



A play by  
Thomas F. Rogers

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## **HUEBENER**

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characters

(in order of appearance)

Karl-Heinz Schnibbe, a youth, 18 years old

Woman

Man

1st and 2nd Officers

Hugo Huebener, Helmuth's father

Emma Huebener, Helmuth's mother

Gerhard Kunkel, Helmuth's half brother, Emma's son

Johannes Sudrow, Helmuth's maternal grandfather

Anneliese Sudrow, Helmuth's maternal grandmother

Helmuth Huebener, a youth, 17 years old

Rudi Wobbe, a youth, 16 years old

Arnold Zoellner, president of the Hamburg-St. Georg LDS Branch, middle aged

Voice

Churchill's Voice

Jonni Duewer, a youth, 17 years old

Wife and Husband

1st and 2nd Clerks

1st, 2nd, and 3rd Young Men

General and Aide

1st and 2nd Hausfraus

1st and 2nd Soldiers

Voices

Werner Kranz, a youth

Second Counselor, to Zoellner

Sandmann, first counselor to Zoellner

Officer

1st and 2nd Officers

Guard

Chief, 2nd, and 3rd Justices

Defense Counselor

Prosecutor

1st, 2nd, and 3rd Voices

Voice

**HUEBENER** by Thomas F. Rogers. 10M 2W plus ensemble of small roles. Unit Set. About 2 hours. During World War II, while aware of the risk to his life, the fearless young German Latter-day Saint Helmuth Huebener persisted in launching a campaign against Hitler's propaganda machine. In this play we witness the tragic story of Mormonism's arguably greatest twentieth-century martyr. "If one is allowed only a few peak experiences in life, one for me was watching the text emerge of Thomas Rogers' play *Huebener*. The work is a product of our local culture which has universal meaning. It invites all to consider models in addition to the pioneer legacy, to apply our thinking to contemporary issues, in this case the competing loyalty between freedom and obedience." Douglas D. Alder -- President, Dixie College. "Huebener has to be the most brilliant piece of theatre from a Utah author to date -- a haunting, moving, powerful drama of ethics." -- Mary Dickson, Salt Lake Tribune. An absolute sensation when produced by Pine View High School in St. George, Utah. Also produced by the Reno Little Theatre in Reno, Nevada. The English translation is not the only version we license. We have translations in Finnish, Russian and German.**ORDER # 2010**

PROGRAM NOTE-- (To be handed to the audience as they exit.)

Our account is now concluded. It is essentially a true account, even if certain principals have been given fictitious names. We cannot of course vouch for their exact words either, or even that the young Huebener had a penchant for cranberry juice. On the other hand, the wording of the various tracts attributed to him is for the most part a direct rendering of what he actually wrote. Certain liberties were of course taken to enhance our presentation's dramatic form. There is no evidence that the Nazis outrightly compelled Huebener's branch president to expel him from the Church either. Their actual influence in this respect has therefore been left ambiguous. Huebener's confession to his branch president—which serves as the philosophical crux of the play—is strictly conjectural and probably never occurred. The matter of Hugo Huebener's interest in the Church is also purely speculative; it seemed an appropriate circumstance, however—a case where the "ought" has every right to contend with if not outweigh the "is." As for the story's aftermath, the facts are these—like life itself, both sad and reassuring: Helmuth Huebener's corpse was delivered to the Anatomical Institute of the University of Berlin. Its place of interment is unknown. His mother and grandparents perished just nine months later in July of the following year, during an air raid, and his stepfather died of a heart attack shortly thereafter. Schnibbe and Wobbe served prison terms until April, 1945, when they were enlisted in the Nazis' final, desperate stand against the Allied invasion. Wobbe was later captured and subsequently freed by the British. Schnibbe was sent by the Soviets to a concentration camp in Siberia, from where he was released after several years. Huebener was posthumously reinstated as a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints upon review by the Church's General Authorities after the war, and today a plaque in Hamburg's Beberhaus, where Huebener served his apprenticeship with the State Welfare Agency, memorializes the young martyr. Also, in 1966, a street in a new section of the city, Hamburg-Lohbruegge, and a Youth Home in the Huettenstrasse were named for him. Huebener has also served as inspiration to several of the foremost contemporary German authors—including Nobel Prize-winners Guenther Grass and Heinrich Boell, who in their novels have made him a symbol of the modern German conscience, in his way a German Gandhi or Solzhenitsyn. Of all who participated in the anti-fascist resistance, Huebener was almost alone in refraining from violence or physical retaliation and not affiliating himself with some partisan cause. Few such men appear in any generation. Huebener was a true son of the twentieth century, of whom Latter-day Saints, Germans and the world at large can be justly proud. May we cherish his memory with gratitude...and reverence.

# HUEBENER

## Act One

**Scene One** -- October, 1941. Hamburg, Germany. As the curtain parts, the cadence of four heavy boots striking cobblestone or pavement is amplified throughout the auditorium. The stage is completely dark. Then lights slowly rise on the outlines of an apartment building, focusing on the interior of a second-story sleeping room, where a pajama-clad seventeen-year-old boy, KARL-HEINZ SCHNIBBE, lies inertly in bed. The cadence of boots becomes ever louder, then abruptly stops, followed by loud banging on a nearby door.

**Voice:** (shouting) In the name of the State Police!! —

(KARL-HEINZ awakens and abruptly sits up in bed.)

**Woman's Voice:** (whispering) The Gestapo!

**Voice:** Open your door!!

(KARL-HEINZ moves to the wall in the direction of the voices and listens.)

**Voice:** Open up at once, or we will break down your door!!

**Voice:** Martin Shultz! In the name of the Fuehrer's Secret State Police we demand the custody of your wife, the Jewess Mirella Rosenthal Schultz.

**Woman's Voice:** (screaming) Martin! No!

**Man's Voice:** Please!

(A door is heard being unlatched.)

**Voice:** Come!

**Woman's Voice:** No!

**2nd VOICE:** You will come at once!!

**Woman's Voice:** Martin! Help me!!

**Man's Voice:** It's no use.

**1st VOICE:** That's right. Come along and you'll have less trouble.

**Woman's Voice:** No, I won't!!

(sounds of a struggle)

**Man's Voice:** Please! Please!

(more struggle)

Please! Please! Mirella, forgive me!!

(The clatter of boots and a woman's shoes are heard on the stairway. KARL-HEINZ rushes to the front of his room, as if staring from a window at the street below. Sounds now come from that direction, suggesting more scuffle -- cries, body blows, gasps, pants, a woman's subdued whimpering. After the sounds disappear, KARL-HEINZ turns away, throws himself on his bed, and weeps as the lights fade.)

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*Scene Two --The same time. A modest living room in the apartment of Johannes and Annaliese Sudrow. A youth in the uniform of a German army corporal, GERHARD KUNKEL, dramatically gesticulates as JOHANNES and HUGO sit nearby and attentively look on.*

**JOHANNES:** Is it really true? They gave no resistance?

**GERHARD:** It's there for anyone to see. Across the horizon. Facing east. We hardly fired a shell before they gave up and we overran it.

**HUGO:** The impenetrable Maginot Line. Imagine. Well, if the Fuehrer managed to take the French with so little effort, it shouldn't be much longer before we cross the Channel and conquer all of England.

*(Johannes' wife, ANNELIESE, enters from another room.)*

**JOHANNES:** That remains to be seen. You Nazis are eternally optimistic.

**HUGO:** So are you Mormons. We all live by our particular brand of faith.

**ANNELIESE:** I've been in that cellar for nearly twenty minutes and still can't find the cranberry juice.

**GERHARD:** That's all right, Grandma. Besides, the others aren't here yet.

**ANNELIESE:** Where can your mother be, Gerhard? She visits us so seldom these days. But she knew you were coming, didn't she, Hugo? I sent her your letter with a neighbor, I assure you.

**HUGO:** Of course you did, my dear. I saw it myself. That's why I'm here. And Emma knows. She'll come too.

**JOHANNES:** Don't fret, Mother. There's still plenty of time. Besides, I think I know where we put those bottles. We moved a lot of things after the last air raid, remember. To keep them from the rats. I'll go down in a while and look around. Hugo can help me.

**HUGO:** Sure.

**ANNELIESE:** Well, all right. Just so no one has taken any. We've got only two or three bottles left -- when was it Emma and I put them up?

**JOHANNES:** Three years ago. That was the last time you could find any berries in the countryside.

**ANNELIESE:** And we saved one of them for just this occasion -- your furlough.

**GERHARD:** Isn't cranberry Helmuth's favorite?

**ANNELIESE:** That's why he insisted we save it until you could be with us.

**HUGO:** Tell us some more about France, Gerhard. Is it still peopled with lazy peasants who've never even seen a train or car?

**GERHARD:** That's not true, Herr Huebener.

**JOHANNES:** "Father! "

**GERHARD:** Father... It's just Doktor Goebbels' propaganda.

**HUGO:** Oh, I don't mind. I sometimes joke about Doktor Goebbels myself--in the right company.

**ANNELIESE:** But some may be listening. The neighbors are still awake.

**GERHARD:** I don't care. They can't be more loyal than I am, can they? They haven't risked their lives on the front! And besides, Doktor Goebbels doesn't always write the truth... Oh, maybe the French aren't as well organized as we are and haven't as efficient a war machine. After all, we attacked them, didn't we?

**ANNELIESE:** Gerhard, not so loud!

**GERHARD:** But technologically France is just as advanced as Germany. Take that radio I sent you.

**HUGO:** It's a fine one alright. But we have them in Germany.

**GERHARD:** Not for what I paid for it in France--and not with shortwave and such fine tuning.

**ANNELIESE:** Helmuth often listens to it with one of his friends--after we've gone to bed.

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**HUGO:** He'd better keep it tuned to the right stations. Listening to the enemy's a criminal offense.

**ANNELIESE:** Oh, Helmuth knows that, I'm sure. And he's such a good boy. He would never do anything illegal.

**GERHARD:** Just so he doesn't tune in to the BBC. They have the heaviest Allied propaganda... How's Helmuth doing these days, anyway?

**JOHANNES:** You know Helmuth--the eternal scholar, always with his nose in some history book. Or in a map--following the course of the war. I sometimes think he knows more about it than the Fuehrer himself.

**GERHARD:** That's probably true.

**ANNELIESE:** Hush! Son't say such things!

**GERHARD:** They praised him enough for his graduation essay, didn't they?. What was it on?

**JOHANNES:** Corruption in the Western democracies--he called it "The War of the Plutocrats."

**GERHARD:** Is he still as active in the Hitler Youth?

**JOHANNES:** (*Eyeing HUGO*) I'm ... not sure.

**HUGO:** Of course you're sure. And the answer is "no." He hasn't gone near them in a couple of months. I've even been reprimanded for it.

**GERHARD:** It must not make you look very good -- as a Party member.

**HUGO:** How active Helmuth is in his own business. But I wish he would stop reminding people that we have already taken credit for sinking the same British aircraft carrier at least nine different times.

**GERHARD:** (*laughing*) The "Ark Royal"? See, Grandma, Doktor Goebbels does have trouble keeping his facts straight.

**JOHANNES:** (*counting on his fingers*) All he needs is a decent adding machine.

(*The men laugh.*)

**ANNELIESE:** Shhh!!

**HUGO:** That's right. Not so loud. Or I'll have to turn you all in.

**GERHARD:** Herr Huebener

**JOHANNES:** "Father!"

**GERHARD:** Father... you wouldn't!

**HUGO:** No. I wouldn't, but some others might. Some of your good members, for instance. Even Arnold.

**JOHANNES:** Arnold Zoellner?

**ANNELIESE:** Hugo! What are you saying?

**GERHARD:** Not the branch president?

**HUGO:** Why not? He's joined the Party. Or didn't you know?

**JOHANNES:** But why?

**HUGO:** I suppose, Johannes, because he's a man of such great faith. He has that much left over.

**GERHARD:** But that's...that's double minded.

**HUGO:** What did you say, Gerhard? You mean, I couldn't, if I cared to, join your church--the way you've all been after me to these many years--and be a National Socialist too? You mean one is right and the other wrong--that it's strictly black and white?

**JOHANNES:** No, he doesn't mean that, Hugo. And if he does, he just doesn't know better. I've no doubt that if Arnold Zoellner has joined the Nazi Party, he did so because it would help the Church. That's the same reason why, when the Fuehrer broadcasts during Sunday meetings, Arnold brings a transmitter and makes us all listen.

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**HUGO:** According to Emma, he even locks the doors so that you have no choice in the matter. That's what I call dutiful.

**GERHARD:** So it's come to this!

**JOHANNES:** Come to what, Gerhard? Didn't Joseph Smith himself say that we should be subject to whoever governs us, that we should "obey, honor and sustain the law"?

**HUGO:** A shrewd man, that Joseph Smith. And you spoke up none too soon, Johannes. I hear someone outside. They may have been listening.

*(They all become deathly still. An outer door is heard opening. Then, as EMMA Huebener comes into the room, the others immediately relax.)*

**EMMA:** *(seeing GERHARD and rushing into his arms)* My darling son.

**GERHARD:** Mama.

**EMMA:** How long it's been. How I've worried about you.

**GERHARD:** I've been fine, Mama. Since we took France there's been no fighting. So long as I stay in the West...

**EMMA:** I pray you always will.

**GERHARD:** But where's Helmuth? I thought he'd be coming with you.

**EMMA:** I was held over at the hospital. They're terribly short of nurses these days.

**ANNELIESE:** On account of the air raids.

**EMMA:** And Helmuth planned to work late tonight, didn't he, Mother?

*(ANNELIESE nods.)*

But I thought he would be here by now.

**HUGO:** Just like him to stop at the library and lose himself in some book.

**EMMA:** Bruder Zoellner was hoping to come by this evening too and leave some records for him.

**GERHARD:** Records?

**ANNELIESE:** Helmuth is the branch clerk these days—and Bruder Zoellner's right hand man.

**GERHARD:** How do they get along?

**JOHANNES:** Well enough.

**EMMA:** Helmuth is so helpful that Bruder Zoellner manages to swallow his pride and overlook Helmuth's—

**GERHARD:** Honesty.

**HUGO:** Impudence.

**JOHANNES:** Freshness.

**ANNELIESE:** Impulsiveness.

**EMMA:** *(staring the others down)* His youthful innocence...his sincerity...and his generosity... Which reminds me, we were going to toast your return with—

**ANNELIESE:** The cranberry juice! Johannes, you promised to find it for me.

**JOHANNES:** Yes, my treasure. But I'll need Hugo's help.

**HUGO:** By all means.

**JOHANNES:** There are some heavy crates down there. We'll have to move them.

*(The two men exit.)*

**GERHARD:** And how have you been, Mama—besides overworked?

**ANNELIESE:** She worries. About Helmuth.

**GERHARD:** The "Ark Royal" you mean?



**EMMA:** You've heard. Well, ja, it's true. That—and his general attitude. You heard what the others called him just now—"impudent" and "impulsive." Even his grandfather, who loves him so, says he is "fresh" toward the branch president.

**GERHARD:** Helmuth was always forthright—and spunky.

**EMMA:** I know. And I love him for it. I don't see it the way the others do. But times have changed. We can't just say whatever comes to mind anymore. And lately Helmuth has gotten so critical of the government and...well, everyone in authority. He doesn't make jokes anymore like he used to. He stares past you and doesn't answer. He is always so preoccupied. He's not the same carefree, life-loving Helmuth, and somebody, I believe, is having their way with him. But who...could it be?

**GERHARD:** Grandma, do you ever overhear him talking to his friends?

**ANNELIESE:** They rarely come to the house until after ten o'clock, my dear, and you know that Johannes and I retire early. We couldn't stay up after that hour if we wanted to.

**EMMA:** If Hugo and I had regular shifts and didn't work such long hours—and if we had as much space as your grandparents—you boys could have lived with us this last while, and we'd have looked out for you.

**GERHARD:** You know I came here because I didn't get along with...your husband, and Helmuth came to keep me company.

**EMMA:** But you were much younger then, and Hugo likes you both. He's very proud of you, even if he never tells you so.

**ANNELIESE:** Emma, don't you worry. Helmuth is still a good boy. He's just not very cautious. Maybe he trusts people a little too much and expects they will see things the way he does if he can just once talk to them—that's why he's always wanted to be a missionary. He's still a good boy. And so are his friends.

**EMMA:** Well, I hope so.

**ANNELIESE:** I'm sure of it. Why, they're almost all of them Latter-day Saints, like Karl-Heinz Schnibbe and Rudi Wobbe.

*(Johannes and Hugo return from the cellar.)*

**JOHANNES:** *(brandishing a bottle of juice)* We found it!

**HUGO:** And if I'm to have any, we'll need that toast right away. My shift begins in an hour.

**GERHARD:** Someone's coming.

**ANNELIESE:** It must be Helmuth.

**EMMA:** *(opening the bottle)* Then I'll pour the glasses.

*(A knock is heard.)*

Oh, dear. Helmuth wouldn't bother knocking.

*(JOHANNES opens the door, admitting Arnold ZOELLNER, middle aged and typically bourgeois in appearance. He carries a sheaf of papers.)*

**ZOELLNER:** *(cheerfully)* Good evening, brothers and sisters.

**THE WOMEN AND GERHARD:** Good evening, Bruder Zoellner.

**THE MEN:** Evening, Arnold.

**ZOELLNER:** I see the Huebeners are with you this evening, Johannes. You must be celebrating. I'm intruding?

**EMMA:** *(as she pours)* Not at all, Bruder Zoellner. Here's an extra glass—just for you.

**ZOELLNER:** *(looking around the room)* Are you sure it wasn't meant for Helmuth?

**JOHANNES:** *(handing him a glass)* He's not home yet, and we can't wait any longer. You're more than welcome.

**ZOELLNER:** And the occasion?

**HUGO:** He's standing right there.

**ZOELLNER:** Why, it can't be -- is it really Gerhard?

*(Shaking GERHARD's hand)*

How are they treating you, my boy?

**GERHARD:** Very well, thank you.

**ZOELLNER:** We think of you all the time and pray for your safe keeping -- and that of all the other noble youth who are so valiantly defending the Vaterland.

**HUGO:** *(suddenly standing and saluting, with mock seriousness)* Heil Hitler!

**ZOELLNER:** Uh, er ...

*(following suit)*

Heil Hitler!

*(All look at GERHARD, who silently moves to a chair across the room, sits down, and studies his hands. ZOELLNER hands his papers to Emma)*

Well, I only came because Helmuth will need to fill out these forms by tomorrow evening. I'm on a double shift again and won't see him tomorrow at the branch house. Your son is a great help to the Church, Sister Huebener. He's as indispensable to the Lord as men like Gerhard to the Fuehrer. Each serves in his own way. And what counts in the long run, don't you agree, is that, like these young men, whatever our stewardship, we prove reliable—loyal and reliable. That's, to my mind, where the two come together.

**JOHANNES:** The two?

**ZOELLNER:** Yes, National Socialism and the gospel. The Lord puts a high priority on loyalty. So does the Fuehrer... And so do I... And how are you tonight, friend Hugo?

**HUGO:** I'm content, Arnold. How is the branch president?

**ZOELLNER:** I only wish that I were your branch president, Hugo. How many more years can you make us wait?

**HUGO:** I'll keep you guessing a while longer, Arnold. It's more fun that way. But you see, I'm only trying to follow His example.

**ZOELLNER:** His?

**HUGO:** The Lord's. I try to keep you guessing.

*(The MEN laugh.)*

**EMMA:** Please have some more juice, Bruder Zoellner.

**JOHANNES:** Go ahead, Arnold.

**ZOELLNER:** *Danke.*

**HUGO:** *(smiling)* It's not the least bit fermented, I'm sorry to say.

**ZOELLNER:** So that's what's holding you up these days.

**EMMA:** I allow him only an occasional glass of wine.

**HUGO:** It's too expensive.

**EMMA:** Just as well. You promised the mission president just before he returned to America—that was how many years ago now?

**ANNELIESE:** Five at least!

**GERHARD:** —that you'd quit your drinking and join the Church. Remember?

**HUGO:** Yes, but then I thought the missionaries would be coming back right away. I didn't think we'd be

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fighting them instead. I don't know—to join the Church now seems rather unpatriotic.

**JOHANNES:** That's not so, Hugo. The Church is greater than political movements or even nationalities. I joined myself when I was a soldier in the Great War, in occupied France. It was a family of members in Bordeaux—the DeVigniers—who cared for me and dressed my wounds when I was left behind the lines. I will never forget them. I wonder how they are and if our soldiers are treating them well. You didn't get to see them did you, Gerhard?

**GERHARD:** No, Grandfather, my unit never got to the South, but maybe next time....

**ZOELLNER:** Well, I must be going. Please remind Helmuth that the reports are due day after tomorrow.

**JOHANNES:** Don't worry, Arnold, Helmuth will have them for you.

**ZOELLNER:** Yes, I'm sure he will. And I am grateful.... Well, good night.

**THE OTHERS:** Good night.

**ZOELLNER:** Fight bravely, Gerhard. We're proud of you. And thank you for the delicious juice, Sister Huebener.

**EMMA:** (*accompanying him to the door*) You should thank Helmuth. He asked that we save it for Gerhard's return. We still have another bottle. You come back and share it with us when we have another celebration—say, at the end of the war.

**ZOELLNER:** I'll gladly drink to the Fuehrer's final victory....

**HUGO:** Heil Hitler!

**ZOELLNER:** Heil Hitler!

(*He leaves.*)

**GERHARD:** He seems fond enough of Helmuth.

**HUGO:** What he's fond of is Helmuth's brains.

**JOHANNES:** And he knows deep down that Helmuth's a devout Latter-day Saint.

**GERHARD:** Just doesn't appreciate Helmuth's wild ideas, is that it?

**ANNELIESE:** Every other week he says to us: "Can't you make your grandson stay with simple truths? These aren't the times for theory and speculation. We should work more—work to end this war—and talk less." And I agree with him.

**JOHANNES:** And each time I tell him: "Arnold, he is after all just a boy still. Only turned seventeen. You know he was an excellent scholar in the public school—a regular bookworm. Always got top marks. And a marvel in English. He'll do all right. I'm proud of him." And now that Arnold has to work double shifts at the munitions plant, Helmuth has become his indispensable helper.

**EMMA:** It's true. Helmuth practically runs the Church in Hamburg—at least the office part. There are still over a thousand of us in the city, so it's a big job.

**JOHANNES:** We'd have had a lot more members if the missionaries could have stayed and there hadn't been a war.

**ANNELIESE:** Or if in the old days so many converts hadn't left for America. Imagine them and President Reese and all those wonderful young missionaries with their guns trained on us. It's more than I can understand.

**HUGO:** My feelings exactly, Mutti.

**GERHARD:** You mustn't blame the Americans. Look, I'm the one they're most likely to shoot at if they ever get this far.

**HUGO:** Most of the bombers that come this way—and many of the pilots—are from America. They're not just

British. And don't deny it.

**GERHARD:** I don't deny it, but I don't blame them either. After all, they didn't really start it. We did. First the Polish Corridor, then France, and now Russia.

**ANNELIESE:** Gerhard! Please!

**EMMA:** That's enough, Gerhard. You might be one of the Fuehrer's best storm troopers, and what you say might all be true, but your grandmother and Bruder Zoellner are right: the less we talk about it the better.

**HUGO:** Let him talk. He just doesn't have the whole picture. You see, Gerhard, the Fuehrer's strategy is the only way we can right the wrongs that have been such a burden to everyone since they founded that good-for-nothing League of Nations.

**GERHARD:** Sounds like more Goebbels to me!

**EMMA:** Gerhard!

**GERHARD:** What do you think, Grandfather?

**JOHANNES:** Me? I don't know. I just don't know. Probably none of us has what Hugo calls the "whole picture." I am sure of only one thing any more—that God has spoken again in these latter days and called forth prophets, not here but in the land we now oppose. Let us be glad that we still have the Church and our testimonies, or it would be easy enough to believe that the Fuehrer, or anyone who is so certain of himself, has all the right answers.

**GERHARD:** Even so, that doesn't explain why my younger brother isn't here to meet me this evening.

**ANNELIESE:** Your letter didn't reach us till this morning—till after he left for work. Otherwise, nothing would have kept him away so long—except an air raid.

**GERHARD:** How is he as a public servant?

**HUGO:** They like him.

**JOHANNES:** They like him a lot.

**EMMA:** *(to GERHARD)* If he just doesn't say the wrong thing at the wrong time, like you.

**GERHARD:** Don't worry, Mother. Helmuth's too smart to say what he shouldn't.

**JOHANNES:** Unless he wants to, and then he will—

*(HELMUTH enters. He is blond, rather stocky and nondescript in appearance with boyish features—hardly the stereotype adventure hero.)*

**HELMUTH:** Cranberry juice? What's the occasion? It must be—

*(Then noticing GERHARD)*

Gerhard!!

*(They embrace, then HELMUTH abruptly turns to JONAHHES.)*

What will he do, Grampa? Tell us all.

**JOHANNES:** He will always speak the truth.

**HELMUTH:** That he will ... Buy the way, who is this model of integrity?

**JOHANNES:** My grandson.

**HELMUTH:** Why, of course. Of course. I should have realized. But be careful, Gerhard. Your commanding officers don't want you to speak the whole truth—just certain half-truths.

**GERHARD:** *(playfully roughing him up)* He was talking about you, little brother.

**HELMUTH:** Oh?

**GERHARD:** And what you just now said to me is your own best medicine.

**HELMUTH:** I see. Well, ja, my advice... my medicine is good for whatever ails one. And I'm no exception.

**EMMA:** I'm glad to hear you say that, Helmuth...

**HELMUTH:** But let's talk about Gerhard. How is France? Is Paris as romantic as they say—a pair of lovers on every park bench?

**GERHARD:** You don't often see such things in an occupying army.

**HELMUTH:** You mean the lovers are gun-shy and stay out of view?

**GERHARD:** Probably.

**HELMUTH:** Can't say I blame them.

**GERHARD:** Nor I... But how do you like the radio I sent you?

**HELMUTH:** *Mensch*, it's a beauty. It's got wonderful fidelity. You can get anything on it.

**GERHARD:** Anything?

**HELMUTH:** (*winking*) All kinds of music, that is—fast rhythm and also classical.

**GERHARD:** Even foreign?

**HELMUTH:** Even some foreign.

**GERHARD:** Be careful, Helmuth—about who you listen with.

**HELMUTH:** I... I am.

(*A doorbell rings*)

**EMMA:** Who could that be?

(*She exits.*)

**HUGO:** A strange hour for callers....

(*EMMA returns to the room, followed by another young man, RUDI WOBBE, carrying a book and similar in build to Helmuth though somewhat taller and about HELMUTH's age*)

**EMMA:** It's only Rudi Wobbe.

**RUDI:** Good evening.

**HUGO:** Evening.

**JOHANNES:** Good evening, Bruder Wobbe.

**RUDI:** (*to HELMUTH*) Is this your brother, Gerhard?

**HELMUTH:** The same.

(*RUDI and GERHARD shake hands.*)

**RUDI:** You look so... in that uniform you look so...

**EMMA:** Chic?

**GERHARD:** Fierce?

**HELMUTH:** Formidable?

**RUDI:** Something like that.... Excuse me for disturbing you, but I had to ask Helmuth if... Helmuth, could you teach my next Sunday School lesson?

**HELMUTH:** If you can't, I'll be glad to.

**RUDI:** My Hitler Youth patrol's going for a few days to Goslar.

**ANNELIESE:** Goslar? The mountains should be lovely now—with the leaves turning—

**RUDI:** For special training—maneuvers.

**HELMUTH:** When do you leave?

**RUDI:** Not until 10:30 Sunday morning. I'll see you at priesthood meeting but I'll have to leave before Sunday School.

**HELMUTH:** I see. While I serve God you will serve the war machine.

**RUDI:** Of course I'd rather not, but—

**JOHANNES:** If you were more like the Schnibbe boy you wouldn't have to.

**GERHARD:** Who's that?

**HELMUTH:** Karl-Heinz. You remember him, don't you? My age? He's been coming to our branch since about the time you were drafted.... Well, they expelled him from the Hitler Youth.

**GERHARD:** What did he do?

**JOHANNES:** Just refused to go to step. So they sent him home and told him not to come back.

*(They all laugh.)*

**RUDI:** He may be sorry. It may keep him from being promoted.

**JOHANNES:** As a house painter?

**HELMUTH:** Karl-Heinz will do all right. He's spunkier than most of us.... What's the lesson, Rudi?

**RUDI:** *(showing him the book)* It's on the Prophet Joseph Smith—and the way he was persecuted after he told people about his first vision.

**HELMUTH:** *(reading)* "...how very strange it was that an obscure boy, of a little over fourteen years of age, should be thought...of sufficient importance to attract the attention of the great ones...and...to create in them a spirit of the most bitter persecution and reviling.... I was led to say in my heart: Why persecute me for telling the truth? Why does the world think to make me deny what I have actually seen?" I'd like to teach that one. And if there are any investigators, I'll compare the Prophet to Martin Luther.

**EMMA:** Luther?

**HELMUTH:** Where, facing excommunication, he stood before the Inquisition at Worms and declared: "Here I stand, God help me, I can do no other."

**HUGO:** Martin Luther was a very great man, and a German too. Don't you Mormons forget that!

**GERHARD:** We know that. We acknowledge him as a great reformer.

**RUDI:** But he wasn't a prophet.

**HUGO:** The theses he nailed on the cathedral door at Wittenberg contain more good sense than you are apt to have if you live to be a hundred. Why, they brought us out of the Middle Ages!

**HELMUTH:** Of course they did, Father. We also believe that Luther was...well, inspired. In fact, without Martin Luther and men like him, there probably wouldn't have been a Joseph Smith or a Restoration.

**HUGO:** So there!

**HELMUTH:** But...well, you'll understand the difference someday. Meanwhile, we shouldn't trouble you about it.

**GERHARD:** Good old Helmuth, always the diplomat!

**RUDI:** Well, I'll leave you now.... Helmuth, may I speak to you a moment about...the lesson?

**HELMUTH:** Of course, what is it?

**RUDI:** Let's go outdoors a minute so we don't disturb your family's celebration.

**HELMUTH:** All right.... I'll be right back, Gerhard.

**RUDI:** Good night.

**THE OTHERS:** Good night.

*(HELMUTH and RUDI leave the room, then reappear on the apron, as if outdoors. As they speak, the lights dim on the scene indoors.)*

**RUDI:** *(first looking about to be sure they cannot be overheard)* I really didn't want to talk about my Sunday School class.

**HELMUTH:** I could tell.

**RUDI:** It's...that radio we've been listening to.

**HELMUTH:** I'm sorry, Rudi, but I won't have time this evening—not with Gerhard here.

**RUDI:** I didn't mean that.

**HELMUTH:** But if you'd like to take it, I'll trust you. I could give you the branch house key. You'd be perfectly safe listening to it there.

**RUDI:** Thanks, Helmuth, but it's not that....I...I just don't think we should listen to it anymore.

**HELMUTH:** I see.

**RUDI:** After all, it's against the law.

**HELMUTH:** I know.

**RUDI:** And it's dangerous.

**HELMUTH:** I know that too. Rudi, it frightens me as much as you. But...you know I've been transcribing some of those BBC broadcasts. I've written them down—here, they're in my vest pocket.

**RUDI:** No. Don't show them to me. Not here. And don't pass them around. It's too dangerous.

**HELMUTH:** I won't. I'll burn them, I guess, after I've studied them some more. But I've also compared them with our news broadcasts, and that's what really bothers me.

**RUDI:** What does?

**HELMUTH:** The detail.

**RUDI:** Detail?

**HELMUTH:** Ja. The BBC has so much more detail. It gives the exact times and locations of bombing raids.

**RUDI:** They could still be lies.

**HELMUTH:** Not what they say about Hamburg. It's exactly as we've seen it here. With no exaggeration.

**RUDI:** That's because they've done so much damage. Naturally they'd take credit for it.

**HELMUTH:** But they also give the statistics on our bombings over London, and their losses are just as heavy.

**RUDI:** Which means we're not doing so badly after all.

**HELMUTH:** It's not that. It's just that our broadcasts never admit to any defeat. In ours we're always victorious. It's all too one-sided. I wouldn't have noticed it so much except for the contrast. The British version is always more balanced, more objective, more truthful, while ours...ours...

**RUDI:** Not truthful?

**HELMUTH:** Worse...full of lies. Deliberate lies, I'm afraid.

**RUDI:** But, Helmuth, what can you do about it? A junior grade clerk in the State Welfare Office? What good can you do, even if you shout it from the rooftops? No one will dare listen. And before you can say two words they'll crush you.

**HELMUTH:** I know.

**RUDI:** So don't be stubborn. Don't be stupid. It won't do any good.

**HELMUTH:** I know....

*Scene Three -- Early the following Sunday. A cramped office in the meeting house of the Hamburg-St. Georg LDS Branch, Helmuth is running a duplicating machine, while Karl-Heinz Schnibbe, the boy from Scene One, watches.*

**KARL-HEINZ:** I tell you, Helmuth, I haven't been able to sleep since that night. That poor woman. And her husband—he hasn't left their apartment since they took her away, not in four days.

**HELMUTH:** You say she was a Jew?

**KARL-HEINZ:** Ja. Besides that she hadn't done a thing. And you remember Bruder Worp and that camp they sent him to last year? He just returned—I talked to him this morning. He's a broken man, Helmuth. He can't live much longer.

**HELMUTH:** What did they do to him?

**KARL-HEINZ:** Something they call the water treatment. They mostly use it in the winter. They put you in stocks, then drip freezing water onto your hands. It forms large mittens of ice, which the guards knock off a while later with a piece of rubber hose. They joke about it and say it's to keep your hands warm.... Bruder Worp wept as he told me about it.

**HELMUTH:** Why did they send him there? I don't remember.

**KARL-HEINZ:** He made some remark about Reichsmarschall Goering and all his medals.

**HELMUTH:** What are we coming to?

**KARL-HEINZ:** I'd rather not think about it.

*(ZOELLNER enters.)*

**ZOELLNER:** Helmuth, are those rosters run off? We'll need to distribute them this morning in the priesthood meeting—in just ten minutes.

**HELMUTH:** They'll be ready, Bruder Zoellner.

**ZOELLNER:** Fine. And how are you today, Karl-Heinz? It's good to see you.

**KARL-HEINZ:** I'm all right, thank you.

**ZOELLNER:** How is your branch teaching coming? It's nearly the end of the month. Did you get out yet?

**KARL-HEINZ:** I...I intended to last night. But I just didn't feel like talking to anybody.

**HELMUTH:** There was a pogrom last week. In Karl-Heinz' neighborhood. He was there when they came for the Jews.

**ZOELLNER:** Oh? Well, that's too bad. But we mustn't let one or two isolated pogroms upset us too much, Karl-Heinz, particularly when we can't control them. And we must be most careful not to be too critical. Not to complain.

**KARL-HEINZ:** But are such things right?

**ZOELLNER:** Right or wrong, we are in no position to change them.... Well, are we? And then, if we complain too much, they might persecute us, the Church. Don't forget that we are a very small minority and have strong ties with the Allies. The authorities know that and can exploit it against us if we ever give them a reason. Besides, things will change again for the better.... Remember the Savior's admonition: "Render unto Caesar what is Caesar's." And don't forget the Twelfth Article of Faith.... Well, then, everything's in order, isn't it? Karl-Heinz?

**KARL-HEINZ:** I...I guess.

**ZOELLNER:** Good. I'll see you both shortly.

*(He leaves.)*



**KARL-HEINZ:** What do you think, Helmuth?

**HELMUTH:** I don't think....I know.

**KARL-HEINZ:** What?

**HELMUTH:** That there are more than one or two isolated pogroms, bad as they are.

**KARL-HEINZ:** What do you mean?

*(RUDI bursts into the room, dressed in the brown shirt of a Hitler Youth.)*

**RUDI:** Did you see him?

**KARL-HEINZ:** Who?

**RUDI:** Old Bruder Schwartz!

**HELMUTH:** Solomon Schwartz?

**RUDI:** And the sign?

**HELMUTH:** What sign?

**RUDI:** On the Branch house door?Someone must have just put it up.

**KARL-HEINZ:** What does it say?

**RUDI:** "Entrance is forbidden to Jews! "

**HELMUTH:** To the Lord's true church?Who put it there?

**RUDI:** I don't know....He was just standing there when I went in.

**HELMUTH:** Who was?

**RUDI:** Old Solomon.Just standing there staring at that sign.I called to him.I said, "Bruder Schwartz.Good morning.May I help you?"But he didn't even hear me, and I...I was too ashamed to say any more, so I came right here.I wish I could take this shirt off and never wear it again, or see another one like it.

**HELMUTH:** Solomon Schwartz.Seventy-six years old.Why, he's been a member for over sixty years.His parents were converted by John Taylor.He's more a Mormon than you or I or any of the rest of us....I'm going to bring him in here this morning if it's the last thing I do!

*(HELMUTH rushes out.)*

**RUDI:** I'm afraid Rudi Wobbe's just going to be sick today and won't be able to make the trip to Goslar.

**KARL-HEINZ:** Good for you, Rudi.I've been waiting for you to join my club.

**RUDI:** What club?

**KARL-HEINZ:** *(with a mocking strut)* The ex-goose steppers!

*(They smile. HELMUTH returns.)*

**HELMUTH:** He's gone.

**KARL-HEINZ:** Damn!

**RUDI:** Maybe it's just as well.Stirring things up might get him in worse trouble.

**HELMUTH:** Trouble?We're all in plenty of trouble.And the more we avoid it, the worse it gets.It's not just Solomon Schwartz.What's happening to him is our fault.We're letting it happen.We've got blinders on.And we won't take them off until it's too late—until it's happening to all of us.

**KARL-HEINZ:** What do you mean?

**HELMUTH:** You remember that radio Gerhard sent me?

**KARL-HEINZ:** Sure.

**HELMUTH:** Well, Rudi and I...

**RUDI:** Helmuth!

**HELMUTH:** Rudi and I've been listening to it for some time now.

**KARL-HEINZ:** Ja?

**RUDI:** (*looking furtively toward the door and windows*) Helmuth, be careful!

**HELMUTH:** We've been listening to the BBC Deutsche News Service.

**KARL-HEINZ:** You mean it?

**RUDI:** Ja, but I quit. I repented.

**KARL-HEINZ:** What do they say?

**RUDI:** Don't ask!

**HELMUTH:** Do you really want to know?

**KARL-HEINZ:** Sure.

**HELMUTH:** Why?

**KARL-HEINZ:** Because I want to know what's what. That's why.

**HELMUTH:** Even if it contradicts what you're supposed to think about things?

**KARL-HEINZ:** In that case more than ever!

**HELMUTH:** (*impulsively embracing KARL-HEINZ*) You're one of us!

**RUDI:** What's that supposed to mean?

**HELMUTH:** And you too, Rudi. You know you can't live with a lie. You can't sing a song that's written off key and feel good about it.

**RUDI:** Maybe not. But I don't have to sing at all if I don't want to.

**HELMUTH:** Are you sure you don't want to?

**RUDI:** Maybe I want to, but it's not worth the risk. I also ran into Sister Hase this morning in the foyer.

**KARL-HEINZ:** Sister Hase?

**RUDI:** She'd come early—to practice on the organ. She was just leaving, and pale as a ghost. She had one of those leaflets in her hand they've been dropping from British planes. Bruder Zoellner had just gone up to her. He told her to give it to him and never again bring anything like that into the church or—and these were his words, I swear—he would personally make sure she was sent to one of those camps.

**KARL-HEINZ:** Is this the Lord's Church? I can't believe it. Listen, Rudi—I don't care what the risks are—you're really not alive if you can't sing when you feel like it.

**RUDI:** Then I'm not alive. None of us is alive. But what can we do about it?

**HELMUTH:** (*eyeing the duplicating machine*) I wonder...

(*He walks about the room, weighing his thoughts.*)

Let me ask you both if you'd be willing...if, Rudi, you'd be willing to listen just one more time, and Karl-Heinz, you with us...if you'd be willing to listen and look at my transcripts and compare them to those of the State Information Service, and then just tell me who you think is telling the truth...and what you think we should do about it.

**KARL-HEINZ:** You say when, Helmuth.

**HELMUTH:** All right. As soon as Rudi comes back from Goslar...

**RUDI:** I'm not going.

**HELMUTH:** Not going? Why?

**RUDI:** Never mind.

**HELMUTH:** All right then. Tonight. After my grandparents have gone to bed.

**KARL-HEINZ:** (*giving HELMUTH his hand*) Agreed.

**RUDI:** (*following suit*) I'm with you.

*(ZOELLNER enters.)*

**ZOELLNER:** Time for priesthood, brethren. Got the rosters, Helmuth?

**HELMUTH:** *(handing him the rosters)* Here...

*(ZOELLNER reaches for the rosters, but, on an impulse, HELMUTH holds on to them.)*

Before we start, Bruder Zoellner, do you know about the sign?

**ZOELLNER:** Sign?

**KARL-HEINZ:** Outside on the door. About Jews.

**ZOELLNER:** Oh...well, yes. Yes, I do.

**HELMUTH:** Did you put up that sign, Bruder Zoellner?

**ZOELLNER:** *(With an effort, ZOELLNER dislodges the rosters from HELMUTH's grip.)* Yes, brethren...yes, I did. I'm sorry. Truly sorry. Believe me, I didn't want to, but I...felt I had to do it. For the sake of the Church....Come on. It's time for the meeting.

*(He leaves for the meeting.)*

**HELMUTH:** Just a minute...

*(HELMUTH exits to outdoors. A pause. The other two look at each other, puzzled.)*

**KARL-HEINZ:** This is some Sunday!

**RUDI:** Yeah!

*(Another pause. HELMUTH returns with a makeshift cardboard sign whose legend reads: "Den Juden ist der Eintritt verboten!" He tears it up and tosses it in a wastebasket.)*

**HELMUTH:** Now I can go the the priesthood meeting. How about you?

**KARL-HEINZ:** Let's go.

*(They exit.)*

**Scene Four--** *Later that evening. HELMUTH, KARL-HEINZ, and RUDI are seen in silhouette, gathered around a table and listening to Helmuth's radio. Intermittent whistles and cracklings suggest a short-wave transmission. At the outset of their speeches the voices of the announcer and Churchill merge with those of translators—in German, French, and Russian.*

**VOICE:** *(in a clipped British accent)* As for England, do not be deceived about the resistance your soldiers would encounter in attempting to invade the British home isles. In fact, your Reichsmarschall Goering's attempt at an air invasion has—contrary to what you are told—already failed, while your fire bombs, though flagrantly and indiscriminately destructive of many innocent British lives, only strengthen the British resolve to resist and fight back to the last man. Do not forget, moreover, that the military and technological might of that sleeping giant, the United States, which is just now awakening and rising to our need, will henceforth be with us and also reinforce our numbers.... Listen now to the indignation and the dreadful wrath of Britain's tough and stalwart helmsman, the Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill.

**CHURCHILL'S VOICE:** *(After each sentence an interpreter's voice is also heard with the German equivalent. Later in the same speech the voices of other interpreters are heard as well, speaking in French and Russian.)* My fellow Britains! These are days that test the mettle and the fortitude of the best of England's sons and daughters. We have drawn in our belts and learned austerity. We have keenly felt the loss

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of dear ones who have fallen to the deluded Axis foe. And this has made us all the more determined. What has happened in France and Russia and in air raids here at home makes no difference to our actions and our purpose. In this hour of need we became for a while the sole champion in arms to defend the world cause, and we shall do our best to be worthy of this high honor. If necessary for years, if necessary alone, we shall defend our island home, and with the British Empire we shall fight on, unconquerable, until the curse of Hitler is lifted from the brows of mankind—cost us what it may in blood, sweat, and tears. We will never parlay, we will never negotiate with Hitler. We shall fight him by land, we shall fight him by sea, we shall fight him in the air, until, with God's help, we have rid the earth of his shadow and liberated its peoples from his yoke. Any man or state who fights on against Nazidom will have our aid. Any man or state who marches with Hitler is our foe. That is our policy and that is our declaration.

**VOICE:** This is the BBC Deutsche News Service.

**HELMUTH:** *(turning off the radio)* Well, what do you think?

**RUDI:** I think Churchill means business!

**KARL-HEINZ:** I think the Fuehrer had better build a bunker, if he hasn't already, in the middle of Berlin-Pankow. And dig it deep!

*Scene Five -- A few evenings later. The office of the Hamburg-St. Georg LDS Branch, as in Scene Three. HELMUTH sits at a table behind a sheaf of papers, KARL-HEINZ and RUDI at his side.*

**KARL-HEINZ:** Is it time?

**HELMUTH:** Not yet. Have some patience. I told you we must wait until Bruder Zoellner comes by for this report.

**RUDI:** You finished it an hour ago.

**HELMUTH:** I have to look like I'm still making it out, don't I? Or why would we still be here?  
*(An outer door is heard opening, then closing.)*

**HELMUTH:** That must be him now.  
*(ZOELLNER appears in the doorway.)*

**ZOELLNER:** Well, Helmuth, I see you've had plenty of help with this month's report. How did the branch teaching go?

**HELMUTH:** A little better, Bruder Zoellner. With so many men away, each teacher has a lot of families to contact. And with all the double shifts they're often hard to reach, but almost forty percent were visited.

**ZOELLNER:** And did you get to your families, Karl-Heinz?

**KARL-HEINZ:** Yes, I did, Bruder Zoellner.

**ZOELLNER:** You are all very faithful. Given the times, we have many faithful priesthood holders. You are all an inspiration to me. I am grateful, and the Lord, I am sure, is equally pleased with all you do for us—you especially, Helmuth. Just watch what you say these days. Be careful of your words.

**RUDI:** We will, Bruder Zoellner.

**ZOELLNER:** Be sure you do. Good night.  
*(ZOELLNER leaves.)*

**KARL-HEINZ:** I feel bad.... I feel...

**HELMUTH:** Guilty?

**KARL-HEINZ:** A little.

**HELMUTH:** How about you, Rudi?

**RUDI:** I do too, but...

**HELMUTH:** We've none of us forgotten what he already told us, I'm sure of that. I've thought of nothing else ever since. And so far we've heeded him, haven't we? Have either of you said anything to anyone else about the broadcasts?

**KARL-HEINZ:** No.

**RUDI:** I was too scared.

**HELMUTH:** Well, then, we've followed his advice so far, haven't we—to the letter?

**KARL-HEINZ:** Sure.

**RUDI:** I guess so.

**HELMUTH:** And if we're still careful, like he just now suggested—careful with our words—then we can still say we're doing what he advised us.

**RUDI:** Only with a vengeance.

**HELMUTH:** Agreed?

**KARL-HEINZ:** Sounds fair to me.

**HELMUTH:** As, in our hearts, we see fit to do our duty. And that no one else can fully dictate. Only the burning of the Spirit within.

**KARL-HEINZ:** That's right.

**RUDI:** I...I agree.

**HELMUTH:** And don't forget what the Lord told the Prophet Joseph: "It is not meet that I should command in all things.... For he that is compelled in all things, the same is a slothful and not a wise servant."

*(A muffled tapping is heard.)*

**KARL-HEINZ:** Someone's signalling.

**HELMUTH:** That will be Duewer. Let him in, will you, Rudi?

**RUDI:** *(exiting)* Sure.

**KARL-HEINZ:** Duewer?

**HELMUTH:** Jonni Duewer. The fellow I told you about. He's an apprentice at the State Welfare Office. Lives in Altona.

**KARL-HEINZ:** A nonmember?

**HELMUTH:** Yes, but as committed as any of us.

**KARL-HEINZ:** Are you sure?

**HELMUTH:** Sure, I'm sure. You'll like him a lot.

*(RUDI returns with JONNI Duewer, who is their approximate same age.)*

Thanks for coming, Jonni. This is Karl-Heinz.

**KARL-HEINZ:** Hello.

*(JONNI and KARL-HEINZ shake hands.)*

**HELMUTH:** You and Rudi already know each other.

**RUDI:** Sure, we're old friends.

**HELMUTH:** Well, this is our little group, and that

*(pointing to the duplicating machine)*

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is our secret weapon. Before we begin, though, I need to know—are you still with me or do any of you have any reservations? You mustn't feel constrained.... I take it then we're all of one mind. Why don't we make a pact then, and shake on it? Agreed?

**KARL-HEINZ:** Fine.

**JONNI:** Agreed.

*(HELMUTH raises his arm. The others, each in turn, clasp his hand.)*

**HELMUTH:** Before God and witnessing to each other.

**THE OTHERS:** Before God and witnessing to each other.

**HELMUTH:** Now to work: here are the first fliers.

*(reaching into his briefcase and producing a sheaf of mimeographed papers)*

I already did the stencils and ran them off.

**KARL-HEINZ:** Holy Goethe! Read this: "Down with Hitler—the people's scourge, the people's destroyer, the people's betrayer—down with Hitler!" Say, Helmuth, you're almost a poet.

**JONNI:** "Due to the unlimited air war hundreds of thousands of defenseless civilians have lost their lives! Hitler alone is guilty!"

**RUDI:** "Are you a friend of the truth? The broadcasts of the British Overseas Radio Network, which can be received at the hours and on the short wave bands listed below, will enlighten you."

**KARL-HEINZ:** And catch this one: "Where is Rudolf Hess? Where is Hitler's Deputy Minister, who was last seen in public in May of this year? It can now be revealed! Despairing at the course of his Fuehrer's foreign policy, Hitler's chief counselor flew by private plane to Great Britain, hoping to plead for England's capitulation and a halt to the Allied air offensive, but to no avail. He is now a prisoner of war and will shortly address us on the British Overseas Network, recanting the Nazi heresy and apologizing to the deluded German nation and the innocent victims of the War both here and abroad. If you don't believe this, then ask the Fuehrer to produce his Minister. But he won't be able to!" "I didn't know that. Is that true, Helmuth?"

**HELMUTH:** It's true. But we'd better organize and move out. Let's each take a different section of the city. For tonight just drop these into random mailboxes or paste them on billboards.

*(He produces several small bottles from his briefcase.)*

Here's a bottle of paste for each of you.

*(Handing out the leaflets)*

Later we'll get these in the hands of the Hitler Youth and even mail them to the front. Jonni—will you take Hammerbrook?

**JONNI:** Of course.

**HELMUTH:** Karl-Heinz, you take yours to Hammer Deich, beginning at Louisenweg and Suederstrasse. And, Rudi, you go to Rothenburgsort, and later to Harburg and Wilhelmsburg—you'll find a lot of sympathy there among the laborers; some of them are communists—and I'll cover the center of town and Eppendorf. Are we ready?

**JONNI:** Ready!

**RUDI:** At your service!

**KARL-HEINZ:** *(saluting)* Jawohl, mein Fuehrer!

**HELMUTH:** All right, we're off. But be careful. Remember, don't distribute anything if anyone is in sight. Take your time. One well placed flier is worth a whole night's work. Success and...and God go with you.

**KARL-HEINZ:** You too, Helmuth.

**RUDI:** Good night, Helmuth.

**JONNI:** Night, Helmuth.

**HELMUTH:** Till tomorrow.

*(The others leave. HELMUTH stares after them, then, turning out the light, moves slowly to the center of the room, where he kneels in an attitude of prayer, then slowly raises his head upward. The lights dim.)*

*Scene Six -- In the following, one brief tableau rapidly follows the next. The stage itself is dark except for a spotlight which falls on each successive vignette.*

**WIFE:** *(holding a flier)* Heinrich! Heinrich! What's this?

**HUSBAND:** *(in laboring garb)* How do I know? I'm late for work. I'll look at it later.

**WIFE:** But you haven't eaten.

**HUSBAND:** It doesn't matter. There's nothing to eat.

**WIFE:** I think you'd better look at this right now.

*(She hands him the flier.)*

**HUSBAND:** Why? Where did it come from?

**WIFE:** It was in the mailbox when I went out to see if they'd had a delivery of potatoes at the store.

**HUSBAND:** Well, had they?

**WIFE:** No. They haven't had potatoes or any other vegetables for almost three months.

**HUSBAND:** *(reading)* "Exploited German workers! Awake and protest! In order to finance their unholy war, the Nazis are forcing you to "save" from thirteen to twenty-six Reich Marks out of each paycheck. You can be sure that you will never see that money again. Meanwhile, when you think of what your money could buy if there were no war, remember to blame not the Allies, but those who started it, those who stroll along Unter den Linden in beautiful grey uniforms and glossy patent leather boots and have strudel every afternoon with plenty of whipped cream."

**WIFE:** What should we do with it?

**HUSBAND:** Better burn it! No, on second thought, I'll take it to work. This might interest Otto and some of the boys.

**WIFE:** But hurry! You'll be late!

**HUSBAND:** Who cares? There's no whipped cream in it for you and me, is there?

*(Lighting shifts to another part of the stage)*

**GENERAL:** *(assisted by an AIDE as he dons a heavy trench coat with epaulettes)* That was an important staff meeting. Highly confidential. There must be no more security leaks. Understand?

**AIDE:** Jawohl, Herr General!

**GENERAL:** Were the guards posted?

**AIDE:** Jawohl, Herr General!

**GENERAL:** All unauthorized persons kept away?

**AIDE:** Jawohl, Herr General!

**GENERAL:** Good...

*(feeling in his pocket)*

What?

*(removing a flier)*

What's this?

*(reading)*

“Comrade soldiers! The Goebbels propaganda which promises you victory in North Africa and against the Soviet Union has been exposed.No one knows this better than you yourselves.” ...How did this get here?I thought you said no unauthorized persons had been admitted.

**AIDE:** None, Herr General!

**GENERAL:** Then how did they reach this cloak room?

**AIDE:** They couldn't have, Herr General.But may I suggest....

**GENERAL:** Out with it—suggest!

**AIDE:** Maybe last night—while you were at the opera....

**GENERAL:** What?How dare they?In the future double my bodyguard, and especially when I'm at the opera, do you hear?

**AIDE:** Jawohl, Herr General.

*(Lighting shifts to another part of the stage)*

**1<sup>st</sup> CLERK:** *(displaying a flier)* Fritz, look at this, will you?“Where is Rudolf Hess?” What can that mean?

**2<sup>nd</sup> CLERK:** I don't know.It can't be an official publication.It looks suspicious to me.

**1<sup>st</sup> CLERK:** I'd better throw it away.

**2<sup>nd</sup>CLERK:** Wait, we'd better show it to the boss.

**1<sup>st</sup> CLERK:** That's right....But maybe he'll think that we...

**2<sup>nd</sup> CLERK:** Yes, it might implicate us.Better throw it away....

*(The 1<sup>ST</sup>CLERK crumples the flier, then throws it in the wastebasket.)*

Not in my wastebasket!!

**1<sup>st</sup> CLERK:** *(retrieving the flier)* Where then?

**2<sup>nd</sup> CLERK:** Take it home and burn it.

**1<sup>st</sup> CLERK:** You won't tell?

**2<sup>nd</sup> CLERK:** Why should I tell... I won't tell, if you won't.

Let's shake.

*(They do so.)*

In the name of the Fuehrer.

**2<sup>nd</sup> CLERK:** In the name of the Fuehrer.

*(saluting)*

Heil Hitler!

**1<sup>st</sup> CLERK:** *(returning the salute)* Heil Hitler!

*(The 2<sup>ND</sup> CLERK leaves.The 1<sup>ST</sup> CLERK looks about him, then cautiously unfolds the flier.)*

“Where is Rudolf Hess?” Where is Rudolf Hess?

*(He crumples the flier again, considers, then throws it in the 2<sup>ND</sup> CLERK's wastebasket.)*



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*(Lighting shifts to another part of the stage)*

**1<sup>st</sup> SOLDIER:** *(in a soiled, disheveled uniform)* Ernst, look what I just found, stamped with a swastika!

**2<sup>nd</sup> SOLDIER:** *(reading)* “Comrade soldiers! The Fuehrer has promised you that 1942 will be the decisive year and that this time he will spare no means to keep his promise. He will send you into the fire by the thousands in order to try to end the terrible blood-letting which he himself instigated.” Strange! How long has this been here?

**1<sup>st</sup> SOLDIER:** Who knows? Here’s another one I just found in the latrine:

*(reading)*

“There is snow and ice everywhere, and the final German assault has still not taken place. Meanwhile the Russians have mounted a counteroffensive and retaken strategic terrain. The German army is defeated!”

**2<sup>nd</sup> SOLDIER:** When are you pulling out?

**1<sup>st</sup> SOLDIER:** Tonight around midnight. When I have watch.

**2<sup>nd</sup> SOLDIER:** Misery loves company. I’ll join you.

*(Lighting shifts to another part of the stage)*

**1<sup>st</sup> HAUSFRAU:** Hilde, what’s this? “German people, you are deceived. Do not support your perfidious leaders!” Where did this come from?

**2<sup>nd</sup> HAUSFRAU:** I don’t know, but I find it disgusting, don’t you?

Certainly, disgusting! I will show it to Ulrich as soon as he flies back from Berlin.

**2<sup>nd</sup> HAUSFRAU:** Praise the Fuehrer, it seems he’s in Berlin every other week.

**1<sup>st</sup> HAUSFRAU:** He’s signing another contract with the War Ministry.

**2<sup>nd</sup> HAUSFRAU:** Oh, how lucky you are that your Ulrich directs a munitions firm.

**1<sup>st</sup> HAUSFRAU:** And you, that your Ernst makes tanks. By the way, Hilde, I’m going shopping this afternoon—to replenish my spring wardrobe. I think the new contract will allow for that. Lots of nice Belgian “imports” have just come in, I understand. Expensive, but nice. Can you come with me?

**2<sup>nd</sup> HAUSFRAU:** *Mit* pleasure, darling. *Mit* pleasure.

*(Lighting shifts to another part of the stage)*

**1<sup>st</sup> YOUNG MAN:** *(in a Hitler Youth uniform and wielding a shovel, with another flier)* Hey, Dieter, what do you make of this?

*(reading)*

“This is a chain letter. Please pass it on. German Youth! For the slightest infraction of regulations you are now liable to a weekend’s solitary confinement. You are told that the Fuehrer’s program of iron discipline will turn you all into Supermen. But the truth is that it is meant to break your will and turn you into sheep and robots. Recognize your native land for what it is—a land without freedom, a land of tyranny and terror. This is Deutschland indeed—*Hitlerdeutschland!*”

**2<sup>nd</sup> YOUNG MAN:** Hey, let me have that. It will make a good bookmark when I read *Mein Kampf*.

**3<sup>rd</sup> YOUNG MAN:** You’d better keep digging this trench.

**2<sup>nd</sup> YOUNG MAN:** Not so fast. There will only be another when we’re through with this one.

*(spitting)*

Some iron discipline!

**1<sup>st</sup> YOUNG MAN:** *(also spitting)* To the glory of the Vaterland!

**3<sup>rd</sup> YOUNG MAN:** Heil Hitler!  
(spitting again)

*(Lighting shifts to another part of the stage. Over the loudspeaker or from a variety of points across the stage.)*

**VOICE 1:** “Where Is Rudolf Hess?”

**VOICE 2:** “Hitler the Murderer: About the mysterious deaths of General von Schroeder, Generalfeldmarschall von Reichenau, Generaloberst Udat and von Oberst Moelders! ”

**VOICE 3:** “Who Is the Real Aggressor? Our Japanese friends have launched a cowardly surprise attack upon the U.S. fleet at Pearl Harbor! ”

**VOICE 1:** “Where Is Rudolf Hess?”

**VOICE 3:** “Who Is Lying?The incredible reports of the National Socialist Propaganda Ministry! ”

**VOICE 2:** “One and a Half Million: You still haven’t been told the true number of casualties the Fuehrer sustained during his invasion of the Soviet Union! ”

**VOICE 3:** “Perfidious Rome: The struggle in North Africa and the Italian policy of colonial exploitation! ”

**VOICE 1:** “The Riddle about Rudolf Hess! ”

**VOICE 2:** “Germany’s Scarcity of Petroleum! ”

**VOICE 3:** “Fuehrer Talk: Hitler’s implausible pronouncements about the progress of the War! ”

**VOICE 3:** “An Appeal to End the War by Liquidating Adolf Hitler! ”

**VOICE 2:** “Arrogant Aggression, Prelude to Total Destruction and Defeat: On the Japanese military leadership and the War in the Pacific! ”

**VOICE 3:** “1942—Year of Decision: A demand for the overthrow of the National Socialist regime! ”

**VOICE 1 :** “Where Is Rudolf Hess?”

*Scene Seven -- February, 1942. The State Welfare Office in Hamburg’s Beberhaus. It is after working hours. Helmuth and Jonni sit together on a desk, conversing in confidential tones.*

**HELMUTH:** How did it go last night, Jonni?

**JONNI:** Just great. I planted one in every menu in two of the biggest downtown restaurants.

**HELMUTH:** That must have gagged their Nazi guests.

**JONNI:** A waiter almost caught me.

**HELMUTH:** Be careful. I’ve got another batch for tonight. And there’s one group we’ve completely overlooked.

**JONNI:** Who’s that?

**HELMUTH:** The French.

**JONNI:** The French?

**HELMUTH:** The prisoners-of-war. In all the munitions factories and war industries. They’d be perfect saboteurs. If we could just plant the idea and help them organize.

**JONNI:** That’s true. The French are notoriously bad organizers. If only some Germans were too.

**HELMUTH:** Trouble is, we can’t influence them with our propaganda—not without a translator. None of us

knows French that well. So I've been wondering—is there someone who's studied French that we could ask to join us?

**JONNI:** Well... There's Kranz.

**HELMUTH:** Werner? That's a coincidence. I've thought of him too. He's also working late tonight, did you know?

**JONNI:** Yes, I think he's still here.

**HELMUTH:** Well, what do you think?

**JONNI:** I feel all right about him. We're on good terms. He jokes a lot about the Nazis and has a lot of complaints.

**HELMUTH:** All right. Call him over. I've got extra copies of the last several batches. He could start on them tonight.

**JONNI:** *(calling into a back office)* Werner!

**WERNER:** *(offstage)* Who is it?

**JONNI:** Come here, will you?

**WERNER:** *(offstage)* Coming.

*(WERNER Kranz, a pleasant young man their approximate same age, approaches them.)*

**JONNI:** Werner, Helmuth and I have a favor to ask.

**WERNER:** Sure thing. What can I do for you?

**HELMUTH:** First tell us, Werner, how you really feel about the Fuehrer.

**WERNER:** The Fuehrer? That jackass? He belongs in an institution—the crackpot!

**HELMUTH:** You mean it?

**WERNER:** Sure, I mean it.

**HELMUTH:** In that case,

*(reaching into his briefcase and producing several fliers)*

we'd like you to assist us in a little project—just help us with some translations, into French.

**WERNER:** *(taking the fliers, but giving them scant notice)* Sure. Why not?

**HELMUTH:** But you've got to be careful.

*(WERNER gives HELMUTH a slightly quizzical look, then shrugs his shoulders, signaling his halfhearted consent.)*

*Scene Eight -- The offices of the Hamburg branch house. President Zoellner sits at a desk, staring pensively into space. After several seconds, Helmuth enters.*

**HELMUTH:** Why, Bruder Zoellner, shouldn't you be at work?

**ZOELLNER:** Yes, but I wanted to talk to you. Sit down, Helmuth.... Tell me, Helmuth, what the Church really means to you.

**HELMUTH:** A great deal, Bruder Zoellner.

**ZOELLNER:** But does it mean everything, Helmuth? Are you totally dedicated?

**HELMUTH:** Everything? Why, *ja*, almost everything.

**ZOELLNER:** Almost? But not entirely.?

**HELMUTH:** I suppose I have one reservation.

**ZOELLNER:** And what is that?

**HELMUTH:** As I see it, Bruder Zoellner, the most important thing in life is, well, life itself. Didn't the Savior himself say that His purpose was to help us achieve "immortality and eternal life"? And that "the Sabbath was made for Man; not Man for the Sabbath"?

**ZOELLNER:** *Ja*, that is true.

**HELMUTH:** I have to put that, I'm afraid, before the Church, although I am confident that we cannot attain exaltation without the Church either.

**ZOELLNER:** Good. Then you agree that we must not contend against the Church and its leaders and that to be disloyal to those in authority is a very serious matter?

**HELMUTH:** *Ja*, normally that is so.

**ZOELLNER:** "Normally"?...but who is to decide what is "normal"—you or your leaders?

**HELMUTH:** Well, the leaders, at least at first—

**ZOELLNER:** What do you mean, at first?

**HELMUTH:** I reserve the right to receive personal witness about what they tell me.

**ZOELLNER:** I see. But how can you be so sure that that so-called "personal witness" isn't just a rationalization—your wanting something you shouldn't have?

**HELMUTH:** If I can't be sure about that, then I can't be sure of anything—not even my testimony. I guess...I guess it depends upon my own personal righteousness.

**ZOELLNER:** Exactly. And how righteous are you, Bruder Huebener?

**HELMUTH:** I...I don't know. I'm sure I'm not perfect.

**ZOELLNER:** Indeed you are not. In fact you are deliberately dishonest.

**HELMUTH:** Dishonest?

**ZOELLNER:** You have deceived me.

**HELMUTH:** What do you mean?

**ZOELLNER:** (*taking one of HELMUTH's pamphlets from his vest pocket*) Here...what about this? Someone carelessly left it last night in this duplicator—the last I imagine of many copies....Do you deny that you are that someone?

**HELMUTH:** First may I ask you a question?

**ZOELLNER:** You may.

**HELMUTH:** Will you, as my priesthood leader, respect the confidentiality of what I tell you? Will you guarantee me that you will not tell another person?

**ZOELLNER:** I will. The Lord requires it.

**HELMUTH:** Then I will not deny that I am that someone.

**ZOELLNER:** You have used Church equipment to run off these inciting statements—I have seen others, they're all around the town, and I recognize the type font; they were typed on this very machine. Do you deny it?

**HELMUTH:** No, Bruder Zoellner.

**ZOELLNER:** You have done all of this and kept it from me. Why?

**HELMUTH:** Because...in conscience...in conscience I have to declare what I know to be the truth—to tell others.

**ZOELLNER:** Helmuth...Helmuth, I don't deny that, politically, our nation, some of our leaders may be going

too far. But it isn't for us to judge what is ultimately right or wrong in the affairs of men. There is no complete justice on either side. There never was. That is why the Prophet Joseph told us that we must "believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates, in obeying, honoring, and sustaining the law." We must keep them and our religion apart. That is also why, as your branch president, I can keep your confession to myself, where, as a loyal German citizen, I would otherwise be obligated to denounce you.

**HELMUTH:** But aren't we also obligated to uphold the Ten Commandments?

**ZOELLNER:** Why, of course.

**HELMUTH:** Without compromising, without qualification?

**ZOELLNER:** I think so.

**HELMUTH:** And didn't Moses—didn't the Lord himself—tell us in His fifth commandment: "Honor thy father and mother"?

**ZOELLNER:** *Ja.*

**HELMUTH:** Do we honor our parents by submitting to a system that encourages young children to spy on and denounce their parents? Well?

**ZOELLNER:** You don't have to be a spy, yourself. You can still respect your own parents.

**HELMUTH:** But if I don't speak out against such practices, who else will? Will you? Will the Church?

**ZOELLNER:** *Ja.* Normally.

**HELMUTH:** But right now things aren't quite so "normal," is that it?

**ZOELLNER:** *Ja,* that is so. But there is something else. Where the Church is concerned, I am in authority here—not you, Helmuth. And so I tell you this: if you persist in this most unwise and totally fruitless course of action—one or even a half dozen of you can make no difference—you will place the Church itself in great jeopardy....

**HELMUTH:** Even if I go elsewhere to print them?

**ZOELLNER:** Even then. You yourself are an officer of the Church. They will identify the Church with you once you are apprehended and they will eventually trace this sort of thing

*(gesturing with the pamphlet)*

back to us. Helmuth, you may be responsible for destroying the Church—and its members—in all of Germany, in all of occupied Europe and—if the Fuehrer emerges victorious and the Third Reich truly lasts a thousand years—perhaps in the entire world. Think about it.

**HELMUTH:** Bruder Zoellner, what will the Church be worth, if everywhere we have to sacrifice our Solomon Schwartzes, if we can only hold those meetings and say those things the Fuehrer approves of... I oppose violent overthrow; I oppose all forms of violence, including assassination—with perhaps one exception. But to educate, to warn the people as best I can about the facts as I see them—I must do this....

**ZOELLNER:** Don't you realize how dangerous this is—for you alone?

**HELMUTH:** I do. And I'm very frightened.

**ZOELLNER:** And are you sure you are justified in opposing the Church in this way? Because that is what you are doing!

**HELMUTH:** Bruder Zoellner, it is the gospel itself that impels me to do these things.

**ZOELLNER:** Are you sure?

**HELMUTH:** Quite sure.

**ZOELLNER:** Even when I warn you that, should you persist and should you be apprehended, I will have no

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choice but to take action that will completely disassociate you from us?

**HELMUTH:** Even then, Bruder Zoellner.

**ZOELLNER:** So be it.

**HELMUTH:** So be it.

*(The lights dim.)*

**Scene Nine** -- *The lights rise on Werner Kranz, who sits alone at a desk in the State Welfare Office, pondering a sheaf of Helmuth's fliers. Finally, he lays them down and stares, with a set expression, at the space in front of him. After a long pause his hand resolutely reaches for the telephone.*

**WERNER:** Zentral! Zentral! .. Please give me the Secret State Police... That's right: The Gestapo. Investigative Division.

*(The LIGHTS black out.)*

**INTERMISSION** (if desired.)

**14 pages of script in act two**