A DEED WITHOUT A NAME

A Play

A thesis submitted in partial satisfaction of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts in

Drama

by

Donald Bernard Berrigan, Jr.

January, 1971
The thesis of Donald Bernard Berrigan, Jr. is approved:

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ABSTRACT

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Angelika (Geli) Raubal (1911 - 1931) lies buried in an obscure corner of the Central Cemetery in Vienna. During the Nazi occupation of Austria her remains were clandestinely disinterred and moved there from the more prominent originally secured for her burial by her uncle, Adolph Hitler. At the time of her death, the National Socialist German Workers Party was still two years away from power in Germany.

A deductive analysis of the events behind the Nazi manipulated, published accounts of the circumstances surrounding Geli's death took ten years of research to complete. References to her personality and character in pre-war Nazi writings, and in post-war sources yielded information that was often totally contradictory. She was alternately de-
scribed as "an empty-headed little slut" by one Nazi writer and as "stately" by another. Since my intention was and is to remain solidly within the documentary and semi-documentary traditions of modern Theatre of Fact, this confusion of data vastly complicated the task of structuring both Geli's characterization and the play as a whole. The resulting scenes reflect my attempt to see behind the surface facts, and to discover the psychological occurrences that gave rise to recorded and reported events.

Findings from research seem to indicate that the influence Geli ultimately had over the thought and behavior of the forty year-old Fuehrer-to-be was profound, partly because she was his life's first lover. Apparently her many personal appeals enabled him to overcome his life-long psychosexual impotence. An additional, interesting irony was that Geli's personal socialistic philosophy, bordering on Communism, and eccentric, pre-hippie lifestyle, both diametrically opposed to Hitler's own personal values, were winked at by him during most of their relationship. Reconciling this finding with other reports of his unwavering arbitrariness in all aspects of his life presented additional challenges in terms of an approach to his characterization that resolved to be both true to traditional history and still be dramaturgically useful and workable.

Research reveals that seemingly as a result of his idyllic and emotionally transfiguring relationship with Geli, in 1931 Hitler became more and more reluctant to leave his
Bavarian mountain retreat above Berchtesgaden to attend to Nazi Party business. This produced deep frustration and discontent throughout the Party leadership, in view of the upcoming Presidential election in which Hitler was to be the Nazi candidate. Particularly incensed were Hitler's immediate Lieutenants: Rudolph Hess, Hermann Goering, and Joseph Goebbels. To further complicate matters, Gregor Strasser, Hitler's deputy-in-command of the Party in the State of Prussia and the entire North of Germany, and his newspaper editor brother Otto Strasser, never willing acceptors of Hitler's authoritarian Party leadership, instigated a revolt within Party ranks, resulting in a serious internal split that threatened to dash Nazi hopes of ever achieving political dominance and governmental power.

These circumstances combined to drive Hitler's ambitious subordinates to a state of desperation. A statement attributed to Geli's mother reveals that when Joseph Goebbels realized that the neutralization of Geli's influence over Hitler was the only hope of saving the situation, Goebbels caused Heinrich Himmler to murder Geli, without Hitler's knowledge. Goebbels then arranged matters so that Geli's death could be convincingly presented to Hitler and to the press as a suicide. When he was notified of Geli's death by telephone, Hitler suffered an immediate emotional collapse that incapacitated him for at least three months.

From my exhaustive study of Hitler's life and personality, I am convinced that, had Geli lived to become his wife
and to bear him the child that one source reports she was carrying at the time of her death, Adolph Hitler might not have become the deeply embittered and totally ruthless, seemingly vengeance-seeking global criminal who personally set in motion the forces that brought about the deaths of an estimated 56 million persons during the six short years of World War II.

This play dramatizes the events that my research has uncovered, and those that I believe occurred. It depicts Geli's struggle to understand the sinister and ultimately fatal forces that were congealing around her life. It deals with her recognition of those forces, her decision to do what she could to oppose them, and her attempt to influence Hitler to more benign alternatives just before her death.

How very close the world may have come to escaping the incalculable human agony of history's bloodiest and most inhumanly cruel war is the story told by A Deed Without A Name.
San Fernando Valley State College

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January, 1971
Before I sink into the Big Sleep,
I want to hear...the scream of the butterfly.

- Jim Morrison, The Doors

MACBETH: How now you secret, black, and midnight hags?
What isn't you do?

WITCHES: A deed without a name.
- William Shakespeare

...There are heroes in the seaweed
there are children in the morning,
they are leaning out for love
they will lean that way forever
while Suzanne holds the mirror.

And you want to travel with her
and you want to travel blind
and you're sure that you can trust her
because she's touched your perfect body
with her mind.

- Leonard Cohen
VISUAL PRODUCTION DESIGN

Detailed set and scene descriptions have been deliberately omitted in order to give the artists responsible for production optimum latitude. I prefer the sets to be non-realistic, and particularly, fulfillments of the philosophy and theory of Adolphe Appia.

Music should not emit from the theatre's in-house sound system. It should emanate from large banks of Acoustic or Vox musical instrument amplifiers located on both sides of the proscenium. The music should be very loud, and presented as an entity equal in importance to all other theatrical values.
OVERTURE

The Doors - When The Music's Over
(To be played in its entirety during the audience's entry into the theatre)
Geli Raubal (1911-1931) now lies interred in an obscure corner of The Central Cemetery in Vienna. Within but fourteen years of her passing, the uncounted dead of World War II were to follow her into the Earth, slaughtered by the same man who drove Geli to her death at the age of only nineteen years. She was among the very first of their more than 56-million victims.
ACT ONE

Scene One

MUSIC: The Unknown Soldier by The Doors

PROJECTION: Stills of Joseph Goebbels, Hermann Goering, & Heinrich Himmler as they appeared in 1931 (Hoffmann photos). Also Goering's estate - Carinhall.

DISOLVE PROJECTION TO:

An upper sleeping room. In the shadows, the silhouette of a man asleep in bed. He tosses, breathing heavily.

An automobile is heard to enter the courtyard below at high speed. Its headlamps cast moving lights in the room as it lurches to a stop on the gravel. Its engine continues running at an idle as one of the doors slams.
The man in bed sits up abruptly, instantly alert to danger as if from long-established habit, cool and wary. He reaches into a drawer in the nearby nightstand and draws out a large revolver. The man moves toward the window in his long, white nightshirt. He is tall, stout, and bull-like in his movements. He pauses to search for something momentarily, then peers intently down into the moonlit courtyard below. The man is HERMANN GOERING.

LORENZ, a servant, enters, also armed with a pistol. He goes to another window.

LORENZ: Minister Goering! Visitors!
GOERING: How many can you see?
LORENZ: Only the one car so far, sir.
GOERING: God damn it, where the hell are my eye glasses? What time is it?
LORENZ: I have fifteen past two.
GOERING: There could be other autos farther up the drive with their headlamps out. If it's the Communists...
LORENZ: Sir, they wouldn't dare. Not here.

GOERING: You think not?

LORENZ: Even the Reds would not dare to touch a Minister of Parliament.

GOERING: Those Spartacist sons of bitches would blow your head off at the communion rail if it suited their purpose. No one has sworn them to strict legality.

The car's engine shuts off and a car door slams.

LORENZ: Sir, someone's walking toward the front door.

GOERING: Any others in the car?

LORENZ: Can't tell. If they'd douse those lights...

A loud, insistent pounding on the front door below, begins.

HIMMLER (O.S.): Minister Goering! Minister Goering!

GOERING: That's Himmler's voice.

HIMMLER (O.S.): Minister Goering!

GOERING: Himmler...it might better be the Reds.

The car's headlights go out. Another car door slam. Lorenz finds Goering's spectacles.

LORENZ: Someone else has gotten out of the car. Here are your glasses, sir.
GOERING: It's Goebbels. I can tell his gimp. Goebbels and Himmler...but where are the Brownshirts they always have with them?

LORENZ: I can't see anyone else, sir.

GOERING: They are alone. Something is wrong.

The pounding on the door continues.

Goering opens the window, shouts.

GOERING: Stop raising all that hell down there or I'll have my dogs take it out of your asses.

GOEBBELS (O.S.): Goering! This is Goebbels! Open up!

GOERING: The hell I will. I know what surprise night visits from you and Himmler mean!

GOEBBELS (O.S.): Damn it, Goering, you can see we're alone! Everything's gone to hell in Berlin!

GOERING: (to Lorenz): They're driving through the night without Brownshirt protection...and trouble in Berlin. Damned if it doesn't sound like they're on the run!

The pounding resumes.

GOEBBELS (O.S.): Goering!

GOERING: (shouts) All right! Hold your water, for Christ's sake!

(to Lorenz) Go down and let them in. But watch yourself, lock the door again, and keep that
GOERING: (cont'd) Mauser cocked.

LORENZ: Sir, with safety off.

Lorenz exits.

Goering returns to his bed, snaps on the small lamp on his night-table, and climbs back beneath the bedclothes. He checks the chambers of his revolver once more and then places the weapon beneath the coverlet, close to hand. He pours himself a glass of brandy, props up his pillows, and settles back, taking a sip from his glass.

Lorenz re-enters with HEINRICH HIMMLER and JOSEPH GOEBBELS. They are both wearing civilian clothes, and leather car coats with hats. Himmler also wears small eye-glasses of the pince-nez type. Goebbels walks with a severe limp, helped by a cane.

Lorenz goes to a far corner of the room and stands unobtrusively on guard.

GOEBBELS: Get him out of here.

GOERING: He stays. Have a glass of Curvoisier. Himmler?
HIMMLER: Thank you, no.

GOEBBELS: Make mine a double

GOERING: Why not just drink from the bottle then?

Goebbels takes a draught from the brandy bottle.

GOEBBELS: Now pour me one.

GOERING: You surprise me, Doctor. You know that brandy is to be slowly savoured.

GOEBBELS: Save your beerhall bullshit for the swine who vote for you. We have serious matters to discuss.

GOERING: The Party's weekly calamity must be a blitzer this time.

GOEBBELS: Less than two hours ago I was physically driven out of the Party offices in Berlin by our own Brownshirts. Himmler's new Blackshirts held them off in the outer offices long enough for us to get the car started and down the alley. Himmler and I had to run like hell to save ourselves. There's a god damn bullet-hole in the rear window!

GOERING: Well, let's get Roehm on the phone and find out what the hell is happening!

GOEBBELS: When I was sure we were out of danger, that was the first thing I did. But instead of an apology, I got an ultimatum!
GOERING: An ultimatum!

GOEBBELS: With instructions to pass it on to you and to Hitler.

GOERING: The Strassers have made their move.

GOEBBELS: They feel strong enough to demand that The Chief be expelled from The Party, and that Gregor Strasser be installed in his place. They're calling a party congress to which Hitler "and his thugs" will not be invited.

GOERING: Well, we knew something had to come, but I can hardly believe they've gotten Roehm to throw in with them.

GOEBBELS: We can thank Otto Strasser for that. Asshole queers conspiring in the same toilet.

GOERING: What exactly were Roehm's words to you?

GOEBBELS: He has placed his Brownshirts at the disposal of the Strassers, who mean to make the National Socialist German Workers' Party truly socialist. There will be no room in their new "peoples' Nazi Party" for a Bavarian Pope. All Party members are welcome to join hands with the new "revitalized" movement, but any who choose a course of "reactionary" loyalty to the past will be purged with the rest of the "Hitler pollutants."

GOERING: Needless to say, you will no longer be District Leader of Berlin.
GOEBBELS: Nor will you be up for re-election to Parliament, unless we make an accommodation.

GOERING: You have informed Hitler.

GOEBBELS: On the way here I tried to get through to him four times. He will not take my call.

GOERING: We'll ring him again. Lorenz...!

GOEBBELS: You can try, but all you'll get is that stupid sister of his, saying: "I'm sorry, but his orders are he's not to be disturbed." I finally got her to put Hess on the wire, but all he would say was that he'd give Hitler the message in the morning.

GOERING: Surely Hess was concerned.

GOEBBELS: He's so damned jealous of his closeness to Hitler nothing ruffles his smug composure. "The Chief can't be disturbed" was all he would say, over and over like the parrot-brain he is. I told him "The Chief may not be The Chief much longer if you don't put him on this phone." "Suppose you come down here then and talk to him about it yourself," was his final word before he hung up in my face.

GOERING: I'd never have believed Gregor Strasser had the balls to actually try this.

GOEBBELS: He never would without his brother Otto to prod him and prop up his confidence. Gregor has the popular appeal, perhaps second only to Hitler's
GOEBBELS (cont'd): with the people, but Otto's the hungry one. The son of a bitch is so Red even the Communists wouldn't have him. God knows what crackpot scheme he's cooked up for the new Party's economic programs.

HIMMLER: Gregor will never be able to control him. Otto and Roehm maneuvered him into this, almost without his complicity, but now that the coup is accomplished, at least in Berlin, he will not forbid them or hold them back from more. But he's keeping a nervous eye on Berchtesgaden, they all are. This Berlin victory of theirs must survive, and well they know that if Hitler decides to come to Berlin personally...

GOEBBELS: He could command the loyalty of the Brownshirts personally, and squash this petty little uprising, like that! But will he? Let's face the truth of this situation. The Stroessers and Roehm are just symptoms. Hitler himself is the real cause.

GOERING: You'd better watch what you say in front of Himmer, here.

GOEBBELS: Himmler knows what I'm saying is true. So do you. How long has it been since Hitler has made a speech up here in the North? He hasn't even been of any real use to the Party in Bavaria in the
GOEBBELS: (cont'd) last...how long has it been, Himmler, a year, longer?

HIMMLER: He was last seen by the German people when he took his niece to the opera in Bayreuth six weeks ago. With a vacuum of five months prior to that.

GOEBBELS: And this is the man we expect to win the Presidency of this republic next year! His god damned volume two of "My Struggle" is going to ruin the Party if he doesn't wind it up and get out among the people again.

HIMMLER: The word in Munich's inner Party circles has it that it's not his writing that's keeping him hidden away.

GOEBBELS: There's some idiotic speculation that he's fallen in love, of all things. A waste of time even talking about it. We all know he's never shown a lasting thought for any woman.

GOERING: Who's the lady?

HIMMLER: Geli Raubal, his half sister's daughter.

GOERING: I...think I've met her. She's a child.

HIMMLER: Nineteen.

GOERING: Well...succulent adolescence, and a hint of incest. Strong brew, Goebbels, is it not?

GOEBBELS: To you, perhaps. To a normal man, foolishness. But for him? You know better.
GOERING: Who are we to say what potentials for transfiguration there may be in the proximity and company of an untouched postpubescent virgin?

HIMMLER: I am told that in the Valhalian splendors of his mountain retreat, his little protege sings to him. She talks with him on matters of art and philosophy, even daring to put to critical question his opinions on subjects it would be worth our personal safety to even mention. Everywhere he goes, she's with him. They speed over the mountain roads in his Mercedes, urging the chauffeur to drive even faster, while she clings to her "Uncle Adi." He has many beautiful things brought in from Munich for her, but she spurns them all in favor of quaint peasant garments, and pieces of pottery for her plants. She scorns the latest fashionable hairstyles, instead ties her blonde hair in peasant braids, or lets it fly wild in the wind. All the things she does outrage his ideas of propriety in every way, and yet, they say, he will deny her nothing.

GOERING: A forty-two year-old puppy in love!

GOEBBELS: We are not talking about a fool. This is a man wrought of steel, a genius in his knowledge of the mass mind, seething and implacable in defeat, dogged in his determination that we shall
GOEBBELS (cont'd): ultimately succeed. I will never believe that such a man, after more than ten years of actual starvation, of strife in the streets, bloody and bitter disappointment, even prison, now that our opportunity, our priceless, ruinous depression that is strangling the government and making heroes of us, is about to lift us to power, you ask me to believe that such a man is ready to junk it all, for what? The precocious mind and body of a pretty chicken? You see how foolish it becomes? There's something else behind this. The man may be physically ill, or deeply troubled by some dark vision of the obstacles that still lie before us. You've all seen him ruminate on some inner problem interminably, withholding any action until he feels his guiding genius has sent him the right solution. Then his action is decisive. Whatever is keeping him in isolation, the time is past to honor him any longer. Berlin will not wait.

GOERING: Perhaps he's taken to morphine.

GOEBBELS: Always the gibe, eh, Goering, even when havoc howls outside the door. It's my thanks for coming here to warn you.

GOERING: Oh, you were concerned about my welfare.
GOEBBELS: You and I have our differences, Goering, and someday we'll have to settle them. But we are united in our desire for the power in this nation. When we win it, time enough to settle scores. Beware me then.

GOERING: And you me, Goebbels. But for now...what?

GOEBBELS: If I go down to Bavaria and force a showdown with Hitler, I want to know where you will stand.

GOERING: That depends on what Hitler decides to do.

GOEBBELS: Suppose he continues to do nothing. Would you then throw in with the Strassers?

GOERING: Would you?

GOEBBELS: If Hitler is ousted from the Party as a result of his own failure to act, yes.

GOERING: I am not tainted by the bad blood that's between you and the Strassers. If it becomes advisable, I believe I can set up something that might reopen possibilities for us there.

GOEBBELS: Adolph Hitler may or may not be the destiny of Germany. But you know and I know...he is the National Socialist German Workers Party. We have ten years invested in the mythos of his name, in his likeness, in his image as the saviour of Germany. We must never undervalue the priceless power of his spoken words to move
GOEBBELS (cont'd): this people to their souls, to win
them completely to whatever he wills them to do.

GOERING: So we have a Messiah. But what use is a Christ
who doesn't give a good god damn? At least the
Strassers are willing.

GOEBBELS: Willing losers! If we have a choice, it must be
Hitler.

GOERING: I agree.

GOEBBELS: Himmler and I will drive straight through to
Berchtesgaden tonight. I'll see Hitler face to
face if I have to burn his mountain to do it.
I'll demand that he return with me at once to
Berlin. If he refuses, or continues to
procrastinate, then damn him, we'll make what
accommodations with the Strassers our combined
influences will buy for us.

GOERING: If there are new developments in Berlin, I'll
inform you by telephone.

GOEBBELS: Good. (Goebbels and Himmler prepare to go.)

GOERING: And Goebbels, one word of advice. No matter what
we "know" about the psychology and emotions of
our Leader, when it comes to the girl, use great
cautions. My instincts as an experienced lecher
tell me she may well represent something
formidable.
GOEBBELS: There's about as much chance of that as my being able to throw away this cane and become a ski-jumper. You'll hear from me, Goering, before tomorrow's out.

GOERING: It should be a day to remember.

GOEBBELS: For all of us.

Goebbels and Himmler exit. Goering pours himself another brandy.
ACT ONE

Scene Two

House Wachenfeld, a hunting lodge in the Bavarian Alps above the village of Berchtesgaden.

Goebbels and Himmler, their car coats still on, sit waiting. Goebbels gets up, paces up and down, hobbling on his cane.

GOEBBELS: God damn it, what's keeping him?

Goebbels gestures in frustration, continues pacing.

ANGELA RAUBAL, a woman in her late forties, appears from the hallway.

ANGELA: Doctor Goebbels, Mr. Hess will be down shortly.

GOEBBELS: Do you have any idea when Mr. Hitler will return?

ANGELA: I'm sorry, sir, I just can't say. May I get either of you something from the kitchen? Some tea?

HIMMLER: That would do fine for me.
ANGELA: And you, Doctor?
GOEBBELS: What do you have in the liquor cabinet?
ANGELA: I'm sorry, Doctor, but you should know we keep no spirits in this house.
GOEBBELS: Oh, yes... how could I have forgotten that? Tea then, I suppose.
ANGELA: It will be just a few minutes 'til the water boils.

Angela exits to the kitchen.

GOEBBELS: I don't believe this, I really don't. We drive all night and half the morning, and he's not even here. Hess must not have told him anything of what I said on the phone.

RUDOLPH HESS appears from the hallway.

HESS: He has been fully informed, Goebbels.
GOEBBELS: Hess! Then why isn't he here?
HESS: It seems there was a picnic planned for this morning.
GOEBBELS: A picnic! For Christ's sake, Hess, the world is cracking open.
HESS: And so, it appears, are you.
GOEBBELS: You did understand what I said to you on the telephone, Hess. There's open revolt in Berlin. The Party is in chaos!
HESS: Yes, yes, I know all that.

GOEBBELS: Does anyone down here give a damn?

HESS: We share your concern, but not your panic.

GOEBBELS: Panic is not the word for it, Hess. I'm scared shitless.

HESS: That's obvious. But I hope, for your sake, that you'll rephrase that when you tell it to the Chief.

GOEBBELS: Oh, yes, one must not curse.

HESS: That's right.

GOEBBELS: It's been so long since I've seen him in Berlin or anywhere else, I seem to have forgotten all these little rituals.

HESS: (by the window, looking out) Well, I suggest you recall them. He's coming.

GOEBBELS: (Joins Hess at the window) Who's that with him...her?

HESS: Yes, they've been up on the mountain.

GOEBBELS: Hess, you must be candid with me. What is going on down here?

HESS: A dream is ending.

GOEBBELS: Even as we're standing here, The Party is melting out from under us! Will you make yourself clear!

HESS: Anything further will have to come from him.
Hess goes out onto the terrace,
waves to the approaching Hitler.
He is joined on the terrace by
ULRICH GRAF, Hitler's bodyguard.

GOEBBELS: (at the window) Himmler...come look at this.

HIMMLER: (Joins Goebbels at the window) A lovely couple.

GOEBBELS: A bit too lovely for my liking.

HIMMLER: Perhaps the stories are true after all.

GOEBBELS: Don't be a fool, Himmler.

ADOLPH HITLER and GELI RAUBAL join
Hess and Graf on the terrace. Goebbels
and Himmler go out to meet them. Geli
carries a canary in a small wooden cage.

HITLER: Graf. Go down and put the dog in her kennel.
And tell Maurice to get the car ready. We'll be
going down to the village soon.
(to Hess) Are they here? (Sees Goebbels) Ah,
Goebbels. And my Heinrich.

HIMMLER: Good morning, sir.

GOEBBELS: Sir, we must talk. A most urgent situation.

HITLER: Of course, Goebbels. You both know my niece,
Geli Raubal?

GOEBBELS: All Germany has heard of her, sir. You've made
her famous.

HITLER: Indeed? I had no idea.

GOEBBELS: We can thank the Red Press for that.
HITLER: I see.

GOEBBELS: Sir, may we sit down? I must brief you on this Berlin situation.

HITLER: Very well.

They sit on the veranda chairs.
Geli sits at Hitler's feet, stays there despite Goebbels' look of displeasure.

HITLER: Your Brownshirts are no longer yours. Why not?

GOEBBELS: Because of traitors...the Strasers and Ernest Roehm.

HITLER: I am surprised that you have deserted your post.

GOEBBELS: Sir, it was either that or not being alive to regain it. If it weren't for Himmler's SS saving our necks, neither of us would be here now. God knows what agonies my staff and the Party workers still faithful are suffering in Berlin at this moment.

HITLER: (to Himmler) And your estimate of the situation?

HIMMLER: This is the product of a union of convenience between Otto Strasser's envious ambition and Roehm's bitterness toward you.

HITLER: Toward me?

HIMMLER: Ever since you gave me permission to form the SS.
HIMMLER (cont'd): He sees it as competition to his
Brownshirts. You've betrayed him, in his eyes.

HITLER: Gregor being a part of this surprises me. I did
not think he'd dare...

HIMMLER: I believe Otto maneuvered it without his knowledge
but not, presented with a fait accompli, he
accepts it, and stands ready to accept your
mantle, should the Party offer it.

HITLER: And where does our friend Goering stand in all
this?

GOEBBELS: Ready to be commanded by you alone; as, I believe,
does most of The Party still. But our retali- tion
must be immediate and terrible to counteract
the propaganda they intend to use against you,
which, I must warn you, sir, will be quite
effective otherwise.

HITLER: And just what will their story be?

GOEBBELS: The Strassers' newspapers will be on the streets
of five cities with it today. (Goebbels
hesitates.)

HITLER: Well?

GOEBBELS: They will claim to prove that you have, through
your own actions, ceased to deserve Party Leader-
ship. Indeed, you have, in reality, resigned it.

HITLER: What rot. No one will believe that.
GOEBBELS: Pardon me, sir, but I submit they will. The entire Party is thinking it, even before the Strassers start in.

HITLER: If you're in sympathy with them, Goebbels, say so. I'm not ready to believe you've been in touch with four million people and polled them on your way down here.

GOEBBELS: Sir, I must speak frankly. If I were in agreement with the Strassers I would not be here, risking my credit with you by saying things none of us likes to hear.

GELI: Then just why are you here?

Goebbels is surprised that Geli so boldly intrudes. He ignores her remarks and continues to Hitler.

GOEBBELS: In spite of what they've done, I know that the Berlin Brownshirts' loyalty to you personally is stronger than their willingness to follow Roehm. You can convince them that they still have a future with The Party, that Himmler's new SS is not a threat to them, then they will follow anyone you name.

GELI: Maybe even you.

Goebbels is stung by this, but continues to ignore Geli.
GOEBBELS: And their new commander must be someone in whom we have absolute trust.

GELI: My mother is busy here.

Goebbels is getting angrier, looks at Hitler questioningly. Hitler touches Geli gently to silence her, speaks to Goebbels.

HITLER: I assume you have a recommendation.

GOEBBELS: Not for the man, unless it would be Goering. But I urge first, a proclamation from you expelling Roehm and both Strassers from The Party. Then, a personal speaking tour by you of all the German states, even those in which you are not legally allowed to speak. Your appearance, even with me or Hess talking for you, will be invaluable to us now. But before all, to Berlin, to cow this rebellion and give me the support I need to restore order within The Party's troops so that I can again suppress the Communists, who, without fear of our Brown-shirts breaking up their meetings, are already in the streets, benefitting from our inaction.

GELI: At least someone's getting some good out of this.

GOEBBELS: Sir, must we have these interruptions?
GELI: What's the matter, Doctor, don't you want to hear the voice of the people?

GOEBBELS: The voice of the people is not... (he hesitates)

Goebbels hesitates to finish his retort to Geli for fear of offending Hitler.

GELI: Go ahead and say it.

GOEBBELS: The German people are not Communists, young lady.

GELI: You don't know them all. But then, their wishes wouldn't matter, would they?

GOEBBELS: Not if they were wrong.

GELI: At least the Communists want to serve the people, not just manipulate them.

GOEBBELS: (to Hitler) Sir, is this the time for a debate on elementary political science? If we could have privacy...

HITLER: It seems the young are beginning to speak their minds. (to Geli) Too bad their words are not wiser.

GELI: How old were you when you started thinking for yourself?

HITLER: (amused) (To Goebbels) You see how she attacks?

GOEBBELS: Yes, sir. Admirable wit.

HITLER: She's much like you, Goebbels. Loves a good debate.
GOEBBELS: Yes, I can see that.

CELI: And what else can you see here, Doctor?

GOEBBELS: (to Hitler) The need to quell this Berlin situation immediately.

CELI: But, how is that possible; if, as you have said, most of the Party already feels that my Uncle has resigned his leadership?

GOEBBELS: (ignoring her) Goering fully supports me in this recommendation.

HITLER: Goebbels, answer her question.

GOEBBELS: (surprised) Sir?

HITLER: Answer her.

GOEBBELS: Sir, that remark was merely figurative.

HITLER: No, you gave it a certain conviction. You must have had something specific in mind.

GOEBBELS: Sir, why speculate on something we can both only guess at? I did not mean to make a point of that.

HITLER: I think you know something I don't. What are you holding back?

GOEBBELS: Nothing, sir, I assure you.

HITLER: By God, you had a reason and I'll have it!

GOEBBELS: Part of the problem is the decreased number of your public appearances and speeches for The Party during the past...nearly a year, sir.

HITLER: Himmler, have you heard this?
HIMMLER: Sir, I have.

HITLER: And is there also speculation on the cause?

HIMMLER: Yes, sir, there is. In Party social circles gossip, and in the Red press.

HITLER: (to Goebbels) Such as?

GOEBBELS: Sir, your niece has been "noticed."

GELI: Have I?

GOEBBELS: In a way you would not like to read.

GELI: What are they saying, Doctor, tell us.

GOEBBELS: Outrages, sir.

HITLER: Stop being so oblique, Goebbels. Cut with it.

GOEBBELS: (referring to Geli's presence) Sir, I only thought...Well, I have the clippings in my briefcase if you wish to see them.

GELI: They have us sleeping together, don't they?

HITLER: Geli! (to Goebbels) Get them.

GOEBBELS: But, sir...

GELI: I love it! I love it!

HITLER: They'll pay for this.

GELI: They don't care what they say!

Himmler hands the clippings to Hitler, who glances over them, getting angrier.

HITLER: Monstrous! Scandalous, libelous filth!
GOEBBELS: It's not doing our cause any good, that's certain.

GELI: Let me see.

Geli grabs an article away from Hitler, who does not want her to see it, but is too late to prevent her.

GELI: They must have a spy in our house.

HITLER: I'll ink their Red presses with their blood!

GOEBBELS: So you can see the state things are in. That's why I must insist that you return with me to Berlin today.

HITLER: Did you say "insist?"

GOEBBELS: I did.

HITLER: You should have suppressed these stories, Goebbels.

GOEBBELS: In the Communist press? How could I?

HITLER: You failed me seriously in this, Goebbels. Are you Party Press Chief or not? Do you know your business or do you not?

GOEBBELS: I can't control the Red editors' writings any more than I can the events that instigate them.

HITLER: By God, Goebbels, you'll retract that remark!

GOEBBELS: I'll do anything you say once you've gotten Berlin back for us!

HITLER: What?
GOEBBELS: Sir, will you leave with us for Berlin? I insist on a decision!

HITLER: No.

GOEBBELS: But, sir, you must!

HITLER: I must? I must? Who do you think you're talking to?

GOEBBELS: Sir, I'm not sure I know.

HITLER: (becoming angrier) You will both stay here until I decide on the proper remedy for Roehm and Berlin. There will be no hasty, half-effective reactions, from you, or anyone. When I have given this complete consideration, you will be told the proper steps to take. Until I have reached my decision, you will remain here, as my guests, and do absolutely nothing concerning Berlin, do you understand me? Himmler?

HIMMLER: Yes, sir, perfectly.

Hitler looks at Goebbels, awaits his answer.

GELLI: Let them go, but without you.

HITLER: You have said enough. Goebbels!

GOEBBELS: Of course, we only want to do as you advise, sir.

HITLER: (to Gelli) Tell your mother to prepare for two houseguests, for an undetermined stay.

GELLI: Find another messenger.
Geli leaves the room, taking her small canary and cage with her.

**HITLER:** (stung) Angela! Angela!

Angela appears from the kitchen.

**ANGELA:** Yes, Adolph?

**HITLER:** Mr. Himmler and Doctor Goebbels will be staying. Prepare the rooms.

**ANGELA:** Gentlemen, will you follow me, please?

Hitler turns his back and stalks out onto the terrace as Himmler and Goebbels exit after her.

Hitler, alone, broods in silence.

END OF SCENE
ACT TWO

Scene One

Music: Transition - Instrumental,
excerpted from The Doors' LPs.

House Wachenfeld - The terrace.
Goebbels sits alone over his after-
noon cup. Angela waits on him.

Angela re-enters.

ANGELA: Would you care for another cup of coffee,
Doctor?

GOEBBELS: What? Oh, thank you, Mrs. Raubal.

Angela pours for Goebbels.

GOEBBELS: Why not join me?

ANGELA: Oh, thank you, Doctor, but I have much housework
still to do.

GOEBBELS: Nonsense. I insist. You should sit down and
rest yourself.

ANGELA: Well, I don't know...

GOEBBELS: Of course you will, now. Here...

Goebbels stands, pulls out a chair
for her. Angela accepts and sits.

-30-
GOEBBELS: There. You work much too hard, Mrs. Raubal, keeping this house so immaculate and well-run as you do.

ANGELA: I do try to.

GOEBBELS: And looking after two daughters as well. You truly are an amazing woman. The Chief was fortunate you were able to leave Vienna to come and oversee his household.

ANGELA: He was very kind to arrange it, Doctor. In Vienna, since the death of my husband in the war, our circumstances have not been the best.

GOEBBELS: I believe I recall Mr. Manfstaengl mentioning ones that he visited you there, a few years ago. He said that although he did get the impression you were living in great difficulties, you were managing the girls admirably.

FREIDLI runs into the area, breathless and excited. (Describe her)

FREIDLI: Mama! Emil is driving down to the village! May I go with him?

ANGELA: If you promise to help him with the shopping instead of running off to visit your school friends again and making him have to search for you.

FREIDLI: I promise! I'll help him with the groceries.
ANGELA: Freidli, this is Doctor Goebbels. He is here from Berlin to visit Uncle Adi.

FREIDLI: (curtseys) Good morning, Doctor Goebbels. Do you take care of sick people?

GOEBBELS: (laughs) No, Freidli, I'm not that kind of a doctor.

FREIDLI: Oh, I know, then. You come when the horse is sick.

ANGELA: Freidli!

GOEBBELS: That's quite all right, Mrs. Raubal. Freidli, I am not the kind of doctor you know about. I am called "Doctor" because for many years at the university I studied Philosophy.

FREIDLI: Philosophy? What is that?

GOEBBELS: Well, you can understand it from what the word "Philosophy" means: the love of knowledge.

FREIDLI: Oh...you love to know things.

GOEBBELS: Yes, you study and try to understand everything in this world...so that you can help mankind.

FREIDLI: Mankind?

GOEBBELS: All people everywhere...that's what a philosopher does.

FREIDLI: That's a beautiful thing to be.

ANGELA: All right, now, isn't Emil waiting for you with the car?
FREIDLI: Yes. He wants to know when Geli and Uncle Adi will be wanting him.

ANGELA: Not 'til late this afternoon, I think. They're up on the mountain.

When Angela says this, Goebbels notes a hesitation in her voice and a reprise of her earlier withdrawal from the idea of it.

FREIDLI: All right, I'll tell him. But he won't like it.

Freidli starts to leave as Angela calls after her...

ANGELA: Just see to your own business, young lady, or you'll stay home.

FREIDLI: (as she exits) Oh, Mama, all right.

GOEBBELS: The emotions of this chauffeur are of concern?

ANGELA: Oh, Emil is more than just that around here. He enjoys unusual privileges because he's been with my brother so long...since before the imprisonment in Landsberg. He shared his confinement...took down all the dictation on the first volume of the book.

GOEBBELS: I was under the impression Mr. Hess had done that.
ANGELA: All that was before you came into the Party, wasn't it? No, Mr. Hess was more, what would you call it... a first draft editor.

GOEBBELS: Those must have been amazing times, Mrs. Raubal, days of destiny.

ANGELA: Of course, the girls and I were still rotting in Vienna then, in that slum tenement with all those Jews. But you know, Doctor, it's strange, as I look back on it now, my brother and Geli were in touch even then. She was only twelve, and like all girls that age, mad to write letters. She used to write to him in the prison every week.

GOEBBELS: And did he take the time to answer her?

ANGELA: Yes, I believe he did.

GOEBBELS: An unusual relationship for an uncle and niece who had never met.

ANGELA: But they had, once, when Geli was only ten, and Freidl was little more than a baby. He suddenly appeared at my door one morning... looked as though he'd been traveling all night. But I remember noticing that even though he needed a shave, his clothes seemed to be of a better quality and condition than I had ever seen him possess before the war.

GOEBBELS: These legendary stories about his life fascinate me. I may collect them and put them into a small
GOEBBELS (cont'd): book for the Hitler Youth. What year was this?

ANGELA: Oh, let's see...it must have been 1924 or 25. It was the opera season, that I'm sure of. You know, Doctor, how strange is the world. That was only six years ago. Today the entire nation knows of him, and then he didn't seem to have the slightest prospect. No funds, no following, a homeless wanderer. And a year or so later he would be in prison.

GOEBBELS: You said you were certain it was the opera season...Why do you recall that in particular?

ANGELA: Well, as you know, he has always taken great delight in the opera, particularly in the works of Wagner.

GOEBBELS: Yes, I believe he takes Celli to Bayreuth each season now.

ANGELA: That's true...

Angela looks into the distance of her discomfited thoughts. Goebbels must bring her back to the trend of the conversation.

GOEBBELS: You were telling me about his visit in Vienna, the opera season that year...
ANGELA: Oh, forgive me, Doctor. Yes, well, his favorite of them all, Die Meistersinger, was being produced at the Vienna Opera House during that time, and when he learned of it there was nothing to be but that he would take us, penniless though both we and he were. I remember he slept most of that first day after I gave him what breakfast I could, and that night he went out, and after a few hours, returned with about fifty marks and three tickets to the best section of seats. He paid my neighbor woman to take care of baby Freidli, and the three of us went. I told him that he should have planned on leaving Geli with the neighbor, too, and gotten the money back on her ticket, but he insisted that it was important for her to see Wagner in performance.

GOEBBELS: And did she get anything out of it?

ANGELA: Loved every second. She talked about it literally for years afterward. Poor child, a night like that after years of bare existence, why wouldn't she be impressed. You should have heard the stories she used to tell her playmates afterward, you'd have thought her Uncle Adi was one of Wagner's heroes.
GOEBBELS: A delightful anecdote, Mrs. Raubal. But
Maurice, the chauffeur, was not with him then.

ANGELA: That I don't know. At least, he wasn't along
on that visit.

GOEBBELS: But does he dare to trade on his long associa-
tion with The Chief to criticize his activities?

ANGELA: Oh, my, no, Doctor. I don't want to give you
the wrong impression. Emil is very respectful
toward Adolph, always. Freidli is just at that
age, you know, ready to go boy crazy any day
and all eyes and ears. She thinks Emil is in
love with Geli, you see, so she imagines that
he gets angry every time Geli is away with
Adolph alone...

Angela hesitates again, showing
discomfort.

...and Freidli and Emil are not alone. The
truth is more like: Freidli wants Emil to be
her boyfriend. Such silliness.

GOEBBELS: But sometimes there is a kernel of truth to
these childish fantasies. I wonder...why should
the fellow be jealous of an Uncle and his niece?

ANGELA: Yes. Foolish, isn't it?

GOEBBELS: Is it?
ANGELA: (rising suddenly) Excuse me now, Doctor. I must see to my kitchen.

GOEBBELS: (pulling her back down into her chair) Mrs. Raubal, I will not excuse you. There have been certain disturbing stories circulating in the Party concerning your daughter and her uncle.

ANGELA: (stricken) Stories...?

GOEBBELS: Unsettling rumors that have started to surface in the Communist papers, distorted beyond all reality, no doubt, but still of sufficient gravity to demand investigation before a decision to reply to or ignore them.

ANGELA: What "rumors," Doctor?

GOEBBELS: They speak of something much more than just an uncle and niece relationship, more than even one of mentor to protege. They use the word "unnatural."

Angela recoils at the term.

GOEBBELS: Mrs. Raubal... is this, indeed, true?

Angela does not answer.

GOEBBELS: Mrs. Raubal, I'm beginning to understand many things now, especially how difficult this must be for you. And I regret having to press this question at the cost of a mother's grief, but
GOEBBELS (cont'd): for the future and safety of our Party's great cause, I must know the truth.

ANGELA: Other stories...of my brother's inadequacy in these matters...are well known to you.

GOEBBELS: And corroborated by his manner of living and devotion to The Party...until recent months!

This last phrase Goebbels drives into her with forceful punitivity. Angela recoils more deeply, and then gives up her defenses.

ANGELA: Though I was a good Catholic once, I was never really a believer in miracles...

GOEBBELS: And now...?

ANGELA: As her mother, I live in terror of the calendar.

Goebbels reacts with shock and dismay, but does not reveal his feelings to Angela. Recovering quickly, he tries to draw her out more.

GOEBBELS: How difficult it must have been for you, witnessing his lecherous maneuvers, powerless to defend the child...

ANGELA: That's the greatest horror of it. She was the seducer, not him. It took her months of stalking to...just as now she sustains it more
ANGELA: (cont'd) aggressively than he does.

GOEBBELS: But he's past forty... and if we are to believe
the stories, has been... let us use the word,
Mrs. Raubal... he has been impotent all his life.
Have you ever had any reason to doubt that?

ANGELA: It's been something of a family joke... until now.

GOEBBELS: Geli... Geli... a most unusual young woman...

ANGELA: That is not the word for her, Doctor. In Vienna,
at age seventeen, she ran away from me, left the
city with some young Jewish boy. Eight months
before I even heard from her; a card from
Munich. Then, later, a long letter, telling me
she wanted to come home and rebuild her life,
as she put it. On our way here, Freidli and I
met her and her young friend Leonard, I think
his name was, in the Munich station. When she
joined us on the train, they both wept. I still
can make no sense of it.

GOEBBELS: Does her Uncle know about that?

ANGELA: I certainly haven't told him.

GOEBBELS: I wonder if she has...

ANGELA: I wouldn't know. Neither of them confide in me
anymore.

GOEBBELS: In all sympathy, Mrs. Raubal, I still must
confess, I am surprised that you have permitted
this.
ANGELA: For the first time in more than ten years I have been able to give my two girls some semblance of security. This house, the proper food, perhaps, eventually, a chance to meet someone who can give us a life again. I am tired of suffering.

GOEBBELS: Though for different reasons, we both have the same problem, Mrs. Raubal. Perhaps, with cooperation, in the strictest confidence, we can solve it together. The relationship may come to a natural conclusion. Either it will wear itself out before marriage occurs, or it will do so afterwards. In the past he always claimed that he could not marry for reasons of politics: he said he feared he would lose his following of women voters. But that was before the inner revolution. Has there been talk of such a possibility?

ANGELA: Adolph and I had the same father but different mothers. He told me that he had inquired and had been informed by the Church that a dispensation might be possible.

GOEBBELS: Then he has, at least, been considering it.

ANGELA: I have no doubt that he would marry her. But I think the obstruction is that in her usual perversity, she will not. I heard her tell him
ANGELA (cont'd): once that "their relationship is not ready for marriage."

GOEBBELS: A ploy designed to bind him to her all the more, no doubt.

ANGELA: I don't know. Geli may turn out to be the kind that never marries.

GOEBBELS: There must be something she wants from him.

ANGELA: Oh, there is. She wants him to paint again, relive his youth, I suppose. She's had him back at his little canvases...She wants him to take her to Paris, no less, and live there with her the Bohemian artist life in Montmartre, I suppose. You should hear them squabble over that subject.

GOEBBELS: Then all is not sweet harmony.

ANGELA: Far from it. Their little struggle has a long way to go before a leader emerges. For my Geli to learn the lesson of submission...that every woman must sooner or later accept, will take a long, long time.

GOEBBELS: Time...time.

Goebbels ponders.

BLACKOUT
ACT TWO

Scene Two

Music: The Doors - Summer's Almost Gone

The mountain side. Geli and Hitler appear from the woods. Hitler carries an old-fashioned picnic basket. Geli has her canary in the small wooden cage. As Hitler sets the basket down and spreads a ground cloth, Geli peers up the mountain trail.

GELI: (calling out) Blonda! Blonda! Come! Come! She's running on up the trail to the peak. Blonda! Here, Blonda! Still going.

HITLER: Try the old standby.

GELI: (beating on a tin plate with a stick) Blonda! Eat! Eat! Blonda! Eat! Eat! It's no use. I don't think she even hears me.

HITLER: She hears you, all right. She's like you. Gets away with everything, no matter what she's told. Well, she'll come back when she's had her run. Don't frown, you still have your Hansi.
GELI: Yes, he's here to sing to us. He loves the forest, too. Hansi.... (Geli whistles, canary-like, to the bird)

HITLER: Every time we come out we must see hundreds of wood birds, yet you always burden yourself with him.

GELI: He's no burden. He likes to visit with his wild cousins. (she looks at the canary reflectively) If he could care for himself like they do I think I'd let him go and join them.

HITLER: He's like so many people. They'd never survive without the protection of their cages.

GELI: Maybe he would trade it all for just one free flight to the mountain top.

HITLER: And where would your one free flight take you?

GELI: To wherever the world could never touch us.

HITLER: That's Valhalla, and it has fallen. The world may touch us, Geli, but we shall touch it back.

GELI: Since we saw those wolves up here last Fall, sometimes I dream that Blonde runs away with them. She comes home later fat with cubs, and bears her little wolflings in her kennel. Wild they are, and more like wolves than dogs. And even in their play we see them readying for prey.
HITLER: Blondie and the leader of the wolves would forge a dog a man can only dream of.

GELI: Did you know my father?

HITLER: I think I met him once, before the war.

GELI: He used to always tuck me in at night, and tell me stories of the wolves that range the Black Forest, and little girls and boys abandoned, lost, that they pursued, through the moon-bright groves at night.

HITLER: But the stories always turned out "happily ever after."

GELI: Yes...but after I'd been kissed and he'd turned out the light, his wolves came stealing back to me, with sharp white fangs and burning eyes. I used to listen for howls, distant in the night outside.

HITLER: Your mother said that he was lost in 1914. You were quite young.

GELI: I was seven. When Mama told me he had "fallen in the war", I didn't understand. Inside, secretly, I felt that really he'd been cornered by those wolves, pulled down and torn to bloody death alone in some dark forest far away. I wish Goebbels had not come here. (she embraces him for protection) He is like a wolf.
HITLER: (disdainful) His ribs stick out, and his jaw bangs. But he's just a jackal with a wolf's ambition. I can bring him to heel.

GELI: But will you...

HITLER: I always have.

GELI: Or will you heal for him and go to Berlin?

HITLER: That's not your concern.

GELI: I don't want you to go, anywhere.

HITLER: We've spent the nation's time upon ourselves too long. Now events demand their due.

GELI: We have our own events. The world's can pass us by.

HITLER: I must confront them, or like your never-resting wolves, they'll find and pull us down.

GELI: You can make them lose our trail. Send Goebbels on his way alone.

HITLER: If you'd think less of politics and more about our marriage...

GELI: I think about it all the time.

HITLER: That's why you say I'd have to drag you, tied and screaming, to the church.

GELI: I will never be forced to marry anyone, especially the man I love.

HITLER: Not even when you're carrying his child...?!

GELI: Most of all not then.
HITLER: Good God, you're incomprehensible. What can be in your mind?

GEFL: He will come without rings and words, and I will love him.

HITLER: My son must not be born a bastard!

GEFL: Nature knows no bastards. Earth mothers all.

HITLER: We must be married! What do you want from me?

GEFL: A feeling that's just not with us anymore.

HITLER: You know I love you.

GEFL: As what?

HITLER: Why... as... as the woman I want for my wife.

GEFL: My wife... My. My thing. My, mine.

HITLER: Early in my life I put away all hope of ever having a child of my own. Then you revived that dream and made it reality. And now you obstruct its fulfillment and wonder why I change toward you.

GEFL: The man who made this child was perfect love, which cannot change.

HITLER: Your own illusion, Geli.

GEFL: "Illusion" showed a lost, unfathered little girl a glimpse of life beyond her squalid Vienna slum. Introduced her to the wonders of Wagner when she knew nothing...

HITLER: And he wanted her even then.
GELI: He talked to her of masterworks as though she were his peer. He answered her outreaching soul with letters filled with touching thoughts and hopeful affirmations. He took her bleeding mind and gave it calm. But now this man is going away from me...and I can marry no other.

HITLER: The wolf leader is gentle with his mate. But he is still a wolf and cannot forget his wolf's life.

GELI: Then let him run upon his wild way alone.

HITLER: And what about his son?

GELI: The child is mine. I'll keep and care for it, myself.

HITLER: You'll deprive him of an inheritance Napoleon's son would have envied, for a stupid sentiment.

GELI: This child will not want such things.

HITLER: Until he comes to know this world. I will make a start for him a thousand years will not forget. I'll unite the states of Europe, and he'll consolidate the world.

GELI: How many killed to conquer Mars? How many dead to reach the stars?

HITLER: As many as it takes!

GELI: Then let me and him be the first...

HITLER: You will not prevent what must be...all the world will be his to Germanize and rule.
Geli leaps up, pulls away from him, again pounds on the canteen with a stick.

GELI: Oh, God, if that's what's coming, let the wolves come now!

HITLER: Geli...!

GELI: Wolves! Come, wolves!

HITLER: Stop it!

GELI: Wolves! Wolves! Come, wolves! Eat! Eat!

Hitler embraces the now almost hysterical Geli. At first she pulls away from him, but finally yields to his arms, sobbing, and quiets to a silent crying.

HITLER: Geli... you must come to accept these things, Goebbels, the Party, and me, as I am.

GELI: I know how you are, and you have nothing to do with any of those. I know the you that even you don't.

HITLER: You think so because you love me.

GELI: I love you because I know.

HITLER: What do you want me to do?

GELI: Send Himmler and Goebbels back to the Strassers where they came from in the first place. Let
GELI (cont'd): them make whatever accommodation for
themselves they can. Think of just the three
of us. And make for us our own lives.

HITLER: And then, what would there be in the pathetic
remnant left to us?

GELI: Love me, and raise our child, here in these
lovely mountains that gave him his life.

Hitler contemplates the prospect,
starling out across the valley as
Geli embraces him from behind,
looking in the same direction,
but seeing a different dream.

GELI: Goebbels and his kind will never feel for
anyone what we have felt, never know what we
have known together. Such things are life's
most important. There's more to life than
Goebbes sees, more to people than the ways
they can be used. One child is worth ten
million pawns.

HITLER: Sometimes I almost believe you.

GELI: Then let the rest go, and take the happiness.

Hitler looks at her, searchingly, as
if he hopes to find an answer in her
face. She kisses him as they embrace.

END OF SCENE
ACT TWO

Scene Three

Music: The Doors - My Eyes Have Seen You

House Wachenfeld - The terrace.

Evening. Geli and Freidli are working on a tapestry.

FREIDLI: What will this be a picture of when it's done?

GELI: Whatever we want it to be.

FREIDLI: Mama says we should have something to copy from.

GELI: Well, some people might like that, but we don't need it.

FREIDLI: Then how are we going to know what it's supposed to look like?

GELI: We won't know until it's all finished.

FREIDLI: Is that the way tapestries were made in the olden days?

GELI: Some were, but most were drawn on paper first. Put some black right along in there for me, honey.

FREIDLI: What will this part be?

GELI: I'm not sure, but think of the black as being the color of the trunks of the trees in the forest at night.
FREIDLI: Oh, then we're going to have trees!

GELI: Perhaps. We'll see how it works out.

FREIDLI: Can we have some nice bright flowers, too?

GELI: That would be nice.

FREIDLI: Oh, they'll be so pretty! Where can I put them?

GELI: Wherever you want to.

FREIDLI: Pick out the places for me.

GELI: Don't you want to choose them?

FREIDLI: Well, I don't want to spoil the tapestry.

GELI: You won't.

FREIDLI: But what if it turns out that some of the flowers are growing up in the sky? (she laughs)

GELI: Well, that would be all right, wouldn't it?

After all, it will be our sky, and who says flowers can't grow there if we want them to...

FREIDLI: If flowers did grow in the sky, I bet they would be more beautiful than any other flowers ever in the whole world.

GELI: Fancy?

FREIDLI: There wouldn't be any big tall trees to put them in the shade, or even any clouds! They'd get all the warm, bright sunlight they need to make their colors so beautiful that you could hardly look at them.

GELI: Maybe there are flowers like that, growing somewhere, so high up on the mountain top, right
GELI (cont'd): next to the sun. Maybe the wind blows
their golden pollen down with the sunlight, and
they seed the earth with all the other flowers
that grow over the whole world.

FREIDLI: You know the old wood lady down in the village?
GELI: She sells the firewood?
FREIDLI: Yes, the one with no teeth. You know what she
told me?
GELI: What, honey?
FREIDLI: She said she never picks bouquets when she goes
for a walk.
GELI: Why not?
FREIDLI: Because the wild flowers growing in the meadows
are really little children waiting to be born.
GELI: How does she know?
FREIDLI: Her little boy told her. She says God makes
the little children flowers first so they can
learn to be beautiful before they're people.
GELI: And so coming into this world won't be such a
shock to them.
FREIDLI: What?
GELI: Maybe her little boy is right.
FREIDLI: He got dead in the war when he was a soldier.
But she said she has found him again.
GELI: Oh? Where, honey?
FREIDLI: He's one of the flowers.
GELI: Let's put him and his mother in our tapestry.

FREIDLI: All right. I'll have him growing right up here, high up on the mountain top, right next to your flower.

GELI: Where they'll both get the golden light.

FREIDLI: Yes, for all the beautiful colors. Geli?

GELI: What, honey?

FREIDLI: Is Uncle Ali going to help us with the tapestry?

GELI: He can if he wants to.

FREIDLI: I hope he does. I wonder what he'll put in?

GELI: I wonder?

FREIDLI: Maybe animals. Maybe he'll put in some of the creatures that live on the mountainside, in the woods. He could put in some rabbits, some deer... a bird, and maybe even a big, bad wolf!

(She laughs, delighted)

Geli recoils from this remark, then realizes it's but a child's prattle. She resumes her sewing on the tapestry.

GELI: We'll have to invite him.

The sound of a car's engine below attracts Freidli's attention. She looks over the railing, waves.
FREIDLI: Emil! Hello, Emil! (to Geli) Emil is going to wash the car. (she returns to the tapestry) I think he is mad at you.

GELI: Oh? Why?

FREIDLI: Because you and Uncle Adi went up the mountain today and didn't take us.

GELI: Oh, Emil is mad. It couldn't be that a certain sister I have is really the one.

FREIDLI: Well, Emil is mad, too. He eve said so, so there.

GELI: What did he say?

FREIDLI: When we went down to the village to do the marketing, he said he was tired of waiting for you and was going to find himself a girlfriend down there. I guess he doesn't want to wait for me to grow up.

GELI: Well, Emil must find someone else to be the kind of friend he wants me to be.

FREIDLI: Then you don't love him?

GELI: Not the way you do, honey.

FREIDLI: That's good! You know, sometimes, when he talks to me about you, sometimes he gets tears in his eyes. That makes me feel like crying, too. Why can't you be in love with him?

GELI: Because I belong to Uncle Adi.
PREIDLI: Uncle Adi got mad at Emil. I heard him yelling yesterday.

GELI: About what?

PREIDLI: I don't know, but Uncle Rudi was there, too, down in the garage. Uncle Adi was telling Emil a lot of things, about not bothering you and what would happen to him if he did anymore. When they saw me, Uncle Rudi shoo'd me away, and closed the garage door. Emil looked really afraid. Well, I don't care who gets mad at him, I'll always be his best girlfriend.

Angela enters with EMIL, MAURICE
downstage. He is carrying a piece of furniture for the terrace, newly painted.

ANGELA: Now, Emil, are you sure it's completely dry? It's his favorite, you know.

MAURICE: Yes, I checked it over very carefully.

ANGELA: We'll have a fit if he sits down in it and gets up with paint all over his clothes.

MAURICE: It's been drying for over 24 hours. I'm sure we're safe.

ANGELA: Girls, give Emil room, please. (to Maurice) Let's try a new place...over here.
Angela moves to the spot on the terrace she has selected. Maurice carries the chair past Geli and Freidli and positions it as Angela directs.

FREIDLI: Can I help you, Emil?
MAURICE: You can go and get the cushions.
FREIDLI: Where are they?
ANGELA: I washed them with the rest of the things this afternoon and they're all still on the line. Come along right now and help me take them in.
FREIDLI: Oh, but Mama...!
ANGELA: Don't worry, Emil will not run away while we're gone.
FREIDLI: I'll be right back, Emil, all right?
MAURICE: I'll wait for you right here.
FREIDLI: You promise?
MAURICE: If you're not gone too long and you really help your mother.
FREIDLI: Come on, Mama...!

Freidli pulls Angela by the hand. Angela shakes her head in humorous wonder at the way Maurice can motivate Freidli.
GELI: You have total control over her, Emil.

MAURICE: One's first love can always command, I suppose.

(He looks at the tapestry) Are you making progress?

GELI: A stitch at a time. It's slow going.

MAURICE: When will it be finished?

GELI: Probably never.

MAURICE: So, such things are unpredictable like everything else.

GELI: I hear from Freidli that you received a reprimand.

MAURICE: Yes.

GELI: What was the trouble?

MAURICE: A very insignificant thing, really. Your Uncle accused me of being in love with you. For awhile I was sure he was going to have Hess shoot me right there in the garage.

GELI: You must have said the right things.

MAURICE: I told him the truth...that I admire you very much, but, since I know that you are forever beyond my reach, I had long ago resolved in my mind to give no more thought to you...except as my duties as his employee require.

GELI: I was afraid that was coming. I'm sorry, Emil.
MAURICE: So am I. But I accept things as they are and expect nothing, so nothing surprises me, not when it comes to you...and him. If only Hess hadn't been there. I should have bloodied his little mustache for him. It wouldn't have been the first time I'd made your lover-boy suffer.

GEIT: No, it wouldn't.

MAURICE: You realize he knows about your little affair in Munich.

GEIT: I have kept nothing from him.

MAURICE: But you left out my part in it. Why?

GEIT: I didn't want to cause you any trouble, in spite of what you did.

MAURICE: I see. Concern for me...or was it also to protect the identity of your Jew-boy?

Maurice turns away, looking out across the valley below, to hide his angry tears from Geli. She senses his pain, but just continues with her work on the tapestry. Goebbels enters on his way to another part of the house, and sees the moment, unnoticed by Geli or Maurice. Seizing upon this as a target of opportunity, he pauses, standing quietly in the
shadows of the gathering twilight,
watching, listening.

MAURICE: (turning to Gell) You could have given me more
than all the flesh and empty words than all the
women I'll ever find. But instead you picked
a swine of a kike to give yourself to.

GELL: I can give you nothing, Emil, ever.

MAURICE: If I could have my wish, you and I would pack
tonight, and be over the Austrian border before
the sun. There are places in this world where
we could lose even bloodhounds. The forests of
Canada have many shadowy trails...

GELL: And the wolves know them all.

MAURICE: How can you love a man when you know he's
capable of hunting you down?

GELL: I guess because I know he is capable of anything.

MAURICE: So then will I be...from now on!

Maurice stalks offstage.

Goebbels comes onto the terrace,
approaching her silently as she
works on the tapestry.

GOEBBELES: Good evening, Miss Raubal.
Geli is startled, but somehow, not surprised. She locks up at him, and then back to her sewing.

GOEBBELS: You are practicing an ancient art.

GELI: So are you.

GOEBBELS: You express your thoughts frankly, Geli. Our German girls are raised differently than must be the more permissive custom in Vienna.

GELI: When something is in your mind, you should let the words come out.

GOEBBELS: Quite true, but there are such things as propriety and respect for one's elders and social superiors.

GELI: I suppose that must be so, if I allowed myself to accept the cow mentality that these social superiors would like to ball and rope me with.

GOEBBELS: (amused) Ah, you are a feminist!

GELI: I knew you'd have a name for it.

GOEBBELS: Why do you dislike me so?

GELI: You give off bad vibrations.

GOEBBELS: What is that supposed to mean?

GELI: Don't pretend you miss it.

GOEBBELS: I don't think I've ever encountered such an unreasonable hostility in any beautiful young woman.
GELI: Compliment the cow and she'll give you your milk.

GOEBBELS: If you were my spoiled little "niece", I would do much more than......talk to teach you your manners.

GELI: Manners are often just an excuse for cowardice.

GOEBBELS: Just how worldly wise are you, I wonder?

GELI: You may soon see, before you've played out your rotten little game.

GOEBBELS: Geli, there is really no reason for us to be enemies. We can have a civil relationship.

GELI: I prefer no relationship at all.

GOEBBELS: You will not have that choice. As your Uncle's favorite, you are becoming almost famous, and that makes you my concern. You know, when they told me that you were the real cause of his seclusion, his absence from his Party duties, I laughed at them. But the joke's on me. You are actually quite formidable.

GELI: I have neither the experience, nor the talent for connivance that you have to use for your purpose. But I know that what I have is stronger than any other force in this world. And it will defeat you, and everything you're after.
GOEBBELS: What a position you must think you hold to talk to me like this and think to laugh about it later.

GELLI: Laugh about you, I never will. You're too monstrous.

GOEBBELS: It's really a tragedy that you have decided to make yourself an obstacle to what must be. We will win in the end, you see, and then, instead of enjoying the triumph and rewards of your Uncle's great victory, you will be just another unfortunate marked to be settled with, and...

excluded.

GELLI: He will turn away from the miserable trophies you offer. And then you and your carrion hawks can fly away and search for another master.

GOEBBELS: Don't you realize...a man soon tires of the same diversion and then...

GELLI: You don't understand the simple difference between lust and love, do you, Dr. Goebbels, Doctor of Philosophy?

GOEBBELS: Maybe I need a teacher. Are you a missionary?

GELLI: I am. And I'm curious...about how much of this you'd dare to say to me if my Uncle were here.

GOEBBELS: I believe we understand each other, Geli. And this now becomes a most important moment in your life. A time of decision. You had better
GOEBBELS (cont'd): weigh very carefully the words you use to answer this question...

GELI: I know your thought. Let me make myself very clear to you. I set my mind and my body and whatever power over him they have given me against all that you hope for.

GOEBBELS: You are just like Hess, Goering, Maurice, even your mother. You each think you know him so well. But you will see. Though he keeps me at the greatest distance, I know him better than any of you.

GELI: I will not rest one moment 'til I have tested that, to the last breath I have.

GOEBBELS: Then, young lady, may God help you.

GELI: I wonder if he will.

Goebbels turns away and hobbles grimly out of the room.

Geli returns to her work on the tapestry, shaken.

END OF SCENE
ACT TWO

Scene Four

Music: The Doors - Strange Days

House Wachenfeld - The terrace.

Himmler, Hess and Goebbels sit talking, over the remnants of their breakfasts.

GOEBBELS: So you see, what we have then, is an empty-headed little slut who thinks she's queen here. She fully believes it's in her power to obstruct our course with The Chief, and she intends to do so, by any means she can devise.

HESS: You may find her quite resourceful, more influential than even she thinks she is.

GOEBBELS: If we can believe Goering's phone call, we have less time now than we thought. (to Himmler)

Were you able to find out anything more?

HIMMLER: My calls corroborated Goering's report. Everything has quieted down in Berlin, and there seem to be no moves by the Brownshirts to stage a repetition anywhere else.

GOEBBELS: Then it sounds to me that not only is Goering's information correct, but so is his conjecture.
GOEBBELS (cont'd): The Strassers are making their move toward the Party's financial base. That would explain this suspicious quiet.

HESS: I can't imagine our patrons from the Ruhr having much liking for Otto Strasser's ideas on economics.

GOEBBELS: But suppose Gregor's made him replank their platform along more sensible lines...just as an expedient.

HIMMLER: Goering is trying now to find out whether they've already had a meeting with Thyssen, or have arranged for one.

GOEBBELS: You must understand, Hess, that these last months of the Chief's unavailability has considerably weakened Thyssen's and his colleagues' confidence in us. They are, understandably confused. If the Strassers are smart enough to add to it with their boasts about how The Chief failed to react against them that Hitler no longer has control over the Party. God, it's infuriating to have to relay everything to him through you. Why in Hell won't he see me?

HESS: I've had a talk with him about it. He will...

GOEBBELS: For Christ's sake, when?

HESS: As soon as he comes down this morning.
GOEBBELS: Good... I am out of patience.

HESS: I believe he may be considering resigning and naming a successor.

GOEBBELS: What...? And who would that be?

HESS: Last night, conjecturally, of course, he offered it to me.

GOEBBELS: And?

HESS: I don't think I'm the right choice.

GOEBBELS: And who would be, in your opinion?

HESS: No one. It's as I told him. Without Adolph Hitler to lead it, the movement will disintegrate and die.

GOEBBELS: And what was his response to that?

HESS: There's something strange, something I can't fathom burning in his mind, troubling him. I've never seen anything like the effect it's having on him, not in all the years I've known him. I once wrote, when I was in high school, of what I thought the man would be like who must one day come forth from the people to lead Germany back to her rightful place. That was before I ever heard the name Adolph Hitler. Imagine my feelings when I first heard him speak, years later, and saw in him my youthful wish turned to prophecy. I would do anything to feel that conviction again.
GOEBBELS: Give me your hand on that. (They shake hands.)

HESS: I know what you are trying to accomplish. And I want to help you. But I'll participate in no treachery. And I'll do anything I can to bring Holy Hell down on anyone who moves against him personally.

GOEBBELS: We understand each other.

Hitler enters with Ulrich Graf.

Hitler joins them at the table as all rise and sit down as Hitler does so. Graf stands by watchfully as Hess rings the little bell and Angela enters from the kitchen.

HITLER: Good morning, gentlemen.

ALL: Good morning, sir, (etc.)

ANGELA: Good morning, Adolph. What would you like this morning?

HITLER: Just juice for now. We have some business to conduct, it seems.

ANGELA: Coffee, gentlemen?

ALL: Yes, thank you, (etc.)

Angela exits to the kitchen.

HITLER: Well, Hess, it's a perfect day for our walk down to the farms. The girls are getting
HITLER (cont'd): everything ready. (to Goebbels and Himmler) Of course, you will join us?

GOEBBELS: Thank you, sir, no. We must be leaving for the north today, as early as we can get started.

HITLER: Leaving...?

GOEBBELS: Yes, sir. The situation there needs first-hand observation.

HITLER: Has there been some new development?

GOEBBELS: Not that we know of. But the Strassers are being too quiet. They don't seem to be following up their advantage as I thought they would. And with all respect, sir, we are accomplishing nothing here.

HITLER: So you propose to act without my orders.

GOEBBELS: Sir, do you have your decision for me this morning? Will you go with me to Berlin?

HITLER: I am considering sending Hess to represent me.

GOEBBELS: He will not do, sir. They would stone him out of the city, as they did me.

HITLER: With my orders in his hand, they would not dare.

GOEBBELS: Pardon me, but you know better.

HESS: He is right. Not one of us can carry your personal prestige. They'd just dare more.

GOEBBELS: Only your voice can call them back to obedience.

And then the power of the Strassers will be gone,
GOEBBELS (cont'd): and I can deal with all traitors involved, permanently.

HITLER: Go to Berlin and report to me on conditions by telephone.

GOEBBELS: Then you will not accompany me?

HITLER: No.

Goebbels, furious, smashes his fist down on the table top, disturbing the place-settings and glasses. Graf moves instantly to Hitler's side.

GOEBBELS: We're going to lose everything we've all bled half to death for! Can't you understand that?

HESS: Goebbels!

HITLER: You dare to put a fist in my face and question my decisions?

GOEBBELS: This decision spells disaster for us!

HITLER: I won't put up with insubordination!

GOEBBELS: And I can't put up with your delays any longer! I demand an explanation if I'm to put my life on the line!

HITLER: I will not justify myself to you or to anyone. Either you follow me or you do not! You dare to advise me? Look at you! You're coming apart with fear and apprehension. And I'm supposed
HITLER (cont'd): to let you move me? By God, you'll do nothing without my direction! Himmler!
HIMMLER: Sir?
HITLER: Shoot this insubordinate coward. Now!
HIMMLER: Sir?
HITLER: Do you hesitate, Himmler?
HIMMLER: No, sir!

Goebbels is seized and subdued by Ulrich Graf. Himmler draws his pistol and puts the barrel to Goebbels' head, waits for further orders. Goebbels, petrified with fear, looks pleadingly at Hitler.

HITLER: Choose your words well, Goebbels. They're your last.
GOEBBELS: Sir, I beg your understanding...and indulgence. I...forgot myself. I was only thinking of our common good. I...submit myself to your command, end my life, or use it in your unquestioning service.
HITLER: Very pretty.
GOEBBELS: But, on risk of my life, again, sir...I implore you to come with me to Berlin.
HITLER: You will go there and observe, without me. If I decide to take your advice, you will have
HITLER (cont'd): time to prepare for my arrival in the proper manner.

Hitler gestures to Himmler, turning his pistol aside.

HITLER: Go, now, and take Himmler with you. I will expect daily reports.

GOEBBELS: Yes, sir.

HITLER: (to Graf) Have Maurice drive them to the depot.

Just as Goebbels is about to get up from his knees, Geli enters the room, carrying her canary in its little cage and some picnic things.

GELI: (unaware of her intrusion) We're all ready to go.

GOEBBELS: (to Himmler) Call Goering in Berlin and tell him we'll arrive tonight.

HIMMLER: I'll call him now.

GELI: (to Hitler) Are you going somewhere?

HITLER: Doctor Goebbels and Mister Himmler are.

GELI: (looking at Goebbels) Without you?

HITLER: That's correct. By my order.

GELI: Well, Doctor... don't forget to write, will you.
GOEBBELS: You will hear from me. Count on it.

Goebbels and Himmler exit.

Hess and Graf follow them.

HITLER: Tell your mother to pack us a good, big lunch. It's a perfect day and we're going to have an appetite.

GEH: Thank you for sending them away alone.

HITLER: They'll be back.

END OF SCENE
ACT THREE

Scene One

Slides: Gregor Strasser, Otto Strasser, Fritz Thyssen, Emil Kirdorf,
Ernst Roehm, Goebbels, Goering,
Himmler, Brownshirts.

Music: The Doors - Strange Days

The garden of a hotel in Northern Germany. A brown-shirted Storm Trooper
and a younger man in civilian clothes.

SA #1: You. There is no going beyond this point.
      A private meeting's to be held here. Well,
Fritzie!

SS #1: Surely you didn't take me for a Red snooper?

SA #1: Where is your uniform?

SS #1: We don't have them yet.

SA #1: What do you mean? Who is "we"?

SS #1: Why, we SS, of course.

SA #1: Himmler's new outfit? Don't tell me you've put
      your neck in that noose? Commander Roehm has
      declared them all traitors to the Party, along
      with Himmler and Hitler. Say, now, Fritzie!...
SA #1 (cont'd): That means I have to knock your brains out, do you realize that?

SS #1: You're too old for that, now, Heinz. Besides, haven't you heard how tough we SS are?

SA #1: The whole SA has heard a lot of bullshit about Himmler's new "elite" force, but you're the first one I've seen! Where in hell's your uniform?

SS #1: We get them next week, next Wednesday. Wait 'till you see them, Fritzie! Black with silver trim, and our insignias! Twin tunic lightnings here! And a silver death's head here!

SA #1: I hear you'll all be back in brown as soon as this day's dealings are done.

SS #1: Not without a fight! Himmler's put us through too much hell to earn the right to our black. Besides, since our job's to be different from your's, why shouldn't we have our own uniforms?

SA #1: How different?

SS #1: SS Leader Himmler puts it this way: The SA guards The Party, the SS guards our Leader!

SA #1: And Hitler guards the Realm.

SS #1: Of course.

SA #1: If all the SS are as brainless as you...haven't you heard? Hitler is finished. Out of the Party.
SS #1: Are you nuts? Lower your voice when you talk like that!

SA #1: What do you think this meeting is for, all this security.

SS #1: We SS do not question our orders before we obey them. The Berlin SA do not even obey them anymore.

SA #1: Don't criticize what you don't understand, young one. There was a reason for that, and it's paying off here today. Goebbels and Goering have deserted Hitler and have made their peace with Gregor and Otto Strasser. It remains to be seen whether SA Commander Roehm will allow your Himmler to keep his SS.

SS #1: I don't believe you.

SA #1: You will before today is over. You'll see your Himmler kissing Commander Roehm's ass in every corridor of this hotel.

SS #1 strikes at SA #1, they struggle.
SA #1 is amused as he holds off the younger SA #1.

SA #1: Hey! Fritzie! Hold on, now!

SS #1: You brownshirted bastard! Look at you! You're not worthy to wear the Party emblem.
SA #1: (mocking Hitler) How do you like my mustache, hey? Look! Who does this remind you of?
SS #1: Just like you SA shit-heels! Breaking your balls cultivating hair on your lip when it already grows wild in your asshole!

ERNST ROEHM enters from the hotel.

ROEHM: Trooper! What in hell is going on here?
SA #1: Commander Roehm! Heil Hit...I mean...
ROEHM: What was that?
SA #1: What was what, sir?
ROEHM: That salute is forbidden, you know that!
SA #1: Sorry, sir. It just pops right out.
ROEHM: Well, I'll pop it down your throat the next time, do you understand?
SA #1: Yes, sir!
ROEHM: Now what is this, a Communist intruder?
SA #1: I know him, sir. He's...
SS #1: SS Lieutenant Hartmann.
ROEHM: SS, eh? Where is your uniform?
SS #1: We...we get them next Wednesday.

Himmler enters.

HIMMLER: Is there something wrong here? Hartmann, what is this?
ROEHM: (to Himmler) Who told you to post your men today?
HIMMLER: No one "told" me, Roehm.

ROEHM: The SA has always been sufficient guard for Party meetings.

HIMMLER: Hartmann, return to your duties.

SS #1: Yes, sir. Heil Hitler.

ROEHM: That's all, Trooper.

SA #1: Yes, sir. Heil Hit...!

ROEHM: Trooper!

SA #1: Sorry, sir...!

SA #1 and SS #1 exit.

ROEHM: It seems your men have not been briefed on the new state of things.

HIMMLER: All will be taken care of in due time. You can't undo months of indoctrination in a day.

ROEHM: Or could it be that the SS is still committed to the past?

HIMMLER: Don't talk like a fool, Roehm. Why do you think I'm here?

ROEHM: That's one I'd like the real answer to, SS Leader.

Goebbels enters with OTTO STRASSER.

GOEBBELS: Ah, Otto, our two guardsmen, on their posts. Commander Roehm...

ROEHM: Doctor Goebbels.
OTTO S.: Why have you posted SS here, Himmler?

HIMMLER: Just to be of service, Mister Strasser. The Party's new Leader must have every protection.

OTTO S.: Gregor finds the SA quite enough. Dismiss your men, Himmler.

HIMMLER: I will be happy to, after the meeting is successfully concluded.

OTTO S.: Goebbels...

GOEBBELS: I'm sure you can understand our position, Otto, after that unhappy incident in Berlin.

OTTO S.: Gregor was insane to even talk to either of you.

GOEBBELS: It's nice to know we have your support, Otto.

OTTO S.: If it wasn't for Goering's influence with Thyssen...

GOEBBELS: You wouldn't be here, or anywhere but in a garret, scribbling.

OTTO S.: You'll forgive my doubts, Goebbels. The last time Gregor sent you to help oust Hitler you deserted us to become his right hand. I'm not forgetting that.

GOEBBELS: I wish I could.

OTTO S.: Who is this Kirdorff fellow Thyssen has with him?

GOEBBELS: The real key to your success today.

OTTO S.: What do you mean? Thyssen is the money man.
GOEBBELS: Thyssen is powerful, the chairman of the Industrialist's political committee, but he can only urge and recommend. The final word rests with Kirdorf, president of the entire organization.

OTTO S.: He skulks about like Thyssen's shadow.

GOEBBELS: Don't let that fool you. In terms of his influence over our industrial, and therefore, our economic life, Kirdorf may be the single most powerful individual in Germany. It's only because he keeps a few key factories open and operating, and insists that his friends do the same, that this damned depression hasn't got the streets of every city and town from Hamburg to Munich running with blood and breadlines worse than they are.

OTTO S.: It's because of pigs like this that four million workers are idle. And even if they were working, what good would it be after what's been done to the currency? Do you know that a loaf of bread now costs three billion marks? Capitalistic insanity perfected!

HIMMLER: It's said that Kirdorf's plant in Stuttgart is involved in a secret development project financed by the Industrialist's Association. Machine tools for a new medium tank, designed
HIMMLER (cont'd): by Doctor Forsche himself.

OTTO S.: But that's a violation of the Versailles agreements.

GOEBBELS: Yes, isn't it. Ah, here is Gregor.

GREGOR STRASSER enters.

GREG. S.: Gentlemen...

GOEBBELS: Gregor. What a delight to see you again.

GREG. S.: Goebbels. Come back to be my secretary once more?

GOEBBELS: If that's the way I can best serve, gladly.

GREG. S.: Goering is on his way here with Thyssen and Kirdorf. I saw them getting up from their table in the bar as I passed. We must be sure we've got our signals straight. Goering will introduce Otto and I, making certain to honor us in every way he can, showing very clearly our power over the Party.

GOEBBELS: I am sure he has already done that.

GREG. S.: Goebbels, you can be most effective by convincing them that Hitler truly is finished as an effective force in the Party.

GOEBBELS: That will be easy. I'm an eyewitness.

OTTO S.: Gregor, I want to explicate our economic policies personally.

GREG. S.: When I have finished with our political policies.
GOEBBELS: Who will close the deal for the transfer of payments from Hitler to us?

GREG. S.: I will do that.

GOEBBELS: Perhaps it would be wisest to be very general about economics until we've got their money coming in.

OTTO S.: Goebbels, you are here only because Goering insisted, part of his price for getting his patriot friends to meet with us. But you have no say in anything. Our economics are the product of sound thought and humanitarian concern. They are, therefore, immutable, and these capitalists might as well know them now. If they don't like them, it's too God damn bad. When we come to power, they'll have to swallow them.

GOEBBELS: I don't like it, Gregor. I'm afraid...

OTTO S.: Then hide under the table. I'm concealing nothing.

Goering enters with FRITZ THYSSEN
and EMIL KIRDORF.

GREG. S.: Gentlemen! Come, join us.

All gather as Goering performs the introductions, shaking hands.
GOERING: My friends, may I present Mr. Fritz Thyssen, whose noted reputation as President of the United Steel Works precedes him.

All greet him.

GOERING: And this is Mr. Emil Kirdorf, who, because of his incredible accomplishments in industrial life, his position defies title, I am certain, is known to you as the guiding wisdom of the Ruhr coal industries.

All greet him.

GOERING: (To Thyssen and Kirdorf) Gentlemen, Dr. Joseph Goebbels I am sure is knew to you.

THYSSEN: Dr. Goebbels...

GOEBBELS: Most delightful to see you again, Mr. Thyssen...

THYSSEN: Yes, quite so. I believe that the last time was in Munich, at one of Mr. Hitler's dinners, as I recall.

GOEBBELS: (With an embarrassed glance at the Strassers) Yes, how time passes.

GOERING: Mr. Otto Strasser, noted journalist from Hanover and one of our Party's...most influential economists.

OTTO S.: Mr. Thyssen, Mr. Kirdorf...
GOERING: And it gives me a special pleasure, gentlemen, to present to you a man who is responsible for a new and vital resurgence of our Party's original spirit of militancy, a man whose calm judgment and mature philosophy has caused him to emerge at last as our true leader and inspiration. His name I know you have heard many times. Now you meet him personally at last, an occasion long overdue... Gentlemen, Mr. Gregor Strasser.

GREG. S.: Welcome, gentlemen. Let us sit. We have ordered refreshments, and after our talk, we hope to have the honor of your joining us for a fine meal. It will be useful to begin with a few remarks on a subject that is in all of our minds, the matter of our former Party leader, Mr. Hitler. It is no secret from anyone here that this last year has seen the culmination of a serious disagreement on matters of principle and on future policy within our Party. This has, with one or two exceptions, been kept confined to the highest levels. As a result, our membership continues to grow without disruption, the recent unfortunate circumstances in Berlin being the only exception, and now remedied. As a result, I feel that I can
GREG. S. (cont'd): assure you of our Party's victory next year in the Presidential elections, with a new candidate who will reflect, for the first time, a consensus of Party and people.

THYSSEN: And who will this candidate be, Mr. Strasser?

GREG. S.: That is yet to be decided by a national Party congress, Mr. Thyssen.

KIRDORF: Under the leadership of Hitler such a tedious procedure was never necessary.

GREG. S.: Which is precisely one of the reasons for our meeting today with you gentlemen. With all respect to Mr. Hitler, his methods and his disrespect for the democratic process caused much distress within the Party.

THYSSEN: Then why did you allow yourself to be known as his right hand and his voice in the Northern provinces?

GREG. S.: It was always my hope that I could influence him to permit reason and respect for the opinions of the majority to enlist themselves alongside his uniquely effective personal qualities in the achievement of our nation's goals. Our responsible Party leadership is now convinced that that hope was in vain. The very presence here today of Minister Goering and Dr. Goebbels, who, as you know, have always
GREG. S. (cont'd): been closest to Mr. Hitler, should bear witness and conviction to the unity and unanimity that exists at every level and in every geographic division of our Party, North and South, as concerns our new course of action, and our new leadership.

THYSSEN: What I find strange, Mr. Strasser, aside from the presence of the Messrs. Goering and Goebbels is that, accompanying this... pacific transfer of power, we, Mr. Kirdorf and my committee, have heard nothing from Mr. Hitler directly, none of his customary manner of raging like a rogue elephant when he's displeased...... Somehow, I can't believe he's accepting this progress of yours with docility.

OTTO S.: He's had every chance to oppose it, and he's availed himself of exactly none. He's indifferent, completely.

GREG. S.: If my brother will reserve his commendable zeal until his part of our presentation, I believe Dr. Goebbels can provide you with the best understanding of that situation.

GOEBBELS: Gentlemen, few persons in Germany today know Mr. Hitler as I do. I would venture to say that I am one of the four men closest to his total confidence. Believe me, I have discussed
GOEBBELS (cont'd): This thoroughly with him, in repeated occasions. As recently as ten days ago, he had no useful comments to make, no resistance to offer. It is my conviction that Mr. Hitler has concluded that his personal ability to contribute further to the thrust of our cause has spent itself, as I believe you too will agree...if you will recall the sparsity of his personal appearances on the Party's behalf over recent months. Minister Goering and myself are quite welcome in his innermost counsels at this very moment, and I assure you, if our estimate of the situation were not correct, neither Minister Goering, nor Mr. Himmler there, nor myself, would be sitting down with you at this table to discuss a matter that will be the touchstone of our Party's future as well as of your own interests for many years, indeed for generations to come.

KIRDORF: Goering...?

GOERING: All that he has said is true.

THYSSEN: We assume you wish us to redirect, to you, the disbursement of our committee's donations to your Party's treasury instead of to Hitler.

OTTO S.: Unless you are interested in financing Mr. Hitler's private life.
GREG. S.: Actually, such an arrangement is not only appropriate, but most needful at this time when our Party now faces its best opportunity to gain undisputed dominance in this desperately suffering, depression-stricken nation. There is much to be done to prepare for the Presidential election. Obviously the Party cannot afford the loss of popular confidence should we lose it.

KIRDORF: In the light of this new philosophy that now pervades the Party, there must be economic and political changes as well. We would like to hear about them.

GREG. S.: And we welcome the opportunity to present them to you. We have evolved a series of programmes which you will recognize as much more acceptable to the Versailles powers than Hitler's bold plans for adventure. Our concept of Germany's future comprises the vision of a new order based on harmony between all aspects of our nation...its people; between labor and capital, between the individual and the community. The word "harmony" excludes any idea of dictatorship, either of class, or of race. In the political field we reject the totalitarian idea in favor of federalism. Parliament, instead of
GREG. S. (cont'd): consisting of party representatives, will be composed of representatives of corporations. These we propose to divide into five groups: workers, peasants, clerks and officials, the liberal professions, and, of course, industrialists. Politically, Germany will be divided into cantons, on the Swiss model. The administration of each canton, from its governor down to its humblest porter, will be exclusively in the hands of those who live there, complete home rule.

THYSSEN: Very pretty. And what about international politics?

GREG. S.: Naturally, we demand equality between the nations, and an end to the ostracism that Germany now endures. We will have no territorial demands, looking forward at most to the holding of honest plebiscites in disputed areas.

KIRDORF: And what of the role of the Army?

GREG. S.: We're committed to the destruction of Prussian militarism. Under a new constitution, there will be only... a small professional army, or a militia, along Swiss lines.

THYSSEN: That's something to stop the Russians with.

OTTO S.: Let France take on that responsibility, and the English.
KIRDORF: Let's get to the economics of this utopia.

GOEBBELS: The economics committee still has some final formulation work to do in this area. Perhaps, gentlemen, we ought to wait to present their thoughts more succinctly at a later time.

OTTO S.: Our ideas do not need "formulation," Goebbels. I am prepared to present them now.

THYSSEN: Then do so, by all means.

OTTO S.: We are opposed to Russian Marxism and to capitalism as it is practiced in Germany and the West today. We foresee a new equilibrium, on a basis of state feudalism. The State will be the sole owner of the land, which it will lease to private citizens. All are to be free to do as they like with their land, but no one may sell or sublet state property. In this way we shall combat proletarianization, and restore a sense of liberty to our poor citizens. No man is free who is not economically independent.

THYSSEN: And what is to be nationalized, then, Mr. Strasser?

OTTO S.: Only such wealth as cannot be multiplied at will; that is, the country's landed and industrial inheritance.

KIRDORF: (leaps to his feet) I've heard enough.
OTTO S.: (pressing on bitterly) The prosperity of the people will be assured by the redistribution to the people of the nobles' great estates... and by the nationalization of all heavy industry.

All are on their feet now. Goebbels is shaken, as is Goering, at the way things are turning out.

GREG. S.: Gentlemen, please, hear us out!

THYSSEN: What the hell is the matter with you, Goering, dragging us out to hear insanity like this.

GOERING: It had to be heard, Fritz.

OTTO S.: You had better not walk out on this meeting!

GREG. S.: Mr. Thyssen, Mr. Kirdorf, please...

THYSSEN: Goebbels, you must be mad, to leave Hitler for this.

KIRDORF: Strasser, there's nothing more you have to say that can possibly interest us. Obviously, we'll give nothing to underwrite Communists, no matter what label they put on themselves. But I will leave you with one consolation. You have won half a victory. Though you will not receive a penny, from this moment on, neither will Hitler. It's manifestly clear that if he can permit a thing like this to develop, he, and
KIRDORF (cont'd): your National Socialist German Workers Party, are down the toilet. We will not waste another gold mark on either of you.

Kirdorf and Thyssen exit.

Goering and Goebbels stare after them as Otto Strasser shouts:

OTTO S.: You arrogant sons of bitches! Capitalist bastards! Keep your god damned gold marks in your asses! Count them once more while you can! When we come to power, the people will swallow you! The people will take back what you have stolen from them! The people will prevail! The people will prevail in the end!

Goebbels and Gregor Strasser restrain the enraged Otto from attacking Thyssen and Kirdorf, who exit.

GOEBBELS: (to Otto) You fool!

OTTO S.: And to hell with you, too, all of you Hitler kiss-asses! You're not fooling anyone. You're nothing but sniveling opportunists, scheming and scratching to end up on the winning side,
OTTO S. (cont'd): no matter which it is!

GOEBBELS: Well, you've helped us today, Otto. We know now it isn't going to be yours. Goering...

GOERING: Goodbye, Gregor.

GREG. S.: Goering. Goebbels. Wait. We must...talk.

GOERING: Anything you have to say now had best be said to Hitler.

GOEBBELS: By telephone.

Goebbels and Goering exit.

OTTO S.: Run back to him on your knees! Think up a good story!

Gregor sinks to a chair, head in hands.

END OF SCENE
ACT THREE

Scene Two

Music: The Doors - *People Are Strange*
House Wachenfeld. The terrace.

Geli is seated at her tapestry frame, working on the material with needle and colored threads.

Freidli enters, dragging a sombre Hitler after her.

FREIDLI: Come, Uncle Adi, I want you to see it now.

HITLER: Very well, but then you must run and play.

FREIDLI: See, you can start to tell where the trees and the mountain peak are going to be.

HITLER: Yes. Very nice.

FREIDLI: And here are my flowers!

HITLER: But you've put them in the sky.

FREIDLI: Geli says that's all right. They're waiting to be people.

HITLER: (to Geli) What nonsense is this she's saying?

GELI: Flowers in the sky, waiting to be people.

Makes perfect sense to me.

HITLER: (sourly punitive) It would.
Geli detects the morbid note in his voice and reacts, hurt but also concerned for his feelings.

**GELI:** (to Freidli) Honey, would you do me a favor?

**FREIDLI:** No.

**GELI:** Honey, Blonda hasn't been fed yet this morning. She's probably terribly hungry...and thirsty. Would you take care of her for me?

**FREIDLI:** You just want to get rid of me. I want to work on the tapestry.

**GELI:** And you can, after awhile. Right now, Uncle Adi and I have some grown-up talking to do. And poor Blonda is waiting.

Hitler goes to the far end of the terrace, stands staring across the valley with his back to the girls. He is morose and brooding.

**FREIDLI:** Oh, all right.

Freidli gives Geli a quick kiss and exits.

**FREIDLI:** (O.S.) Blonda! Eat! Eat! Blonda! Blonda! Eat! Eat!
Gelli continues to work on the tapestry casting an occasional concerned glance toward Hitler, who is now pacing the length of the terrace, slapping the side of his boot with a dog whip.

HITLER: When are you going to be finished with that tapestry?

GELLI: Is there some hurry?

HITLER: Well, you're using the mountain and the view, aren't you?

GELLI: To a certain extent, but what if I am?

HITLER: We're going to Munich for awhile. I'm sending Hess to open up the apartment on the Prince Regent Street.

Gelli is taken by surprise and a bit startled by this announcement. Her reaction is one of wary concern.

GELLI: But it's been so perfect for us here. What's the matter?

HITLER: Some Party business.

GELLI: What Party business...?

HITLER: You can stay here with your mother and Freidli if you wish.

GELLI: No, I want to be with you.
HITLER: I will be very busy. There'll be nothing for you to do.

GEI: What could you be doing that you'll be too busy to ever take an hour or two for us?

HITLER: Something's come up. An emergency, requiring my attention.

GEI: What?

HITLER: It would take too long to explain it and then you wouldn't be interested.

GEI: It's as Goebbels says. I'm just a stupid girl child, obsessed with trifles.

HITLER: All right, let's not start that!

GEI: No, let's start it! I want to know what's happened.

HITLER: It's not your place to question everything. Just make up your mind...is it go or stay here?

GEI: How can I decide? I must be careful not to get out of "my place." Just order me.

HITLER: I order you to go with me.

Geli resumes work on the tapestry without answering. Hitler paces.

HITLER: Well?

GEI: Well, what?

HITLER: Are you going?

GEI: I've been ordered. What choice do I have?
HITLER: Ach!

Hitler resumes his pacing, becoming more furious by the moment.

HITLER: Idiots! Stupid, stubborn idiots!

GELI: Thanks.

HITLER: Not you...not you. The Straussers and their foolishness have gotten the Party's funds cut off, and Goebbels and Goering were involved in it, by their own admission! Party headquarters in Munich is a madhouse. Party officials calling from every city and hamlet, crying about having to go back on non-paid status. I'm needed there immediately, before the whole Party blows apart.

Geli goes to him, puts her arms around him.

GELI: What will happen if you don't go?

HITLER: I have to.

GELI: Goebbels is so resourceful, sliding from one side to the other, feathering his own filthy nest, let him handle it.

HITLER: I'll settle with him, and Goering, later. Right now, I have to find a way to get back the life blood of the Party, the industrialists!
HITLER (cont'd): funds. No one else can do it.

GELI: We don't need that money.

HITLER: The Party needs it, and the Party feeds us. What do you think we've been living on?

GELI: We can live without donations.

HITLER: Do you think I care what we live on? The Party's very life is at stake now.

GELI: Let it die.

HITLER: You had better speak seriously to me today. I am not in a mood to humor you.

GELI: I am serious. We have a life of our own to live.

HITLER: You talk like the naive child you are.

GELI: I'm talking for a child. Let the jackals tear each other to death, which they'll do without you to keep them from each other's throats. Their only aim is personal power. They haven't the slightest thought of service to the people.

HITLER: The people! The people! You talk like a Communist.

GELI: I am a Communist.

HITLER: And I'm a black nigger!

GELI: I wish we both were. Then we'd be free of this.

HITLER: Why don't you wish us Jews, too, while you're at it?
GELLI: Jews, Czechs, Poles! Italians, Spanish, Greeks! Moors, Mohigans and Masai! There's some of every man that lives in us!

HITLER: All the hook-nosed, hare-lipped, subhuman vermin that infest the earth!

GELLI: They are as good as you and I. Many better!

HITLER: Give me thirty more years and they will not exist.

GELLI: Give me twenty more and I'll mix all their bloods in my body and found one race of brothers.

HITLER: I'd cut the mongrels from you as I'd worm a dog.

GELLI: (presenting him her abdomen) Then start here! It's you who must be wormed, of all the feeding parasites in your life who're draining all of us to death.

HITLER: There's no one living who has dared to say such things to me.

GELLI: Why should I be afraid of your loud voice? I feel dead already.

HITLER: You are dead, to your people and your country. Your precious German blood and soil mean nothing to you, nor does the master people to whom you owe allegiance.

GELLI: I owe them no more than I owe all people... love, and nothing more.
HITLER: You owe them the debt of all German women: sons and soldiers, fighters and flag-bearers.

GELI: No! The world is changing. No more will we give birth to brutes and fools!

Furious, Hitler strikes Geli across the mouth. A trickle of blood stains her cheek.

GELI: Those that live now are enough to kill the world.

Shamed by her reproach, Hitler turns away from her.

HITLER: This kind of talk I have tolerated from you, here in my mountains where no one heard it but me. Now we are returning to the world. You must re-align your thoughts and your words to its reality.

GELI: I am starting to feel that reality.

HITLER: You will no longer voice your radical ideas or rebelliousness. You will content yourself, as every good German woman must, with your place of service. And have my son.

GELI: I did not come to you to be your servant, or your incubator.
HITLER: No one stays with me who will not accept my leadership in all things.

GELI: That is slavery and whoredom.

HITLER: Then slaves and whores have given this nation Earth's master race.

GELI: And they shall grieve for it.

HITLER: You deserve absolutely nothing. I thought you were to be my Valkyrie, to ride beside me through all the shining glories that will be.

GELI: And once I thought you were to be the saviour of this weeping world.

HITLER: That, at least, you have seen.

GELI: But not 'til now the fierce, malignant spirits swarming in the air around you, and the wolves at your heel.

HITLER: Whoever looks at life and sees only angels will soon be destroyed. To subdue this world, demons must be dealt with.

GELI: As did Faustus...

HITLER: No. He snivelled and begged and crawled before them. I will lash them to my purpose; and overcome their master, if I must.

GELI: And then... what will you have won?

HITLER: I could name a thousand things, that, in their historic gratitude, our people will enshrine me for. Why can't you see them?
GELI: What will you have won...for yourself?

HITLER: You. And our son will be beside me as I take this world by its throat and subdue it...for its own good. And for the glory...and destiny of Germany.

GELI: In the Vulcan heat you'll need to forge such monstrous deeds, I would quickly perish.

HITLER: Not behind my shield, where you belong.

GELI: I belong in the most lonely, distant part of the sky, with the delicate, volatile, vulnerable vapors of morning. Like them, it's all I can do to face the sun.

HITLER: Will you come to Munich?

GELI: Will you stay here?

HITLER: My mind is set. I must resume my course.

GELI: To whatever the outcome?

HITLER: Yes.

GELI: Suppose it means the end for what we've had together.

HITLER: No matter what it means.

Geli pauses, thinking, feeling the moment.

GELI: I will go with you.
Geli looks out across the valley.
Hitler puts his arm around her.
She does not respond to him.
He stalks into the house.

END OF SCENE
ACT FOUR

Scene One

Music: The Doors - Instrumental

Transition

The Brown House in Munich, Headquarters for the Nazi Party.
An office. Goebbels, Goering, Himmler, and Hess enter and close the door behind them.

HESS: We'll have privacy here.

GOEBBELS: Suppose Hitler walks in on us.

HESS: He won't. He's not here.

GOEBBELS: Your wire was the best news I've had in weeks.

HESS: I couldn't believe it when you said he was in Munich.

GOERING: I thought the Thyssen fiasco would bring him to his senses.

HESS: The Treasurer's office was a madhouse. Every salaried Party official in the country was calling Amann with embarrassing questions and impertinent demands. He swore he would resign if Hitler did not come. And you know without Amann, there's nothing but chaos.
GOERING: Well, at least we can be thankful that Hitler
is here, getting his feet wet, at last. Any
trouble from the Brownshirts here?

HESS: No. They are quite docile. They gave him such
a welcome there were tears in his eyes.
They're planning a party for you at the Beer
Garden.

GOERING: They still remember their old Captain. We'll
raise some Hell and keep their minds off of
mischief.

GOEBBELS: What steps has Hitler taken to remedy the
damage done with Thyssen and Kirdorf?

HESS: None.

GOEBBELS: What? None? But he's been here now, what,
ten days?

GOERING: I suppose they won't meet with him?

HESS: They've sent personal emissaries.

GOEBBELS: Then what the hell...?

HESS: He's seen them only once, and put them off
since.

GOEBBELS: For Christ's sake, why?

HESS: Something more important has come up.

GOEBBELS: What now?

HESS: His niece has disappeared, run away; we think.
He's spending all his time masterminding a
search for her.
GOEBBELS: Her again! I thought you said he'd come to his senses!

HESS: He had, but this has set him off again, but in a different way. He's absolutely furious with her. So much so that I think even you two are safe from him for the time being.

GOEBBELS: Does anyone have any idea where she might be?

HESS: Maurice says she lived here in Munich two years ago, before her mother brought her to Berchtesgaden. Maurice knew her then, it seems. He says she was living with some Jew boy from Linz, an art teacher.

GOEBBELS: Does Hitler know that?

HESS: I don't think so. But he swears now that when she's found he'll keep her locked up for a year. And I think it's safe to say: God help whoever she's with.

GOEBBELS: It's never going to end. No matter where she is, that little slut will have hold of him where the hair is short as long as she's....

Goebbels looks at the others, inspired.

GOEBBELS: ...as long as she's alive.

GOERING: Take it easy, Goebbels. She may never be heard from again. We may be rid of her for good now.
HESS: On the other hand, there's something fanatical in the way he's searching for her, some kind of a compulsion about it.

GOEBBELS: He'll never rest until he's got her back. I know it. I know it! And the Party can go back to hell in the meantime! I tell you, the bitch must be found first by us, and dealt with once and for all.

HESS: If we ever touched her, and he found out, he'd have us all six feet under with her.

GOEBBELS: I don't give a damn. I'm absolutely convinced now that as long as she's a factor in his life, there's going to be one reprise of foolishness and distraction after another until the whole game is up, and we're all selling pencils somewhere.

HESS: But come, Goebbels, aren't you being a little extreme? We can't kill her.

GOEBBELS: I can.

HESS: Maybe they will never find her, in which case we're rid of her without risking anything.

GOEBBELS: Suppose he puts Himmler on the job.

HIMMLER: In that case, I assure you, she will be found.

GOEBBELS: Once she's back in the same rooms with her loving uncle, she'll have the bit in his mouth again in no time. I'll be damned if I can
GOEBBELS (cont'd): account for this hold she has over him, but I'm telling you, it must be broken, for good. I don't care what it costs us personally. Or what it costs him.

HESS: I must not listen to anymore of this.

GOEBBELS: What are you afraid of?

HESS: What it will do to him.

GOEBBELS: There's something about the irrevocable that is easier to accept than the uncertain. The day will come, when all Germany is his, then he'll thank us.

GOERING: It's insane, Goebbels, but I must admit I agree with you. But how do you envision bringing it about and still keeping us alive?

GOEBBELS: That will require some thought. Perhaps we could contrive a "suicide" or some other, more tragic circumstance. I could even make a little public relations hay out of it. But in any event, the first step must be to totally discredit her with Hitler. I'd like to find her getting bred in the back of a Gypsy wagon and show Hitler photographs.

HIMMLER: If Maurice is right, and she is with her former friend, that just might be possible.

GOEBBELS: Then find her, Himmler. Get that God damned Maurice and kick his ass down every back alley
GOEBBELS (cont'd): until you've looked down every Jew's rathole he can think of. We bring her back to Hitler, especially with damning evidence that she's been unfaithful to him, and we're on our way...to the moment that he hates her so much that he won't give a damn when the inevitable, whatever it turns out to be, catches up with her.

HESS: I don't believe that time will ever come.

GOEBBELS: Too bad.

HIMMLER: Give me forty-eight hours, and if she's in Munich, you'll have her, and her friend, if she has one.

GOEBBELS: We want no blackmailers to show up to haunt us when this is over. Do you understand?

HIMMLER: Perfectly.

Himmler exits.

GOEBBELS: Don't look so God damned terrified, Hess.

HESS: I'm just concerned, that's all. I don't know what to expect if something goes wrong, what he might do...

GOEBBELS: What he'll do, Hess, is come back to himself, and go on to win what he started out after... Germany! When, and only when, the bitch is once and for all out of the picture. To bring
GOEBBELS (cont'd): that about, Hess, I'd gladly tighten the garrote about her throat myself.

GOERING: We might just let you do that.

Goering exits.

END OF SCENE
ACT FOUR

Scene Two

Music: The Doors - Not To Touch The Earth

A flat in Munich's Bohemian/student section, near the University. The graphic works and artist's materials show this is the house of a painter.

LEONARD COHEN is working at a drafting table on a sketch of a cuckoo clock face and front.

Geli reclines in a rocking chair near the fireplace, holding a kitten in her arms. It is night.

GELI: She's an affectionate little thing, Leonard.

LEONARD: A very mystical cat, the reincarnation of her mother, I swear. You remember Honey. You named her.

GELI: (delighted) This is Honey's kitten? No wonder she's so sweet. And her fur is soft, just like Honey's. But...this kitten can't be more than, what, eight or ten weeks old? Where is Honey, and the rest of the litter?
LEONARD: A dog got her, only a few days after they were born. This is the only one I could keep alive.

GELI: Oh, God.

LEONARD: I buried them all with their mother under the rose bush in the far corner of the yard. Its last blooms are falling now. Life to earth to life to earth. I used to imagine I could see traces of their faces in the roses.

GELI: I can't get over how like Honey this one is.

LEONARD: She got Honey's karma.

GELI: Honey's karma. I know a sure test for it, Leonard.

LEONARD: What's that?

GELI: If she wants to get the cuckoo when it comes out.

LEONARD: Oh, she's already got that idea in her head. She's just too little now, or maybe it's just that she hasn't figured out how to get up there yet.

GELI: Let's see...(to the kitten) Oh, yes. Your mother used to jump up onto the cabinet, like this...

Geli walks the kitten through the steps she recalls.
GELI (cont'd): ...then creep along the supplies closet...
com on, baby...and up onto the overhead, and
crouch down right here every time it was just
before the hour.
LEONARD: How much you remember.
GELI: There were so many lovely things.
LEONARD: You've had a bad time of it, haven't you, kid?

The clock strikes, and the bird
comes out of its little door.
Its call mechanism is defective,
and makes a plaintive, off-key
and out-of-phase sound.

GELI: Leonard...why did I leave you?
LEONARD: I've asked myself that every hour of every day
since.
GELI: There was so much about you that made me feel
alive and happy, and that maybe there was
something in life, a chance for people.
LEONARD: Yes. I thought I had it all figured out in
those days. Truth, beauty, peace, and love.
GELI: And now?
LEONARD: Now...I'm not so sure.
GELI: Oh, Leonard...don't. I'm the only one who's
allowed to say such things. You're supposed
to be the brave one. There came a time when
GELE (cont'd): I was with him that my memories of what you used to say were all that kept me going.

LEONARD: There's a disease blowing through this land, blowing in the wind down every street and alley, across the farms and through the woods. We're all breathing it in. Maybe you felt it coming.

GELE: I have seen some who are infected with it.

LEONARD: And they spread it, willfully, like vengeful lepers. I saw it yesterday, more real, more horrible than the word has described it. Brownshirts, maybe twenty or thirty of them, came into the neighborhood, crowded into the back of a stake truck. They came to see if they could find some Jews to have fun with. They found their opportunity, a kosher butcher shop. They decided to paint their obscenities on its windows. An old Rabbi came along and tried to rescue a child they had forced to paint the Star of David next to their filthy slogans on the glass. They threw the old man through the window. I wonder if I'll ever be able to stop seeing him lying there among the trays, his throat cut by the jagged glass, the red spreading in his beard. They are your Uncle's people doing these things, Gele, in
LEONARD (cont'd): every city and town, now. Your
      Uncle's people.
GELLI: No! Not his! Not his...
LEONARD: As surely as is the child you carry.
GELLI: You don't know him. It's not him. It's the
      men around him.
LEONARD: Who he gives orders to. Gelli, he's the
      inspiration for it all.
GELLI: But, Leonard, he was...so kind, so good to me.
LEONARD: Until you defied him.
GELLI: ...Even the wolf is good to his mate...
LEONARD: And now he's tracking you. If the child means
      as much to him as you say, he'll never give up.
GELLI: Do you remember Emil Maurice?
LEONARD: That fellow I fought that time?
GELLI: Yes.
LEONARD: God. He must have beaten me half to death
      that night.
GELLI: He's the one who finally made me make up my
      mind to go back with my mother.
LEONARD: What?
GELLI: Seeing you suffering so, because of me, it
      seemed like an omen, a flight of birds under
      the black sky of an approaching storm. He
      seemed to me then to be only a forerunner of
      what I might bring down on you.
LEONARD: Nothing could have been as bad as the months, the years without you.

GEIL: The feeling stayed with me on the train all the way to Berchtesgaden. Imagine how I felt when I got there and found he was my uncle's chauffeur.

LEONARD: Had you known him before?

GEIL: He'd been trying to pick me up for weeks at the coffee house, following me back here after work.

LEONARD: Why didn't you tell me sooner?

GEIL: I was afraid of him, for us both. I still am.

LEONARD: Why?

GEIL: Suppose he still remembers this place?

LEONARD: It's not likely. He was very drunk that night.

GEIL: If he does come again, Leonard, he won't be alone. That's why I... I've got to leave here, tonight.

LEONARD: No.

GEIL: They won't hurt me, they wouldn't dare. But, you, Leonard...

Geli starts gathering her things.

LEONARD: Let them come. Let them come! I'll be ready for them.
Leonard looks about him for a weapon, fruitlessly.

GELI: I was wrong...selfish, to come here.

LEONARD: You have nowhere else to go.

GELI: I'm not going to bring hurt, of any kind, on you again.

LEONARD: Geli...I don't care. You are my only happiness, now, don't you see? I don't care.

GELI: Leonard...my beautiful Leonard...you know it's finished for me. I have his child...the child of the man you despise above all others, Leonard. There's only one thing for me to do now, that this child may live.

LEONARD: No, I won't let you do that!

GELI: Perhaps, just being near him over the years, the mother of his child...maybe he will listen to me...

LEONARD: Don't you see...? You never had any influence on him. He was a man in love for the first time. A man who put aside his plans...just long enough to live the experience. That's all it was, Geli. That's all it was.

GELI: This child must live, Leonard.

LEONARD: I'll see to it.

GELI: At the price of your life? No, Leonard...no...
GELI (cont'd): This baby will not bring death to anyone, ever.

LEONARD: He may be marked to do so.

GELI: Not as long as I am with him. He has an inheritance of his father's genius...yes, Leonard, genius, and tenderness, and sensitivity...without the history of hurts and bitterness and distortions that have made the man you hate so.

LEONARD: A perfect child of God.

GELI: Who will not be subject to the claims that have ruled his father, and taken his happiness.

LEONARD: I am so afraid for you, Geli.

They embrace.

Suddenly, outside the window, flashbulbs pop, and with a loud crash of splintering wood, a boot smashes the door in. Two SS men in civilian clothes, Himmler, and Maurice enter, from the front. Another SS man enters from the rear.

HIMMLER: Well, Maurice, score one for you.

MAURICE: I am sorry to be right. Jews, always Jews,
MAURICE (cont'd): when there's something rotten.

LEONARD: Who are you? What do you want here?

Himmler nods to SS #2 who knocks Leonard down onto the floor and steps on his throat to hold him.

GELI: Leave him alone!

HIMMLER: (to SS #3 and SS #4) Take her.

They lay hold of Geli to take her with them.

GELI: (to Himmler) Touch him and my Uncle will hear of it!

HIMMLER: He'll hear about it, all right. Complete with pictures.

GELI: Emil, don't let them hurt him.

MAURICE: The pleasure will be mine, exclusively.

(Maurice looks at Himmler) All mine.

LEONARD: Do your damnedest.

Maurice moves toward Leonard, whom the two SS men have now hauled to his feet. They are holding him, his arms twisted behind his back.
MAURICE: Jew boys are not to touch one German girl, you've gotten that little warning, haven't you? Give me his hand.

The SS men force Leonard's right hand out in front of him.

MAURICE: Where has this hand been, huh, Jew boy? Is this the slimy claw that touched her tit...

Maurice takes Leonard's little finger in a judo fold and squeezes it. Leonard shrieks from the excruciating pain.

Geli is stricken with horror.

GELI: God, Emil!

MAURICE: (paying no attention) ...You Jew bastard son of a bitch cocksucker motherfucker?

As the SS men straighten Leonard up, Maurice viciously knees him in the groin. Leonard's face is momentarily transfixed then he slumps, unconscious.

Geli cannot continue to look. She sobs uncontrollably.
HIMMLER: (to Maurice) Finish him.

GELLI: No...! Emil! You can't!

MAURICE: (takes out a pistol) Watch me.

HIMMLER: (intervenes) Maurice! Wait. You are too crude. Why make things so easy for the Police in the morning?

MAURICE: All right, you're the expert.

Himmler takes a small case from his inside coat pocket. He opens the case, and from its contents assembles a glass hypodermic, which he hands to Maurice.

HIMMLER: Ever given a shot, Maurice?

MAURICE: A few times, in the trenches.

HIMMLER: Let's see if you remember the technique.

MAURICE: All right. Give me the poison.

HIMMLER: No poison. The deadly serum is all around you.

MAURICE: What the hell are you talking about?

HIMMLER: Why our good German air. Didn't you know? It's lethal to Jews. A small amount of it, injected into the bloodstream will make a most mortal bubble, which, swept along by the Jewish sewage in his veins, when it reaches his heart will create what medicine calls...an air embolism. Stops the heart when it fouls the action of the
HIMMLER (cont'd): semi-lunar valves. Drives the
coroner absolutely crazy. Looks exactly
like a heart-attack.

MAURICE: (takes the hypodermic) Where does he get it?

HIMMLER: At the inside of the elbow, the large vein.
Here...

MAURICE: (to the SS men) Hold the bastard.

Himmler and the SS men help Maurice
administer the injection to Leonard,
who struggles futilely.

Geli breaks away from the SS man
who's restraining her and tries to
prevent the injection, but is too
late. She throws her arms around
Leonard when they let him fall to
the floor. The SS men try to pull
her away from him, but Himmler
interferes.

HIMMLER: No. Let her alone. This will take a few
minutes.

Himmler gestures to the SS man who
has the camera. He prepares for
picture-taking.
Geli tries to comfort Leonard. As she does, listening to his dying words, flash bulbs go off intermittently.

Geli cradles Leonard's head in her arms. Himmler gestures to forbid Maurice to interfere.

LEONARD: Get away from him, Geli. The first chance you get, run away from him 'til you're finally free.

GELI: You're the only one free of them now. Oh, Leonard, I'm sorry...I'm so sorry!

Geli weeps, agonized.

LEONARD: Don't... Don't. It's like you said. I'm free of them now.

GELI: Leonard... Leonard. I did love you. I did...

LEONARD: Love...death. Life to earth to roses... to earth.

Leonard's body suddenly convulses as he has the inevitable heart seizure. He gasps with the pain, then relaxes, and settles back into death, in Geli's arms.
Geli embraces him, weeping quietly.

Another flash bulb.

HIMMLER: You see, Maurice? Clean. (to the SS men)
Take her. Let's go.

The SS men drag Geli up and out the door. All exit but Maurice and SS #2. Maurice kicks the body so it's face-up. SS #2 takes one last picture. They exit as the cuckoo calls out, brokenly.

END OF SCENE
ACT FIVE

Scene One

Music: The Doors - I Can't See Your Face in My Mind

The Prince Regent Street apartment in Munich. Hitler sits alone at his desk in the study, brooding over an assortment of photographs. He rings for his housekeeper, Mrs. Winter.

MRS. W.: Yes, sir?

HITLER: Is she awake yet?

MRS. W.: I can go and see, sir.

HITLER: If she is, tell her I want to see her here.

MRS. W.: Very good, sir.

Hitler rises from his desk, the photos in his hand. He looks at them once more, hurled them down on the desk top, and goes over to the window. He stares out through the glass as...

Geli appears in the doorway, carrying her jewel box.

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HITLER: Are you composed this morning?

GELI: Yes.

HITLER: Goebbels was here a few minutes ago. He left me some photographs.

GELI: Did he.

HITLER: They certainly show what you are.

GELI: May I see them?

Hitler points to the desk.

HITLER: There, over there.

Geli looks at the photos, then starts to cry, quietly.

HITLER: I don't suppose that's shame I hear.

GELI: I have nothing to be ashamed of.

HITLER: Of course you wouldn't think so.

GELI: Neither would you if you'd listen to the truth.

HITLER: Goebbels told me the truth already.

GELI: I'm sorry I ran away.

HITLER: I never thought I'd ever hear you apologize for anything.

GELI: I'm not apologizing. I'm just...sorry.

HITLER: Because of what happened to your Jew friend?

GELI: For everyone I hurt.

HITLER: You won't get the chance to run away again. I promise you that.
GELI: I don't intend to try.

HITLER: I wouldn't believe anything you said if you were on your deathbed. Are you still pregnant?

GELI: What do you mean? Of course I am.

HITLER: I'm surprised you didn't take the opportunity of being out from under my eye to get rid of it.

GELI: The child still lives. And will.

HITLER: What are you up to? You are too cooperative, too obedient. What are you planning?

GELI: To do whatever you ask of me.

HITLER: I don't believe you, not for a minute.

GELI: Why, because of what you allowed to be done last night to my innocent friend?

HITLER: If you think that, you should be cursing me, not doing what you're doing now.

GELI: It taught me something. I know now, for the first time in my life, exactly what I have to do.

HITLER: And what is that?

GELI: Stay with you. Marry you, if you wish.

HITLER: Under what conditions this time?

GELI: None.

HITLER: Quite a little love nest you had there with your Jew boyfriend. (Hitler starts riffling through the papers on his desk top.) What was his name? Isadore? Isaac? Israel? I have it here somewhere...!
GELI: His name was Leonard.

HITLER: Yes, here it is. Cohen. Leonard Cohen. That's a good Jew name. I'm surprised he didn't change it.

GELI: Would that have saved his life?

HITLER: No.

GELI: Let him rest.

HITLER: Jews. Always Jews. If I could, I'd cut all their throats at once. By God, I'd better never get the chance.

GELI: You have nothing to blame him for.

HITLER: No?

GELI: He did not touch me.

HITLER: (referring to the photos) Yes, I can see that.

GELI: I can explain those, if you'll let me.

HITLER: Don't bother. Just get out of my sight.

GELI: Why are your bags packed?

HITLER: I am going to a meeting in Nuremberg.

GELI: Take me with you.

HITLER: So you can run away again when my back is turned? Oh, no. You are staying right here, under lock and key.

GELI: If that's what you want. But I want to go with you.

HITLER: What do you think you are going to do now? Just have me forget what you've done, and take
HITLER (cont'd): up things like it never happened? You are going to find out something quite different. Something quite different, believe me. I don't know what your little scheme is, but you will not get the chance to carry it out.

GELLI: My only thought is to go to Nurnberg, and return with you.

HITLER: You're staying right here, right here. And you'll be here when I get back. Then I'll decide what's to be done with you.

GELLI: Look...Hansi.

Geli opens her jewel box.

Inside is her canary, dead.

HITLER: What happened?

GELLI: I don't know. But he's dead.

HITLER: I'm not surprised. There's a deadly gas in this mine.

GELLI: If you won't take me with you, will you let me go back to Berchtesgaden while you're gone? I would like to bury him on the mountain side.

HITLER: Forget going anywhere. You're not going to be trusted again.

Hass and Goebbels appear in the doorway with Mrs. Winter.
HESS: Schreck has the car ready to go.

HITLER: Are the bags downstairs?

GOEBBELS: In the car, sir. Goering is down there giving Schreck the directions and a map. We both came over to wish you a productive trip.

HITLER: Mrs. Winter, you are to watch her very closely, keep her under lock and key every day and night until I return, is that clear?

MRS. W.: Yes, sir. It will be done exactly as you instructed me.

GELI: You will see. That will not be necessary. But I wish you would reconsider and let me go to Berchtesgaden.

HITLER: No. And that's final, Mrs. Winter.

GELI: Wait. You forgot something...

Geli hands Hitler a pistol that she finds on the desk top.

...You may have to shoot some jackals.

HITLER: I can't travel armed, you know that. Put it back, in the top drawer.

GELI: I can't stand to be locked up here for ten days!

HITLER: You are in no position to ask for anything. You will stay here and think things over while I'm gone.
GELI: (with a look at Goebbels) (To Hitler) Will you telephone me?

HITLER: (relenting just perceptibly) We shall see. Hess...

Goebbels veils his anger at her victory.

Hitler and the others exit.

Goebbels reacts to Gelli's hostile look at him, exits.

END OF SCENE
ACT FIVE

Scene Two

Music: The Doors - You're Lost,
        Little Girl

The Prince Regent Street apartment
In Munich. Night.

Mrs. Winter waits at the window
by the front door, watching for
the approach of someone. Outside,
an automobile approaches, stops,
and its motor is shut off. Mrs.
Winter opens the door.

Goebbels, Hess, Goering, Himmler,
Maurice enter. Mrs. Winter locks
the door after them, draws the
curtains.

They speak in low voices.

GOEBBELS: (to Mrs. Winter) Where is she?

MRS. W.: In his study.

GOEBBELS: Asleep?

MRS. W.: I think so. I haven't heard any movement in
        there.
GOEBBELS: I am very displeased with you, Mrs. Winter.
Your telephone call to me this afternoon
should have been made the first day they moved
into this apartment.

MRS. W.: But, sir, I did not know anything about it
until this morning after you left and the
post came.

GOEBBELS: Let me see the letter.

Mrs. Winter produces a letter.
Goebbels scans it and hands it
to Himmler, who reads it.

GOERING: If the world only knew how many angel-gowned
brides are walking down the aisle knocked up.
I wonder how far along she is.

HIMMLER: Her mother seems to be expecting the child to
be in her care by February or March. And
Hitler's known it since the beginning, which
would be...last April or May.

GOERING: He certainly kept it secret. Which goes to
show exactly where we stand in his confidence
when she's on the scene.

HESS: But think of it, Goebbels. This may actually
mean a son for him. This changes a lot of
things.
GOEBBELS: It changes one millstone around his neck to two. Alone she has been trouble enough to us. Even when she runs away from him, she has the effect of paralyzing Party affairs. What can we look forward to when she's with him from now on out?

HIMMLER: It seemed to me that those photographs put him back in control of the relationship quite effectively. She's discredited, a whore in his eyes.

GOERING: Most likely he'll shut her up in the country somewhere, let her have the kid, and keep them both out of circulation. In a few months she'll be no more of a threat than a family lame brain, tied up in the attic.

GOEBBELS: You are both wrong. I saw that she still has power over him when he left for Nurnberg this afternoon. One coy, pitiful little "Will you telephone me?", and he shows the first signs of melting. I can see exactly what's going to happen. She'll keep up her little game of Miss Obedient for the rest of her time. His wishful thinking will win out, and the next thing we know he'll be back at Berchtesgaden with her, and we'll be right back where we started from, trying to get him moving again...
GOEBBELS. (cont'd): There'll be a wedding, and a
honeymoon, and a nursery to fit out, and on
and on and on.

HESS: Well, one thing is for certain. We can't go
through with this now.

GOEBBELS: This is all the more reason to do it.

HESS: What if he finds out, in spite of your plans?
There'll be no torture for us keen enough to
satisfy him.

GOEBBELS: He won't find out if you just keep your head
on straight!

HESS: But he'll never believe it. Why would she kill
herself with a baby to think about? Another
life to answer for?

GOEBBELS: After what Maurice and Himmler did to her lover,
right in front of her eyes? Her sudden change
of personality, from rebel and runaway to docile
domestic? Just a phase in the mental downward
progression to morbid self-mutilation and
suicide. It's perfect, and he'll believe every
tragic moment.

MAURICE: Then you still want to go through with it?

GOEBBELS: More than ever.

GOERING: Are you certain, Goebbels? This could wash
everything out for us if anything goes wrong.
GOEBBELS: What is this? The decision has already been
made and agreed to!

MAURICE: But...before we knew about...

GOEBBELS: About what?

MAURICE: The child.

GOEBBELS: The perfect symbol of all the times she's
pissed on your feelings for her! Or have you
forgotten that?

MAURICE: No...only...

GOEBBELS: Only, nothing! We're going through with this,
now! And by God, Maurice, you back out of your
part and I promise you, you won't outlive her
24 hours! Himmler?

HIMMLER: I can guarantee that.

GOEBBELS: Goering?

GOERING: Let's get it over with.

GOEBBELS: Hess...

NESS: God help us.

GOEBBELS: You'd make a hell of a chaplain, Hess.
(to Maurice) You have the cord?

MAURICE: (reluctantly revealing a coil of window-sash
cord) Here.

GOEBBELS: (to Mrs. Winter) All right. Unlock the door.
(to Maurice) Don't forget the gun in the desk
drawer.
MAURICE: She wouldn't know even how to aim it.
GOEBBELS: You don't know that. I want to be sure it's still there and not hidden somewhere she can turn it on us.
MAURICE: I'm telling you...
GOEBBELS: I'm telling you!
MAURICE: All right...all right. Which drawer?
GOEBBELS: On the left, top. A revolver. Mrs. Winter...

Mrs. Winter quietly turns the key in the study door, opens it.

Maurice, Himmler, and Goebbels go in. Goering remaining in the hall with the frightened Mrs. Winter and the reluctant Hess.

In the study, it is dark. Geli can be seen in the rays of a small night light, asleep on the couch.

Maurice goes to the desk, opens the drawer, takes out the revolver, shows it to Goebbels, and pockets it.

Sensing the movement in the room, Geli stirs, and half sits up.
GELI: Is that you, Mrs. Winter?

Getting no answer, Geli becomes frightened.

GELI: Who's there?

GOEBBELS: Friends.

GELI: (wary, alert to danger) What is this?

GOEBBELS: A visit, little mother.

GELI: And what else, Doctor of Philosophy...?

GOEBBELS: You will see soon enough.

GELI: I think I see now.

GOEBBELS: It can be easy for all of us, or difficult and painful, for you. It's completely your choice.

GELI: You surprise me.

GOEBBELS: No doubt.

GELI: Not that you've come to do this so much as that you found the guts to come at all. But I see that you've brought your trained wolf with you.

GOEBBELS: You see, Maurice? What affection she has for you.

Goebbels and Himmler laugh.

Maurice looks at Geli, silent.

GELI: What trick are you going to have him do this time?
GOEBBELS: He's not going to do anything. It's what you are going to do. You see, the shock of seeing what happened to your Jew lover was too much for your tender sensibilities. And, given the unstable state of your emotions, being locked up here must have been too much for your already-proven fragile equilibrium to cope with. Poor thing, somehow you got the idea that this high beam would make a gallows for all your troubles, including your unwanted child.

GELI: (horrified, but trying not to show it)
A gallows...!

GOEBBELS: Suicides often hang themselves. It's a beautiful touch, one last bit of getting even with those who have to clean up the mess. It will not be lost on your uncle.

Geli recoils in horror.

For a moment she cannot overcome the rising animal terror within her, but then she recovers some of her composure.

GELI: Why not...poison? Or a gun. You have a gun.
(almost a plea for mercy)
GOEBBELS: We were considering a sex crime. Would you prefer that?

GELI: Was Emil to have done the honors on that, too?

Maurice looks away from her. Goebbels becomes impatient.

GOEBBELS: Maurice. Get on with it.

Maurice approaches Geli with the noose in his hands. Geli is afraid, trembling, but makes no move to resist him. Maurice loops the noose about her throat, prepares to use it like a garrote.

GELI: You are right to do this.

GOEBBELS: I was delighted when you ran away from him.

GELI: I was being selfish, giving in to your terror. I let you have the victory you couldn't win for yourself.

GOEBBELS: Thank you.

Goebbels takes the noose from Maurice, prepares to strangle her himself.
GELI: Without me to whisper in his ear in the quiet of his bed, you'll get what you want from him. He'll go back to being what he was before I showed him there's more to life than bitterness, and people like you.

GOEBBELS: He chose us.

GELI: And he chose me.

GOEBBELS: That, too, is our good fortune, now.

Goebbels tightens the noose.

Geli, nearly hysterical, will not stop attacking him.

GELI: I'll be back, Doctor of Philosophy. I'll be back by the thousands. I'll wear your uniforms, march in your parades, and salute you to your face. I'll be everywhere, and no matter what you do, you won't stop me from working against you, talking to my brothers and sisters, helping a Jew, loving...!

Goebbels, now too furious to listen to another word, violently yanks the noose tight about Geli's neck. She gasps aloud, strangling.

Maurice lets out a cry of rage, attacks Goebbels, thrusting him
away from Geli, hurtling into the desk. Geli, on the floor, tries to loosen the noose.
Maurice now faces the others, training Hitler's gun on them.

GOEBBELS: Maurice! Himmler...!
MAURICE: Not one move! Not one!
GOEBBELS: (to Maurice) You're dead, Maurice! You're a dead man for this!

Maurice helps Geli up, never taking his eyes from Himmler and Goebbels.

MAURICE: Get out of my way...
GOEBBELS: Think what you're doing.
MAURICE: I'm taking her to Hitler. Move aside.
GOEBBELS: He'll have your head for having helped us!
MAURICE: Shut up! I've killed enough for you. One's enough. I'm not killing three.
GOEBBELS: Three! What is it, that shit in her belly that's stopping you?
MAURICE: It's his child.
GOEBBELS: More likely the bastard of that Jew! It'll be born with a hook nose that'll hit its chin and its ass between its eyes. She's had a
GOEBBELS (cont'd): hard time of it, Maurice, choosing between a Jew's salami, incest, and you. Spitting in your face was easy for her. Are you going to die for that?

MAURICE: (Maddened, he moves toward Goebbels) Shut up!
Shut up!

Himmel lunges at Maurice and gets hold of his gun hand. There is a fierce struggle between them. Trying to aid Himmel, Goebbels clubs Maurice with his cane.

Hearing the commotion, Hess and Goering come running into the room. Mrs. Winter with them. They all cower as they see the revolver's muzzle sweeping the room in every direction.

Geli is leaning against the couch, on the floor, trying to get her breath. The gun fires. Its bullet pierces Geli's upper body at close range. She is hurled back against the couch, and down to the floor.
Maurice realizes what has happened and howls in despair. He is knocked unconscious by a blow from Goebbels' cane.

HESS: Good Christ, Goebbels! She's shot!

Goebbels, trying to get his breath from the exertions of the struggle, kneels to examine Geli.

GOEBBELS: And dead, too.

HESS: With Hitler's gun! With his own gun, Goebbels! There'll be no way to make this a suicide now!

GOEBBELS: Shut up. Let me think.

HESS: It's all over for all of us now. All over!

GOEBBELS: Damn you, shut your mouth!

With his cane, Goebbels strikes Hess across the face. Hess falls to his hands and knees at Goebbels' feet, holding his bleeding mouth, weeping. Goebbels glares at the others, dominating them.

GOEBBELS: All right! So she used a gun on herself instead of a rope. All right. We didn't bring the gun with us. It was already here,
GOEBBELS (cont'd): Hitler saw it himself when he was leaving. This can be managed.

Goebbels kneels to examine Geli's body.

...Powder burns. Good. The muzzle was close enough. Yes. This can be managed. (Looks at Himmler) ...This can be managed.

HIMMLER: (Taking his line of thought from Goebbels)
The gun will need her fingerprints for the coroner's benefit.

GOERING: Mrs. Winter, why did you permit her into the study here? Wasn't she to be locked in her room?

MRS. W.: I didn't see any harm in it. Anything to shut her up for awhile. Besides, I kept the study doors locked, as you saw.

GOEBBELS: Good. That will be your story, Mrs. Winter. Hold to it.

GOERING: (referring to Maurice) But what about him?

GOEBBELS: Maurice is a practical man. His passion is now pointless, and he'll have his own situation to think of. Himmler, when he comes around, have a little talk with him. If you sense anything but enlightened self-interest, you
GOEBBELS (cont'd): know what to do. But I'd like to keep him alive if we can, for now at least. One dead dog will be enough to explain.

HESS: I don't like it! You know Hitler will find out the truth! He always does! He always does!

GOEBBELS: Are you going to be the one to tell him?

HESS: No... But, Goebbels, you know...

GOEBBELS: I know him! And it may be that I'll end up telling him myself.

GOERING: Just give me enough notice so I can get my ass across the border before you do. Then if he doesn't finish you, I'll be able to. What the hell do you mean?

GOEBBELS: You don't think that our problem's solved now that we're rid of this...young lady? She's potentially more powerful now than when she was fucking him on the mountain side.

GOERING: The perfecting power of memory.

HESS: Then this hasn't done any good anyway!

GOEBBELS: Everything now depends on the quality of his grief.

GOERING: The quality of it...?

GOEBBELS: Adolph Hitler is a man whose mind things in emotion-charged, epic proportions. His sorrow over this loss, and the form and duration it will take, will not be less.
GOERING: It's possible he may never be quite the same again. Remember, we've killed his child, too, his heir, his son.

HESS: He could become...insane.

GOEBBELS: Which may be what it takes to dare to make history. In the morning, you, Hess, will telephone him the tragic news. He will rush back here, letting the Party's business rot, as usual. He'll weep over the remains, go into seclusion, and deteriorate from grief to depression to melancholia, with contemplations of suicide. If he comes out of it himself, we'll have won. If not, then I will administer our last remedy, the healing or killing shock of the truth, of what we have done, for him, for Germany...

GOERING: For ourselves, you mean.

GOEBBELS: For history.

GOERING: If it turns out that way, think, Goebbels. In spite of all your...dedication, he'll get the credit.

GOEBBELS: Himmler. We have evidence to make.

Music: The Doors - The Unknown Soldier

(second part) fills the theatre.
Himmler presses the pistol into Gelli's hand for prints. Goebbels and Himmler arrange the body, place the pistol. Goebbels covers her with the tapestry as the lights change, putting all in silhouette. As they finish arranging the room, the lights fade OUT and on the projection screen appears:

NEWSFILM: montage - Hitler, uniformed, Chancellor of Germany, triumphantly reviewing his soldiers and storm troops from the front seat of his Mercedes convertible. He is standing, surrounded by the passing colossal blazons of Nazi glory. Hess, Himmler, Goering, Goebbels, also in uniform, are beside him. The final image is the countless, deliriously happy faces of the German people as they cheer, waving handkerchiefs, eagerly rushing to join the Nazi future.

THE END