

Miro Gavran Dr. Freud's Patient

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Characters:

SIGMUND FREUD

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ADOLF HITLER

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CHRISTINE

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The play takes place in a doctor's office and in a hotel room.

The plot takes place in Vienna in the year 1919.

The author would like to thank Radovan Milanov for the suggestion to make Dr Freud a theatre hero.

1. Sunday

(Freud, Hitler)

(Doctor Sigmund Freud's office. The doctor is sitting at his desk, skimming over a large book and occasionally taking some notes. There's a knock at the door. Freud gives no response. Another knock. Freud, still not looking up from his book, replies)

FREUD: Who's that bothering me?

(Another knock)

FREUD: I said; who's that bothering me?

A VOICE BEHIND THE DOOR: Just me.

FREUD: Now that's a funny name.

(A man in his thirties enters.)

HITLER: May I come in?

FREUD: I'd say you are already in.

HITLER: I thought I heard you say 'Come in'.

FREUD: Exactly – you thought you heard me say such a thing. As a matter of fact, you imagined it. Because I didn't say 'come in'. Nobody comes in today. Today is Sunday and I am not receiving patients.

HITLER: But I am not your patient.

FREUD: Then who are you?

HITLER: Adolf.

FREUD: Adolf?!

HITLER: That's right, Adolf.

FREUD: Adolf what?

HITLER: Hitler, Adolf Hitler.

FREUD: Adolf Hitler.

HITLER: That's right.

FREUD: Never heard of him.

HITLER: Well, you see we never really had a chance to get acquainted, but now is as good a time as any.

FREUD: You must excuse me, but I am working on material for my new book, therefore each and every moment is of immense value to me. I have no time for either new acquaintances or petty conversations.

HITLER: But it's urgent.

FREUD: Urgent? For whom?

HITLER: Urgent for me, for her.

FREUD: Who is she?

HITLER: My girlfriend – Christine. She has some great difficulties.

FREUD: Has she come here with you?

HITLER: No, but she will as soon as we arrange an appointment for her.

FREUD: I must inform you that my calendar is completely full for the next three months. I couldn't take another patient even if I wanted to. You'll have to try and contact some of my students or colleagues.

HITLER: No, that's out of the question. You are the best. Her case is so complicated that only you can help. Doctor Freud, you mustn't reject us. We have come all the way from Munich. We have to be back in nine days time. So you have nine days to help us.

FREUD: Good Lord, haven't you heard what I said?

HITLER: I didn't chose Vienna by chance, you see – I knew you lived here.

FREUD: But my new book...

HITLER: I know all your books by heart,. I adore you, Doctor Freud, you are the Prophet of the New Age. I've read 'Psychopathology in Everyday Life' and 'Interpreting Dreams.' I've been reading 'The Yearly Magazine for Research in Psychoanalysis and Psychopathology' for years; every issue of your work was published in it, along with the works of Bleuer and Jung.

FREUD: Jung! Don't mention the name of that wet-nosed dilettante in my office?

HITLER: Remember the lecture you gave on neurosis in 1911? Even then I wanted to approach you, to tell you how much I appreciated and admired your work – but I just couldn't pluck up the courage.

FREUD: Too bad. The scientific society wouldn't recognise my work at the time, so any sign of support would have been most welcome.

HITLER: There you are now; I want you to know that I have always believed in you and in psychoanalysis. Now, you mustn't neglect one of your first followers. I beg you to help my girlfriend, my future fiancée.

FREUD: But I've already told you, I can't make an appointment for her.

HITLER: I'll make it worthwhile. I'll pay you well. I'll pay double your usual fee.

FREUD: But nine days, that doesn't give us much time. I cannot guarantee I'll have enough time to state the final diagnosis, let alone accomplish the final cure.

HITLER: Don't underestimate your abilities, Doctor Freud. The patient needs only to open their mouth before you and you already know for certain whether the guilt lies in their father, mother or if it's their consciousness or subconsciousness.

FREUD: Stop toadying. After years of being neglected and persecuted, I am not used to flattery.

HITLER: But you will help us, won't you?

FREUD: What else can I do?

(Hitler sits on a chair fronting Freud.)

FREUD: Well then, what is the problem?

HITLER: I don't know where to begin.

FREUD: From the beginning.

HITLER: From the beginning?

FREUD: Yes, from the beginning.

HITLER: Right. Well you see, the problem it's very serious, very embarrassing as a matter of fact. It's about her mind and I would suggest the roots of her problem lie in her relationship with her father, in the conflict with her mother and brother, I mean...

FREUD: Excuse me, but I don't want your diagnosis. I want the facts. What is it all about?

HITLER: It's her fault that I can't... I mean, well, it doesn't work with us and she must be cured. At once.

FREUD: What do you mean?

HITLER: Well we just – couldn't make it.

FREUD: Couldn't make what?

HITLER: Well, we couldn't make it all the way.

FREUD: Make what all the way?

HITLER: Make... you know, the act, the man and woman act.

FREUD: Aha, but you have tried, haven't you?

FREUD: We have, but it didn't work. She made it impossible, she kept thinking of things that drove me into an impossible situation.

FREUD: How come you know what she's thinking of when she is with you?

HITLER: I know. I just know what's the problem with her. She even told me about it herself.

FREUD: What did she tell you?

HITLER: She told me about her childhood and how she loved her father more than her mother when she was ten years old.

FREUD: So?

HITLER: So that's unnatural. That's abnormal. When I was of that age I loved my mother more than my father. And that is how it should be, isn't it?

FREUD: Well, it depends.

HITLER: So I realised at once her reason for her being so tense, lies in her unnatural attachment to her father.

FREUD: Now wait, what you mean is: she is tense, and because of that she wouldn't go all the way and make love to you. Is that what happened?

HITLER: No, not quite like that.

FREUD: Then what was it like?

HITLER: She wanted to go all the way with me.

FREUD: She did? Then where's the problem?

HITLER: The problem is that I couldn't help being aware of her mental handicap, you see. I knew she was expecting me to somehow replace her father. So I just couldn't do anything in those circumstances.

FREUD: Did this happen more than once?

HITLER: Well, we tired to have sex seventeen times.

FREUD: Seventeen?

HITLER: That's right. Sixteen times in Munich and once in our hotel room in Vienna yesterday. I thought she'd relax in Vienna, but it was another failure. That is why I came to see you unannounced like this. And on a Sunday too. You are the only one who can help her.

FREUD: Help her?!

HITLER: That's right, help her.

FREUD: But the problem lies on your side, I should say.

HITLER: What! What do you mean? You want to insinuate this whole situation is my fault? I offered to pay you to cure my girlfriend and not to insult me.

FREUD: Now, now, take it easy. Calm down.

HITLER: I won't allow such accusations!

FREUD: Now take it easy, Mr... Mr...

HITLER: Hitler!

FREUD: Mr Hitler. You see when there is a problem in sexual communication between a man and a woman, I have to treat both, man and woman, as if both of them had the problem.

HITLER: Why?

FREUD: Because such problems can only be solved by mutual engagement.

HITLER: No matter whose fault?

FREUD: No matter whose fault. That is why you must allow me to treat you both, as if both of you were my patients.

HITLER: But why me?

FREUD: I have just explained why. In order to help, I must be acquainted with both sides of the story.

HITLER: Well if that's it...

FREUD: Now please take off your coat and lie down on the couch.

HITLER: The couch?

FREUD: You'll find it easier to relax there. Just lie down and relax. Make yourself comfortable.

HITLER: All right. But I don't see myself as the patient. I'll let you have it your way this time, but only if it's necessary to cure Christine. There now, is this all right?

FREUD: It's all right. You may put your hands on your chest if you like. Or you may leave them on the couch if it's more comfortable.

HITLER: I like them better on the couch.

FREUD: All right.

(Freud takes out a notebook, and sits behind Hitler.)

FREUD: Name and surname.

HITLER: Adolf Hitler – you could've remembered it by now.

FREUD: I'm sorry. Date of birth?

HITLER: I've just turned thirty.

FREUD: Born: 1888 then.

HITLER: 1889!

FREUD: Mother?

HITLER: Whose mother?

FREUD: Your mother.

HITLER: Aha, Klara.

FREUD: Father

HITLER: Alois.

FREUD: Is your girlfriend...

HITLER: Christine!

FREUD: Christine. Is she your first girlfriend? Or was there someone before her?

HITLER: Oh come on. I'm thirty years old.

FREUD: That means: you've had intercourse with other women.

HITLER: Of course.

FREUD: With how many?

HITLER: How many?

FREUD: Yes, how many.

HITLER: With many.

FREUD: Do you know the exact number of them?

HITLER: The number?

FREUD: Yes, the number of women you slept with.

HITLER: Seven.

FREUD: Seven?

HITLER: That's right. Around seven.

FREUD: What was the name of the first one?

HITLER: Elza.

FREUD: How old were you when you slept with her?

HITLER: Nineteen.

FREUD: Now, what can you tell me about her?

HITLER: Nothing.

FREUD: Nothing?

HITLER: Almost nothing-. She worked as a maid in my parents' house. She just served the purpose.

FREUD: What purpose?

HITLER: The purpose of introducing me to the world of women.

FREUD: So, you have slept with around seven women.

HITLER: That's right.

FREUD: And did you have problems with them?

HITLER: What do you mean?

FREUD: I mean, did things go easily with all of them?

HITLER: Of course, no problems. I am a man, a real man, I can say that for myself.

FREUD: Tell me about your first evening, your first attempt to have sex with Christine.

HITLER: How?

FREUD: Tell me more about her.

HITLER: She's a widow. And she gives piano lessons.

FREUD: Does she, now?

HITLER: She does. I met her at a concert in Munich, three months ago. It was love at first sight. I guess she found me irresistible from the moment she laid eyes on me. I took her to the pictures seven nights in a row and then on the seventh evening, I suggested we came over to my place for a drink. She accepted.

FREUD: And?

HITLER: After two glasses of wine, we started undressing. And... after we had taken all our clothes off, she started complaining. She said she was cold.. Then she couldn't stand the blanket, it was itching her, she said... then the room annoyed her, she said it looked terrible, one couldn't sleep, let alone make love to someone one cared about, in a room like that... and above all she went on and on talking about her parents and how she expected it all to be much nicer and better. So the whole thing turned into a disaster.

FREUD: It did, didn't it?

HITLER: Yes it did. Later in the whole scene was repeated fifteen times, the same as the first time. With some tiny differences. Finally when I realised how things were going, I suggested we came to Vienna, rented a hotel room and tried again her, but... She was too nervous. Tell me Doctor, can you really help us?

FREUD: I hope so, but...

HITLER: But you must hurry up, you must help us at once. This situation is driving me mad, my patience is running out,. I am sick if her, of sex, of failures.

FREUD: You must be patient just a little longer and everything will be all right. There...

HITLER: Each day means a lot to us. Can you imagine the hotels fees today? And then all those theatre tickets and...

FREUD: All right, al right. Tell your friend she is to see me on Tuesday. At noon. And you will come on Wednesday, at eleven fifteen.

(Hitler moves towards the exit. Suddenly stops. Returns.)

HITLER: It's me on Tuesday, and her on Wednesday, right?

FREUD: Other way round.

HITLER: Other way... Right. Other way round.

2. Monday

(Christine, Hitler)

(We see Christine and Hitler in the middle of a conversation in a shabby hotel room)

CHRISTINE: But it is pointless.

HITLER: It isn't pointless. It's the only way you can be cured. And the fastest one too.

CHRISTINE: But I'm not ill. I'm just an ordinary, normal woman.

HITLER: That's what you think, darling. And do you know why you think you're normal?

CHRISTINE: Why?

HITLER: Because you know nothing about psychoanalysis, neurosis and psychosis. What do you know about the Oedipus complex, or about erogenous zones on your body, or about libido? So tell me if you can, what is libido? Come on, tell me.

CHRISTINE: I have no idea.

HITLER: There you see, you don't know what libido is, and that's why you are unable of having a full relationship with me.

CHRISTINE: Now where did you get such an idea? Why don't we turn off the lights and take off our clothes. Go on, try, and maybe you'll make it.

HITLER: Now, that's just what you are: 'Let's take off our clothes and turn off the lights.' How can you be so vulgar? 'Take off your clothes and turn off the lights' – my dear, is that sex to you? Is that how you define a full relationship?

CHRISTINE: Well, that's how it worked with my late husband. And we had no problems.

HITLER: Don't you mention that primitive tradesman ever again. And don't tell me that what you had with that Neanderthal creature sexual intercourse, because I can't, won't believe it. With me you have a chance to experience true relationship, true love. But not before you've gone through Doctor Freud's treatment.

CHRISTINE: I don't understand a word of what you said. What do you want from me?

HITLER: In doctor Freud's opinion, and in my opinion too, we are unable to establish a normal sexual communication because of your past. You are burdened with different complexes, coming from your childhood and from the fact that you loved your father more than your mother.

CHRISTINE: And what's wrong with that? My father never used to spank me when I was a child, and my mother did. My father never forced me to marry and my mother did.

HITLER: There you are now, these are all your problems.

CHRISTINE: I don't see any problems there.

HITLER: Just wait till you see Doctor Freud. You'll have problems you never dreamed of.

CHRISTINE: I have no intention of visiting that quack doctor. I am perfectly sane and normal.

HITLER: If you were normal, you wouldn't be yelling like this. And if you were sane, we wouldn't have so many failures.

CHRISTINE: We? Is that what you said? You mean, 'we' had so many failures!

HITLER: That's right, I said 'we' only to make it easier for you. Although it is mostly your fault. Don't forget I had no problems with other women, before you.

CHRISTINE: Well I had no problems with my husband.

HITLER: I told you not to mention him!!!

3. Tuesday

(Freud, Christine)

(Christine is standing indecisively in the door of Doctor Freud's office.)

FREUD: Please come in.

CHRISTINE: Thank you.

FREUD: Sit down.

CHRISTINE: Thank you.

FREUD: You know why I wanted to see you, don't you?

CHRISTINE: Adolf told me.

FREUD: What did he tell you?

CHRISTINE: He told me I was ill or something, and that is why we are unable to... and so...

FREUD: Ha, ha. Did he really tell you that?

CHRISTINE: Yes, he did, really. He also told me it was all my father's fault. Oh, my past and some subconscious thing was also something to do with it.

FREUD: And what do you think?

CHRISTINE: At first I thought Adolf, you know – he's so clumsy and inexperienced. But now, that I've heard an expert like you believes something is wrong with me... Well I'm beginning to doubt myself. Is it really my fault?

FREUD: I don't think so.

CHRISTINE: Then why did you want to see me?

FREUD: To find a way to help him. The way I see it – you make the central figure in Adolf's mind. You are his greatest target. And his greatest problem. If I learn more about you, I'll be of more help to him. Am I right?

CHRISTINE: I think you are.

FREUD: Do you love him?

CHRISTINE: Well, I like him. I mean, my husband died six years ago, and I haven't had a man since. Finally I met Adolf and just when I thought: there now, I'll be a woman again, it turned out he couldn't make it the first time or the second time or the tenth or the fifteenth time. I guess, I became a bit impatient. If you understand what I mean.

FREUD: I do, really. I understand.

CHRISTINE: So does that make me abnormal?

FREUD: On the contrary. The fact that you became impatient six years after your husband's death only proves you are a perfectly normal woman.

CHRISTINE: Do you really mean it?

FREUD: Absolutely. But if we want to solve Adolf's problem, we must talk openly of the most intimate matters in your relationship. After all, there is nothing to be ashamed of. Human sexuality is a natural phenomenon. It is an important part of our lives. After all, where would we all be without it?! So, you see, when a problem occurs in this area we can only solve it by telling the truth, by being sincere about it. I believe you want Adolf to become a man able to satisfy your needs, don't you?

CHRISTINE: Of course I do.

FREUD: Well then, tell me about your first evening together. Tell me about his first attempt and how it failed.

CHRISTINE: I don't know where to start.

FREUD: From the start.

CHRISTINE: From the start?

FREUD: Adolf has already told me about that evening. But never the less, I would like to hear your side of the story. Now, after you had been to the cinema seven nights in a row, he invited you to his place for a drink.

CHRISTINE: No, it was my idea to go for a drink.

FREUD: Ah, so it was like that.

CHRISTINE: Yes, and then... I don't know. What do you want me to tell you about it? He just couldn't do anything.

FREUD: Take it easy. We have to do it step by step. Now, who kissed whom first?

CHRISTINE: I kissed him. But he responded to me at once.

FREUD: Who started undressing first?

CHRISTINE: I did. I took off my dress first, and then I took off his waistcoat.

FREUD: Did you say anything? Can you remember what it was that you said?

CHRISTINE: Yes, I said: It's awfully hot n here. Let's get rid of some clothes.

FREUD: And then?

CHRISTINE: Then we both stripped naked and we started caressing each other. And just when I was sure he was going to liven up at any moment... well you know what I mean... it turned out his equipment was lifeless.

FREUD: And what happened next?

CHRISTINE: He started complaining about being cold, and about the blanket – it was itching him, he said, and about his room being so terrible it made it impossible to make love there. And then he said something bad about my breasts.

FREUD: What did he say?

CHRISTINE: He said breasts of this size could hardly satisfy a man.

FREUD: Nonsense. You r breasts are just of the right size.

CHRISTINE: Really?

FREUD: Well, I find all breasts the right size. You know, Christine, we can only help Adolf if we try hard enough. But nevertheless, he must tell me the truth. And I believe he has lied to me.

CHRISTINE: I know what you meant. He is such a show off.

FREUD: No doubt. We are all, but when one goes too far, one loses the majority of character. Therefore, I must learn the truth form Adolf. And I think I have just the right method for it. And then we shall decide in what to do to make you lovebirds happy.

CHRISTINE: Then, you believe I'll be fulfilled as a woman again?

FREUD: Not only do I believe it, I guarantee it.

CHRISTINE: You do?

FREUD: I do. You'll enjoy your sex life again.

4. Wednesday

(Hitler, Freud)

(Hitler is sitting in a chair with Freud in front of him, his arms stretched out, in the style of a hypnotist, towards Hitler. Freud is starring at Hitler attentively while Hitler is more and more under his spell.)

FREUD: Your eyes are tired, so tired. You want to sleep. You are asleep, you are asleep.

(Hitler's eyelids are falling slowly.)

FREUD: You are a child now, a small child unable to lie. Repeat after me: I am a child.

HITLER: I am a child...

FREUD: ...who cannot lie.

HITLER: ...who cannot lie.

FREUD: Now, slowly open your eyes and answer my questions sincerely.

(Hitler slowly opens his eyes.)

FREUD: Adolf, you are a boy, a little boy. Repeat after me: I am a little boy.

HITLER: I am a little boy.

FREUD: How old are you, Adolf? Is it this much? (He shows four fingers.) Or is it this much? (He shows six fingers.) Or maybe this much (He shows ten fingers.) How much, show me!

HITLER: This much.

(Hitler shows six fingers.)

FREUD: Six. You are six years old.

HITLER: Six and a half.

FREUD: Now, who is your best friend? What's his name?

HITLER: Klaus.

FREUD: And how old is Klaus?

HITLER: Seven.

FREUD: Adolf, I am Klaus, I am your friend. It was my birthday just yesterday and now I'm seven.

(Freud takes a child's hat and puts it on.)

FREUD: Come on Adolf, let's play ball.

HITLER: You imbecile, idiot! I hate playing ball.

FREUD: But I'd like to play ball.

HITLER: Shut up, you idiot! We'll play what I say. I'm the boss here!

FREUD: OK Adolf, just don't yell at me.

HITLER: Klaus, you idiot, we'll play Cowboys and Indians.

FREUD: Hurrah! I'm the Cowboy!

HITLER: No way! I'm the Cowboy, you're the Indian.

FREUD: But why?

HITLER: So I can take your scalp in the end.

FREUD: But it's the Indians that take the scalps. Not the cowboys.

HITLER: Here, take this gun.

(Hitler hands him a broom.)

FREUD: Thank you.

HITLER: And I'll take the pistol.

(He grabs a wooden triangle from Freud's desk. The game begins. They are both running and chasing each other all over the room, then hiding behind the desk they shoot at each other.)

HITLER: Bang, bang.

FREUD: Dum, dum, dum!

HITLER: You filthy Indians. I'll kill you all! Bang! Bang! Bang!

FREUD: I no give you my land to you! Dum! White man no take my gold, my buffalo. Dum! Dum!

HITLER: Bang! Bang!

FREUD: Dum! Dum!

(Hitler suddenly leaps at Freud and throws him to the ground.)

HITLER: Die! You filthy Indian!

FREUD: Ouch!

(Freud is really taken by surprise. Hitler with his left hand around Freud's neck is really trying to strangle him and at the same time take his scalp with the triangle in his right hand.)

HITLER: Die! And then I'll take your scalp.

FREUD: No, wait! Hold on, Adolf, hold on! How, stop it!

(Hitler lets him go and they both get up from the floor. Freud is gasping for breath.)

FREUD: Adolf, you are no longer a child. I am your mother.

HITLER: Mummy!

FREUD: No, you are not a little boy anymore. You are a teenager now. How old are you, darling?

HITLER: Seventeen mum.

FREUD: Yes, dear. Are you happy, son?

HITLER: Oh mum, I am so sad.

FREUD: But why dear?

HITLER: I want to be a singer, mum. I want everybody to stand still and silent while I'm singing. And when I finish I want them all to applaud me, I want them to clap their hands until the opera house falls apart.

FREUD: But, what's wrong with that dear?

HITLER: That moron of my father is what's wrong. He wants me to become a government clerk, but all I want is to be an artist. I want them to applaud when I sing. But father wouldn't let me take the singing classes. I'm going to kill myself, Mummy!

FREUD: You wouldn't do something like that dear. Now let me talk to your father. I'll ask him to let you take those singing classes you want. It will work, I promise. And now, sing something for me, for your Mummy only.

HITLER: Oh, Mummy dearest, you are me most faithful audience. I'll sing a song to you Mummy, a song I've set to music myself.

FREUD: Go on, son.

HITLER: (*sings*) Through the blackest dark of night
A man, all dark, is searching for a grave.
All alone, his thoughts if mud and fright,
To stand such fate one must be brave.

To him it's vengeance that is holy,
Revenge is all that he must do –
To wash away this woe, by holy,
He'll wipe away the whole world too,

FREUD: Bravo! Bravo!

(Freud applauds, Hitler bows.)

HITLER: More, more.

FREUD: More?

HITLER: Applaud me some more! Louder!

(Freud applauds louder and louder, while Hitler bows deeper and deeper. Then Freud stops applauding abruptly.)

FREUD: Adolf! Now, tell me what happened with your musical career. I must admit your voice doesn't sound promising.

HITLER: I hate singing the scales. I hate my singing teacher, too. He always starts our lessons with the arias of Radames from Aida. I hate that despicably rich voice of his. Those idiots could never understand that there are other

ways of singing – tender and gentle ways. Ways where one’s range of voice isn’t as important as the heart one puts in his singing.

FREUD: It sounds more out of key.

HITLER: I am giving it up. I can’t practice as much as they expect me to.

FREUD: Adolf, my son, I am your dear father now. What is my name, son?

HITLER: Alois.

FREUD: I am Alois, your father. And I’m telling you this for your own good... it is best for you to become a government clerk, to lead a peaceful life, have a steady salary and to get married some day, like I have married your mother.

HITLER: You don’t understand me, father. I don’t want to be a clerk. I am eighteen and I know what is best for me. I don’t want to be a clerk! I don’t! If you ever force me to become a clerk, I’ll kill myself!

FREUD: But, for God’s sake, son, you must earn your living. You must do something.

HITLER: A painter! I’m going to be a painter.

(Hitler runs to the wall and before Freud can move he has already taken a painting off the wall, a portrait of Freud, and is now tearing it up with the triangle.)

HITLER: Everything that’s been painted before me is nothing but crap. Garbage! This portrait here is worth nothing. I’ll paint you the best portrait ever! My name will outshine that of Michelangelo. Sit down!

(Freud lets himself be seated on a chair. He is still a bit confused by the sudden loss of his portrait. Hitler takes a large piece of paper out of the desk.)

HITLER: Is there any charcoal in this room?

(Freud points at the fireplace. Hitler takes out a piece of burnt wood that will serve him for drawing.)

HITLER: Now just stand still for a moment.

(In just a few moves, Hitler draws the portrait of Freud. The drawing though shows more resemblance to a rhinoceros than to Freud.)

HITLER: There now, isn't it beautiful?

(Freud hides his head in his hands. Hitler hangs the new portrait on the wall where the old one stood less than five minutes ago.)

FREUD: Adolf, did you apply to the Academy of Fine Arts?

HITLER: Yes

FREUD: And did you take your drawings to the interview?

HITLER: Yes, I took my paintings and drawings.

FREUD: Why did you take your own drawings and paintings? Why didn't you borrow from someone who can paint?

HITLER: I'm the best.

FREUD: What did the Academic Committee say to that?

HITLER: Those poofs! Morons! Bourgeois pigs! What do they know about real art?

FREUD: They failed you, didn't they?

HITLER: They failed me. I wanted to slaughter them all. They denied the greatest talent Europe has known in the last thousand years.

FREUD: And what did you do then, Adolf?

HITLER: I was a house painter, then a tramp. Then a soldier, I fought the war we lost due to our foolishness.

FREUD: And what did you want to do?

HITLER: I wanted to compose an opera.

FREUD: Why didn't you?

HITLER: It was too complicated.

FREUD: What else did you want to do?

HITLER: I wanted to reconstruct Vienna. All of it.

FREUD: Reconstruct it?

HITLER: That's right. I wanted to make it better. I wanted to make it even more grandiose than it already is.

FREUD: Why didn't you reconstruct it?

HITLER: It was too complicated. It would be much easier, though, if one could just tear the whole city down and then build it up again out of nothing.

FREUD: And now Adolf, I want you to tell me, and remember you cannot tell a lie, tell me how many women you have had sex with?

HITLER: None.

FREUD: None?

HITLER: That's right.

FREUD: How come? Didn't you want them?

HITLER: I did. I wanted them. But I couldn't do anything. Whenever I was alone with a woman, my heart started pounding so madly, that I just couldn't do anything. I couldn't get an erection. My little willy just shrank and disappeared.

FREUD: When was the first time you experienced that?

HITLER: It happened with Elza. She was the maid in my parents' house. I was nineteen. I was home alone that day. She invited me to her room, and then she started kissing me and taking my clothes off and caressing me. My tool had failed me. So I was standing in front of her. Stripped naked and impotent. And she, she started laughing at me, that fat cow was laughing like mad at the sight of my impotent nudity. And now, whenever I try with another woman I can suddenly hear Elza laughing and my male potency just sinks away. I hate all women, all unsatisfied horny woman pretending to be decent and nice while all they really want is a strong shaft between their legs.

FREUD: And how do you feel about men, Adolf?

HITLER: I hate them too. Those sweating studs always bragging about their semen. They should be castrated, every one of them. All men should be extinguished, all those primitives that have no problems with their hard-ons. If I could only bite their balls off!

FREUD: And Christine, how do you feel about her?

HITLER: I hate her. The disgusting horny widow who wouldn't help me to become a man. She was my last hope and she just turned out to be the worst of them all. She never wanted to help me.

FREUD: Now, I want you to tell me every thought that's in your conscience at this moment. Tell me what's on your mind, Adolf. Quickly.

HITLER: Bird. Grave. Corpses. Fire. Sergeant. House. Cucumber. Knife. Snakes and claws. Chains and doors. Hand and head. School and uncle. Lightening and horse. Paper. Trunk. Boat. Hair. City in ruins. Wrecked tree. Wrecked pig. Church in ruins. Burnt hen. Burnt woman. Burnt hand. Burnt eyes.

FREUD: Adolf! Stop it, Adolf!

(Freud stretches out his right hand in front of Hitler's eyes.)

FREUD: Watch this hand and come back. Come back, Adolf. You are asleep Adolf. You are asleep, asleep, asleep.

(Hitler shuts his eyes.)

FREUD: And now wake up, Adolf. Wake up.

(Hitler opens his eyes.)

HITLER: What, what's happened?

FREUD: Nothing much, we had a little chat, that's all.

HITLER: What did we chat about?

FREUD: About your childhood.

HITLER: Nothing else?

FREUD: Nothing else. You told me how much you hated school.

HITLER: And Christine? Did I tell you about her?

FREUD: Yes, you did.

HITLER: How dare you? If I only knew I would've never let you go through with it. What did you ask me about her?

FREUD: I just wanted to know if you loved her?

HITLER: And? What did I tell you?

FREUD: You told me that you loved her deeply.

HITLER: Well, that's true.

FREUD: Now, tell me some more about Christine. How did you meet her? And where?

5. Thursday

(Hitler, Freud, Christine)

(Doctor Freud's office. The young lovers and Freud.)

FREUD: I'm so glad we have all gathered here.

HITLER: You have reached the solution then?

FREUD: Indeed I have. And a very simple one, too.

CHRISTINE: And you will let us know all about it today, won't you?

FREUD: Yes, I will. Today.

CHRISTINE: Everything will be all right then, won't it?

FREUD: I hope so. If you are ready for it.

HITLER: You mean, if Christine is ready to go through with the treatment.

FREUD: No one needs to be treated here.

HITLER: But, won't you provide us with some medication? I mean, won't you prescribe something for Christine and her problems?

FREUD: NO, I won't. There is no problem actually.

HITLER: What do you mean: there is no problem?

FREUD: I mean, there is a problem now, but if you both decide to solve it together, then there soon won't be any.

HITLER: Why do you insist on blaming us both for the problem, when it's evident these difficulties we have are Christine's fault?

FREUD: It's nobody's fault. But if you insist on blaming someone, then the blame is on both of you. Together.

HITLER: Excuse me, Doctor Freud, but I am a real man. I mean, how do you explain the fact that until now, I've had no problems with other women. And now, suddenly it doesn't work with Christine.

CHRISTINE: But, my late husb...

HITLER: Don't mention him!!

FREUD: Adolf, no one is to blame. In these matters nobody is found guilty, for Christ's sake, we are not in court.

HITLER: A real woman would know how to satisfy me. But she doesn't.

CHRISTINE: How can you say that? Whenever we have tried to have sex, I have done my best. Why should it all be my fault?

HITLER: You can't turn me on, that is your fault. And everything just works fine when I fantasise.

CHRISTINE: But I...

FREUD: Now, wait a minute, children! There is no need to argue. Nor to press charges at each other. There's no use from that – just unnecessary bitterness. Now, let's start with the facts, Adolf. Let's start by telling the truth and the solution will come to us. Only the truth can help you, don't you think?

HITLER: I do.

CHRISTINE: I do.

FREUD: Now, let's see. You want each other. You are both sexually attracted to one another. Am I right?

HITLER: Yes.

CHRISTINE: We really are.

FREUD: And there are no physical nor medical obstacles that would prevent you from having a normal relationship. Is it so?

CHRISTINE: It is.

HITLER: No obstacles.

FREUD: It is also a fact that Christine has gained certain sexual experience with her late husband. Am I right, Adolf?

CHRISTINE: Well, yes. But isn't that normal?

FREUD: By all means.

HITLER: Now, what has her husband got to do with us? Why are you digging him up?

FREUD: Take it easy. We are just establishing the facts of your experience. Now, Adolf, and I beg you to tell us the truth, it is a fact that you have no sexual experience.

HITLER: Nonsense! And after all the women I've had. Where did you get that?

FREUD: Remember, Adolf, only the truth can help you. You have no sexual experience and that is a fact.

HITLER: That is a lie! Who told you that?

FREUD: You did.

HITLER: Me?! That is preposterous! When did I tell you?

FREUD: When you were under a hypnotic spell.

HITLER: Damn it! Now you've gone too far. There is a limit for everything, but not for you. You have been spying on my guts, my past. How dare you! And now, you're telling Christine all about it. I'll strangle you.

FREUD: Adolf, do you want me to help you?

HITLER: Of course I do. But I don't want you to humiliate me.

FREUD: Adolf! You have to make a confession to both Christine and yourself, and admit that you are still a virgin.

HITLER: How dare you!

FREUD: Now, now, don't you want to be cured?

HITLER: Of course I do.

FREUD: Then admit it.

HITLER: ... All right. But it's not my fault that I keep on bumping into problematic women all my life.

FREUD: Everything will be all right, Adolf.

CHRISTINE: You could've told me. My late husband, he had no experience in those things either. He confessed it on our wedding night. And still we managed it all.

FREUD: You are also going to manage.

HITLER: But how?

FREUD: Just stop hiding the truth. Adolf has no experience, but he has a strong desire. Christine has it both – experience and desire. It makes a perfect situation to begin with. And, most important of all, Christine knows she must help Adolf, she knows she has to be patient. And Adolf must let Christine's tenderness to guide him and not despise her for her experience. So: if you accept each other the way you are and if you stay patient – you will succeed.

HITLER: Yu really think so?

FREUD: But there s something you need to make it work.

CHRISTINE: And that is?

FREUD: You must believe in what I've told you. Do you believe me?

CHRISTINE: I do.

FREUD: And what about you, Adolf?

HITLER: Well... I guess I do. But if we fail again I won't pay you a pfennig. You must guarantee us that we won't fail again. Because, I've had enough of failures and disappointments, Doctor Freud.

FREUD: Listen Adolf, I can guarantee you'll succeed this time, but only if you trust me. And just now, you've shown your doubts.

HITLER: Oh, no. I trust you, I do.

(Silence.)

FREUD: Don't try anything tonight. Talk a walk instead. Or go to the Opera. And tomorrow morning, after you finish your breakfast, you must separate. Spend the whole, day separated. Adolf will take a walk in one part of the city. Christine will take another. And then, tomorrow evening, go back to your hotel room. With a bottle of wine and some candlelight you are bound to succeed.

HITLER: And all we have to do is to follow your instructions and everything will be all right, right?

FREUD: Of course. But let me give you a piece of man-to-man advice.

(Freud takes Adolf by the hand leads him to the front of the room. He starts telling him in a low voice.)

FREUD: Buy her some flowers tomorrow, Adolf.

HITLER: Is that what you wanted to tell me?

FREUD: Yes.

HITLER: You mean, the flowers are going to help?

FREUD: She'll be as sweet and tender as never before.

HITLER: All right, if you say so: I'll buy her flowers, but do you know how expensive the flowers are here in Vienna!

FREUD: In God's name, Adolf, a man must afford to be gallant in these things.

HITLER: All right, all right.

(They return to where Christine is standing.)

FREUD: And then you'll tell me all about it on Saturday.

6. Friday

(Hitler, Christine)

(The hotel room. We see a vase with flowers in it and a half-drunk bottle of wine with two glasses on a little table. Christine takes the bottle and pours the wine. She hands one glass to Adolf. He takes it.)

CHRISTINE: To your health, my love.

HITLER: To your health, Christine.

(They toast and then take a sip of their drinks.)

CHRISTINE: I hope this night will be our most beautiful night ever. The night we'll always remember.

HITLER: You hope? Why do you say you hope? Are you doubting me again?

CHRISTINE: No, I wanted to say 'I want'. I don't know why I said 'I hope'. But I really want this night to be our most beautiful night ever. And I believe it will be.

HITLER: All right. But you have to relax. You mustn't be nervous, my love, you know?

CHRISTINE: I know.

HITLER: I can't stand it when you're nervous. It makes me nervous too. It's contagious, you know?

CHRISTINE: But I'm not nervous, darling.

HITLER: Relax anyway. Pretend as if everything's normal.

CHRISTINE: I will. The doctor said we should light the candle.

HITLER: No, don't!

CHRISTINE: Why?

HITLER: I want to do it in the dark.

CHRISTINE: But why? It's ...

HITLER: We'll do it in the dark or we won't do it at all! My love.

CHRISTINE: All right, all right. You don't have to yell.

HITLER: And relax, will you? Think of something else, just don't be nervous.

CHRISTINE: I'll do anything you want, just don't worry, my love.

(Uncomfortable silence.)

HITLER: Now what? Shall we go on with the romantic conversation or shall we turn off the lights and see what happens?

CHRISTINE: Anything you want, darling.

HITLER: Well, that's just fine. It's so easy to say 'anything you want, darling'. Why is it always me? Why do I always have to decide for both of us? You always hand everything over to me.

CHRISTINE: What do you want? What do you want me to say?

HITLER: For once I want you to decide if you want to turn off the lights now or later.

CHRISTINE: You want me to decide?

HITLER: Yes.

CHRISTINE: Then let's turn them off now.

HITLER: Yes, right away.

HITLER: Are you in some kind of hurry?

CHRISTINE: No, but since you asked... You can leave them on, as far as I'm concerned.

HITLER: No, let's have it your way. Just calm down and relax.

(Hitler walks over to the switch and turns off the light. It is dark now.)

HITLER: There now, it's dark. Where are you?

CHRISTINE: I'm right here.

HITLER: Ouch! You kicked my knee.

CHRISTINE: I'm so sorry.

HITLER: Just calm down, will you?

(Pause.)

CHRISTINE: May I take off your clothes?

HITLER: You may.

CHRISTINE: You can take mine off...

HITLER: What?

CHRISTINE: Clothes. You can take my clothes off.

HITLER: No, you'd better do it yourself.

CHRISTINE: There now.

HITLER: You're cold.

CHRISTINE: We'll warm up, warm up.

HITLER: Wait, my zip. It's stuck. I'll turn on the light.

CHRISTINE: No, don't. Let me try.

(There is a sharp sound.)

HITLER: You broke it!!!

CHRISTINE: What?

HITLER: My zip.

CHRISTINE: I'm sorry.

HITLER: You fool; do you know how much a new zip costs?

CHRISTINE: I didn't break it on purpose.

HITLER: Yes you did.

CHRISTINE: Oh come on. Let's not argue. Not tonight.

HITLER: Of course. Just calm down and relax.

CHRISTINE: I am perfectly relaxed. You calm down.

HITLER: I am calm. I ma relaxed. I am all right.

(Pause.)

CHRISTINE: And now, let me see your little one, let me caress him, let me fondle him a little.

HITLER: Good. That's it. Steady.

CHRISTINE: He is such a poor little devil, but he'll grow soon. Just let auntie fondle him a little. There, there now, you little thing, let Christine take care of you. You'll grow, you'll be hard. Now that's a good boy, just let me fondle you... and now... well, you'll grow... any moment now and.. now this must wake you up...

HITLER: Good Lord, you really irritate me with your rubbish.

CHRISTINE: What have I done now?

HITLER: You stupid woman, can't you do anything right? You have no tact, no feelings.

(Hitler turns on the light. Christine and Hitler, half undressed, start dressing again.)

CHRISTINE: I'm sorry. I tried to be gentle.

HITLER: Like hell you did. You stupid cow! You know nothing!

CHRISTINE: Adolf! How dare you speak to me like that? Come on, let me kiss you. Let's try again.

(Adolf pushes her away.)

HITLER: Don't touch me!

CHRISTINE: What's the matter with you?

HITLER: You have no heart and no feelings. You don't know anything about love, about sexual intercourse.

CHRISTINE: But I did my best. Now you could've put a little effort into it too.

HITLER: Me?! So now you are blaming your impotence on me!

CHRISTINE: Who else is there to blame?

HITLER: Whaaat! You slut.

CHRISTINE: Adolf, you are insulting me.

HITLER: You have insulted yourself. All this is happening because you wanted to have sex before the holy marriage. My conscience is against it, but then, what do whores know about holy matters?

CHRISTINE: How can you say that Adolf?

HITLER: I can. You are just an ordinary whore who deserves no respect.

CHRISTINE: And you are an impotent virgin who knows nothing about women.

HITLER: It's all your fault! And who is paying the hotel bill? Who is paying for your food, your opera tickets? You've been living off my money... What did you call me?!

CHRISTINE: Impotent.

HITLER: I am finished with you. I'm going back to Munich. Tonight. Unless you ask me to forgive you.

CHRISTINE: You want me to ask you to forgive me?

HITLER: Yes, I want you to ask me to forgive you. You called me impotent. And that's a lie. A disgusting lie. And I should poke your eyes out for it.

(Pause.)

CHRISTINE: Adolf...

HITLER: Yes? Say it.

CHRISTINE: Go to hell.

7. Saturday

(Freud, Christine)

(Doctor Freud's office. Freud is writing. A knock at the door.)

FREUD: Come in.

(Christine enters.)

FREUD: You are alone?

CHRISTINE: Yes.

(Pause.)

FREUD: Please, sit down.

CHRISTINE: Thank you.

FREUD: Where is he?

CHRISTINE: He's gone to Munich. Last night. We're finished.

FREUD: And what about you?

CHRISTINE: I came here to pay your bill. And to thank you. After all, you tried to help us.

FREUD: How was it then?

CHRISTINE: Terrible.

FREUD: Why?

CHRISTINE: He was so... rude.

FREUD: But, didn't you...

CHRISTINE: I did everything just as you told me. But he started insulting and accusing me. To him, the relationship between a man and a woman is nothing but a battlefield, a series of victories and defeats. He understands nothing.

FREUD: I know.

CHRISTINE: You do? And still you wanted me to go through with it all?

FREUD: Well, you had to try.

CHRISTINE: But you had your doubts about it.

FREUD: Let's say, I didn't believe you'd succeed.

CHRISTINE: And I am starting to believe it is my fault after all. Maybe there is something wrong with me. I mean, if I had been encouraging enough, feminine enough, I would've awakened the man in him.

FREUD: No, you wouldn't.

CHRISTINE: Why not?

FREUD: Because he is incapable of loving anyone, but himself. He should undergo a long psychiatric treatment.

CHRISTINE: It was so embarrassing yesterday.

FREUD: I'm sorry about that.

CHRISTINE: Can you imagine what it means to a woman when her man fails for the eighteenth time?

FREUD: I can imagine.

CHRISTINE: No, you can't. You know a lot about people, but still you know nothing about us women, about the way we experience life. We are not the same, doctor.

FREUD: Who?

CHRISTINE: Men and women.

FREUD: Well, now...

CHRISTINE: No, really, we are not the same. We experience things in different ways. After all, it is not a mere accident that women cry more often than men.

FREUD: Well, there are some differences, I admit it, but that is of no importance.

CHRISTINE: No importance? It is of great, great importance. Women are so easy to destroy, they fall apart much easier than men. We are of a softer substance.

FREUD: But you live seven years longer than men.

CHRISTINE: Meaning, we suffer longer. Look at me, I am a ruined woman.

FREUD: Please, don't torture yourself.

CHRISTINE: I am a broken woman, crushed to pieces. No man will ever love me again. It's been six years now that I lack what every normal woman has every day. I'm torn down by my desire. Burning on the fire of my own impotence.

FREUD: There's no reason to be so tragic about it.

CHRISTINE: Well, it's easy for you to say that. You can't imagine the horror in my soul. I am not a woman any more; I am just an object of no use, a cast away. A pair of scissors that never cuts a thing. A razor that never shaves. A saucepan that never cooks.

FREUD: You are exaggerating, Christine.

CHRISTINE: No, I'm not. And the worst of it is that you promised, personally promised, that I'd be a complete woman again. You promised I'd enjoy my sex life once again. Those were your words: 'I guarantee it. You'll enjoy your sex life again'. I remember it well. But I can't say you've done your best to fulfil your guarantee.

FREUD: All right, those were my words, I admit it. But you must know...

CHRISTINE: It seems that the time has come when an honest woman cannot rely on a man anymore.

FREUD: Oh!

CHRISTINE: Don't be angry – I didn't mean you, I meant all men generally speaking. But there's no use in whining. I have nothing left anyway, nothing but sorrow and loneliness. Sometimes I feel as if I'm not a complete person, as if I'm a part of another woman. She is desperate to find the rest of her body, but everything is in vain. She will never find the missing pieces.

FREUD: I'm sorry everything turned out the way it did. I understand how you must feel now. It's my fault, I admit it.

CHRISTINE: It's not your fault. It's my fault.

FREUD: No, no. I am to be blamed. For if I hadn't conducted the whole thing the way I had, none of this would've happened. You wouldn't be so disappointed. If anyone is to be blamed, it is me.

CHRISTINE: Anyway, I'm so unhappy, so miserable. I can feel this emptiness inside me. I'm not a normal woman any more.

FREUD: Nonsense. You are a beautiful woman. And very attractive too.

CHRISTINE: Oh, you are just saying that to comfort me.

FREUD: No, I really mean it.

CHRISTINE: You do?

FREUD: Of course I do.

CHRISTINE: I don't believe you.

FREUD: Believe me.

CHRISTINE: I can't

FREUD: Why?

CHRISTINE: Because, if you really meant it, you'd switch off the light and prove it.

(Silence.)

FREUD: I'd be glad to do so if only you weren't my patient.

CHRISTINE: But I'm not your patient. I am not a patient at all. I am just a former girlfriend of your former patient. You see, there are no professional obstacles, Doctor. Except, if you can't. Like Adolf couldn't.

FREUD: Now come on, please. I am still at my best.

CHRISTINE: I don't believe you.

FREUD: Do you want to check me out?

CHRISTINE: With pleasure.

(Freud walks over to the switch and turns out the light.)

FREUD: Where are you?

CHRISTINE: Over here.

FREUD: I wouldn't be doing this if it weren't for your provocations.

CHRISTINE: You men, you always need a woman to blame for your sins.

FREUD: I don't want this to look as if I used you.

CHRISTINE: Why not?

FREUD: Maybe you should think it over. Do you know what Plato said to his pupils...

CHRISTINE: Forget about Plato and his theories. We've had enough of talking.

FREUD: Just take it easy, Christine. Concentrate and relax. Everything will be just fine. Don't be nervous.

CHRISTINE: I'm not nervous.

FREUD: What breasts, what beautiful breasts.

CHRISTINE: Doctor, take it easy! Slow down, I want to enjoy it.

FREUD: All right, we'll slow down.

CHRISTINE: And no: let me wake your little... Hey! – He's not so little... Doctor Freud, you are at your very best.

FREUD: Let me in! Let me in!

CHRISTINE: Come in Doctor. Come in.

(Heavy breathing interfering with furious music. Suddenly the music stops and a female scream breaks out. There's an air of sado-masochistic pleasure about it. The music starts to play again. The lights turn on a moment later – there is no one on the stage.)

THE END