George Tabori

Hitler: Shlomo, I see only one sentence here. The last one: “And they lived happily ever after.”
Herzl: I told you, didn’t I? It isn’t quite finished yet.
Hitler: Where is the rest?
Herzl: Inside my head.
Himmlisch: Oh, well, in that case, let us turn that inside out.
Herzl: Now just a minute! Surely you don’t expect me to tell you all that may be floating around in my head?
Hitler: That, exactly, is what we expect you to do.
Herzl: Now?
Himmlisch: Now.
Herzl: All of it?
Himmlisch: All of it.
Herzl: It may take, like, forever.
Hitler: We have time.

[Silence]

Hitler: This pause is too long, Heinrich!

[Himmlisch moves swiftly, the others move with him, they corner Mitzi in a corner, feathers fly, a last cackle, and Himmlisch emerges, the plucked bird, a strangled corpse, dangling from his hands. Gretchen, who has tried to prevent Mitzi’s death, is being dragged away by the Tyrolean freaks. Hitler empties a pot of brown paint over her head. Himmlisch piles Mitzi into a frying pan on the stove, produces salt, pepper, butter and breadcrumbs. Soon, Mitzi begins to sizzle.]

Himmlisch: I’m serving tonight chicken cutlets, a Mitzi Schnitzel, in a delicious blood sauce. To prepare the breast, turn the chicken on its back, cut the joints in two, grab the wing and, with half of the breast, tear it off. Do the same on the other side, strip the meat, chop off the lower wing, pound it, fry it, chopped with bacon and marjoram. What’s the final solution for a chicken? Stab it, seize it by both wings, bend its head, and cut so deep that blood flows. Blood, much blood, it should be a flood! Pluck and sing! Remove throat through the incision at the neck, loosen the entrails by placing a finger inside, wobble it left to right, turn the chicken around, cut tail upward, cut out heart, liver, gall bladder, gizzard through a hole. Take care not to break the gall. If the gall should break, it is a mistake! Sever the gall from the liver, cut out all the green stuff, cut the gizzard open, turn inside out, strip off the inside skin. Chop off the feet at the knee! Gouge out the eyes. Tear off the beak. Then prepare the carcass. Give it a firmness and fine appearance. Turn it on its back. Push the legs down. With a long needle threaded with thin white twine, pierce the point at the right side, pushing needle through the body in such a way that it will pop out at the left joint. Then shove the left wing through to the right wing, up to the tail. How do you collect blood without thickening? Hold up the carcass by its feet so that the blood runs out through the wound, collect the blood in a dish, stir in vinegar, so it won’t thicken. Then fry our chicken! With bacon, onions, anchovies, juniper berries, pepper, thyme, thyme! Mix the blood with red wine, pour it over the chicken, and serve with a pancake. I only obey orders. When chicks are young, pour pitch and scald. Old birds should be hung up till they cry “mercy”!
Herzl: If you start burning birds, you’ll end up burning people.
Hitler: Need more persuasion?
Herzl: No.
Hitler: Then start.
Herzl: Ah well, the purpose of poetry may after all be the entertainment of the wicked, provided you keep them awake. The most helpful thing would be to tell you to kiss my ass and let you proceed by crucifying me. But the idea of a wicked tongue upon my flesh is quite unpleasant. As for the crucifixion, martyrdom might be attractive, of course. Who would not want the world to shed a tear or two? [To Gretchen] If the ending cannot be happy, let it at least be laughable. I begin. [Hitler nods, hugely pleased, slapping his thighs] In the beginning was not the word, but the flight.


Frau Death: Finita la commedia.—Follow me inconspicuously.
Hitler [To his followers]: Follow me inconspicuously.
Tyrolean freaks and Himmlisch: No, thanks. [They vanish into the air. The Gendarmes grab Hitler.]
Hitler: May I get my toothbrush?
Frau Death: Yes, of course. There are plenty of teeth, hair, and gold fillings in the place we’re going.

[The Gendarmes escort Hitler into the toilet. He stops at the door.]