



Jack Pulman was an award-winning British television screenwriter, most famous for the critically acclaimed 1976 BBC television series, *I, Claudius*, based on the novels *I, Claudius* and *Clavdivs the God* by Robert Graves. Pulman's television adaptations included *Jane Eyre*, *Crime and Punishment*, *David Copperfield*, and *War and Peace*. His last screenplay, *Private Schulz*, went into production after his death in 1979. His widow, the actress Barbara Young, collected a posthumous writers award from The Royal Television Society for his work on the serial in 1982.

Martin Noble is a writer, editor and publisher, based in Oxford. His novel adaptations include *Bullshot*, *Ruthless People*, *Tin Men* and *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*. His novels include *Trance Mission*.

The first edition of *Private Schulz*, published by New English Library in 1981, reached number 1 in the *Sunday Times* best-selling fiction list.



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PRIVATE SCHULZ

The revised, expanded version of Martin Noble's black comic novel adapted from Jack Pulman's much-loved and highly acclaimed Royal Television Society award-winning television series

'The Fuhrer has now agreed to mass-produce the notes, if and only if we can successfully place in circulation in England two million pounds worth of them.' Neuheim was looking at Schulz like a tarantula at its prey. He had becoming appetising.

'Place them in circulation, sir?'

'Yes. And I've decided that you're the man to do it. We are going to drop the notes by plane. And we're going to drop you with them.'

'You mean – jump out of an aeroplane?'

'Yes,' Neuheim snapped impatiently. 'Well, don't look so glum about it. They give you a parachute before you jump!'

'And what happens if I'm caught?'

'Well...' Neuheim hesitated. 'As an enemy agent you could, in theory, be shot.'

'And in practice?'

'You could also be shot. But then, you will be shot if you stay here so you won't actually be worse off. I would have thought you would have welcomed the opportunity.'

'No, sir. Oddly enough, I don't. In fact, to be perfectly frank, I don't want to go.'

'What do you mean "don't want to go"?'

'I don't know any other way of putting it sir – I just don't want to go. This is a job for a volunteer and I am volunteering not to go.'

Reviews of the First Edition

I absolutely treasure my copy of *Private Schulz*. The novel is both compelling and first rate.

Richard Gould

Martin Noble's novel based on Jack Pulman's *Private Schulz* is the funniest book I've read since *The Good Soldier Schweik*.

George A. Athans

If you laughed at the frustrated, unfortunate *Private Schulz* in the recent BBC series, then you will love the book version. The novel is able to go into more detail than the TV original, both in characterisation and plot. The result is a finely drawn, hilarious tale of the SS plan to flood wartime Britain with forged £5 notes – with Schulz as the unwitting and unwilling private using the scheme to make some dishonest money for himself.

Evening Echo

If you liked the series, you'll love the book. Jack Pulman never lived to see his creation on screen, and the script was novelised expertly by Martin Noble. The novel goes beyond the limits of the series, fills in all the characters further, and introduces new ones. Martin Noble has done real justice to Pulman's creation.

Niko Nezna

Front cover photograph:

Michael Elphick as Gerhardt Schulz in the 1981 BBC television series of *Private Schulz*, produced by Phillip Hinchcliffe.

ISBN 978-1-910301-20-3 90000



directed by Robert Chetwyn and starring Michael Elphick, Ian Richardson as Alfred Neuheim and Billie Whitelaw as Bertha Freyer.

AESOP Modern Oxford

PRIVATE SCHULZ

Martin Noble
Jack Pulman

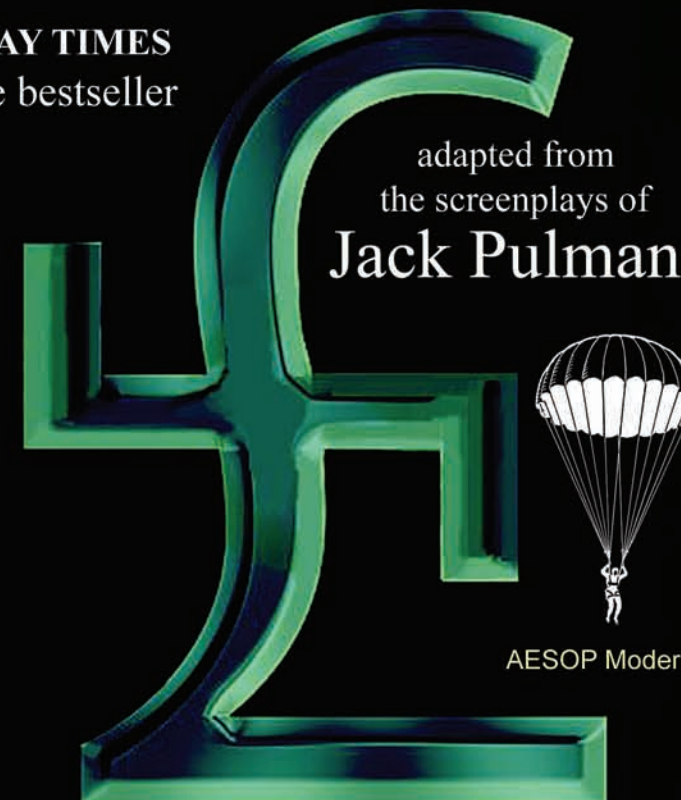
PRIVATE SCHULZ

MARTIN NOBLE



THE SUNDAY TIMES
number one bestseller

adapted from
the screenplays of
Jack Pulman



AESOP Modern



'Have you got your cyanide capsule?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Don't use it unless you have to.'

Schulz had now been told this by every member of the technical section as though they had been instructed to programme his subconscious by repetition.

'That's good advice, sir,' he said. 'Thank you.'

'Well, good luck!' said Neuheim, offering Schulz his hand. 'For Germany and the Fuhrer!' He laughed and slapped him on the back with absurd bonhomie. 'The way the war's going in France, we'll be in England before you spend half that money!'

Ohm handed Schulz the bowler hat, which he took and stuffed down the front of his flying suit, and then zipped himself up.

'Are you quite sure they're still wearing plus-fours in England now?' Neuheim said quietly to Ohm, out of Schulz's hearing.

'Pretty sure, sir,' said Ohm.

Schulz climbed into the belly of the plane clutching his briefcase and the bomb door closed.

As the engines began to roar and the Heinkel taxied towards the take-off point, it suddenly occurred to him that today was a Sunday and all the shops in England would be closed. This was the excuse he had been trying to conjure up throughout the past twenty-four hours, the pretext for calling the whole thing off.

But it was already too late.

From *Private Schulz*



ISBN: 978-1-910301-20-3 £16.99 | \$26.99