

# **Bubi Doll**

**(The Education of Adolf H.)**

**A cautionary case study for the stage**

**by Tim Luscombe**

**Draft 6**

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**Plato:** “A state or an army should be made up of lovers and their loves. They would be the very best governors of their own city, abstaining from all dishonour, and emulating one another in nobility. And when fighting at each other's side, although a mere handful, they would overcome the world...for who would desert his beloved or fail him in the hour of danger?”

(Symposium)

[The Sacred Band of Thebes – the special forces of Greek soldiery – was made up of 150 male couples. The forty-year period of their invincibility marked the pre-eminence of Thebes as a military and political power. Responsible for the decisive Greek victory over the Spartans in 371 BCE, they were eventually annihilated in battle by another queer warrior – Alexander the Great – thirty years later. Plutarch recorded that all 300 died that day because not one surrendered. A stone lion on a pedestal still marks the spot]

**Michael Kühnen** (*German neo-Nazi leader*): “Fascism is based on the love of comrades. Having sex with your comrades strengthens the bond”

(Quoted by Elmay Kraushaar in *The Advocate*, 2006)

## **Characters**

Adolf (Adi) Hitler  
August (Gustl) Kubizek  
Ernst Röhm  
Rudi Häusler  
Paulus  
Manfred  
Florian  
Erich  
Joseph Goebbels  
Hermann Göring  
Axel  
Bodyguard  
Supreme Commander  
Office Clerk  
Brownshirts  
Stormtroopers  
Blackshirts  
Party Members

I reckon the smallest possible cast size is probably 9, but 10 would allow the production to breathe more easily, like this:

1. Adolf Hitler
2. Ernst Röhm
3. Joseph Goebbels
4. August Kubizek
5. Paulus/Supreme Commander
6. Hermann Göring
7. Manfred/Axel/Office Clerk
8. Rudi Häusler/Erich
9. Bodyguard
10. Florian

Members of the company play Brownshirts, Blackshirts, Party Members etc.

## **Time**

The action of the play takes place between 1907 and 1934. Between scenes 5 and 6 there's a jump from 1923 to 1931.

## **Punctuation**

A dash (–) at the end of a line is a sign that the next speaker should interrupt.

Three dots (...) at the end of a line indicates that the speaker lets the thought dribble away, and is not interrupted.

# **Bubi Doll**

(The Education of Adolf H.)

- A cautionary case study

**Act One**

**The End**

## **Scene One – Two Bubi Dolls.**

*A forest, late in King Otto's reign.*

*A teenage boy looks anxiously up a tree, where another teenage boy hugs a branch.*

**Gustl:** Fuck's sake, Adi –

**Adi:** I'm going to do it. Don't come up.

**Gustl:** I'm not going to come up.

**Adi:** Here I go.

**Gustl:** Wait, Adi. I didn't smile.

**Adi:** I saw it.

**Gustl:** But she's the daughter of –

**Adi:** Oh they're all the daughter of –

**Gustl:** I was being polite!

**Adi:** You can't smile at *anyone*! It kills me, Bubi Doll. I've got no one. You understand? You mustn't talk to others, you mustn't smile at them.

**Gustl:** Then I won't.

**Adi:** You will.

**Gustl:** I promise.

**Adi:** You don't mean it.

**Gustl:** Adi in a paddy.

**Adi:** You think this is funny?

**Gustl:** An Adi paddy.

**Adi:** I'd rather die than lose you.

**Gustl:** You won't lose me, Bubi. Come down.

**Adi:** No.

**Gustl:** We'll go to the opera.

**Adi:** You're not taking me seriously!

**Gustl:** We'll find a way.

**Adi:** I'll show you how serious I am.

**Gustl:** I've not come all this way just to look at the outside of a building.

**Adi:** Forget it. I can't bear it one more second!

**Gustl:** We'll not eat for three days and we'll buy the cheapest seats.

**Adi:** Fuck it! This is the end!

*Adi lets go his hold and falls.*

**Gustl:** No!!!

*A young man (though older than Adi and Gustl) strolls on, carrying a dog whip.*

*He looks directly up and sees Adi falling towards him. Instinctively, he catches him.*

*It's all over in less than a half a second.*

*Adi and the new man, Ernst, lie sprawled in a heap.*

*(To Ernst)* Fuck. Are you alright?

**Ernst:** *(Dazed)* What, mate? Er...Yeah.

**Adi:** *(Whimpering)* Er...Help.

**Gustl:** Shut up, Adi.

**Ernst:** How you doing, sonny? Let's get him up.

**Adi:** Don't touch me!

**Gustl:** Ignore him. It's just a stunt. It's you I'm concerned about.

**Ernst:** Not what you expect – snivelling boys falling out of trees. Piece of luck, wasn't it?

**Adi:** I was trying to kill myself!

**Ernst:** Peculiar idea of fun. Deserves a good spanking.

**Adi:** What's peculiar is wanting to live in a world of death and rejection and infidelity. I despise you.

**Gustl:** We've got some food. Would you like to? Sit with us? For a bit?

**Ernst:** (*Introducing himself*) Röhm. Ernst Röhm.

**Gustl:** August – Gustl. He's Adolf – Adi. He's peculiar. His Mum just passed away. He's not been properly right ever since.

**Adi:** She didn't pass away, she was murdered. By a Jew.

**Gustl:** Well, she wasn't actually murdered, was she?

**Adi:** All but.

*Ernst and Gustl have sat.*

**Ernst:** You boys with the Wanderers?

**Adi:** The Wanderers?! (*Doing the Wanderer's salute – the one that the Nazis later adopted*) Sieg Heil! That's what they do, isn't it? Sitting round smelly campfires going 'Sieg Heil'!

*Gustl joins in.*

**Gustl:** Sieg Heil!

**Adi:** Sieg Heil!

**Ernst:** I wouldn't laugh at the Wanderers, baby. Where many fine young lads get their education.

**Gustl:** Singing patriotic songs?

**Ernst:** We could all benefit from that kind of thing.

**Gustl:** Getting bitten to death by mosquitoes, scampering up soggy mountains?

**Ernst:** Healthy Greek values. Compensate for the Christian shit your parents filled you with. The love of comrades, love of war. Ain't no women in the Wanderers.

**Adi:** (*Idiotically*) Ooh, Sieg Heil!

**Gustl:** Don't be a goat, Adi.

**Adi:** What do you expect? I'm peculiar. (*Finally turning to Ernst*) S'pose I should thank you.

**Ernst:** Don't mention it.

**Adi:** (*To Gustl*) I've been carrying this around for hours. (*A confectioner's box*). For you.

**Gustl:** What is it? Salzburger Nockerl! Oh, Bubi-doll, you're a dreamboat.

**Adi:** Now I'm gonna eat it myself.

**Gustl:** It's gone a bit sad in the heat.

**Adi:** You're sad.

*He plasters the cake over Gustl's face.*

**Gustl:** Stop!

**Adi:** That peculiar enough for you?

*Adi licks Gustl's face.*

Yummy.

**Gustl:** (*Loving it*) Adi, for fuck's sake. (*To Ernst*) Sorry about this.

**Adi:** I mean it. (*Licking Gustl*) I won't tolerate it, I won't. (*Lick, lick*). You're the only one who understands me. (*Lick, lick*).

**Gustl:** Leave me alone!

**Adi:** Never.

**Gustl:** Am I forgiven?

**Adi:** (*Lick, lick*) Maybe.

**Gustl:** (*Wiping his face with a handkerchief*) I'm gonna attract every fly in Bavaria.

*Gustl hands round the water flask.*

**Ernst:** You boys ain't from here?

**Gustl:** From Austria. Linz originally.

**Ernst:** Walking holiday?

**Adi:** Pilgrimage.

**Gustl:** To Bayreuth. Though we don't have enough money to actually go to a performance. We're artists.

**Ernst:** Ah.

**Gustl:** Well, we're training to be artists.

**Adi:** Applying to train to be artists.

**Gustl:** Not having much luck.

**Adi:** Fucking Jewish pigs, sitting in judgement...

**Ernst:** The frustrations of genius, eh?

**Gustl:** Adi's going to be a great artist.

**Adi:** I am.

**Gustl:** I'm a musician. Together we're gonna achieve incredible things.

**Adi:** Whatever the wankers in Vienna say.

**Gustl:** You'll have another go next year.

**Adi:** At least my mother didn't live to see me humiliated by that vermin. Wouldn't know a great artist if he kicked 'em in their fat faces.

**Ernst:** All boys have to lose their mothers eventually, Adolf.

**Adi:** Don't you talk about my fucking mother, Ernst. You don't know anything about her.

**Ernst:** Ain't important. Family shouldn't be a German boy's first allegiance. Should be to his comrades – like-minded fellows he meets in the organisations.

**Adi:** What the fuck is he on?

**Ernst:** That's where Germany's future lies.

**Gustl:** You're big on this all-boys-together thing.

**Ernst:** You could do with a spot of martial bonding. Never met a pair of nellier fruits in my life.

**Adi:** Nellier fruits?

**Ernst:** Nelly. Opposite of butch, dear. Girly.

**Adi:** Fuck you and your dog whip. Very butch. Dear.

**Ernst:** I ain't a fucking invert!

**Adi:** 'Loving comrades'? 'Fine young lads'? 'No women'? You had me confused.

**Gustl:** We should really use the word homosexual.

**Ernst:** Never.

**Gustl:** We can be proud to be homosexual. Dr Magnus Hirschfeld says –

*Adi wanders off and mumbles at the trees.*

**Adi:** (*Idiotically*) Doctor Magnus Hirschfeld Doctor Magnus Hirschfeld Doctor Magnus Hirschfeld...

**Ernst:** (*Over Adi's line*) Nelly Hirschfeld and his sex academy! Thinks he's setting people free when in fact he's putting them in prison.

**Gustl:** Prison? Au contraire. If we can get paragraph 175 repealed, that would change everything. Where Adi and I've moved to in Vienna, we can already live more or less normal lives –

**Ernst:** In a ghetto! A grubby hellhole! Why would artists want to paint on that tiny canvas? Sure, the bathhouses are fun and the whores are useful, but not 24/7.

**Gustl:** Well, I think what Hirschfeld's doing is amazing. First he proved we don't have an illness. Now we're on the way to having the same rights as other people.

**Ernst:** Being labelled? What kind of right is that? Alien, feminising sop. I can't have sex with another man unless I call myself a homosexual? I love men – long as they're not nelly – but I ain't no fucking homosexual.

*Adi laughs.*

**Gustl:** What you are, Ernst, is in denial.

**Ernst:** What I am, love, is German. Hirschfeld don't understand me, or Germany. How can he? He's a Jew. I'm talking about the love between comrades-in-arms. The bonds that built the foundation of Germany! (*Putting his arm round Gustl's shoulder*) Who's your hero, August?

**Gustl:** Michelangelo.

**Ernst:** There you go.

*Ernst puts his arm round Adi's shoulder but Adi squirms away.*

**Gustl:** He's got a thing about being touched – 'cept by me.

**Ernst:** Well? Who's your hero, young man?

**Adi:** Friedrich of course.

**Ernst:** Friedrich the Great – the manliest man of action. Fucked men, loved dogs, changed the world. He didn't need to sign up as a card-carrying queer. Michelangelo, Socrates and Alexander – all fucked men. And our job's to create a world that lives up to them. Men like you and me will make it happen. You feel it? We're the new aristocracy. Understand me? You hear what I'm saying to you?

**Adi:** I dreamed I was the Nibelungen dwarf. Alberich.

**Gustl:** Adi has dreams.

**Adi:** I lived in a cramped little crevice at the bottom of the Rhine. I was as ugly as Alberich, just like in Rheingold, and bent on making love to the Rhine maidens. But they laughed in my face and turned me away coz I was ugly and evil and short. I remember I was apoplectic with rage, till, suddenly, I saw a beautiful bright glow coming from behind them.

**Gustl:** They told you it was the Rheingold?

**Adi:** Their father had ordered the Maidens to guard the gold – but anyone who got his hands on it and rejected love could make a ring out of it, and it would allow him to rule the world if he wore it.

**Gustl:** And did you? Did you reject love and get the gold?

**Adi:** I cursed stupid, feeble-minded love, grabbed the gold and went back to my little rocky crevice.

**Ernst:** Then what?

**Adi:** I got the gold – I could make the ring.

**Gustl:** But did you, Adi? Did you make a ring from the gold?

### **Scene Two – Infernal tinkling.**

*Adi, unkempt, among newspapers, whimpering.*

*Gustl comes in. The whimpering stops.*

**Gustl:** (*Tense*) Fucking whore on the stairs. Grabs my arm – like I'm ever going to give her trade. (*Puts down shopping*). When did you get in? Where the hell were you? I was worried.

*Adi mumbles into his newspaper.*

The city's like a building site. More potholes than road on the Mariahilfer Strasse. As I was coming down Stumper, a sodding great cable landed on my head. Workman looked down and laughed at me.

**Adi:** They've outed the Prime Minister.

**Gustl:** You're not telling me where you've been?

**Adi:** Fucking bold, isn't it? So of course, according to this shit, now he's unfit to run the country.

**Gustl:** Adi.

**Adi:** Filthy Jewish scum newspaper.

**Gustl:** Read another one then.

**Adi:** They're all the same. The press is a cancer. They'll stop at nothing till they've got rid of us.

**Gustl:** What are you talking about?

**Adi:** Don't you get it? We're in danger, because of Jewish naming and pointing. Like Ernst Röhm said we would be.

**Gustl:** Oh, not Ernst Röhm again.

**Adi:** He predicted it. Anonymity protected us. Now everyone's looking at Vienna. But what do you care?

**Gustl:** You're right. I don't.

**Adi:** Oh, so what'll you do when they shut down the Green Piper and Auntie's Café? You'll have nowhere to take your boyfriends dancing and fucking.

**Gustl:** I'm going to practice.

**Adi:** Oh, not the tinkling! Not the infernal tinkling!

**Gustl:** Aren't we trying to achieve something?

**Adi:** You've no idea what I've been "achieving".

**Gustl:** Course not. How could I? You stay out I-don't-know-where till I don't know when –

*Adi imitates Gustl, mumbling underneath his speeches.*

**Adi:** 'I-don't-know-where till I don't know when'...

**Gustl:** You slouch around in bed till teatime reading sodding newspapers –

**Adi:** Listen to your trivial, bourgeois respectability. I'm interested in the real world.

**Gustl:** Which really helps pay the bills. You haven't studied for ages. You've done nothing since...

**Adi:** Say it.

**Gustl:** (*Softer*) You're going to give it another go, love. You're not going to give up. You're going to be great.

**Adi:** Leave me alone. Leave me a-fucking-lone, you fucking boring fucker.

**Gustl:** What's going on? (*Sitting by Adi*) You've always been a bit of silly old cross patch about everything –

**Adi:** (*Imitating, under*) 'Silly old cross patch'.

**Gustl:** But you used to know how to be loving too. These days –

**Adi:** You want to see? This is what I've been doing. (*Paintings*). This is what I've "achieved".

**Gustl:** Oh, they're great, Adi. That's the Opera House. Oh, and that's the –

**Adi:** You hate them.

**Gustl:** No. Why do you...? No. This one's really captured the railway station.

**Adi:** They're banal.

**Gustl:** They're wonderful.

**Adi:** Fuck you. (*Bursts into tears of frustration*). You pretend you understand my greatness. You've no idea. Like the Jews at the bollocking academy who don't understand proper German art. I'm rejected again, while Kokoschka and Schiele get exhibitions. It's meaningless. It's pornography.

**Gustl:** Well, I don't know. I think Kokoschka has something –

**Adi:** Traitor. (*Drying his tears*) Ernst Röhm understood my genius.

**Gustl:** Fucking hell, Adi. That man was a psycho.

**Adi:** At least he wasn't a nelly fruit like you.

**Gustl:** Adi, we're artists. You're a nelly fruit too.

**Adi:** You're not an artist. You're a fucking housewife. I can't do this. This is the end. (*Gathering up his art*) I have to go somewhere where I'm honestly appreciated.

**Gustl:** But I couldn't appreciate you more, Adi. I do nothing but appreciate you.

**Adi:** I'm sick of your lies. I can't breathe. (*Goes*).

**Gustl:** Where are you going?

**Adi:** To find Ernst Röhm. To join the revolution.

**Gustl:** Adi!

**Adi:** Don't grovel.

**Gustl:** You don't mean it. We'll go to the opera. It's Siegfried tonight. You'll feel different after Siegfried.

**Adi:** Look at this place. I'm part of the new elite, but you expect me to stay here and indulge your dreams of a queer suburban love nest?

**Gustl:** I don't understand. You're really going?

**Adi:** 'Bye Gustl.

**Gustl:** But, Bubi-doll, it's Siegfried tonight.

**Adi:** *I'm bloody Siegfried. I deserve better.*

**Gustl:** You're not serious? You think anyone else will put up with you?

**Adi:** Put up with me?

**Gustl:** You've no idea.

**Adi:** August, I have a responsibility to Germany.

**Gustl:** We're Austrian. Wait.

*Adi stops.*

You'll never find anyone who loves you as well I do, Adi. Never.

**Adi:** I have to go. Europe needs my watercolours.

### **Scene Three – The Soap Merchant.**

*The Meldemannstrasse Men's Hostel, Vienna.*

*An easel showing the back of a canvas. Other paintings lie around.*

*Adi, exhausted and frozen, writes a letter.*

**Adi:** I'm alone. Flying, weightless. Going blind with loathing. Nothing to connect me. I might fall, but I don't. No touch, Bubi-doll. No one to hold me...

*He can't stay awake. Half asleep, he mumbles to himself.*

In my arms... And will stay there...

*He drops off – the letter falls.*

*He's woken by an aggressive knock at the door. Panicked, he tries – silently, quickly – to hide.*

*Rudi Häusler – late teens – bursts in. Adi screams.*

**Rudi:** Ha-hah!

**Adi:** How dare you?

**Rudi:** Gotcha!

**Adi:** My nerves are fucking fried.

**Rudi:** Thought they'd come for you! Didn'tcha?! Didn'tcha?!

**Adi:** Fucking bastard. (*Shuts the door*).

*Rudi gets out a cigarette, laughing.*

I've been doing some calculations. Don't light that cigarette!

**Rudi:** I've done three of the fattest lines you've ever seen – if I don't suck on something right now I'm going to munch my face off.

*Adi unleashes his belt and starts whacking Rudi with it.*

**Adi:** Out! Out!

**Rudi:** Ok, ok, I'll open the window.

**Adi:** Rudi, I'm gonna push you out!

**Rudi:** Stop. Ow! Ow!

**Adi:** Lean out. Right out!

**Rudi:** Ow! Jesus. Brute.

**Adi:** (*Replacing his belt*) We need about a dozen more jobs between us –

**Rudi:** (*Hanging out the window*) Can't hear you.

**Adi:** I said I reckon we need another twelve tricks.

**Rudi:** The trick was fabulous, darling.

**Adi:** And then, if we can escape conscription that long, we're out of here.

**Rudi:** Gorgeous black BMW. Massive villa in Alsergrund stuffed full of Titians.

**Adi:** What, real Titians?

**Rudi:** (*Throws his cigarette away, closes the window*) He's got a platoon of servants, so, yeah, I suspect the Titians were real. He ravaged my arse on a purple divan and I fiddled with the tassels of a cushion while armies of puce courtesans galumphed above us. Not camp at all, dear.

**Adi:** Only twelve more.

**Rudi:** If we don't go to the opera presumably.

**Adi:** I included the opera, but strictly rationed to every other day.

**Rudi:** And food?

**Adi:** A luxury – we just can't afford it.

**Rudi:** And we won't really have to pay back the Jew down the hall.

**Adi:** I agree.

**Rudi:** (*Re the canvas*). You've not done anything all morning! You've gotta sell these.

**Adi:** It's too cold to hold a brush, and they're not worth the effort. Two days each to paint, and a whole night hauling myself round the beer gardens hoping someone will take pity on me –

*Rudi has found the letter Adi was writing.*

Wait. Give that –

**Rudi:** 'I remember you in my arms...'. Ooh.

**Adi:** (*Whips off his belt again*) Rudi, I'm warning you –

**Rudi:** 'They were, and will remain, the happiest days of my –'

**Adi:** Fuck's sake, give it to me –

**Rudi:** (*Still*) 'Please write back, Bubi-doll. I'm frightened my letters don't reach you'. You never call me Bubi-doll.

*Rudi goes to hold Adi, but Adi pulls away.*

**Adi:** I'm dying. My art's nowhere. I need an injection. The fresh clean air of Schwabing.

**Rudi:** We won't let them make you march up and down and shoot things. Even if I have to hawk my bottom all day and all night. We're gonna make it out of here. Adi. I don't mind if you write to what's-his-name.

*Adi turns away.*

Wasn't last night awesome? I can't get it out of my head, can you?

**Adi:** Amazing.

**Rudi:** Like the best sex ever. And the muscles...! What a guy.

**Adi:** A God! A German superman.

**Rudi:** The soprano wasn't bad either. Oh, Siegfried.

**Adi:** The fearless leader. (*Singing Wagner*) 'Notung! Notung! My trusty sword!'

*A knock at the door.*

Fuck!

**Rudi:** Shit! Hide.

**Paulus:** (*From outside*) It's me. Herr Paulus.

**Rudi:** The merchant. Thank Christ. (*Sotto*) Tyres? Cooking oil?

**Adi:** Soap.

**Rudi:** Come in, Herr Paulus. How's the world of soap?

**Paulus:** Good evening, Adolf. Herr Häusler. So glad I caught you in.

**Adi:** Make the most of it. We're only gonna be here another few days.

**Paulus:** Oh, my. Where are you off to?

**Adi:** Germany. Munich. Schwabing.

**Adi:** You reckon there's nothing in it for you to stay and fight for the Emperor?

**Adi:** I've nothing but contempt for the fucking Emperor.

**Paulus:** So intemperate. Such an artist. I've come to deliver a modest gift. For handsome Adolf. Salzburger Nockerl.

**Adi:** (*Nearly fainting*) Salzburger Nockerl.

*Adi has a good look at it.*

**Paulus:** Herr Häusler won't mind giving us a little privacy –

**Rudi:** If you eat that without me, Adi, I'll bite your balls off and squirt them in the Danube.

*Adi, tempted, puts the cake down.*

**Paulus:** To view the work in quiet contemplation.

**Rudi:** When you've finished, you'll find me round the back chewing on a dragoon or something.

*Goes out.*

**Paulus:** Germany, then?

**Adi:** They say Schwabing's a genuinely bohemian district. It'll be good for my artistic development. And it's less infested with Jews and Slavs than Vienna.

**Paulus:** Well, I shall miss you.

**Adi:** Fucking Jewish bureaucrats denying me a way into their precious academy –

**Paulus:** Oh no, not *again!*

**Adi:** They're the oppressors of all true Germans in Austria.

**Paulus:** Dear boy, what happened this time?

**Adi:** I won't talk about it. They wouldn't even let me into the drawing exam.

**Paulus:** Philistines.

**Adi:** I'm going to be a great artist.

**Paulus:** You are. And the new one...? I'm breathless. (*Inspecting it*) Yes, yes, it's remarkable.

**Adi:** It's not finished.

**Paulus:** So accurate. So painstaking.

**Adi:** If you're not convinced, a large amount of interest has been expressed –

**Paulus:** No, no. Are there perhaps others I've not seen already?

**Adi:** Fuck you. No one understands me. Fuck this city. Makes me gag, makes me wretch.

**Paulus:** You find that easy?

**Adi:** What?

**Paulus:** Never mind. And yet artists gather – the bars, the bathhouses – isn't that the lovely thing about Vienna? A melting pot. Something for everyone.

**Adi:** It's repulsive. Fucking Habsburgs forcing us to live cheek by jowl with the lesser races. Parliament's the Tower of fucking Babel. I sat in the public gallery yesterday.

**Paulus:** You did?

**Adi:** Everyone jabbering away in his own language. Serbo-Croat, Macedonian, Albanian, fucking Moldovan. No one understands anyone else. Nothing's decided, or it's weak and half-hearted. Democracy's days are numbered. What people need is a strong leader.

**Paulus:** Got anyone in mind?

**Adi:** Oh, yeah.

**Paulus:** Who?

**Adi:** A man I met, in fact. A while ago. Ernst Röhm. He'd show them a thing or two.

**Paulus:** Röhm? Never heard of him.

**Adi:** Fit the role perfectly. A commander, not a debater. That's the only way to get anything done.

**Paulus:** What about you?

**Adi:** Me?

**Paulus:** These days you sound more and more like a politician yourself.

*Adi laughs grimly.*

Why don't you have a go?

**Adi:** I'm an artist, aren't I? It's through my art I'm gonna change the world. When people understand it. Seen enough, have you?

**Paulus:** Indeed.

**Adi:** Do it then, shall we?

**Paulus:** Quite right. (*Taking his jacket off*) No need for conversational arabesques.

**Adi:** (*Taking his belt off again*) The usual?

**Paulus:** Ah, no, my flesh is in ribbons from last time. I wondered if we could try something different.

**Adi:** Depends. I won't touch you.

**Paulus:** No. I know you're highly specialised. One is used to boys refusing to kiss, but not even to touch – it takes a man of supreme restraint.

**Adi:** It's not that. It's just I find you repulsive.

**Paulus:** (*Ripping his shirt off*) Do you, Siegfried? Do you, you magnificent young goy?

**Adi:** Yeah, I do, Jew. You make me want to puke.

**Paulus:** Would you?

**Adi:** What?

**Paulus:** Puke.

**Adi:** What?

**Paulus:** On me.

**Adi:** Puke? You mean actually –?

**Paulus:** Yes, actually –

**Adi:** I... I don't know whether... (*Puts his fingers down his throat*) I haven't eaten anything today.

**Paulus:** Eat the cake and puke it up on me.

**Adi:** I'm sharing it with Rudi.

**Paulus:** Well eat half of it.

**Adi:** I don't think I can puke on you.

**Paulus:** Scared?

**Adi:** No, not scared. It's just...

**Paulus:** Well, shit on me.

**Adi:** You...what?

**Paulus:** Please, Siegfried.

**Adi:** But I don't have anything to shit.

**Paulus:** Can't you squeeze a little dribble out for me? Please! I'll pay you extra. Please, please sir.

**Adi:** I –

**Paulus:** Please, Siegfried, show me how masterful you are. Show me your supremacy. Insult me.

**Adi:** Cunt!

**Paulus:** Yes! Racially abuse me!

**Adi:** Fucking yid. Fucking Isidor.

**Paulus:** Yes, yes. Let me lick your filthy, filthy feet.

**Adi:** Leave my fucking feet alone, you scum, you pig, you sewer slime – pig shit cunt!

**Paulus:** Oh, yes, yes! Now shit on me. I'll lie here. Please.

**Adi:** Where?

**Paulus:** On my face. Please.

**Adi:** Ok, I'll try.

**Paulus:** Oh, thank you, thank you. Here's fifty, and there's another fifty if you give me a nice big log, a nice thick juicy load.

**Adi:** You mad? I got more to eat in the doss house. The warming rooms gave us soup.

**Paulus:** No, sorry. Do what you can.

**Adi:** Lie down then, Jew cunt, and shut up.

**Paulus:** Yes, sir. That's right, sir.

*They wait.*

**Adi:** It might take a while.

**Paulus:** Yes, sir. That's alright, sir.

**Adi:** Shut up – let me concentrate.

*Adi, balanced over Paulus, grabs a newspaper, reads.*

**Paulus:** Use me, sir. I am your toilet.

**Adi:** Yeah. Use you. Fucking toilet Jew. Use you.

*Pause.*

**Paulus:** Is there, by any chance, anything there, do you think?

**Adi:** (*Lost in thought*) Eyes full of lies and greed...First thing I'd do is get rid of the lot of them...Blow it all up...Only solution...Hatred...

**Paulus:** Uhmmm...?

*Paulus coughs.*

**Adi:** Oh. You still there, Jew? You know, this is more fun than a Salzburger Nockerl. (*Forcing it*) Look out – here it comes.

*Adi pushes, grunting.*

#### **Scene Four – Broken bricks and boys.**

*On a little stage in a Munich beer cellar, Adolf is coming to the climactic end of an address to the 'Iron Fist Group' – a chaotic bunch of brown-shirted thugs, whose raucous reactions to Adolf's speech turn it into dialogue.*

*Röhm, unnoticed by Adolf, sits at the back observing.*

**Adolf:** In *The Twilight of the Gods*, fearless Siegfried is defeated because he's stabbed in the back by his enemies at home. And that's what happened to us, comrades! After four-and-a-half years of unprecedented triumphs – at the very moment when victory lay within our grasp – we were the victims of the crime of the century – stabbed in the back by Jews and Bolshevik revolutionaries in Berlin! Now it's time for the true German spirit to re-emerge.

**Thank you for reading the first pages of Bubi Doll by Tim Luscombe  
Please email me if you'd like to read the entire script and for rights and  
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