

Middle of pg 47, Eisenring's "Morning, Mr Biedermann" till "funnily enough, nobody believes it."

Eisenring Morning Mr. Biedermann.

Biedermann May I?

Eisenring How did you sleep?

Biedermann Badly, thank you.

Eisenring Me too. It's the weather. Wind's from the South.

Biedermann I don't mean to disturb you.

Eisenring But please, Mr. Biedermann, you're in your own home.

Biedermann I don't want to impose.

We hear the cooing of pigeons

Where's our friend?

Eisenring Who, Joe? Off working. The lazy sod didn't want to go without breakfast. I sent him to get lighters.

Biedermann Lighters?!

Eisenring Lighters. Just to be on the safe side.

Biedermann *Laughs politely, as if at a rather feeble joke*

Safe . . .ha, ha, ha, very good, yes . . . No, what I meant to say was, what I meant to say –

Eisenring You want to throw us out again?

Biedermann No, what happened was, in the middle of the night – I'd run out of sleeping pills, you see – I realized in the middle of the night that you've got no toilet up here.

Eisenring That's all right. We do it through the skylight.

Biedermann Whatever suits you. Yes, fine by me. I just couldn't stop worrying about it, all night long. Maybe you'd like to wash, or take a shower? Please feel free to use my bathroom. I've told Anna to put towels in there for you.

He looks at Eisenring

Why are you shaking your head?

Eisenring Where did he put it?

Biedermann What?

Eisenring Have you seen a detonator anywhere?

He looks here and there

Biedermann A detonator?!

Eisenring Don't you worry about the bathroom, Mr. Biedermann, really don't worry. There wasn't a bathroom in prison either.

Biedermann Prison?

Eisenring I just got out. Didn't Joe tell you?

Biedermann No.

Eisenring Didn't even mention it?

Biedermann No.

Eisenring Terrible. All that man ever talks about is himself. There are people like that, you know. But in the end, what can you do with someone who's had such a tragic youth? Did you have a tragic youth, Mr. Biedermann? Not that I did! I could have studied, you know: My father wanted me to go into the law.

Biedermann *Lights another cigar*

Mr. Eisenring, I didn't sleep all night, to be absolutely honest. Is it really petrol in those drums?

Eisenring Don't you trust us?

Biedermann I'm only asking.

Eisenring What kind of people do you think we are? To be absolutely honest.

Biedermann I don't want you to feel I've got no sense of humour, but I must say, your jokes can be, well, a little bit . . . unusual.

Eisenring It's something we're working on.

Biedermann What is?

Eisenring Our jokes. You see, comedy is the third-best tactic. The second-best tactic is sentimentality. You know, the stuff that Joe comes out with: miner's family, childhood poverty,

orphanage, all that bollocks. But in my experience, the best, the most reliable tactic is still the naked truth. Because, funnily enough, nobody believes it.