

# MR AND MRS SHULTZ

*By*

**ALEX JONES**

© December 2009

Following the defeat of Germany in 1945, South America furtively provides a safe haven for escaping Nazis and their loot. High in the remote and beautiful Argentinean mountains, Hanna a German ex-patriot plays host to Mr. Schultz a new houseguest and his attractive new companion Lotte Shultz, a dizzy self-absorbed blonde woman.

As the days pass, their disturbing story begins to unfold and the past tightens its grip on the fugitive present. Oscar Shultz is seemingly a former SS officer and Hanna, the widow of a German soldier who has herself taken part in infamous medical experiments on concentration camp victims.

But all is not quite as it seems, and as time moves on it becomes clear that the charismatic Mr. Schultz harbours a much darker secret that results in him meeting his nemesis and the revenge of 6 million people.

**SYNOPSIS & SAMPLE SCENES  
FOR MORE PLAYS VISIT:  
ALEX-JONES.ORG**

## **CHARACTERS**

OSCAR SHULTZ - 57 YEARS OLD

LOTTE SHULTZ - 34 YEARS OLD

HANNAH RICHTER - EARLY TWENTIES

## ACT 1

## SCENE 1

*A comfortable upstairs room in a mountaintop cottage. The furniture is plain, but homely; it has a touch of Spanish rural about it. There is a bed, a dresser with plates, cups, etc, a table with a pretty lace tablecloth and chairs. There are two doors: one to the hallway and stairs, and the other to a toilet area. There is a window with a view of the nearby Andean mountains. It is early morning. The door opens and Hanna enters carrying a couple of cases, followed by Lotte, who is carrying a small vanity case with her make-up, etc.*

HANNA           Ésta es tu habitación. Espero que te guste.

LOTTE           Si... ésta muy bien.

*HANNA puts the cases down and begins to show Lotte around the room. She opens the door to the toilet area.*

HANNA           Aquí ésta el cuanto de Baño.

LOTTE           El... Baño...? Oh, *el Baño* - si!

HANNA           Me entiendes?

LOTTE           Si, el Baño, si!

HANNA           Quiere que continue en Español?

LOTTE           Si - en Español.

*OSCAR enters carrying a case. He stands in the doorway, watching, wearily.*

HANNA           Hay posupuesto lavabo y una pica para lavante las manos. Tenemos una baneua abajo, y puedo proporcionarte agua caliente cuando quieras.

LOTTE           Que..? Er... no te entiendo muy bien.

HANNA           Agua - agua caliente.

OSCAR           For God sake, Lotte speak German or this'll take forever.

LOTTE           But we need to practice, Oscar, or we'll never get to grips with it.

OSCAR           Well practice later then; I'm exhausted. Let's just get settled in shall we?

HANNA           I was just saying, Mr... er... oh sorry, I...

OSCAR           *Schultz*, Mr and Mrs *Schultz*.

HANNA           Of course, *Schultz*. I was told, but this has all come about so quickly.

OSCAR           No matter. You don't have to apologise; we're glad to be here and thank you for your kindness... Now I'm at a loss - what's your name, dear?

HANNA           Hanna - Hanna Richter; please call me Hanna.

LOTTE           We're Oscar and Lotte... that's all right, isn't it Oscar? I mean you don't mind?

OSCAR We have to spend some time together, so why not be familiar? Of course - you may call me Oscar if you wish.

HANNA Thank you. I was explaining to your wife that there's a lavatory through here and a hand basin, but the bath's downstairs. When you want to use it let me know and I'll light the boiler.

LOTTE Thank you, Hanna, that's very kind of you... *gracias (little laugh)*.

HANNA *(Smiles)* De nada... I've got a phrase book if you want to brush up?

LOTTE I have one with me. We've been practicing, haven't we Oscar?

OSCAR *(Sighs)* Yes.

HANNA Well practice makes perfect. It's not a difficult language; you'll soon pick it up. I've been here less than a year and I'm more or less fluent.

OSCAR So we heard.

HANNA I'm sorry, I'm going on.

LOTTE My husband's a little tired and doesn't feel too good I'm afraid.

HANNA Oh, I'm sorry. What's the matter?

OSCAR Lotte, please...

LOTTE He has toothache.

OSCAR It's nothing.

LOTTE It's been driving you mad.

OSCAR It's toothache, that's what toothache does. As soon as we reach our next destination I'll arrange to see a dentist.

LOTTE Perhaps there's one nearby?

OSCAR Don't talk such nonsense. We can't risk calling on local people.

HANNA Mr Schultz is right; you mustn't talk to anyone in the village. It's enough that there's one German here as it is. They're simple folk, and on the whole quite friendly. But there's spies all over the place.

OSCAR They'll be Jews, I'll bet!

HANNA And Americans... so I'm told.

*Pause.*

*(Smiles)* But you're safe here, and as soon as I get the signal you'll be moved to somewhere with a little more civilization. Although the countryside around here's amazing; the mountains can be quite breathtaking... I'm going on again.

LOTTE No, no, you're right. Everything's so bright here, the sky's so blue; I've never seen such a blue sky. The scenery is spectacular, isn't it, Oscar?

OSCAR A mountain's a mountain, they all look the same to me.

*OSCAR sits on the bed, tired and obviously in some pain.*

HANNA I'm neglecting you. You're in pain I can see; I'll get you something for your

toothache.

OSCAR It doesn't matter, really.

HANNA No, no; give me a minute -

*HANNA exits. Pause.*

LOTTE Well... it's not so bad, is it?

OSCAR It'll do fine.

LOTTE *(Looking out of the window)* The mountains *are* beautiful. Look at the sky; don't you think it's so very blue?

OSCAR What are we doing here?

LOTTE Where else should we go?

OSCAR How are we to live here?

LOTTE We are alive... that's enough for now.

OSCAR Is it?

LOTTE Argentina's a big place; there's lots more to it than we've seen already. And the Mayerhoff's Villa - *what a place!* And all full of our people, too.

OSCAR Not for long, we have to scatter, run like rats, hide under rocks.

LOTTE Well I'm happy to hide under a rock for a while. I'm just glad to be breathing still... and I'm glad to be with you... *(Smiles)* We'll make a home here, you see.

OSCAR If you say so.

LOTTE I do... She's nice, isn't she, Hanna?

OSCAR I have no idea.

LOTTE I like her; she has a nice smile.

OSCAR *(Small laugh)* *A nice smile!* Is that all it takes for you to like someone?

LOTTE It's a start.

*HANNA appears at the door with a tray of medicine.*

HANNA Here we are - some medicine for you.

OSCAR What is it?

HANNA These are painkillers, and here's some oil of cloves - rub a few drops on your infected gum.

LOTTE Thank you, Hanna. That's very kind of you isn't it, Oscar?

OSCAR Thank you.

HANNA Here, take a couple of these just now and again after dinner tonight. They'll help you sleep, too.

LOTTE He could do with a good night's sleep. He hasn't slept well for some time.

*OSCAR swallows the tablets with some water, and*

*then begins to rub the oil of cloves on his gums.*

HANNA Hardly surprising. You must have had a terrible time of it. How did you escape Germany?

OSCAR We're here, that's all you need to know.

HANNA Of course, I'm sorry, Mr Schultz I didn't mean to pry... I'm sorry.

LOTTE He's tired.

*OSCAR throws LOTTE a look.*

OSCAR We have to be careful, you understand?

HANNA Of course.

OSCAR We've only just met you. I'm sure that you're a faithful servant of the Fatherland; but even so we're all fugitives now, and so why say any more than we have to?

HANNA Of course.

OSCAR *(Sighs)* Ah - *that is good!* Some relief at last. Toothache is such a nagging pain. Thank you my dear.

HANNA I'm happy to help any soldier of The Reich - *Heil Hitler!*

*Pause.*

OSCAR Those days are done with now, Miss Richter. Hitler's dead, thank God and now we can begin to put the past behind us.

HANNA But surely...

OSCAR The war's over and we lost. That's all there is to it.

HANNA The German people will rise again.

OSCAR Germany's in ruins, or perhaps you didn't know? Someone should have put a bullet through his crazy head. We have a defeated Germany more ruined than the previous war. He was a raving lunatic and should at the very least have been locked in an asylum for the criminally insane; may he rot in hell for what he did. That my dear is what I think of Hitler!

*Pause.*

HANNA *(With dignity, almost tearful)* He is still my führer!

*HANNA exits.*

LOTTE Are you all right?

OSCAR How can I ever be all right? How can any of us? It's such a mess; such a terrible, terrible mess - what am I to do?

*OSCAR begins to cry. LOTTE embraces him. He clings to her.*

LOTTE We'll get through it... I know we will. Things change, so we change. But in the end all will be fine.

*Music. Lights fade to blackout.*

**SCENE 2**

*The next day. LOTTE is alone at the table, reading her Spanish phrase book and practicing.*

LOTTE Una bottella de vino tinto, por-favor... Quisiera... una botella de vino tinto, y... un poco de fruta... er, some fruit... yes... poco de fruta - *por-favor!*

*Hanna enters with a tray of coffee and some cakes,*

HANNA Good morning, Mrs Schultz; I've brought you some coffee... Oh, where's Mr Schultz?

LOTTE He's popped outside to stretch his legs. He won't be long. Thanks for the coffee... oh, cakes too!

HANNA My pleasure. Still practicing the Spanish?

LOTTE Yes, I'm determined to at least have the basics before we move on.

HANNA (*Pouring coffee*) Do you take milk, Mrs Schultz?

LOTTE Si - cafe con leche, por-favor.

HANNA Very good - muy beuno! Una cafe con leche. Quiere azucar?

LOTTE Er..?

HANNA Do you take sugar?

LOTTE Oh, yes please - just one.

*Hanna makes her coffee.*

HANNA Did you sleep well?

LOTTE Out like a light, Oscar too. Your tablets seemed to do the trick.

HANNA Oh good, and how is Mr Schultz' toothache now?

LOTTE Much better I think.

*LOTTE sips the coffee.*

Oh this coffee's good.

HANNA The coffee's always good here.

LOTTE *Mmm... lovely.*

*Pause.*

HANNA Well... I suppose I'd better...

LOTTE Oh no, please don't go yet. Stay and talk for a while. I haven't had any female company for absolutely ages.

HANNA All right, that would be nice.

*HANNA sits at the table.*

I'm sorry about yesterday. I didn't mean to upset your husband.

LOTTE He can be... It's very difficult for him. Sometimes he can't help blurting out

things... we're strangers in a strange country, and the war, well -

HANNA

The war, yes.

LOTTE

I haven't really talked about it to anyone yet. I don't know what to think... I mean it's all a bit of a mess, isn't it?

HANNA

*(Laughs)* I think that's putting it mildly.

LOTTE

I didn't expect to end up here. I don't know anything about Argentina; I don't know what the people are like, how to speak the language.

HANNA

You're learning.

LOTTE

I feel so homesick, I really do.

HANNA

I know. I miss Germany, too.

LOTTE

Have you traveled much around this country? It can't all be farms and mountains, can it?

HANNA

*(Laughs)* Of course not; Buenos-Aires is a really exciting city - there's loads of us there already.

LOTTE

Really? Is it anything like Berlin?

HANNA

It has a certain decadence about it if that's what you mean. The Yacht Club's the place to be I'm told.

LOTTE

Oh we must go! What are the women wearing?

HANNA

Much the same as us. Although I'd say it's more low-cut this season, very risqué, very tight, too; pencil skirts, that sort of thing.

LOTTE

I don't have anything half-decent with me. Three or four dresses that might just be acceptable. I can't wait to go shopping again.

HANNA

*(Smiles)* You'll be spoilt for choice.

LOTTE

I told Oscar we'd be fine here. I put a brave face on for him; but I do so want to be happy now. I just want to put everything behind me.

HANNA

He's a lot older than you, Mr Schultz.

LOTTE

Do I seem ridiculous to you?

HANNA

No, not at all, of course not; I was just being observant.

LOTTE

People mistake him for my father. *(Laughs)* It makes him so angry; I have to explain - he can barely speak. But we're... you know - he's a remarkable man when you get to know him.

*OSCAR appears at the door.*

OSCAR

Can I smell coffee?

LOTTE

Oh, there you are! Did you have a nice walk?

OSCAR

Just to the end of the lane. But the air's so pure here; I feel much refreshed.

HANNA

May I pour you a coffee, Mr Schultz?

OSCAR

Please do... I'll take one of those cakes, too.

*OSCAR helps himself to a cake as HANNA pours coffee.*

HANNA Milk and sugar?

OSCAR I'll do that.

*OSCAR spoons in piles of sugar as he chomps on his cake.*

HANNA How's your toothache this morning?

OSCAR Much better, much better! All in all I feel a lot better... *(Takes a huge bite from the cake)* Thanks to you.

HANNA Anything I can do.

OSCAR *(Chomping)* These are lovely. Did you make them?

HANNA Yes I did; glad you like them.

OSCAR Delicious! Why don't you join us, Miss Richter? There seems to be plenty of coffee in the pot.

HANNA Thank you, I will. I'll get another cup -

OSCAR *(Offers his cup)* Here take mine -

HANNA No, no, there's plenty here.

OSCAR Take it, I insist. I'll pour myself another.

HANNA Er... oh well... thank you. That would be nice.

*HANNA takes the coffee, but doesn't drink. OSCAR pours another cup and spoons loads more sugar into it.*

OSCAR I think I owe you an apology, Miss Richter.

HANNA Whatever for?

OSCAR My little outburst last night.

HANNA No, not at all; I'm the one who should apologise. You are of course entitled to your opinion, Mr Schultz. I shouldn't have behaved so petulantly.

OSCAR Well we've both apologised, so there's an end to the matter. Let's drink to it - *Skol!*

LOTTE & HANNA *Skol!*

*OSCAR and LOTTE drink; HANNA reluctantly forces herself to drink the over-sweet coffee.*

LOTTE Hanna was telling me all about Buenos-Aires, Oscar.

OSCAR Really?

LOTTE It sounds very exciting.

OSCAR Does it?

LOTTE We should join the Yacht Club there.

OSCAR Why?

LOTTE Well... it's the place to be, apparently.

HANNA I'm sure you'll be invited there.

LOTTE It all sounds rather like Berlin.

OSCAR What? Buenos-Aires is a bombed-out wasteland?

LOTTE Don't be perverse, dear; you know what I mean... before the war, Berlin before the war. Did you ever go to Berlin, Hanna?

HANNA I was at university there.

LOTTE Really, what did you study?

HANNA Medicine.

LOTTE Did you ever go to the Margaux-Berlin?

HANNA Yes, I've been there.

LOTTE Wasn't it wonderful? The food was just magnificent, and that little orchestra too. Did you ever hear them? Their conductor had a funny orange moustache... what was his name?

HANNA Otto.

LOTTE Otto, yes that's him! Otto!

HANNA Otto Sternberg.

LOTTE What a funny man he was. He'd jump up and down in time to his baton. And the Operncafé. Did you ever go there?

HANNA Sometimes.

LOTTE Such wonderful patisseries, and the Escada boutique in Kurfürstendamm. That's where I bought my little tartan outfit, Oscar; do you remember it? You liked to see me in that. Oh we must join the Yacht Club when we go to Buenos-Aires, we must!

OSCAR We shan't be going anywhere so glamorous as the Yacht Club.

LOTTE Why not? It sounds delightful.

OSCAR We have to remain concealed.

LOTTE But Hanna says some of us are already there - in Buenos-Aires.

OSCAR We have to remain concealed, hide away.

LOTTE But Oscar, it must be safe if they're there.

OSCAR You won't catch the likes of Eichmann or Barbie in such places; they'd be recognised instantly. We have to go to ground, hide like rats.

LOTTE But perhaps we could visit there... I mean now and again when the heat's off.

OSCAR The heat, my dear will never be off.

LOTTE Oh.

*Pause.*

HANNA You must have had an important role in the Reich to warrant such attention, Mr Schultz.

*Pause.*

OSCAR That much I'm sure is certain, or I wouldn't be here talking to you, would I?

*OSCAR and HANNA laugh.*

HANNA What did you do?

*Pause.*

OSCAR What did *you* do, Miss Richter? What unfortunate set of circumstances brought *you* to Argentina?

HANNA My husband was a soldier of the Waffen SS's Viking division. He fought at Rostow and Bataisk, and for a while was based at Auschwitz where I joined him.

OSCAR I see.

HANNA He obtained work for me there.

OSCAR What kind of work?

HANNA Medical work.

*Pause.*

OSCAR And where's your husband now?

HANNA In Russia.

OSCAR A prisoner?

HANNA Not a prisoner, no.

LOTTE Thank God - the Russians; I mean some of the stories I've heard...

HANNA He died there.

LOTTE Oh...

HANNA He fought well, so I was informed; but the winter snows had fallen, and...

OSCAR Yes, I know.

HANNA Oh... I'm sorry, how awful for you!

OSCAR Our soldiers were all heroes that fought there.

HANNA He was one of many; but I know that he believed the cause we were fighting for was worth it: a greater Germany, a country to be proud of... and now look what's happened - Russians, British, Americans, all picking their way through the ruins like vultures!

OSCAR The German spirit and the National character won't be quelled by occupation.

HANNA Thank you for that, Mr Schultz... it's sometimes hard to make sense of it all.

- OSCAR I too sometimes wonder why it all went so badly awry... We began well; our sense of destiny was clear, pure... Somehow it all became corrupted.
- HANNA Were we so crazy to follow Hitler?
- OSCAR I think so.
- HANNA Then what did my husband die for? Tell me that?
- OSCAR We... we sometimes follow because we need to be led... I don't know what else to say about it.
- HANNA That's not good enough for me. If you're satisfied with such platitudes then I pity you!
- Pause.*
- I'm sorry, but even now I'm working for the country I believe in, and always will. You come here cap-in-hand, browbeaten and defeated, tail between your legs and talk of hiding like rats. My husband didn't hide, and now he lies frozen a few feet under the Russian clay near Stalingrad!
- LOTTE Hanna, I don't think you can compare...
- OSCAR No... no, Lotte, she's right. Her husband made a noble sacrifice, and for that we should all be grateful. I'm chastened, Mrs Richter and I thank you for it. Many of our soldiers paid the ultimate price on our behalf, and even here thousands of miles from the Fatherland we should preserve the spirit of their great enterprise... I am chastened.
- Pause. LOTTE, a little confused sips her coffee.*
- LOTTE This coffee's very good.
- They all laugh.*
- HANNA Well... I must go; I need to...
- OSCAR I was a Captain of the SS.
- HANNA What?
- OSCAR You wanted to know what I did: I was a Captain of the S.S. I know what happened at Auschwitz. The work we were doing there was noble too; I really believe that.
- HANNA (*Smiles*) So do I, Mr Schultz, so do I.
- OSCAR Please, from now on let's be friends. Call me Oscar and I'll call you Hanna, dear Hanna.
- HANNA Thank you, Oscar. Heil Hitler!
- Pause.*
- OSCAR Heil.
- HANNA smiles and leaves.*
- What a fascinating woman. What a truly fascinating woman.
- Music. Fade lights to blackout.*