

ANNA:

*I may be neglectin' the things I should do.
We've all got our junk, and my junk is you.*

BOYS AND GIRLS:

*See, we still keep talkin'—after you're gone.
You're still with me then—feels so good in my arms.
They say you go blind—maybe it's true.
But we've all got our junk, and my junk is you . . .*

(As the song reaches a climax, so does Hanschen.)

*It's like, we stop time. What can I do—
We've all got our junk, and my junk is you.*

*And my junk is you—
You—you—you.*

SCENE 4

Evening. Melchior's study. A lamp burning on the table. Melchior sits alone, writing in his journal.

MELCHIOR (*Reading aloud as he writes*): 16 October. The question is: Shame. What is its origin? And why are we hounded by its miserable shadow?

Does the mare feel Shame as she couples with a stallion? Are they deaf to everything their loins are telling them, until we grant them a marriage certificate? I think not.

To my mind, Shame is nothing but a product of Education. Meanwhile, old Father Kaulbach still blindly insists, in every single sermon, that it's deeply rooted in our sinful Human Nature. Which is why I now refuse to go to Church—

FRAU GABOR (*From off*): Melchior?

MELCHIOR: Yes, Mama?

FRAU GABOR (*From off*): Moritz Stiefel to see you.

(Melchior sits up. Moritz enters, looking pale and agitated.)

MELCHIOR: Moritz? . . .

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 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 Stiefel, 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, conjugating Greek.

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