

Law-V-Bow-Em

By Dan Stroeh

Henry: mid-twenties, a writer (sort of), obsessed with books, rarely leaves his chair in which he “reads” continuously, sleeps there as well, very active imagination

Comic

Henry, Trent, and H are roommates living in New York's East Village, trying to live the life of the Bohemian even though they have no talent whatsoever. Here Henry responds to H's question, "Have you seen Himmel Uber Berlin?"

HENRY: No, H, I have not seen *Himmel Uber Berlin*. You know I do not watch your mind-numbing movies. You know that as a man of literary integrity I refuse to subject myself to the intellectual genocide that this nation's entertainment industry is systematically conducting throughout the world. You know how I feel about the very presence of that idiot box and its friends in this apartment, and if it weren't for the fact that you were here before me and you pay most of the rent, I would INSIST, on a moral and intellectual basis, that they be removed from the vicinity and cast into a fiery furnace much like Shadrach, Meshack, and Abednego. You are very well aware of my deep concern that their proximity to my books may be influencing me negatively and that they could, in fact, be poisoning my thought process, perhaps irreversibly, simply by being so close to my books and my brain. Osmosis! Osmosis is a very real and frightening thing and I worry about it, H, I really do.

(He breathes.)

So, no. No, I have not seen *Himmel Uber Berlin*.