

JANNING: We have fallen on good times, haven't we, Herr Hahn? In the old times it would have made your day if I had deigned to say "good morning" to you. Now that we are in this place together, you feel obliged to order me what to do with my life.

HAHN: We must stand together now. The most crucial part of the case is coming up now. They cannot call us criminals and at the same time ask us to help them. You must stand with us. It's not good for Germans to turn on one another. It will not be good for them to see that now. We must stand together now. We have common ground now.

JANNING: What common ground do we have? What do I have in common with you and the rest of the Party hacks like you? Listen to me, Herr Hahn. There were terrible things that happened to me in my life, but the worst thing that has ever happened is that I find myself in the company of men like you.

HAHN: You have something in common. You were part of the same regime. You stood by that regime the same as the rest of us. [Pause.] There is something else you have in common. You are a German.

SCENE: MRS. BERTHOLT'S ROOM

[It is fairly bare, but whatever furniture there is is very tasteful. There has obviously been very much done with very little. Mrs. Bertholt enters followed by Haywood. They have come from the Opera House. Haywood looks at the small room, obviously struck

Bertholdt/Haywood

Bertholdt/Haywood
by the fact that Mrs. Bertholt is living in this small room, is living in her old house with such enormous space.]

MRS. BERTHOLT: Let me have your coat. It's a little warmer here than in the Opera House. I'll put on the coffee. It will be ready in a minute.

[Haywood gives her his coat. Mrs. Bertholt hangs it up.]

It's quite empty at the moment but I've really just started. I'm going to have the dining room in the alcove. I'll get a small piano and put it over there. I have a beautiful painting by Feininger. Do you know Feininger's work?

HAYWOOD: No. No. I don't.

MRS. BERTHOLT: It's lovely. Germans are always talking about their possessions, aren't they? What's life like for you back home?

HAYWOOD: What's it like?

MRS. BERTHOLT: Please. Sit down. What kind of position do you hold? Is it very important?

HAYWOOD: No. No. Not very important at all. I'm a district court judge that's all. And for the last year or so, I haven't even been that.

MRS. BERTHOLT: You are retired?

HAYWOOD: Forcibly. By the electorate.

MRS. BERTHOLT: You elect judges in the United States?

HAYWOOD: Yes. We do. In some districts.

MRS. BERTHOLT: I didn't know that.

HAYWOOD: It's either one of the virtues of our judiciary system or one of the defects. I thought it was one of the virtues until I was defeated last year.

MRS. BERTHOLT: I'm sure it was the electorate's fault, not yours.

HAYWOOD: There seems to be a difference of opinion about that. I don't know. I was in a long time. I guess they just got tired of me, that's all. A new fellow came along. What about you, Mrs. Bertholt? You said you were in the United States. Where?

MRS. BERTHOLT: My husband and I took a ride by automobile all over the United States. We were really very impressed. It was a very happy time for us. The coffee must be ready. I'll get it.

[Goes to kitchen. Haywood follows.]

HAYWOOD: What impressed you most?

MRS. BERTHOLT: The people. They are so outgoing, so really uncomplicated. People in Germany think it's an act. But that's because they don't know Americans. They really are like that. Do you take milk and sugar?

HAYWOOD: Black. Life isn't easy for you now, is it?

MRS. BERTHOLT: I'm not used to life being easy. I'm a daughter of the military. You know what that means, don't you?

[They go into next room.]

HAYWOOD: No, I'm afraid I don't.

MRS. BERTHOLT: It means that I was taught discipline in a very special way. For instance: when I was a child we used to go for long hikes in the country, but I would never be allowed to run to the lemonade stands with the others. "Control your thirst," I was told. Control hunger. Control emotions. It has served me well.

HAYWOOD: Was your husband like that? Was he part of that heritage too?

MRS. BERTHOLT: He was a soldier. Brought up to do one thing. To fight in the battle and fight well.

[There is a moment. Mrs. Bertholt waits until Haywood tries his coffee. Haywood tastes it.]

Do you have a family, Judge Haywood?

HAYWOOD: Yes, I do. I have a daughter. She has four children.

MRS. BERTHOLT: Where's Mrs. Haywood?

HAYWOOD: She died a few years ago. How about you. Do you have children?

MRS. BERTHOLT: No. I don't. [Pause.] I'm curious. What are your feelings about Ernst Janning?

HAYWOOD: I'm sorry, Mrs. Bertholt. I can't discuss the case at all outside the court.

MRS. BERTHOLT: Yes. Of course. It was just that I knew Ernst Janning a little. We used to attend the same concerts. I remember there was a reception given for Wagner's daughter-in-law. Hitler was there. Janning was there with his wife also. She was very beautiful, very small, very delicate. She is dead now. Hitler seemed quite taken with her. He made advances toward her at the reception.

HAYWOOD: Hitler?

MRS. BERTHOLT [nods]: He would do things like that in a burst of emotion. I will never forget the way Janning cut him down. I don't think anybody ever did it quite that way to him. He said, "Chancellor, I do not object so much that you are ill-mannered. I do not object to that so much. I do object that you are such a bourgeois."

HAYWOOD: What happened?

MRS. BERTHOLT: Hitler's face whitened. He just stared at Janning and then walked out. Would you like some more coffee?

HAYWOOD: No, I'm fine.

MRS. BERTHOLT: Men like Janning and my husband and I, we hated Hitler. I want you to know that. And he hated us. He hated my husband because he was a real war hero and the little corporal couldn't tolerate that. Because he married into the nobility which was my family. Hitler was in awe of the nobility, but he hated it. That's why it was so outrageous what happened. You know what happened to my husband?

HAYWOOD: Yes.

MRS. BERTHOLT: What did he know about the crimes they cited him for? He was placed on trial with the Nazi political leaders and he was made to seem one of them. He became part of the revenge the victors always take on the vanquished. It was political murder. You know that, don't you?

HAYWOOD: I don't know what I believe, Mrs. Bertholt.

MRS. BERTHOLT: You don't know what to believe. No. All of us don't know what to believe. We're each told lies about each other. If you go to either side, you'll hear about atrocities of the other. I wish the day will come when there will be no