

Immigration at Normandy.

Travel seemed to be a lot easier in the past. What with visas, modern travel restriction to say nothing of Covid we all tend to long for the older days of easier traveling. One wonders how modern issues might have changed history.

Maybe . . . just maybe . . .

Scene: The Normandy beach, June 6, 1944, in a sand bagged bunker. There is a stand up desk with a waste basket to the right with two uniformed SS officers, (Shultz und Steiner), behind it. Beyond them a door to the outside. Lined up in front of the desk to the left is a line of WW-II American soldiers in full combat gear. Sounds of a fierce battle raging are audible in the background.

Shultz, is at the desk, obviously bored and stamping several papers with a hand held rubber stamp.

“NEXT!”

The first American steps up to the desk and Shultz says:

“May I see your papers please.”

Kline:

“What is going on here?!?”

Shultz,
(snapping fingers impatiently):

“Your passport and papers, schnell.”

Kline, *incredulously):*

“Are you kiddine me? Don’t you know there’s a war on?”

Shultz:

“Of COURSE we know about the war, we INVENTED war! But we must have order, even here. Do you really think you can just waltz in wherever you please? PAPERS PLEASE!”

Steiner, *(rolls eyes):*

“Amerikaners”

Kline, *(offers papers):*

“ Oh for, here you -“

Shultz,
(grabbing and looking at passport:)

“THANK you, herr Kline, welcome to France. Purpose of visit, work or pleasure?”

Kline, *(wincing at the sound of louder explosions):*

“Well, definitely not pleasure.”

Shultz:
(looking at his partner)

“Ja, that wouldn’t be so, would it?”
“Right, Steiner?” *(They both snicker and laugh.)*

Shultz:

“hmmmmm, Kline, Klein, I see . . . strange, you don’t look Jewish.”

Kline:

“I’m not Jewish, I’m not, really. Here, look at the spelling.”
(Pulls out dog tag while SS whisper together)

Shultz: *(looks at tag)*

“Ja, ja, all right, all right, never mind.”

Shultz, *shuffling through papers:*

“. . . . Herr Kline, I do not see your Flu vaccination certificate. You DID get your Flu shot, did you not?”

Kline: “Yeah, I got all my shots, it should be there.”

Shultz: “No, no . . . I do not see it here . . .”

Kline: What difference does this make, I’m not here on vacation . . . !”

Shultz: “Surely you do not want to endanger poor, honest government employees just doing their duty here at immigration do you?”

(Kine says nothing)

Shultz: And what will you say to the nice French mama who’s baby you give a nasty case of the Flu to, eh?”

Kline, (fumbles in his pockets): “Oh wait, here it is.” (pulls paper from his breast pocket.)

Shultz, (snatches the paper irritably and reads it): “DANKE! . . . Ja . . . ja, *(Checks it and looks through papers again)* well, all seems in order with your papers und health certificates. Now, have you anything to declare?”

Kline: “Declare?”

Shultz: “Ja, declare . . . DECLARE.”

Shultz, (leans forward and speaks slowly as if explaining to an 8 year old child): “Did, you, purchase, anything, in England, you are, bringing, into, France?”

Kline: “Oh, some cheese -”

SS: “CHEESE!?!?” *(Both SS stiffen)*

Shultz: “STEINER!”
(His partner steps forward and holds out his hand with a sterner expression on his face)

Kline: “Wha-“

Shultz: You think to bring CHEESE, into FRANCE?”
(Leans forward) “This IS France, it is CHEESE country, you know?”

Kline looks from one to another, sighs, and pulls a small paper wrapped item from his pocket and hands it to Steiner) All relax a bit

Shultz: “Anything . . . ELSE?”

Kline: “A bottle of wine.”

SS:

“WHAT?!?!”

(Kline pulls a bottle out of his pack and repeats the hand over)

Shultz, *(leaning forward:)*

“and . . . ?“

Kline:

“A beer.”

Shultz:

“A beer? You brought a **BEER?** What’s the matter, don’t you like our beer?”

(Kline sighs, turns around and points to his pack. Steiner opens it, rummages around and triumphantly pulls out an English lager. Both Germans look at the label and roll their eyes.)

Steiner,

“Mine Gott.”

Shultz:

“Will that be all?”

Kline:

“I bought this good luck ring.”

(Shultz, disgustedly reaches under the desktop and pulls out a book and slams it on the desk top. He pages through it finds the right entry, inspects the ring, does a few calculations on paper and looks up at Kline and says:

“THAT WILL BE TWO MARKS IMPORT DUTY, BITTE!”

(Kline, resigned, pulls some cash out of his pockets, the two Germans paw through the currency and take out sufficient.)

Shultz:

“ANYthing else?”

Kline:

“No. . . . really, that’s all.”

Shultz *(Straightens up, quickly stamps three papers, hands the lot back to Kline and says,):*

“Very well, welcome to France we hope you enjoy your visit **NEXT!**”

Kline, *(hesitating)*

“But-“

Shultz:

“NEXT!”

Kline: *(Shoves his papers into his pocket, hefts his rifle, squares his helmet and stomps to the exit and screams):*

“MAZZEL TOV, ASSHOLES!!!”

then charges out to the sound of increased battle. There's a louder explosion and Kline's helmet bounces back through the doorway. Shultz and Steiner look at each other, snicker and shake their heads.

Shultz takes a single piece of paper from the desk and tears it in half and drops the two halves into the waste basket.

Shultz:

"NEXT!"

-- The next soldier steps forward.