

CB Side Moritz (with Melchior)

MORITZ

Sorry I'm so late. I yanked on a jacket, ran a brush through my hair, and dashed like some phantom to get here.

MELCHIOR

You slept through the day...?

MORITZ

(*"Yes"*)

I'm exhausted, Melchi. I was up till three in the morning—reading that essay you gave me, till I couldn't see straight.

MELCHIOR

Sit. Let me roll you a smoke.

(*MELCHIOR rolls MORITZ a cigarette*)

MORITZ

Look at me—I'm trembling. Last night I prayed like a Christ in Gethsemane. "Please, God, give me Consumption and take these sticky dreams away from me."

MELCHIOR

With any luck, he'll ignore *that* prayer.

MORITZ

Melchi, I can't focus—on *anything*. Even now, it seems like... Well, I see, and hear, and feel, quite clearly. And yet, everything seems so strange...

MELCHIOR

But all those illustrations I gave you—didn't they help illuminate your dreams?

MORITZ

They only multiplied everything ten times! Instead of merely seeing Stockings, now I'm plagued by Labia Majora and—

(*FRAU GABOR enters with tea*)

FRAU GABOR

Well, here we are, with tea. Herr Stifel, how are you?

MORITZ

Very well, thank you, Frau Gabor.

FRAU GABOR

(*Skeptical*)

Yes?

MELCHIOR

(Busting him)

Just think, Mama. Moritz was up, reading all through the night.

MORITZ

Uh, conjugated Greek.

FRAU GABOR

You must take care of yourself, Moritz. Surely, your health is more important than Ancient Greek.