

C A B A R E T

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A Screenplay

by

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(First Draft)

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CABARET

THE TITLES IN WHITE AGAINST BLACK SCREEN. GERMAN  
GOTHIC LETTERING. ALL SILENT.

About half-way through the credits, fade-in sounds  
of people talking mingled with sound of cutlery and  
dishes. These will eventually become the background  
sounds of the Cabaret. No music.

During the final credit a drum roll is heard demanding  
attention. It ends with a loud cymbal crash. The  
sounds abruptly stop - Silence - Black screen. In  
the black we hear the opening "vamp". (An old-hat  
musical introduction to a vocal entrance, short for,  
"vamp until ready".)  
At end of vamp

CUT TO:

FULL HEAD CLOSE-UP MASTER OF CEREMONIES SINGING  
DIRECTLY INTO CAMERA.

Bizarre make-up. Very white, heavily rouged, lipstick  
makes exaggerated bow of his mouth, patent leather  
hair. Total effect: depravity.

M.C.

(singing)

Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome  
Fremde, etranger, stranger ...

PULL BACK to reveal he is a little man dressed in  
period tails, he carries a stick and is singing to  
an audience. Hanging above and behind him is a large  
mirror approximately the size of a small movie screen.  
It is tilted slightly downward and distorts the  
reflection of the back of the M.C., as well as the  
faces of his audience.

M.C.

(continues singing)

Glücklich zu sehen  
Je suis enchante  
Happy to see you  
Bleibe, reste stay  
Willkommen bienvenue welcome  
Im Cabaret au Cabaret to Cabaret!

(speaks with heavy  
German accent)

Meine Damen und Herren ... Mesdames  
et Messieurs ... Ladies and Gentle-  
men!

M.C.

(continuing his spiel)

Guten abend ... bon soir ...  
good evening! Wie geht's?  
Comment ca va? Do you feel  
good? Ich bin euer confrencier  
... je suis votre compere ...  
I am your host!

(he sings again)

Und sage ...  
Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome  
Im Cabaret, au Cabaret, to Cabaret!

As the M.C. addresses his audience, we see that every table has a telephone which connects to the other tables. Each table prominently numbered so that the customers can call one another, tease, flirt, make assignations. The club, with all its tawdry and perverse ambiance is patronized, however, by quite respectable middle-aged bourgeois. At the bar and at one or two of the tables, we see more questionable patrons ... two young women dressed in men's clothes. Caught in the moment of moving from the lesbians' table to more conventional company is ELKE, a very beautiful, but heavily made-up girl in a long lavender chiffon gown. She greets several customers. It is obvious that ELKE is a KIT KAT KLUB employee. We see her pass a SALVATION ARMY GIPL who is going from table to table, soliciting money. ELKE sniffs disdainfully.

M.C. (cont'd)

Leave your troubles outside! So  
... life is disappointing? For-  
get it! In here life is beautiful  
... the girls are beautiful ...  
even the orchestra is beautiful!

He crosses to the wings and helps pull on a rolling platform upon which a sleazy ALL-GIRL 5-piece jazz combo is playing a chorus of WILLKOMMEN.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

Willkommen music under...lose it under train noise.

Peering through a window as the train slows, coming into the station, is BRIAN ROBERTS. He is about twenty-four or five. He is excited. He reads the station sign:

"BERLEN, HAUPTBAHNHOF"

INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAY

BRIAN gathering up his coat and suitcase. With him in the compartment is another passenger, a small rather prim man of about sixty. As the train pulls in, the man carefully folds his newspaper. But not before we have had time to see the date, "March, 1931" on it. The man stands up preparing to quit the train.

He has trouble reaching overhead to bring down a package. Quickly BRIAN, trying to help, reaches up and gets the package for the MAN, but as he does so, the train gives a final lurch and BRIAN knocks against the man. When they straighten up, BRIAN sees that he has knocked the man's toupee badly awry. BRIAN speaks fluent German.

BRIAN

Oh, entschuldigen Sie bitte.  
I'm so sorry.  
Erlauben Sie, mein Herr.  
(hands the man  
the package)

LUDWIG

(totally unaware  
of the condition  
of his hairline)  
Das macht nicht. Vielen Danke.

BRIAN

(cannot let the  
little man leave  
the compartment  
in this condition)  
I say ...  
(he points slightly)

LUDWIG

Ja?  
(reaches up, suddenly  
understand, laughs  
merrily)  
Ha!  
(attempts to straighten  
it ... BRIAN shakes  
his head)  
Nicht?

BRIAN solemnly puts the part in the middle where it seems intended to be.

BRIAN

There. Jetzt ist es in Ordnung.

The man nods, and they leave the compartment together.

CUT TO:

INT. STATION PLATFORM - DAY

BRIAN and LUDWIG walking on platform.

LUDWIG

(smiles benignly  
as he hands his  
card to BRIAN)

The finest rooms in Berlin.  
I live there myself.

BRIAN

But I can't afford the finest  
rooms in Berlin.

LUDWIG

Say only Ernst Ludwig sends you.  
I cannot accompany you as I am  
passing today through Berlin  
to Stettin.

(holds out his  
hand; BRIAN smiles  
and shakes LUDWIG's  
hand)

And dear young gentleman, Welcome  
to Berlin! Willkommen!

CUT TO:

INT. KIT KAT KLUB - NIGHT

M.C.

(singing)

Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome  
Im Cabaret, au Cabaret, to Cabaret!

As the number continues, we again see the SALVATION  
ARMY GIRL. She is leaving the club.

CUT TO:

EXT. KIT KAT KLUB - NIGHT (Music Under)

THE SALVATION ARMY GIRL, coming out of the Klub  
entrance, as a boy of nineteen, wearing a Nazi brown-  
shirt uniform (Sam Brown belt, armband with swastika)  
enters. He, too, is soliciting funds. He carries a  
tin can with a slot in it for coins.

As they pass each other, he raises his eyebrows inquiringly. The SALVATION ARMY GIRL smiles gently, shrugs ... "so-so" ... the shrug implies. The YOUNG NAZI takes heart and enters the club. Instantly he is ushered out by the irate manager, MAX.

MAX

Enough's enough! First the Christers, then you crumbs. If there's anything left in their pockets, I want it! Understand?

The boy makes a bluffing gesture to strike back, but the manager gives him a kick and the boy hurries off. A SANDWICH MAN wearing a placard advertising a rival club, "Venus in Pelz" with a picture of a naked girl wearing a fox fur around her neck, stands watching MAX and the NAZI. The manager now aims a kick at the SANDWICH MAN.

Under the foregoing, we hear:

"Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome,  
Fremde, etranger, stranger ... "

CUT TO:

EXT. BERLIN STREET - DAY (Music Under - lose it under train noise)

Lower middle-class residential area. BRIAN, with his suitcase in hand, stands on the doorstep of one of a row of houses. Checks address, then rings bell. There is a moment's wait. At the end of the street, an overhead train passes by. The noise is plainly discernable at this distance. While BRIAN is considering this, the door opens.

Standing in it is a very young girl with a shiny clean face, but wearing a soiled old kimono which she clutches with rather grubby little-girl hands, the fingernails of which are painted bright green. The girl is SALLY BOWLES.

SALLY

Ja?

BRIAN

Ah, guten tag, Fraulein. Ist dies das Haus von Fraulein Schneider? Konnte ich sie sprechen? Ich suche ein Zimmer.

SALLY

Well ... Fraulein Schneider nicht zu Hause ... uh, so, Sie wollen Kommen und warten hier?

(even we can understand that SALLY's German is atrocious.  
BRIAN cannot help smiling)

BRIAN

You're American?

SALLY

You're English! How marvelous!

(notices his eyes on her fingernails; wiggles her fingers)

Divinely decadent! Come in. Fraulein Schneider isn't here at the moment. I had to send the poor old lieblich out shopping ...

BRIAN moves past her into the house. SALLY closes the door after him.

INT. FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER'S ROOMING HOUSE - DAY

SALLY leads BRIAN from the hallway into a reception room, stuffy, shabby and overfurnished. SALLY never stops chattering.

SALLY (Cont)

.... I'm destitute, but I can't possibly grind the poor like old Schneiderkins ... Jew them down over the price of eggs, which I practically live on when I'm broke. My name's Sally.

(offers him her hand)

Sally Bowles.

BRIAN

(taking her hand quite formally)

I'm Brian Roberts.

SALLY

Have you a cigarette, Brian, darling? I'm desperate.

Quickly, BRIAN produces a package. SALLY takes one and from her kimono pocket brings forth a ridiculously long cigarette holder. She smiles delightedly at BRIAN.

SALLY (Contd)  
Oh, schon, englischen Zigaretten!

CUT TO:

INT. KIT KAT KLUB - NIGHT - MUSIC UP AND UNDER

M.C.  
And now presenting ... the  
Cabaret Girls!

The GIRLS enter, dancing. There are about six or eight of them. All are rather grossly sexy showing a lot of overripe flesh. Heavily made up, even by cheap theatrical standards. Their costumes bring to mind the filmy, inadequate covering of George Grosz's women.

M.C.  
Each and every one a virgin.  
You don't believe me? Well,  
don't take my word for it.  
Go ahead ... ask her! Outside  
the wind blows ... but here it  
is so hot ... every night we  
have the battle to keep the  
girls from taking off all  
their clothing. So don't go  
away. Who knows? Tonight  
we may lose the battle!

Music up as the girls dance.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHNEIDER'S RECEPTION ROOM - DAY (Music Under)

Arranged in a self-consciously sexy position on the ratty old sofa, SALLY does her version of Theda Bara with the cigarette holder. It is obvious that BRIAN finds her deliciously foolish.

SALLY  
My God, I've even begun to  
think in German.

BRIAN  
How long have you been here?

SALLY  
Forever.

BRIAN  
How long is that?



SALLY

Almost three months.  
(BRIAN laughs)  
What are you laughing at?

BRIAN

Nothing. Really.  
(his smile is  
utterly disarming)  
Is there a room available here?

SALLY

There's a marvelous room.  
(jumps up)  
Come on, I'll show you ...  
(at the door)  
You'll adore it!

They move down the hall, turn a corner.

SALLY (Contd)

Would you like to see my room?  
(flings open the  
door of a room)

There! Isn't it absolutely  
Stately Homes? Fifty marks  
with breakfast. Even when  
you're late with the rent.  
Would you like a prairie oyster?

CUT TO:

INT. KIT KAT KLUB - NIGHT (MUSIC UP)

The GIRLS are dancing, singing Willkommen lyric.  
We see ELKE at the bar. The arm of a big middle-aged  
businessman tight around her shoulder. She gets a  
look from MAX. Quickly picking up her cue, she  
snuggles up to the customer, begs for more champagne.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT SALLY's hands as she cracks an egg into  
a glass.

SALLY

Prairie oysters, darling ...

PULL BACK to show SALLY and BRIAN in Sally's room,  
standing beside an open cabinet which contains her  
rather singular provender ... eggs, Worcestershire  
sauce, liquor ... as well as toothpaste and brush  
in another glass.

Very adroitly, she cracks another egg into the toothbrush glass from which she casually empties its intended contents.

SALLY

(continues)

It's an egg with Worcestershire sauce all sort of wooshed up together ...

(She removes the long cigarette holder from her mouth and uses that end of it to 'woosh' up the eggs with the sauce. BRIAN watches the operation, fascinated)

I simply live on them. They work instantly on even the most sinister hangover.

SALLY

(hands BRIAN one of the glasses. Suspiciously, he eyes its contents)

Did you ever know Elsie Willard? In London? The Honorable Elsie Willard?

BRIAN

No. Should I?

SALLY

Everybody in London knew Elsie.

BRIAN

(good humoredly)

Actually, I've been doing post-graduate work at Cambridge. I don't get down to London too often.

(one last look at the mess in the glass, then heroically, he downs it)

SALLY

Marvelous, isn't it!

BRIAN

(thoughtfully)

Peppermint prairie oysters.

SALLY

(laughs)

You got the toothbrush glass.

CUT TO:

INT. KIT KAT KLUB - NIGHT (Music up and under)

GIRLS

(singing)

Wir sagen ...

Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome

Im Cabaret, au Cabaret, to Cabaret!

H.C.

And now to serve you ...

WAITERS, BUSBOYS, ENTERTAINERS appear.

ALL

(singing)

Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome

Fremde, etranger, stranger

Glucklick zu sehen

Je suis enchante

Happy to see you

Bleibe, reste, stay

Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome

Im Cabaret, au Cabaret, to Cabaret!

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL BEDROOM - DAY (MUSIC UNDER)

The bedroom is very small, dreadfully cramped and pitifully appointed, as well as dark.

SALLY and BRIAN stand in the doorway.

SALLY

(cheerfully)

Well, after all, what do you need in a bedroom but a bed?

BRIAN

Well then, I need a bigger bed. I've got to take in English students.

SALLY

(laughs)

Oh, you can use my room.

(takes his hand,  
pulls him out)

CAMERA MOVES THEM INTO SALLY'S ROOM

The door is open. We can see across the hall to the open door of the other room.

SALLY (cont.)

(gesturing the whole setup)

You see! It's like a suite. And I'm hardly ever in. In the day I'm usually dashing, and at night, I work until late in a Cabaret. And when I get through there, I usually go out. I mean, I may bring a man home occasionally, but only occasionally, because I do think one ought to go to the man's rooms, if one can. I mean it doesn't look so much as if one expected it. So you see, you can use this room practically all of the time.

BRIAN

How old are you, Sally?

SALLY

I am rushing toward middle age with outstretched arms! I embrace the menopause!

(grins)

Nineteen. But I've got ancient instincts. And I have these perfectly marvelous vibrations about you. So you're to move right in. Okay?

BRIAN

(hesitates only a moment, then smiles helplessly)

Okay.

There is the sound of a door opening and closing. Feet in the hallway. SALLY runs to the door to check. Turns back, whispers.

SALLY

(sotto voce)

It's Fraulein Schneider. Now let me do the bargaining.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHNEIDER'S HALLWAY

SALLY, her arm around the shoulder of a dumpy German woman of about sixty ... still wearing her hat and coat and carrying a bundle.

SALLY

Liebling! Absolutely the most marvelous stroke of luck for you! My cousin! From London ...

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP BRIAN

SALLY'S VOICE OVER

I'm trying to persuade him to take that dreadful little room across the hall ....

BRIAN smiles, shakes his head in wonder.

CUT TO:

INT. KIT KAT KLUB - NIGHT

ENTIRE Company doing big finish.

M.C. & COMPANY

(sing)

Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome  
Im Cabaret, au Cabaret, to Cabaret.

Direct segue into M.C.'s speech:

M.C.

Meine Damen und Herren ...  
Mesdames et Messieurs ...  
Ladies and Gentlemen ... and  
now the Kit Kat Klub is proud  
to present a beautiful young  
lady from America. She is so  
beautiful, so talented, so  
charming that I have yesterday  
said, "I want you for my wife."  
And she said, "Your wife?  
What would she want with me?"

(a few members of  
the audience laugh)

I give you: the toast of Broadway  
... Fraulein Sally Bowles!

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP SALLY

Now her face is made-up, exotic eyes, improbable lashes. She is wearing a red bias-cut dress with nothing under it. She smiles confidently, and begins to sing.

SALLY'S NUMBER

(New song to be written for this spot)

At the end of SALLY's number, we cut to table near front. BRIAN sits there alone, applauding enthusiastically, delighted with SALLY.

CUT TO:

SALLY leaving the backstage area, gives a big smile to a hulking young MAN. This is KLAUS: stage-manager - electrician.

SALLY

(cheerfully, but firmly)

That second amber's late again, Klaus, darling - I'll be back in a few minutes ...

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT of SALLY, quickly threading her way through tables behind BRIAN, making certain he doesn't see her. She stops at the table of a dark, good-looking YOUNG MAN, who rises quickly to greet her. She smiles, sits down, speaks to him. We see her pointing to BRIAN, who is now watching the backstage curtain, in the hope of seeing SALLY.

SALLY grins, picks up the telephone on the table, speaks into the mouthpiece.

CUT TO:

BRIAN's table. His phone rings. He is startled, then amused. He answers it.

BRIAN

Hullo? ... Sally? Where are you?

(he listens, then turns around and spots table no. 17)

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT SALLY'S TABLE. SALLY waves. BRIAN hangs up, stands, and starts moving toward SALLY. He passes the beautiful ELKE on his way. She boldly reaches out, grabs his hand.

ELKE

(softly)

Na, mein Susser?

BRIAN smiles, shakes his head; the girl shrugs, turns her attention to a table of three boisterous men. BRIAN moves on toward the grinning SALLY.

CUT TO:

SALLY'S TABLE

BRIAN reaches the table. The dark young man rises quickly, clicks his heels. BRIAN gives him a smile, but is really eager to congratulate SALLY.

BRIAN

But you really can sing!

SALLY

(beaming)

I know! Isn't it marvelous!  
Brian, darling, I want you to  
meet Fritz ... my oldest friend  
in Berlin.

The two young men shake hands. FRITZ is quick-moving, eager to please.

FRITZ

At your service, my dear chap.  
Welcome to our city.

(hands BRIAN a card)

I serve the blackest coffee in  
Berlin. You will pay me a call,  
please, at once.

BRIAN

I'd be delighted. Thank you  
so much.

They sit.

SALLY

I knew you'd adore each other.  
Fritz, darling, you keep Brian  
company while I go back and  
speak to Klaus.

During the above, BRIAN's eye has been caught by the exquisite ELKE; who sinuously glides from the businessman's table to the MEN'S ROOM, which she enters. BRIAN's eyes widen a bit. SALLY notices.

SALLY

(frowning slightly)

Well, of course she is a boy ...  
but she hates going to the Men's  
Room. I think they're mean to  
make her. She always goes sitting  
down.

BRIAN

How do you know?

SALLY

She told me. She's the only  
nice girl in this place ...

(SALLY rises, gives

BRIAN's shoulder a pat)

I won't be long.

(she goes)

FRITZ

(eying the retreat-  
ing SALLY)

Eventually I believe I'm getting  
crazy about her.

(BRIAN smiles, which

FRITZ sensitively

takes to be a criti-  
cism of his English)

I do not myself express correctly?

BRIAN

(ambiguously)

I take your meaning.

FRITZ

(rather pleased, but  
honest)

Oh, no, I think you do not, my  
dear chap. Sally and I, we do  
not sleep on each other.

BRIAN

With. With each other.

FRITZ

(nodding)

With. I'm speaking a lousy English  
just now. Sally says you may  
free yourself to give me lessons.

(MORE)



FRITZ (Contd)

She tells to me, sir, that you are from Oxford, a professor of language.

BRIAN

(amused at SALLY's hustling)

I'd be pleased to help you however I can.

FRITZ

Excellent. I have just now time. Business is lousy and terrible. I make import-export with machineries.

(shrugs)

It is not reliable.

(brooding)

I would like to do something reliable. Make a good marriage. It is only sensible. Don't you agree?

BRIAN

Yes, indeed.

CUT TO:

M.C. ON THE STAGE - NIGHT - DRESSED AS WRESTLING REFEREE.

M.C.

(holding up his hands)

And now, Gentlemen ... Gentlewomen of the audience, a surprise. The Kit Kat management brings to you the winners of the Berlin-Oder regional runners-up to the Pan-German Congress of Lady Worstelers ...

He beckons and onto the stage is wheeled something like an oversized playpen containing some six inches of viscous mud and two women wrestlers standing in the mud. They wear satin tights, high-laced classic wrestlers' boots. Their more than ample bosoms are covered by what appear to be simply men's sleeveless undershirts. The women stand, throughout the remainder of the introduction, smiling happily, but modestly, at the audience.

M.C. (Contd)

And so, meine herren, if you  
are very good, perhaps I might  
arrange for the winner to give  
you a real Pan-German hug!

Ha, you like that? So!

(addresses the wrest-  
lers)

Are you ready, Ladies? Commencez!  
Four le sport!

The drums roll and the 'ladies' fall to with a will, bumping, grappling, tearing at each other's undershirts (fragile fabric). In seconds they are not only stripped to the waist, but also indistinguishable from each other, so richly is the mud distributed. The audience, delighted, howls with laughter and encouragement.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET APPROACHING OVERHEAD RAILWAY - NIGHT

It is very late. The streets are almost totally deserted. BRIAN and SALLY are together, walking. SALLY is still wearing her stage make-up. Over her long dress, she wears a ratty old pony coat with a fox collar.

The shop windows they pass are poor and dingy and mostly dark. The only lighted one is a pawnshop.

BRIAN

I want to stay at least a year  
... if I can hold out. All the  
great research material is here.  
I'm working on my D. Phil.

SALLY

What?

BRIAN

Doctor of Philosophy. I'm inter-  
ested in the 19th Century Germans.

SALLY

(dead pan)

But aren't they all pretty much  
dead?

BRIAN

How in the world did you ever  
find your way to the Kit Kat Klub?

SALLY

Through the last stage manager  
... Eric. He was divine and an  
absolutely marvelous lover, but  
he got a job in Rome and aban-  
doned me.

(shrugs)

Oh, well. Actually my number  
doesn't go too badly, do you  
think?

BRIAN

I thought you were astonishing.

SALLY

(solemnly)

I am a most strange and extra-  
ordinary person. I'm going to  
be a very great star, of course.

(frowns)

If booze and men don't get me  
first. Do I shock you, darling?

BRIAN

Not a bit. No one ever shocks  
me when they try to.

SALLY

(interested)

Why do you say I'm trying to  
shock you?

BRIAN

I have an idea you try and shock  
everyone. I think you're actually  
rather shy and it's just nerves.  
If you claim to go to bed with  
every man in Berlin, you still  
won't convince me that you're  
La Dame aux Camelias ... because  
really and truly, you know,  
you aren't.

SALLY

How do you know?

BRIAN

I have ancient instincts.

SALLY

(smiles)

Oh Bri, you are a darling.

(they resume walking)

Isn't Fritz an absolute lieb-  
bling?

SALLY (Contd)

You must stick him plenty for the English lessons. He can afford it.

(looks at him)

Somehow I don't think you're very good at gold-digging.

BRIAN

(straight-faced)

But you are.

SALLY

(righteously)

Well, at least I try.

Coming toward them, on the sidewalk, is a strange motorized vehicle, three wheels, a seat and a steering device. It is just large enough to hold the crippled young man who propels it through the dark, steering with one arm, the other, cuddling close to him, a very old dog wrapped against the night air in a blanket. On the front of the vehicle, fly several small flags, one a swastika.

As SALLY and BRIAN approach and pass this strange night vision, they do not speak. When it is gone, they resume their conversation.

BRIAN

Where are your parents, Sally?

SALLY

My mother's dead. Since I was ten. Daddy's in the diplomatic service. He's a terrible snob, of course ...

(laughs)

Strong on appearance because he's so short on money. One of those. But, actually, we adore each other. Of course, he'd absolutely pass over if he knew what an old whore I am.

BRIAN

How in the world did he ever let you come alone to Berlin.

SALLY

Oh, he didn't. What he let me do was stay on in London after he got transferred to Rumania. I was at Rada.

(MORE)

SALLY (Contd)

(very British)

The Royal Academy of Dramatic  
Arts ...

(assumes a histrionic  
attitude)

That's where I got so dramatic!  
I was bored to death. You're  
supposed to spend two years  
learning to fence! Anyway, I  
had this mad friend. Elsie?

BRIAN

(nods)

The Honorable.

SALLY

Well. So I moved in with her  
for a while. Then after she  
died ...

BRIAN

Died? The Honorable Elsie?

SALLY

(nods)

Pills. Poor Elsie. Well, after  
Elsie died, I decided to come  
to Berlin with another actress.  
She said we'd be able to get film  
work with the Ufa ... which  
didn't exactly work out. So here  
I was. Actually I'm a marvelous  
gold-digger. So ... I slept with  
this guy at the Kitkat ... and  
he got me the job. It pays  
practically nothing ... mostly  
just tips.

(giggles)

I wrote Daddy that I was tour-  
ing with an operetta.

(looks up, her face  
lights up)

Here comes the train! Run! Run!

Dragging BRIAN behind her, she sprints for the street  
under the overhead. She is just in time. As the  
train rushes by above them, SALLY opens her mouth and  
to BRIAN's consternation, screams and screams and  
screams ... the sound almost completely muffled by  
the noise of the train.

With the train's passing, SALLY shuts her mouth and  
smiles beatifically.

BRIAN

(shaken)

My God! What was that about?

SALLY

I always scream when the train goes over. Sometimes I come out and wait especially. It's delicious. You must try it next time. Let's go home.

She once again cozies up to BRIAN's side and walks toward Fraulein SCHNEIDER's.

CUT TO:

EXT. KIT KAT KLUB - NIGHT

The street is almost deserted now. Two WAITERS come out, bid each other a hasty good night, go in opposite directions. We are conscious of a shadow moving in the dark of the next building front. Now, MAX, the manager of the Klub, emerges, carefully locking the door behind him. Turning his collar up against the night air, he starts down the street.

Suddenly, out of the shadows, three MEN show themselves. Two of them are wearing civilian clothes, but we recognize the third. He is the YOUNG NAZI who was soliciting funds earlier. Soundlessly, the three set upon MAX, one holding him, the other two taking turns hitting his face.

CUT TO:

INT. KIT KAT KLUB - NIGHT

CRASHINGLY LOUD BAVARIAN MUSIC - SHOW LIGHTS FULL UP - KLUB AUDIENCE WILDLY ENTHUSIASTIC.

The MC, still in his cabaret make-up, but now wearing shirt and leiderhosen, is performing a traditional Bavarian Slapdance ... upon an unidentifiable GIRL PARTNER; he smilingly administers face and body slaps in time to the music. The comic violence of this dance should play in juxtaposition to the inter-cut scenes of realistic violence. Music cuts off on each quick cut to the mugging.

QUICK CUT TO:

MAX, being knocked to the ground, bloody, but silent still, as the MEN begin to kick him brutally.

QUICK CUT TO:

Shot of MC's feet in sturdy Bavarian boots as his feet continue the rhythm of the slapdance.

QUICK CUT TO:

Shot of NAZI's feet, kicking MAX.

QUICK CUT TO:

Smiling MC, dancing, slapping, stomping.

QUICK CUT TO:

On the music's last beat, the YOUNG NAZI aims one final kick at MAX, who rolls over in silent anguish.

FADE OUT:

INT. BRIAN'S ROOM - DAY

BRIAN, dressed in slacks and shirt, sits up in his bed, surrounded by books and papers. There is a knock on the door.

BRIAN

(without looking up)  
Used up all the hot water again,  
I daresay ...

The door opens timorously. LUDWIG enters. He is dressed for the street, very dapper, carrying hat, gloves, large briefcase, his toupee bravely centered.

LUDWIG

Herr Roberts?

BRIAN jumps ... it is impossible to extricate himself from the papers.

LUDWIG

Please, you will not trouble yourself. I am not convenient?

BRIAN

No. I mean you are convenient.  
I'm delighted to see you.

LUDWIG

So.

(reaches into his coat  
for a card which he  
hands to BRIAN)  
My business card.

BRIAN  
(reads the card)  
You are in publishing?

LUDWIG  
(nods)  
Literature is my life's passion.  
(a deep sigh of  
satisfaction)  
So. I come to you, my dear young  
gentleman, because I see that  
you are clever and industrious,  
ja? And I say, perhaps there is  
some writing talent.

BRIAN  
(shakes his head)  
Oh, no ... I'm afraid not ...

LUDWIG  
(presses right on)  
Perhaps not great creative talent  
... how many have that? ... but  
enough for translating, perhaps.  
You are perhaps interested? To  
make some money?

He has anticipated BRIAN's interest and begun to  
unlock, unsnap, unfasten his formidably secure  
briefcase. He hands BRIAN a small bound volume.  
BRIAN takes it, reads the title page, begins to leaf  
slowly through a portion of the text.

LUDWIG (cont)  
The good translator must feel  
the language ... the delicacy  
of expression ... and he must  
bring, of course ... enthusiasm.  
Ja. Enthusiasm! Feeling!

BRIAN reads a bit here, a bit there. Finally he  
looks up.

LUDWIG (cont)  
Can you do this, young sir?

BRIAN  
I'd like to try.

LUDWIG  
(delighted)  
Splendid! Splendid!  
(MORE)



LUDWIG (cont)  
(stands, holds out his hand,  
which BRIAN takes. They  
shake)  
Fifty marks for this. More, of course,  
for longer works.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHNEIDER'S RECEPTION ROOM

SCHNEIDER is finishing the telling off of a young woman, KOST. KOST is not bad looking, a little heavy, badly dressed. She is furious.

SCHNEIDER  
I warn you no more ...

KOST  
I pay my rent like everybody else!  
Who comes to my room is my business ...

SCHNEIDER  
(implacable)  
But no more business with sailors.  
No German sailors, no French sailors,  
no Japanese sailors ...

KOST  
Mr. Kamajuri is not a sailor.  
He is a very high-class  
businessman.

SCHNEIDER  
High-class businessmen, yes.  
Sailors, no.  
(turns to go)  
Last warning.

KOST flounces out the opposite exit.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY NEXT TO BATH

KOST angrily knocking on door.

KOST  
You've been in there an hour!  
Other people in this house pay  
rent too, you know.

The door opens and SALLY emerges in a cloud of steam.

SALLY  
I'm sorry, Fraulein. I was just  
having a lovely soak, then I decided  
to wash my hair.

KOST  
(as she pushes past  
SALLY into the bath)  
No consideration!

She slams the door. SALLY shrugs, hugs her warm body  
happily, moves down the hall.

CUT TO:

HALLWAY OUTSIDE BRIAN'S ROOM

MED CLOSE-UP SALLY

We see an idea beginning to take hold. She stares  
at the door, grins.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S ROOM

BRIAN, still in bed, deeply immersed in the book  
LUDWIG has left him. There is one sudden loud pound  
on his door, then SALLY bursts in, hugging herself,  
shivering. BRIAN looks up, frowning.

SALLY  
(shivering pitifully)  
I'm freezing! Hug me! Quick!  
Body warmth! That damned water  
heater! Freezing, freezing!  
Hug me!

She throws herself against BRIAN who carefully moves  
her away from his papers before he begins methodically  
slapping and rubbing her arms and back. SALLY allows  
this for a moment, shivering encouragingly. She  
looks up at his serious face (he might be giving  
artificial respiration for all his reaction to  
this close, quivering girl's body). SALLY grins  
mischievously, snuggles against him.

SALLY (cont)  
Hug! Tight. Tighter!  
(BRIAN obeys. SALLY  
looks up at him)  
Bri, darling, don't be so literal.  
(She tiptoes up, kisses him.  
The kiss lasts a bit longer  
than a moment ... it is returned  
(MORE)

SALLY (cont)  
but not passionately.  
It is SALLY who pulls  
away. She regards BRIAN  
with interest)  
You're very polite, Bri. I kiss  
you. You kiss me back. Now what?

BRIAN  
(laughs)  
Now I return to work and you go  
get dressed.

SALLY  
(sits down on bed in  
front of BRIAN. Stares  
up at him)  
The hot water didn't really run  
out, darling. Under this robe I'm  
all warm and rosy and tingling.  
(reaches up, pulls  
at his shirt)  
What are you under this?

BRIAN  
(still trying to kid)  
Cool and pale. Very little tingling  
under British broadcloth.

SALLY  
Bri, darling ...  
(hesitates, stares  
at him)  
It occurs to me ...

BRIAN  
(trying to ward off  
whatever it is that  
might be occurring  
to her)  
I really must get on with my work,  
Sally.

SALLY  
(plunging in)  
But, I mean, let's be absolutely  
frank. Maybe you just don't sleep  
with girls.

BRIAN is paralyzed between two reactions ... anger,  
and, in his case, perverse attraction -- there is a  
pause as he controls himself.

SALLY  
(after pause, pressing  
on)  
Oh, you don't, do you?

BRIAN  
(finally)  
Actually, I don't.

SALLY  
(apologizes)  
Gee, I'm sorry! Bri, I just  
didn't get it, you know. I mean  
it's so hard for Americans to  
tell with Englishmen. Whether  
they're queer or just well-bred.

BRIAN  
(a rather thin smile)  
The conditions do occasionally  
overlap.

SALLY  
Well, just for the record ...  
are you put off by all female  
bodies, or just mine? Is my  
body ghastly to you?

BRIAN  
(can't help smiling)  
You know your body's beautiful,  
Sally.

SALLY  
(quickly opens the robe  
to examine herself  
critically)  
Do you really think so, darling?  
It does have a certain style.  
(takes BRIAN's hand,  
puts it on her stomach)  
Very flat here and not much hips ...  
rather boyish, actually ...

BRIAN  
(retrieves his hand.  
He is quite shaken, but  
determined not to show it)  
This is an extremely banal seduction  
scene, Sally. You'll forgive me if  
I don't play it.

SALLY looks at him speculatively for a moment, then ties her robe back up. At last she grins.

SALLY

Well. I just thought I'd try.  
You might have been tempted ...  
and it would be so convenient ...  
Oh, Bri, darling, don't look like  
that! I promise I won't pounce  
again. Please don't be angry.

BRIAN

(can't help laughing)  
I'm not. It isn't convenient.

SALLY

(delighted with BRIAN's  
laugh)  
I do adore you, Bri. You're my very  
best friend, and it's much harder  
to find friends than lovers.  
(philosophically)  
Sex always screws up a friendship  
if you let it.  
(puts her arms around  
BRIAN's waist affectionately)  
So we just won't let it. Okay?

CLOSEUP BRIAN

His face above her head. A rather sad smile. He leans down gently, kisses her head.

SALLY

(nuzzled against him)  
Okay?

BRIAN

Okay, Sally.

The sound of a young tenor is heard singing a capella (unaccompanied) as BRIAN puts his cheek tenderly against SALLY's hair.

TENOR (over)

(sings)  
The sun on the meadow is summery warm,  
The stag in the forest runs free,

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE UP OF "YOUNG TENOR"

TENOR

(choral group under)  
But gather together to greet the storm,

Pull back to reveal a choral group of young men. They are performing in the entrance rotunda of the Charlottenberg Palace for the benefit of the Palace sight-seers.

TENOR AND GROUP

Tomorrow belongs to me.

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT SALLY AND BRIAN

They are in another part of the rotunda. BRIAN seated on a bench engrossed in a book, SALLY standing beside him listening to the choir.

TENOR AND GROUP (over)

The branch of the linden is leafy and green,  
The Rhine gives its gold to the sea.

SALLY reaches over and closes BRIAN's book.

SALLY

Brian, don't be impolite -- listen.

TENOR AND GROUP (cont over)

But somewhere a glory awaits unseen  
Tomorrow belongs to me.

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT OF CHORAL GROUP

CHORAL GROUP

The babe in his cradle is closing his eyes,  
The blossom embraces the bee,

CUT TO:

TWO SHOT - SALLY AND BRIAN LISTENING

SALLY

They're great!

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT OF CHORAL GROUP

CHORAL GROUP

But soon says a whisper, arise, arise  
Tomorrow belongs to me.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHARLOTTENBERG PALACE GROUNDS - DAY

SALLY AND BRIAN WALKING - BRIAN ATTEMPTING TO READ -  
MUSIC OVER

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL CHATEAU ON PALACE GROUNDS - LAWN  
RUNNING DOWN TO A SMALL POND

SALLY and BRIAN mount steps to terrace of chateau.

CUT TO:

TWO SHOT - BRIAN AND SALLY

They cross to the terrace balustrade. BRIAN seats himself on the balustrade - SALLY stands. Both face up trying to take advantage of the meager sunlight. After a moment, BRIAN resumes reading.

CHORAL GROUP (Over)

Tomorrow belongs to me.

CUT TO:

TWO SHOT - SALLY AND BRIAN - (MUSIC OVER)

SALLY competes for BRIAN's attention by joining the song. He closes the book and listens.

SALLY

(sings ending with  
offstage choral group)

Tomorrow belongs to us.

(speaks)

Isn't this marvelous! We're  
terribly good for each other,  
aren't we darling? You're so  
dreamy and intellectual, and an  
absolute infant about money --  
while I've got drive and  
practicality ...

BRIAN looks up, startled by the idea of SALLY's practicality, then delves back into his book, which annoys SALLY.

SALLY

Oh for Pete's sake, you've had your  
nose stuck in that boring old book  
all day.

(she closes it again)

BRIAN

For your information, this boring old book is earning us fifty marks ...

SALLY

Fifty marks!

BRIAN

I'm doing a translation for Herr Ludwig. I've been working on it for a couple of weeks.

SALLY

You never told me! Fifty marks! Oh, darling! We're rich! Stinking, reeking rich!

(she grabs the little book from him, reads the title)

"Cleo, Die Dame Mit Der Peitsche"  
I don't get it.

BRIAN

It's about a lady named Cleo who keeps helpless German businessmen cruelly chained to pony carts and whips them bare-assed through snowbound Bavarian villages. Uphill.

SALLY stares at him, slowly comprehending. Then she laughs uproariously.

SALLY

You're working on a dirty book?

BRIAN

(smugly)

Top that for practicality.

CUT TO:

INT. SALLY'S ROOM - LATE DAY

The room is unnaturally tidy. BRIAN is alone, wearing a jacket and a tie. He is reading Mein Kampf. At a point, he says, "Christ!" and slams the book down, stands up, takes a deep breath, checks his watch. There is a soft knock.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP FRITZ'S BEAMING FACE.



FRITZ  
(cheerfully)  
Fraulein Schneider says I cannot  
come in. But here you see me, yes?

WIDEN SHOT to include the dark visage of SCHNEIDER.  
SHE and FRITZ stand in doorway to SALLY's room.

SCHNEIDER  
I told him, Herr Roberts.  
(to FRITZ)  
Herr Roberts erwartet heute  
eine Dame.

BRIAN  
It's alright. Do come in, Fritz.  
How have you been, Fritz?

FRITZ  
I think the world is lousy. Or  
I pull off a new deal in the next  
month, or I go as a gigolo.

BRIAN  
(automatically)  
Either -- or.

FRITZ  
Either-or, eventually, there is no  
business. Who do you expect?

BRIAN  
A new pupil. A girl ... Natalia  
Landauer.

FRITZ  
Landauer? Of the big department  
store? How did you meet a  
Landauer?

BRIAN  
I had a letter of introduction,  
from England.

FRITZ  
The Landauers are enormously  
wealthy.

BRIAN  
(nods agreeably)  
Stinking.

FRITZ  
(after a highly charged  
look at BRIAN)  
Will you marry her?

BRIAN  
(laughs)  
Me? No, of course not.

FRITZ  
Do you want her?

BRIAN  
Only as a pupil.

FRITZ  
Then if I should meet her and  
perhaps make a pass after her,  
you would not mind?

BRIAN  
But you haven't seen her.

FRITZ  
Why would that make a difference?  
I tell you, Brian, I need money.  
Ultimately, business must come  
first. I suppose she is a Jewess?

BRIAN  
Oh, yes.

FRITZ  
(shrugs)  
Well, there is always something.

We hear the front door ring.

BRIAN  
That will be Natalia.  
(smiles teasingly at FRITZ)  
Actually, she's very pretty. And  
quite intelligent.

FRITZ  
How do I look?  
(gets out a comb, rushes  
to mirror, laughs at  
himself)  
You will help me to arrange the  
marriage settlement?

BRIAN

(amused)

How do you know she will have you?

FRITZ

(still a bit of humor)

All women will have me.

The door opens and SALLY enters.

SALLY

I forgot my key. Why Fritz, darling!

(goes to cabinet)

I must have a drink ... this minute ...

(the cupboard is almost bare)

Oh, God. Only gin ...

(takes the bottle)

BRIAN

Sally, Natalia Landauer is due any moment ...

(pleads)

Can't the drink wait? I do rather need her. We need her.

SALLY

(stares at the bottle)

It's a question of what comes first, darling. Miss Landauer or my desperation. I have had the most difficult ...

Once more, WE hear the front doorbell ring.

BRIAN

Sally, please. Natalia's very young. She's been very protected, so please don't ...

SALLY

(indignant)

Bri, I may have my little faults, but don't carry on as if I were white-slaving virgins to Latin countries!

(to FRITZ)

Honestly!

BRIAN

And keep your fists clenched!  
Those bloody green nails!  
What's more, they're grubby!

There is a knock on the door.

NATALIA (V.O.)  
Herr Roberts? Ich bin es, Natalia  
Landauer.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP SCHNEIDER

SCHNEIDER is beaming.

SCHNEIDER  
Ja, gnädiges Fraulein. Er erwartet  
Sie. Bitte sehr.

CUT TO:

Opening door. SCHNEIDER stands formally to one  
side to allow NATALIA to enter.

SCHNEIDER  
(announcing proudly)  
Fraulein Landauer, Herr Roberts!

MED. CLOSEUP NATALIA

She is a very pretty girl, about SALLY's age, but  
looking younger, although her manner is very serious,  
very formal. Very German.

BRIAN  
(goes to her)  
Fraulein.  
(takes her elbow)  
These are friends of mine.  
Miss Bowles, Fraulein Landauer,  
and Herr Wendel, Fraulein Landauer.

FRITZ  
(beaming and clicking  
his heels)  
Sehr erfreut, gnädiges, Fraulein!

BRIAN  
Fraulein Landauer has come here  
for conversational English, Fritz.  
So we will all speak English.

FRITZ  
I am so charmed, dearest Miss.

NATALIA bows again, then shakes hands with SALLY. As she shakes with her right, SALLY places her left hand at her neck, pretending to adjust her collar, actually using the gesture to provocatively spread her fingers, the better to show off the green-colored nails. NATALIA notices, blinks.

SALLY

How do you do?

NATALIA

I am well. I have had a cold, but it is better now.

SALLY

Such a bore ... sneezing and sniffing ...

NATALIA

This was a cold in the chest. Not in the head. All the plegm was here.

(points to her chest, which is noticeably more generously proportioned than SALLY's)

SALLY

All the what?

NATALIA

The plegm that comes into the tubes.

BRIAN

(his face perfectly straight)

Plegm. You see the 'u'.

NATALIA

Ah. Then there is a rule. You will give it to me please.

SCHNEIDER now enters with a coffee tray. It is quite elegant, with little pastries and little serviettes. When SALLY notices this, her eyebrows rise. SCHNEIDER serves NATALIA first, with a murmured, deferential "Gnädges Fraulein". To SALLY's annoyance, FRITZ also hovers excessively around NATALIA.

SALLY  
(to NATALIA)  
Rules? Oh, dear.  
(laughs merrily)  
You can't learn English by rules.  
It's total anarchy, English.  
Isn't it, Brian, darling?

BRIAN  
(to NATALIA)  
There are many rules, but there are  
also many exceptions.

NATALIA  
So? Then I'm sorry.  
(opens her eyes  
mockingly)  
I cannot help you.

At this other strange pronouncement, FRITZ and SALLY stare at NATALIA. Only BRIAN understands NATALIA's way of speaking. He smiles at her.

BRIAN  
Very well. I shall help you.

NATALIA  
(for the first time,  
she really smiles. It is  
an enchanting smile, even a  
little mischievous)  
Good. We shall see.

FRITZ  
(beaming)  
Will you allow me to pass you a  
cake, dearest Miss?

NATALIA  
Thank you no. I do not eat between  
meals. And no sugar, neither. Just  
plain black coffee.

FRITZ  
(hovering over NATALIA)  
That, too, is how I like it. Black,  
black, black, like Otello.

SALLY cannot bear all this attention on NATALIA. She turns to BRIAN.

SALLY

Oh, Bri, did I tell you? I saw a film the other day about syphilis ... too awful ... I wouldn't let a man touch me for a week! Is it true you can get it from kissing?

FRITZ

Oh, yes.

(to BRIAN)

And your King, Henry the Eighth, caught it from letting Cardinal Wolsey whisper in his ear.

NATALIA

That is not, I think, founded in fact. But kissing, most decidedly.

SALLY

And towels and hairdressers and cups ...

(sets hers down)

Really, Brian, darling. Haven't you anything more bracing than coffee? I mean, darling, if you only knew what I've been through this afternoon.

(beams at NATALIA)

I expect Brian has told you about me. I'm an actress. I spent all afternoon making love to an old Jew producer who's promised to give me a contract.

BRIAN and FRITZ freeze. NATALIA merely regards SALLY as she would a strange declension.

SALLY

(looks from one to the other)

Oh, dear. Have I shocked Fraulein Landauer?

(to NATALIA)

I'm so sorry.

NATALIA

No, I am not to be shocked.  
(staunchly)

It is true I am a most bourgeois young woman, but not Victorian.  
No. Now I must go, I think.  
(rises)

BRIAN  
(distressed)  
But your hour isn't nearly over.

NATALIA  
I will pay for all the hour.  
But now I must meet with my mother.

FRITZ  
Please, may I accompany you?

NATALIA  
My dear young man, I am not sixty  
years old, and I can go home  
unmolested by myself.

BRIAN  
(quoting)  
"Bin weder, Fraulein, weder schon,  
Kann ungeleitet nach Hause gehen."

NATALIA  
(smiles)  
From "Faust".

SALLY  
What does it mean?

BRIAN  
It means, "I am not a virgin, and  
I am not beautiful, and I can go  
home alone."

SALLY  
(regards NATALIA with  
interest)  
Not a virgin?

BRIAN  
For heaven's sake, Sally, Natalia  
is quoting poetry.

CUT TO:

TWO-SHOT, BRIAN AND NATALIA

NATALIA straightens her coat, puts out her hand to  
BRIAN.

NATALIA  
It has been a most interesting  
time. Most educational.

CUT TO:



INT. BRIAN'S BEDROOM - LATE DAY

SALLY is curled up on the foot of BRIAN's bed. BRIAN is propped up at the head, a book in front of his face. He is speaking to her, but does not lower the book.

BRIAN

(coldly)

... because you're a bitch and a brat, that's why.

SALLY

(indignant)

I went out of my way to be nice to her!

BRIAN

(lowers his book to  
glower at her)

Haven't you any small talk except fornication and syphilis!

SALLY

(swooningly)

I adore syphilis!

BRIAN

(not amused)

And incidentally, Natalia Landauer is Jewish.

SALLY

You're just furious because I was having sex with another man. You're jealous.

BRIAN

Jealous!

SALLY

You hate the idea of Klaus, too.

BRIAN

(coolly)

May I remind you, Sally dear, that it is not my pleasure to lay sexual claim to you. I am most assuredly not jealous.

SALLY

Maybe not jealous, but you're possessive.

BRIAN

(regards her fishily)  
Only to the extent that we are friends, and it pains me to have a friend who reveals herself to be a stupid, prejudiced little provincial.

(his expression changes slightly, softens as he sees her mouth begin to tremble)

In any event you were lying. You didn't sleep with anybody this afternoon.

SALLY

(surprised)  
How did you know?

BRIAN

Oh, Sally. You are so transparent.

SALLY

Brian, do you know, I think you really do love me? You care about me.

(BRIAN almost smiles)

Do you think she'll come back? Natalia?

BRIAN

Probably. She's intellectual. She'll decide it's her duty to understand you.

SALLY

What on earth was Fritz up to? Is he after her?

BRIAN

She's very rich, you know.

SALLY

Well, he'll never get anywhere with a girl like that ... hovering over her and mewing! The only thing that works with that kind of girl is to make a ferocious pounce.

BRIAN

I cannot imagine anyone pouncing on Natalia.

SALLY

No, darling. That's why it's so effective.

(she flings herself on him ... demonstratively)  
Say you adore me!

BRIAN

(laughing)  
Never!

SALLY

(her hands around his throat as if to throttle)  
So? Then I am sorry. I cannot help you!

(they laugh and roll about like puppies until SALLY is pushed to the floor)

CUT TO:

EXT. TIERGARTEN - DAY

Obviously a cold, rather windy day. NATALIA and FRITZ, walking together. NATALIA warmly, sensibly clad ... sturdy walking shoes, warm stockings, a knitted tam and scarf. She is a vigorous walker, enjoying the fresh air, the cold, the exercise. Her cheeks are rosy. Her eyes shine.

FRITZ is obliged to make an occasional skip to keep up. He is suitably dressed for the outing.

FRITZ

(reciting, with as much emotion as NATALIA's pace will allow)

..... dem, der nicht mehr liest,  
sich auf die Augen legen, di er schliebt,  
(looks to her for approval.)

(Her look is noncommittal)

'die er schliebt' ... is it not a lovely phrase? For you, Natalia, I write such things.

NATALIA

It is lovelier still in English.

FRITZ

But in English I am not sufficient for composing love-lyrics. You must be satisfied with German.

NATALIA  
(straight-faced)  
I have English sufficiently. Now  
how does it go?  
(frowns, pretending to  
concentrate)  
'Verzauberte: wie kann ... kann ...'

FRITZ  
(encouraging)  
'...kann der Einklang zweier...'

NATALIA  
(nods)  
So. In English I give you.  
'Enchanted one: how shall two chosen words  
Achieve the harmony of the pure rhyme  
Which in you like a signal comes and goes?  
From your forehead the leafy lyre climbs...'

FRITZ  
(stricken)  
Natalia.

NATALIA  
(relentless)  
'And all your being moves in sure accord,  
Like those love-lyrics whose words softly  
flow;  
Rose petals laid upon the closed eyelids  
Of one grown weary, who no longer reads...'  
(looks at the deflated  
FRITZ, laughs, teasing)  
You are a thief from Rilke, I cannot  
help you!

She runs up a hill, looking back at FRITZ, laughing.  
He chases after her, slipping, tripping on the rough  
terrain.

FRITZ  
Natalia!

CUT TO:

EXT. TIERGARTEN BOATHOUSE - DAY

The boathouse deck cleared of boats for the winter.  
SALLY sits on a bench alone, smoking cheerfully, the  
long holder, the high-heeled shoes making no concession  
for the occasion. NATALIA, closely followed by FRITZ,  
emerges running from the woods.

NATALIA

Good day, Fraulein! And where is Brian?

SALLY

We decided to meet here. I had to rehearse with that clot, Klaus, so I thought I was certain to be late but naturally Brian....

(indicates the absence of BRIAN)

FRITZ

My dear, Sally. You are looking most delightful.

A little out of breath, he bends over SALLY's hand, thinking perhaps to chastise the teasing NATALIA. NATALIA only checks her watch.

NATALIA

(the Games-mistress)

It is fifteen minutes from the hour. We will walk to the bridge...over... and around the other side from the lake. Fifty minutes one way, forty-five the other. We will be most healthfully benefitted.

SALLY

(genuinely enthusiastic)

It sounds marvelous. I feel better already.

She sees BRIAN approaching from the path.

SALLY

Here's Brian. Hello, darling. We're all waiting.

BRIAN's thin overcoat is hunched around him, the collar turned ineffectually up against the wind. There is a newspaper thrust into the outer pocket of his coat. He looks the very picture of an intellectual turned rudely out-of-doors.

BRIAN

(rather wanly)

I suppose this is a good idea?

NATALIA

(sternly)

You do not lead, I think, a healthy life.

She starts to lead the way. SALLY, very much in the spirit of the day, falls in beside NATALIA, bravely marching along in her high heels.

NATALIA

Come. We go this way.

(NATALIA vigorously slaps her own arms, rubs them)

We make circulation. Circulation benefits all extremes. You will see.

SALLY

(thoughtfully)

I had a gym teacher once, named Miss Keister. She tried to make me blow my nose on toilet paper.

As the two girls march ahead, BRIAN and FRITZ are forced to follow .... actually, FRITZ is glad of a chance to drop back and talk quietly with BRIAN.

FRITZ

Brian....

(pulls back to let the GIRLS get even further ahead)

Brian, I want to talk to you....

(nervously biting at a non-existent hangnail)

It is about Natalia. Brian, I cannot get anywhere with that girl. I have spent money on her. Money I have not got. I write her poems. Great poems. She laughs at me...Brian....

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP BRIAN

He smiles.

CUT TO:

BACK OF NATALIA and SALLY, BRIAN'S POV.

NATALIA strides purposefully along. SALLY catches her heel. WE see, rather than hear her 'Damn!'

FRITZ'S VOICE OVER

Brian, it is not even the money anymore. I want her and she will not have me.

CLOSEUP FRITZ

FRITZ (cont)  
I kiss her and it is like my aunt.  
She is beautiful, and she is untouched.  
By me or anybody.

CUT TO:

TWO-SHOT BRIAN and FRITZ

BRIAN  
Sally says you ought to pounce.  
Knock her down, throw her on  
a couch, or something.

FRITZ  
(profoundly shocked)  
You cannot mean that!

BRIAN  
Sally's rather knowledgeable in these  
areas.

CUT TO:

NATALIA'S BACK, FRITZ'S POV

FRITZ  
But mein Gott! To attack Natalia!  
It is madness.

CUT TO:

MED. CLOSE UP BRIAN

BRIAN  
(judiciously)  
Not necessarily. Women are bloody  
peculiar, you know.

SALLY'S VOICE OVER  
Damn!

CUT TO:

TWO-SHOT SALLY and NATALIA

NATALIA leans solicitously over SALLY who has,  
thanks to her high heels, now fallen to her knees.  
BRIAN and FRITZ rush to her rescue.

BRIAN  
Are you alright?

SALLY  
(crossly)  
Of course, I'm alright. I'm just  
utterly exhausted, that's all.  
We must have walked ten miles!  
My feet are destroyed!

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP NATALIA'S shocked face.

BRIAN  
(laughs)  
Come on, Fritz, we'll have to lend  
support to Princess Lilyfoot.

To NATALIA's shocked disapproval, BRIAN and FRITZ  
(FRITZ sending pleading looks of apology at NATALIA)  
each take one of SALLY's arms and proceed to half-  
lift, half-walk her along. This mode of transportation  
is quite acceptable to SALLY.

NATALIA  
(muttering)  
Mein Gott.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIERGARDEN THE PAVILION

It is closed. NATALIA, by now rather grim, marches  
forward followed by the groaning SALLY, and the, by now,  
heavily burdened FRITZ and BRIAN.

SALLY  
I can't go on. You'll have to  
send a litter!

BRIAN  
(finds a spot for  
SALLY to sit)  
Sit here.

SALLY sits, rises precipitously.

SALLY  
My God! It's ice!



NATALIA  
(sternly realistic)  
It is already April.

BRIAN takes the newspaper from his coat, places it for SALLY to sit on.

BRIAN  
Here. Now shut up and sit.

SALLY almost does so, but just as she is cautiously placing her bottom on the newspaper, BRIAN remembers something and speedily withdraws it from under her ...leaving her with her posterior hovering uncertainly about two inches above the cold surface.

BRIAN (cont)  
Here! I forgot! Didn't you say your father is with the American Embassy in Rumania?

SALLY  
(who is not at all up to reading the newspaper)  
That's right.

BRIAN  
Then, I think he must be in Berlin.  
(SALLY's eyes pop open)  
There's some sort of big meeting....  
the Baltic states....they're all  
at the Adlon.

SALLY  
(abruptly straightens up, her aching foot forgotten)  
What'll I do?  
(stares around at the others)  
Let's get out of here!

She starts at a clip down the path. FRITZ and NATALIA look at each other. BRIAN grins. They follow.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP SALLY'S HANDS

They are being frantically divested of the green polish.

SALLY'S VOICE

...for lunch tomorrow. And I told him I was bringing you. Oh, thank God for you, Bri....

CUT TO:

TWO SHOT SALLY and BRIAN

She is taking the polish from her fingernails. BRIAN is holding the polish remover bottle for her.

SALLY (cont)

...you're so respectable looking!

CUT TO:

EXT. BERLIN STREET - DAY

SALLY and BRIAN walking. It is a totally transformed SALLY. Scrubbed, demure in a dark dress with a white collar, gloves...clutched rather than worn over the pristine nails.

SALLY

I'm not acting a part.

(insistently)

You simply don't understand.

I adore him and he adores me.

He absolutely worships me.

And he just has this kind of

....little girl image of me....

SALLY and BRIAN, have come to the Adlon. In order to enter, they must pass through a small Communist picket line. The pickets march in orderly fashion. They carry anti-American signs, most of them in German ...One or two in English.

BRIAN gives them a short, interested look. SALLY, oblivious, chatters on and they pass through and enter the hotel.

SALLY (cont)

That's the way he thinks of me.

I'm just....

(lamely, as she disappears into hotel)

His Sally. His little Sally.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP MR. BOWLES SPEAKING

MR. BOWLES  
...my little Sally.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to show that we are in a very grand hotel dining room. BRIAN, SALLY, and MR. BOWLES are at luncheon. MR. BOWLES is a rather florid, terribly well-groomed man, with a rather abstracted manner. All the time he is talking about SALLY, it is as if she were a problem in diplomatic procedure, although he gives her regular and measured little smiles and pats.

MR. BOWLES (cont)  
(in a tone that is meant  
to be bantering  
affectionate)

Living in Berlin and launching a  
screen career! A German screen  
career!

(to BRIAN)

Fatherhood is certainly the most  
bewildering of man's pursuits,  
Roberts.

(back to SALLY)

Well, my dear... what can I say?  
Are you happy here?

SALLY  
Oh, yes, Daddy, I am. I adore it.

MR. BOWLES  
And how are you progressing with the  
language? One assumes that  
you're aiming for the talkies.  
(smiles teasingly)

SALLY  
(seriously)  
I've been working terribly hard...  
(brightening)  
And I do have a gift for languages.

MR. BOWLES gazes benignly at SALLY for a brief moment,  
then snaps his finger at a waiter who has been  
hovering:

MR. BOWLES  
(to waiter)  
Gnaedige Frau wird bestellen.  
(hands SALLY the menu)  
Order for us, my dear. In German,

SALLY

(lamely)

But I don't know what you want,  
Daddy.

MR. BOWLES

Whatever you think will please us,  
Sally.

(twinkles at BRIAN)

We bow to your judgement of things  
German.

SALLY

(bravely taking up a menu)

All right.

CUT TO:

MED. CLOSE SALLY

She takes a deep breath and plunges in. Her German  
is obviously atrocious.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT WAITER

Pen poised over his order pad -- completely bewildered

CUT TO:

MED. CLOSE SALLY -- finished ordering.

She airily dismisses the waiter, who is still  
largely in ignorance of what has been ordered. His  
English is excellent, but the pigeon-German in which  
SALLY has ordered, defeats him. HE looks to MR.  
BOWLES for instruction. MR. BOWLES indicates that  
the lady's order is to be fulfilled. Regardless.  
Once the bewildered waiter is out of sight, MR.  
BOWLES laughs.

MR. BOWLES

(wiping his eye from an  
excess of merriment)

Oh, Sally, my dear child. What am I  
to do with you?

(to BRIAN, who has sat  
stoically through this  
dreadful exchange)

Where the child got this extraordinary  
bec in her bonnet about being an actress  
is quite beyond me. Of course she's  
my little Sally, and I wouldn't change  
a hair on her head or a feature of her

MR. BOWLES (cont)

dear little face...

(another brief beam  
at SALLY)

Of course, I'm her father. And  
deeply prejudiced.

(a pat of the hand)

Still...it hardly is the face of  
a great actress.

SALLY

(in a small defiant  
voice)

Sarah Bernhardt was hideous, but  
she was a great star and had  
hundreds of lovers and was  
fascinating.

MR. BOWLES

(coolly)

Bernhardt had very little choice  
but to be "fascinating". She was  
an illegitimate Jewess.

BRIAN

(mildly)

And had only one leg.

MR. BOWLES gives BRIAN a quick look, decides they are  
on the same side. MR. BOWLES gives him an appreciative  
chuckle, turns to SALLY:

MR. BOWLES

We trust you're not considering  
amputation in the pursuit of your  
career!

The WAITER arrives with their first course. MR.  
BOWLES takes one look and raises his eyebrows  
humorously.

MR. BOWLES (cont)

Oh, dear, dear, dear. Well. I think,  
if you don't mind, Sally, that I,  
perhaps, should order the wine!

(snaps his fingers at  
the HEAD WAITER)

Bitte, bringen Sie mir die Weinkarte.

CUT TO:

INT. SALLY'S ROOM - LATE DAY

SALLY is furiously, messily splattering the green  
polish back over her nails. She is almost incoherent

SALLY

The bastard! I hate him! It's always like that. I do everything I can to please him and he treats me like the village idiot! The ugly village idiot!

(looks desperately at BRIAN)

I really do hate him!

BRIAN

No, you don't, Sally. It's just that you're so disappointed. When we're away from them for very long, we always forget how maddening they are. We forget because we do so need to love them.

SALLY

Admit he's a phony and a stuffed shirt!

BRIAN

(smiles)

Well, you're a bit of a phony too. Putting on those clothes ...

(laughs)

Even cleaning your fingernails.

She looks at her now-green-again nails, then defiantly stares at her image in a mirror.

SALLY

Actually, I'm rather marvelous looking...I mean I've grown up to be rather marvelous looking. And I am ... a little bit fascinating.

(defiantly)

Even if I'm not Jewish and crippled...

BRIAN

(relieved to have her confidence returning)

You are a strange and extraordinary person, Sally.

SALLY

You're damn right I am!

(she has obviously had a piercing insight)

But I've never let him know it! The poor darling old duck, he's hatched a swan and it's time he knew it!

She begins to move like lightning...pulling her most sophisticated dress from the wardrobe, yanking off the white-collared number...then rushing to the dressing table where she sits down and begins expertly, swiftly, making up her face.

BRIAN

Where are you going?

SALLY

Back to the Adlon.

BRIAN

Sally ...

(he hesitates)

Sally, I wonder if this is wise...

SALLY draws, with total concentration, and great precision, an exotic line on one eyelid.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - LATE DAY

SALLY, our SALLY, stands at the PORTER's desk.

SALLY

But I'm Mr. Bowles' daughter.

PORTER

(he has heard this  
one before)

I'm sorry, Fraulein. The delegates are in a meeting. It is impossible to interrupt them.

SALLY

(impatiently)

When will the meeting be over?

PORTER

The limousines are ordered for five o'clock, Fraulein. There is, I believe, a reception at the American Embassy ...

SALLY glances up at the great hotel clock...it is 4:15...

SALLY

Then they'll come out through the lobby. I'll wait here.

She gives the PORTER the old SALLY BOWLES knock-'em-dead smile.

CUT TO:

SALLY sitting in lobby, her legs crossed, the long cigarette holder filled and languishing in a green-fingered hand. The clock says 4:55. SALLY gives a deep, impatient sigh. Suddenly, we see her catch sight of something. She sits up, tilts her head provocatively, takes a deep puff from the cigarette holder.

CUT TO:

GROUP OF MEN coming down the grand staircase. There are about twenty of them. It is quite obvious who are the important ones and who the flunkys. MR. BOWLES is definitely not in the top echelon. He listens carefully to a comment that is passed back to him, through two other men; he takes out a gold pencil and a small leather covered notebook and assiduously writes whatever it is he has been instructed to write.

CUT TO:

SALLY. She smiles her most enchanting SALLY BOWLES smile.

CUT TO:

DIPLOMATS. The important men are now well into the lobby. MR. BOWLES still has not noticed SALLY.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT SALLY AND SOME OF THE MEN

One or two of them give her a look, a faint smile. Her gaze is so obviously fastened on someone ... possibly one of their group? ... that one of the second-in-command glances back to see where the girl's attention is fixed. BOWLES still has not noticed SALLY. The second-in-command realizes that this outrée young girl is waiting for either BOWLES or his nearest companion. The higher-in-command diplomat nudges his nearest companion, smiles, indicating SALLY.

At this moment, BOWLES spots his daughter.

SALLY, BOWLES' POV, stands with one hand negligently



holding the cigarette prop, the other hand dramatically caresses the base of her throat.

CUT TO:

SALLY's green fingernails holding long cigarette holder.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP BOWLES

He sees her, his eyes narrow in shock, his mouth tightens.

CUT TO:

SALLY

She takes a step toward him, smiling happily.

CUT TO:

BOWLES

He shakes his head warningly, now obviously very angry. He turns to the man beside him.

BOWLES

(sotto voce)

Excuse me for a moment, Johnson.  
I'll have to attend to this.

He stalks off toward SALLY.

CUT TO:

TWO SHOT SALLY AND BOWLES

BOWLES

(a low furious whisper)

...Most outlandish outfit I ever saw!  
Like some cheap little streetwalker!  
(bitterly)

I shall have to think up a pretty  
good one to explain this.

SALLY

You could say I'm your daughter.

BOWLES

I could. But I won't. Whatever  
you've got yourself up for, it cer-  
tainly is not as my daughter. Now  
(MORE)

BOWLES (cont)  
please leave this hotel. I'll get  
in touch with you later.

He turns on his heels and rejoins his company...moving quickly to catch up with them at the door of the hotel.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY DOORS LOOKING OUT TO STREET - LATE DAY

SALLY stands inside the hotel, looking out. The PICKETS are still pacing up and down in front of the hotel. No one pays the slightest attention to them. SALLY looks past them, sees her father, still studiously ignoring her presence, unctuously holding the door for his superiors, then getting into the car himself and being driven off. Without ever one backward glance at SALLY.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP SALLY

Her face absolutely still, showing nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. SALLY'S ROOM - DUSK

The room is without artificial light. We can, at first, barely see SALLY, curled up into a small, miserable ball on the bed. BRIAN sits beside her, trying to comfort her. She is crying bitterly. Her make-up is smeared, her hair a wreck.

SALLY

(sobbing and choking)

Diplomat! He's nothing but a two-bit pen-pusher-door-opener-ass-kisser! That's all he is no matter how many wine stewards he snaps his fingers at .... he's nothing and he's ashamed of me, so what does that make me!

BRIAN

(quietly)

His superior in every way, Sally, darling.

SALLY

(cries out piteously)

Oh, Bri! He's never loved me! Nobody's ever really loved me ...

(MORE)

SALLY (cont)  
everybody abandons me! Every man  
I've ever known!

BRIAN  
I won't abandon you, Sally.

She turns over, throws herself into his arms, sobbing convulsively. He holds her tight.

BRIAN  
I promise I'll let you abandon me.

SALLY gives a shuddery little sound, somewhere between a laugh and a sob.

BRIAN  
You really are marvelous, you know  
...you're bright and funny and  
generous and talented...and beau-  
tiful...

SALLY  
(tremulously)  
Beautiful?

BRIAN  
(firmly)  
Very.

She looks up at him. Their faces are close together.

SALLY  
Bri ...

He bends his head to her and kisses her gently on the lips.

SALLY  
(through the kiss)  
Bri ...

Slowly, slowly the kiss becomes more intense ...  
BRIAN's eyes shut tight ... it is like a dream into  
which he slowly drifts as he and SALLY sink back onto  
the bed into the great German feather quilt and the  
dark.

CUT TO:

FULL HEAD CLOSEUP - SALLY

She is singing a wildly exuberant song. Pull back to reveal that she is performing in the Kit Kat Klub.

(New song to be written for this spot.) The number will be staged as a vocal and dance so that the following intercut sequences will not disrupt the performance flow.

At some point in the number we see that BRIAN is seated at ringside and she is singing to him. He looks extremely pleased with both her and himself.

CUT TO:

FULL FIGURE - SALLY - finishing vocal.

CUT TO:

SALLY'S BED - DUSK (music under)

SALLY, her back somewhat to us, sits on the bed. She is smoking ... the long cigarette holder her only concession to attire. BRIAN lies on his back, slightly propped up by a pillow. SALLY has one foot planted possessively on his chest. He lazily fondles the foot.

SALLY

(smugly)

It's obvious you just never slept with the right girl, that's all.

BRIAN

(with delight and wonder)

Very obvious.

SALLY

Tell me about your mother.

CUT TO:

INT. KIT KAT KLUB - NIGHT

SALLY continuing number. This part will be danced -- choreography will probably require participation of others.

MED SHOT - SALLY - at end of this sequence.

CUT TO:

INT. SALLY'S BEDROOM - DUSK

SALLY and BRIAN in bed as before. BRIAN begins to kiss her knee, working his way down to her foot. Suddenly he pulls back.

BRIAN  
(accusingly)  
Your toenails are dirty.

SALLY  
I'm of the earth....earthy. You  
should be moved by my dirty toenails.

BRIAN  
(grins broadly)  
Actually, I am, rather.

CUT TO:

INT. KIT KAT KLUB  
SALLY continuing number.

CUT TO:

INT. SALLY'S BEDROOM - DUSK  
SALLY and BRIAN in bed as before.

SALLY  
Let's get back to your mother.  
What single word describes her  
best?

BRIAN  
Dominant.

They both laugh.

SALLY  
I'm the great turning point in your  
life, darling.

CUT TO:

INT. KIT KAT KLUB - NIGHT  
SALLY continuing number.

CUT TO:

INT. SALLY'S BEDROOM  
SALLY and BRIAN as before.

SALLY  
I'll never let you go back to men.  
Men are swine. We must never, never  
have anything to do with men.

BRIAN laughs.

SALLY

Be serious. Did you know that I'm going to be faithful to you? I'm going to be totally, boringly, twenty-four hours a day faithful... Unless, of course, it involves a film contract ... or something fatal like that...and you're going to be completely faithful to me. Does that scare you?

BRIAN

Yes, it does. Dreadfully.  
(he shakes his head,  
smiles)

Which is interesting. because I feel  
so ....

(lovingly mimics her)

....absolutely marvelous!

Pleased, SALLY kisses him.

CUT TO:

INT. KIT KAT KLUB - NIGHT

SALLY FINISHES NUMBER. As she exits into wings, plants a hasty kiss on the cheek of KLAUS. She clicks her tongue and winks, at him, indicating "that was perfect."

CUT TO:

SALLY and BRIAN on dance floor.

A happy FAT MAN alone at ringside suddenly decides he wants to dance with SALLY. He rises and cuts in on BRIAN, dancing off with SALLY. Over his shoulder she makes a silly face at BRIAN, points to the sidelines where ELKE stands alone, pouting. BRIAN grins, gallantly asks ELKE to dance. The delighted ELKE and BRIAN dance rather handsomely together, making much of passing and outdoing SALLY and the happy FAT MAN, until, sweating profusely, he pulls SALLY to his table, hanging heavily onto her.

BRIAN and ELKE go to another table. BRIAN picks up phone, calls the captive SALLY. (We see this from BRIAN's POV. WE stay at BRIAN's table.) SALLY quickly picks up phone.

BRIAN

(into phone)

And how, my love, do you propose  
to get out of those dread clutches?

From BRIAN's POV, we see SALLY smile, hang-up the receiver, turn and give the FAT MAN a heavy-lidded, seductive smile. He leans even closer to her...if possible. He whispers into her ear. She whispers back. As if stung, he draws back from SALLY. She looks disappointed, then shrugs. As if reluctant, she holds up a finger to him, 'Wait a minute'-gesture, rises, moves quickly to BRIAN's and ELKE's table. SALLY grabs ELKE and pulls ELKE back to present her to the FAT MAN. Both ELKE and the FAT MAN seem to be delighted with the switch. SALLY waves back to BRIAN, turning on her way to give a sad, benedictive little wave to the FAT MAN.

CUT TO:

SALLY and BRIAN seated at table.

BRIAN

Very neat. How did you work it?

SALLY

(sweetly)

I just said I had a touch of  
syphilis.

BRIAN hoots.

SALLY

Wait'll he gets a load of what  
good old Elke's got!

They begin to giggle helplessly, falling onto the table top, clutching each other.

CUT TO:

INT. SALLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SALLY and BRIAN in bed. SALLY is awake, smiling to herself in the dark. BRIAN, coming out of a doze, becomes conscious of her wakefulness. He puts his arm under her, pulls her to him.

BRIAN

(sleepily)

What are you doing awake?

SALLY

I'm so happy to be me I can't stand  
to go to sleep and miss any of it!

She folds herself happily into his arms.

CUT TO:

EXT. EERLIN STREET - DAY

SALLY walking down the street carrying a small bundle. A chauffeur-driven limousine pulls up to the curb and a man jumps out, making for a building entrance. SALLY is several steps past the entrance. She has not noticed the car or the man. Nor might he have noticed her, except that something drops from her bundle. The man sees it, hesitates, sizes up the owner, bends and picks up the object. It is a chemise. The man smiles, starts after SALLY, but another object drops and, after a few steps, another. The man follows SALLY along the street, retrieving her laundry.

She turns at last into a basement entrance. "Wasehwas-cherie."

The man follows her in.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT LAUNDRY - DAY

SALLY

(to the laundress)

Kann ich der Wäsche ubermorgen  
zurückhaben? In a hurry?

LOTHAR

(to SALLY)

Fraulein...permit me...

He hands her several pieces of intimate apparel.

SALLY turns to stare at the man. He is about thirty-six or seven, very attractive, and obviously well-off. SALLY takes this in at a glance. His accent is almost very proper British. SALLY airily accepts her underclothes, hands them to the laundress. The man hesitates, gives her one last piece, a lacy bit of a bra. SALLY accepts it, hands it too to the laundress. Then she turns and rewards the man with her most radiant smile and total aplomb.



SALLY  
I couldn't be more embarrassed.  
I'm Sally Fowles.

He manages to bow and click his heels without seeming in the least Germanic...his ease in every situation is as authentic as SALLY pretends hers to be.

LOTHAR  
Baron Lothar von Heune und Regensburg.  
(to the laundress)  
Bitte seien Sie so gut und machen Sie die Wäsche für übermorgen fertig.

They walk out of basement into the street.

CUT TO:

Car and chauffeur at curb. LOTHAR and SALLY enter shot.

LOTHAR  
My motor is just here ...

ZOOM IN TO:

CLOSE UP of SALLY reacting to his obvious wealth with surprised pleasure.

SALLY  
(voice over as she reacts with Groucho eyebrows)  
Money!

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP of M.C. with a leering smile.

M.C.  
(into camera)  
Money!

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP of SALLY in full stage makeup. Big, miserly, leering grin.

SALLY  
(into camera, a growl)  
Money!

PULL BACK to reveal SALLY and M.C. on stage at Kit Kat Klub. They do a double. (New song to be written about wealth.)

At the finish of the number, we see LOTHAR, in evening clothes, standing near the bar. He accepts a light from the bartender. ELKE sees him, her face lights up. She moves in.

ELKE

(to LOTHAR)

Sach mal! Wat tust du Teufel hier  
in Berlin?  
(You devil! What are you doing in  
Berlin?)

LOTHAR

(smiles in recognition)

Hallo, Elke, Liebling, Du siehst  
wundervoll aus. Munchen vermisst  
dich.  
(Hello, Elke, darling. You're  
looking lovely. Munich misses you.)

ELKE

Munchen can mir am Arsch lecken.  
(Munich can kiss my ass.)

LOTHAR

(sees SALLY coming from  
backstage, making her way  
toward table where BRIAN  
sits alone)

Ah...

(absently to ELKE, panto-  
miming gallantly)

Kuss d'hand, Liebling...  
(smiles broadly)

C'est ma petite gamine Americaine....

CUT TO:

INT. TABLE IN KIT KAT KLUB

While one waiter takes away an empty champagne bottle, a second waiter pours from a subsequent bottle. There is also a fresh bottle of red wine. LOTHAR supervises waiter in mixing the two wines together in the glasses.

LOTHAR

(to SALLY and BRIAN)

It is called "Turkenblut." Turk's  
blood. A famous German drink.

SALLY

(sipping greedily)

Marvelous!

LOTHAR kisses SALLY's hand, smiles into her eyes, until he feels BRIAN's eyes on him. LOTHAR turns.

LOTHAR  
(to BRIAN, chivalrously)  
Servus, my friend.

They all drink.

LOTHAR  
So, mes enfants, you are, like me, adrift in Berlin. I see it as my duty plain to corrupt you. Agreed?  
(puts down his glass, makes a fastidious face)  
The wine is blasphemous in this place  
...we'll go to the Kempinsky...

SALLY  
But, darling! I have to work.

LOTHAR smiles lazily. In this, as in all his subsequent excesses, we must never feel that he is showing off or behaving in any way that is not natural and habitual with him. He is displeased or restless, ergo, he does something about it.

LOTHAR  
Oh, I shall make an arrangement with the management...

His expert eye instantly singles out MAX, to whom he beckons. MAX, who still shows effects of earlier beating, quickly starts to make his way toward their table.

LOTHAR  
I shall buy your freedom for tonight. Would that please you, my poor little working girl?

CLOSE TWO SHOT: SALLY AND BRIAN EXCHANGING IMPRESSED LOOKS

SALLY  
(rises)  
I'll get my coat!  
(starts to go, turns back)  
Oh, Bri, darling ... that little business I mentioned earlier ... come back and help me take care of it now.

BRIAN is bewildered, but her imperious command gets him to his feet. SALLY radiates at LOTHAR.

SALLY

We won't be a moment!

CUT TO:

INT. KIT KAT KLUB DRESSING ROOM AREAWAY - NIGHT

SALLY walking followed by BRIAN. She speaks over her shoulder.

SALLY

We mustn't let him out of our sight,  
Bri! He can get me in films! And  
you ....

She stops before an open door and turns back to BRIAN. It is the dressing room of the M.C., who can be seen seated facing the door. He is wearing a dressing gown and sits with his knees spread apart, somewhat indecently. SALLY oblivious to him in B.G.

SALLY

Well ... he can open doors for you,  
darling. Don't you see?

BRIAN

(amused)

I can see that you have your usual  
firm grip on fantasy.

During the above, the M.C. teasingly beckons to SALLY to come in. She suddenly becomes aware of him, turns and looks at him.

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT M.C.

He leers and spreads his knees further apart.

CUT TO:

MED. CLOSE SALLY

She studiously ignores him, reaches for BRIAN's arm and walks him toward her dressing room.

SALLY

Brian, you must take this seriously.

FOLLOW THEM into her dressing room. She takes her coat from a hook, and starts to put it on. BRIAN helps with the coat.

SALLY

I have the most marvelous vibrations!  
Our fortunes are made! Just hang on  
tight!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY LOTHAR'S CAR TRAVELING - NIGHT

CUT TO:

It is late night. As the car, chauffeur-driven, speeds furiously through the dark, we catch a brief glance of SALLY, BRIAN, LOTHAR, all in the back, bundled up in fur rugs against the night air. They are singing lustily, obviously drunk and very happy.

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN ROAD MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY

The car approaches the CAMERA uphill, flashes over it at great speed.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAWN

As the car continues to speed along, SALLY now sleeps, her head against LOTHAR, her feet curled up in BRIAN's lap. BRIAN smokes, still a little drunk. LOTHAR and BRIAN both stare out at the terraced hillsides.

BRIAN

How very beautiful.

LOTHAR

Some of the vineyards have been ours for five hundred years. Others we've taken over more recently. I am deeply attached to these acres....  
(smiles, self-mockingly)  
...one likes to know where one's next bottle is coming from....

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY LEADING TO CASTLE

The car approaches a small, turreted, fairytale castle

...snow-covered, very romantic.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP SALLY

LOTHAR gently awakens her. She lifts her head sleepily, looks out the window, sees the castle.

SALLY

(a sigh of enchantment)

Ohhh.....

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

The Hall has great vaulted ceilings with beautiful great exposed beams. The stone of the walls has been painted white. Above and surrounding a fireplace are a collection of matching gazelle horns, delicate and beautiful, little golden spirals. The effect of the castle's interior is an extremely sophisticated combination of fifteenth century provincial grandeur and eighteenth century charm...the rugs are eighteenth century French as are the chandeliers and colors. The effect is one of great charm and lightness.

There are occasional bizarre touches...at the bottom of an open, winding staircase the banisters end in two great carved, painted leopards, almost life-sized.

SALLY stands about eye to eye with one of them. She regards the leopard; the leopard regards her.

(Note: This description of decor is intended only to give an effect of what is wanted...none of the details, other than the leopards, need be taken literally.)

LOTHAR speaks to a butler and a maid.

LOTHAR

No fuss, no fuss...just some breakfast...then I think we may need an hour or two of rest...

He starts up the stairs, pulling SALLY by the hand, smiling encouragement at BRIAN.

LOTHAR

Come along, mes enfants...a bit of wash-up before breakfast. I'll show you to your rooms.

(MORE)

LOTHAR (cont)

(to the maid)

And find a pretty night dress for  
Fraulein Bowles...

(touching SALLY's face  
affectionately)

She has been up very late, and she  
needs a nap.

(to BRIAN)

Am I not a proper English nanny?

CUT TO:

SALLY in the room that has been assigned to her. It is enormous, but unexpectedly feminine; pastel and gold baroque. It abounds in mirrors. On the turned-back bed, lies a beautiful chiffon nightdress. SALLY looks solemnly at herself in the multiplicity of mirrors. She giggles, spins around and around and around...all of the reflected SALLYS spin with her.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S ROOM IN THE CASTLE - DAY

BRIAN comes out of the bathroom (also enormous), drying his hands and face. He has sobered up somewhat. He notices a round table covered with silver-framed photographs. He singles out one...obviously young LOTHAR in his World War I uniform...a pilot. He looks as relaxed and at ease beside his war plane as he does today...just younger. BRIAN pays close attention to the six crosses on the side of the plane...one for each of six destroyed enemy planes.

BRIAN

(softly)

Got six of us, did you?

(puts down the picture)

BRIAN looks around the room wondering whose it is. Goes to a closet, opens it. It is filled with carefully tended clothes. There is a knock on the door.

BRIAN

Eintreten, bitte.

The door opens, LOTHAR enters. He has changed to flannels and blazer.

LOTHAR

Do help yourself, dear boy.

(MORE)

LOTHAR (cont)  
(glances around, smiling)  
I daresay those...  
(indicates things in  
closet)  
Must be mine. This used to be my  
room...before I was married.

BRIAN  
Where is your wife?

LOTHAR  
(shrugs)  
In Cologne for the 'culture'. She  
lends her support to the arts.  
(smiles)  
She, in her way. I in mine.  
(he opens a drawer,  
finds what he wants  
....a sweater)  
Here we are...you can at least  
dispose of that battered shirt.....

LOTHAR pitches the sweater to BRIAN. Then leans  
against the wall with folded arms, smiling. BRIAN  
has little option but to peel off his shirt and put  
on the sweater.

For some reason, taking off his shirt in front of  
LOTHAR embarrasses BRIAN, and he is as quick about it  
as he can be. LOTHAR only smiles. Although LOTHAR's  
attitude toward SALLY is always overtly seductive...  
WE know it, SALLY knows it, BRIAN knows it...there is  
also something unspoken, more covert, but also plainly  
seductive in his attitude toward BRIAN. WE know it,  
BRIAN knows it. Only SALLY is blithely unaware. This  
attitude never reveals itself in any word or gesture  
that could possibly be defined as faggoty; it is simply  
teasing, knowing, challenging. And although BRIAN is  
far from unsophisticated, in this man's presence he  
suddenly seems very young. And not a little nervous.

BRIAN  
(as he removes the  
shirt and quickly  
shrugs himself into  
LOTHAR's sweater)  
Did you learn to fly in the War?

LOTHAR  
(evades the question)  
I as dragged kicking and screaming  
from my fashionable little cadet  
(MORE)



LOTHAR (cont)

school and stuffed into a lieutenant's uniform. I was terrified of being killed...nor had I the faintest ambition to kill Englishmen.....the French...

He shrugs negligently: 'Who cares about the French?' He smiles at BRIAN's mirror reflection. BRIAN looks very handsome in LOTHAR's lovely bright-colored sweater.

LOTHAR

....but always I have had this penchant for Englishmen.

CUT TO:

INT. CONSERVATORY - DAY

This is a large, sun-drenched conservatory in the Regensburg Castle. We come up on a shot that shows us, in sharp outline, a row of small-scale topiary trees. (Topiary is the art of clipping certain shrubs, usually box or yew, into ornamental or fantastic shapes.) These pieces are tubbed and no taller than five feet. They are in the unlikely shapes of various aircraft... mono- and bi-planes, balloons, gliders, dirigibles. These plants are extravagantly detailed, their stubborn, green planthood ruthlessly cut and clipped and sculptured. One of the airplanes is tilted in an Immelman turn...the balloons have little leafy green gas ejectors, the dirigible...properly fat, its nose sharp, its directional controls thin and sharp....seems to sail four feet off the floor.

LOTHAR'S VOICE

Topiary is essentially the art of a leisurely age...utterly useless, of course, frightfully time-consuming, and not inexpensive....

CUT TO:

MED CLOSE-UP SALLY AND BRIAN

BRIAN, in LOTHAR's red sweater, looks fresh and rested. SALLY, although still in the same dress, also looks groomed and pulled together. Now they stare, bemused, at LOTHAR's green aircraft.

LOTHAR'S VOICE

But alas, I inherited the compulsion from my grandfather....

CUT TO:

THREE SHOT LOTHAR, BRIAN, SALLY

LOTHAR

He fancied birds...giant green geese and turkeys...ten, fifteen feet high, strutting all over the grounds. As you see...I have a more....technological

(smiles)

bent. And, of course, the reduced scale is much more difficult....

BRIAN

I didn't know the German aristocracy had managed to hang on like this... I mean...

(gestures the whole thing...conservatory, grounds which can be seen through the glass)

....like this.

LOTHAR

My dear boy, there are today, German noblemen clerking in second-rate hotels. I have a cousin on my father's side who is now chauffeur to a darling Hollywood Jew. It is not my father's thousand year old name, nor his noble blood that enables me to continue living like this....

(contemplatively)

My mother was a Sanchez-Schmidt.

BRIAN

(his eyebrows up in recognition)

Argentina.

LOTHAR

My father was only ambitious for more grapes. He did not foresee the time when it would be a great convenience to have a bit of foreign reserve.

BRIAN

(dryly, to SALLY)

Did you know that Lothar greatly admires the English? He has adapted our understatement.

(laughs)

A 'bit of foreign reserve' is about half of Argentina.

(MORE)

BRIAN (cont)

(to LOTHAR)

Well, if the Communists take all  
this, you can emigrate.

LOTHAR

Ah, but it is a family trait to keep  
what is ours.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP SALLY

She reacts with wide-eyed interest. The very mention  
of wealth acts as a potent aphrodisiac. She takes  
LOTHAR's arm, snuggles close beside him as they walk.

SALLY

(indicating the plants)

I've never seen anything so adorable!  
(twists her neck about,  
as if having a sudden  
twitch of pain)

Oh. My neck is all stiff...somebody  
give it a little rub, please.

The 'somebody' is obviously meant to be LOTHAR, against  
whom she is pressed. LOTHAR turns her about so that  
he can get to the back of her neck. Tenderly, gently,  
he massages...SALLY moans pleasurably. All the while,  
LOTHAR smiles provocatively at BRIAN, baiting him some-  
how. BRIAN does not react, LOTHAR bends over, kisses  
the back of SALLY's neck.

LOTHAR

Shall I buy you for another night,  
Cinderella?

SALLY

(pain forgotten, she  
turns happily to LOTHAR)  
Marvelous!

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP BRIAN

His face completely enigmatic.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE, GRAND SALON - NIGHT

The room is lighted by many candles and by the light

from an enormous, roaring fireplace.

They have long since dined. BRIAN, once again more than a little drunk, stands in a long window, contemplating the night, a drink in his hand. He is wearing the trousers and jacket in which he arrived. BRIAN is restless and unhappy, but caught in some sort of trap, from which he is unable, for the moment, to extricate himself. He is angry with SALLY, but unable to focus his disapproval because he is also frightened of himself. He is strongly attracted to LOTHAR.

CUT TO:

LOTHAR and SALLY bent over a photograph album. SALLY 'ohing and ahing' as LOTHAR points things out. Suddenly, LOTHAR looks up, catches BRIAN's unease.

LOTHAR

(teasing)

Why aren't you interested in my childhood, Brian? Come...I'll show you the ones on the bearskin rug.

BRIAN gives a small, rather tight smile, does not move. LOTHAR suddenly speaks to BRIAN, in rapid German.

LOTHAR

(in German)

Come! Be a good fellow. You mustn't make Sally unhappy.

BRIAN

(answers in equally rapid German)

How could I, when she has you to make her happy?

SALLY

No fair! I can't understand when you talk so fast.

LOTHAR

I'm afraid Brian is bored. We must try to entertain him.

(crosses room to concealed gramophone)

Shall we make him a cabaret?

He places a record on the machine, winds it. It begins to play a tango.

With an exaggerated Latinesque bow, LOTHAR holds out his arms to SALLY. Laughingly, she moves into them, and they proceed to kiddingly perform the silly romantic attitudes of the dance. Idly, BRIAN drinks and watches.

SALLY

Marvelous!

LOTHAR

(eyes again on BRIAN,  
as he dips SALLY al-  
most to the floor)

Brian seems to be bored by simple  
country life.

BRIAN

(pleasantly)

Not at all.

LOTHAR

(continues his conver-  
sation with BRIAN,  
never missing a beat  
of the dance)

No, no....you are right. To be young  
is to be restless...demanding...

(smiles charmingly  
up at BRIAN)

So. Where would you like to go if  
you could go anyplace in the world?

BRIAN doesn't bother to answer the question seriously  
...he shrugs; then, through open doors, he spots the  
carved leopards. He smiles.

BRIAN

Africa. East Africa.

LOTHAR

(to SALLY)

Does Africa call to you too, liebbling?

SALLY

(everything calls to  
SALLY)

Africa!

LOTHAR

(casually, as if pro-  
posing a trip to the  
corner for a pack of  
cigarettes)

Then let's go. The three of us.

BRIAN just smiles. He cannot take this sort of talk seriously. But SALLY gasps with delight.

LOTHAR

I see that what pleases Brian,  
pleases you. That's very sweet.

(to BRIAN, who watches  
all this with an attempt  
at cynical detachment)

We'll take a boat from Genoa, sail  
through the Suez Canal, and on to  
Mombasa. Then there's a rather  
interesting train overland to Nai-  
robi...We'll have to get busy with  
visas.

SALLY stares at LOTHAR as if he had suddenly turned into the aurora borealis. LOTHAR, deeply gratified, smiles back. And now, as BRIAN drinks and watches, LOTHAR and SALLY become seriously caught up in their dance. Both of them move with matched instinctive grace. As they become more and more immersed in the music and their own skill and physical propinquity, they forget BRIAN. He is quickly aware of what is happening between them. He downs the last of his drink, and quietly leaves the room. SALLY and LOTHAR do not notice his departure, as they dance on.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE, BRIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark. BRIAN stands at the window which overlooks the subtly lit grounds. The gramophone music can be heard over.

DISSOLVE TO:

MED. CLOSE-UP BRIAN - SAME ROOM (MUSIC OUT IN DISSOLVE)

Lying on the bed in slacks and shirt. The room is romantically moonlit. He looks at his watch. It is three A.M. He flings his hand out across the bed. It comes to rest on LOTHAR's sweater. Unconsciously, his hand begins gently fingering the soft fabric.

CUT TO:

INT. SALLY'S ROOM - DAY

BRIAN sits at the table-desk that has come to be his specific territory in SALLY's room. His books and papers are spread around him, but his attention is not on them. He smokes and gazes absently at a wall. He

is once more wearing Lothar's colorful sweater.

There are some changes in the room...several vases filled with flowers. On another table sits a tray with new proper crystal glasses and a decanter. A phonograph (new, also) is playing softly.

Suddenly, the door bursts open and SALLY enters. She is very smart looking in a new gray squirrel coat and an obviously French hat, her hair expertly coiffed. She carries several packages.

SALLY

Darling!

She throws down the packages and flings her arms around BRIAN's neck, gives him a quick kiss, then steps back so he can take in the coat.

SALLY

Do you like it? Isn't it divine!

BRIAN

(calmly)

Divine.

SALLY

I absolutely couldn't restrain him.

She runs back to bed, grabs up the largest box, begins to tear it open)

SALLY

Wait till you see what we got for you, darling.

(pulls out contents of box)

Silk shirts! A dozen! You can't imagine the expense. He wanted to get you a fabulous cigarette case, but I told him shirts would be better...We don't want him to think we're goldiggers.

BRIAN

(drily)

No, indeed.

SALLY

(still admiring the shirts...a thought. She frowns)

Do you think they'll be too warm for the trip? You'll definitely need

(MORE)

SALLY (cont)

cotton once we get to Africa...  
(shrugs)

Oh, well, you can use them sometime.  
(smiles radiantly)

And we went back to the travel agency.  
We have definite bookings on the  
(ship's name) out of Genoa on the  
seventeenth.

(put off by BRIAN's  
continued silence)

Well, say something! Are you angry  
about the cigarette case? I just  
thought it seemed more tactful to  
get something like shirts. Don't  
you think?

BRIAN

I think you're being a stupid little  
slut.

SALLY

A little slut, maybe, but not stupid.  
(patiently)

When we get back, Lothar is going to  
get me into films.

BRIAN

(drily)

Ho.

SALLY

(confident and good-  
natured)

Ho, yourself.

(checks her watch)

Oh, God, you've got to clear out now.  
I got the most mysterious message  
from Natalia. She's coming here to  
see me. Alone.

She gives BRIAN's still rather unyielding cheek a peck,  
pushes him toward door.

SALLY

Now stop pouting about the shirts  
or morals or whatever's bothering  
you. Grow up, darling.

BRIAN goes silently. When he is out of sight, SALLY  
has a thought and runs to the door to call after him.



SALLY

Listen! Did I tell you we've all got to take malaria pills for the trip? Isn't that marvelous!

CUT TO:

INT. SCHNEIDER'S HALLWAY - DAY

SCHNEIDER making her way to front door, admitting NATALIA. NATALIA courteously, formally ushered to SALLY's door. NATALIA gives BRIAN's closed door a furtive look. When SALLY opens her door, NATALIA quickly ducks in. SALLY is still wearing the new fur coat...very anxious that NATALIA should notice all the signs of her new-found chic.

SALLY

Hi! This is great! You are absolutely the first girl visitor I've ever had!

NATALIA reacts with a faint nervous smile. For the first time since we met her, NATALIA seems ill at ease with herself. Once in the room, she stands clutching her handbag, unfocused.

SALLY

Sit down, darling. Would you like a prairie oyster?

NATALIA

(sits...bolt upright in a straight-backed chair)

No, thank you. I am never eating between meals....

SALLY opens cabinet to expose a fresh and now quite lavish supply of liquor.

NATALIA

Nor drinking neither.

(pause)

Thank you.

SALLY beams encouragingly as she plops herself onto the sofa, curling up in her new suit and fur coat.

NATALIA

It is a very lovely coat, dear Miss Bowles. It is new?

SALLY

(smiling radiantly)  
I'm so glad you like it. But for  
goodness sake, call me Sally.

SALLY puts cigarette in fancy, new gold holder; it is  
as long as the old one.

NATALIA

(takes a deep breath)  
Sally ... what I wish to discuss  
with you ... Fraulein ... Sally ...  
please you will tell me if you have  
seen Fritz Wendel lately?

SALLY

Not for the last week, actually.

NATALIA

I come back from the country two  
days before yesterday. He comes to  
call on me that evening. Fraulein,  
I think I have done you perhaps an  
injustice.

SALLY

Oh?

NATALIA

I have always think of you as a young  
lady who has no control of herself,  
and I have been disdainful of you  
therefrom. I am sorry. I do not  
think I have understood.

SALLY

(fascinated)

How do you mean?

NATALIA

I have think always that I have con-  
trol for myself. Please, you will  
not laugh at me if I tell you some-  
thing that is very personal to me?

SALLY

(kindly)

No, of course I won't.

NATALIA

Fritz Wendel has declared love for  
me, and I have not taken him seri-  
ously, because it is all too formal,  
(MORE)

NATALIA (cont)  
too discreet. Then...two nights  
before last, it is all...all changed.

She pauses, unable to continue.

SALLY  
(eagerly)  
It all changed? How?

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP NATALIA

Her face a mixture of continuing surprise, bewilderment,  
shame, and excitement.

NATALIA  
He throws aside his formality.  
(takes a deep breath)  
His respect for me....

CUT TO:

MED. CLOSEUP FRITZ

His face is solemn, his eyes probing...none of the  
chronic conciliatory attitudes we have come to expect  
from FRITZ now show themselves.

We see that he is seated in NATALIA's home...the library.  
It is a room of solid bourgeois comforts...rich leath-  
ers, a deep sofa, many pillows.

Throughout the scene that follows, we see FRITZ always  
from NATALIA's POV...NATALIA becomes for us, in effect,  
the CAMERA. What happens to NATALIA, happens to US.  
We hear NATALIA's voice as she narrates the scene. But  
that is all.

FRITZ sits across a chess set from the unseen NATALIA.  
He does not look at the board. He looks straight into  
the face of NATALIA/THE CAMERA.

NATALIA (VOICE OVER)  
My parents were out...we were playing  
chess...he played stupidly...he paid  
no attention...he was looking always  
at me...never smiling...just looking.  
In six moves I win....

FRITZ barely looks down at the board, as NATALIA's hand  
appears in shot and makes final checkmate move. He  
shrugs. Returns his dark, intense eyes to NATALIA.

NATALIA (VOICE OVER) (cont)

It is not pleasant to be so stared at...  
I tell him he is being rude. At that...  
he smiles...

FRITZ gives a faint, ambiguous smile, but does not  
cease to look with meaningful intensity into the  
face of NATALIA.

NATALIA (VOICE OVER) (cont)

The smile...it is somehow worse than the  
stare...

(takes a breath)

Then...then he picks up the chess board  
and...

(swallows painfully)

It is my father's best set. but Fritz  
does not care...

FRITZ picks up the board and carelessly puts it on the  
floor...several men fall, roll off the board. He pays  
no attention. He is interested only in his erstwhile  
partner...Once rid of the chess board, he now thrusts  
aside the small table that held it...thus removing  
the final barrier between himself and NATALIA.

NATALIA (VOICE OVER) (cont)

He cares for nothing except to...  
to...

FRITZ now moves in. WE see him coming closer, closer  
until his face is first directly before us, then he  
presses closer and over...WE/THE CAMERA/NATALIA  
are under him. FRITZ's face, implacable, predatory,  
stares down onto us...we will be devoured.

NATALIA (VOICE OVER) (cont)

...to take me. I have never known a man  
like that...it was...it was...

SALLY (VOICE OVER)

Marvelous!

NATALIA (VOICE OVER)

Most upsetting.

FRITZ's eyes close...his face moves down, down...  
until it is a blur...we hear his quick breathing  
faintly under NATALIA's narration.

NATALIA

On my father's library sofa! And  
even for that he cared nothing!  
Only that he should take me!

CLOSE UP SALLY

Her face showing her total delight with NATALIA's story.

SALLY  
Good for Fritz!

CUT TO:

TWO SHOT SALLY and NATALIA

NATALIA  
I have never known a man like that.  
It was most disturbing.  
(visibly pulls herself  
together)  
Of course...finally...I was able  
to make him stop...

SALLY  
You didn't!

CUT TO:

FRITZ

His face pulls back only enough to show in focus. He is still on top of us...he smile triumphantly, lazily, happily. During the remainder of NATALIA's speech, his face goes up and down, in and out of focus, but retaining always the look of sexual success.

NATALIA (VOICE OVER)  
Do you think I would allow myself to be raped on my father's library sofa? That I could definitely never allow. Although... although I was much...disturbed... much...

FRITZ'S FACE, up and down, in and out of focus... three or four times as NATALIA's voice falter in the lie she is endeavoring to tell SALLY.

NATALIA (VOICE OVER) (cont)  
(finally)  
...disturbed.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP NATALIA

Her face is flushed, her eyes closed. She is obviously reliving the moment of her yielding to FRITZ's sexual ruthlessness.

NATALIA

(her eyes still closed,  
she whispers)

And now, I cannot sleep. I cannot  
sleep.

(opens her eyes, they  
are filled with tears...  
of distress and longing)

So you must tell me. Please.

SALLY

But what am I supposed to tell you?

NATALIA

I wish to know, please, if I should  
marry him. My parents tell me no.  
They care for me. They think only of  
me, and they do not care for him.  
And he is not Jewish. I have always  
wished to marry a Jewish man, but  
now I do not care. I truly do not  
care about that. Only I think perhaps  
there is something of Herr Wendel...  
something of him...something wrong.  
And that therefore I should not  
marry him. You will advise me, please?

SALLY

(rather taken aback  
and touched by this  
solemn confession)

Well .....

NATALIA

What, please?

SALLY

Well, I....I really don't know what  
exactly. But I don't really think  
he's...your kind. I don't think you  
ought to marry him....since you ask  
me like that, point-blank.

NATALIA

I really do not think so, too.

(a pause, then calmly)

But I think if I do not, that perhaps  
I will kill myself.

SALLY

(shocked)

Don't be silly. Of course you won't.

NATALIA

I do not think you know me. I do not think I know myself.

(begins to cry quietly)

Um Gotteswillen! What is there to do with one's life, all of a sudden.

SALLY

(stares at this honest and deeply felt distress in dismay. At last she offers...)

Golly. Do they have Jewish nuns?

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S BEDROOM NIGHT

BRIAN is in bed, asleep or awake...we don't know. The door opens quietly, and SALLY, in pajamas and carrying a bottle and two glasses, enters. She puts the wine down on the bedside table and crawls into bed with BRIAN, hugging up against his back.

SALLY

(whispering)

Bri...I'm home.

(no response from BRIAN)

Aren't you glad? Bri?

He turns over, wide awake and looks into her face. She kisses him tenderly, then lies back, thoughtfully.

SALLY

Bri, I keep thinking about Natalia.

(very serious)

Can you imagine, darling...all that misery from just one little pounce!

(she puts her face into his shoulder, shivers)

Thank God, we're not like that.

BRIAN doesn't answer. SALLY sits up and pours two glasses of wine, hands one to BRIAN. They drink.

BRIAN

(at last)

Did Lothar come to the club?

SALLY

I told him I didn't want to go  
out.

(close against him,  
happily)

I wanted to be with you.

BRIAN

(a small unreadable smile)

Poor old Lothar.

SALLY

(very sure of herself,  
of her hold over LOTHAR)

He's really rather weak, you know...  
terribly sensual. What you don't  
understand, Bri, is the power of a  
woman's body over a man like Lothar.  
He'd do anything for me.

(sips her wine contentedly)

And you know, darling, I do rather  
adore him. I mean that. I really  
do.

(giggles)

I can hardly afford not to. He's  
going to make me a star...

BRIAN

That's really a lot of rubbish,  
Sally. Lothar isn't going to make  
you a star.

SALLY

(sits up indignantly)

What do you mean by that?

BRIAN

That's simply not how people  
become stars. People become  
stars by years and years of hard  
work and discipline...not by  
larking off on insane trips with  
characters like Lothar.

SALLY

(reduced to the idiom  
of childhood)

A fat lot you know. That is precisely  
how you get to be a star. I've been  
waiting for years....

BRIAN

(snorts derisively)

Years!



SALLY

For someone like Lothar. And now that I've got my hooks into him, I am going to use him and use him and use him!

(righteously)

And it isn't even as if I were being a total whore. He's terribly attractive. You know he is.

BRIAN

(bitterly)

Yes, I know he is.

SALLY

Oh, darling, you mustn't be jealous of him. He's not jealous of you. He honestly isn't. I mean, after all, he certainly knows about you and me. Tonight when I told him I was coming straight home, he just smiled and said 'Give Brian my love'. He never raised an eyebrow. He understands life and how to live it.

BRIAN

I wish I did.

SALLY

(gaily)

Moment to moment, darling! Like me! Like Lothar.

(holds up her glass)

To you and me and Lothar, darling. Two marvelous gents...

(flutters her eyes kiddingly)

And one lovely lady.

CUT TO:

INT. KIT KAT CLUB NIGHT

MED SHOT M.C. and TWO SEXY LADIES

M.C.

(leering at the audience)

Two lovely ladies and one marvelous gent.

FIRST LADY

(sings)

Beedle-dee-deedle-dee-dee

M.C.

One!

SECOND LADY

(sings)

Beedle-dce-deedle-dce-dee

M.C.

Two!

(sings)

Beedle-dee-deedle-dee

Deedle-dee-deedle-dee-dee!

(speaks)

And me!

LADIES

(sings)

Beedle-dee-deedle-dee-dee

M.C.

(sings)

Two ladies

LADIES

(sings)

Beedle-dce-dcedle-dee-dee

M.C.

Two ladies

LADIES

Beedle-dce-deedle-dee-dee

M.C.

And I'm the only man, Ja!

LADIES

Beedle-dee-deedle-dee-dee

M.C.

I like it.

LADIES

Beedle-dee-deedle-dce-dee

M.C.

They like it.

LADIES

Beedle-dee-dcedle-dee-dee

M.C.

This two for one.

Beedle-dce-deedle-dee-dee

LADIES

Two ladies.

M.C.

Beedle-dee-deedle-dee-dee

LADIES

Two ladies

M.C.

Beedle-dee-deedle-dee-dee

LADIES

And he's the only man!

M.C.

Ja!

ALL

Beedle-dee-deedle-dee-dee

FIRST LADY

He likes it.

M.C.

Beedle-dee-deedle-dee-dee

SECOND LADY

We like it.

M.C.

Beedle-dee-deedle-dee-dee

LADIES

This two for one.

FIRST LADY

I do the cooking.

SECOND LADY

And I make the bed.

M.C.

I go out daily to earn our daily  
bread. But we've one thing in  
common --

FIRST LADY

He!

M.C.

She

And me! SECOND LADY

The key! FIRST LADY

Beedle-dee M.C.

The key! SECOND LADY

Beedle-dee M.C.  
The key!

LADIES  
Beedle-deedle-deedle-dee  
(they dance)

M.C.  
We switch partners daily  
To play as we please

LADIES  
Twosie beats onesie,

M.C.  
But nothing beats threes.  
I sleep in the middle.

FIRST LADY  
I'm left.

SECOND LADY  
And I'm right.

M.C.  
But there's room on the bottom  
if you drop in some night.

LADIES  
Beedle-dee-dcedle-dee-dee

M.C.  
Two ladies  
Beedle-dee-deedle-dee-dee

LADIES  
Two ladies  
Beedle-dee-deedle-dce-dee  
And he's the only man, Ja!

ALL  
Beedle-dee-deedle-dee-dee

H.C.  
I like it.

ALL  
Beedle-dee-deedle-dee-dee

H.C.  
We like it.

ALL  
Beedle-dee-deedle-dee-dee  
This two for one  
Beedle-dee-deedle-dee-deedle-dee-deedle-  
dee-dee

(They exit)

CUT TO:

KIT KAT KLUB NIGHT

SALLY, BRIAN, FRITZ sit at table.

FRITZ  
... I had to see you. I must talk  
and you are never at home ... soon  
you leave ...

BRIAN  
What's the trouble, Fritz?  
Natalia?

FRITZ  
(nodding desperately)  
Natalia will not ever see me again.  
It is over. She has shown me this  
note her father has received. Not  
signed, of course.

(he recites)  
"Herr Landauer, beware. We are going  
to settle the score with all you  
dirty Jews. We give you twenty-four  
hours to leave Germany. If not you  
are dead." And that is not the only  
one. There have been others.

BRIAN  
What is Herr Landauer going to do?

SALLY

Will he go?

FRITZ

No. He wants Natalia and her mother should go. But they will not. And Natalia will not see me. Not with all this, and her mother all the time ohmnachtig ...

BRIAN

(automatically)

Fainting.

FRITZ

Fainting, ja.

(FRITZ drinks, then puts his glass down with a dramatic slam...the glass shatters)

Verfluchter Kerl!

Quietly, BRIAN brushes aside the shards of glass. SALLY, eyes wide, stares at the impassioned FRITZ. Guiltily, FRITZ looks around. After the first curious glance, no one else seems to be paying any attention to them.

FRITZ

Please can I tell you something else?

SALLY

Of course you can, Fritz.

FRITZ

It is something I have never told anyone in my life before. But now I must make confessions.

(whispers guiltily)

I am a Jew.

BRIAN

Well?

FRITZ

That does not surprise you? Or you, Sally?

SALLY

Oh, I had an idea you were when you made such a fuss about not being. And then I forgot all about it.

BRIAN smiles at her.

FRITZ

I have lied and pretended. Even to Natalia, I have lied.

BRIAN

If you're so keen on getting her, I should have thought that was the very thing to tell her.

FRITZ

I know. I know. And still, I could not say it. When I listened to Natalia, I think I wanted it even more, that no one should ever know. Even now, I cannot be one from the Landauers, and have letters like that written to me. I am ashamed from myself, but it is so. And now I have told you, and now you know me for what I am. And it is not nice.

(a pause)

Well, you say something, please.

SALLY

It's all so silly. What's being Jewish got to do with anything?

FRITZ

What am I to do?

SALLY's face lights up as she sees something over FRITZ's shoulder.

SALLY

Oh, great! Here's Lothar...  
(jumps up from table  
and leaves)

FRITZ

(to BRIAN)

What would you do?

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP BRIAN

BRIAN

I can't give you advice, Fritz ...  
I'm the last person in the world  
to give advice...

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT LOTHAR, BRIAN'S POV

SALLY joins LOTHAR, gives him a big kiss.

BRIAN'S VOICE

... believe me.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - LATE DAY

A Communist rally is taking place.

SPEAKER

Die Ratten verlassen das sinkende Staatsschiff. Sollen wir weiterhin auf die Gnade der Industriellen, der Dusseldorfer, der Nazis angewiesen sein?

(The rats are leaving the ship of stage, Comrades...are we to be left at the mercy of the industrialists... the oppressors...the Nazis...)

The rally is loud but peaceful enough until it is set upon by a handful of Nazis. These men are in civilian dress, but they all wear swastika arm bands. They attack with a will. The Communist speaker yells something, then leaps from the stand onto the back of a NAZI who has fought his way toward the stand. It is a melee...the fight spills over into the street.

CUT TO:

LOTHAR'S CAR DAY

LOTHAR, SALLY, BRIAN in the back. Packages piled high in front with the chauffeur. The car is forced to slow down to avoid the rioting crowd.

LOTHAR

Fahren Sie an den Rinnstein heren.  
We können es von hier aus sehen.

Reluctantly, the CHAUFFEUR slows down. LOTHAR watches the brawl with interest, BRIAN with barely concealed rage...SALLY unhappily

LOTHAR

(to BRIAN)

If Herr Hitler's bravos would  
concentrate on the verdamnt

(GODD)



LOTHAR (cont)

Communists! Instead of scrapping  
with everyone in sight...But no...  
today, Communists...

(gestures the fight in/  
progress)

tomorrow, the Capitalists, then  
Jews, and Socialists the day after...

(shakes his head in  
sad amusement)

I fear they are promiscuous.

BRIAN

Hitler's mad.

LOTHAR

(smiles)

He is naughty, but he could be  
useful.

BRIAN

Useful?

LOTHAR

Some weapon must be found against  
the Bolsheviks. One does not simply  
hand over the country.

SALLY

Let's turn around, please!  
It has nothing to do with us!

LOTHAR

(obediently gives order  
to the relieved CHAUFFEUR)

Rehren Sie um.

The CHAUFFEUR quickly maneuvers sharply and illegally  
around in the street, away from the fight. The  
car speeds away, barely misses an angry woman who is  
dragging a twelve-year-old boy and a younger  
child away from the uproar. The twelve year old  
looks back over his shoulder at the fight, frightened  
but fascinated.

From the car, BRIAN also looks back, his expression  
very much the same as that of the little German boy.  
LOTHAR looks at BRIAN, smiles.

SALLY

Let the nasty things all kill  
each other.

(sighs contentedly)

In two more days we'll be gone,  
so who cares!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEER HALL - DAY

LOTHAR, SALLY, BRIAN at table. It is a heavily timbered Hofbrau-styled room. Here peaceful middle-class Germans and their families drink beer. There is much talk and laughter, and an accordin-dominated group is playing. Good-natured waiters make their ways deftly among the the tables, filling orders. SALLY, LOTHAR, BRIAN, their own good-humor somewhat restored, raise their beer steins to each other.

SALLY

Bye-bye to Berlin.

BRIAN

So long to the sausage!

SALLY and LOTHAR laugh.

SALLY

What is it they say in German when you're going on a journey and they want to wish you luck?

LOTHAR

Hals und Beinbruch.

BRIAN

(softly)

Neck and leg-break.

SALLY

Leg-break?

BRIAN

It's supposed to stop it happening.

SALLY

(raises her stein again)

Neck and leg-break, darlings!

They drink, then enjoy a moment of peace and relaxation.

SALLY

Oh, listen.

In front of MUSICIANS, a group of young WAITERS stand in a line. They have begun to sing the sweet melody of "TOMORROW BELONGS TO ME".

WAITERS

The branch of the linden is leafy and green  
The Rhine gives its gold to the sea,  
But somewhere a glory awaits unseen,  
Tomorrow belongs to me.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP of wholesome, gentle-faced YOUNG MAN.

YOUNG MAN

(singing)

The babe in his cradle is closing  
his eyes,  
The blossom embraces the bee,

PULL BACK to reveal the singing YOUNG MAN in brown Nazi uniform (Sam Brown belt and swastika). He is standing in his place at an adjoining table at which are seated his obviously middle-class family, his mother, father, young sisters -- all beaming, very proud of him.

YOUNG MAN

(continues singing)

But soon, says a whisper, arise, arise,  
Tomorrow belongs to me.

During the following, the family joins the song, slowly rising to their feet. Then the rest of the people in the place join the singing. The music becomes stronger and less pastoral.

YOUNG MAN & OTHERS

(singing)

Tomorrow belongs  
Tomorrow belongs  
Tomorrow belongs to me.

At this point, the song has become fully nationalistic in character. It is sung with Germanic, militaristic fervor, some standing rigidly at attention:

ALL

(sing) :

Oh, Fatherland, Fatherland, show us a sign  
Your children have waited to see,  
The morning will come when the world is mine,  
Tomorrow belongs to me.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON LOTHAR reacting to song. He has a look of intense concentration.

PULL BACK to show BRIAN reacting to LOTHAR. SALLY oblivious of both of them, joins singing.

ALL

(singing over)

Tomorrow belongs to me,  
Tomorrow belongs to me.

CLOSE ON LOTHAR

DISSOLVE:

INT. SALLY'S ROOM LATE DAY

SALLY stands in the middle of an avalanche of tissue paper. Open boxes, new luggage. She is wearing a portion of a safari outfit. Other bits and pieces of exotic paraphernalia are strewn about. On a table an open bottle of champagne...two empty glasses. BRIAN seems to be uncertain of what to do with some books. SALLY is very animated, BRIAN rather gloomy and restless.

SALLY

I think I'm going to have to get another piece of luggage... darling, we cannot take those old books...

BRIAN

(throws books down,  
sighs)

I think in the Middle Ages people must have felt like this when they sold the Devil their souls.

SALLY

Well, just be glad there's still a going market! Have a prairie oyster. Have some champagne.

(drops down on her knees  
in front of him, playfully)

Have me! Darling, did I tell you how sexy you look in jodhpurs! Honestly, we're probably about the two sexiest people in Berlin! Now we're going to throw it around Africa!

(MORE)

SALLY (cont)

(BRIAN doesn't respond to  
any of this)

Bri, darling, on a trip like this...  
all this propinquity...Lothar might  
just find himself wanting to make me  
the Baroness von Heune und  
Regensburg.

(BRIAN gives her a look)

Well, stranger things have happened.

BRIAN

(moves irritably)

Let's finish packing.

SALLY

Bri, you really have turned into the  
dreariest, most downbeat, middle-class...

BRIAN

(snaps out)

I am middle-class. And so are you,  
Sally. You are not going to be the  
Baroness Von anything. And you  
are not the whore of Babylon!

SALLY

(gives him a campily  
seductive shoulder, a  
Mae Westish kind of reading)

I'm the whore of Berlin. I haven't hit  
Babylon yet.

BRIAN

(suddenly furious, it  
all explodes)

I wish you could hear yourself! I  
mean really hear yourself ... 'the  
power of a woman's body ...' Christ!  
You just let yourself be used.

SALLY

Used!

BRIAN

Lothar's not going to make you anything  
but older. Lothar's married.

SALLY

I don't believe you!

BRIAN

There's already a Baroness von Heune  
und Regensburg. Believe me.

SALLY

(making a giant effort to  
shrug off this unexpected  
personage)

Well, he can't be very firmly married...  
when we go to ...

BRIAN

Stop it! Stop deluding yourself  
about Lothar, about using men and  
gold-digging, and behaving like  
some sort of ludicrous little  
underaged femme fatale ... you're  
about as 'fatale' as an after-dinner  
mint! Lothar's not ...

SALLY

(her eyes narrowing,  
dangerously)

Of course, darling, we know all about  
your vast experience of les femmes  
... fatale or otherwise. If you knew  
anything at all about men and women,  
you'd know I've handled Lothar  
brilliantly!

BRIAN

(laughs)

Oh, brilliantly!

SALLY

Why don't you just come out with  
it? You're rotten jealous because  
Lothar's everything you're not!  
He's worldly and rich and suave and  
divinely sexy! He really appreciates  
a woman's body...

BRIAN

Oh fuck Lothar!

SALLY

(shouts)

I do!

BRIAN

(shouts back)

So do I!

They stare at one another for an echoing moment.  
Then BRIAN takes a deep, shuddering breath.

BRIAN (contd)

I'm sorry.

SALLY

(Blank with shock)

You and Lothar.

BRIAN

You needn't feel too excluded, Sally.  
I'm quite sure what he's trying to  
buy is a matched pair.

SALLY

You and Lothar. You bastards!

BRIAN

You and me and Lothar. Two gents  
and a lady. Just as you said.

SALLY

I thought you loved me!

There is a sudden knock on the door. Neither SALLY  
nor BRIAN answers it. They simply stand staring  
at one another. In the tense silence, an envelope  
is tactfully slipped under the door. SALLY glances  
down, recognizes the handwriting, moves to pick up  
the envelope.

She opens it and pulls out a letter and a modest  
assortment of banknotes. SALLY stares first at the  
money, then reads the letter, her face expressionless.  
At last, she looks up.

SALLY

He's run out on me.

(thrusts the letter at

BRIAN)

Simply run out on me, the lousy  
faggot!

BRIAN

(rapidly scanning the  
letter)

'... growing certainty that my  
duty is to leave for Argentina at  
this time ...'

(laughs shortly)

SALLY

What's so funny?

BRIAN

Probably to round up money for Hitler -- That's his 'duty at this time'.

SALLY

(uninterested in Hitler)

What about his duty to me! Suppose they won't take me back at the Club! He's let me throw over everything and then abandoned me with three hundred lousy marks...

BRIAN

It doesn't matter.

SALLY

What do you mean it doesn't matter!

BRIAN

I mean, what matters is us.

SALLY

(this is only added fuel to the fire)

Us. Of course it was us he abandoned, wasn't it? Us he dumped like a couple of tired tarts! Leaving us with all this...safari....

(furiously kicks the pile of packages)

junk! He never meant to play fair with me! Not from the beginning. And you! You knew it all the time, didn't you, Lady Windemere?

BRIAN gives her a sharp, hard slap which she instantly returns. Too furious to trust himself further in the same house with SALLY, BRIAN stumbles across the littered floor and slams out of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF SCHNEIDER'S HOUSE · DUSK

BRIAN rushes into the street, starts walking at a fast clip.

CUT TO:

STREET passing beneath overhead railway. BRIAN approaches. It is a busy hour of the day. There



are numerous pedestrians, people hurrying home from work.

Taking advantage of this are two young NAZIS who stand under the edge of the elevated, hawking copies of the DEUTSCHER WEHRGEIST, a NAZI publication. One of the NAZIS holds out the paper to the passersby, soliciting; the other stands back beside the box on which the stack of papers lie. BRIAN watches them for a moment. They make one or two sales. BRIAN approaches.

NAZI

Helfen Sie uns, Ordnung in  
die Strassen Berlins zu bringen.  
Unterstützen Sie die Parteigenossen,  
Kameraden.

BRIAN, knowing exactly what he is doing, moves in toward them. He speaks directly to the NAZI.

BRIAN

Your magazine is pure crap, Comrade.

It must be obvious that BRIAN is inviting disaster ... but he has spoken in English. The NAZI is suspicious, uncertain of what has been said to him.

NAZI

Was haben Sie gesagt, Kamerad?

BRIAN

(suicidally)

I said, das ist lauter Scheisse,  
Comrade. And so are you.

The NAZI to whom he has spoken is for a brief moment too astonished to react, but the one standing behind him swears and moves in. BRIAN simply stands and lets it happen.

A number of people stop to watch the beating, but do nothing to interfere.

SHOT OF BRIAN.

POV NAZI who sits on BRIAN punching him. Blood flows from BRIAN's mouth. He is on the ground looking up. Overhead, the train passes screechingly, like DALLY's screams.

CUT TO:

INT. KIT KAT CLUB - NIGHT

The Kit Kat CHORUS GIRLS (about seven) enter from the wings doing a typical "Tiller Girls" routine. Facing front, arms around each others' waists, unison kicking, etc. They are dressed in abbreviated black costumes, revealing much flesh above their stocking tops and at the cleavage. Suddenly we are aware that one of the girls is the M.C.

(Note: This will be a version of the very effective number from the show in which the M.C. reveals himself to be a transvestite.)

As the dance begins to fall apart, we hear the ominous sounds of military drums. The music changes to a martial version of "TOMORROW BELONGS TO ME" as the M.C. and the GIRLS goose-step offstage.

CUT TO:

INT. SALLY'S ROOM LATE NIGHT

SALLY and BRIAN lie in bed together. BRIAN, his face battered, a cut above the eye covered with sticking plaster. His nose is swollen and his lip out. He is asleep. Beside him lies SALLY, awake. The fur coat is spread over the bed.

CUT TO:

INT. SALLY'S ROOM DAY

The room is cleared and back very much in its original state. Only a few boxes remain. BRIAN, his face a bit improved, is again at work at the table. SALLY sits listlessly regarding the remaining boxes.

BRIAN

(sighs, turns over a page)

The worst about pornography is it's so prudish...

SALLY

(kicks at one of the boxes)

God, how easy we must have seemed.

BRIAN

(briskly)

Come on, Sally. I thought we'd agreed to drop the subject.

SALLY  
(continuing as if  
she doesn't hear him)  
Sitting ducks. The damn degenerate.  
(looks up)  
He took cocaine, you know.

BRIAN  
(interested)  
No. I didn't.

SALLY  
(righteously)  
I have never known a dope fiend  
you could rely on.  
(BRIAN smiles. SALLY,  
continuing with no change  
of tone whatever, throws  
the bomb)  
I'm going to have a baby.

BRIAN  
(utterly horrified)  
Oh, my God!

SALLY  
(shrugs)  
That's why I thought marrying  
Lothar would be so sensible.

BRIAN  
(after a moment)  
How are you sure it.....is the  
baby Lothar's?  
(she shrugs)  
I mean have you given any  
thought to the possibility that  
it might be mine?

SALLY  
(tiredly)  
Of course, I have, darling. It  
was just that under the circumstances,  
it seemed more convenient for it to  
be Lothar's.

BRIAN  
Convenient!

SALLY  
Oh, you know what I mean, darling.  
(MORE)

SALLY (cont)

(there is a moment of  
silence between them as  
they studiously avoid looking  
at each other)

I'm awfully scared, Brian.

BRIAN

Oh, Sally, what are you going to  
do?

SALLY

Well, obviously, I can't have the  
baby...I'd be a rotten mother. Just  
a betrayed whore.

BRIAN

Will you for God's sake stop  
calling yourself that! You know  
you're not.

SALLY begins to weep quietly. BRIAN goes to her,  
takes her in his arms.

SALLY

The doctor I went to will do it.  
But it's horribly expensive...he  
has to bribe somebody for some kind  
of certificate or something. I'll  
have to give him my fur coat...

BRIAN

Sally...

SALLY

(begins to sob)

Oh, Bri, I have never in my life  
been so terrified! Oh, Christ, it's  
awful!

Silently, BRIAN holds her; finally, she straightens  
up, sniffing, pulling herself together.

SALLY

It's so awful to think about...that  
there's something alive inside of you,  
and you can't let it live...

(her voice fades off)

BRIAN

(after a moment)

I don't think you'd be a rotten  
mother, Sally.

SALLY

(crossly)

Oh, for God's sake, Brian, don't be soft. What difference does it make what kind of mother I'd be?

BRIAN

I'll marry you, Sally.

(she stares at him)

I think I might rather like being a father. It would be something... definite.

SALLY

Oh, darling! You're always so nice.

(her lip trembles somewhere between tears and laughter)

I mean, it probably is your baby, but just suppose it turns out to be a nasty little coked-up Kraut!

(BRIAN laughs, SALLY smiles)

Anyway, you don't have any money.

BRIAN

We can go back to England. I have an aunt...I can borrow enough to get us home and then I can get some kind of job teaching.

SALLY

Oh, Bri...

(trying it - a mixture of awe and doubt)

A professor's wife. My God.

BRIAN

(laughs)

I can't think where you'd cause the worse uproar...in a boy's school, or a girls'! Oh Sally!

(embraces her)

Wait till my mother meets you!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET DAY

A large CROWD gathered in front of the corner building. It is identified as a bank. We see, however, that iron lattices are drawn over the windows, and in the middle of the door is fixed a small notice. A WOMAN is

banging frantically on the locked door.

CUT TO:

CROWD

A lot of MEN with leather satchels, and WOMEN with stringbags...women like SCHNEIDER. In fact, we quickly make out SCHNEIDER herself among the crowd.

As the crowd mutters and a few sharp exclamations of rage and dismay ring out, a little BOY playing with a hoop among the CROWD, rubs the hoop up against a WOMAN's legs. She swings furiously at him with her bag.

WOMAN WITH BAG

Du, sei bloss nicht so frech!

A MAN aims a kick at the BOY, his toe barely grazing the seat of the child's pants.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHNEIDER'S RECEPTION ROOM

An excited SCHNEIDER, still in her hat, surrounded by BRIAN, KOST and LUDWIG, and another BOARDER, an OLDER WOMAN.

SCHNEIDER

It's true...the crowd was so upset someone tried to kick a little child!

LUDWIG

Terrible! Terrible!

KOST

The Darmstadter unt National shut down! There'll be thousands ruined.

SCHNEIDER

Professor Kleinmann down the block says we'll have a civil war in a fortnight! A red revolution!

LUDWIG

(gently derisive)

I am sure the Herr Professor has secret sources of information.

KOST

Why not? Those types are all  
Communists. Communists and Jews.  
They're all together.

LUDWIG

Oh come now, Fraulein...

OLDER WOMAN

It is true. The Jews stick together.

SCHNEIDER

(nods)

Always the Jews.

BRIAN

What nonsense.

LUDWIG

They are blamed because they are  
clever.

OLD WOMAN

Too clever.

SCHNEIDER

It is true. This town is sick  
with Jews. Turn over any stone  
and a couple of them will crawl  
out. Strangling us, robbing us!  
Look at all the big deaprtment stores...  
Landauers, Wertheim's, K.D.W....you  
can't buy a petticoat without  
lining their pockets.

BRIAN stares at her, shocked.

KOST

Filthy thieving Jews!

BRIAN

(coldly)

The Landauers are personal friends  
of mine...

(to SCHNEIDER)

As you well know, Fraulein.

SCHNEIDER

(tight-lipped)

But not of mine.

BRIAN, glares at her, furious.

BRIAN

Then I daresay it is because they  
have not seen fit to cultivate  
the company of a....a concierge...  
(turns to KOST)  
....or a tart....

BRIAN turns on his heel, and strides angrily from  
the room. LUDWIG moves toward BRIAN, trying to  
placate him as they stride down the hall.

LUDWIG

(sadly)

Do not blame them too much, Herr  
Roberts. They are ignorant... they  
do not have the insights that only  
the study of literature brings...

CUT TO:

INT. LANDAUER'S DEPARTMENT STORE DAY

BRIAN and NATALIA coming down escalator. BRIAN is  
carrying a fancily wrapped present.

NATALIA

(indicating the gift  
in BRIAN's hand)

You will see. Once Sally becomes  
a wife, she will be most proud  
to make tea from good silver.

BRIAN

You're very sweet, Natalia. But  
too generous.

As they walk through the store, NATALIA gravely and  
graciously receives the unspoken homage of store  
employees.

NATALIA

(trying not to show  
her depression)

I have come to so like your Sally.  
It seems strange that we will not  
any of us see each other no more.

BRIAN

It isn't my business, Natalia, but I  
think you should leave too...as your  
father wishes.



NATALIA

I cannot leave my parents.

By now they have reached the store's exit. They go through revolving doors to the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. BERLIN STREET

EXT. LANDAUER'S STORE DAY

Almost immediately, BRIAN and NATALIA find themselves part of a crowd that has formed a tense knot on the sidewalk. The crowd is composed of PEDESTRIANS who have stopped to watch the antics of three NAZIS, two of whom are using bright yellow paint to scrawl, in giant letters,

"JUDEN"

on LANDAUER's show windows. The third NAZI harangues the CROWD.

NAZI

Gute Deutsche kaufen von anderen Deutschen. Sie unterstützen nicht diese Blutegel unsrer Wirtschaft.

('Good Germans buy from other Germans. They do not support this blight on our economy... this eternal bloodsucking!')

BRIAN

(quietly to NATALIA)

Come on, Natalia ... let's get out of here ...

NATALIA

(fiercely, shaking off his protective arm)

No! I won't!

This English expletive draws the attention of the NAZI speechmaker. He scowls at her.

NAZI

(in English)

You do not agree, Fraulein? You would encourage the Jews to go on feeding and fattening from the bare bones of good Germans?.

NATALIA  
(so furious, she is not  
even slightly frightened)  
It is not the Jews, but pigs like  
you who are looking for someone  
to feed off...

NAZI  
You call me a pig...Jew whore!

The CROWD begins to mill in fright. The lead NAZI starts toward NATALIA, BRIAN pushes her back, trying to move backwards himself, but still protect her... others in the crowd move to protect NATALIA...some move away...there is much pushing and shoving.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP NATALIA

Enraged. She will not be saved. Fights her way free of BRIAN, shoulders her way toward the NAZI.

NATALIA  
Lying scum!

Wildly, NATALIA swings her purse at the leering face... she almost makes contact, but he ducks. At this moment, someone throws a stone...whether at the store, the NAZI, or NATALIA, we do not know. Glass shatters, women scream, the NAZI dodges away, the shattering glass catches NATALIA, cuts her forehead.

BRIAN, pushing his way to her, grabs her and pulls her ruthlessly through the panicky crowd.

NATALIA  
(triumphantly through  
streaming blood)  
Ha! Did you see him run!

CUT TO:

EXT. BERLIN STREET DAY

SALLY and FRITZ walking together.

SALLY  
No, you must come in and have a  
drink. I'm so glad I ran into  
you, Fritz, darling. I've been  
horribly depressed.

FRITZ

(seems rather depressed  
himself)

What is the matter, Sally? How can  
you be depressed? You and Brian will  
go soon to London and be together. You  
are very fortunate.

SALLY

Oh, yes, it's marvelous being with  
Brian, darling. But going back to  
England...

(sighs)

Actually, I don't suppose we'll even be  
in London. Probably some Outpost of the  
Empire like Manchester.

They have reached Fraulein SCHNEIDER's house; SALLY  
takes out her key.

CUT TO:

INT. SALLY'S ROOM DAY

SALLY and FRITZ. SALLY is at the cabinet.

SALLY

What we need, Fritz, darling, is...  
(pulls out bottle of  
gin)

Dear old Mother's Ruin.  
(a short laugh)

Just what the doctor ordered.  
(pours them each a fulsome  
glass)

I got a letter today from an old  
friend...a girl I grew up with...  
she was absolutely marvelous. We  
were always in trouble together...  
for smoking and not wearing bloomers...  
everybody kept telling us we'd  
come to a bad end.

(laughs; drinks)

Well, she did.

(flicks envelope which  
lies on table)

She married a boy from home and  
is just about to have her second  
baby.

Suddenly the door bursts open, BRIAN enters. He is  
messed up, but not hurt. He does not see FRITZ.

BRIAN  
(to SALLY)  
Thank heavens you're back! I've  
got Natalia with me...I left her in  
the bathroom to wash...where's some  
sticking plaster?

FRITZ  
(alarmed)  
Natalia? Who is it you need for  
sticking plaster?

SALLY  
What on earth....

BRIAN dashes across the hall to his room...FRITZ  
right on his tail.

BRIAN  
(talks as he moves)  
We were in a fight with a bunch of  
Nazis...Natalia got hit...Go help  
her, Sally...

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S ROOM DAY

BRIAN is rummaging through a medicine box...

BRIAN  
Iodine...aspirin...where the  
devil's the sticking plaster?  
You should have seen her, Fritz!  
She was like Joan of Arc!

FRITZ from the doorway, hears footsteps, he turns,  
stares.

CUT TO:

TWO SHOT SALLY AND NATALIA IN HALLWAY

SALLY holding onto NATALIA's arm. NATALIA holds  
her hand over the cut in her forehead. She is a bit  
ruffled, but otherwise quite alright, although her  
suit and blouse are bloody.

When she spots FRITZ, she stiffens, but continues  
toward SALLY's room.

BRIAN (VOICE OVER)  
Here it is!

CUT TO:

INT. SALLY'S ROOM DAY

FRITZ

Let me see.

Tenderly, he kneels in front of NATALIA, who sits stiffly upright in a chair, her hand covering not only her forehead, but as much of her eyes as possible... she will not look at FRITZ.

NATALIA

Brian did not tell me you were here.

FRITZ

He did not know.

BRIAN removes the hand from her face in order to apply the plaster. FRITZ gasps when he sees the wound. It is superficial...but it is his NATALIA who is wounded. BRIAN puts the plaster over the cut.

FRITZ

You must go to a doctor. It will not be clean enough from just washing. There must be a disinfectant.

BRIAN

(goes to cupboard)  
Let me get you some brandy, Natalia.

NATALIA

(very uneasy under the attentions of the hovering FRITZ)  
I do not think so.

BRIAN

Yes, but I do think so. You need something. And it's quite good brandy. It's part of...quite a good loot. I'm going to have some.

FRITZ

It needs another plaster...this one will let in too much air...dust...

SALLY stands quietly watching FRITZ attend to NATALIA.

BRIAN hands NATALIA a brandy.

FRITZ peels another plaster.

NATALIA  
I can put it on myself.

FRITZ  
I know, but let me do it, please.  
Drink your brandy and let me do it.

NATALIA, although she tries not to show it, is very touched.

BRIAN sees SALLY is drinking gin. Quietly he takes it from her. Gives her his brandy.

BRIAN  
This is better for you.

FRITZ has taken as long as he can applying a second plaster to NATALIA's forehead.

FRITZ  
There.

NATALIA  
And now I must go to home.  
(rises, straightens  
her clothes)

FRITZ  
You will let me take you, please...

NATALIA  
My dear young man, I....

FRITZ  
"...am not sixty years old  
and can go home unmolested."

NATALIA  
I prefer to go alone.

FRITZ  
No.

NATALIA  
And if we run into another of  
these ... abominations?

FRITZ  
I must be with you, Natalia.

At this, BRIAN raises his head. The two men exchange glances. FRITZ nods very gently. He speaks to BRIAN.

FRITZ (cont)

I tell it now.

BRIAN

Let him take you, Natalia. We would all feel much better.

(quickly, FRITZ picks up his gloves, hat)

And, Natalia...

NATALIA

Yes?

BRIAN

I admired you very much this afternoon.

NATALIA

I cannot see why.

FRITZ

(to NATALIA)

Come...

As he reaches for her hand, the camera moves in to hold CLOSE on their clasped hands. The voices of FRITZ and the M.C. are heard in unison as we

DISSOLVE TO:

TIGHT SHOT of M.C.'s and GORILLA's clasped hands.

FRITZ & M.C. (VOICES OVER)

From now on, we go together.

PAN UP to find M.C. and an attractive girl gorilla holding hands. She wears a chic little skirt and carries a handbag. M.C. looks reprovngly at his audience (and our audience).

M.C.

(sings)

I know what you're thinking...  
You wonder why I chose her  
Out of all the ladies in the world.  
That's just a first impression....  
What good's a first impression?  
If you knew her like I do,  
It would change your point of view.

MC (Contd)

If you could see her through my eyes,  
You wouldn't wonder at all.  
If you could see her through my eyes,  
I guarantee you would fall...

Like I did.

When we're in public together,  
I hear society moan.  
But if they could see her through my eyes,  
Maybe they'd leave us alone.

How can I speak of her virtues?  
I don't know where to begin:  
She's clever, she's smart, she reads music,  
She doesn't smoke or drink gin....

Like I do.

Yet when we're walking together,  
They sneer if I'm holding her hand,  
But if they could see her through my eyes,  
Maybe they'd all understand.

(they waltz)

I understand your objection,  
I grant you the problem's not small.  
But if you could see her through my eyes,  
She doesn't look Jewish at all!

CUT TO:

INT. KIT KAT KLUB BACKSTAGE NIGHT

SALLY approaches wings. Passes KLAUS.

KLAUS

You're on next, Sally.

SHE smiles at him, stands near entrance as MC and GORILLA pass. SALLY cannot be seen from audience. The GORILLA stops and takes her head off. She is one of the Kit Kat Chorus.

GORILLA GIRL

Max say you are to England soon  
going back, ja?

SALLY nods.

SALLY's POV - we see BRIAN sitting alone at Table 9.

GORILLA GIRL (cont)

Will you write to me? If perhaps  
they are needing girls in London.



SALLY watches BRIAN react to his telephone ringing. He answers it, listen, shakes his head, "no", says goodbye, and hangs up. During this, SALLY looks about trying to see who is speaking to him.

TWO SHOT - SALLY and GORILLA GIRL

SALLY  
Sure Anna, I'll write.

SALLY'S POV - BRIAN at table.

ANNA touches SALLY's arm appreciatively as she moves off. SALLY continues to watch BRIAN. He is very solemn. Suddenly, he is approached by a MAN who reminds us very strongly of LOTHAR. The MAN is very attractive and not obviously homosexual. He leans over, smiles, and speaks to BRIAN. BRIAN smiles and is completely civil, but also, completely negative. The MAN, with a faint, teasing, disbelieving smile, bows and walks away.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP BRIAN

His face shows nothing, but his eyes suddenly close.

CUT TO:

MED. CLOSE SALLY

She is still watching BRIAN. She, too, closes her eyes, tight. Someone indistinguishable appears behind her. A man's arm encircles her from behind and places his hand on her breast. SALLY reacts -- as she turns, we

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - M.C. and SALLY, face to face.

SALLY is startled. She pulls back. He holds her by both elbows. He smirks.

M.C.  
(insinuatingly)  
Are you ready, Fraulein?

CUT TO:

MED. CLOSE SALLY - Pulling back.

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT M.C. and SALLY

He laughs as he releases her and steps out onto the stage.

M.C.

(to audience)

Meine Damen und Herren --

Mesdames et Messieurs --

Ladies and Gentlemen...

And now, once again - Fraulein

Sally Bowles!

Loud drum roll along with a smattering of applause from the audience.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. BUILDING LOBBY NIGHT SILENT

The sound of applause and drum roll at end of preceding scene should cut off abruptly - actually cut the tape - so as to emphasize the silence as we cut to this scene.

LONG SHOT FROM EXTREMELY LOW ANGLE. In the foreground, find SALLY hugging her fur coat about her. She's standing with her back to the camera looking up a dimly lit, long, steep stairway leading to a somewhat grubby landing which sports a large stained-glass window. As it is night, very little light filters through this remnant of better days. SALLY sighs deeply, then moves toward the stairs and starts up. Hold on her climb as long as possible. The only sound, the noise of her spiked heels on the steps.

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT SALLY

She climbs up toward camera on landing. Pan with her as she crosses to an unmarked door. She pauses for a moment, then rings the bell.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON SALLY

Her expression impassive as she waits for a response to her ring. She reacts to the door opening.

CUT TO:

MED. CLOSE SALLY

Over her shoulder as the door opens. We cannot see who has opened it. SALLY enters.

CUT TO:

INT. KIT KAT KLUB

CLOSE SHOT of heavily made up, ugly CHORUS GIRL. She screams as she drops out of shot in a flying split revealing rest of girls who alternately scream and do same (typical, old-hat can-can move). After just a flash of this:

CUT TO:

SALLY'S ROOM MORNING

BRIAN is asleep in his clothes across SALLY's bed. The spread has not been turned down. SALLY enters. She wears a dress, no coat.

The door opens, so do BRIAN's eyes. SALLY is not conscious of him, only of moving herself rather carefully to the sofa, where she sits leaning back in exhaustion. After a moment, she becomes aware of BRIAN's presence. They look at each other silently for a moment.

SALLY

Good morning, darling. Would you mind awfully...seeing if there's a bit of that brandy left?

(BRIAN blinks, looks at his watch, sees that it is full day)

Oh, very well, put an egg in it. We'll call it breakfast.

(closes her eyes, tiredly)

Silently, BRIAN gets up, goes to the cabinet, pours her a brandy without the egg, brings it to her. She takes it, smiles gratefully.

SALLY

You are quite the nicest man in the world, darling.

(drinks, then makes an attempt to contain the situation)

I suppose you wonder what on earth happened to me... I ran into some

SALLY (cont)  
old friends, and I'm afraid we  
made rather a night of it.  
(puts her feet up on  
the sofa. Still BRIAN  
doesn't speak)  
You must have been horribly worried.  
I'm so sorry, darling. I'm a  
monster...  
(attempts a laugh)  
...a very hung-over monster.  
(BRIAN's silence and  
steady regard is getting  
on her nerves)  
Well...aren't you going to say  
anything?

BRIAN  
(quietly)  
The money came, Sally. My aunt sent  
a bank order. We can leave whenever  
we like.

SALLY  
(brightly)  
Marvelous! Well...as long as the  
pressure's off...I mean, we might  
as well take our time ...I really  
would like to stay on at the club  
for a few weeks.....

BRIAN  
It's time to leave Berlin. It's no good  
for us here anymore.

SALLY  
Darling, Max did take me back after  
that Africa nonsense, and I don't  
want to run out on them while they  
need me...I think Max is finally  
beginning to realize what a tremendous  
asset I am, and...

BRIAN  
Sally, you're going to have a baby.

SALLY doesn't answer.

BRIAN  
Aren't you?

SALLY  
Well, actually, darling....  
(MORE)

SALLY (cont)

(takes a deep breath)

I'm not.

(gives him a big smile)

Everything's okay. What I mean is, surprise! You know how stupid I am at arithmetic. I must just have made the most ridiculous miscount....

BRIAN

Did the doctor miscount too?

SALLY

Oh, you know what kind of doctor he was. Dreadful little quack abortionist...probably tells everybody they're pregnant... trying to drum up trade. These people will do anything for a few dirty marks.

BRIAN

Where's your fur coat?

SALLY

(determined to see the great lie all the way through)

Oh, God, darling, it was the most drunken night. I've lost it. Oh, well...who needs to be reminded of Lothar? You know, Bri, you were absolutely right...his running out was the best thing that could possibly have happened to us. He would have just dragged us down...destroyed our careers.

(BRIAN just continues to stare at her, driving her to chatter more and more nervously, emptily)

I wish you'd been with us tonight, Bri, darling. I haven't drunk so much in years! We went from place to place to place... I can't even remember half of them, it was all so...wild...so... marvelous...

(her record plays down)

There is a long moment of silence. Then SALLY, taking a deep breath, sits up, grabs BRIAN's hand.

SALLY (cont)

Darling, don't you see, the trouble was, I really do adore you. And sooner or later you wouldn't adore me.... and there we'd be... Darling, you know I can't bear not being adored, so I'd probably run out and there'd be the child...and you'd have to keep it because...

(bravely giving BRIAN an emotional out... taking, really, all the blame on herself)

After all, I do have my career to think of.

BRIAN looks at her, sees through her completely. He manages a smile, pours each of them a glass of brandy. Then he takes an envelope from his pocket, removes some money from it.

BRIAN

I'm leaving Berlin,  
(gives her half  
the money)

Get your coat back if you can.  
(raises his glass)  
Neck and leg-break, Sally.

SALLY

(more tenderly than  
she has ever spoken)  
Neck and leg-break, Bri.....

Suddenly they are tight in each other's arms.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION NIGHT

BRIAN carrying suitcases. He walks slowly as if trying to memorize everything he sees.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET UNDER THE ELEVATED RAILWAY

SALLY stands underneath as train roars overhead.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP SALLY

Her eyes closed tight as the train screams for her.  
As train sound recedes, we hear:

SALLY'S VOICE (OVER)

(singing)

What good is sitting alone in your room?  
Come hear the music play....

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KIT KAT KLUB NIGHT

CLOSE ON SALLY performing.

SALLY

(sings)

Life is a cabaret, old chum,  
Come to the cabaret.

Put down the knitting, the book and the broom,  
Time for a holiday.  
Life is a cabaret, old chum,  
Come to the cabaret.

Come taste the wine,  
Come hear the band,  
Come blow a horn, start celebrating  
Right this way, your table's waiting.

No use permitting some prophet of doom  
To wipe every smile away.  
Life is a cabaret, old chum,  
Come to the cabaret.

I used to have a girl friend known as Elsie  
With whom I shared four sordid rooms  
in Chelsea.  
She wasn't what you'd call a blushing flower;  
As a matter of fact, she rented by the hour.

The day she died the neighbors came to  
snicker,  
"Well, that's what comes of too much pills  
and liquor.  
But when I saw her laid out like a queen,  
She was the happiest corpse I'd ever seen.

I think of Elsie to this very day  
I remember how she'd turn to me and say....

SALLY (cont)

What good is sitting alone in your room?  
Come hear the music play.  
Life is a cabaret, old chum,  
Come to the cabaret.

Put down the knitting, the book and the  
broom,  
Time for a holiday.  
Life is a cabaret, old chum,  
Come to the cabaret.

And as for me, as for me,  
I made my mind up back in Chelsea.  
When I go, I'm going like Elsie!

Start by admitting from cradle to tomb  
Isn't that long a stay.  
Life is a cabaret, old chum,  
Only a cabaret, old chum,  
And I love a cabaret!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STATION PLATFORM

BRIAN walking between two trains: One preparing to leave, the other pulling in -- just arriving. He approaches two uniformed NAZIS. They watch each window of the arriving train, obviously awaiting the arrival of someone with anticipated pleasure. PAN with BRIAN as he passes the NAZIS and boards his train.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE

Letze ansage! Berlin-Paris Express  
abfahrt vier uhr bahnsteig siebzehn.  
Alle einsteigen, bitte! Letzte  
ansage!

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

BRIAN, sitting alone in the compartment. The train begins to pull out. BRIAN sings softly to himself.

BRIAN

(more a whisper than  
singing)

Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome,  
Fremde, etranger, stranger.....

(MORE)



BRIAN (cont)  
(MC's VOICE joins BRIAN's)  
.....Glücklich zu sehen,  
Je suis enchante,  
Happy to see you.....

BRIAN stops singing as the MC's VOICE grows stronger.

MC (VOICE OVER)  
....Bleibe, reste, stay.  
Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome...  
Im Cabaret, au cabaret, to cabaret!

CUT TO:

BRIAN'S POV - STATION PLATFORM - TRAIN MOVING

On the opposite train, a MAN appears at one of the compartment doors. He waves at the two NAZIS who turn and greet him with the recognizable extended arm salute. They stand that way, receding as we pull away with the departing train.

MC'S VOICE SEGUEING FROM SINGING INTO SPEECH, IS HEARD OVER ABOVE ACTION:

MC (VOICE OVER)  
Heine Dameh und Herren...Mesdames  
et Messieurs...Ladies and  
Gentlemen...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KIT KAT KLUB NIGHT

FULL FIGURE MC

MC (cont)  
Where are your troubles now?  
Forgotten? I told you so!  
We have no troubles here. Here  
life is beautiful...the girls  
are beautiful...even the orchestra  
is beautiful.

The sleazy ALL-GIRL COMBO is rolled out on its platform. They play the last eight bars of "WILLKOMMEN" as we see the audience we first saw, middle-class BUSINESSMEN, their WIVES, their CUSTOMERS, but scattered among them now, a few uniforms and swastika armbands. It is not as bright; a dream-like quality prevails. The COMBO segues

into the downbeat for SALLY's vocal entrance as we

CUT TO:

FULL FIGURE SALLY

SALLY

(singing)

I made my mind up back in Chelsea.  
When I go I'm going like Elsie.

(lights dim)

... from cradle to tomb  
Isn't that long a stay,  
Life is a cabaret, old chum,  
Life is a cabaret, old chum,

CAMERA PULLS BACK to give the effect of SALLY's figure receding. It becomes smaller and smaller as she repeats, singing:

SALLY

Life is a cabaret, old chum,  
Life is a cabaret, old chum,  
Life is a cabaret, old chum,  
(fades out)

CUT TO:

FULL FIGURE MC

Hanging in B.G. is the large mirror. It reflects the distorted image of the M.C. and his AUDIENCE.

M.C.

(singing)

Auf wiedersehen...

(orchestra repeats melody  
of "AUF WEIDERSEHEN")

A bientot...

(orchestra repeats  
"A BIENTOT".

Speaking)

Good night!

As a loud drumroll hits hard, the MC suddenly vanishes, leaving the stage empty. The mirror reflecting the distorted audience stares at us. As the drumroll ends with a loud cymbal crash, superimpose

THE END

