three other guys, picks up a card. He reads letter and Maria is seen writing the letter

BOROWSKI.

She's alive! She's in Sweden!

Cut to Maria. She is sitting in a hospital ward, writing a letter, then pulling a trolley.

MARIA

I'm working very hard from seven in the morning to eight at night but it's good for my nerves. Only the complete loneliness is sad. I talk to myself all the time (she laughs), imagine situations, and it often tires me out. Pulling a trolley down the long hospital corridor, I pretend I'm making a wonderful journey. The cacti on the windows are the flora of an exotic land. The fauna are the sick I meet on the way.

We see her pulling a trolley down hospital corridor, all around her are men in striped pyjamas frequently unshaved and making the strangest sounds.

Song "Be Happy". (original version is on Songs For The Betrayed World cd)

MARIA.

To make up for so much suffering, for those millions of miserable creatures...who stare at us with horribly despairing eyes it would take so much joy, oh God, that even a bountiful and kindly God would not have enough... Yet I believe I have no right to be unhappy for behind us is the multitude of the dead left at the camp, who fix us with crazed and envious eyes. Those millions of people, envy us, and wish they could shout. "You fools! Don't you see that you are happy? Isn't it so? What did we ask of the living when we were like the dead? To think of us? To pray for us? No. Mainly we cried out to them. Be happy! Be happy! Be happy! You who eat. And you who sleep. And you who dream.

Band begins playing "Be Happy".

MARIA.

Be happy, be happy

*Be happy, you who live in fine apartments
In ugly houses, or in hovels
Be happy, you who have your loved ones
And you who sit alone and dream and can weep*

*Be happy, you who torture yourselves over metaphysical problems
Be happy, you who suffer, because of your money worries
Be happy, you the sick who're being cared for
And you who care for them*

*Be happy, oh how happy
You who die a death as normal as life
In hospital beds or in your homes*

*Be happy, all of you
Millions of people envy you.*

Band plays "Jacob's Jig". (original version is on Songs For The Betrayed World cd)

First we see Maria looking out the window in a Swedish town, and then dancing with the patients in the striped pyjamas in the hospital. Then flashback to roof and pigtail with Borowski mixed with children's ward

MARIA. Yelling at friend

The children need not have died. The west was told about Auschwitz but it was not a priority – the west's great leaders turned down repeated pleas to bomb the railway lines to Auschwitz, or the camps themselves. We wouldn't have minded dying to save millions

But now each survivor has brought the camp back with them. We would like to run away, shielding our eyes with our arm in order not to see, howling in order not to hear.

But the entire camp rises again slowly, for it has not been destroyed and nothing has made up for a single day of suffering.

Maria wakes up in armchair...she is howling and her hands are over her eyes

SOFIA

Are you ok

MARIA

Yes it was a dream

SOFIA

More like a nightmare

MARIA

A true nightmare. It's hard to be happy now Sofia

SOFIA

So will you stay in Sweden.

MARIA.

Tadeusz wants me to go to Munich and then home. I could never live in Germany, and after my wartime adventures I can't go back to my stifling family and I don't really like Sweden. What I want to do, is go and live in the centre of the world. Paris! That's where we're going!

SOFIA

Did you actually shoot anyone, Maria?

MARIA.

No. But I would have done if I hadn't been captured. I belonged to the communist fighting squad. Now, I hate communism. Look what they did at Katyn, and they imprisoned both of Tad's parents. But we needed them then.

SOFIA

So what do you believe in now?

MARIA.

Don't laugh! Christianity. That doesn't mean God forbid that I like the Catholic Church. I don't believe in God The Father but I do like Christ's ethics of how to live. Criminals of any nationality are simply criminals. Honest people you find everywhere. Flowers bloom in every social system. Weeds in every social system. Communism, Fascism, Capitalism, Anyism! Masses of Poles made wonderful Hitlerites, and similarly you couldn't make Hitlerites out of some Germans.

SOFIA

How will you get to France then?

MARIA.

I have a friend trying to get me in. She's going to Paris, and she says she'll bribe someone into giving an affidavit that I lived in France before the war. I trust she'll do it as I helped her a lot with my hospital wages.

Later that night Maria is in the ward reading his letter.....we hear his voice

For two days I've been walking around in a daze. I know your letter by heart.

*Just think Maria, after so many years,
after so many camps and you're going to be my wife.
We'll probably have a little night lamp again,
and conduct long conversations about poems which of course, I will write for you.*

*Just think,
I'll have you with me and you didn't forget about me,
and you survived the camp and you're the same as before.
No-one can go completely mad.
Tell me, is there some mystic strength in love which protects those who love each other, and do we exist as a result of it? I walk around the streets of Munich asphyxiated by love. I stand at an open door, quite simply. I can whistle at everything and go wherever I want. My plans are totally dependent on you. If you do not want to return, I'll settle down with you. If you return, I'll go back at once.*

SOFIA

Oh Maria can you sort out bed number three, I'm having trouble with Sara

In a flat in Munich. First shot we see is SS trousers and boots!

ANATOL

*We should get a farm where we can raise chickens, and alongside it we'll have a small bookshop. We'll gather a few honest people, literary and graphic artists, and we'll send books out into the world. Possible disadvantages: we'd be far away from people. Possible advantages: we'd be far away from people
Your book will be the first*

KRYSTYN

Who will want to read the truth about Auschwitz?

ANATOL

*Excuse me didn't you say nobody would use concentration camp stamps and now these **(holds up stamps)** have led to this **(holds up bank statement)***

KRYSTYN

You still shouldn't be wearing those SS trousers Anatol

ANATOL.

I told you I'll take them off when I've made a million marks for the Polish Red Cross.

BOROWSKI.

Right let's finish writing your book but more importantly throw over those stamps I need to send hundreds of letters so you can get those awful trousers off soon!

KRYSTYN.

*You can talk, Puppy! What's that. (touching him.)
An English shirt? Italian trousers? A Vienna jacket? A Tyrolean hat? A Burberry coat? American boots? I don't know about your underwear but*

BOROWSKI.

Yes, but my individualism unites the whole of quarrelsome Europe! (They all laugh.)

KRYSTYN.

So when's Maria coming?

BOROWSKI.

*No luck so far. They won't let her into Germany, and she doesn't want to go home. She wanted to go to Paris but listen **(reads from letter)***

MARIA.

Even Chantelle who has all the right connections with all the most important people in France couldn't get me in. I'm sure it's my Jewish background. It isn't just the Germans who hate Jews.

ANATOL.

I'm sorry, puppy, I tried to get a visa for her but it's almost impossible to get into Germany as well now

BOROWSKI interrupts.

God, it was easier to get in in 1943!

ANATOL.

I'm going to try and get to Sweden to collect my wife. You could try, too.

BOROWSKI.

She wants to get out of Sweden.

ANATOL.

Well, let's try and get in, and then we can get them out.

BOROWSKI.

I've got a better idea. I'll go to Paris and get her a visa myself.

Borowski is on a train, looking out of the window. Voiceover. We see Maria reading this in ward in Sweden

I think about this yearning that overwhelms me and I am increasingly anxious. I have come to know all the great passions, fear and jealousy, hatred and pain, but always there was you. And I divide my life into two periods: before you and with you. And I never thought love could be such an overwhelming, and I might say unmanly power.

Paris. Borowski is coming out of an official looking building. He yells at the guy on the door as he is met by Krystyn

BOROWSKI.

They can't help her. It's hopeless. Nobody can get out of Sweden, and nobody else can get into Sweden, me included. I've had enough. I'm going home. I've been offered an apartment in Warsaw. Good money for writing and teaching. Anatol sent our book to England to Wiadomosci but they don't want the book And I can't get writing work here or Munich, I have no audience. So East, West, Home is best if you have one! Maria won't come, I know, so if I can't have love I can have work.

KRYSTYN.

We'll work it out, puppy. But meanwhile let's enjoy Paris. I've got some cash. Let's live the Western dream – wine, whiskey and women!

BOROWSKI.

The Western dream is tarts and alcoholism.

KRYSTYN with a smile.

No, that's the Polish dream!

BOROWSKI.

I'll miss our debates.

KRYSTYN.

What? You mean you talking and me listening.

Collage of Krystyn and Borowski at the foot of the Eiffel Tower, then at the top.

Then in the Moulin Rouge, watching the show.

Then at the Seine watching Matisse painting, very few people watching. We only find out it's Matisse when he signs the painting.

Finally in a bar. Krystyn is sitting with two girls, with his arm around both. Borowski is sitting opposite. They both look a bit drunk, Krystyn happy, Borowski melancholic. A band is playing with an ubiquitous accordion. Voiceover of Borowski. Starts with lively pub and music and then all sound fades away except his voiceover like a bad trip

*Now I know
I don't know anything for certain.*

*And it all came back like a wave to shore,
the moment of doubt returned.
I look at the clouds and I see above them,
the Auschwitz October sky.*

*So Maria,
remember I'm alive,
but don't come back to me.
My love burned away in the flames of the crematorium.*

*There, you were mine.
Your body covered in scabies and boils, rose up like a cloud. There you were
mine, from heaven, from fire.
Now it's over.*

*You won't come back to me.
Nor will that wind return, drunk with fog.
The dead will not rise from common graves
and brittle ash won't come back to life.*

*I don't want it, don't come back.
It was all play-acting, a fiction,
hollow theatrics.
Your love circles above me like human smoke above the wind.*

Music and pub sounds gradually come back

On stage Jazz band, playing lively music.
The two girls are wearing Parisian clogs.

KRYSTYN.
Here's some cash, puppy. Get us another bottle!

Krystyn carries on talking to the two girls.

At the bar. Borowski puts the cash on the table.

BOROWSKI, drunkenly.
Two more bottles of Sauvignon.

He sees a cat next to him, and he scratches its ears. Then the cat sticks its tongue out. He scratches the cat's ears again, and it sticks its tongue out again.

DANIELLE.

Do you do any more tricks?

Borowski looks up. She's beautiful with red hair, and he meets her eye.
Cuts to later with them walking home hand in hand and with bottle of wine

Sweden

Maria is dancing around room. Happy.

MARIA.

Oh, my god! I've got the visa to get him into Sweden!

SOFIA

Oh fantastic!

They hug and laugh, put on some loud music, waking up patients in the hospital.

Krystyn wakes up in cheap hostel with two girls in his bed. Pinned to his chest is a note from Borowski

Saying meet me at station at 2. Krystyn looks at watch and gets out of bed shakily .
Krystyn and Borowski are at ticket barrier. Buying coffee across the station is the girl with the red hair.

KRYSTYN.

Who is she?

BOROWSKI.

*She's the daughter of a butcher, and she's taking us to the Lyon Fair.
I've got a weak head for wine and -*

KRYSTYN interrupts.

- and for the daughter. So what are you going to do, puppy?

A MONTH LATER

Cut to train. Borowski on it with Krystyn and Borowski is wearing English soldier's uniform. Voiceover. See Maria as well reading it .

Dearest Maria,

I'm on a train to Poland. I don't know how I'll manage or what will become of me. It's of no interest to me! . It would be easier for me if I knew you were happy. I love you. Believe me, I love you. I have never longed for you more than now. You can think, and say, about me whatever you want, but I love you. If at any time, in any place, things become hard for you – come. I'll be waiting for you. I'll be waiting for you from the moment I arrive. I know I've broken my promise to you that I'd stay. If you can, understand me. If, however, you find peace somewhere else, forgive me, for God's sake, forgive me. I sometimes

think that I'm on the verge of going mad and have only occasional awareness of what I've done.

We see Anatol in America reading Parisian postcard with Dachau stamp on it

Dear Anatol

A visitor from a dead detested country I plunged into hypocrisy as into the current of a mountain stream. I drank wine with hired women and was even in the Allied Troops Theatre since when I am now wearing a threadbare uniform once an English soldier's. I came I saw and am sad. In Paris I was a poet without listeners and now without friends

Back to Maria, Sweden, in the hospital in the ward throws letter down

Train is pulling into Warsaw station. Use Diana Frangi's "Agustina Tango"

SOFIA

Why don't you come with me to Ireland? They're offering bursaries to the best nurses

MARIA

Yes if I manage to leave I will gain freedom and real freedom has to replace even Tadeusz. I think that at my age, freedom is more necessary than love.

Picks up letter and rips it in half

ONE MONTH LATER

Borowski writing and voiceover. In bare flat, nice size but completely bare

Maria,

Forgive me for writing letter after letter to you without being asked to. But I think that this way I will maintain the contact with you that you wish to break off. I feel that, if we don't meet, my life will be wasted. I also discovered something that surprises and in a certain way amuses me, namely that man is actually completely alone. The irony is that this feeling is very commonplace and banal. Unfortunately it is completely new and clear when one admits it. I lost a very beautiful game. If you can, reply. I would so much like to receive even one word from you. Tadeusz.

Borowski in Warsaw at the Young Artists' and Scholars' Club during the day. Staczek sits opposite to him.

*Neither poems nor prose
Just a length of rope
Just the wet earth
That's the way home*

*Neither vodka nor bread
Just bursts of rage
Just more new graves*

That's youth and that's love

*Neither sleep nor waking
Neither joy nor laughter
Just tears in the night
So the rope, paper, knife*

"Shreds Of Freedom" from my Dachau holiday.

*Like a rat grabs a throat, the wind
will suddenly clutch
And mangle and tear to shreds
The banners raised in victory*

*It will drive out the mob, heap it
together – hungry, evil, ruthless
Prudent men will speak out
in vain*

*We will burn the slaughter houses
We will break open the government gaols
We will plunder the gold and the meat
We won't go hungry anymore*

*We will bump off the soldiers and cops
Smash their clubs and bayonets
For us – theatres, movies, cafés
For us – steaks, women and cars*

*We will strike out like a prison gang
At every hospital, barracks and church
Like chains we will tear from our hands
The four bloody shreds of freedom*

"Curriculum Vitae"

*I did not join the Home Army
I did not work for the Resistance
I spent my nights studying
At the underground university*

*My friends looked death in the face
Many were killed, as in any battle
And I wrote about Liebert,
Staff, epithets and rhythm*

*I did not smuggle goods to Warsaw
I never went to trendy bars
I wrote poems. Not for fame
But because I had to. Trifles. Youth.*

*I was not a gold broker
I didn't know the rates of exchange
I had a girl, long nights, my love
Where is she? Torture.*

*That was my life... poems, love
Without character, empty, pale
Perhaps it wouldn't have been wasted
If I'd killed just one single German*

Room in hospital, Sweden. Maria in armchair.

MARIA.

I feel so exhausted. I know I'll get sick if I carry on working like this. I dream of having a rest.

SOFIA

Dream in bed, Maria.

Maria in bed. Over night, Maria on her own, lots of confusing scenes (memories of her past and current, all mixed up, faster and faster). Then black screen. We hear her whisper "Tadeusz." Lots of deep breathing. You see on Maria's face her decision to go back to Poland to be reunited with Tadeusz and to go home.

Collage of scenes.

Warsaw 1946.

Collage of scenes showing Borowski and Maria finally reunited to the sound of Us Two...plus maybe use Stardust by Rockin N Rhythm.

Borowski's and Maria's flat. Maria recovering in bed, reading magazine. Borowski looking after her. Then Maria in armchair. Scene of their wedding. Scene of him writing. Scenes of his articles in newspapers and his books published. Use Gir's illustrations. Scene of him and Maria sleeping together. Scene of their flat with a woman's touch.

At the "Young Artists' and Scholars' Club

Borowski on stage, reciting "To***". Camera on lonely middle aged man in first part of poem. then dinner party footage etc to illustrate second part of poem

*You'll return to your homeland, Poet,
to Sosnowiec or to Bedzin,
you'll go to the Jewish market,
to the Umschlagplatz, to the ghetto.*

*You'll return, lonely, unneeded,
like a shred of stripped bark –
from where your daughter flowed from the crematorium
in ashes to the sky.*

*Unneeded, you'll return,
you'll enter the courtyard you know well,
a few windows, the lilac bush by the house –
and you'll burst out crying, "daughter, daughter."*

*And I'll return, and find my loved ones
somewhere in Warsaw or Milanówek,
we'll all sit down at the table
to sip soup very slowly.*

*Someone will answer, "it was interesting,"
someone will sigh, "my poor boy."
So distant and strange to these people,
I will stare at a world beyond waking.*

I would now like to introduce you to a great poet - Tadeusz Rozewicz.

Applause. Borowski off the stage. In wings with Rozewicz

ROZEWICZ.

Thank You. In Auschwitz, Tadeusz wrote "the shine of the moon will unite us tonight, my love, nothing but death can be mightier than this" in his poem "A Song About Love And Longing". At the Congress of Young Writers in Nieborow I spoke a lot with Tadeusz. We spoke of various things, among them poetry, and Tadeusz was wondering whether you could still use expressions like "the moon shines" in a poem. "You can't very well make a poem from that anymore, can you?" he asked. "I don't know" I answered "but I could try". I recall sitting down after my return from Nieborow and I wrote the poem "The Moon Shines".

The moon shines

The street is bare

The moon shines

A man flees

The moon shines

A man falls

A man dies

The moon shines

The moon shines

The street is bare

A dead man's face

A puddle of water

BOROWSKI, sitting by side of stage.

Yes, our era hurts too much to write poems now about the setting of the moon. But in Auschwitz we did develop our own criteria for beauty. The most beautiful city, we thought, Frankfurt, reduced to rubble. Humour helped us survive. And now Rozewicz's song "The Survivor". In the camp, people were forced to die, now we are forced to live.

Band on stage begins to play "The Survivor".
Borowski and Rozewicz sing.

BOROWSKI.
*I am twenty-four
Led to slaughter
I survived*

*The following are empty synonyms:
Man and beast
Love and hate
Friend and foe
Darkness and light*

*The way of killing men and beasts is the same
I've seen it:
Truckfuls of chopped-up men
Who will not be saved*

ROZEWIZC.
*Ideas are mere words
Virtue and crime
Truth and lies
Beauty and ugliness
Courage and cowardice*

*Virtue and crime weigh the same
I've seen it:
In a man who was both
Criminal and virtuous*

BOTH.
*I seek a teacher and a master
 May he restore my sight
May he name objects and ideas
May he separate darkness from light*

(x 2)

*I am twenty-four
Led to slaughter
I survived
I survived*

Applause. Borowski and Rozewicz go off the stage. to huge applause.

In wings with Rozewicz

ROZEWICZ

*Now you are so successful I heard the Ministry were sending you to Berlin.
Isn't that ridiculous?*

2009

The song is repeated and we see Joan in a cell in Yarlswood Detention Centre and then walking the streets and then at Beachy Head singing this song

Café in Warsaw. Borowski, Maria Krystyn and girl (Patricia) look at two little statuettes. Borowski in very sharp suit.

KRYSTYN, pointing.

That one's from Boleslawow, that one is from Skierniew.

BOROWSKI.

You are incomprehensible, Kristyn. You are the most ungodly person I know, and yet you collect holy objects. You are the laziest person I know, and yet you travel all over Poland, almost single handedly, rebuilding our wonderful homeland.

KRYSTYN.

I'm just a good architect but an amazing dancer! (grabs Patricia.)

Krystyn and Patricia dance to Tango music. Other café customers look on with amusement

BOROWSKI.

I'll get the coffee.

KRYSTYN.

No, Patricia will. We can talk.

Patricia heads inside cafe with Maria

BOROWSKI.

She's nice.

KRYSTYN.

I'm not marrying.

BOROWSKI.

Not or never?

KRYSTYN.

And you great famous author or assistant professor or lecturer or what, puppy?

BOROWSKI.

I'm married.

KRYSTYN.

Yes, I know. And with Maria you won the lottery! Well it's obvious she dresses you. You look like Rudolph Valentino! But you know what I mean – your career!

BOROWSKI.

Well, I have one now at last, a literary career. Two books published, I've written film scripts, and like you, I travel, cultural ambassador to Bulgaria and Yugoslavia. But the cash like ice cream quickly melts away. Just a few licks left. Only I don't encourage the workers enough apparently. I make them miserable so they don't produce enough steel. So our wonderful fatherland collapses – all because of my two small books! And the catholics and communists have amazingly joined together - they both hate me after I criticised Zofia Szczucka who said "Polish women suffered hunger better in the camps because they were used to fast days." Like a rabbit placed in a cage with rattlesnakes I await the blows with resignation.

KRYSTYN.

But you are still working okay?

BOROWSKI.

Yes. But do you know, they tried to bring me up before the court of the Polish Writers' Union. Sokorski, the minister of art and culture, took their side of course, not surprising, since I call it the 'ministry of and'.

KRYSTYN.

And how is Maria?

BOROWSKI.

She's still not well. She's working as a journalist on 'Woman And Life' magazine but she's still got that heart condition but she never complains. I complain! I've got low blood pressure, and every evening Maria has to give me strychnine injections, and every morning a huge dose of lecithin. And my mental state is sometimes not good. I still get depressions like I got in Munich with you, and Maria has to put up with me.

KRYSTYN.

But you look fine now. You're the leading prose writer of young Warsaw, and you have the prettiest wife in Poland. Even I'm jealous!

BOROWSKI.

I know. (Maria comes in with Patricia with coffee.) But sometimes I wish I had a real job. I was in Yugoslavia, in Belgrade, upsetting my betters by visiting factories and small poortown restaurants rather than the grand literary receptions I was meant to attend. And literature isn't the main occupation of writers there. Maybe there are three or four professional writers, the rest concern themselves with useful matters.

KRYSTYN.

You were always the best at barking at dignatories.

BOROWSKI.

Well, it didn't work in Paris. Have you heard from Anatol?

KRYSTYN.

Yes. He's beginning to find his feet in America. I'll show you the letters. He thinks you should write something completely new, no camps, no war and I must say he's got a point..

BOROWSKI.

Funny, you should say that because I'm working on a book about man's fate in war! Talking about Graham Greene's "The Power And The Glory", Hemingway's "For Whom The Bell Tolls", and Koestler's "Crusade Without A Cross". Anatol's in America, and he just wants to protect me. (gradually he raises his voice through the rest of the speech.)

You know people say our Auschwitz book is immoral because we told the truth.but Auschwitz wasn't beautiful, positive and heroic. It was defeat. Rudnicki says that the best cure for fascism is to show the beauty of those dying as a result of it. But through this he obscures the very mechanisms of fascism. If people were like this how could what happened have been possible? We didn't fight for anything noble or beautiful, we fought for a bowl of soup, for women, for gold and watches from the transports. We renounced our humanity because we wanted to survive.

People in café look a bit embarrassed at his outburst

Maria comes in with Patricia with coffee.

KRYSTYN.

Yes but you have to let it go, puppy. (Tadeusz looks a bit upset.)

MARIA.

Are you alright, Tad?

BOROWSKI.

I'm alright.

MARIA.

Did you know, Krystyn, that we're going to Berlin. The Ministry have told Tad he's leaving in a month, and I will follow as soon as possible.

BOROWSKI.

*I'm no use here. Berlin is now the frontline where capitalism meets communism head on. I think you have to be on one side or the other and if we are to build a brave new world it will be built on the backs of brave young workers. Maybe we do need a class struggle in the area of culture. And my literary books don't seem to have helped anyone much so I can avoid my critics and if I write the right inspirational things I can save the masses of Europe! So the Ministry says. And anyway, I tried to join Anatol in America but the Ministry won't give me a stipend to Detroit. I need a piss **he exits***

KRYSTYN, to Maria.
How is he? He seems a bit...

MARIA.
No, he's okay. He just can't seem to leave the camp behind. But generally we're happy. He's not just my friend and husband but he's also my little boy as well. I don't regret coming back, quite the opposite. He totally fills my life, and he cares for me all the time.

KRYSTYN.
I could almost be convinced of marriage.

Berlin.
Footage of Berlin blockade, newsreels etc.

Borowski's apartment in Berlin. Borowski and Aleksander Wat.

BOROWSKI.
I came here because as Molotov says "what happens to Berlin happens to Germany happens to Europe but I'm just a filing clerk, and I've no time to write anything.

WAT.
But why did you have to betray your friends and yourself. Why slam all the non-communist writers?

BOROWSKI,
Well I want to be useful! Anyway the arguments and even the sentences in that article were dictated to me over the telephone

WAT.
But you've stood up to so much more. I thought you believed in freedom. None of us could believe it

BOROWSKI.
Well you can't be on both sides! And if you aren't communist you're capitalist and I realised what capitalism was like in Paris and just over there in West Berlin. As Maria says "luxury behind window displays, hunger and prostitution in the streets, and despair in the heart." So I tried to embrace communism to inspire my people.

WAT
But can't you see you've become a party parrot. Your dad will never speak to you again

BOROWSKI
I told you I tried to embrace communism, but Stalin - well, I can't write poems or cantatas like Huba does for him. You're right. It's still like my father said. Recently Czeslaw was arrested. He was arrested in 1941 with Maria. His flat was the HQ of the soviet cell the guard told me when I was arrested there and now he's been arrested by the communists so what's the difference? The

colour of the uniforms. Capitalism is the exploitation of one man by another and communism is the opposite! So where do I go? I'll read you my poem.

"Two Countries"

*That's your freedom – bootleg whiskey
and some slut in tricot lingerie.
My freedom – the vast, clear sky.
That's why we have different homelands.*

*Your country – a stock market transaction
and hoarded sacks of grain.
My country – the gas chamber
and the Auschwitz flame.*

*Your country – the Triumphal Arch
and parade music – banal, victorious.
My country – a rotting grave
in the Smolensk forest!*

*Your country – a quiet niche,
a neck that bows obediently,
and my country – a burned out house
and a file with the KGB.*

WAT.

You must be true to yourself, Tadeusz. Write from your heart, that is why your books are great. You're better than a propaganda journalist. We don't need useful writers we need truthful writers

BOROWSKI.

Bu then I only write about evil. It seems to be everywhere and I stand among you like a spectre and ask about the source of evil. Is it in all of us and in every system?

Train going from Berlin back to Warsaw. Maria is in the carriage, Borowski is in the corridor, and he has visions at sundown of all these ghosts and apparitions rising from graves and coming towards him. Over these horrific scenes we hear some of this poem, his voiceover (poem "A Prayer For Forgetfulness").

*...I still believe that in human heart
Will rise a horrific cry and move the graves
Which will call the dead and wake the murdered...*

*Because the dead will come from the ground and the sea
From mud, camps and shooting ranges
In their chests – bayonet, bullet, knife
And in their eyes – despair, hatred and fear*

*They'll come swollen from hunger
But they will not want any bread
They'll come choking from gas*

Not wanting any air

*They'll come stubbed with bayonet
And they'll refuse bandages
They'll come burned alive
And they will refuse water*

*There will be pregnant mothers
There will be thoughtless children
With their ashes dispersed
Over Vistula's current*

*There will come simple girls
From Birkenau, Bergen, Palmiry woods
Staring persistently into a gendarme's eyes*

*There will come charging men
Thousands in a column
And they will accuse the living
Picking up bounded hands - -*

*And it will open graveyards greenery
Like decayed corroded chests
And my friends will rise from the pit
Marked with deadly scorn*

*They'll clear from brows rust and mildew
With a simple motion of awakened children
They'll come carrying grievance like a song
Against the living – dead poets - -*

*People will come from an eternal abyss
From heaven, purgatory and hell
To judge in the Last Judgement
Living human beings*

*Still I believe that the murdered
Will not find the heart to forgive
The dead and the living, oh, God,
Avenger of the murdered
Give grace for Forgetfulness - - -*

Scenes of Warsaw. Borowski and Maria in back of cab. We see through his eyes Soviet soldiers on streets, many tanks, a Red Army parade.

Borowski's flat.

MARIA.

*You said you wouldn't lose faith in humanity.
You are not them... You were not the Nazis, you are not the Stalinists... You're
a good man...*

BOROWSKI.

I'm not, I gassed millions...Evil doesn't lie in some imaginary world, it lies in us.

MARIA.

You didn't turn on the gas...

BOROWSKI.

I might as well have done...

MARIA.

You didn't kill the millions in the gas chambers or in the gulags or at Katyn...

BOROWSKI.

But I helped the Nazis and I worked for the Polish government that did! ...Each time...it's my fault...

MARIA.

Forgive yourself...it wasn't your fault...you weren't guilty then...you're not guilty now...you survived.

BOROWSKI.

I'm sorry. I didn't do it on purpose. Surviving is nothing for me to be proud of; it's simply what happens if you don't die. I don't forgive myself. To stay happy and optimistic after what I've seen would be the choice of a madman. Do we all turn away? I can't be happy...

MARIA.

You've got to forget the camp.

BOROWSKI.

I can't. I kept goal and between two throw ins in a football game right behind my back three thousand people were put to death.

MARIA.

But you couldn't have done anything.

BOROWSKI.

Well, I didn't do anything. As a truck of women were driven to their death they shouted "save us! We're going to the gas chambers! Save us!" but they rode slowly past us the ten thousand silent men, and then they disappeared. And not one of us made a move, not one of us lifted a hand. I can't come back. It could have been you.

MARIA.

You did what you could. Look what you've done for me. You've saved my life.

BOROWSKI.

More like the other way round.

MARIA.

Either way, love conquers everything.

BOROWSKI.

No, only in songs. Death conquers everything.

MARIA. She holds her pregnant stomach

Why do you carry the burden of every innocent victim?

What about our child...?

BOROWSKI.

Is bringing a child into this world really anything to celebrate? What will they see? What cruelties and horrors? You take him. I have nothing to give.

Later at night. Borowski looking in mirror.

BOROWSKI, monolog.

Anger,

As black as a hook,

Overtakes me

Each day,

Each Nazi

Took, at 8.00 a.m., a baby

And sauted him for breakfast

In his frying pan.

And death looks on with a casual eye

And picks at the dirt under his fingernail.

Man is evil,

I say aloud.

Man is a flower

That should be burnt

I say aloud.

Man is a bird full of mud,

I say aloud.

And death looks on with a casual eye

And scratches his anus.

Man with his small pink toes,

With his miraculous fingers

Is not a temple

But an outhouse,

I say aloud.

Let man never again raise his teacup

Let man never again write a book

Let man never again put on his shoe.

Let man never again raise his eyes,

On a soft July night.

Never. Never. Never.

I say these things aloud.

We see him putting his head in his hands...

In hospital. Maria gives birth to baby girl.

England 2009.

At Beachy Head.

Joan near cliff edge. Nanino a few yards away, holding her hands out.

JOAN.

There's no point in living anymore...

Recorded music of "Gloomy Sunday" starts...

NANINO.

Wait! ! We all get down. You will get through it.

JOAN.

I don't want to get through it. I can't forget. They killed Giaul. I can't bring my daughters here. Life is unbearable.

NANINO.

Joan, you can't take your own life, so much life remains.

JOAN.

*Sunday is gloomy, my hours are slumberless
Dearest the shadows I live with are numberless
Little white flowers will never awaken you
Not where the black coach of sorrow has taken you
Angels have no thoughts of ever returning you
Would they be angry if I thought of joining you?*

BOROWSKI, in his flat.

Would they be angry?

NANINO.

Gloomy Sunday

JOAN.

*Gloomy Monday, Gloomy Tuesday, Gloomy Wednesday
Gloomy Thursday, Gloomy Friday, Gloomy Saturday, Gloomy Sunday*

*Gloomy is Sunday, with shadows I spend it all
My heart and I have decided to end it all*

BOROWSKI, in his flat.

I have decided to end it all

JOAN.

*Soon there'll be candles and prayers that are sad I know
Let them not weep let them know that I'm glad to go
Death is no dream for in death I'm caressing you*

BOROWSKI, in his flat.
This isn't a dream

JOAN.
With the last breath of my soul I'll be blessing you

Gloomy Sunday

BOROWSKI, in his flat.
*On a sad Sunday with a hundred white flowers
I was waiting for you my dearest with a prayer
It is autumn and the leaves are falling
All love has died on earth
The wind is weeping with sorrowful tears
My heart will never hope for a new spring again
My tears and my sorrows are all in vain
People are heartless, greedy and wicked...
Love has died, love has died
The world has come to its end
Hope has ceased to have a meaning
Cities are being wiped out
Meadows are coloured red with human blood
There are dead people on the streets everywhere
I will say another quiet prayer:
People are sinners
Lord, they make mistakes... the world has ended!
Lord, they make mistakes... the world has ended!
Lord, they make mistakes... the world has ended! (Gloomy Sunday)*

Borowski stops and switches on a gas oven, kneels and puts his head inside...

Maria in hospital, holding baby is oblivious to Borowski having killed himself...

MARIA.
*Dreaming, I was only dreaming
I wake and I find you asleep
In the deep of my heart here
Darling I hope that my dream never haunted you
My heart is telling you how much I wanted you*

Gloomy Sunday

JOAN.
*Gloomy Monday, Gloomy Tuesday, Gloomy Wednesday
Gloomy Thursday, Gloomy Friday, Gloomy Saturday, Gloomy Sunday
Gloomy Monday, Gloomy Tuesday, Gloomy Wednesday*

Gloomy Thursday, Gloomy Friday, Gloomy Saturday, Gloomy Sunday

NANINO.

*Joan it's not worth it
Sundays are forever sad
Why do you want to see flowers on your grave?
Why not enjoy them now?
Don't hate the world
That doesn't please anyone
You're fine looking
You've got brains
Don't just think of the past
Look forward, forget the rest
What'd you mean
This is the end
You don't know what's around the next bend
But first you've got to get back from the ledge
I know Joan, I know you're on the edge
But just hold on
I'm not religious neither, nor drunk
But you've got to forgive yourself
And all the other people too
Else it might be better just to jump
I've been there too Joan
Much higher building than this one
And some do-gooder said to me
Luck is what you make of it
You've just got to be positive
You're going to survive
Yes*

JOAN.

*All I need's a little peace
All I need's a little rest
Not knowing, makes me feel so restless
Search for eternity, I don't need sympathy
Hellish memories, they play themselves in front of me
Need inner peace
My family
I see these visions, I see these visions
I see these visions, I see these visions
They're clear as sin
Eternal fight
Remember what can happen in one night
I turn my life around
Left my decimated town
Found myself alone
Away, displaced here*

Maria with baby at her flat, looking around.
"Us Two" plays, now aware that he is dead.

MARIA

*My God, what a dream I had
The two of us, more passionate than ever
Making love like the first couple on earth*

*My God, what a dream I had
The two of us, more passionate than ever
We were so beautiful*

*My husband, Tadeusz Borowski opened a gas valve and died by his own hand
on July 1st, 1951. He never knew his child Malgorzata Borowski.*

England 2009.

TV studio. Kirsty Wark (Journalist) interviewing woman (Joan) surrounded by tv crew.
This is continuation of scene near beginning of film

JOURNALIST.

*Under the trees by Joan Lekwerekwere. So many people died in Darfur but
you survived?*

JOAN.

*I escaped from Darfur. When I arrived in England it was like being dropped in
the ocean.*

JOURNALIST.

How do you find England?

JOAN.

*I can't believe how I was treated. As if I was the war criminal. I knocked on
your door, I was locked up, told I couldn't work. Given £40 a week and told I
would be deported back to my husband's murderers.*

JOURNALIST.

So what does the future hold for you?

JOAN.

*All I want is to be safe and to be reunited with my two children but you won't
let us stay here. Why can't that happen? I thought the UK was the father of the
world, the carer of the world but you are just like all the others.*

JOURNALIST

Well now you are a famous photographer things may change

JOAN

*Well now I have got some friends in high places but the world should not be
ruled by power but by compassion and justice and morality to misquote the
great Polish poet Tadeusz Borowski. I'm now doing a book on genocide, I've
just been to visit Auschwitz and Warsaw and Krakow. You know Hitler aimed*

to create a vanished city of Jews and now in Krakow there are only remnants of what Jewish life was like and none at all in Warsaw. These had big Jewish populations. Now they are vanished. Will my people vanish?

JOURNALIST

We tried to get someone from the Home Office to come on this programme but no-one was available. Nor was anyone available from the government of Sudan.

Benefit concert 2009, Latest Music Bar, Brighton, England.
Place is decorated with lots of banners. Joan on stage

Band begins to play "Never".

BOROWSKI.

*Never shall I forget that place
Where all faith was destroyed
Never can I look, into a stranger's face
All trust is lost, all the world betrayed*

NANINO.

*Never can I love again
I search for that gift in vain
But I'm set apart, the camp is with me still
Now all is ash, and can't be regained*

DAGHANI.

*Never can I hear again
The sound of violins
If I hear their cry, I only see again
When the music stopped
What happened then*

MARIA.

*Never must another feel
The way that I must feel
When I think of my life
I only think of death*

CHOIR joins here.

*Never
Never*

JOAN and choir

*Never shall we forget these crimes
Which no words can convey
Still I weep, still I cry
Let there be no more camps
Never*

Never

Illustration of paintings of generals brought on stage

JOAN
*Bad she said was
The moment of undressing
Then
Exposed to their gaze she
Discovered everything
About them.*

While she sings this, we see footage of soldiers singing.

SOLDIERS, with actions.
*This is my weapon
This is my gun
This is for fighting
This is for fun*

JOAN. She lights candles
*These candles are to remember people we have loved and lost. My husband ,
mothers, fathers, brothers and sisters. And this candle is for me, the young girl
who survived, who walked and walked and survived even though she did not
know what was happening around her. And these (**looks at shoes placed
out near candles**) remind me that I walked and walked. I was a young girl
with two children but I walked. We walked to my grandmother's village where I
said goodbye to my children and then I walked to the refugee camp. These
shoes remind me that we are survivors, that things were very bad but we
walked and walked. The shoes remind me of surviving.*

*In the Congo one in three women have been raped and it was about the same
after the war as the Russian army marched through Germany. Has anything
changed? In Darfur now the genocide is not ending and the situation is not
improving. Hundreds of thousands of my people have been killed and millions
are in refugee camps. The people of Darfur have, for all intents and purposes,
been abandoned.*

*I have survived so far. I haven't killed myself. I still have faith in humanity. I still
believe that love can conquer anything but it's not enough. You are good
people, yet you do nothing. The United Nations are talking about sending
peace keepers, they're talking about sanctions, they're talking about capturing
war criminals and putting them on trial, they're talking – they're always
talking...But the reality is the Chinese get the oil from Darfur and so they
support the Sudanese murderers, and so the UN can do nothing when the
Chinese vote against action. And Bashir, the president of Sudan, made a pact
with the Americans to throw out Osama Bin Laden so the Americans also
won't support the UN.*

*So the reality is it's all talk while my people are killed by genocide and the
world is betrayed.*

Band begins to play the song "Again".

JOAN.
*If I have to say it I
Will say it; if I
Have to say it
Again
I will say it
Again
Remember
Auschwitz which you said
Would never happen
Again*

*Since then Darfur
Since then Srebrenica
Since then in the face of ethnic cleansing
Paralysis*

JOAN, MARIA AND NANINO (Maria and Nanino actresses as themselves)
*If I have to say it I
Will say it; if I
Have to say it
Again
I will say it
Again
There is no such thing
As compassion fatigue
There is only compassion
Forgetting*

NANINO (actress not in character).
*If I have to say it I
Will say it; if I
Have to say it
Again
I will say it
Again
Remember
Dachau which you said
Would never happen
Again*

*Even though you have not solved
That there is no contradiction
Between mass murder
And playing Schubert*

JOAN, MARIA AND NANINO.
*If I have to say it I
Will say it; if I
Have to say it
Again*

*I will say it
Again
There is no such thing
As compassion fatigue
There is only compassion
Forgetting*

MARIA.
*If I have to say it I
Will say it; if I
Have to say it
Again
I will say it
Again
Remember
Auschwitz which you said
Would never happen
Again.*

JOAN
*Since then the Congo
Since then Rwanda
Since then
In the face of ethnic cleansing
Paralysis*

The only way the world can say no to genocide is to make sure that the people of Darfur are returned to their homes and given protection. If not genocide will be seen as something that works and it will happen again.

Borowski stands up (actor not in character).

BOROWSKI.
*So how long must we wait between Auschwitz and the first glimmer of hope.
An eternity perhaps.*

NANINO.
*This life is fragile, it's futile, everything you have seen
but we can turn the shriek of terror into a cry of hope.*

JOAN.
Human beings are more important than oilfields. . Like Maria said there are good Jews and bad Jews, good Palestinians and bad Palestinians, good Africans and bad Africans, good Europeans and bad Europeans and I know you are good people and the good must come together and you must through the UN dictate to the dictators. But you must do something.

DAGHANI.
We can build Jerusalem if we will it.

MARIA.

*But the moment we break faith with each other
lose faith in each other
the sea engulfs us and the lights go out*

DAGHANI.

*That's our story. I wasn't in it much in the second half. Well I was in
Mikhailowka a small camp! We offer no answers.
We simply set out the facts and sang a few songs.
We have provided the nails. You hammer them in.*

NANINO.

Come on Arnold, let's dance.

Daghani and Nanino start to dance.

Band begins to play "Josef & Sara's Waltz".

Daghani and Nanino dancing together and all main actors waltzing with someone from the audience. Joan is taking pictures