

*A compartment of a European rail-way train. It appears too be in motion. Cliff Bradshaw is alone in the compartment - asleep. He is in his late twenties, pleasant looking, intelligent, reserved. His suitcase and portable typewriter are on the rack above his head.*

*Ernst Ludwig enters. He is German, about thirty, friendly and liable. He carries a suitcase, a brown leather briefcase and a magazine. He seems rather nervous.*

ERNST

Occupied?

*(Pause)*

It is permitted?

CLIFF

Please

*(Ernst places his suitcase on the rack over the seat opposite Cliff. He puts his briefcase on the floor beside him as he sits down)*

ERNST

English?

CLIFF

American

ERNST

German. Berlin. Ernst Ludwig *(they shake hands)*

CLIFF

Clifford Bradshaw. Pennsylvania. Are we slowing down for the German border?

ERNST

Ja

CLIFF

You've taken this trip before?

ERNST

Many many times *(Ernst shows signs of increasing nervousness)*. You are a tourist?

CLIFF

No! Not exactly. I'm a writer and I give English lessons.

*(The train stops. Ernst gets up nervously and surveys the corridor)*

CLIFF

Would you care for a cigarette?

Herr Ludwig?

ERNST

Ja?

CLIFF

A cigarette?

ERNST

No. Thank you.

*(Ernst suddenly sits down and pretends to be absorbed in a magazine)*