George Tabori

Revolution, but the goddamn Russians beat you to it. How lovingly you hoped to elope with Sarah Bernhardt, but no, she grew a wooden leg. What would you not have given—your right arm!—to win the Dreyfus case, but the captain told you, “Go away, it's already won.” O Lord, you great and merciful God, keeping the covenant and mercy to them that keep your commands, which I don't, for even while I am consumed by prayer, I imagine the child Gretchen Marie Globuschek touching me where I am not exactly untouchable. My wicked fingers itch and uncurl at the vision of her sweet globes. I sit by the stove like by the waters of Babylon, waiting for the Messiah, all right, but I am not sure I want to be around when he comes. O Lord, frankly I would rather the Globuschek came, though I know I shall be punished for my transgression. Besides, what really bothers me, O Lord, here I sit and wait, instead of going to the synagogue or at least worrying, say, about the poor Hindus dropping dead like flies from starvation, while I am hoarding gumdrops as bait. Instead of worrying, I sit here and worry about the Globuschek and how it will be when she slips out of her slip, her marble body blushing with freckles, and parts her knees, a revelation of the night. Shlomo, you are not only wicked, you are—and this is worse—unserious. You don't read the papers, the news is terrible, have you forgotten the Lord's commandment, Weep in the night, but weep for others, not yourself. And what Anton Pavlovich Chekhov said: “Only the serious can be truly beautiful.” Fuck Anton Pavlovich Chekhov. Let my beloved come into my garden and eat my pleasant fruits.

GRETCHEN: Good morning, dear Shlomo!
HERZL: Good morning, Gretchen!
GRETCHEN: Got any gumdrops?
HERZL: Yes.
GRETCHEN: How are you, Shlomo?
HERZL: Cold.
GRETCHEN: Let me warm you.
HERZL: On holy Shabbes?
GRETCHEN: You don't have to do anything, just sit there. And I'll cut your toenails, too.
HERZL: O, my Lord, hear me. What next?
GRETCHEN: What's the matter with you, Shlomo? Today is Saturday, and on Saturdays, when you are alone, I always come to you and rub you all over to thaw out your frightened heart and whatever else. Don't be afraid, Shlomo. I will stay with you the whole day and protect you from horses, the police, and God. And today, surprise, surprise! you may even fondle my hymen.

Mein Kampf

HERZL: My dear adorable Miss Globuschek: but for my chalk-infested joints, I would go down on my knees and charge ye that ye stir not up, nor awake my love. What, may I ask, do you see in me? I am old, poor, ugly, and no Chinese. Besides, Vienna is lousy with dashing guardsmen, lecherous schoolboys, heroic tenors, master waltzers, profound thinkers, champion melancholics, most of them blond and with enormous Viennese willies. If you want to act out the Beauty and Beast legend, why don't you pick on someone beastly, instead of putting me in the mortal danger of being punished by the Morality Police as a dirty old lecher? A river of fire divides us in age and belief and appetite. I am too weak to mount your balcony, and even if I did once or twice a month, wheezing in panic, what would you get out of it but a feeble fondle, and I'd be faint from fear that the entire police force would break down the door and boil me in oil. So let it be, get out of my frozen life, Miss Globuschek, the joints of thy thighs are most probably like jewels, thy navel is like a round goblet, which wanteth no liquor, thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, end quote. Solomon, with all his flair for ill-disguised pornography, knew what he was singing about. But my darling child, here is a pound of gumdrops for a farewell present.

GRETCHEN: I'm staying!
HERZL: Explain yourself.
GRETCHEN: My parents, he a guardsman, she a born Baroness Bornemissa, committed suicide one summer evening by drowning another in a bubble bath, which my father excused in a scented farewell note: "My dearest Gretchen, your mother and I are young, rich, beautiful, in the pink of health, very much in love, and devoted to you, our only beloved daughter. What shall we do? Forgive us, if you can, we shall see you in heaven or in the other place." I brought you a present. Mitzi, the hen. Housebroken. She'll keep you warm in all the Viennese winters.
HERZL: Thanks a lot.
GRETCHEN: How ugly you are, Shlomo. Especially today. I could cuddle you all over.
HERZL [Praying]: Out of the depths, my voice cries out for help. Is cuddling permissible? [As God] "Cuddling is permissible."
GRETCHEN [Cuddles him]: What is ugliness, Shlomo? Animals are beautiful, especially hens. The face of a hen makes sense. But people's faces, do they make sense? I could nibble at those hideous little hairs in your nose. But that nose, that incredible nose, Shlomo, does it make sense? It is as mysterious as the North Pole. When I look at a human face, it makes no sense to me: an irregular ball, bush on top, two holes for eyes, two for the
George Tobon

Melvin Karp

With each blow there grows a plot of blood on the brick of the broken glass. The sound of footsteps and the thud of the horse's hooves echo in the courtyard of the police station. The officer's uniform is crisp, the badge gleams in the light filtering through the stained glass windows. The officer stands at the door, his expression serious. The words he speaks are weighty and filled with authority.

"You'll do as I say. Or, you'll face the consequences."

The word "consequences" lingers in the air, heavy with threat. The officer's grip on his gun is firm, his eyes never wavering. He knows the power of his authority and the fear it instills. The room falls silent, the only sound the rustle of papers and the creak of the door as it closes behind the officer.}

Seated at the desk, the detective's fingers dance over the keyboard, fingers tapping out the details of the case. His eyes scan the report, the information absorption almost like a physical process. Each word, each detail, is catalogued in his mind. The case unfolds before him, like a puzzle waiting to be solved.

"I will not tolerate any more of this."

The voice is stern, unwavering. The detective's gaze is fixed on the file, his expression unreadable. The light from the window casts long shadows across the room, emphasizing the seriousness of the moment. The detective's desk is a testament to the detective's dedication, filled with papers, notes, and evidence. The clock on the wall ticks away, a silent reminder of the passing time.

"I will find the truth."

The words are spoken with conviction, the detective's determination evident in every line of his body. The room is filled with the quiet intensity of the hunt, the anticipation of the solve. The detective's hands are steady, his mind clear. The case is his, and he will not rest until justice is served.

"But for now, the investigation continues."

The detective's voice is calm, measured. The words are spoken with a quiet certainty, a promise of what lies ahead. The room is still, the only sound the hum of the clock, the paper shuffling, the detective's quiet words. The case, for now, remains unsolved, but the detective is undeterred. He knows the truth is out there, waiting to be found.}

"I will not rest until the truth is known."

The words echo in the room, a declaration of the detective's resolve. The room is quiet, the detective's determination evident in every line of his body. The case, for now, remains unsolved, but the detective is undeterred. He knows the truth is out there, waiting to be found.

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