

Idea for a play by Phillip W. Weiss

Tentative title - The life of Adolf Hitler as told through his teeth.

Using Hitler's dental records, Hitler's life is examined. Starting with tooth 1 and ending with tooth 32, we examine what was going on in Hitler's life on the day he received treatment for a particular tooth. We will listen to Hitler speaking with his dentist, Dr. Zahn hacker, and also with others inside Hitler's intimate circle. Hitler will also talk candidly about his associated medical problems – his halitosis, grumbling stomach, and flatulence. He knows that the smells and sounds emanating from his bodily orifices are annoying and desperately wants to do something about it. His number 2 man, Herr Putzkopf, has repeatedly warned him that if these problems persist, he could alienate the entire world, including the British for whom bodily odors are particularly offensive. Hitler will seek the advice of his closest friend, Il Douche, and even considers reaching out to the Man of Mush in Moscow (who is having his own problems with a teenage daughter, known affectionately as the little schvitzer or the little shiksa, who only wants to have sex with men of the Mosaic order). (That Comrade Mush is a Bolshevik is irrelevant; there are more important issues than politics, besides they both have moustaches.) He considers contacting the chief Rabbi of Germany; maybe the Jews have the answer to his problems. (Once again, hygiene takes precedent over ideology. Should Hitler become Kosher?) There will be a scene where his secretary, Fraulein Geschlechterwerker, who can't read or think very clearly but has an engaging smile and a wonderful figure, suggests that he send a cable to Hirohito or Chiang Kai-shek inquiring as to the best course of action to take to resolve his annoying hygienic problems, or maybe contact the cigar-smoking, wine guzzling gentleman on Downing Street who knows all about living a clean wholesome life. Hitler reaches out to them all. What are the results? Nothing. No one can help him. Not even the chief rabbi, who tells him to go choke on lobster tail (He could not understand why the rabbi would give him such awful advice.) or the gentleman on Downing Street, who tells him to take a v2 rocket and shoot it up his kazoo (again causing him confusion as to the source of such hostility) or Comrade Mush who recommends undergoing a sacred religious procedure, called a bris, performed on Jewish males when they are eight days old; Mush assures him that it won't hurt at all. (Now THAT sounded like good advice, but then he is told by Reichoberuntersuperdupergruppensturmbahnfuhrer Scheisspisher, known affectionately as Herr Spritscher, that such a procedure will land him in a concentration camp, so that idea is out). Angry and desperate, his teeth aching, his bowels acting out, his breath stinking, and his butt on fire, Hitler takes out his frustrations on the world, all because nobody really loves him.