

**HEXING HITLER**  
**SEXING HITLER**

Two one act plays by  
Bryan Colley and Tara Varney

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*Hexing Hitler/Sexing Hitler* are two thematically-related one-act plays. They may be performed individually or together utilizing the same cast.

*Hexing Hitler* is set in a remote cabin in the Maryland in January, 1941.

*Sexing Hitler* is set in Dresden during World War II.

Both plays are based on true stories.

### **CHARACTERS**

HEXING HITLER	SEXING HITLER	ACTOR
William Seabrook	Heinrich Himmler	Male, 40s-50s
Constance Kuhr	Senta Schneider Margaret Sanger	Female, 30s-50s
Tom McAvoy	Arthur Rink Oliver Wendell Holmes	Male, 30s-50s
Richard Tupper	The Soldier Madison Grant	Male, 20s
Ruth Birdseye	The Doll Haschen Francis Galton	Female, 20s

*Hexing Hitler* was first produced at the Kansas City Fringe Festival, July 22-30, 2011, with the following cast:

William Seabrook	Kipp Simmons
Constance Kuhr	Sarah Mae Lamar
Richard Tupper	Doogin Brown
Ruth Birdseye	Melody Butler
Tom McAvoy	Parry Luellen

Directed by Tara Varney

*Sexing Hitler* was first produced at the Kansas City Fringe Festival, July 20-28, 2012, with the following cast:

Heinrich Himmler	Andy Garrison
Arthur Rink	Parry Luellen
Senta Schneider	Marcie Ramirez
The Soldier	Eric Tedder
The Doll/Haschen	Amy Hurrelbrink
The Eugenicists	Christian Hankel
Musicians	Richard Walker, Kyle Dahlquist, and Sergio Moreno

Directed by Tara Varney

**HEXING HITLER**

by Bryan Colley and Tara Varney

*A hunting cabin in the woods with a fireplace. It is sparsely furnished, with logs for chairs.*

*TOM MCAVOY puts firewood on the fire.*

*WILLIAM SEABROOK enters with CONSTANCE KUHR. Seabrook carries a suitcase.*

SEABROOK  
Hey, Tom.

TOM  
Willie, glad to see you.

CONSTANCE  
That fire looks good.

TOM  
I just got it going. Sorry I only have the two chairs up here.

*He waves to the logs on the floor.*

TOM  
(cont)  
I figure we can sit on these.

SEABROOK  
Sure, it's all part of an ancient Haitian tradition. Pull up a stump, Constance. Warm your hands by the fire.  
(to Tom)  
I take it everything's ready?

TOM  
(motioning off-stage)  
It's all back there. Glad you could find the place.

SEABROOK

It all looks different in the dark.

TOM

Where are the others?

SEABROOK

They were right behind us.

CONSTANCE

I think we lost them outside of Manassas.

TOM

Maybe I should go look for them?

SEABROOK

I'm sure they can find it.

TOM

All the same, it's cold and dark out there. I'll just walk down to the road and flag them.

*Tom puts on his coat and exits with a lantern.*

CONSTANCE

I told you we should have slowed down for them.

SEABROOK

They'll find it.

CONSTANCE

You just couldn't wait to get into Tom's liquor cabinet.

SEABROOK

That's right. What'll you have?

CONSTANCE

I'm not drinking.

SEABROOK

Why not?

CONSTANCE

And you shouldn't either. You'll just end up making a fool of yourself.

SEABROOK

I think that's going to happen regardless.

*She blocks the liquor cabinet.*

CONSTANCE

You've already had enough.

SEABROOK

You can't stop me.

CONSTANCE

I can try.

*He steps toward her menacingly, smiles and pulls a flask from his jacket.*

SEABROOK

I always go into battle armed.

CONSTANCE

Armed and dangerous.

SEABROOK

If I'm going to do this thing, I'm going to do it drunk.

CONSTANCE

You're killing yourself, Willie. I can't stand by anymore and watch you live your life in a drunken stupor.

SEABROOK

Does that mean you're leaving me?

CONSTANCE

It's too late for that now.

*A scream, and RUTH BIRDSEYE enters with a half-empty bottle in her hand.*

RUTH

Hi! Hey!

SEABROOK

Hello.

RUTH

This looks like the right place.

*She gives a bloodcurdling scream out the door.*

SEABROOK

I'm William Seabrook.

RUTH

I just loved your book! That one about all of your adventures in Arabia? What was it called?

SEABROOK

Adventures in Arabia.

RUTH

That's the one! Dickie made me read it and I didn't want to at first but gosh, it was really great. So exciting. A sheik, a real sheik! Such wealth. I want to see the babies.

CONSTANCE

The babies?

RUTH

They paint their babies, right, like grown women, with kohl and rouge? Oh, they sounded so pretty!

SEABROOK

They were very precious. A bit like dolls.

RUTH

But some of it was terrifying - those honor killings, they call them? Scary. And they eat that fermented goat's milk? I don't think I could do that. I don't know. Maybe. Was it good?

SEABROOK

I found it pleasant.

RUTH

But you travel a lot, right? So maybe that makes a difference. I don't really. I'd like to travel more, have adventures, meet people. Sometimes I go with my father on business trips, but it's not really the same. Cleveland, Des Moines, Minneapolis - that's not really experiencing the world, you know? But I forget my manners. I'm Ruth Birdseye.

*She extends her hand to Constance.*

CONSTANCE

Frozen foods?

RUTH

That's right.

SEABROOK

This is my acquaintance, Constance.

CONSTANCE

Acquaintance? Dear God.

*She grabs Seabrook's flask and drinks.*

RUTH

Dickie said you two were married.

SEABROOK

Where is Dickie anyway?

RUTH

He should be right behind me. I saw the light and ran ahead, but he was scared of the dark woods.

*She screams out the door again.*

CONSTANCE

Why do you keep doing that?

RUTH

Little joke.

CONSTANCE

To see how quickly he comes to save you?

SEABROOK

Or how fast he runs away.

RUTH

I think Dickie's starting to get spooked by this whole idea. He really believes you're some kind of voodoo witch doctor or something.

SEABROOK

And you don't?

RUTH

You look pretty harmless to me.

CONSTANCE

But looks are so deceiving.

SEABROOK

So how do you know Dickie?

RUTH

We're just good friends.

SEABROOK

Good enough to let him take you to a lonely cabin in the middle of the woods?

RUTH

Yes, that good.

SEABROOK

Lucky Dick.

*Tom enters with RICHARD TUPPER.*

RICHARD

Ruth! You're okay! I thought - I heard screaming.

RUTH

Took you long enough. I would be dead by now.

RICHARD

Why did you scream?

CONSTANCE

She was testing you, dear boy. I believe you failed.

RUTH

Good thing I wasn't really in danger.

SEABROOK

I'm glad you're both safe.

RICHARD

When you say let's get away from town you really mean it.

SEABROOK

It's good to have a little privacy when you do these things.

TOM

Where'd you find the dish?

RICHARD

Dish?

TOM

The screaming banshee?

RICHARD

Oh, you mean Ruth?

TOM

She's quite a looker.

RUTH

*(uncertainly)*

Thank you.

RICHARD

Ruth thought this sounded like fun, so I brought her along.

CONSTANCE

Witchcraft isn't something one does for fun.

RUTH

Fun isn't the right word. Fascinated is more like it.

RICHARD

That's what I meant. Fascinated.

RUTH

Dickie's always going on about the great William Seabrook, so I thought I'd come see what this was all about.

CONSTANCE

He didn't warn you?

RUTH

Warn me about what?

SEABROOK

There's nothing to be warned about.

RUTH

Is that true, Dickie?

RICHARD

Of course it is. Willie knows what he's doing, and I won't let anything happen to you.

*(to Constance)*

What are you trying to do? Scare her?

SEABROOK

Don't worry about Constance. She's just fooling with you.

CONSTANCE

Yes, don't worry about me.

RICHARD

Tom was just telling me that his father brought him hunting here when he was a boy.

SEABROOK

I never took you for the hunting type, Tom.

TOM

Oh, I'm not. After I shot my first quail, I cried all the way home. Mother prepared the meat for dinner, and I wouldn't touch it. The next time we went hunting he gave me a camera instead of a gun, so I started taking photographs. I've been taking them ever since.

RUTH

So now you're a herbivore?

TOM

Well, I don't eat quail.

SEABROOK

Tom here is the photographer from Life Magazine that I told you about.

RUTH

What a fantastic job that must be.

TOM

It doesn't seem like a job, really. It's always been a hobby for me, but now I get paid for it.

SEABROOK

And you travel the world as well.

TOM

Yes. It's a nice perk.

CONSTANCE

No wonder you two are friends.

TOM

Difference is that everywhere Willie goes he goes native. He has to live there and become one of them. I never really belong anywhere. I just take a picture and move on.

SEABROOK

That's Tom - he'd be a tourist in his own back yard.

TOM

Willie goes to Arabia, becomes a sheik - goes to Haiti, becomes a voodoo doctor - goes to Africa, becomes a cannibal.

RUTH

A cannibal? You mean you ate -

SEABROOK

Yes I did.

RUTH

That's horrible... but what did -

SEABROOK

What did it taste like?

RUTH

If you don't mind.

SEABROOK

That's the first thing everyone asks. It tasted like veal.

RUTH

Veal?

TOM

He's there learning how the natives work their black magic, and they're feeding him human flesh. I'll bet they got a good laugh out of that.

RICHARD

I don't see how that's funny.

SEABROOK

It's not. Ritual cannibalism is something they take very seriously. Human sacrifice is part of a hex they call ouanga, but Tom here doesn't know the whole story.

TOM

Is that so?

SEABROOK

The Africans didn't feed me human flesh at all. They'd switched the meat with a great ape. I found out about it later.

TOM

So everything you wrote in that book was a lie?

SEABROOK

Oh no, I knew I couldn't write something like that and get away with it. I knew if I was going to tell that story, I had to get my hands on some human flesh somehow. Luckily when I was in France an opportunity came up through some connections I had. I don't dare say who it was - but an agent had managed to steal a pound of flesh from someone that had just died in an auto accident. I hopped on the first train I could catch, and by nightfall found myself in a little village entertaining friends of a friend that had graciously taken me in. I told them it was the meat of a rare African goat, and they let me fix it in their kitchen. I fried it up in a pan, added some vegetables, and made a nice meal of it.

RICHARD

You fed it to everyone?

SEABROOK

Oh no, I assured them that they would find it indigestible, but I ate it, and it tasted just like veal.

RUTH

I liked it better when the Africans were feeding it to you.

SEABROOK

That's how I wrote the story. I figured it was truthful enough.

RICHARD

What did it look like?

SEABROOK

Just like any other red meat. Once it was cooking you couldn't tell the difference.

TOM

I saw a burned corpse once and I swear it looked like beef brisket. I didn't grab a knife and fork, though.

RUTH

Oh really, must we talk about this?

SEABROOK

Speaking of charred human flesh, I knew a writer named John Jay Chapman who only had one hand. He got into a fight over a girl and struck a young gentleman who had been a friend of his since childhood. Chapman was so regretful that when he got home, he thrust his hand into a fire and held it there for several minutes.

RUTH

No, stop.

SEABROOK

When he took it out the charred knuckles and finger bones were exposed. Burned to a stump. The doctors had to cut it off.

RICHARD

Nobody could do that.

SEABROOK

He did. He was deeply religious, and felt he had to atone for his sins. His left hand offended him, so...

RUTH

Oh Willie, that's so grisly.

SEABROOK

Is it? He ended up marrying the girl.

TOM

A happy ending.

CONSTANCE

Why does that story fascinate you so much?

SEABROOK

Does it?

CONSTANCE

You like to tell it.

SEABROOK

Sometimes when things gets desperate, when there's nothing but darkness, the dead hand of John Jay Chapman reaches out and clutches me and drags me through the fire to safety.

CONSTANCE

Now that's the preacher's son talking.

RICHARD

A preacher's son? I didn't know that.

SEABROOK

Yes, my father was a missionary.

RUTH

Really? In the wilds of Africa?

SEABROOK

No, in the wilds of Kansas. I grew up there.

RICHARD

And here I thought you were the most blasphemous heathen in Washington.

RUTH

Are you? A heathen?

SEABROOK

I don't know what I am anymore. I've been called a diabolist. I like the sound of that.

CONSTANCE

You've been called a drunkard too.

SEABROOK

Well there's more truth to that. Who wants a drink?

RICHARD

I could use one.

RUTH

Dickie said you were put in the asylum for drunkenness.

RICHARD

He did. He wrote a book all about it.

SEABROOK

Dickie reads too much.

RUTH

Is it true?

SEABROOK

No. I wasn't put in. I admitted myself. I think there's a difference.

CONSTANCE

Was that the work of John Jay Chapman's dead hand?

SEABROOK

I suppose it was. It was either the asylum, or drink myself to death.

RUTH

It doesn't seem to have stopped your drinking.

SEABROOK

But I no longer do it to hurry death along.

RUTH

Then why do you do it?

SEABROOK

Same reason I do everything.

RUTH

Oh?

CONSTANCE

To escape the mundane, but Willie doesn't realize being a sour drunk is horribly mundane.

SEABROOK

On the contrary, it makes the mundane bearable.

RUTH

There's nothing mundane about you.

SEABROOK

I'm nothing compared to Tom here.

TOM

I don't know about all that.

SEABROOK

He's the only person in this room that's met the president.

TOM

It was just an assignment. He didn't even talk to me.

SEABROOK

You've been to every corner of the world, armed with nothing more than a camera. You could say more with one picture than I could write with words in a whole year. You capture the world just like you see it. Can't doubt it, can't boast, can't lie.

TOM

If I could use words like you do, Will, I could tell some whoppers.

SEABROOK

I'll bet you could. You're not drinking, Tom. Can I get you anything?

TOM

Maybe just a little.

SEABROOK

Of course, there's nothing mundane about Ruth Birdseye either.

RUTH

You talk like you know me.

SEABROOK

I know exactly what you are. You're the center of attention, everywhere you go.

RUTH

And that's a bad thing?

SEABROOK

Only for those who want more than life gives them, watching everything get handed to you without even asking.

RUTH

I don't.

SEABROOK

You do. Dickie here would bend over backwards to give you anything you desire, wouldn't you Dickie?

RICHARD

For Ruth? You bet. Anything.

SEABROOK

Tell me, have you ever wanted for anything? Is there anything you couldn't have?

RUTH

I think you're being rather presumptuous.

SEABROOK

Am I?

RUTH

A wiser man might say it's foolish to want something you can't have.

SEABROOK

Spoken like someone who has everything.

RUTH

Is this part of your witchcraft?

SEABROOK

No, just good old-fashioned journalism. I've been in the business long enough to know that the whole world revolves around people like you. You'll realize that when you get older.

RUTH

So everything I do is news? Is that why I'm going to be in Life Magazine?

RICHARD

Surely people care more about the world than us? What have we done?

SEABROOK

Done? You don't have to do anything. Everyone wants to hear about the richest of rich and poorest of poor. It's the people in the middle that nobody cares about, unless they do some heroic deed. But tell us what Ruth Birdseye had for breakfast and you've got the world by the ear.

RUTH

I had ham steak and an English muffin.

SEABROOK

An English muffin? Stop the presses! "Birdseye rushes to England's aid."

RICHARD

It's not like we don't do our part, Willie. We're trying to end this war in Europe. Even if Roosevelt won't go to war with Hitler, some of us are ready to sacrifice.

RUTH

That's why we're all here, isn't it?

RICHARD

That's right. We're going to put a hex on that bastard. He'll never even know what happened.

SEABROOK

Oh, he'll know.

RUTH

So are you really serious about all this?

SEABROOK

What do you mean?

RUTH

Do you really think any of this will make a difference?

SEABROOK

I wondered that too when Dickie first mentioned it, but then I thought why not? It's worth a try. If anyone's going to do it, it might as well be me. I've seen the power of witchcraft, and Adolf Hitler is a bloodier demon than the foulest witch in any German fairy tale.

RICHARD

We've got to do something. I can't stand sitting here helpless while he destroys Europe. You were in France during the last war, Willie. You know what it was like.

SEABROOK

The last war? Constance here just barely escaped Warsaw.

RICHARD

You were in Poland when Germany invaded?

CONSTANCE

Yes.

SEABROOK

She doesn't like talking about it.

RICHARD

Oh.

CONSTANCE

Tell me, what makes you so eager for war?

RICHARD

Hitler's conquered most of Europe --

CONSTANCE

-- I'm not talking about Hitler. I'm talking about you. What did Hitler ever do to you? Are you Jewish? Do you have friends in England?

RICHARD

No, but --

CONSTANCE

-- So why haven't you enlisted?

RICHARD

As soon as Roosevelt declares war I will.

CONSTANCE

Why wait for Roosevelt? Why not get ready?

RICHARD

It'd be a waste if we didn't go to war. Besides, my father says I can help more by staying in Washington and pushing for the cause. I know a lot of influential people and--

CONSTANCE

-- and I'm sure they helped him get re-elected, too.

RICHARD

What do you mean by that?

CONSTANCE

Nothing. I'm sorry. I'm just tired of seeing so many young men eager to kill each other, and it's always the beautiful, young boys like you that go first. That's why I left Warsaw. I just couldn't stand to see more innocent people slaughtered. There's nothing in Europe but death.

RICHARD

That's what I want to stop.

CONSTANCE

With more death?

RICHARD

Yes, I'm willing to give my life if it helps stops fascism.

CONSTANCE

Not giving life, taking life. War is murder. It turns decent people in to killers, and brings humanity to its knees.

RICHARD

So what do you want to do? You want Hitler to just take over the world?

CONSTANCE

No, I don't want to do anything. If everyone wants to kill each other, let them. I don't care anymore.

RICHARD

(to Seabrook)

Let's do this. Let's put that evil horror in his grave. If you've taught me one thing Willie, this witchcraft business is real. I'm ready. Tell us what to do.

RUTH

Me too. I'm ready.

CONSTANCE

I hope you both realize that you're asking for. Using witchcraft for black deeds like this is the same as murder. No matter how vile the villain, you will always have blood on your hands.

RICHARD

I'd put a bullet in his bloated head if I could.

CONSTANCE

It's more than that. You will also condemn his immortal soul to hell.

RICHARD

I think he's already done that himself.

CONSTANCE

There would be no chance for forgiveness.

RICHARD

Good.

CONSTANCE

(to Ruth)

What about you? Can a sweet thing like you stoop to murder? Because if you don't believe that what you are doing is murder, the hex will never work.

RUTH

I'm with Dickie. When I think of all the lives that would be saved, I'd do anything.

CONSTANCE

(to Tom)

What about you?

TOM

What about me? I only shoot with a camera.

SEABROOK

That's alright. You're only here to observe and document.

RUTH

I can't believe we're going to be in Life Magazine.

CONSTANCE

Anything to help Willie sell more books.

SEABROOK

That's not the reason. We need Life Magazine most of all. McAvoy's here to clinch the deal.

RUTH

What do you mean?

SEABROOK

The spell only works if the victim of the hex is aware that they are the victim. The knowledge that they have been cursed works on the victim's psychology. Even if they profess not to believe it, there's always some part of them in the subconscious - leftover from childhood perhaps - some part that takes the knowledge to heart. And from what I've learned about Hitler, he's likely to believe everything we're doing here tonight once he finds out about it.

RUTH

And the only way he'll find out is if he reads about it in Life Magazine.

SEABROOK

That's right.

RICHARD

You really think Hitler will fall for this?

SEABROOK

He might try to laugh it off at first, think it's a game. But he'll know, and nothing he does will get it out of his head. Doctors won't be able help him. Clergy will be useless. It will destroy him from the inside out. A curse from the other side of the world.

RUTH

So it's not really a curse at all?

SEABROOK

Of course it is! The ritual hexing is important. Hitler's just going to help us do it, without knowing that he's making the curse stronger. The ritual is vital. You have to believe that. Everyone has to, or it won't work at all.

RICHARD

It has to work. Hitler is a madman. My God, what he did to London! And what happens after Europe? He'll come after us. They've already spotted U-boats off the coast.

RUTH

They have?

RICHARD

They're ready to strike at a moment's notice. He won't stop! He'll never stop! So we have to stop him. We have to.

RUTH

Okay, Dickie, okay. We'll do it.

SEABROOK

I'll start getting the place set up. Everyone, help yourselves to some rum. It's good stuff, straight from Jamaica.

RUTH

Jamaica? Wow.

*They go pour themselves generous helpings, start downing it while Seabrook arranges the room for the ritual.*

TOM  
Willie never skimps on the hooch.

CONSTANCE  
Even when he should.

SEABROOK  
I'm fine, Constance.

CONSTANCE  
You've been drinking since we left Washington.

SEABROOK  
And we made it here fine. Nothing to worry your pretty head about.

CONSTANCE  
Don't talk to me like I'm one of your little tramps.

RUTH  
I'm getting warm.

RICHARD  
That's the rum.

RUTH  
I know it's the rum, dummy! Ha! Rum dummy! Rum dummy!  
Rummy-dum! Rummy-dum-dum!

*She laughs, starts beating on the tom-toms.*

CONSTANCE  
This should go well.

TOM  
*(to Ruth, snapping photos)*  
You're very photogenic.

CONSTANCE  
Yes. She's quite a find.

SEABROOK  
Let me show you how the voodoo priests are trained to call upon the loa, and salute the spirit of the drums.

*He takes the drums from Ruth and gives them to Constance.*

SEABROOK

(cont)

Here, Constance, give us a beat.

CONSTANCE

Oh goodie, I get to be the rhythm section.

*She plays as Seabrook dances. Ruth joins in.*

RUTH

Like this?

SEABROOK

Like that, yes.

RICHARD

You're a natural!

RUTH

Come on, Richard. Dance like the natives.

SEABROOK

Let the rhythm capture you, envelop you, let it transport you. Let it become your thoughts, your breath, the blood coursing through your veins.

RICHARD

This is how the voodoo priests get in a trance. Drumming and dancing.

SEABROOK

The dancers let the rhythm infect their bodies. They dance to raise their concentration and awareness.

*Seabrook backs off as Ruth and Richard dance wildly.*

TOM

I'm exhausted just watching her.

SEABROOK

You can say that again.

*Seabrook grabs another drum and joins Constance. Tom takes photos. The music reaches a climax and Ruth and Richard collapse exhausted.*

RUTH

Oh, it's too much.

SEABROOK

Good. Now, before we can perform the ritual, it's important that you look the part. That's why I brought you these authentic ceremonial costumes.

*He pulls a white gown from his suitcase.*

SEABROOK

*(cont, to Ruth)*

I want you to play the part of the High Priestess.

RUTH

Me?

RICHARD

Who else, dove?

RUTH

I thought maybe...

*She indicates Constance.*

CONSTANCE

Me? Oh, heavens, no. I'm not the appropriate choice at all.

RUTH

Why not?

CONSTANCE

Because, child, I have my own will.

SEABROOK

Constance!

RUTH

How does it go on?

CONSTANCE

I'll help you with that. Tom, where can we go to change?

TOM

Right through there.

CONSTANCE

Thank you. Excuse us.

RUTH

Next time you see me, I'll be a Goddess!

SEABROOK

Priestess.

RICHARD

Both.

*Constance and Ruth exit.*

TOM

She's a looker, isn't she?

SEABROOK AND RICHARD

Yes.

*Seabrook starts taking objects out of the suitcase and arranging them on the table.*

TOM

I'm going to enjoy taking these pictures.

SEABROOK

I don't think it's going to be that kind of photo session.

RICHARD

What?

TOM

No? That's too bad.

RICHARD

What kind of photos are you talking about?

TOM

Willie hasn't told you about—

*Seabrook cuts him off.*

RICHARD

About what?

SEABROOK

Dickie's in a different circle of friends.

TOM

I thought everyone knew. It's usually how he introduces himself.

SEABROOK

It livens up a dull party.

TOM

Sorry if I spilled the beans.

RICHARD

And you take pictures of...

TOM

I have. That girl of yours would make quite a subject.

RICHARD

She's not interested in anything like that.

TOM

No? I'd make an extra copy of the photos for you. Willie can talk a girl into doing anything.

SEABROOK

If that were true I really would be a voodoo wizard.

TOM

So if that's not what we're up here for, we really are going to hex old Hitler.

SEABROOK

Sorry to disappoint you.

TOM

At least it's something we can print, but I brought way too much film.

*Constance enters.*

CONSTANCE

Oh, boy, Willie. You have outdone yourself.

RICHARD

What do you mean?

*Ruth enters, clad in a diaphanous toga.  
Everyone is struck by her beauty.*

RUTH

Is this okay?

RICHARD

Oh, Ruth. You're so...

SEABROOK

Yes, you are.

RICHARD

That dress...

RUTH

Where did it come from, Willie?

SEABROOK

It was made in a small village in Haiti, just outside Port au Prince, where the women weave the finest of threads -

CONSTANCE

It has to be back at the costume shop on Monday.

TOM

*(taking photos)*

Yes, that's good. Hold it right there. Maybe a little off the shoulder.

*She reveals a little more skin.*

RUTH

You mean like this?

TOM

That's nice. Helps sell magazines, you know.

RUTH

How about this?

*She shows even more. Tom snaps away. Richard steps between her and the camera.*

RICHARD

I think it was fine where it was.

*She pushes him aside and poses.*

RUTH

Come on, Dickie. It's for Life Magazine.

TOM

Just a couple more. Great, I'm out of film.

*Tom goes to reload the film.*

RICHARD

What about me, Willie? You said I'd have a costume too.

SEABROOK

Of course. Here's yours.

*He pulls a bundle of clothes from the suitcase.*

SEABROOK

(cont)

I'll just help you sort it all out.

*Richard and Seabrook go into the back room.*

RUTH

I think they liked it.

CONSTANCE

You look lovely, dear... but your hair's no good.

RUTH

My hair?

CONSTANCE

Yes, take your hair down. Show me what it looks like.

*She takes the pins out of her hair.*

CONSTANCE

(cont)

Down is good. It's symbolic of freedom and power, of being without constraint.

RUTH

Is this better?

CONSTANCE

You're quite beautiful.

RUTH

I feel like... it's nothing.

CONSTANCE

What is it?

RUTH

I feel like ever since I got here, everyone's been staring at me.

CONSTANCE

All eyes on the prize.

RUTH

What's that mean?

CONSTANCE

Everybody wants something from you.

RUTH

I don't have anything.

CONSTANCE

Of course you do. Youth, beauty, innocence, desire, love.

RUTH

What about you? What do you want?

CONSTANCE

I want your soul.

RUTH

How do you take that?

CONSTANCE

I can't take it. You have to give it. Willingly.

RUTH

Why would I do that?

CONSTANCE

When it becomes too much of a burden, you'll be happy to give it up.

RUTH

And what will you do with two souls?

CONSTANCE

Two souls? Funny you should say that, because I already have two souls.

RUTH

You do?

*She puts her hands on her heart.*

CONSTANCE

I have one here.

*She moves her hands to her stomach.*

CONSTANCE

(cont)

And one here.

RUTH

No kidding?

*Constance shakes her head.*

RUTH

Well that's good news, isn't it?

CONSTANCE

It would be, if I wasn't so terrified.

RUTH

Willie knows, doesn't he?

CONSTANCE

Yes, he knows.

*Seabrook enters.*

SEABROOK

Knows what?

CONSTANCE

That your soul belongs to me, doesn't it, darling?

SEABROOK

My body, my mind, my soul - all yours.

CONSTANCE

What have you got for us?

SEABROOK

May I introduce... the witch doctor.

*Richard enters in a witch doctor costume.  
Everyone laughs.*

RUTH

Oh, Dickie!

RICHARD

I feel rather odd in this get up.

SEABROOK

It's traditional.

RICHARD

Traditional for whom?

SEABROOK

They're traditional Haitian ritual garments.

RUTH

You look like you stepped out of a Bosko cartoon.

*Tom snaps a photo.*

TOM

That's one for the cover.

RUTH

You look ridiculous.

RICHARD

I'm taking this off.

SEABROOK

Don't. Dressing the part is of utmost importance, and it lends an air of brevity that is essential.

RUTH

I thought this was supposed to be so serious.

SEABROOK

We still need to keep a sense of humor about us.

RICHARD

And laughing at me will help us kill Hitler?

CONSTANCE

No. Humor is what keeps us from killing ourselves.

RICHARD

Alright, let's just get this over with.

SEABROOK

But wait, there's still one person missing from the party.

*Seabrook rolls out a dressmaker's dummy.*

SEABROOK

(cont)

Our guest of honor - Adolf Hitler.

RUTH

It doesn't look like him.

RICHARD

It doesn't have to.

RUTH

Why not?

SEABROOK

Because we'll baptize it "Adolf Hitler," and then even though it doesn't look like him, it will be him.

TOM

So that's the voodoo doll? What do they call it? A poppet?

RICHARD

Exactly.

SEABROOK

But it won't hurt to add some details, so no one will forget at any time who we're dealing with.

RICHARD

So how do you propose to make this more Adolf-like?

TOM

Well, the moustache, of course!

RICHARD

Here, some coal from the fire.

*He takes a piece of burnt charcoal and draws a moustache on the dummy.*

SEABROOK

I brought a hat.

*She puts a hat on the dummy.*

RUTH

That's good. Anything else?

CONSTANCE

I brought this with me. Thought it might be useful.

*She removes a Nazi armband from her purse  
and puts it on the doll.*

RICHARD

Is that real?

CONSTANCE

Something I picked up in Warsaw.

SEABROOK

Nice to see you playing along.

CONSTANCE

I hate the bastard too.

RICHARD

That looks perfect.

CONSTANCE

A dead ringer, if ever I saw one.

TOM

Let me get a picture of that armband.

RUTH

If I squint my eyes it looks just like him.

TOM

How about a few shots of all of you surrounding Hitler with  
a bunch of weapons? What do you think?

SEABROOK

Sure. Everyone, grab a weapon.

*Constance grabs an ax.*

CONSTANCE

Will this do, Willie, dear?

SEABROOK

Yes, yes, that's beautiful.

RICHARD

I don't have anything.

SEABROOK

Here, Ruth, take the fireplace poker.

RICHARD

What about me? I don't have anything.

SEABROOK

I'll take this walking stick, and -

RICHARD

There's nothing for me!

SEABROOK

Dickie, really. Look around. Get creative.

RICHARD

(looking around)

There is nothing!

CONSTANCE

For Pete's sake. Here. Take this.

*She hands Richard bottle of rum. Ruth  
snickers.*

RICHARD

Do I bust the neck or something?

SEABROOK

Hell, no! That's Jamaica's finest!

RICHARD

Then what?

SEABROOK

Just hold it over your head, like you're going to hit him with it.

RICHARD

I don't feel very menacing.

TOM

Haven't you ever been in a bar fight?

RUTH

Make a face or something, Dickie.

*Richard grimaces at Hitler. Everyone laughs.  
McAvoy snaps photos.*

TOM

Good one.

RICHARD

No! I look stupid!

TOM

You look like you're having fun - getting ready to, you know, beat Hitler up.

RICHARD

Aw, gee...

SEABROOK

Relax, Dickie. It's all in good fun.

RICHARD

Good fun for you, maybe.

SEABROOK

Now, the effigy must be cleansed of all previous energies. Most easily, this can be done with salt.

RUTH

Salt? Why salt?

SEABROOK

It's traditional. Salt is used for purification. It goes way back, but it looks like I forgot to bring any. Tom, do you have some salt here?

*Tom leaves, comes back with a salt shaker.  
Looks are exchanged.*

SEABROOK

(cont)

It'll do. Richard, cleanse the effigy with salt.

*Richard shrugs and salts the effigy like French fries.*

SEABROOK

(cont)

Be mindful of your thoughts and words. Words are symbols of intent, and can affect the creation of your magic. The effigy can capture that energy and retain the feelings used during its creation, which could be detrimental, even disastrous, for what we're trying to accomplish. The last thing any of us would want is for the magic to come back on anyone here.

RUTH

Sounds scary.

RICHARD

It's very serious.

SEABROOK

Now, to complete the consecration, to connect it to the divine forces of the Universe, we shall declare the object sacred. Say, "We hereby consecrate this doll with the powers of the Earth and Heavens. May it serve our deed well." Repeat this three times.

RUTH

Why three?

SEABROOK

It is the most magical of all numbers.

RUTH

Why?

SEABROOK

The number three is revered throughout history: Christianity has its Holy Trinity; Witchcraft has its Maiden, Mother, Crone; the Greeks had three Fates, three Graces, three Furies; the Egyptian flag has three stars to represent Christians, Jews, and Muslims living there -

RUTH

Okay, I get it. Three. Wow.

SEABROOK

Repeat after me. "We hereby consecrate this doll with the powers of the Earth and Heavens."

ALL

We hereby consecrate this doll with the powers of the Earth and Heavens.

SEABROOK

May it serve our deed well.

ALL

May it serve our deed well.

SEABROOK

Good. Again.

ALL

We hereby consecrate this doll with the powers of the Earth and Heavens. May it serve our deed well.

SEABROOK

And again.

ALL

We hereby consecrate this doll with the powers of the Earth and Heavens. May it serve our deed well.

*Ruth holds back a laugh. They look at her.*

RUTH

I'm sorry. It's not really funny is it?

SEABROOK

Now we must baptize it.

RUTH

It's a doll.

SEABROOK

Right now, it's just a doll, yes. But after we baptize it, it'll be Hitler. If it's not Hitler, then nothing we do will affect him. We'll just be torturing a dummy.

CONSTANCE

Theme of the whole night, if you ask me.

SEABROOK

Constance, please. Is everyone ready? "We baptize thee, Adolf Hitler, in the name of Istan. In life, this is now who we wish you to be. All that is asked of you is now as we so command. As days go by and time is infinite, we do now control you and your will. You are ours to control, for our purpose alone. With the highest blessing of the forces of the Universe, we declare it so." Now, we sprinkle it with some holy water.

*He hands a bottle to Richard.*

SEABROOK

*(cont)*

Sprinkle this on the effigy, and say, "You are Hitler, Hitler is you."

RICHARD

You are Hitler, Hitler is you.

SEABROOK

Now, everyone.

ALL

You are Hitler, Hitler is you.

*Seabrook strikes the drum.*

SEABROOK

Again!

ALL

You are Hitler, Hitler is you!

*He strikes the drum again.*

SEABROOK  
Again!

ALL  
You are Hitler, Hitler is you. You are Hitler, Hitler is  
you.

*Seabrook starts a rhythm on the drum.*

SEABROOK  
Yes! More! Stronger!

ALL  
You are Hitler, Hitler is you!

SEABROOK  
As much as energy as you can! Focus!

ALL  
You are Hitler, Hitler is you!

SEABROOK  
This is Hitler! Know it! Know it!

*Seabrook drums as others chant, convinces  
Constance to drum too. Richard and Ruth get  
really worked up, dancing wildly.*

ALL  
You are Hitler, Hitler is you! You are Hitler, Hitler is  
you! You are Hitler, Hitler is you!

*Eventually, the dancers are exhausted.*

SEABROOK  
The baptism is complete. Now we begin the ritual.

RICHARD  
What happens first?

SEABROOK  
The High Priestess must cast the circle.

RICHARD  
Why the High Priestess?

SEABROOK

Because we are asking for the assistance of the spirits of the universe. So that we don't harm ourselves, we must seek protection from the Earth herself, and the Earth is female in nature. Therefore, a female voice of authority is preferable.

RUTH

Authority?

SEABROOK

Oh, yes. The power is yours, dove. Seize it.

RUTH

How do I start?

SEABROOK

Here, take this.

*(He hands her a dagger)*

Is everyone here going to participate?

TOM

I'm just an observer. Pretend I'm not here.

SEABROOK

Fine, then, you sit outside of the circle, over there somewhere. Constance?

CONSTANCE

Oh, I'm in.

*She moves a stump into the circle and sits.*

RUTH

You're a believer?

CONSTANCE

I believe as adamantly as Willie does.

RUTH

Oh, good.

SEABROOK

Now, my dear, take the dagger and draw an imaginary circle on the floor that encompasses all of us.

*She starts off counter-clockwise.*

SEABROOK

*(cont)*

No, go this way.

*Sets her going clockwise.*

SEABROOK

*(cont)*

Repeat after me "Bear witness, Spirits of the North, I cast this sacred circle."

RUTH

Bear witness, Spirits of the North, I cast this sacred circle.

SEABROOK

Now step over here, right, and say "Bear witness, Spirits of the East, I cast this sacred circle."

RUTH

Bear witness, Spirits of the East, I cast this sacred circle.

SEABROOK

Continue around. "Bear witness..."

*Ruth moves to the next point in the circle.*

RUTH

Bear witness, Spirits of the... uh...

SEABROOK

...South...

RUTH

...south, I cast this sacred circle.

SEABROOK  
Good, go on.

*She moves to the final point in the circle.*

RUTH  
Bear witness, Spirits of the...

ALL  
West.

RUTH  
...west, I cast this sacred circle.

SEABROOK  
Good. Now ring the bell.

RICHARD  
Does she have to? Or can I?

SEABROOK  
Go ahead, Richard.

RICHARD  
Do I say anything?

SEABROOK  
No.

*Disappointed, Richard rings the bell.*

SEABROOK  
(cont)  
Good, now, Ruth, take the salt and follow the circle again,  
sprinkling as you go.

RUTH  
What does this do?

SEABROOK  
It purifies the circle.

RUTH  
Purifies. Do I have to say anything?

SEABROOK

Say, "With this salt, I purify the sacred circle."

RUTH

That's it? Don't we chant strange words in Latin or something?

SEABROOK

It doesn't work that way.

TOM

Willie, can I set up a shot real quick?

SEABROOK

Go ahead.

TOM

Can I get a shot of you holding up the bowl, please?

SEABROOK

Mind the circle!

TOM

Sorry.

SEABROOK

No one outside should cross into it, and no one inside should cross out. That would destroy the protection and expose us to possible evil attracted here by our activities.

RUTH

Like this?

TOM

Yeah... a little more this way...

RICHARD

Am I in the picture? Should I ring the bell?

TOM

Um, yeah, okay, that's fine.

*Richard enthusiastically rings the bell behind Ruth.*

TOM

*(cont)*

Okay, great. Thanks. Sorry.

SEABROOK

Perfectly fine. Finish with the salt now.

*Ruth walks around the circle, sprinkling salt.*

RUTH

With this salt, I purify the sacred circle. With this salt, I purify the sacred circle. With this salt, I purify the sacred circle. Three times is good, right?

*Richard rings the bell.*

SEABROOK

Thank you, Richard. Three times is great. Now take the water, and everyone in the circle must drink from it, as a symbol of unification.

*Each sips from the bowl of water.*

TOM

Could you hand him the bowl again? And you take a sip as she stands there?

RICHARD

Gladly.

*Ruth and Richard pose.*

TOM

*(taking photo)*

Great. Thanks.

*Ruth replaces the water on the altar, Richard rings the bell.*

RUTH

Now what?

SEABROOK

We'll start with a binding spell, so Hitler can't get away from the rest of our magic.

RUTH

Capital idea.

RICHARD

Oh, I wrote a spell for this.

SEABROOK

You wrote a spell? Well, let's have it.

RICHARD

To protect ourselves against you,  
this magic spell we now do.  
To hold your escape from harm,  
we now seal this magic charm.

*Constance laughs.*

RICHARD

*(cont)*

What's wrong?

SEABROOK

It doesn't have to rhyme, but it doesn't matter. Everyone.

EVERYONE

*(as Richard leads)*

To protect ourselves against you,  
this magic spell we now do.  
To hold your escape from harm,  
we now seal this magic charm.

RICHARD

Now the hexing?

SEABROOK

Yes. We are now in the presence of Adolf Hitler himself. He is at our mercy.

RICHARD

*(circling the effigy)*

Hitler! You are the enemy of man and of the world,  
therefore we curse you.

SEABROOK

We curse you!

RICHARD

We curse you by every tear and drop of blood you have  
caused to flow.

ALL

We curse you!

RICHARD

We curse you with the curses of all who have cursed you!

ALL

We curse you! We curse you! We curse you!

SEABROOK

Now, how are we going to do away with Adolf Hitler?

RUTH

Don't we just wish him dead?

SEABROOK

You have to be much more specific than that. You have to  
determine exactly how he will die. It's best if you can  
strike him somewhere that he's most vulnerable.

RUTH

Like when you have a bruise or something, it hurts so much  
more when you hit it again? And even worse, if you hit it a  
third time?

RICHARD

What are you talking about, sweetheart?

SEABROOK

Good thinking, Ruth. Has Hitler already suffered any injury  
that we can hit again?

CONSTANCE

He was wounded during the Great War.

SEABROOK

Where?

RICHARD

Probably France.

CONSTANCE

His leg, I think.

RUTH

So we kick him in the shin or something?

SEABROOK

I'm not sure how much effect that will have.

TOM

He had throat surgery a few years ago. I guess he thought it was cancer, but it wasn't.

RICHARD

What was it?

TOM

Just a growth of some kind, probably from yelling all the time. Nothing. But Hitler thought the doctor was lying.

RUTH

So what did he do?

TOM

He removed the growth.

RUTH

No, what did Hitler do to the doctor when he thought he was lying?

TOM

Oh, I don't know. Nothing.

RUTH

He could have prevented this. He had Hitler right there, unconscious, with a knife in his throat. It could have all ended there.

RICHARD

But it didn't.

RUTH

No. It didn't.

*She advances on the effigy.*

RUTH

He should have done it then. He had the chance. He should have done it. He should have.

RICHARD

Ruth...

SEABROOK

Hush!

RUTH

He should have killed you. He should have. Killed you. Killed. You. Killed. You. Kill. You. Kill. You.

*She lunges for the dummy, grabs it by the throat, strangling it.*

RUTH

Kill you! Kill you!

SEABROOK

*(following her lead, in her rhythm)*

Kill... Kill.... Kill...

*The others join in.*

ALL

Kill... Kill... Kill...

*The chanting continues under...*

SEABROOK

Hitler! The woes that come to you, let it come to him! The death that comes to you, let come to him!

*Ruth slows down and stops her attack, out of breath. Silence.*

TOM

Great. Got it.

RICHARD

Now what?

SEABROOK

You tell me.

TOM

You mean, he's not dead yet?

SEABROOK

Could be, but that's what they thought about Rasputin too.

CONSTANCE

Better to be safe than sorry.

RICHARD

So... what, then?

SEABROOK

I brought these.

TOM

Hatpins?

CONSTANCE

So fashionable.

*Ruth takes a pin and stabs the doll.  
Seabrook stops her and takes the pins.*

SEABROOK

Patience, dove. You'll want to take your time.

RUTH

No, I want him dead, now.

RICHARD

Ruth. You're so...

RUTH

What?

RICHARD

It's just... I'm a little worried about you.

RUTH

Don't.

RICHARD

You're kind of... scary.

CONSTANCE

She's powerful. If that scares you, it's your problem.

RICHARD

But... Willie, don't you think... I mean, she's... you're so violent, Ruth.

SEABROOK

Her energy is focused on the task at hand. Your object was to become murderers tonight, remember? She's done it.

RUTH

*(staring at Hitler)*

Give it to me.

SEABROOK

You're not ready.

RUTH

Don't talk to me like I'm a child.

SEABROOK

I wouldn't dream of it. Trust me; a woman who knows she's powerful is even more attractive than a woman who thinks she's submissive.

CONSTANCE

The secret to our success.

RICHARD

Wait just a minute...

RUTH

Give me the pins.

SEABROOK

What you're feeling now, it is excellent for the next phase of the hexing. The deep, slow turbulence of hatred. It is perfect.

RUTH

Then give me the damned pins.

RICHARD

Listen!

SEABROOK

I'm going to hand you a pin in a moment, but you must know that stabbing him suddenly and violently will not have the desired effect. A slow puncturing of the doll will be easier to focus on than a quick jab. The thoughts are what actually cause the damage, not the pins themselves. Keep your eyes on Hitler, Ruth. Concentrate on your hate. Invoke every bit of rage and hatred that you can summon. Focus all your being on this emotion, and direct it to Hitler. He is responsible for all of it.

*Seabrook hands her a pin. She slowly and deliberately drives the hatpin into the gut of the effigy.*

RICHARD

Wait a minute! Why is she suddenly the center of everything? I'm the one who organized all this! I'm the one who should have the power here!

SEABROOK

We're focused on Hitler, Dickie.

RICHARD

And suddenly Ruth is in charge!

CONSTANCE

Ruth took charge, Dickie.

RICHARD

Stop it, Ruth. Give me those pins!

*He moves to stop Ruth. Seabrook blocks him.*

RICHARD

Get out of my way.

*He shoves Seabrook. Seabrook punches, knocking Richard to the floor.*

SEABROOK

Now, you listen to me, you ridiculous little boy. We are in the middle of the hex you said you wanted to cast, and it's a very precarious operation. You are putting the entire thing in jeopardy right now, and if you really want what you say you want, you will stop throwing your stupid little tantrum. I understand that this whole evening was a hopeful precursor to your fantasies of hanky-panky with Miss Birdseye, but keep this in mind - she is the one who is determined to kill Hitler now, not you. You are possessed by your childish attempts to be the center of attention, while she is, right this moment, driving needles into the gut of Hitler. Now which is more important--ending a war, or having all eyes on you?

RUTH

Give me another one.

*Seabrook does.*

SEABROOK

Focus on your hate for Hitler. Concentrate on the terror he is to feel. Take as much time as you need. When you are ready, put the needle in his head. This is for confusion and insomnia. Invoke an image of heightened disorientation. Concentrate. Do it slowly.

*Ruth inserts the pin with grim determination.*

SEABROOK

*(cont)*

Stick the final needle into Hitler's heart. This is for the anguish he has caused. We are driving needles into Adolf Hitler's heart!

RUTH

We are driving needles into Adolf Hitler's heart!

SEABROOK

This is the hex we put upon you, Adolf Hitler.

ALL

This is the hex we put upon you, Adolf Hitler.

RUTH

May it return to you a hundred times over, you son of a bitch.

*She twists the needle gruesomely.*

CONSTANCE

Istan, we beseech you...

SEABROOK

Constance.

CONSTANCE

...transmit these wounds to the flesh of the living Hitler.

RUTH

Transmit these wounds to the flesh of the living Hitler.

*Seabrook hands Richard the ax.*

SEABROOK

Alright Dickie, behead him.

RICHARD

What? Me? Why?

SEABROOK

To definitively end the life Hitler, chop off his head.

RICHARD

But it's just so...

CONSTANCE

Violent? Yes.

SEABROOK

You decided to wear this mantle tonight. You are dying to be the center of attention. Chop off his head.

RUTH

Just give it to me.

*She reaches for the ax.*

RICHARD

No. I'll do it! I'll do it!

*Hitler is laid down across stumps/benches.*

RICHARD

*(cont)*

Rest in peace, Herr Fuhrer.

*He swings the ax, and chops off the head. They watch the head roll to the floor. They sit back a moment at look at the mutilated doll.*

RICHARD

*(cont)*

So that's it then? We've done it?

SEABROOK

We've done it.

RICHARD

I don't feel any different. When will we know?

SEABROOK

It's going to take time.

RUTH

I think I got a little carried away. I shouldn't have carried on like that.

CONSTANCE

Why not? It was beautiful.

RUTH

I'm... I thought this would a lark, you know? Say some Abracadabras, howl at the moon, that kind of thing. But now... If he dies, I'm responsible.

CONSTANCE

You were warned.

RUTH

But I didn't know! It was a game, like a Ouija board or Bloody Mary! But look at me. Look at me! Look what I've done! I've killed a man!

CONSTANCE

More of a monster than a man.

RUTH

That doesn't make it right.

RICHARD

I think it does.

RUTH

You're a monster too. All of you are. You made me do this. You bunch of devils! What have you done to me?

RICHARD

Look here, darling.

RUTH

Don't touch me. Don't ever touch me. You tricked me into coming here. All this talk of sorcery and war and how you're going to fix things, but now I know what you're up to. You just wanted to corrupt me.

RICHARD

Corrupt you? We're trying to stop corruption.

CONSTANCE

"Gemeinnutz geht vor Eigennutz."

RICHARD

What's that mean?

TOM

"The needs of the public before the needs of the individual." It's printed on all Third Reich coins.

RICHARD

What are you saying?

*Ruth falls to her knees and prays.*

RUTH

Father in heaven forgive us! Dispel this evil hex!

CONSTANCE

It's too late for that, child. We've already set the ball in motion.

SEABROOK

Leave her alone, Constance.

CONSTANCE

You know that God can't save her. Fate is in other hands now. You spoiled her innocence.

SEABROOK

Enough! We're done here.

*(to Tom)*

Did you get all the pictures you need?

TOM

I got 'em.

RUTH

You can't publish those photos. If Hitler sees them - if he finds out, he dies, and we're responsible. We've killed him. If you don't publish these photographs, we're free.

TOM

It happened no matter what I do.

RUTH

If you don't publish them, it was just a party where we got a little tipsy and said some things that we didn't mean. Willie said the hex isn't complete until Hitler sees those photos. You publish them and you're a murderer!

TOM

But I haven't done anything.

RUTH

You will have blood on your hands. You will be responsible for his death.

TOM

I just record and document. See... outside the circle.

RUTH

If not for you, Tom, this never happened.

SEABROOK

You're going to publish them.

TOM

I - I don't-

SEABROOK

It's your job. You're a reporter, and this assignment is no different than all the others. It's what you do. It's who you are, and you know as well as I do that our souls be damned the world needs to know what happened here tonight. You've got the power to do something good and you're going to use it.

TOM

People want to do something, but we're helpless. Maybe when they see what we've done, they'll find a little more courage to do what's right. I have to, Ruth.

RUTH

Leave my name off.

CONSTANCE

That won't make a difference.

RUTH

It'll make a difference to me.

TOM

I've got to put something.

RUTH

I don't want my name associated with this.

TOM

Fine. I'll make up a name.

RICHARD

But... that's not journalism.

TOM

Not journalism?

RICHARD

It's not true.

TOM

It's true enough.

SEABROOK

True is what we say it is. That's journalism.

RICHARD

Willie... is this real?

SEABROOK

Sure it's real.

RICHARD

But... you don't really believe in all this, do you? You're just putting on a big show, aren't you?

SEABROOK

No, Richard. This is honest.

RICHARD

We haven't changed anything. Who are we kidding?

SEABROOK

What did you expect out of all this?

RICHARD

I thought after tonight I might feel like I had accomplished something, but Germany feels further away now than ever before. I'm sorry, Ruth. I didn't know.

RUTH

Too late for that now.

RICHARD

I hope you're not sore.

RUTH

You're just a fool, Dickie. A childish, naive fool.

RICHARD

But Ruth --

RUTH

And I'm a fool for listening to you. Take me home. I want to get out of here.

SEABROOK

There's just one thing we have left to do. We have to take Hitler outside and bury him.

RICHARD

You mean in the dirt?

SEABROOK

Yes. Underground.

CONSTANCE

A midnight funeral.

TOM

I've got a shovel in my truck.

*Richard picks up the effigy.*

RICHARD

Come along, Herr Hitler.

SEABROOK

Wait! The circle.

*Richard freezes at the edge of the circle.*

RICHARD

What do I do?

SEABROOK

Here, Ruth, take the dagger and banish the circle.

RUTH

How do I do that?

SEABROOK

Just like you cast it, only the opposite way.

*Ruth does.*

SEABROOK

Now we're all free to leave.

*They move toward the door.*

CONSTANCE

You forgot something.

*She picks up Hitler's head and gives it to Ruth.*

CONSTANCE

*(cont)*

When you bury this, bury your guilt along with it, or else you'll have to live with it forever. Trust me.

*Seabrook stops Constance at the door and they remain behind, alone.*

SEABROOK

*(as they depart)*

Find a good spot and start digging. I'm just going to grab another bottle.

CONSTANCE

Another? You've had enough.

SEABROOK

I need it, Constance. This business always gets to me.

CONSTANCE

You talk like you really believe in all this hocus pocus.

SEABROOK

Sure I do.

CONSTANCE

Sticking pins in dolls. It's absurd.

SEABROOK

I've seen it work more than once.

CONSTANCE

So you know this from experience.

SEABROOK

Yes.

CONSTANCE

Has anyone ever placed a hex on you?

SEABROOK

Well, no.

CONSTANCE

So you don't really know first-hand do you? You've never experienced it yourself?

SEABROOK

No, it's never happened.

CONSTANCE

That you know of? Aren't you curious? Don't you think after writing the book on witchcraft, you'd want to know how it feels to be the victim?

SEABROOK

I've seen it. I've seen it in their eyes.

CONSTANCE

But you've never felt it in your heart? Of course you haven't. All you've ever felt are the effects of alcohol.

SEABROOK

I know you only think of me as a drunk.

CONSTANCE

I think the world of you, Willie, but everything good about you has been ruined by the bottle. You know it's true. Admit it!

*He doesn't. A moment of silence.*

CONSTANCE

(cont)

What if I cursed you? I wouldn't even have to bother with silly dolls. If I command you, you simply must obey. Isn't that the way it works? If I willed you to die, you would die, just like poor Hitler.

SEABROOK

If you truly wanted me dead.

CONSTANCE

And you know I don't, so it would never happen.

SEABROOK

It's easy to wish death on someone, but to mean it is another matter.

CONSTANCE

But I do want power over you. I want to know that you'll do whatever I say. I want to know if it's possible to have your complete trust.

SEABROOK

You have that now.

CONSTANCE

Do I? How can I know for sure? Do I have to stick a pin in a doll to hold you at my mercy?

SEABROOK

Why do you want me at your mercy?

CONSTANCE

To stop you from drinking yourself to death, and deprive this child of a father. You've tried it before and you're trying to do it again, and I can't stop you unless you give yourself to me. Everything. That's what I want, and it's what you want too. Admit it.

SEABROOK

No.

CONSTANCE

You keep running away from the world, but there's no hiding place for you, no hiding place but death, death at the bottom of a bottle. You know it's true. You admired John Jay Chapman didn't you? His willpower, his restraint. You understand why he did it. You would have done the same thing. Put your hands in the fire, Willie. Put your hands in so you can never pick up a bottle. Give that to me. Give your body over to me, so I can make you a whole man again. This is my curse, William Seabrook. You will not know peace until you've cleansed your body with fire. No chants, no charms, no dances, no drums. I only have to speak the curse and you know in your heart that it will happen, because I've willed it upon you, and you've willed it upon yourself, you know it's the truth. You will thrust your hands into the fire, and never again drink another drop of alcohol. This is the hex I put on you, William Seabrook.

*Under her spell, he kneels down by the fire and thrusts his hands into the flames and holds them there.*

*Constance looks on with pride.*

*Curtain.*

## **SEXING HITLER**

by Bryan Colley and Tara Varney

### **SCENE 1: PROLOGUE**

HIMMLER

I am the Reichsfuhrer Heinrich Himmler,  
Head of the Gestapo and the S.S.  
I'm second only to Adolf Hitler.  
To my Fuhrer I owe my great success.  
Together we'll lead our German homeland  
and dominate earth with an iron hand.

We will enslave the earth's lesser races:  
The negroes, the Slavs, the Poles and the Jews.  
Those with weaker minds and darker faces  
Will labor for Germany as we choose.  
If they refuse to work as they're employed,  
Then their entire race will be destroyed.

They'll be taught obedience, diligence  
and give unconditional submission  
to their German masters, whose imminence  
They must acknowledge their recognition  
That we've become, despite their vanity,  
A superior branch of humanity.

### **SCENE 2: HIMMLER ORDERS RINK TO BUILD THE DOLL**

RINK

What's the problem?

HIMMLER

Syphilis.

RINK

Syphilis?

HIMMLER

Syphilis. We're losing more men to the French disease than we've lost to French guns. It's threatening to destabilize the occupied territories. The greatest danger in Paris is the widespread and uncontrolled presence of whores, picking up clients in bars, dance halls, and other places. It is our duty to prevent soldiers from risking their health just for the sake of a quick adventure.

RINK

What can we do?

HIMMLER

Hitler has proposed that you create an artificial woman that each soldier can carry with them into combat. Then when they wish to fulfill their desires, when they have those urges, they will have everything necessary to take care of the problem.

RINK

An artificial woman?

HIMMLER

She could be made of rubber or some other material; something inflatable perhaps, that could be concealed inside their packs. Then they will have no need for prostitutes.

RINK

A doll? For sex?

HIMMLER

I am unconcerned about the activities of the regular army, but the S.S. soldier must not associate with these inferior races. S.S. men are forbidden to have relations with any woman that has not been approved by the Reich. I will not tolerate any illegitimate offspring with the polluted blood of French whores.

RINK

Of course not.

HIMMLER

I trust you will not fail me in this pursuit. Imagine Hitler's embarrassment if Germany were to lose the western front due to something as pitiful as venereal disease. I place our future in your hands. Heil, Hitler.

RINK

Heil, Hitler.

### **SCENE 3: QUESTIONS ARE ASKED**

RINK

Would someone would really... with a doll? I mean I know that people will do lots of things but really... with a doll?

SENTA

What is beauty? Can it be defined? Or is it truly as they say in the eye of the beholder?

SOLDIER

I am just a soldier in the S.S. Every day I risk my life for my homeland on the Eastern front.

RINK

Will it even work? I mean... I guess it could. It's just a matter of sorting out the correct anatomy.

SENTA

But does it matter if she isn't real? Could a man love a statue like he does flesh and blood?

SOLDIER

The only joy I have is with a cheap whore. What do I care about disease if I tomorrow I might die?

RINK

Is it practical? Is it ethical? What do I tell my mother when she asks about my work?

SENTA

Is she tall? Is she thin? Is she blonde or brunette? Does she smile? Does she stare? Does she wear underwear?

SOLDIER

I have my orders. Straight from Himmler's desk. The doctor wants me to love his doll. How could I refuse?

RINK

Will they do it with a doll?

SENTA

Will she be beautiful?

SOLDIER

How could this be better than a woman?

RINK

Do I try it out myself?

SENTA

Will they believe it's real?

SOLDIER

Whatever, it's better than being on the front.

RINK

I can't believe I'm doing this.

SENTA

Will they fall in love?

SOLDIER

I want to please my Fuhrer. What if I can't perform?

#### **SCENE 4: EUGENICS - FRANCIS GALTON**

HIMMLER

Eighty years ago or about,  
Charles Darwin figured it out.  
The "Origin of the Species"  
Laid out his genetic thesis.  
The evolution of the apes  
Gave rise to the human race.  
Francis Galton, Darwin's cousin,  
After much research and reason  
Under Darwin's thoughtful guidance,

Formulated a new science.

HASCHEN

*(as Francis Galton)*

Eugenics is the science which deals with all influences that improve the inborn qualities of a race and develop them to the utmost advantage. Civilized societies seeking to protect the underprivileged and weak are at odds with natural selection, causing a regression towards the mean.

#### **SCENE 5: RINK MEETS SENTA**

HIMMLER

This is Fraulein Schneider. She will be assisting you in this project.

SENTA

Doctor Rink.

HIMMLER

She is an expert in textiles and materials. She was working for Hugo Boss designing S.S. uniforms. Now she is working for you.

RINK

Wilkommen, Fraulein Schneider.

SENTA

Danke, Herr Rink.

HIMMLER

I'll leave you to your work.

*Himmler exits.*

RINK

So, you're an expert in textiles?

SENTA

Yes, and you're an expert in fabrication?

RINK

Industrial designer, yes.

SENTA

We seem well suited to the task, then.

RINK

I agree.

SENTA

Shall we begin?

RINK

Absolutely. It shouldn't be too difficult.

SENTA

It's just a matter of...

RINK

What we need to do... is...

SENTA

It's like any other mechanical device, really.

RINK

Yes. A mechanical device with a specific purpose.

SENTA

We just simply design to its utility.

RINK

That should be simple. Perhaps we should start with the obvious issue of the outer... the exterior covering.

SENTA

Of course the exterior covering should replicate as closely as possible the feel of... Its qualities should resemble... It should be as realistic as possible.

RINK

Yes. And it needs to be strong.

SENTA

Yes.

RINK

And... supple?

SENTA

Yes.

RINK

What material do you recommend?

SENTA

Material?

RINK

Which material is most... lifelike?

SENTA

Well, the material is... there are many options. We could try a vulcanized rubber covering. That would be extremely durable.

RINK

Something pliable yet resilient?

SENTA

Most resilient, but of course rubber supplies are limited right now.

RINK

Yes, we must strive to keep the unit cost as economical as possible if these are to be - these are to be issued to every soldier?

SENTA

Yes. Every soldier.

RINK

That's... an incredible amount.

SENTA

We could try a synthetic material, some form of polyvinyl.

RINK

This would be different than rubber?

SENTA

It would be comparable, but perhaps not as durable, and not as... warm to the touch.

RINK

Well, that's certainly something to consider then, isn't it?

SENTA

Absolutely.

RINK

The material must be... inviting.

SENTA

We should consider a material that is more closely associated with femininity.

RINK

Something the soldiers will find attractive.

SENTA

Silk, perhaps?

RINK

Yes, silk would be smooth and... very smooth.

SENTA

Like a lady's undergarments.

RINK

Yes, a lady's... very smooth.

SENTA

But difficult to keep clean.

RINK

Clean? Oh! Clean.

SENTA

I mean, it won't wear as well as polymers.

RINK

And silk is even harder to obtain than rubber.

SENTA

We would have to use nylon.

RINK

But I fear these materials will not hold up as well in combat situations.

SENTA

No?

RINK

The environment can be extreme. We must make durability a priority.

SENTA

Leather... Yes, that certainly would have the proper feel.

RINK

Soft leather.

SENTA

Yes. But I worry about elasticity?

RINK

Elasticity?

SENTA

It must withstand a certain amount of... use. Of stretching and bending. Leather will have to be oiled to prevent drying out and to keep it lubricated.

RINK

Lubricated?

SENTA

Yes.

RINK

That may be too much for the field.

SENTA

I agree.

RINK

This assignment... It's overwhelming in scope.

SENTA

There's no obvious place from which to start - the appearance of the... creation, or the... functional aspect? Each affects the other.

*The soldier carries the doll out. It is lifeless, inhuman, incomplete, the face covered. He places it between them and exits.*

SENTA

What is the Latin word for woman?

RINK

Femina.

SENTA

Femina?

RINK

And Latin for doll is pupa.

SENTA

Feminapupa?

RINK

Pupafemina?

SENTA

Atrocious. It's a tongue twister.

RINK

Greek for woman is gyna.

SENTA

Gynoid?

RINK

A gynoid. That's what we're making.

SENTA

Good?

RINK

Yes.

**SCENE 6: THE SOLDIER'S MISSION**

RINK

This is a gynoid. It has been designed to fit inside your pack, and when you are in need of it, you can inflate it using a pump or your breath through this nozzle in the back.

*Senta demonstrates by blowing up the doll.*

SOLDIER

And what am I supposed to do with it?

RINK

It isn't obvious?

SOLDIER

We could make the enemy think there's more of us than there really is.

RINK

No, that's not the purpose. As you can see it approximates the female form.

SOLDIER

*(not getting it)*

Yes, it does kind of.

SENTA

You will be expected to... have relations with the gynoid.

SOLDIER

Relations?

SENTA

Yes, as a substitute for any prostitutes or other questionable women you might find in the field.

SOLDIER

You want me to fuck it?

RINK

Our goal is to prevent the spread of venereal disease and keep soldiers out of situations that might endanger their lives. I can assure you this is most serious research overseen by Reichsfuhrer Heinrich Himmler himself.

SOLDIER

Yes, I'm certain it is all for the greater good of Germany. What exactly am I supposed to do?

SENTA

Your role here is to put the gynoid under rigorous testing. We need to understand how she fairs under regular use, and determine the amount of abuse she can withstand. We must know if she will survive in combat conditions.

RINK

I am also keenly interested in the psychological impact of these gynoids. Along with physical testing, I am asking each soldier to report back on their experiences. I want you to relate whatever imagery or sensations or... fantasies it inspires.

SOLDIER

So you want me to take your doll -

RINK

Gynoid.

SOLDIER

- gynoid, have my way with it, so to speak, and then report back to you what went through my mind during the act?

RINK

Exactly.

SOLDIER

Excuse us, ladies.

*The soldier takes Rink aside.*

SOLDIER

(to Rink)

And what if I can't... what if it doesn't work?

RINK

That's acceptable too. We want to experiment with the design of the gynoid until it achieves the maximum amount of comfort and inspiration.

*The soldier sizes up the doll.*

SOLDIER

Hell of a way to win a war.

### **SCENE 7: THE SOLDIER SEDUCES THE DOLL**

SOLDIER

There once was a man from Berlin  
Given orders, to his chagrin,  
He was handed a doll  
And told "go have a ball  
Then come back and confess all your sins."

*The soldier sits down next to the doll.*

SOLDIER

Hey... how you doin'?

*He begins flirting with the doll, trying to impress her but getting no reaction.*

SOLDIER

I'm trying to seduce you.

*The doll looks at him, then leaps onto the his lap.*

SOLDIER

(cont)

A dream come true!

### **SCENE 8: EUGENICS - OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES**

HITLER

It is commonly purported  
That eugenics is supported  
By a bevy of great figures

Intellectuals and leaders  
 George Bernard Shaw, H.G. Welles,  
 and Alexander Graham Bell.  
 Even Britain's Winston Churchill  
 Pushed for eugenics in goodwill.  
 Great American presidents  
 Advocated for the movement  
 It was written into legal tomes  
 By justice Oliver Wendell Holmes

RINK

*(as Oliver Wendell Holmes)*

It is better for all the world, if instead of waiting to execute degenerate offspring for crime, or to let them starve for their imbecility, society can prevent those who are manifestly unfit from continuing their kind. Three generations of imbeciles are enough.

#### **SCENE 9: THE JEWISH QUESTION**

HASCHEN

Hello, darling.

HIMMLER

My love.

*They kiss, and Haschen takes Himmler's coat. She finds a letter in the pocket.*

HASCHEN

What's this? A letter from Hitler?

HIMMLER

This, my darling Haschen, is the answer to the Jewish question.

HASCHEN

The Jewish question?

HIMMLER

What's to be done about the Jews? It is a centuries old question that has never been adequately answered, but Hitler has figured it out.

HASCHEN

*(reading the letter)*

"Supplementing the task that was assigned to you to solve the Jewish problem by means of emigration and evacuation in the best possible way according to present conditions, I herewith instruct you to make all necessary preparations for a total solution of the Jewish question." What does that mean, "total solution?"

HIMMLER

It means they must be expunged from the earth. Exterminated. I don't know if I can do it.

HASCHEN

You must. Hitler orders it.

HIMMLER

Yes, but how. There must be tens of thousands, perhaps millions. How can it be done?

HASCHEN

I know you will find a way. You are so creative.

HIMMLER

I didn't think it would come to this. I thought we might find a place for them, far away - Madagascar perhaps - but I realize now it is the only way. Otherwise the question will always remain... but it won't be easy.

HASCHEN

They are only Jews.

HIMMLER

We must have a child, Haschen. A new Aryan life to supplant these Jewish people. An Adam, or Eve, to build our vision of a new Germany upon. It begins with you and me.

HASCHEN

Yes, my love, for the Reich!

HIMMLER

For the Reich!

HASCHEN  
Heil Hitler!

**SCENE 10: THE FIFI FANTASY**

SOLDIER  
I call my comforter Fifi.

*The soldier dances with the doll as Rink speaks.*

RINK  
Fifi of course is a French prostitute. They are all named Fifi, or Lola, or Monique. They are all the same. He doesn't really understand the experiment. He is told he may no longer sleep with French prostitutes, and instead must use this fabrication. He is told it is for his health, and yet we inquire about his fantasies. He says it is a whore. "It's Fifi. Isn't that what it is supposed to be?" He takes her for granted. She is merely for pleasure, an escape from the tedium of war.

HIMMLER  
But what of your dreams, soldier?

SOLDIER  
My dreams?

HIMMLER  
Yes, your desires, your hopes?

SOLDIER  
My only hope is to survive this war, Sir.

HIMMLER  
And you have no desires beyond survival?

SOLDIER  
Sir, at this point it is futile to want for anything more.

HIMMLER  
Do you understand why we are fighting this war?

SOLDIER  
No sir. I am only trying to stay alive.

HIMMLER

Rink, this man is a disgrace. You give him dreams, but all he thinks about is his French whore. I give him a new Germany, but he does not wish to fight for it. His only regard is his own life. He cares for nothing, cares for nobody. His life has no value to the Reich. We cannot win the war with soldiers such as this. We cannot fulfill our supreme destiny with his attitude. This man is self-serving. He cannot be counted on to do anything but save his own skin. I fear he would do so no matter what the cost, even the lives of his fellow Germans, even at the expense of our beloved country. Do you understand the magnitude of the problem before you, Rink? This is what you must deal with. This is the sort of person that your so-called gynoid must inspire, so that their love of the fatherland is felt in the marrow of their bones, the beating of his heart, and the deepest core of their sexual passion.

RINK

Is that even possible?

HIMMLER

It is absolutely necessary.

#### **SCENE 11: EUGENICS - MADISON GRANT**

HIMMLER

The famous conservationist  
And noted anthropologist  
Madison Grant, to make his case  
Wrote "The Passing of the Great Race"  
A work that was archetypal  
Hitler claimed it was his bible.  
Among the ideas it contained  
Was the sound science that proclaimed  
The Nordic race superior;  
All others deemed inferior.

THE SOLDIER

*(as Madison Grant)*

A rigid system of selection through the elimination of those who are weak or unfit – in other words social failures – will enable us to get rid of the undesirables who crowd our jails, hospitals, and insane asylums. This is a practical, merciful, and inevitable solution of the whole social problem, and can be applied to an ever widening circle of social discards, beginning always with the criminal, the diseased, and the insane, and extending gradually to types which may be called weaklings rather than defectives, and perhaps ultimately to worthless race types.

**SCENE 12: RINK AND SENTA REFINE THE DOLL**

*Rink and Senta work on the doll.*

SENTA

Scalpel.

RINK

I don't think I can do this project. Scalpel.

SENTA

Of course you can.

RINK

It's... awkward.

SENTA

It's our duty.

RINK

That makes it even more awkward.

SENTA

Retractor. What makes it awkward?

RINK

I don't understand what I'm supposed to do. Retractor.

SENTA

We're creating a dream-woman. Doll.

RINK

How am I supposed to know what that is?

SENTA

Just imagine that you're a sculptor, and you are sculpting the most beautiful woman in the world.

RINK

Sculptures aren't meant to be... functional.

SENTA

Forget about that for now. Just focus on her appearance. What does she look like?

RINK

Rubbery.

SENTA

You're not using your imagination. Close your eyes, and form an image in your mind. What do you see?

RINK

It's... female.

SENTA

Yes, we know that already. Be more specific.

RINK

It...

SENTA

She.

RINK

She! It's a she. She looks like... you.

SENTA

Me?

RINK

I think of a female, I think of you. You're standing right there.

SENTA

I'm no man's fantasy.

RINK

Don't say that.

SENTA

It's true.

RINK

I don't believe it. You have... good qualities.

SENTA

We're not talking about me. We're talking about your fantasy. Seam ripper.

RINK

I don't have one.

SENTA

Yes, you do. It's right there.

RINK

No, I meant, I don't have a fantasy. What's a seam ripper?

SENTA

Everyone has a fantasy. It's the handle with the pointy top.

RINK

I don't. The thing with the hook? It doesn't interest me.

SENTA

Yes. That's it. You really don't have a fantasy.

RINK

No. I find the whole idea absurd.

SENTA

It's not that hard. Think of a woman you had feelings toward. Think about what she was like.

RINK

Well... there was a woman once. We had a stimulating conversation.

SENTA

A conversation?

RINK

Yes, we both shared an interest in the Romantic composers. We got along very well.

SENTA

I love the Romantics!

RINK

You do?

SENTA

Oh, yes. They move me so. I can just forget everything else. Verdi, Wagner, Berlioz...

RINK

I'm partial to Mendelssohn.

SENTA

Yes! And Chopin, Brahms, Paganini – I'm sorry.

RINK

Don't apologize. It's nice to find someone with shared interests.

SENTA

Did you find her attractive?

RINK

Oh. Yes.

SENTA

Great. Fine. Scissors.

RINK

Scissors. Her knowledge of the subject was very thorough.

SENTA

I mean her physical appearance.

RINK

Her appearance?

SENTA

Would you say she was pretty?

RINK

Well... no, I wouldn't say that.

SENTA

No? Not pretty?

RINK

The opposite really, but it really wasn't a factor in our relationship. I think it helped, actually.

SENTA

Helped?

RINK

I find women a bit intimidating.

SENTA

All women? What about me?

RINK

You? No, you're a colleague. It's not the same thing.

SENTA

I see. Glue. If you could go anywhere in the world, where would you go?

RINK

Glue. Leipzig.

SENTA

Leipzig? You want to go to Leipzig?

RINK

Yes.

SENTA

You've never been there?

RINK

No, but I've thought about it.

SENTA

It's only two hours away.

RINK

I'm a busy man. Why are you smiling?

SENTA

Have you never left Dresden?

RINK

No, why?

SENTA

No reason. Needle.

RINK

Needle.

SENTA

What would you do there? Thread.

RINK

Thread.

SENTA

No, the pink.

RINK

I'd like to see the Mendelssohn monument.

SENTA

It's gone. They tore it down a few years ago.

RINK

Who did? Why?

SENTA

The Fuhrer. Mendelssohn was a Jew.

RINK

But he... yes, I suppose that is something they would do. How...  
unfortunate.

SENTA

I'm sorry.

RINK  
No matter.

SENTA  
You sound like it does matter.

RINK  
They can't tear down his music. We will always have that. Even if it's just here in my head. I had always hoped to see the monument though.

SENTA  
A fantasy?

RINK  
No, just a thought.

SENTA  
Thoughts about things you'd like to do, that you haven't done, and what they might be like when you do them. Those are fantasies.

RINK  
That's a fantasy? But that's nothing.

SENTA  
Yes, much of the time it is nothing.

### **SCENE 13: FEMALE TRAITS**

*The soldier imagines what each woman might be like.*

SOLDIER  
Tall  
Short  
Thin  
Round  
Blonde  
Brunette  
Fair  
Exotic  
Young

Dainty  
Strong  
Smart  
Funny  
Petite  
Shy  
Smart  
Quiet  
Beautiful  
Partner  
Submissive  
Aggressive  
Meaty  
Rugged  
Muscular

**SCENE 14: THE DOLL GETS A FACE**

*Rink and Senta are busy in the lab when Himmler enters.*

HIMMLER

What about the face?

RINK

The face?

HIMMLER

The woman needs a face.

RINK

I thought a faceless gynoid would allow the soldier to imagine any women he wished.

HIMMLER

No, no, no, Dr. Rink. That is not what we need at all. She must be the perfection that every soldier sees when he closes his eyes and imagines the Germany of the future. She must be fantasy made real. What I have seen does not even have recognizable features. How can you expect to inspire our soldiers' fantasies if your gynoid does not even have a face?

RINK

What kind of face?

HIMMLER

Lucky for you I can help. This is my mistress, Haschen. She is the perfect Aryan ideal of beauty, health, and athleticism. She will serve as the model for your dolls.

*(cupping his hands over his breast)*

Although it wouldn't hurt if you added a little more up here, no?

RINK

Oh.

HASCHEN

Heinrich has explained your mission to me, and I am honored to be chosen for this vital task. It is my dream to be the mother of a new Germany. My face will be in the mind of every soldier as they envision the ideal beauty. When I imagine all those strong, handsome soldiers making love to me, I get a thrilling tingle deep down in my soul.

HIMMLER

In order to build a new Germany, we will need many offspring. It will be necessary for men to have a wife and at least one mistress, provided they are of good German stock. It will become the great task, even outside of the marriage bond, for German women and girls of good blood, not in frivolity but in deep moral earnestness, to become mothers of children of soldiers going off to war.

SENTA

*(to Rink)*

He has a mistress?

## **SCENE 15: EUGENICS - MARGARET SANGER**

HIMMLER

Margaret Sanger's great creation,  
The Birth Control Federation  
(Just renamed Planned Parenthood)  
Counsels new parents on childhood,

Marriage and care for the newborn,  
 Like my own program Lebensborn  
 Which provides homes for new mothers  
 Racially pure above all others.

SENTA

*(as Margaret Sanger)*

Fostering the good-for-nothing at the expense of the good is an extreme cruelty ... there is no greater curse to posterity than that of bequeathing them an increasing population of imbeciles. When motherhood becomes the fruit of a deep yearning, not the result of ignorance or accident, its children will become the foundation of a new race.

**SCENE 16: THE GERTRUDE FANTASY**

SOLDIER

I call my comforter Gertrude.

*The soldier again dances with the doll. Her face is now revealed as that of Haschen.*

RINK

Gertrude is his sweetheart back home. He has not seen her in eleven months, but he writes her every day to tell her that he loves her. She writes him back, but sometimes the letters take a while to find him. They plan to get married as soon as the war is over. They met in school. He was a grade older than she, and would give her instruction in mathematics. He also used to take her dancing. They would dance until they were exhausted. All he longs for is to be together with her again, to take her in his arms and give her a kiss. To hold her, and once again dance without a care. He will cherish Gertrude. She gives him something to look forward to, the will to fight and achieve victory.

SOLDIER

Are we not the perfect young couple? The ideal material for our future German empire?

HIMMLER

I seem to remember looking through your records. Wasn't your mother also named Gertrude?

SOLDIER

My mother?

HIMMLER

You don't have a sweetheart back home, do you?

SOLDIER

Of course I do.

HIMMLER

You write plenty of letters, but they are all addressed to your mother. She gave you instruction in mathematics. She is the one you yearn for. You do not long for a new Germany, but cower in fear of death. You wish to crawl into your mother's comforting arms like a schoolboy, and have her protect you from the big, dangerous world. You cling to her tightly and cry and weep like a sniveling coward. Germany has called upon you to stand up like a man, but you behave like a child. You disgust me with your fear and shame.

SOLDIER

I'm sorry to disappoint you, Herr Himmler.

HIMMLER

You are a lying coward. I am not pleased with these results, Rink. These dolls do not inspire them. The men must envision our collective future. They must dream of what their new Germany will be. I have no use for a device that enables our soldiers to cower in fear.

RINK

What you ask is impossible. How can I control another man's dreams and desires?

HIMMLER

It is not so hard. Look to our Fuhrer. Hitler inspires. All of our dreams and desires must be shared with our Fuhrer. Hitler demands it. It is the only way.

**SCENE 17: WORKING ON RINK'S IMAGINATION**

*Senta mimes holding up a pencil.*

SENTA

What is this?

RINK

It's a pencil.

SENTA

Right. Now. Pretend it's something else. Show me.

*She hands him the pencil.*

RINK

Show you what?

SENTA

What else it is?

RINK

It's nothing else. It's a pencil.

SENTA

Just pretend.

RINK

What would you like to pretend it is?

*She takes the pencil back.*

SENTA

Okay, I'll start. This is not a pencil. It's a hairbrush.

*She pretends to brush her hair with the pencil.*

SENTA

(cont)

Now you.

*She hands him the pencil.*

RINK

It's a... pencil. I don't know.

SENTA  
Pretend!

RINK  
Why?

SENTA  
Just do it!

RINK  
Fine. It's... a... pen.

SENTA  
No, something different.

RINK  
That is different. It's clearly a pencil.

SENTA  
Choose something that is completely different than what it is.  
Not a writing implement.

RINK  
Okay. It's... a... comb. Okay?

SENTA  
No. It's not okay. Not at all.

RINK  
So what is it then?

SENTA  
It's an oar.

RINK  
An oar?

SENTA  
From a boat.

RINK  
Alright, it's an oar.

SENTA  
So pretend it's an oar.

*He rows it like a tiny oar.*

SENTA

(cont)

No, like an oar from a boat.

*She demonstrates with big, sweeping strokes.*

RINK

But it's a pencil!

SENTA

How can you be so thick-headed?

RINK

This game isn't fun for me.

SENTA

We're not doing it to have fun. We're trying to find your imagination.

RINK

Alright, it's an oar.

*He rows it properly.*

SENTA

That was my idea. You have to have your own.

*He stares at the pencil.*

RINK

Thinking this way can only lead to trouble.

SENTA

Just do it.

RINK

It's... a flower.

*He hands it to her like a flower.*

SENTA

Thank you. That was creative.

RINK

This pretending and dreaming is dangerous.

SENTA

Dreaming is the only thing we can do anymore. If you don't have your own dreams, then you're just a slave to someone else's dream - to Hitler's dream. You may as well be dead.

### **SCENE 18: HIMMLER'S SPEECH**

HIMMLER

I can see that many of you in the audience tonight are Americans. More than anyone, you should understand what we are trying to accomplish. We in the Reich greatly admire the efforts you have made at social reform. Your so-called Jim Crow laws, which keeps the African negro separate but equal, were the model for our Nuremberg laws which excluded the Jew from civic life. Even more impressive, your method of dealing with the Indians was to eliminate whole races. You exterminated the Indians - who only wanted to go on living in their native land - in the most abominable way. Today's methods are less brutal. The Cold Springs Harbor Laboratory in New York identified eighteen humane methods of population control, including forced segregation, sterilization, and euthanasia. Thirty-eight states have laws supporting eugenics, upheld by the Supreme Court. Sixty-thousand degenerate Americans have been sterilized by legal action. Without such measures, the influx of blood from less desired peoples will cause populations to rapidly become darker in pigmentation, smaller in stature, more given to crimes of larceny, kidnapping, assault, murder, rape and sexual immorality. And the ratio of insanity in the population will rapidly increase. Therefore we must strive to raise the human race to the highest plane of social organization by ridding the world of genetic mutation. It is the curse of greatness that it must step over dead bodies to create new life. Yet we must create new life, we must cleanse the soil or it will never bear fruit. It would be an evil day if the Germanic people did not survive. It would be the end of beauty and culture, of the creative power of this earth. Now let us remember the Fuhrer, Adolf Hitler, who will create the Third Reich and will lead us into the future. Heil Hitler!

**SCENE 19: THE JUDY FANTASY**

SOLDIER

I call my comforter Judy.

*The soldier dances with the doll once more.*

RINK

He was reluctant to tell us her name. He seemed embarrassed, but we wrested it from him. All he said was Judy, and then we realized why he was so reticent. He dreamed of Judy Garland, the girl from the "Wizard of Oz." We could not suppress our laughter. Thankfully he saw the humor in it too, and we had a fine laugh, and when he went off for testing, we said he was taking her over the rainbow. He saw himself as the man of tin, whose heart was broken and could only be fixed by her kindness and concern. He has a fantastical imagination, but he is a good and innocent man.

SOLDIER

I will use my creativity to build a new culture for our new world.

HIMMLER

You said her name was Judy, but you did not mean Judy Garland, did you?

SOLDIER

Of course I did.

HIMMLER

You didn't mean to say Judy at all. That's just what came into your head, something you thought we would accept. The word you were really thinking was Jew. You think the doll is a Jewess - that you think it is acceptable to be intimate with a Jew if you can hide her identity, but you are not so creative that I can't see through your ploy. Do you understand that the penalty for an SS officer having relations with a Jew is death? But you do not love this Jew. You hate her with all your passion. You beat her, and brutalize her, and rape her. You treat her like vermin. She takes all of your anger and abuse and hatred. She is something to be obliterated.

SOLDIER

I will kill this filthy Jew bitch. I will destroy her.

HIMMLER

What do you think of these developments, Rink?

RINK

I'm appalled.

HIMMLER

This is the soldier Germany needs. Driven by blind passion, eager to destroy our enemies, ready and willing to wipe lesser races from the face of the earth. He will bring us the future.

RINK

I have inspired this?

HIMMLER

Germany will not succeed if we do not command people in totality, to the deepest core of their being, their desires, their fantasies, their thoughts. Our struggle is within. It is easier to break the Russian front than to conquer a man's heart. Your dolls will ensure a German victory. Good work, Rink.

RINK

Thank you, Herr Himmler.

HIMMLER

There is but one more advancement we must make, one more thing until we reach perfection. It is fine for our soldiers to hate our enemies, but we must also instill in them a love of the homeland, German pride and virtue. They must see the future of Germany in her eyes and be inspired to attain our noble ideas. Through these dolls, they must love themselves.

RINK

Themselves?

HIMMLER

They must find themselves superior to all others, and long to conquer the world. Can you do that, Rink?

RINK

With a doll?

HIMMLER

Don't you understand the power you wield? You are tapping into their primal desires, the sacred heart, and you are telling them, "This is what you want. This is what you dream. This is your purpose in life." You are in command.

RINK

I don't want that kind of power.

HIMMLER

Every good German wants that kind of power. It is what drives our conquest.

RINK

I don't think I can give you that.

HIMMLER

I am surprised to find a man of science with such limited imagination. You will find a way. I assure you.

*Himmler exits.*

*Rink approaches the lifeless doll, checking to see if anyone is around.*

RINK

Hello. I'm Doctor Rink. You can call me Arthur. I made you.

*He tries to put it in a more lifelike pose, but it remains slumped.*

RINK

*(cont)*

I'm not quite sure how to do this.

*He takes the doll's hand and makes it touch him. Then he drops it, embarrassed.*

RINK

*(cont)*

Is it alright if we just talk? Is this embarrassing for you? I probably shouldn't bother asking questions.

*He raises her arm and puts it around him, holding the doll awkwardly.*

RINK

*(cont)*

I can't believe I'm doing this.

*He tries to dance with her, dragging her limp body across the floor.*

RINK

*(cont)*

This is stupid.

*He pushes the doll away and she falls into a heap.*

RINK

*(cont)*

It's not real.

*He grabs the doll and shakes it.*

RINK

*(cont)*

Why won't you be real?

*He sits on the floor next to the doll, frustrated.*

RINK

*(cont)*

You don't have answers.

*Senta enters.*

RINK

*(cont)*

Oh! I -

SENTA

So you do think she's pretty?

RINK

Who? She? That's not a real person.

SENTA

If she were real?

RINK

It's not.

SENTA

Yes, but if she were.

RINK

But it's not.

SENTA

I was just wondering if you thought that -

RINK

It's not alive. There's no point in -

SENTA

I know it's not alive. No one believes it is. I don't understand you. Sometimes, a fantasy can be comforting.

RINK

How could anyone find comfort in the company of an imaginary person?

SENTA

Because an imaginary person can be anything you want it to be.

RINK

I'd want it to be real.

SENTA

No, you don't. Real women are intimidating, remember? You said so.

RINK

That's different.

SENTA

How?

RINK

You cannot just imagine reality away. You have to deal with it.

SENTA

Dreams are the only way we can deal with reality.

RINK

Dreams aren't real! An imaginary person can't do anything!

SENTA

No, an imaginary person does everything! Everything you want it to do, and nothing you don't! An imaginary person doesn't belittle you, or make fun of you, or call you names! An imaginary person does not wish you were someone else! An imaginary person is never ashamed of you! An imaginary person never says you're ugly!

RINK

I...

SENTA

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that.

RINK

I...

SENTA

It was very unprofessional of me. Let's get back to work.

RINK

But...

SENTA

Please.

RINK

Someone told you that you were ugly?

SENTA

*(ignoring him)*

I think that we have to go about this research differently -

RINK

You're not.

SENTA

It is trivial. It doesn't matter.

RINK

It does.

SENTA

It was a long time ago.

*(back to work)*

Since we are no longer adjusting the appearance of the gynoid, I suggest...

RINK

I think you're pretty.

SENTA

... we focus more specifically on the actually functionality...

RINK

You are. You are pretty.

SENTA

... of the... of the... Perhaps if we're able to utilize an additional -

RINK

I thought so the first time you walked in.

*Rink and Senta dance.*

*An air raid siren. Rink and Senta remain oblivious.*

*The soldier rushes in.*

SOLDIER

British bombers over Dresden! Get to the shelters! Your lives are in danger!

*Rink and Senta ignore him. He spots the doll.*

SOLDIER

My darling! I will save you!

*He picks the doll up and carries it off.*

*As Rink and Senta continue to dance, Himmler enters. The soldier runs onstage.*

HIMMLER  
Soldier, report.

SOLDIER  
They've already bombed the oil plant in Bohlen, and target indicators have been dropped all over town, sir. Preliminary reports indicate that Bonn and Nuremburg are also under attack.

HIMMLER  
What the-? Why would they bomb Dresden?

SOLDIER  
I don't know, sir.

HIMMLER  
Dresden? It doesn't make sense.

SOLDIER  
Sir, I suggest taking cover immediately, sir.

HIMMLER  
What? Oh... yes... Dismissed, soldier.

SOLDIER  
Thank you, sir.

*Soldier runs off.*

*Haschen enters pregnant.*

HASCHEN  
Oh, Heiny! The baby! It's time!

HIMMLER  
The baby! Now! Lay yourself down. I will help you. Push, darling. Push! Push for the glory of the Reich!

*Explosions as she pushes. Lights flicker.  
Haschen's screams sound like the wails of the  
dying.*

*She gives birth to all of the doll's previous costumes, and within that is a naked Barbie doll. Himmler holds the doll up.*

HIMMLER

We have created new Aryan life.

HASCHEN

I am the mother of the world.

HIMMLER

My love. We must have another child immediately.

HASCHEN

Yes, Heiny! For the Reich!

*They begin to dance together with Rink and Senta.*

*The soldier enters and picks up the doll's costume pieces.*

SOLDIER

She's dead. My love is dead.

HIMMLER

You fool. She was never real to begin with.

*(holding up the Barbie)*

This is real. This is what we're fighting for! Now go, man the anti-aircraft guns. Defend the city. Give your life for Germany.

*The soldier is oblivious. Himmler slaps him.*

HIMMLER

Those are orders, soldier!

SOLDIER

Yes, Reichsfuhrer. Air raid alert. Black out conditions! Black out conditions!

*Everyone hides. Black out. The siren continues.*

*In the darkness, Rink opens a curtain, letting in light from backstage.*

SENTA

What are you doing? They'll see the light. We'll be killed.

RINK

Come with me to Leipzig.

*He offers his hand. Senta takes it. They walk through the curtain together.*

## SCENE 20: EPILOGUE

HIMMLER

The Vedic Aryan race is ancient;  
Honorable, respectable, noble.  
We arose from Atlantis valiant.  
Our transcendence absolute and global  
With one grand destiny, to occasion  
The supremacy of the Caucasian.

In the Norsemen's superior breeding  
Humanity's future is nobly enshrined.  
Our fair people will provide the seedlings  
For a master race to rule all mankind  
That's shrewder, heartier, able to thrive  
Better than any human now alive.

We are creating a new world order  
For our Aryan brothers and sisters.  
We'll expand our nation's borders  
And tip the scales on which Europe centers,  
Then we'll roll over Asia like a flood  
Until Germany reigns, über alles, with its Nordic blood.

*Final curtain.*