

**LET MY ADOLF GO**

One Man Show

A new play in progress

2014

**Note:**

This play should be staged like an open staged rehearsal with the actor and the chorus members holding scripts. The play is situated in the world of silence: there is no stage, just a small room full of unstable chairs with decorated cushions. There are a few hanging light bulbs, but the audience sits mostly in the light. The story is told in repeated scenes, where a scene in sign language follows a scene of English spoken language. Sometimes, an English spoken language scene will follow the sign language scene. There is never 'a silence.' Constant noise, voice effects and production features will be provided by the chorus. A bird feather moves constantly in the room. It flies with the slight wind and noise in the room and indicates them.

**Characters:**

A deaf actor. Or one in the stages of losing his hearing. Plays the character of Adolf Hitler who is alive, and hides in Guam.

**The Chorus:**

The Chorus can include sign language interpreters, musical instrumentalists, and/or vocalists and actors. The Chorus members can hold scripts.

## **Scene 1**

### **Chorus:**

*Here am I.*

*(Sigh.)*

*He was wandering in the field*

and the man asked him, saying, What seekest thou?

And he said, *I seek my brethren.*

*I seek my brethren.*

Tell me, I pray thee, where they feed their flocks?

And the man said, I heard them say, Let us go to Dothan!

And Joseph went after his brethren, and found them in Dothan.

when they saw him afar off, they conspired against him to slay him.

*Here I am.*

*(Sigh)*

*(Sigh)*

*(Sigh)*

### **Actor:**

*(enters. With old suitcase) Here I Am.*

*(he has a glass of water and a cup of tea. Takes out a make-up bag from his suitcase. He says hello to the audience, to the musicians and sits down on one of the rocking chairs. He prepares himself.)*

What is worse than finding a worm in an apple?

To find half of a worm in an apple. *(laughs)*

What is worse than half of a worm?

To hear it say in your ear: Hello to you! *(laughs more. chokes.)*

*(to the audience)* Big light... you are good people... *(looks at the light)*

Big light. At night as well. So much light everywhere. It's good. Good sign. You are good people. *(puts on his make up.)*

**Chorus:**

Extreme heat

the platoon walks in the jungle

wounded soldiers shake-

*(Breath)*

-and it's normal.

Youth is beautiful

the summer is eternal.

*(Breath)*

One helicopter lands,

falls-

disappears.

*(Breath)*

He's suddenly hungry

to eat her.

## **Scene 2:**

### **Actor:**

Joseph went after his brethren, and found them. Why did they kill him? He seeks for them- he seeks for them...

*(agitated. Beat. Response from Chorus)*

Good day. Thank you for coming here today. Please allow me, I am trying to deal here with a killer. With a real son of a bitch, with the character of scum, the biggest scum of humanity, the one who started the Second World War, the "Big War," the war that killed six million Jews, fifty million human beings.

I researched this person for a long time: I read about his life, I watched movies made about his life, including all the YouTube videos. The things he said. The things people said about him. The things he said people said about him. And this from the frustrated knowledge that it will never be enough.

It is crazy.

Is there anything crazier than this?

### **Chorus:**

All is said

I have nothing to add to this

I just can't

The nights are long

And my fear-

You'll never know  
How I cried like a boy-  
You won't feel a thing  
Forget your way  
Here-

All is said  
Everything.  
So what can I tell you now  
I just can't  
The nights are long  
And the fear-

You'll never know  
How I cried like a boy-  
You won't feel a thing  
Forget your way here,  
To here.

Because my time is done  
I don't breathe and I don't sleep  
Don't dream, don't leave  
Just write.

**Actor:**

Hitler, by my story, is not dead. He didn't die in his bunker on April 30, 1945. He escaped, and lives right now, today, here in Guam. Old, very old, and deaf. *(he continues to put on the makeup)* This makeup, by the way, is not supposed to make me look like Hitler. It supposed to distance me from him... *(laughs)* so I can hear him better. *(stronger laughter)*

So, one day Hitler is walking around the ghetto. He walks towards this one kid--Joseph.

Hitler asks this Joseph kid: "Hey, how old are you?"

This kid, Joseph, says: "I'll be 12 next week."

Hitler says back to him: "Optimistic, huh?"

Himmler was called to Hitler's office one day. He walked into Hitler's office and didn't see Hitler. Himmler calls out: "Mein Fuhrer, where are you?" No answer. Himmler enters and walks around the office, approaches Hitler's desk, looks down at Hitler's desk, looks underneath it, and down there he sees Hitler all curled up.

Himmler said: "Mein Fuhrer, what happened to you? What is going on?"

Hitler replied: "I feel uncomfortable."

What are the last words in Anne Frank's Diary?

"Hold on, there's somebody at the door."

### **Scene 3**

**Actor:**

I want to tell you, what brought me here today is the pure aristocratic emotion of a chosen race to a chosen race... here I am in front of you, representing the nation who gave to humanity all the greats, Nietzsche, Kant, Goethe, Bach, Beethoven...

In one hour my fate will be determined, your fate will be determined, our fate will be determined. A man has to be loyal towards his instincts. Conscience and spirit are not the main things. You have to remember that. I will tell this to you--we have to buy new innocence for ourselves! (*shakes*)

Yes.

Here I am.

Against you.

I look at you.

You look at me.

This is a historical moment, it's hard to control. Please, forgive me.

(*pause.*)

We are loyal slaves to the peak moments of history.

Marble and light! Marble and light! Remember! Since ancient Rome—marble and big shiny light, yes...

Here I am.

Together with you.

Live with you.

Live.

Alive.

*(drinks from the water.)*

**Chorus:**

The day of my killing

Is the day of my being

And the day of my being

Is the day of my killing!

**Scene 4**

**Chorus:**

Like a bird you are free,

Want to scratch the sky.

Close to the water

Close to the ends

You are the blade

You are the border-

You are free-

Like a bird.

**Actor:**

Hot. So hot. Once I used to sweat a lot. It was days and days ago, but a person never gets used to his sweat. Yes. Even then when I was changing three times a day, yes, three times a day. Krause swore I'm the cleanest person in the world! Three times a day!

I want to tell you: the Jewish people are historically powerful! The Jewish people are not the inferior race they were anymore! The new Jewish people, or the "Israeli nation" the way you call it now, is truly special... the chosen people, the superior race, etcetera, etcetera...

Here I sit for tens of years and look at you. Yes. Look at you Jews. Look at you Americans.

Look at you, all of you.

I am an old man.

Once they called me the "Architect of the Catastrophe." Me. An old bastard who asks to die and looks at you every minute of your time, every minute of my time.

I exposed myself because I have an important message to deliver. A very important message!

*(coughs)*

I read all the books. I saw all the films. Charlie Chaplin. I love Chaplin very much. I travelled all the journeys, I fought all the wars. But, at night--man fears the silence. Believe me. And this man looks back at his life, sometimes looks forward--towards the years to come, wishing for them to come, yearning for them to come, like yearning to the warm kiss of the Angel of History-

*(scratching himself)*

I am looking at you for years and screaming your scream-

*(coughs)*

From year to year my body is rotten. Do you know what it means to a man my age to live in the jungle?

I am sorry for getting excited, it is hard for me to do this, talk to you like this, this stupid psoriasis makes my life miserable, my nerves, and... a little difficulty understanding my motives...but what I know is my worst punishment of all today, other than giving up sweets of course, is living forever. Sometimes I think, maybe I dream, to be forgotten, to die, to sleep... why can't I die, sleep, be forgotten?

**Chorus:**

on the 30th of April

I killed myself

Monday three thirty early afternoon.

Tired man napping

I shot myself in the head

I killed Eva first, my pretty wife Eva

Her head rested by the back of my chair

Deep red petals splashing from her head

On my chair

On my desk

I'm dying

The day of my killing

Is the day of my being

And the day of my being

Is the day of my killing!

**Actor:**

I stood in awe--watching, such a beautiful event. But something was missing. It wasn't harmonic. Wasn't symmetrical. I tilted Eva's head a little towards my side of the desk.

Now the picture was perfect! I left the room in a great mood! I shaved my mustache and left the bunker. I also started to grow out my hair. A terrible thing, I know, like the hippies—that's what you call them, I believe—hippies, disgusting.

I stepped out into the fresh air. End of April. Spring, really. Three thirty in the afternoon. Almost evening, angry evening, between days, between months, almost happiness, almost relief—tomorrow the world will celebrate...

I looked at a mirror

Like a shadow

Nobody recognized me

The freest man in the world

Free from his own death.

*(takes a napkin and chocolate out of the suitcase)*

Since my last surgery I was forbidden to eat all kinds of sweets. But today is a special occasion.

He did it for me... nobody knew how to tell us apart... just Eva. And Blondie. My sweet dog

Blondie. She was loyal to me. I wish I didn't have to kill her.

*(eats)*

## **Scene 5:**

### **Actor:**

Nothing sweet, not chocolate, not honey, not even raisins! I never liked vegetarian food but for health purposes, and for cleansing purposes... since... since Geli died. Since that day I don't eat meat. A person has to keep his soul and body clean. An apple is allowed, but in small amounts, only two hundred grams per day, green apples are best, medium sourness, sophisticated taste... it is so hot here, but better than fighting the snow- right? Yes. That's from my experience, I'll tell you. Believe me, time does not go on. For me, there is no past, there is no present, there is no future, there is no final moment in reality. The past is eternal, and the future is an unlimited flow opportunities for creation. The cause for our cultural descent is mainly eating meat. Yes. Wagner also said, many discoveries of our lives are right there in our big gut. It is scary! Imagine that I would run around with a gut. Politically speaking, that could have killed me. Oy vey. There, not here.

I don't eat meat, I don't drink, I don't smoke, anything, I don't do anything, I didn't do anything, not just for health purposes, as I mentioned before, but also for real inner recognition...

But the world is not mature enough.

### **Chorus:**

To be forgotten, to die, to sleep

Since my last surgery I was forbidden to eat all kinds of sweets.

I am sorry for getting excited, it is hard for me to do this, talk to you like this, this stupid psoriasis...

**Scene 6:**

I look at you.

Miserable old man. Diabetic. And you, you young people. Healthy people. Healthy in your body, in your spirit. A territory! An island! Hafa Adai! Your beautiful island of Guam! Where America's day begins! The nation of Guam? (*dismissive gesture*) Nothing is a nation anymore.

The concept of a nation is empty; I am ashamed to say, a nation is a toy in the playground of democracy and liberalism. Nations should be cancelled and exchanged with the concept of race, which is still fresh and should be used for the future regime! To melt the nations in the shape of a much more supreme regime! The race! This is going to be a revolution!

Yes. Difficult days are coming. Only the hard and manly will survive. The world will receive a new face. Hard. The thing is very hard.

I sit here and look at you.

It is the first time I really see you.

Face to face.

The last time.

It is the first time you see me face to face.

The last time.

What do I see? Human beings.

What do you see? A human being.

**Chorus:**

What are the last words in Anne Frank's Diary?

“Hold on, there somebody's at the door.”

### **Scene 7:**

#### **Actor:**

Mustache. Whose mustache? My mustache? His mustache? (*laughs*) yes. This is my little secret. Who is who? My little historic joke. Does it really matter if it is me who stands right here in front of you or if it is my famous double? Does it really matter if my double is the one who speaks all these words to you or if it is the angel of God? And if it is the angel of God, the Good and graceful angel of God comes to you and tells you: "I am Adolf" – will you judge him as the Good and graceful angel of God, or will you judge him as a person named Adolf? And here is my little historic joke!

#### **Chorus:**

Like a shade

No one recognized me

The freest man in the world

### **Scene 8:**

#### **Actor:**

Geli liked cookies.

Geli, yes, my big love.

I carry with me the memory of our last meeting all my life.

All my life I dream about a gun she gently placed close to her heart.

Geli- the daughter of deathlessness.

Eva and Blondie were loyal, no doubt, loyal. Eva-good woman. Stupid, but good.

An intelligent man should take for himself a stupid wife. A simple woman.

But Geli.

Sweet Geli.

Her tanned skin, pure and healthy, her golden hair, falling upon her shoulders like a river of greatness, her sweet voice, oh Geli, Geli-soprano, sweet soprano.

My Geli,

My love,

Uncle Elf!

This is what she used to call me!

With her sweet voice!

Uncle Elf!

She wanted to be an opera singer, wanted to go to Vienna, to take voice lessons...why? What would I do without her?

Pure and sweet Geli, the opera singer? Never! No!

You don't let me go to Vienna?

No!

On the eighteenth of September, 1931, at my Munich apartment, at five o'clock in the afternoon,

I told her "No!" and I left.

The bullet pierced her breasts below her left shoulder, right into her heart.

Wonderful Geli.

She did not kill herself...

This is a dirty lie! (*rage*)

She would not have done this to me!

They would! They did!

The dirty pigs from the party! Bastards!

The whole night I cried on her fresh grave.

She doesn't come to me, but I go to her

Wonderful Geli, today I go to her.

*(Chokes. Drinks from the tea. Swallows a pill. Drinks from the tea. Puts everything back in the suitcase. Wipes his hands in a rush)*

### **Scene 9:**

#### **Actor:**

We are all the children of mother history. Even when I was a kid, when my father was still alive, there was never mention of terms like: Jew, brown or black or white. I just always believed we were all Germans...until I met Noyman. In my rough years in Vienna—Noyman--good and honest man, gave me his coat... and later, there was a doctor... what was his name? Bloch. Doctor Bloch. He took care of my Mother before she died. Very dedicated doctor...Jews! They were all Jews! I don't deny it! I never did!

The world is a butcher's shop. The killing continues and it will continue until the end of time. I didn't make this up. War after war after war. I was chosen to design history, that's all! I'm not Eichmann! That foolish *Jasager*!

They are all fools!

Roosevelt is a fool! Insane! He lost his mind! Going to England! To meet Mister Churchill!

Mister Churchill is a drunk!

Stupid!

I finished El Alamein!

I finished Kursk!

Stalingrad!

Barbarosa!

Barbarosa!

154 divisions!

600,000 cannons!

7,000 howitzers!

2,500 Messerschmitts!

*(epileptic attack)*

**Scene 10:**

**Chorus:**

Extreme heat

the platoon walks in the jungle

wounded soldiers shake-

*(Breath)*

-and it's normal.

Youth is beautiful

the summer is eternal.

*(Breath)*

One helicopter lands,

falls-

disappears.

*(Breath)*

He's suddenly hungry

to eat her.

**Actor:**

I am scared. I am scared for our faith. Because if we can send the best of our sons to the hell of war, we for sure have the right to remove millions of inferior races from the face of the earth.

These are the best of our children, wonderful youth: geniuses, generous...

Please, allow me. I am getting to the main reason that brought me to you. I have been looking forward to this moment for years. The moment you will realize I cannot die, because I exist inside of you forever.

*(gets up)*

even if I will stand up and I will ask you to kill me-

I ask you to kill me

Kill me.

It will be a historic act.

Kill me.

I have been watching you for years. You are passing by me, taking yourselves out of history, living by it, living far and beyond it!

Kill me.

You set your place outside history. You became the chosen people! The superior people! People who don't play by the rules of the history game!

Kill me.

You, creators of atomic bombs, you are my students!

Kill me!

The Germans ended their historic role! Germany is dead!

Kill me!

Do you really leave me alive to just use me as a symbol?

Kill me!

The symbol, you see, is very old!

Kill me!

You don't need me anymore!

Kill me!

You created new people! A new race! And you say: we created a new society!

And you say: revenge, revenge, revenge

And I say: please, KILL me.

This is a historic opportunity for you and me...

Kill me.

I symbolize your suffering.

*(desperate)* Kill me.

*(pause)*

You cannot kill me.

You cannot forget me.

I don't ask to be forgotten.

I don't ask for forgiveness.

I don't ask for revenge.

I ask for rest.

This is the greatest sadness of my life.

This is the greatness sadness of your life.

You will never let me die. You will drag me through generations to come and wave at me again and again to justify every new war of yours.

*(Sits down.)*

You are good people.

Good people.

Big light.

Historical moment.

So easy.

*(Sigh)*

*(Sigh)*

*(Sigh)*

So easy.

*(he dies on the chair. Complete silence. End of play)*