

# **Real Fakes: The True Story of the Fake Spy who Saved D-Day**

*By  
David Dubczak*

## REAL FAKES

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# REAL FAKES

*for Laura*  
*and all dreamers*

## REAL FAKES

CAST: 10

|                   |                                                                                                                                                           |
|-------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| PUJOL (Male, 30s) | Juan Pujol Garcia. A Spanish chicken farmer and failed hotel manager. Also referred to as “Arabel” and “Garbo.” <i>Pujol</i> pronounced <i>poo-hol</i> .  |
| ARACELI           | (Female, 30s) Pujol’s wife, described by sources as “The most seductive woman you’ve ever met.” Pronounced <i>Air-a-chell-ee</i> .                        |
| FEDERICO          | (Male, any age) (Can also be “Federica” as female). Pujol’s handler in the Abwehr, the German CIA                                                         |
| TOMMY             | (Male, 30’s) British counter-intelligence agent. Former art dealer.                                                                                       |
| BISHOP            | (Female) Transcriptionist in British counter-intelligence who promotes herself to analyst.                                                                |
| BRISTOW           | (Male) British counter-intelligence agent.                                                                                                                |
| ROBINSON          | (Male, older) Colonel, head of British counter-intelligence.                                                                                              |
| OLD ARACELI       | (Female) Araceli in the 1970s, 30-40 years older.                                                                                                         |
| ELIZABETH         | (Female, younger) Newspaper reporter from the 1970s-80s.                                                                                                  |
| JEBSEN            | (Male) A private German citizen fighting the Abwehr from the inside. Historically male, but can be cast as female. (Can also play “Messenger” and “Man.”) |

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TIME: World War II, 1930s.

PLACE: Europe – Madrid, Lisbon, and London. Set should be fluid and flexible. Main section of the set needs to easily transform between “Garbo’s Apartment” and “The Snakepit.”

The Snakepit is where Pujol, Bristow, Tommy, and Bishop work. It should have several desks and a bulletin board in back. To the sides of the stage are empty areas that can be changed with lighting. After Garbo joins the Snakepit, one side of the stage can have a table that is Federico’s office, clearly separate from The Snakepit.

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### Writer's Note:

This amazing true story encompassed five years, across three continents, and involved a literal army of tens of thousands of people. The true story used both real and fake tanks, trucks, and airplanes. The Allied Double Cross Committee employed a variety of actors, thieves, and con artists, as well as lighting, sound, and radio technicians. Together, they pulled off the greatest con of all time: Creating FUSAG: the First United States Army Group.

FUSAG never existed. It was a ghost army created by nothing more than a clever deception campaign. The Allies successfully fooled Germany into believing it was standing by ready to invade Pas de Calais, France, and that the invasion of Normandy was merely a diversion.

As important as this story is to world history, it is important that small to medium sized theatre companies can tell it to their communities. Thus, though the Calais ruse was massive in scale, this play focuses on the personal stories of the small group of people at the center: Juan Pujol Garcia ("Agent Garbo") and the small team led by Tommy Harris of M.I.5.

This play is designed to be staged in smaller theaters, with a limited cast size and limited budget, and still educate their audience on one of the most important yet little-known stories in modern human history: how a small group of people saved the D-Day invasion from certain doom to secure freedom for a continent.

Enjoy.

REAL FAKES

# REAL FAKES: THE TRUE STORY OF THE FAKE SPY WHO SAVED D-DAY

## ACT I

### SCENE 1: MADRID HOTEL

*A single light illuminates a hospital bed at a war hospital. Laying, wounded, is soldier JUAN PUJOL GARCIA, 30's. Arriving at his side is the young and beautiful nurse, ARACELI. She starts tending to him, with a tray of medical supplies.*

**PUJOL.** Are you a movie star?

**ARACELI.** Excuse?

**PUJOL.** You look like you are a movie star.

**ARACELI.** *(blushes, starts changing his bandages)*. How were you wounded?

**PUJOL.** Your side shot me.

**ARACELI.** You ARE the enemy. Franco and his army is destroying all of Spain.

**PUJOL.** I was surrendering to your side - the right side.

**ARACELI.** *(playfully skeptical)* Were you?

**PUJOL.** The francoists forced me to fight for them, so I fought against them and looked for the first opportunity to escape... *(he grabs her arm)* To you.

**ARACELI.** *(Flirting)* Tell me about the war.

**PUJOL.** *(with pride)* The Francoists took over my village and forced all the men to fight. Most of the men were sympathizers and happily took up arms, but not me. So I did my duty, I played my part, they cheered me for

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my fervor for the cause. Then one night, when the trenches were close, I waited until clouds covered the moon. I took off my boots and ran barefoot through the weeds, using only the voices as my guide. The Nationalists shot at me, a Francoist running toward them. The Francoists shot at me for deserting. The next thing I know, I am here, with you. My destiny. *(She blushes again)*. Any side you are on is the side I want to be on. *(He grabs her arm)*. Leave this hospital. Run away with me.

**ARACELI.** *(Withdraws and slaps him)* You don't know me! I don't know you!

**PUJOL.** But you know I was running toward you, through no man's land, while both sides were shooting at me. *(Lights up to reveal they were reenacting this scene in the lobby of their destitute, one-star dump of a hotel in Madrid, Spain. It's 1938)*.

**ARACELI.** That's not how it went. That's not how it went at all!

**PUJOL.** I like my version better.

**ARACELI.** *(Smiling)* I do, too.

**PUJOL.** I did get the girl in the end, just like in the movies.

**ARACELI.** *(Joking)* What kind of movies are you watching?

**PUJOL.** *(Delicately touches Araceli's necklace)* I remember when you let me borrow this.

**ARACELI.** So we would never have to be apart.

**PUJOL.** Movie stars! That's what can save this place! We hire a few movie stars, give them a free room - people will flock here just to see them! We need to spruce up the bar, though. Do you think you could reupholster those couches?

**ARACELI.** Movie stars?

**PUJOL.** What rooms do we have open?

**ARACELI.** Our only guest is Señor Silva, but he hasn't paid in three weeks. And with all the cigar smoke in his room, I don't know how he stays in there. I think he's evolving into a new species right under our noses.

**PUJOL.** Good then. First floor rooms are for the movie stars. No, third floor - they will want privacy.

**ARACELI.** Juan?

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**PUJOL.** You get those rooms ready, I'm going into town to figure out what all the movie stars are drinking so I can stock the bar.

**ARACELI.** Juan?

**PUJOL.** This place isn't much, but we can really make it charming!

**ARACELI.** Juan?

**PUJOL.** I'm going to give you an adventure yet, my Araceli. Watch.

**ARACELI.** JUANITO! *(He stops and plops down into a chair. She joins him.)* Movie stars will never come here. Especially while there's a war on. *(Beat)* Hitler is like Franco.

**PUJOL.** *(Pounds the table)* Hitler is far worse than Franco! *(Beat)* And they are here, in Madrid. *(Moment of silence)*.

**ARACELI.** All it would take is a small loan to- *(Pujol gives her a look of helplessness, that borders on anger for even bringing it up).* The banks know you deserted Franco's army. *(Pujol sadly nods)* Are there any friendly banks?

**PUJOL.** Not anymore. Franco took them all. *(He wipes down a table and takes another look around).*

**ARACELI.** *(Reassuringly)* We will find new adventures to re-live, Juanito. *(Pujol sighs, not wanting to have hope. This life isn't the adventure he promised her. She grabs his hand).* You did the right thing, Juan Pujol Garcia. You always do. *(They kiss)* I'm going to go pester Señor Silva into paying... anything.

**PUJOL.** He had nowhere else to go, and the room was open.

**ARACELI.** I know. *(She leaves, and leaves Pujol behind.)*

**PUJOL.** *(He stares at her as she leaves, a sense of longing still on his heart)* Araceli, la Beldad *(Note: "la Beldad" is Spanish for "the Beautiful.")* *(Enter OLD ARACELI, in her 70s, sitting in a chair reading. ELIZABETH, a newspaper reporter from the 1970s, knocks on the door).*

**ELIZABETH.** Señora Araceli?

**OLD ARACELI.** Go away.

**ELIZABETH.** I'm here to ask you about Juan Pujol Garcia.

**OLD ARACELI.** *(Begrudgingly. Come in).* This is the last one of these I'm doing.

**ELIZABETH.** Hi. I'm Elizabeth Jenkins, with the London Post.

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**OLD ARACELI.** I will say this once: He is not who you think he is. You all knock on my door asking about the “Savior of the Entire World.” But that’s not who he is. Who he was.

**ELIZABETH.** Was he the man known as “Arabel” or “Garbo?”

**OLD ARACELI.** He’s dead now. Why does it matter?

**ELIZABETH.** I don’t think he is. M.I.5 has reactivated his file and I’m trying to find out why.

**OLD ARACELI.** *(Seems shocked by this, then plays it off.)* No. M.I.5 wants him to be a ghost and a rumor. They want the GERMANS to think he’s a ghost and a rumor. They definitely don’t want the Germans to know... no, I can’t tell you.

**ELIZABETH.** That “Garbo” and “Arabel” are the same person? I already know that.

**OLD ARACELI.** *(Proud)* Did you know he won a medal from both sides? Not bad for a chicken farmer and failed hotel manager.

**ELIZABETH.** *(Takes out a photo and hands it to her)* Is this the two of you?

**OLD ARACELI.** Where did you get this?

**ELIZABETH.** I came across it in my research. Keep it.

**OLD ARACELI.** Who are you?

**ELIZABETH.** I have a personal connection. I want to know the truth. M.I.5 may want him to stay a ghost, but I need to know.

**OLD ARACELI.** *(Nods and takes a moment, stroking her necklace)* He was always a dreamer. And I think he was trying to impress me. *(An unidentified MAN enters, places a British flag by the table, and sits across the table from Pujol).* One day, he simply walks into the British embassy in Madrid.

**PUJOL.** *(To Man)* My name is Juan Pujol Garcia, and I would like to help you win the war. I’m offering up my services.

**MAN.** What services, exactly?

**PUJOL.** As a spy. I would like to be a British Spy.

**MAN.** ARE you a spy?

**PUJOL.** You will teach me. *(MAN bursts out laughing, takes the flag, and leaves).*

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**OLD ARACELI.** Undeterred, he walks straight over to the German embassy. (*Across from Pujol, FEDERICO joins him at the table, bringing with him a NAZI flag*) Listen to what he says next, very carefully.

**PUJOL.** (*Very serious*). I am a British spy, and I want to be a double agent.

**FEDERICO.** Señor “Lopez”, we spoke on the phone. I’m Federico.

**PUJOL.** Federico...?

**FEDERICO.** *Just* Federico.

**PUJOL.** Ah. Si. When can I start serving the Fuhrer? I’m anxious to get started.

**FEDERICO.** What makes you so anxious? You’re Spanish... why care about this German man?

**PUJOL.** Man? *Man?* This German *Man?* He’s not a man, Federico. He is the leader...

**FEDERICO.** Okay...

**PUJOL.** The FUHRER!

**FEDERICO.** Si...

**PUJOL.** Sent by God to cleanse us and make us whole again!

**FEDERICO.** Yes, absolutely, my mistake.

**PUJOL.** And to erase the travesty that was the Treaty of Versailles!

**FEDERICO.** Of course.

**PUJOL.** (*Stands and salutes*) I want to live in the New Europe! Heil Hitler!

**FEDERICO.** Si, Señor. I will not doubt your devotion to the Fuhrer again. My mistake.

**PUJOL.** (*Sits*) Si. your mistake.

**FEDERICO.** But Señor Lopez, it's not a matter of devotion. Half the populace of Madrid is a spy of some sort. I just don't need any more spies. Unless you have something unique to offer?

**PUJOL.** My wife is of the nobility. The house of the Marquis de Carballo. Do you know the people I know?

**FEDERICO.** (*As if daring him*). Please, list them.

**PUJOL.** (*Not stopping*) Sir Henry, special envoy as part of Her Majesty’s Diplomatic Corps. Personal assistant to the ambassador.

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**FEDERICO.** The personal assistant to the ambassador is Walter Mason.

**PUJOL.** That's not what his mistress calls him.

**FEDERICO.** How would you know that?

**PUJOL.** I run a hotel.

**FEDERICO.** That no one ever goes to.

**PUJOL.** That you know of.

**FEDERICO.** You're telling me you run an illicit den where diplomats bring their mistresses?

**PUJOL.** *(Rolling with it)* It's a special service. I charge an extra five pesetas a day to keep it secret. And I always keep an extra room for Hitler's mistress, Martha... just in case.

**FEDERICO.** Hitler's mistress Martha?

**PUJOL.** Si.

**FEDERICO.** Hitler's mistress is Ava Braun.

**PUJOL.** *(He's caught. He pauses, only briefly, then feigns surprise)*  
Noooo. Ava?

**FEDERICO.** Si.

**PUJOL.** It is Martha. It has to be Martha. The guests at my hotel, all they want to talk about is this "Martha," Hitler's Mistress. There's a few loyalists who come to stay, and I always eavesdrop on their conversations. Oh no, no... oh, si, SI! Next time they meet... oh, I can teach them! I can't wait to see the look on their face when I tell them about Ava Braun. Señor Federico, you've done me a great service.

**FEDERICO.** Okay, okay. But that said, there's no room.

**PUJOL.** Currency. You need foreign currency. I could go to London, pose as a currency smuggler, and get you some British Pounds.

**FEDERICO.** *(Gets up to leave)* I'm sorry, Señor Lopez. That's much too complicated for an amateur. And you can't get to London without a passport. *(Walks away).*

**PUJOL.** I have a passport.

**FEDERICO.** *(Stops suddenly, skeptical.)* Show me.

**PUJOL.** Locked in my safe.

**FEDERICO.** *(Deepening skepticism)* How? The Francoists... they don't just-

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**PUJOL.** Trade Secret, Señor Federico.

**FEDERICO.** (*Intrigued, returns to the table and throws down an envelope of money*). I'm authorized to give you one thousand pesetas. If you can get an exit visa out of Lisbon, we'll talk more. (*Exits. Pujol smiles, knowing he's hooked them. With a skip, Pujol exits*).

**ELIZABETH.** That just leaves me to figure out, how DO you get an exit visa in 1941?

**OLD ARACELI.** You don't. You don't get an exit visa in 1941.

**ELIZABETH.** Where is he now?

**OLD ARACELI.** He's dead. I haven't seen him since 1945. (*Beat. She has something she doesn't want to tell*).

**ELIZABETH.** It's... Did he impress you?

**OLD ARACELI.** (*Smiles*) Oh, sweetheart. (*Takes Elizabeth off stage*)

**ELIZABETH.** I can follow his story from Madrid to Lisbon, but he spent a long time in Lisbon trying to build his cover. (*Blackout.*)

### **SCENE 2: PUJOL'S LISBON APARTMENT.**

*Pujol stands before several pieces of paper hanging from a string. He has a camera laying next to him, and he carefully studies the papers, comparing them to a photo in his hand. A large rubber stamp is next to the camera. He's in deep focus. Araceli, not pregnant and very far along, wanders in, awaking from a nap.*

**ARACELI.** Juanito, have you seen my camera? (*Stops, seeing his work*) What's this?

**PUJOL.** I'm trying to forge a diplomatic visa.

**ARACELI.** In the living room?

**PUJOL.** It has to be good enough to fool Federico.

**ARACELI.** Well, my love, your biggest problem is Federico actually knows what one looks like. (*Pujol shows her the photo*) How'd you get...? My camera, of course, but how?

**PUJOL.** A guest at the hotel had one.

**ARACELI.** He gave it to you?

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**PUJOL.** In a way.

**ARACELI.** Did you steal it?

**PUJOL.** I snuck into his room.

**ARACELI.** That must have been-

**PUJOL.** He was quite drunk.

**ARACELI.** On what?

**PUJOL.** The drinks I gave him.

**ARACELI.** How many drinks did you give him?

**PUJOL.** *(Smiling)* One... after another... after another...

**ARACELI.** *(Takes the photo and uses it to study Pujol's forgeries. After several comparisons, with Pujol nervously watching, she picks one)* This one.

**PUJOL.** That one?

**ARACELI.** Yes. But, official paper? We can't get that.

**PUJOL.** I will go to the printer, tell them I work for the embassy, and order two hundred copies.

**ARACELI.** Two hundred?

**PUJOL.** If I worked for the embassy, I would not order just one.

**ARACELI.** And that'll work?

**PUJOL.** *(Holds up the stamp, smiling)* It's how I got the stamp.

**ARACELI.** *(Impressed, she lays in for a big, romantic hug and kiss)* My Juanito, my super spy! You are so... so... daring and cunning!

**PUJOL.** *(Smiles briefly, then the smile fades into self-consciousness).* Federico's done with me if this doesn't work.

**ARACELI.** *(Pumping him up)* Then make it work! Stand straight! Be confident! Don't let there be a HINT of hesitation in your voice. *(He adjusts his posture. Tall and proud. She hands him the forgery and continues flirtatiously)* Do you... require... assistance? Señor "Lopez?"

**PUJOL.** *(Gesturing to her stomach)* But you are...

**ARACELI.** *(No big deal)* Oh, if you get in trouble, I'll just faint. Everyone'll rush to help the pregnant woman and you can run away! *(He smiles and they kiss)* Sometimes in your life, you're standing on the edge of something and you can't see the bottom, and the only way to move forward is to bravely hurl yourself off. We're hurling you off, Juanito.

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**PUJOL.** The man we met last night at the cafe, Varela: find him and get him to send me a telegram. Make sure he says his name in the telegram.

**ARACELI.** I can't wait to re-live this with you. And no faking the details!

**PUJOL.** None will be needed, my Aracelita, my Araceli la Beldad. *(They exit. Blackout.)*

### **SCENE 3: SIDEWALK CAFE, MADRID**

*Pujol sits at a table, very stoic. Araceli lingers in the background as a common patron. Federico approaches, angrily.*

**FEDERICO.** Señor Lopez! How dare you summon me in the middle of the night! I call you, not the other way around.

**PUJOL.** Have you heard of the Dalamal Operation?

**FEDERICO.** Enlighten me.

**PUJOL.** I have been working at the Hotel Majestic, to build contacts. One evening I'm approached by police from the Bank of Spain. They tell me I'm serving the Zaluta brothers, that they're smuggling currency, and want to know if I've seen anything.

**FEDERICO.** I've heard of them.

**PUJOL.** I tail them, completely on my own. They want me to be a snitch, but I think they could help... *(gestures to the two of them)* ...us. They lead me to Señor Varela. He works for the Spanish government, illegally smuggling British pounds.

**FEDERICO.** Where is this all going, Señor Lopez?

**MESSENGER.** *(Enters and approaches the table)* Señor Lopez?

**PUJOL.** Si?

**MESSENGER.** Telegram. From Señor Varela. *(Hands over the telegram. Pujol reads it).*

**PUJOL.** It seems I am needed in Lisbon. *(Federico reads it, impressed)* In two minutes, I am going to get up and walk forty feet over there to the Ministry, where a government messenger and car are waiting. They will take me over to the Foreign Office... *(He places his diplomatic visa on the*

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*table*) ...where this diplomatic visa will be stamped and sent on to Lisbon. From there, I will travel to England, and begin my career as a German spy.

**FEDERICO.** *(Skeptical, picks up and inspects the visa)* Where did you get this?

**PUJOL.** *(Smiling, points to telegram)* Señor Varela works for the Spanish government.

**FEDERICO.** *(Studying the forged visa)* Where did you get THIS?

**PUJOL.** *(With confidence)* Señor Varela is sending me to London, to help him smuggle British pounds. *(Federico inspects the visa further. A car honks, and a DRIVER steps onto the stage. Pujol takes the visa back.)* I need to go.

**FEDERICO.** *(After a moment, jumps into action. Rapidly, suddenly on Pujol's team).* When you get to Lisbon, telegram me and I'll send you funds. Here's some invisible ink. The first thing you need to do is set up a courier to get messages back to me, and set up a network of informants that you can get information from and who can keep working independently if I have to bring you home. And here, a list of questions, information we need from London. *(He passes the list of questions. They stand. Federico shakes his hand.)* Congratulations, Señor Lopez. You'll need a code name.

**PUJOL.** *(Glances back at Araceli)* Ara... *(Nods, with confidence)* Arabel.

**FEDERICO.** Arabel. Use it in any communications with me.

**PUJOL.** So long my friend. Heil Hitler.

**FEDERICO.** Heil Hitler. *(Pujol walks over to the Driver)*

**DRIVER.** Señor, I'm from the cab service.

**PUJOL.** Don't say anything. Just nod and pretend you're from the government. *(Araceli joins them).* "Arabel."

**ARACELI.** *(Aroused)* Ooooooh... *(They walk off together. Blackout.)*

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### **SCENE 4: “THE SNAKEPIT” - BRITISH MILITARY INTEL HQ**

*TOMMY HARRIS stands in a dingy basement of British Military Intelligence. He has a pile of reports and papers on his desk, but stands facing a classical painting on an easel, studying it. He’s in his early 30s, half-Jewish, is sometimes called “Jesus” by his friends due to his passing resemblance to the way Jesus is depicted in Renaissance art. Before joining MI5, he was an art dealer. On a table behind him, a mysterious object is covered under a sheet. SARAH BISHOP enters with some coffee. She puts it on his desk, startling him.*

**SARAH.** Mister Harris?

**TOMMY.** Shhhh....

**SARAH.** Mister-

**TOMMY.** SHHHH!

**SARAH.** Does the painting need quiet?

**TOMMY.** Look at the lighting on this. Isn’t it fantastic?

**SARAH.** It’s a painting.

**TOMMY.** Two hundred pounds at auction, easy. I’ve been trying to get my hands on this since before the war. *(They stand for a moment)* Who are you?

**SARAH.** I’m Sarah Bishop. I work for you. As an analyst.

**TOMMY.** No you don’t.

**SARAH.** I started yester- no, today! Today’s my first day.

**TOMMY.** Who hired you?

**SARAH.** Colonel Robinson.

**TOMMY.** Ha!

**SARAH.** Where’s today’s parcel? I should start going through it.

**TOMMY.** I know you. Where do you really work?

**SARAH.** Right here. Oh, hey, your log books! I know how these work. *(Catches herself)* Because... I work here, obviously.

**TOMMY.** As an analyst.

**SARAH.** Yes.

**TOMMY.** You’re one of the secretaries in the transcription pool!

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**SARAH.** I'm an analyst. I start today.

**TOMMY.** Under whose authority?

**SARAH.** Colonel Robinson.

**TOMMY.** Ha!

**SARAH.** Mister Harris-

**TOMMY.** Tommy.

**SARAH.** Tommy. I'm wasted as a transcriptionist. I can do more.

**TOMMY.** Colonel Robinson would get his knockers in a twist if I promoted a woman.

**SARAH.** How's the war going?

**TOMMY.** *(Smiles, reaches into a satchel, and pulls out a piece of paper. He hands it to Sarah.)* Okay, Sarah Bishop. Analyze. *(She reads the paper.)* The Franco government in Spain. They're neutral. But will they stay neutral?

**SARAH.** Hitler helped Franco win the Spanish Civil War.

**TOMMY.** Indeed.

**SARAH.** But Spain is still in shambles. And they rely too much on imports from the United States.

**TOMMY.** How do we get them to stay neutral?

**SARAH.** *(thinking aloud)* They can't push back an Allied invasion, and Germany can't defend France AND Spain. Send chatter that Spain is the perfect place to gain a land foothold if they join the war.

**TOMMY.** *(Takes a sip of coffee)* Make sure Colonel Robinson knows you're grateful we're not in the trenches.

**SARAH.** *(Slightly confused)* Sir? Trenches were the last war.

**TOMMY.** Get used to it, 'cause that's where Colonel Robinson's head is. *(SIRENS! Air raid sirens sound. Tommy jumps up, grabs Sarah, and they dive under the desk. Items around the room rattle as bombs explode in the distance. The lights dim and flicker. Gradually, the sound of planes and bombs dies down, and the lights come back on. Sarah and Tommy emerge from their desk.)* You okay?

**SARAH.** I think so. Shit! Your coffee's spilled. *(She grabs towels and starts wiping it up).*

**TOMMY.** *(Thinking)* I've never had an analyst bring me coffee.

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**SARAH.** *(Smiling)* You've never been handled like an asset.

**TOMMY.** *(Nods with acceptance, then returns on-topic.)* They're getting closer.

**SARAH.** Will we have to move HQ?

**TOMMY.** Hope not. *(Beat)* Colonel Robinson's probably on his way down.

**SARAH.** Oh, I heard him shouting about a "German Jesus" this morning. He's bloody mad.

**TOMMY.** *(Still barely with it as LT. COL. TAR ROBINSON bursts in the door. Large and in charge, he hails of the old-school military. He's trying to embrace espionage, but something inside of him just... can't.)* What's "German Jesus?" *(Stops abruptly. Sarah hits him.)*

**ROBINSON.** You lads okay? *(They nod)* Good. You know who's not okay? Churchill. He's been listening to Dennis Wheatley?

**TOMMY.** Dennis Wheatley... the spy novelist?

**ROBINSON.** Who's now in charge of you, by the way. His grand plan that will lead to the fall of Germany is to spread rumors that Otto von Bismark has been resurrected and is performing miracles in the countryside!

**TOMMY.** German Jesus.

**ROBINSON.** Spread rumors, force the Nazis to issue a statement of denial which will actually legitimize the rumors, further undermining their faith in Hitler.

**TOMMY.** Huh?

**ROBINSON.** He thinks Germans are losing faith in Hitler and a resurrected von Bismark will sink him further.

**TOMMY.** But they're not...

**ROBINSON.** THEY BLOODY LOVE HITLER! He can't do any wrong! *(Sees the object under the blanket)* What the hell is that?

**TOMMY.** Nothing.

**ROBINSON.** *(To Sarah)* Who are you?

**TOMMY.** That's Sarah Bishop. I just hired her as an analyst.

**ROBINSON.** She's a woman.

**TOMMY.** *(To Sarah)* He notices the tiniest little details.

**ROBINSON.** Send her to the secretary pool.

## REAL FAKES

**TOMMY.** No, sir.

**ROBINSON.** Excuse me?

**TOMMY.** Sir, you hired an art dealer to work counter-intelligence. Surely you can hire ONE smart woman as an analyst.

**ROBINSON.** You speak German?

**SARAH.** *(lying)* ...Ja...

**ROBINSON.** *(Sits at his desk. With his body, says "fine.")* Anything interesting?

**TOMMY.** Not today.

**SARAH.** No artwork or anything. *(They both look at her - Tommy annoyed and Robinson confused. She changes the subject and points to a pile of intelligence intercepts).* Mind if I have a look?

**TOMMY.** Intercepted communications from Germany. Just let me know if anything seems interesting. *(To Robinson)* Wheatley's a fool.

**ROBINSON.** Yeah, well, he's making us all look fools. *German Jesus.*

**TOMMY.** *(Goes back to his desk)* The War Council still sees war as a gentleman's game.

**ROBINSON.** How anyone who fought in the first war could see this as a gentleman's game is beyond me. What's under the sheet?

**TOMMY.** I'm not done with it yet.

**ROBINSON.** Eisenhower wants to invade France.

**TOMMY.** Jesus!

**ROBINSON.** He says all he wants is to keep the Fifteenth Army out of his hair for two days.

**TOMMY.** You're gonna need spies to run some deception.

**ROBINSON.** *(Through gritted teeth)* Of this, I am aware. *(Sarah picks up a paper and inspects it more closely).*

**TOMMY.** Invading France'll be a bloodbath.

**ROBINSON.** I was in the trenches-

**TOMMY.** Yes.

**ROBINSON.** I was in-

**TOMMY.** The trenches, of course.

**ROBINSON.** I was in-

**TOMMY.** Oh, god, not the trenches!

## REAL FAKES

**ROBINSON.** *(Stops, holds out his finger in contempt toward Tommy)*  
Command's still got their heads stuck in the last war and think war is a gentleman's game.

**TOMMY.** Which is why you need us to run a deception.

**ROBINSON.** I know.

**TOMMY.** Done well, we can save a lot of boys' lives.

**ROBINSON.** I know!

**TOMMY.** Let us in, Colonel.

**SARAH.** This is interesting...

**TOMMY.** Tar-

**ROBINSON.** It's Colonel Robinson.

**TOMMY.** I'm not in the Army.

**ROBINSON.** Indeed.

**TOMMY.** Deception's not a bunch of dirty tricks. War's not a gentleman's game, and deception can prevent battles from ever being fought in the first place.

**ROBINSON.** *(Skeptical)* Well, we certainly need it to, don't we?

**TOMMY.** Deception takes imagination, Colonel.

**SARAH.** Um, gentlemen? *(Enter DESMOND BRISTOW, an M.I.6 officer. On the serious side, but not dismissive of his eccentricities. Nobody understood the Germans better than Desmond.)*

**TOMMY.** Ah, Desmond Bristow, our key to Hitler's mind. Where is Hitler lunching today, Derry?

**DESMOND.** You know I can't actually do that, right?

**TOMMY.** What do you think about German Jesus?

**DESMOND.** I think November 8th, 1942 will be a big day.

**TOMMY.** Why's that?

**DESMOND.** *(Joking)* That's the day German Jesus causes the fall of the Third Reich.

**ROBINSON.** What are you here for, Desmond?

**DESMOND.** *(Excited, building)* The Abwehr appears to be changing how they use invisible ink. They, uh... well... it's really quite impressive. They have a new reagent, and you should hear the story of how we...

**TOMMY.** You were up all night, weren't you?

## REAL FAKES

**DESMOND.** *(Yes)* No... Well, anyway, I'm here to brief you.

**SARAH.** Gentlemen, this message seems very odd.

**DESMOND.** Who's she?

**TOMMY.** A hypnotist.

**ROBINSON.** *(To Sarah)* What do you have?

**SARAH.** Does the Abwher have any spies in London?

**DESMOND.** No.

**TOMMY.** No.

**SARAH.** They think they do.

**ROBINSON.** That's impossible. *(Desmond takes the paper from Sarah)*

**TOMMY.** What's that?

**SARAH.** Intercepted radio transmission mentioning "Arabel's" latest intel from London.

**TOMMY.** Arabel?

**DESMOND.** Never heard of him. *(Their attention piqued, the room erupts into a flurry of urgent action. Robinson grabs the note.)* From Madrid to Berlin.

**ROBINSON.** *(Reading)* "Our V-Man Arabel reports from London a convoy of ships is forming in Caernarvon."

**DESMOND.** *(Tommy and Sarah riffle through more papers. Desmond picks up a phone)* Get me the Wales desk.

**ROBINSON.** *(To Sarah)* Are there any more?

**SARAH.** I'm looking, I'm looking.

**ROBINSON.** Look faster. *(To Desmond)* Are you getting the Wales desk?

**DESMOND.** Would it help if I ran?

**ROBINSON.** It might!

**SARAH.** *(Takes a stack of binders off the shelf)* Here, grab a log book. *(Sarah and Tommy pour through theirs. Robinson clumsily flips his open).*

**ROBINSON.** How?

**SARAH.** How what?

**ROBINSON.** I don't do log books.

**TOMMY.** You're serious?

**DESMOND.** Yes, Wales Desk, this is Desmond Bristow from MI6. Are there any convoys forming in Caernarvon? *(To room)* She's checking.

## REAL FAKES

**ROBINSON.** I'm surprised he keeps them at all.

**TOMMY.** I take offense to that.

**SARAH.** *(Fake bow)* "All hail Lord Robinson." Just open it and look.

**DESMOND.** *(To phone)* What do you mean am I really MI6? This is a private phone network!

**ROBINSON.** Look where?

**SARAH.** Everywhere!

**TOMMY.** You underestimate me, Colonel.

**DESMOND.** *(Agitated, to phone)* If my supervisor could come to the phone he would be on the phone!

**TOMMY.** Record keeping is vital in the art world.

**ROBINSON.** Why does it start with F?

**TOMMY.** It's not alphabetical.

**ROBINSON.** Why the bloody hell not?

**DESMOND.** *(To room)* Would you two keep it down?! *(To phone)* You see, that was my boss. Now, is there a convoy of ships forming in Caernarvon? Mmhmm, mmhmm... I see. You're certain? Have you verified this? Ah, you can see the port out your window right now. I see... I mean, I don't see... you see... uh, g'day! *(He hangs up)* No convoy.

**TOMMY.** *(Gestures to books)* No Arabel. *(Robinson starts pacing. Tommy thinks aloud)* This wasn't a direct message from Arabel. It was a report on Arabel's intelligence. That means he's reported before, and they trust him.

**ROBINSON.** Yet, there's no ships. *(He pauses, thinking)* Sarah, get to the signals desk. Any message with the word "Arabel" needs to be relayed down here immediately.

**SARAH.** Sir. *(Nods and runs out)*

**DESMOND.** We'll figure out when the messages started and then cross-reference them with passenger ship manifests.

**ROBINSON.** Look at merchant vessels, too. Something seems awfully peculiar about all this. *(Beat)* What's under the sheet?

**TOMMY.** I'm not done with it yet. *(They look at the note together.)*

**BRISTOW.** A German spy in London?

**ROBINSON.** That's impossible. Find him. *(Blackout.)*

## REAL FAKES

### **SCENE 5: SIDEWALK CAFE, LISBON, PORTUGAL**

*Center stage is Pujol sitting at a table, alone, with a newspaper and some letter paper. On one side of the stage is the Snake Pit, with lights down. On the other side is Federico, lights also down until they come into the scene. Right now, it's just Pujol in the center. He's flipping through the newspaper and struggling with figuring out what to write. He hears Araceli's flirty voice offstage.*

**ARACELI.** *(Flirty, offstage)* Senhor, isso é inapropriado para um homem casado dizer a uma mulher. Mas obrigado! *(Portuguese: Sir, that's inappropriate for a married man to say to a woman. But thank you!)* *(Pujol closes his eyes and looks down, not looking forward to this interaction. Araceli enters, wearing a long coat over a sumptuous dress.)* My Juanito! *(They kiss)* Well? You visited the British Embassy? How did it go?

**PUJOL.** *(Lying)* Excellent. They are reviewing my information and told me I should expect a phone call in the next two days.

**ARACELI.** My Juanito! You're actually doing it! You're actually going to make a difference in this war! *(She kisses him again)*

**PUJOL.** Did you get the train schedules for London?

**ARACELI.** Si, si. I have them right here. There's a tourist shop by the port. *(She hands him the train schedules. Pujol seems tense.)* What's wrong, my love?

**PUJOL.** *(Hands her a letter)* From Federico.

**ARACELI.** *(Reading)* "Try to insert an agent into Ireland, as it is becoming a very interesting and important area. Also send us the latest train schedules from London."

**PUJOL.** He is making me prove I'm actually in London.

**ARACELI.** Well we have the train schedules.

**PUJOL.** We got lucky.

**ARACELI.** Next time you write, you'll actually be in London... if your meeting at the embassy means anything. *(Pujol avoids eye contact)* They'll

## REAL FAKES

call you within two days? (*Again, he avoids eye contact*) Juanito? What happened at the embassy?

**PUJOL.** They still do not want me.

**ARACELI.** Oh, Juanito.

**PUJOL.** We have been here six months, I am still sending Federico made up scraps, and for what? Hitler is still a madman trampling all over Europe.

**ARACELI.** You're trying to end the war all by yourself? (*Pujol throws up his hands. Araceli moves to comfort*) Tell me about the war. (*Pujol shakes his head, no*) Write this down. (*Pujol grabs a pen and paper*) It's a letter to Federico: "Le Clerc Fils of Paris reports he is ready to begin publication of the journals as requested."

**PUJOL.** Si. Si.

**ARACELI.** Now, with your invisible ink, cross out "Le Clerc Fils" and replace it with "Agent 172."

**PUJOL.** Si.

**ARACELI.** "Paris" becomes "Chicago."

**PUJOL.** Si, si. "Publication" becomes "Sabotage" and "journals" becomes "factories." "Agent 172 of Chicago reports he is ready to begin sabotage of the factories as requested." What are you doing now?

**ARACELI** (*She takes the letter and removes her overcoat, revealing her dress.*) I'll take it to the British Embassy myself and say, (*Acting, melodramatic*) "Excuse me? I stole this from a man living in my building. I think he might be a German agent!"

**PUJOL.** Wearing that?

**ARACELI.** Of course. It should get you noticed.

**PUJOL.** It will surely get YOU noticed.

**ARACELI.** (*She takes the pen and paper and puts it in front of Pujol*) Now, show Federico how much he needs you. Use your imagination.

*(Note: Both actors Pujol and Federico should develop a "Writing Voice" so the audience can distinguish between when they're narrating a letter and when they're just talking.)*

## REAL FAKES

**PUJOL.** *(Takes the newspaper and train tables and begins writing away. To Araceli:)* I'll start with William Gerbers. Now it is time he has a wife. *(Writing)* My source William Gerbers' wife works in the radio department at the nearby port. *(Lights up on the Snake Pit and Federico. As Pujol writes, Federico and Tommy read along.)* ...she reports to me...

**TOMMY.** ...that the Caernarvon convoy...

**FEDERICO.** ...is nearly ready...

**PUJOL/FEDERICO/TOMMY.** ...to depart to Malta! *(Federico jumps up with surprise!)*

**TOMMY.** Find out if any of the radio operators at Caernarvon are married to a William Gerbers. *(Desmond and Sarah nod, and get on their respective phones.)*

**FEDERICO.** Arabel: This is most useful. Please update me on the status of the rocket batteries at Hyde Park.

**PUJOL.** *(To Araceli, pointing to newspaper)* Now, you see here, and advertisement for pubs in London.

**ARACELI.** Use this one.

**PUJOL.** *(Writing)* At "The Bishop's Finger," a popular pub in London, I met an RAF officer. Over a glass of wine, he lamented to me of the difficulties he has had in procuring supplies for Hyde Park. I can safely assume these are the rockets of which you speak. *(Desmond and Tommy hang up their phones)*

**DESMOND.** No William Gerbers. No convoy.

**TOMMY.** What is this bloke doing?

**SARAH.** *(Reading)* "I will continue to ask more about the rockets, as these Brits can't get enough of their wine, but I must be careful..."

**PUJOL.** "...He's not in my network and I can't push him too hard. What materials might he be having troubles with?"

**SARAH.** "And *(skipping portions)* da da da da da... the Furher... la la la... our brave troops in Russia annihilating the Bolshevik beast."

**TOMMY.** Wine? No one goes to a pub to drink wine.

**PUJOL.** "Federico: The embassy staff in London have moved to Brighton to escape the intolerable heat."

**TOMMY.** What?

## REAL FAKES

**DESMOND.** When was the last time it was hot in London?

**PUJOL.** *(To Araceli)* Now it is time for a new sub-agent. I will call him "Carlos," a university student. *(writing)* "Federico: Infantry Regiment number four in Guilford is rehearsing some sort of cliff climbing exercise. Carlos' agent number three, a fervent anti-communist, reports."

**ARACELI.** Excellent idea, giving Carlos his own network.

**PUJOL.** *(Smiling)* That way, if he is wrong, I can blame Carlos. *(They kiss)*

**FEDERICO.** *(angry)* "Arabel: You refer by number to the infantry regiment you saw in Guilford but infantry regiments don't have numbers, they are known by names! Your report is therefore useless. I await your clarification!"

**PUJOL.** *(Looks to Araceli, who gives him a devious smile. Pujol plays the act harder. Angry.)* "I am surprised at your announcement regarding the numbering of regiments. To avoid espionage, fighting units have been referred to by numbers for more than a year!" *(with emphasis)* "I am in possession of proof of what I am now stating and of the orders which have been issued, one of which I came by during my travels. Would you like to see the orders?" *(He seals the envelope.)* Please say no.

**TOMMY.** He's done for. *(Araceli takes the envelope and personally walks it over to Federico, who is quite surprised!)*

**FEDERICO.** Señora Lopez!

**ARACELI.** *(Tosses the letter on his desk. She plays up everything she says in a hysterical, melodramatic act.)* My husband is having an affair. I know it. I haven't seen him for months.

**FEDERICO.** No, no, Señora Lopez, he is not having an affair. Look, look... he's in England, on a very important mission for the Reich.

**ARACELI.** England! No! No! He will be killed! They'll catch him and shoot him! Bring him home, Federico. I beg you!

**FEDERICO.** Señora Lopez, your husband is very smart. Here, if it helps, I can give you a job in the embassy - you can help us help him.

**ARACELI.** I don't want a job. I just want you to keep him safe.

**FEDERICO.** At least let me pay for you to stay in a nice hotel. It's the least I can do. *(He gives her a stack of money. She begrudgingly takes it.)*

## REAL FAKES

**ARACELI.** Fine. And send him this photo of our son. *(Feigning hysterics)* He'll probably never get to see him! *(With a flourish, she leaves, and saunters back over to Pujol, throwing the cash down on the table. He smiles. Federico begins writing a response, as Sarah picks up the next note to read.)*

**FEDERICO.** *(Writing)* "Arabel: it is unnecessary for you to send us the proof..."

**FEDERICO/SARAH.** ... "As we have absolute trust in you..."

**SARAH.** ... "I repeat that we are most satisfied with your collaboration."

**FEDERICO.** "And please don't send me any more letters via your wife." *(Pujol and Araceli smile at each other. Tommy, Desmond, and Sarah just shake their heads, dismayed - and impressed. Sarah looks back at the note.)*

**SARAH.** Oh, the convoy! *(She hands over the note)*

**FEDERICO.** *(Writing)* "Arabel: The convoy from Caernarvon managed to escape us. We sent a group of Italian pilots who - inferior as they are - were subject to infighting, couldn't agree on a direction, and returned home before finding the convoy. Please continue your good work, and we will send German pilots to intercept any future convoys." *(Exits)*

**DESMOND.** But there was no bloody convoy!

**SARAH.** The lucky bloke. *(The activity pauses for a moment while Tommy thinks. Pujol and Araceli pack up their table.)*

**PUJOL.** This is fun, but it is not making a difference of any sort.

**ARACELI.** It will, Juanito. It will. Try the American Embassy. *(Removes necklace)* Here, take this. I have a very good feeling. *(They exit. Lights back to the Snake Pit.)*

**DESMOND.** All the information the Germans CAN verify is accurate. I don't know how he's getting it, but it's accurate.

**SARAH.** And they can't verify the rest, because they don't have any other agents in England.

**DESMOND.** Except for him, or so they think. And he knows that, so he's just making it all up. I doubt anyone in his "network" actually exists.

**TOMMY.** From all this, I can confidently conclude two things: one, the Germans trust him completely, and two, he does not live in England. So,

## REAL FAKES

who is this “Arabel,” and why is he lying? *(His words linger for a moment, and then... AIR RAID! The sirens sound. They dive for cover as the lights dim, go red, and flicker. The bombs are closer this time. After a few tense moments, the planes go away, and the lights come back up. They emerge from their desks.)*

**SARAH.** Whoever he is, I hope he’s on our side. *(Blackout.)*

### **SCENE 6: THE SNAKEPIT**

*Tommy nervously paces back and forth. In the back on easels is a map of the coast of England and France, and a large photograph of about fifty tanks lined up in formation. In the center, the object under the blanket. He checks under the blanket, more of a nervous tic than anything. Finally, Desmond enters in a hurry, wearing a pair of thick glasses.*

**DESMOND.** Tommy? You said you needed me? Why is everything so blurry? *(Tommy removes his glasses for him.)* Sorry. Magnifying glasses so I can read microprint.

**TOMMY.** Have you accidentally walked home with those on?

**DESMOND.** (yes) No...

**TOMMY.** I need to run something by you before I take it to Tar.

**DESMOND.** Okay. Is it this? *(starts to lift the sheet)*

**TOMMY.** No no no! Not yet.

**DESMOND.** Okay! Okay!

**TOMMY.** Okay. Before, just... look at this picture *(He takes him over to the image of the tanks.)*

**DESMOND.** Blimey. How did you get that?

**TOMMY.** It doesn’t matter. How many tanks are there?

**DESMOND.** How did you get this picture? *(Puts his glasses back on and studies the picture.)*

**TOMMY.** How many tanks are there?

**DESMOND.** About fifty. Where in all of England are there fifty tanks not pressed into service?

## REAL FAKES

**TOMMY.** Are they real?

**DESMOND.** Of course they are. *(Tommy moves him to the map and marks Normandy.)*

**TOMMY.** Now, Eisenhower wants to invade France, right? Through Normandy?

**DESMOND.** That's what they tell me.

**TOMMY.** And we need to find a way to keep the Fifteenth Army out of his hair for two days?

**DESMOND.** Which is impossible.

**TOMMY.** Good, so the bar is low.

**DESMOND.** What?

**TOMMY.** Nothing. Alright, imagine: *(He marks CALAIS on the map).* We somehow convince the Germans we're invading Calais instead.

**DESMOND.** What's under the sheet?

**TOMMY.** Stay with me. It'll be impossible to hide an invasion force for Normandy, right? They'll absolutely see it coming and Normandy will be reinforced with everything they got, right?

**DESMOND.** Yes, and the Fifteenth Army there waiting for them.

**TOMMY.** Imagine the Fifteenth Army waiting at Calais instead.

**DESMOND.** How do you propose?

**TOMMY.** *(smiling)* By engaging in a bunch of dirty tricks not suited for gentlemen. *(He removes the sheet to reveal a model of an inflatable tank.)* What do you think?

**DESMOND.** *(removes his glasses, not totally impressed)* It's a balloon.

**TOMMY.** Yeah! Look, it's how I got fifty tanks! They're inflatable! They're made of canvas!

**DESMOND.** Are you hoping the Germans don't have bows and arrows?

**TOMMY.** *(with overwhelming excitement)* Right across the bay from Calais we stage a fake invasionary force - hundreds of "tanks," "airplanes," barracks full of troops. Yes, from the ground, they're flimsy balloons, but the Germans conduct their reconnaissance from the sky! Look at the photo! *(Desmond says nothing.)* We can't hide Normandy. Through deception, we convince the Germans that Normandy is the diversion for Calais - that the real, more massive invasion is in Calais.

## REAL FAKES

Don't send your troops to Normandy, keep the Fifteenth Army on standby in Calais! *(Tommy, out of breath from excitement, waits for Desmond's response.)*

**DESMOND.** This is brilliant.

**TOMMY.** Thank you.

**DESMOND.** A true feat of the imagination.

**TOMMY.** Thank you.

**DESMOND.** Which is why Tar will never go for it. *(Dejected, Tommy slumps away.)* This is exactly what we need right now, it's just... wars aren't fought with imagination, they're fought with guns.

**TOMMY.** Is there another commander? We could reach out to him, get us moved...

**DESMOND.** Tommy-

**TOMMY.** Colonel Strangeways! He loves this sort of thing. I'll send him a letter.

**DESMOND.** Don't do it.

**TOMMY.** Can we do it without Robinson? Let's do it without him. Let's just go! We don't need permission, we just need it to work!

**DESMOND.** I've seen that look in your eye when you try to stick it to Colonel Robinson. You're gonna wind up at the front, Tommy.

**TOMMY.** *(abruptly changes tone - from a racing mind to very somber)* I could never hold a gun, Desmond.

**DESMOND.** Nor could I.

**TOMMY.** I'm an art dealer and they didn't know what to do with me and that's why I'm down here.

**DESMOND.** I enlisted. I was getting on the ship to France when I saw them unloading wounded from Dunkirk.

**TOMMY.** When I showed you the photo you thought they were real. *(beat)* Imagine if Eisenhower invades Normandy and the entire Fifteenth Army is there to greet him. We can keep boys from getting killed. We can keep battles from ever being fought! "The Invasion of Calais: The most famous battle that was never fought."

**DESMOND.** *(ponders for a moment)* You're good at this, Tommy, but he's not ready for it. It's like a Picasso.

## REAL FAKES

**TOMMY.** People hated Picasso when he started.

**DESMOND.** Keep the Fifteenth Army out of Normandy for two days?

Wait until he needs it and he knows he needs it. *(Sarah enters with a note.)*

**SARAH.** Pardon me, the Yanks in Lisbon say a Spaniard walked in a while back claiming to be a phony German Spy and wants to offer his services. *(Tommy and Desmond look at each other.)*

**TOMMY/DESMOND.** Arabel. *(Continuous:)*

### **SCENE 7: THE SNAKEPIT - INTERROGATION**

*The lights dim. A single light now illuminates over an interrogation table. PUJOL sits at the table, holding Araceli's necklace, and finishing up a plate of eggs and bacon. DESMOND enters.*

**DESMOND.** Hola, Señor. Señor Pujol, is it?

**PUJOL.** Juan Pujol Garcia. Who do you think I am?

**DESMOND.** That's what I'm here to find out. I'm "Captain Richards." Enjoying your breakfast?

**PUJOL.** Si. I haven't seen bacon since 1936.

**DESMOND.** We'll get you some more. *(He studies Pujol, then begins. Pujol thoroughly enjoys the interaction.)* In June of 1941, you write to Madrid about a convoy of ships leaving Southampton.

**PUJOL.** No, it was October, and it was Caernarvon.

**DESMOND.** Yes, that's correct. My apologies for the mistake. Who's your contact in Madrid?

**PUJOL.** An Abwehr agent named Federico.

**DESMOND.** When did you meet him? And how?

**PUJOL.** January, 1941. I offered my services to you, the British, you say no. So I go to the German Embassy and start there. Federico was the person they assigned to meet with me.

**DESMOND.** How many times did you approach the British?

**PUJOL.** Five times. Every time, you say "no."

**DESMOND.** Let's go back to Caernarvon, you first mention this convoy in September-

## REAL FAKES

**PUJOL.** October.

**DESMOND.** October, yes. How do you come up with these details without living in England?

**PUJOL.** Tourist shops in Lisbon have maps, railway tables, newspapers. I go to see a movie, they play a newsreel with four seconds of footage of a warship, so I run out of the theater and draw it from memory as best I can. I use that in my next letter. The Abwehr needs evidence, you see.

**DESMOND.** Who's your courier?

**PUJOL.** A pilot from KLM Airlines. He flies the diplomatic route from London to Lisbon.

**DESMOND.** Is your KLM pilot a real person?

**PUJOL.** To the Germans. To my mind. *(Desmond gestures frustration)* But no, he is not real.

**DESMOND.** How many agents do you purport to have?

**PUJOL.** Six. The pilot, an RAF officer, an official in the Ministry of Information, a censor at the Ministry, and then my mistress, a secretary at the War Ministry.

**DESMOND.** That's five.

**PUJOL.** Then there's Carlos. My protégée. A Venezuelan university student.

**DESMOND.** Your protégée?

**PUJOL.** Si. He has his own network.

**DESMOND.** *(smiles)* What are your orders?

**PUJOL.** "In what stage of construction is the aircraft carrier Indefatigable?" "What is thought of the possibilities of success of a German Invasion? What measures are being taken against such an eventuality?"

**DESMOND.** Why does Federico trust you?

**PUJOL.** *(leans back and smiles)* Why do you trust me?

**DESMOND.** I'm not sure I do. My job is to believe you're the enemy until the evidence proves me otherwise.

**PUJOL.** Which is why every time you mention the convoy you get the date wrong. *(Desmond smiles)* You know the dates.

**DESMOND.** I know everything. *(beat)* Why do you want to be a spy?

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**PUJOL.** I hate Hitler. He's a madman.

**DESMOND.** Everyone hates Hitler.

**PUJOL.** Not the Germans.

**DESMOND.** Well... *(Desmond smiles, but still doesn't give much away. Pujol senses this.)*

**PUJOL.** You know I have a wife? Children? I ran a hotel in Madrid. The best! The nobility clamored for a room! *(beat)* And here I am.

**DESMOND.** *(skeptical)* Fighting the good fight?

**PUJOL.** I fought for liberty in the Spanish Civil War.

**DESMOND.** Your side lost.

**PUJOL.** Did you fight?

**DESMOND.** *(deflecting the question)* I was in the army... for a bit.

*(Character note on Desmond: On the outbreak of WWII, Desmond excitedly enlisted, went through training, ready to fight. As he was boarding a ship to go to Europe, he saw a hospital ship unloading wounded soldiers from Dunkirk, and knew he couldn't fight. He arranged for a transfer into Intelligence.)*

**PUJOL.** *(Sound effects of guns and screams play as Pujol tells his story. If possible, lighting effects as well. Casting considerations dictate whether this could be played out with actors up to the director's discretion.)* My brother, Joaquín. A year ago, he traveled to France. Despite everything, it's still a beautiful country. And the French hate the Germans as much as we do, so... anyway, he walks down a street and down the block he hears screams. He stops, and listens. The screams of terrified men, women, children. And the guns, Walther PPKs, I'm told, have a unique sound when they're fired. They bark. He heard the PPKs bark... and then the screaming stopped. It wasn't the screams that terrified him, it was the silence. When Joaquín told me the story, I decided to fight back against Hitler, no matter the cost.

**DESMOND.** *(sizes him up)* What we do is we take the enemy's nagging fears, the questions that bother them in the back of their mind, their irrational fears. Then we show them just enough evidence that their fear

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becomes their reality. They believe it's true. The questions they ask us reveal as much about their plans as anything else.

**PUJOL.** Will my network be useful to you?

**DESMOND.** From now on, maintaining your cover is the most important thing you will do. You're the German's only man in England. *(Stands, and leads Pujol offstage.)* Sir, right over this way is all the bacon you can eat. Don't worry about your family, we'll make arrangements to bring them to London. My name is Desmond Bristow, by the way. *(With a smile, Pujol exits. Tommy enters.)*

**TOMMY.** What do you think?

**DESMOND.** There's no doubt he's Arabel. What I still don't understand is, he's such a simple-minded dreamer, and yet he fooled the best minds in the Abwehr into trusting him completely.

**TOMMY.** He'll need a code name.

**DESMOND.** We can't keep calling him Arabel here.

**TOMMY.** "Garbo." She's the best actress in the world.

**DESMOND.** *(a warning)* He's a Picasso.

**TOMMY.** He'll fit right in.

**DESMOND.** Welcome to British Intelligence, Agent Garbo. *(Blackout.)*

## **SCENE 8: THE SNAKEPIT**

*Old Araceli walks Elizabeth through her memories - they're in the Snake Pit set, but it's all Araceli's memory. Now in the Snake Pit is a large board with seven hand-drawn "headshots" depicting Garbo's network - all labeled #1, #2, #3, etc. They all have lines connecting them to various sub-agents, #1A, #1B, etc.*

**OLD ARACELI.** From that moment on, everything was out of his control. British Intelligence took over his network, *(points to board)* expanded on it, built it. They took what he started and built the Garbo character, and used him to hide the invasion of North Africa. *(She points to #3 - Carlos, proudly)* But this, this was us. Number Three, Carlos, and his

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network. Giving the informants a network of their own protected him. If Agent 3C was wrong, it was Carlos' fault, not Juanito's.

**ELIZABETH.** I've been told they all had handwriting doubles.

**OLD ARACELI.** Yes. These informants were all figments of Juanito's imagination, but the handwriting needed to be from real people.

**ELIZABETH.** Do you have a phone I could use real quick? *(Old Araceli points to the corner, Elizabeth heads off to make a call.)*

**ELIZABETH.** *(to phone)* Yeah, it's me. I've been with her all day. She's lying about everything, and I think the reason why might be an interesting part of the story. I'm gonna stay with her a bit longer. *(She hangs up and goes back.)* What did you do the whole time?

**OLD ARACELI.** Life was great. They got to be here, making up stories to build up Garbo and hide the invasion of North Africa, and I got to live in London! I've always loved traveling the world. *(Tommy, Sarah, and Pujol enter and begin getting to work.)*

**ELIZABETH.** What did you think of Tommy Harris?

**OLD ARACELI.** He was an unpredictable madman, *(sighs)* and they were perfect for each other. *(Old Araceli and Elizabeth exit. The lights go up. They're working overtime in the Snake Pit.)*

**SARAH.** Why is Hitler asking about bread?

**TOMMY.** You're the analyst.

**PUJOL.** Hitler is asking about bread?

**TOMMY.** Don't worry about it.

**PUJOL.** That is very strange, do you think?

**TOMMY.** Don't worry about it!

**ROBINSON.** *(enters with a thick binder of information)* Tommy, a word? *(They move aside.)* Why is he still here?

**TOMMY.** Pujol?

**ROBINSON.** Yes, Pujol.

**TOMMY.** He's a valuable asset. He's the only one we've got with a direct connection to the Abwehr.

**ROBINSON.** He's a foreign national with direct access to our most secret intelligence.

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**TOMMY.** He's the Abwehr's only contact in London, and he feeds them whatever we want. How is that not useful?

**ROBINSON.** You do it through letters. Write the letters yourself, and keep him out of the building.

**TOMMY.** He invented this whole thing. No one can keep track of the details like he can.

**ROBINSON.** You must, because he's no longer allowed in here.

**TOMMY.** Colonel-

**ROBINSON.** That's an order!

**TOMMY.** The Luftwaffe stopped harassing our diplomatic flights because he told them to.

**ROBINSON.** What?

**TOMMY.** After that flight was shot down, he wrote Federico an angry letter because his courier could have been the one flying that plane.

**ROBINSON.** His courier... the fake KLM pilot?

**TOMMY.** Precisely. And after that, they stopped harassing our flights.  
*(Robinson sighs, heavily.)*

**TOMMY.** His imagination is more powerful than any bomb in your arsenal.

**ROBINSON.** I'm not comfortable with this.

**TOMMY.** No one in Britain is allowed to be comfortable right now.  
*(Bomb noises in the distance. The lights flicker.)* We can stop all of this.

**ROBINSON.** Prove it. *(Robinson turns back to the group, dropping the binder on the table with frustration.)* In a year or so, Eisenhower will invade Normandy. The entire plan rests on us keeping the German 15th Army away from Normandy for two days. Work on building Garbo's cover, and then tell me how we're going to do it.

**TOMMY.** You're letting us in?

**ROBINSON.** *(pointing to Pujol)* Depends on how much they believe him.  
*(With a huff, Robinson exits. The group looks to Tommy for guidance. After a moment, Tommy gives a wide smile.)*

**TOMMY.** Build his cover! He just gave us permission to use every dirty trick we've ever thought of. *(pats Pujol on the shoulder)* And some we haven't yet. *(Tommy moves to a map of Northern Africa.)* Right now, we

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have troops building up to an invasion in North Africa. *(He pulls a binder off a shelf or his desk.)* Here's the invasion plan. Bishop, how do we use this? Analyze.

**SARAH.** We can't tell them about the invasion.

**TOMMY.** That would be illegal.

**SARAH.** It's "connect the dots." We need to give them dots they can't connect... until after the invasion.

**TOMMY.** And after the invasion, they'll see how their star Arabel saw everything, and they just couldn't put it together.

**PUJOL.** This is where I help.

**TOMMY.** Yes. Who are the informants we've got?

**SARAH.** *(heads to the board on the back wall.)* Number One, the pilot.

**TOMMY.** Number Two, William Gerbers.

**PUJOL.** Number Three, Carlos.

**TOMMY.** *(thinking aloud)* Yes, yes. We have all of them. But we need a big fish. A really big fish. Someone on the inside.

**PUJOL.** Someone at the Ministry of War.

**TOMMY.** Too high. Too tight-lipped.

**SARAH.** The Ministry of Information?

**TOMMY.** People who like to talk! Not bad, Analyst Bishop. Put him up, Number Seven. *(Sarah starts hanging a sign for "Number Seven.")*

**PUJOL.** If it is the Spanish sector, I could work as a translator.

**TOMMY.** Go on. *(As Pujol narrates, he and Tommy "re-enact" the recruitment of "Number Seven," played by Tommy.)*

**PUJOL.** I would learn about him as I work.

**TOMMY.** Señor Lopez, you've completed the translations of the reports I sent you?

**PUJOL.** Si, señor. It reminds me of the days in Spain before Franco.

**TOMMY.** Ah, Franco. That pendejo. *(dumbass)*

**PUJOL.** *(taken aback, impressed)* Very good, Tommy.

**TOMMY.** I'm half Spanish. *(acting again)* Señor Lopez, join me for a drink, while we reminisce of the good days in Spain, before the war, and before Franco? *(Sarah writes "Ministry Informant" under "Number Seven." Pujol begins writing a letter to Federico.)*

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**PUJOL.** *(writing)* "Dear Federico. I have met with my compatriota at the ministry many times. He is suited for the passing of high-grade information of a political or strategic nature." *(Lights up on Federico at his desk.)*

**FEDERICO.** "Arabel: Excellent work in securing your source. Take extra precaution to ensure he does not suspect you are an informant for us. Retain his trust." *(The Snakepit group chuckles.)* "Reports unclear in pointing to potential invasion in Norway, France, or Dakar. Your analysis is requested."

**TOMMY.** He asked for your analysis?

**PUJOL.** Si? *(Tommy contemplatively pauses for a moment, and then waves it off.)*

*(Note: It was very unusual for the Germans to ask their informants for an analysis. They strictly asked for information, and Berlin did the analysis. Asking Pujol for analysis indicated an unusual level of trust in him.)*

**TOMMY.** You can't tell him.

**PUJOL.** Excuse?

**TOMMY.** Like Bishop said, we give them the dots. We don't tell them how they connect.

**PUJOL.** But he is asking?

**TOMMY.** Every time you're wrong, you lose their trust. They need to be the ones who misunderstand the clues, not you. *(Tense silence for a moment.)*

**TOMMY.** Come on, chaps - have some fun! *(Tommy grabs Sarah and they start dancing!)*

**SARAH.** Oh, my!

**TOMMY.** *(playfully)* What good is tricking Nazis if you have no one to share it with?

**SARAH.** You have Juan.

**TOMMY.** He's Spanish.

**PUJOL.** I am Spanish.

**TOMMY.** See? No fun.

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**SARAH.** You're Spanish.

**TOMMY.** Also half Jewish.

**SARAH.** You're Jewish?

**TOMMY.** Half Jewish. But don't worry, I hate Hitler all the way. *(He spins her.)*

**SARAH.** Whoo!

**PUJOL.** We have a problem with agent number two.

**TOMMY.** *(Still having fun with Sarah)* Hmm?

**PUJOL.** The invasion force for Africa. Where would they leave from?

**TOMMY.** *(spins out Sarah)* Southampton. *(comes to a realization)* Shit. *(As Sarah spins back, a distracted Tommy is no longer there to catch her, and she barely catches herself from falling.)*

**TOMMY.** Hmmm. He would see the invasion force. *(Goes to analyze the board)*

**PUJOL.** Si.

**TOMMY.** *(Sighs, thinks for a moment, comes up with an idea)* Kill him. *(Pujol gets a devious smile, and gets to work writing.)*

**SARAH.** Wait, what?

**TOMMY.** There's no good reason for him to miss the invasion force. So, to protect our cover, William Gerbers must die.

**PUJOL.** *(Writing)* "In my last interaction with Number Two, I was right to be concerned for his health. His cough was worsening until he was bedridden. His wife found me, and we were unable to get him to a hospital before he passed." *(He hands the letter off to Tommy, who is doing some writing of his own.)*

**SARAH.** *(a bit dismayed)* Well, I'll let his handwriting double know.

**TOMMY.** He'll be crushed, I'm sure. Good news is, we can replace him with other recruits.

**PUJOL.** None in Southampton, of course.

**SARAH.** It's like watching the minds of madmen.

**DESMOND.** *(Bursts through the door)* Tommy! Tommy! *(nods politely)* Miss Bishop. *(frantic)* Tommy, they're killing spies.

**TOMMY.** What?

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**DESMOND.** Intel from Germany. In the last week, the Abwehr has uncovered and executed two double agents. *(They all turn towards Pujol, deeply concerned. He analyzes the situation.)*

**SARAH.** I think I know why Hitler's asking about bread. *(They turn toward her.)* If the Germans invade England, Hitler wants to know if he can feed his army.

**TOMMY.** And if they invade England... *(They turn toward Pujol again.)*

**DESMOND.** Shit.

**TOMMY.** What?

**DESMOND.** From this morning's intelligence bundle. *(Desmond hands a note over to Tommy, who reads it.)*

**TOMMY.** It's from Federico. He wants to know if you can get a gas mask. *(After a few somber moments, Tommy puts his hand on Pujol's shoulder.)* We all have your back, Juan.

**PUJOL.** Our work is what protects each other.

**TOMMY.** Right. Juan, you wrote a letter to your cousin yesterday. Where is it? *(Pujol goes to a pile of papers and pulls one out.)*

**DESMOND.** To his cousin?

**SARAH.** We wrote a few decoy letters, so that we can write to Federico with invisible ink between the lines.

**TOMMY.** Give it to me. *(Pujol hands the letter over. Tommy takes out five small bottles of liquid and a small brush, like a paint brush.)*

**TOMMY.** Miss Bishop, it's time for you to learn the art of combing a letter. *(They all watch closely.)* With reagents on the brush, we try to reveal any secret messages in invisible ink. *(He brushes the letter carefully, then dips the brush in a different bottle and does it again.)* We have five known reagents. In the build up to an invasion, British censors comb every piece of mail leaving the country. *(He hands the letter to Sarah.)* What'll the Germans think, Miss Bishop?

**SARAH.** They'll know something's up.

**TOMMY.** And?

**SARAH.** They'll want to know what.

**TOMMY.** And?

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**SARAH.** Information they ask for is automatically more valuable than information we just give them.

**TOMMY.** And for the pièce de résistance... When they ask, we give them this. *(He grabs the invasion plan binder and throws it down on the desk.)*

**DESMOND/SARAH.** The invasion plan???

**DESMOND.** Tommy, it's illegal to give them information that could put troops in harms way.

**SARAH.** And also, it puts troops in harms way.

**TOMMY.** I know. We won't do that!

**DESMOND.** Then what? *(He waits for an answer.)*

**TOMMY.** Really? Use a little imagination.

**PUJOL.** We make sure it is delayed in the mail. He will not get it until the invasion is over.

**DESMOND.** You're a madman, Tommy Harris. Brilliantly mad.

**TOMMY.** When they get this, they'll know one thing: Arabel saw it coming. No harm, no foul, only victory. *(Tommy grabs the pile of letters)* Derry, give this to one of the handwriting doubles upstairs. Juan, make up something to send Federico. It can be anything. Mundane. Training exercises on driving jeeps in sand. *(Pujol starts writing. Sarah gets to work going through the invasion binder.)* Oh, and publish this death notice in the papers.

**DESMOND.** *(reading)* "William Gerbers?"

**TOMMY.** One of Garbo's people. *(turns away to work.)*

**DESMOND.** One of Garbo's people?

**TOMMY.** Yes.

**DESMOND.** One of Agent Garbo's fake informants... has died?

**TOMMY.** Yes.

**DESMOND.** "Private ceremony, no flowers please." Unbelievable. *(Sarah draws a big X over #2's face. Desmond shakes his head and sighs as he walks out of the room.)*

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### SCENE 9: PUJOL'S LONDON APARTMENT

*Araceli paces around the couch, with a notepad and pieces of paper dropped around her. She paces, writing, thinking and writing some more. Pujol enters.*

**ARACELI.** Juanito! *(They kiss.)* Don't say anything. I've been working all day on a storyline for Carlos.

**PUJOL.** Por que?

**ARACELI.** Now that we're here, it opens up so many more possibilities! It'll build his cover, it'll build your cover, it's perfect! Sit! Sit, sit, sit! *(Overwhelmed, Pujol follows her orders and sits at attention on the couch.)* Carlos. University student. Venezuelan anti-communist sympathizer. Are you ready?

**PUJOL.** Si, I am ready.

**ARACELI.** *(bursting with excitement)* I... ooooh, this is a good one. You sure you're ready?

**PUJOL.** You seem like you do not want to tell me.

**ARACELI.** Alright! Get him arrested.

**PUJOL.** *(A brief pause as his "wheels" turn. Then, he jumps into action.)* I can do that! *(Araceli erupts into a celebration, and they kiss! The scene builds to true giddiness.)*

**ARACELI.** You see how that builds his cover?

**PUJOL.** And mine, too.

**ARACELI.** In Lisbon, we were just playing. But now, we can make everything official!

**PUJOL.** Tommy can have the arrest records made!

**ARACELI.** We can make sure the Germans find them!

**PUJOL.** From someone besides me.

**ARACELI.** Of course! And then you can be the one to secure his release!

**PUJOL.** It would be even better if the Germans were the ones to tell ME about his arrest!

**ARACELI.** Si! Si, si! That just leaves, what was he arrested for?

**PUJOL.** We will work with Tommy on that. He will know.

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**ARACELI.** *(Takes another look at her notes, disappointed but trying to hide it)* Sure. Si, Tommy will know. *(Pause. Pujol looks longingly at Araceli. She smiles.)* What?

**PUJOL.** I miss doing this with you. I am sorry you cannot come to the office. *(They sit.)*

**ARACELI.** I'm here. I'm in London. The food's not great and it's rationed, but I'm here. And we can do this.

**PUJOL.** *(romantic)* I like this.

**ARACELI.** I do, too. *(They slowly lean in for a kiss, when suddenly... SMASH! The door slams open. ROBINSON enters abruptly, disturbing their moment as they're jolted apart.)*

**ROBINSON.** *(holds his gun at the ready.)* Don't move!

**ARACELI.** What's going on? *(Pujol holds her on the couch.)*

**ROBINSON.** Your children?

**PUJOL.** In the bedroom. *(The phone rings as Robinson heads toward it, as if he were expecting it to ring. He picks it up.)*

**ROBINSON.** *(to phone)* They're secure... we have an agent posted downstairs... you can reach me here, let me know when secure transportation is ready. *(He hangs up. As Pujol stands to meet him, he motions for Araceli to stay on the couch.)*

**PUJOL.** Colonel Robinson?

**ARACELI.** You're Colonel Robinson?

**ROBINSON.** I... *(suddenly slightly embarrassed)* Sorry to have to meet you this way. *(starts checking windows)* We intercepted a communication to Berlin through Madrid, someone claiming to know the identity of a German double-agent in London. *(As Robinson continues checking the security of the apartment, Pujol sits down on the couch with Araceli and holds her hand.)* We've tracked who it came from and we're sending someone to apprehend him. Until we know for sure what he knows and if he's legitimate, we're sending Araceli and the children to a safehouse.

**ARACELI.** What about Juan?

**ROBINSON.** Our office is the best place for him right now.

**ARACELI.** No!

**PUJOL.** Aracelita...

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**ARACELI.** No! Right here, with his family, this is the best place.

**PUJOL.** Aracelita, do what he tells us.

**ARACELI.** I just got here! You kept us apart for months. Juan and I... we work together. We started this together. We're one mind. I can deal with the shit rations you give us. I can deal with living in a city where I don't know anyone. *(grabs Pujol's hand)* But we work together. Some *poco hombre* writes a letter and you expect us to be apart again?

**PUJOL.** *(to Robinson)* Did he mention my name in the letter?

**ROBINSON.** *(very serious)* A German double-agent in London? He doesn't need to say your name for them to know it's you. *(Pujol comes to the realization of what he needs to do. He slowly pulls away from Araceli's hand. The phone rings. Robinson answers.)*

**ROBINSON.** *(to phone)* Robinson? Thank you. *(to Pujol)* The car is ready.

**ARACELI.** Juanito?

**ROBINSON.** Juan, if any of these letters made it through, they have people coming for you right now.

**PUJOL.** *(To Araceli)* Take the children, get in the car, go to the safehouse. *(Slowly, she nods, removes her necklace, and places it in Pujol's hand. Without a word, she withdraws to the bedroom.)*

**PUJOL.** *(to Robinson)* Am I doing enough?

**ROBINSON.** Every war's the same story: people get captured, people die, people leave their families and never see them again. *(Pujol inhales, and looks toward the bedroom. Blackout.)*

## END ACT I

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS—  
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