

## CB Side Hanschen and Ernst

**HANSCHEN**

Those bells...So peaceful.

**ERNST**

I know. Sometimes, when it's quiet, in the evening like this, I imagine myself as a country pastor. With my red-cheeked wife, my library, my degrees...Boys and girls, who live nearby, give me their hands when I go walking...

**HANSCHEN**

You can't be serious.

*(A beat)*

Really, Ernst, you're such a sentimentalist! The pious, serene faces you see on the clergy, it's all an act—to hide their envy.

*(HANSCHEN deftly scoots closer to ERNST)*

Trust me, there are only three ways a man can go. He can let the status quo defeat him—like Moritz. He can rock the boat—like Melchior—and be expelled. Or he can bide his time, and let the System work for *him*—like me.

*(HANSCHEN scoots even closer to ERNST)*

Think of the future as a pail of whole milk. One many sweats and stirs—churning it into butter—like Otto, for example. Another man frets, and spills his milk, and cries all night. Like Georg. But, me, well, I'm like a pussycat, I just skim off the cream...

**ERNST**

Just skim off the cream?...

**HANSCHEN**

Right.