

ONE, TWO, THREE

Screenplay by

Billy Wilder and I.A.L. Diamond

THIS PIECE MUST BE PLAYED MOLTO FURIOSO

-- AT A RAPID-FIRE, BREAKNECK TEMPO,

SUGGESTED SPEED: 100 MILES AN HOUR --

ON THE CURVES -- 140 MILES AN HOUR ON

THE STRAIGHTAWAY.

ONE, TWO, THREE

C. R. MacNAMARA James Cagney
OTTO LUDWIG PIFFL Horst Buchholz
SCARLETT HAZELTINE Pamela Tiffin
PHYLLIS MacNAMARA Arlene Francis
SCHLEMMER Hanns Lothar
INGEBORG Lilo Pulver
WENDELL P. HAZELTINE Howard St. John
MRS. HAZELTINE Lois Bolton
PERIPETCHIKOFF Leon Askin
BORODENKO Ralf Wolter
MISHKIN Peter Capell
FRITZ Karl Lieffen
COUNT von DROSTE-SCHATTENBURG Hubert von Meyerinck
DR. BAUER Henning Schlüter
NEWSPAPERMAN Til Kiwe
ZEIDLITZ Karl Ludwig Lindt
TOMMY MacNAMARA John Allen
CINDY MacNAMARA Christine Allen
BERTHA Rose Renée Roth
M. P. SERGEANT Red Buttons
M. P. CORPORAL Ivan Arnold
EAST GERMAN POLICE CORPORAL Helmut Schmid
EAST GERMAN INTERROGATOR Gerd Martienzen
SECOND INTERROGATOR Otto Friebe
EAST GERMAN POLICE SERGEANT Werner Buttler

SECOND POLICEMAN	Klaus Becker
THIRD POLICEMAN	Siegfried Dornbusch
KRAUSE	Paul Bös
TAILOR	Max Buchsbaum
HABERDASHER	Jaspar von Oertzen
PIERRE	Jacques Chevalier
STEWARDESS	Inga de Toro
SHOEMAN	Werner Hessenland
JEWELER	Abi von Haase
BARBER	
MANICURIST	
LUGGAGE MAN	
WAITER	
PAINTER	
FLOWER MAN	
HAT MAN	

ONE, TWO, THREE

FADE IN:

1 THE BRANDENBURG GATE - LATE AUGUST, 1961 - DAY

CAMERA PANS DOWN from the quadriga, atop the Gate, to the barbed wire blocking the approach below. The Gate is heavily guarded by East German policemen, and there is no traffic.

MacNAMARA'S VOICE

On Sunday, August 13th, 1961, the eyes of America were on the nation's capital -- where Roger Maris was hitting Home Runs No. 44 and 45 against the Senators. On that same day, without any warning, the East German Communists sealed off the border between East and West Berlin.

2 EXT. KURFUERSTENDAMM - DAY

A black, chauffeur-driven, Mercedes limousine, with West Berlin license plates and a small American flag on the fender, is moving through traffic. In the back seat is C. R. MacNAMARA.

MacNAMARA'S VOICE

I only mention this to show the kind of people we're dealing with. Real shifty. Having been stationed in Berlin, and having dealt with them, I know what I'm talking about.

3 THE BRANDENBURG GATE - EARLY JUNE, 1961 - DAY

The Gate is open, and a few West Berlin policemen are casually waving through the cars headed for the East zone. A sign in f.g. warns: ACHTUNG! YOU ARE NOW LEAVING WEST BERLIN.

MacNAMARA'S VOICE

Let's go back to last June. Considering the abnormal situation of a divided city, life in Berlin was more or less normal. Traffic flowed freely through the Brandenburg Gate --

THE EAST SIDE OF THE BRANDENBURG GATE - DAY

Automobiles, motorcycles and pedestrians are being stopped by East German border police, who examine identification papers, search brief cases, peer into the trunks of cars.

MacNAMARA'S VOICE

-- and it wasn't really too much trouble to pass from one side of the Iron Curtain to the other. Some of the East German police were rude and suspicious -- others were suspicious and rude.

A RUBBLED THOROUGHFARE IN EAST BERLIN - DAY

A proletarian parade is in progress -- grim-faced marchers carrying inflammatory banners, placards, and blown-up photographs of Communist big-shots -- while singing the Internationale at the top of their lungs.

MacNAMARA'S VOICE

The Eastern sector, under Communist domination, was still in rubble -- but the people went about their daily business -- parading.

Those inflammatory banners are now passing the camera. Among the sentiments expressed are:

NIKITA ÜBER ALLES!
NIE WIEDER U-2!
KENNEDY, NEIN! CASTRO, JA!
HEIL MAO TSE-TUNG!
AUF IN DEN COSMOS MIT YURI GAGARIN!
WAS IST LOS IN LITTLE ROCK?

Bringing up the rear are a group of schoolgirls, holding big clusters of balloons over their heads. Stamped on each of them is a friendly little hint: YANKEE GO HOME! The girls release the balloons. They float upward, and followed by the CAMERA, drift slowly toward West Berlin.

SKYLINE OF WEST BERLIN - DAY

It's an entirely different world. The CAMERA, continuing its move, PANS DOWN the Gedächtniskirche, and past a series of ultra-modern office buildings, some just completed, others still under construction.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA'S VOICE

These constant provocations failed to provoke the West Berliners. They were too busy rebuilding. The Western sector, under Allied protection, was peaceful, prosperous, and enjoyed all the blessings of democracy.

The CAMERA HAS STOPPED on an enormous billboard, featuring an attractive Nordic blonde sipping from a familiar bottle. The catchline reads:

MACH MAL PAUSE

Trink

COCA-COLA

MacNAMARA'S VOICE

Just by coincidence, this happens to be the company I work for.

DISSOLVE TO:

7

EXT. COCA-COLA BUILDING - DAY

A modern three-story structure, with a bottling plant on the ground floor and offices above. Coca-Cola delivery trucks are rumbling down the driveway as the Mercedes limousine pulls up in front of the entrance. The chauffeur, in livery, and black boots, jumps out, flings the rear door open, then comes to attention, cap-in-hand. His name is FRITZ -- what else? Out of the car steps MacNamara, a brisk, incisive, high-octane type of American businessman abroad. He wears a Brooks Brothers suit and a Panama hat, carries a brief case and an umbrella. He was fifty last February, and he doesn't like it a bit.

MacNAMARA

(like a native - of Ohio)

Danke schön.

He starts across the sidewalk toward the entrance of the building. Fritz slams the car door shut, puts his cap on, rushes after MacNamara, just beats him to the big glass front doors. Stencilled on the glass is:

COCA-COLA

Niederlassung West Berlin

Fritz removes his cap, opens the door for MacNamara.

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

MacNAMARA

Danke schön, Fritz.

He starts in, Fritz following.

8

INT. LOBBY - COCA-COLA BUILDING - DAY

As MacNamara crosses the lobby, Fritz again overtakes him, proceeds out of scene. MacNamara stops before a large glass window giving on the bottling plant. Seated on high stools along the assembly line are two dozen white-smocked employees, supervising the operation -- bottles being washed, inspected, filled with syrup, filled with water, capped, shaken, crated. MacNamara surveys the scene with satisfaction, then heads for the elevator.

Waiting at the elevator is Fritz, cap-in-hand, holding the door open for MacNamara.

MacNAMARA

(stepping inside)

Danke schön.

Fritz closes the elevator door, jams on his cap, scoots up the stairs like a scalded jackass.

9

INT. THIRD FLOOR LANDING - DAY

The elevator is coming up to the third floor (light effect). From the stairwell, we hear the sound of pounding boots. As the elevator stops, a panting Fritz reaches the landing, skids toward the elevator door, yanks it open, then snaps to attention, cap-in-hand. MacNamara steps out, throws Fritz a look.

MacNAMARA

Danke schön, already.

He moves past Fritz through the open doors of the outer office.

10

INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

About twenty German employees, male and female, are working at their desks, busy with typewriters, adding machines and ledgers. As MacNamara crosses toward his private office, the employees jump to their feet in unison, stand at rigid attention.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

Sitzen machen!

The employees resume their seats as MacNamara steps into his office. On the open door we read:

C. R. MacNAMARA
General Direktor

11 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

It is furnished in German modern, all plastic and chrome. On one wall is a map of the world, with hundreds of pins indicating the location of the far-flung Coca-Cola plants. Over the small, built-in bar is a cuckoo clock, which shows 10:05. On the desk are a couple of telephones, a silver-framed photograph of MacNamara's wife and two children, and a neat pile of morning mail.

MacNamara closes the door, tosses his hat, brief case and umbrella on the desk, picks up a copy of the Wall Street Journal and unfolds it.

MacNAMARA
(calling)
Schlemmer!

The door from an adjoining office opens, and in comes SCHLEMMER, about forty, bespectacled, servile. He is MacNamara's right-hand man.

SCHLEMMER
(like a native - of
Stuttgart)
Good morning, Mr. MacNamara.

He clicks his heels briskly. They go off like a pistol shot.

MacNAMARA
(without looking up
from his paper)
Schlemmer, how many times have I told
you -- I don't want those people standing
at attention every time I come into the
office.

SCHLEMMER
I know. I have given strict orders.
(clicks his heels)

(CONTINUED)

11

CONTINUED:

MacNAMARA

Can't they get it through their Prussian heads -- they're living in a democracy now.

SCHLEMMER

That is the trouble. In the old days, if I ordered them to sit, they would sit. Now, with a democracy, they do what they want -- and what they want is to stand.

MacNAMARA

Next. Any word yet from the Mayor's office?

SCHLEMMER

Yes, sir. Negative.

(clicks his heels)

They absolutely will not permit us to install a Coke machine in the Reichstag.

MacNAMARA

Sometimes I wonder who won the war....

Next. Did you pick up those airline tickets for my wife and children?

SCHLEMMER

Yes, sir. Positive.

(clicks heels, produces tickets from pocket)

Three seats on the six o'clock plane to Venice. They change in Frankfurt.

MacNAMARA

That reminds me -- call the Frankfurt plant and have them ship us another hundred thousand bottles. People keep smuggling Cokes into the Eastern sector, and not returning the empties.

SCHLEMMER

Yes, sir.

(clicks his heels)

MacNAMARA

Next. I'm expecting the Russian Trade Commission at ten-thirty. When they get here, show them right in.

(CONTINUED)

SCHLEMMER

Yes, sir.

(clicks heels)

MacNAMARA

Next. Schlemmer, you're fired --

SCHLEMMER

Sir?

MacNAMARA

-- unless you stop clicking your heels around here.

SCHLEMMER

Yes, sir.

(clicks his heels)

I'm sorry. I keep forgetting myself.

MacNAMARA

That old Gestapo training, huh?

SCHLEMMER

Please, Mr. MacNamara -- you mustn't say that. It is not true.

MacNAMARA

Just between us, Schlemmer -- what did you do during the war?

SCHLEMMER

I was in the Untergrund -- the underground.

MacNAMARA

Resistance fighter?

SCHLEMMER

No. Motorman. In the underground -- you know, the subway.

MacNAMARA

(a beat)

And of course you were anti-Nazi -- and you never liked Adolf --

SCHLEMMER

Adolf who? You see, down where I was, I didn't know what was going on up there. Nobody ever told me anything.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

That'll be all, Schlemmer. Raus
machen.

SCHLEMMER

Yes, sir.

As he starts out, MacNamara presses a buzzer on his desk. From the doorway of his office, Schlemmer clicks his heels. MacNamara winces, presses the buzzer again.

12 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

At a desk just outside MacNamara's door sits his secretary, INGEBORG, typing and chewing gum. Responding to the buzzer she rises, undoes the top button of her blouse, starts toward MacNamara's office. She is in her late twenties, blonde, and a superb example of German precision-work -- built like a Porsche, with a pair of powerful headlights and a motor in the rear. Arriving at MacNamara's door, she suddenly realizes that she has forgotten her stenographic pad. Reaching back to the desk for it, she starts inside.

13 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

Ingeborg comes in, approaches the desk.

INGEBORG

Guten Morgen, Herr MacNamara.

MacNAMARA

And a guten Morgen to you, Fraulein
Ingeborg.

INGEBORG

(correcting him)

It is not Fraulein -- it is Fräulein --
with an Umlaut.

MacNAMARA

(eyeing her)

I'll say.

(businesslike)

Monthly report. To - Wendell P.
Hazeltine, home office, Atlanta, Georgia.
From - C. R. MacNamara, Berlin branch.

(CONTINUED)

By this time Ingeborg has seated herself and pulled out a wooden leaf from the desk. She parks her gum under it, crosses her legs, starts taking shorthand.

MacNAMARA

Production figures for May, 270,000 cases. Consumption per capita now 5-point -2 percent above last year. Outselling Rhine wine 8-to-1, rapidly creeping up on draft beer. Next. Publicity campaign to reorient German businessmen's lunch succeeding. Twenty-seven percent now having Coke with their knackwurst. Next. Now here's a real hot flash.

(punching every word)

We may become the first American company to crack the Iron Curtain. I have started preliminary negotiations with a Russian representative, and it looks most promising. More later.

(swivels around toward

Ingeborg)

Next. What did you do over the weekend?

INGEBORG

Nothing. I stayed home -- waiting for you.

MacNAMARA

I tried to make it, believe me -- I just couldn't get away.

(phone rings)

But there's good news tonight.

(picks up phone)

Yes? Mrs. MacNamara?

Ingeborg uncrosses her legs, pulls her skirt down a couple of inches.

MacNAMARA

(into phone)

Put her on.

(a beat)

Yes, Phyllis. What's the matter?

It's a small villa, with somber Teutonic furniture. Right now, the MacNamara household is in the process of packing -- open suitcases and piles of clothes on the beds, general mishmash. BERTHA, the housekeeper, is helping CINDY, aged 8, while TOMMY, aged 10, stands by with a pair of roller skates in his hand, sulking. PHYLLIS MacNAMARA, a bright, attractive woman in her late thirties, is on the phone.

PHYLLIS

It's Tommy. We're having a little crisis here. Why don't you talk to him?
(holding out phone)

Tommy -- your father's on the phone.

TOMMY

(taking phone)

Hello, Dad -- nothing -- it's just that Mother's ganging up on me.

MacNAMARA

(into phone)

What do you mean by that? -- Well, I think your mother is absolutely right. It's silly to pack them. What are you going to do with roller skates in Venice? All the streets are under water.

TOMMY

(into phone)

So what? I'm taking my aqualung and my snorkel --

(holding out phone
to Phyllis)

Here -- your husband wants to talk to you.

Phyllis takes the phone, sighs, knowing what to expect.

PHYLLIS

(into phone)

Yes, Mac?

17

INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

MacNAMARA

(into phone)

Look, Phyllis, let him pack what he wants -- All right, so I'm spoiling him. Big deal!... Don't worry, the car will be there at five. Then you'll pick me up at the office and I'll take you to the airport.

18

INT. BEDROOM - MacNAMARA HOME - DAY

PHYLLIS

(into phone)

Yes, mein Führer.... Bertha wants to know what you'd like for dinner tonight.

19

INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

MacNAMARA

(into phone)

Tell her not to bother. I've got a deskful of work.

(a glance at Ingeborg)

-- I'll just grab a quick bite somewhere. Bye, dear.

(hangs up; to Ingeborg)

Like I said -- good news.

INGEBORG

Your wife, she is taking a trip?

MacNAMARA

Is she ever. Going on vacation -- mit die Kinder.

INGEBORG

Ach so.

MacNAMARA

So tonight, we'll split a Schnitzel, and start on the German lessons again.

INGEBORG

We should. You must be getting rusty.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

We'll just have to work at it twice as hard from now on. Das ist gut?

INGEBORG

Das ist sehr gut.

MacNAMARA

First thing we're going to do is brush up on the Umlaut.

INGEBORG

Das ist wunderbar.

MacNAMARA

(comes up behind her,
inhales her perfume)

Like all the lilacs in Lower Bavaria --

He looks up as the door of Schlemmer's office opens and Schlemmer sticks his head in.

SCHLEMMER

The Communist gentlemen are here.

MacNAMARA

Send them in.

(Schlemmer withdraws)

That's all, Fraulein Ingeborg. Put that on the teletype to Atlanta.

INGEBORG

Jawohl.

MacNAMARA

And take your gum.

INGEBORG

Jawohl.

She recovers her gum from under the desk-leaf. As she starts toward the outer office, the Communist gentlemen file in from Schlemmer's office. There are three of them - PERIPETCHIKOFF, BORODENKO and MISHKIN -- and they all carry brief cases and hats. Their clothes are not exactly Brooks Brothers -- they are more Brothers Karamazov. The eyes of the three comrades light up when they see Ingeborg, and they follow her bouncy walk like three hungry Siberian wolves.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

(extending his hand)

Nice to see you again, Comrade Mishkin.

But neither Mishkin nor the other two pay any attention -- they're engrossed in Ingeborg's exit.

MacNAMARA

(snapping his
fingers)

Hey, Mishkin.

MISHKIN

(coming to)

Ah, Mr. MacNamara. I would like to present Commissar Peripetchikoff, Chairman of our Trade Commission -- and Comrade Borodenko, from the Soft Drink Secretariat.

They both shake hands with MacNamara.

MacNAMARA

Sit down. Sit down, boys.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

We have no objection.

They seat themselves stiffly on the couch.

MacNAMARA

Cigarettes? Cigars?

PERIPETCHIKOFF

(taking cigar out of
breast pocket)

Here -- take one of these.

MacNAMARA

Thanks.

(examining cigar)

H'mmm -- made in Havana.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

We have trade agreement with Cuba. They send us cigars -- we send them rockets.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

Good thinking.

(lighting cigar)

Now, I understand from Comrade Mishkin that you guys are very keen on getting Coca-Cola into Russia.

MISHKIN

(to Peripetchikoff)

He is totally wrong. I did not say we are keen. I said we are mildly interested.

MacNAMARA

Nevertheless. Comrade Mishkin suggested that we start with six bottling plants -- in Moscow, Leningrad, Stalingrad --

(cigar makes him cough)

You know something? You guys got cheated. This is a pretty crummy cigar.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

Do not worry. We sent them pretty crummy rockets.

He nudges his two companions, who smile. MacNamara, who has now wandered over to the open door of the bathroom, tosses the cigar into the toilet off-scene, flushes it.

MacNAMARA

As I was saying -- six plants -- Moscow, Leningrad, Stalingrad, Kiev, Kharkov, and Minsk. Right?

MISHKIN

Totally wrong. I never mentioned Minsk -- I said Pinsk.

MacNAMARA

All right. Pinsk is in, Minsk is out. Next. Our contract will contain the usual provisions -- we supply the syrup, you do the bottling.

BORODENKO

Certainly not. We make our own syrup. You supply the formula.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

Forget it, gentlemen. That formula stays in our vaults. We give it to you, the next thing we know the Chinese Communists will have it.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

No formula -- no deal.

The three Russians get up simultaneously.

MacNAMARA

Okay -- no deal.

BORODENKO

We do not need you. If we want Coca-Cola, we invent it ourselves.

MacNAMARA

Oh, yeah? In 1956 you flew a bottle of Coke to a secret laboratory in Sverdlovsk. A dozen of your top chemists went nuts trying to analyze the ingredients. Right?

BORODENKO

No comment.

MacNAMARA

In 1958 you planted two undercover agents in our home office in Atlanta to steal the formula. And what happened? They both defected, and now they're successful businessmen in Florida -- packaging instant borscht. Right?

PERIPETCHIKOFF

No comment.

MacNAMARA

Last year, you put out some cockamamie imitation -- Kremlin-Kola. You tried it out in the satellite countries -- but even the Albanians wouldn't drink it. They used it for sheep-dip. Right?

MISHKIN

No comment.

MacNAMARA

So either get down to business, or get off the pot.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

(ingratiatingly)

My dear American friend -- if we are to live together in peaceful co-existence, there must be a certain amount of give and take.

MacNAMARA

Oh, sure. We give -- and you take.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

What is the matter -- you do not trust us?

MacNAMARA

No comment.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

If you do not mind -- we have little conference.

MacNAMARA

Help yourself.

The three Russians put their heads together, go into a whispered exchange.

The cuckoo clock on the wall now shows exactly eleven. There is a whirring sound, the doors open, and out pops a carved figure of Uncle Sam, waving an American flag, to the tinkling tune of Yankee Doodle.

The Russians look up indignantly from their huddle.

MISHKIN

What is this?

MacNAMARA

My employees gave it to me -- on the tenth anniversary of the Berlin Airlift.

BORODENKO

Comrades -- are we going to stand here and listen to this cheap propaganda?

(CONTINUED)

PERIPETCHIKOFF

Relax, Boris. While they are putting Uncle Sam in cuckoo clocks, we will put Soviet cosmonaut on moon.

MacNAMARA

Okay, so you guys may be the first to shoot a man to the moon. But if he wants a Coke on the way, you'll have to come to us.

The Russians resume their huddle.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

All right -- we agree in principle. You supply the syrup.

MacNAMARA

Next. The deal will be set up on a royalty basis.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

Royalty? In Russia, we do not have royalty. Not since we liquidate the czar.

MacNAMARA

Nevertheless. You will pay us a percentage of the gross.

MISHKIN

Money?

MacNAMARA

Dollars.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

Instead of dollars, you would accept three-week tour of Bolshoi Ballet?

MacNAMARA

Please, no culture. Just cash.

BORODENKO

(to his chums)

The Ugly American.

MacNAMARA

Next. Once the plants are up, we reserve the right of inspection.

(CONTINUED)

PERIPETCHIKOFF

Of course. And we reserve the right of veto.

MacNAMARA

Our inspectors will be entitled to --

PERIPETCHIKOFF

(promptly)

We veto it!

MacNAMARA

I thought so!

PERIPETCHIKOFF

Forget details. You will draw up temporary agreement -- we will submit to Moscow.

MacNAMARA

And I'll have to consult with Atlanta, Georgia.

BORODENKO

When will papers be ready?

MacNAMARA

I'll put my secretary right to work on it.

MISHKIN

Your secretary -- she is that blonde lady?

MacNAMARA

That's the one.

Peripetchikoff calls the boys into another huddle.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

(that Siberian leer again)

You will send papers to East Berlin with blonde lady -- in triplicate?

MacNAMARA

You want the papers in triplicate -- or the blonde in triplicate?

PERIPETCHIKOFF

See what you can do. We are staying at Grand Hotel Potemkin.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

Okay. Now how about a little vodka and Coke?

He crosses to the bar.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

(consulting pocket watch)

No, thank you. We have emergency meeting with Swiss trade delegation. They send us twenty carloads of cheese. Totally unacceptable. Full of holes. Goodbye.

MacNAMARA

(ushering them out)

See you around the campus.

20 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

As Peripetchikoff, Borodenko and Mishkin make their way down the aisle, they are brought up abruptly by the sight of Ingeborg, bending over a low filing cabinet, her hindquarters wagging rhythmically as she files some papers away.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

(in Russian)

One thing you got to say for those capitalists. They sure know how to put together a woman. If we could only get ahold of those blueprints --

(in English)

-- ring-a-ding-ding!

21 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

MacNamara looks after the Russians with amusement, shuts the door. As he moves back toward his desk, Schlemmer enters from the adjoining office, clicks his heels. MacNamara winces.

MacNAMARA

(without turning)

What is it, Schlemmer?

(CONTINUED)

SCHLEMMER

It is the overseas operator. You are to stand by for a call from Atlanta, Georgia.

MacNAMARA

Atlanta?

(looks at watch)

They must have gotten my teletype. I bet they're all worked up about that Russian deal.

SCHLEMMER

It went good?

MacNAMARA

Good? Look at this, Schlemmer --

He picks up his umbrella, crosses to the wall map, points out the vast expanse of Russia, without a single Coca-Cola pin in it.

MacNAMARA

-- all virgin territory. Three hundred million thirsty comrades -- Volga boatmen and Cossacks, Ukrainians and Outer Mongolians -- panting for the pause that refreshes. You realize what it means if I can put this across?

SCHLEMMER

The stock, it will go up?

MacNAMARA

I'll go up. To the number one job -- head of all European operations -- headquarters in London.

SCHLEMMER

May I be the first to congratulate you.

MacNAMARA

I should've had that job five years ago. I was all set for it -- even bought myself an umbrella -- but I got loused up by Benny Goodman.

SCHLEMMER

Benny Goodman?

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

I was in charge of the whole Middle East -- nine countries -- fifteen bottling plants -- all facing Mecca. Well, Goodman and his band were coming through on a good will tour for the State Department. Thirty thousand people showed up for the concert -- but Benny didn't -- because his plane was delayed by a sandstorm. So the mob rioted and marched on the American Embassy -- so the police turned them back -- so they burned down the Coca-Cola plant.

(Schlemmer clucks his tongue sympathetically)

You know it. There was a big rhubarb at the home office, and suddenly I was in the doghouse -- exiled to South America. Schlepping the syrup over the Andes -- on llamas, yet -- while a bunch of crewcut kids were being promoted over my head.

SCHLEMMER

But you are in Berlin now -- this is not the doghouse.

MacNAMARA

Yeah. I used to have nine countries -- now I've got half a city -- and that may blow up any day. But, MacNamara rides again!

(the phone rings)

I'll be the white-haired boy now -- I'm going all the way!

(picks up phone)

Yes?

(to Schlemmer)

It's Atlanta.

(he waves him out;
into phone)

Hello? Hello? Mr. Hazeltine?...

Yes, I can hear you. I'm fine, Mr.

Hazeltine. How are you?

22 INT. HAZELTINE'S OFFICE - ATLANTA - DAY

WENDELL P. HAZELTINE is a Southerner in his fifties, a dynamic no-nonsense type, and a big wheel in the parent company. On the huge desk in front of him are a box of Kleenex and a teletype message.

HAZELTINE

(into phone)

Well, if you must know, I'm miserable.
Those damn magnolias are in bloom
again, and so is my hay fever.

(wipes his nose with
Kleenex)

MacNamara, there's something important
I'd like to discuss with you.

23 MacNAMARA - ON PHONE

MacNAMARA

(great expectations)

I thought you would, Mr. Hazeltine.
You got my teletype?

24 HAZELTINE - ON PHONE

HAZELTINE

It's right here in front of me. Those
figures for May are not bad. Not bad
at all.

25 MacNAMARA - ON PHONE

MacNAMARA

Thank you, sir. And how about the
Russian deal? Napoleon blew it, Hitler
blew it, but Coca-Cola is going to pull
it off.

26 HAZELTINE - ON PHONE

HAZELTINE

Forget it, MacNamara. Forget it.
We're not interested in doing business
behind the Iron Curtain.

27 MacNAMARA - ON PHONE

MacNAMARA

I'm sorry, Mr. Hazeltine -- I can't hear you very well. We're not interested in the Russian market?

28 HAZELTINE - ON PHONE

HAZELTINE

I wouldn't touch the Russians with a ten-foot pole. And I don't want anything to do with the Poles, either.

29 MacNAMARA - ON PHONE

MacNAMARA

But this could be the biggest thing for the company since we introduced the six-pack.... Well, if it's against front-office policy --

30 HAZELTINE - ON PHONE

HAZELTINE

You're damn right. But that's not what I called you about. Look, MacNamara, I'd like you to do me a big personal favor.

31 MacNAMARA - ON PHONE

MacNAMARA

(drily)

Yes, Mr. Hazeltine. You want me to ship Mrs. Hazeltine another set of Meissen china?

32 HAZELTINE - ON PHONE

HAZELTINE

No, it's about our daughter Scarlett. She's seventeen now -- sweet girl -- fell in love with some damn rock and roll singer -- no, that was the one before -- this is some pimple-faced basketball player -- anyway, we sent her off on a little trip to Europe.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HAZELTINE (CONT'D)

(picks up Kleenex,
wipes his nose)

Where was I?

MacNAMARA - ON PHONE

MacNAMARA

(dully)

Daughter Scarlett -- pimple-faced
basketball player -- sent her to Europe.

HAZELTINE - ON PHONE

HAZELTINE

Oh, yes. We had her spend a couple of
weeks with our representative in Rome --
and a couple of weeks with our man in
Paris -- and she's arriving in Berlin
this afternoon. So I'd appreciate it if
you and Mrs. MacNamara could --

MacNAMARA - ON PHONE

MacNAMARA

Oh, we'd be delighted to have her stay
with us. It's just that my family has
made some plans -- and I have a few
plans of my own --

HAZELTINE - ON PHONE

HAZELTINE

Well, if it's any sort of imposition,
never mind. I'm sorry I called you.

MacNAMARA - ON PHONE

MacNAMARA

Actually, I wasn't thinking of myself --
it's your daughter I'm concerned about.
With the political situation in Berlin
the way it is, anything can happen any
time.

HAZELTINE

Exactly. That's why I want you to take especially good care of her. She's just a child, really, and I don't like her to stay in a hotel alone at a time like this... She's flying Pan Am -- the plane is due in Berlin at 4:30 --
 (wiping his nose)
 -- unless those damn Commies shoot it down.

DISSOLVE TO:

39 EXT. TEMPELHOF AIRPORT - DAY

A Pan-American plane swoops low over the rooftops, makes a graceful landing, and taxis toward the terminal.

Out of the terminal building comes Fritz, the chauffeur. He steps back, cap-in-hand, holding the door open for MacNamara and Phyllis, who is carrying a bouquet of chrysanthemums. As they start down the stairs, an announcement comes over the public address system.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE

Pan-American gibt die Ankunft des
 Clippers 712 aus Paris bekannt.

Reaching the foot of the stairs, Phyllis thrusts the bouquet into MacNamara's hands.

PHYLLIS

Here -- you give her the flowers.

MacNAMARA

Now cut it out, Phyllis. What was I gonna do -- the boss asked me to look after his only daughter -- I can't disappoint him.

PHYLLIS

What about your only children? And your only wife? We were all packed and ready to go -- don't you think we're disappointed?

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

Believe me, Phyllis, everybody's disappointed. We'll just have to put things off for a couple of weeks -- the roller skates, and the snorkel, and the Umlaut --

PHYLLIS

The what?

MacNamara takes Phyllis by the arm and leads her toward the plane, from which passengers have started disembarking.

MacNAMARA

Right now, the important thing is to make sure that the girl has a good time -- so when she goes home, all she'll talk about is Our Man In Berlin.

PHYLLIS

It's such a nuisance. Tommy will have to move into Cindy's room, Bertha will have to learn how to cook Sauerbraten Southern style --

MacNAMARA

Come on, Phyllis -- make an effort!

PHYLLIS

Yes, mein Führer.

They have now arrived at the ramp, and are scanning the last of the passengers debarking from the plane. There is nobody even vaguely resembling their visitor from Atlanta. MacNamara goes up to the French stewardess stationed at the foot of the ramp.

MacNAMARA

Pardon me -- is this the plane from Paris?

STEWARDESS

Oui, monsieur.

MacNAMARA

Isn't there a Miss Hazeltine among the passengers?

(CONTINUED)

STEWARDESS

There was a Miss Hazeltine among the passengers. But we have lost her.

MacNAMARA

You lost her?

STEWARDESS

She has joined the crew.

From off there is the sound of girlish laughter. They look up.

Down the ramp comes a luscious girl of seventeen, convoyed by the French pilot, co-pilot and navigator of the plane. She is wearing bluejeans and a mink coat, and over her arm she carries a second mink coat of a different shade.

PHYLLIS

(to MacNamara)

Scarlett Hazeltine, if I ever saw one.

MacNamara throws her a look, goes forward to meet SCARLETT, who with her grinning companions has now reached the foot of the ramp.

MacNAMARA

Miss Hazeltine? I'm MacNamara -- this is Mrs. MacNamara.

(handing her flowers)

Welcome to Berlin.

SCARLETT

Hi, there.

PHYLLIS

How was the flight?

SCARLETT

Just marvy. The boys let me buzz Düsseldorf.

(to MacNamara)

May I have your hat?

She takes his hat, holds it out to the three crew members.

SCARLETT

Okay, fans. Drop 'em in.

(CONTINUED)

Each of the Frenchmen drops a folded piece of paper into the hat. Scarlett shakes the hat, then holds it out to Phyllis.

SCARLETT

Pick one, will you, please?

PHYLLIS

I'm game.

She takes one of the folded pieces of paper out of the hat.

SCARLETT

What does it say?

PHYLLIS

(unfolds paper, reads)

It says - Pierre.

One of the Frenchmen lets out a yell.

PIERRE

That's me!

(to Scarlett)

Where do I come to pick you up?

SCARLETT

(to MacNamara)

What's our address?

MacNAMARA

Why?

SCARLETT

Well, we just had this lottery -- and Pierre won me.

PHYLLIS

Lucky Pierre.

SCARLETT

He's the navigator.

MacNAMARA

That so?

(to Pierre)

Well, you better change your course, Lucky -- you're way off the beam.

(taking Scarlett's arm)

This way, Miss Hazeltine.

(CONTINUED)

SCARLETT

Now just a darn minute --

MacNAMARA

(to the crew)

So long, fans.

PIERRE

But this is not fair.

(to Phyllis)

Madame, I appeal to you -- as a woman --

PHYLLIS

As a matter of fact, you do. Au revoir.

She catches up with MacNamara, who is leading Scarlett toward the terminal.

SCARLETT

So you're going to be like that.

MacNAMARA

Like what?

SCARLETT

A company man. Like those old poops in Rome and Paris -- breathing down my neck every minute -- cramping my style.

MacNAMARA

Look, Miss Hazeltine -- you're under-age -- and I'm under orders.

SCARLETT

Europe -- what a drag! I've done the Colosseum bit and the Mona Lisa bit -- but they never take me to any of those marvy places -- like the Lido and the Crazy Horse and Le Sexy --

MacNAMARA

I promise you -- you'll have a wonderful time in Berlin.

SCARLETT

That's why I came. I hear this is a real swinging town.

(CONTINUED)

PHYLLIS

Where did you hear that?

SCARLETT

Don't you ever read the headlines?
Everybody says Berlin is the hottest
spot in the world right now.

PHYLLIS

(takes chrysanthemum from
bouquet, holds it up
to Scarlett)

Would you care to make a short
statement for the American Forces Network?

MacNAMARA

(a dirty look)

Phyllis -- please.

PHYLLIS

(into chrysanthemum)

We're a little late, folks -- so
goodnight.

They have now reached the foot of the stairs, where Fritz is waiting.

MacNAMARA

(to Scarlett)

This your ticket?

(pulls it out of
Scarlett's handbag,
gives it to Fritz)

Here, Fritz. Mit the luggage machen.

Fritz heads up the stairs.

PHYLLIS

(to MacNamara)

You better send a cable to Tara and
tell them that Scarlett has checked in.

SCARLETT

Don't bother. Let 'em worry. I
didn't volunteer for this trip. They
deported me, just to bust it up
between me and Choo-Choo.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

Who is Choo-Choo?

SCARLETT

Choo-Choo Babcock. I met him in a telephone booth. Forty-three of us piled inside it -- you know, to break the record -- and Choo-Choo and I were on the bottom -- and by the time we got out, we were engaged.

PHYLLIS

That's a record, all right.

SCARLETT

But Daddy didn't approve -- because Choo-Choo's folks are from the wrong side of the tracks -- and let's face it, my Daddy is an S.N.O.B.

MacNAMARA

A what?

SCARLETT

A snob.

MacNAMARA

Oh.

PHYLLIS

Seventeen -- isn't that a little young to be engaged?

SCARLETT

Oh, I've been engaged four times. All the women in our family are sort of hot-blooded.

She starts up the stairs toward the terminal. MacNamara and Phyllis look at each other.

MacNAMARA

What have we got here?

PHYLLIS

Whatever it is, it's all ours for the next two weeks. Isn't that marvy?

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

40 COCA-COLA ASSEMBLY LINE - DAY

CAMERA IS TILTED so that the bottles are shuttling diagonally across the screen at a rapid clip.

41 INT. SCHLEMMER'S OFFICE - DAY

Schlemmer is marking a large sales graph on the wall for the months of June and July. Business is evidently good, because the graph line is going up sharply, at the same angle as the bottles in the preceding shot.

42 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

MacNamara, with the usual brief case and umbrella, but now wearing a black Homburg, strides in briskly from the elevator. Like a shot, the twenty employees are on their feet and at attention.

MacNAMARA

(calling)

Schlemmer!

Schlemmer comes dashing out of his office.

SCHLEMMER

(to the employees,
exasperated)

Nein, nein! Nicht aufstehen!

He waves them down, and they sit.

SCHLEMMER

(to MacNamara)

I'm sorry. I'll keep them here after hours, practicing --

MacNAMARA

Never mind that. Look -- my chauffeur didn't show up this morning.

SCHLEMMER

Fritz? I will find out what happened to him.

MacNAMARA

I don't care what happened to him.
Find out what happened to my car.

(CONTINUED)

SCHLEMMER

Jawohl.

(he clicks his heels;
MacNamara winces)

I'm sorry. While they are practicing
not standing, I will practice not
clicking my heels.

MacNamara proceeds into his office.

43

INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

Ingeborg is bending over the desk, sorting mail, as MacNamara
comes in.

MacNAMARA

Guten Morgen, Fraulein Ingeborg.

INGEBORG

(without turning)

Guten Morgen.

MacNamara, getting rid of his hat, umbrella and brief case, comes
up behind her, inhales her perfume.

MacNAMARA

M'mmm. Like freshly-baked pumpernickel.

INGEBORG

(icily)

Here is your mail -- here is your
Wall Street Journal --

(handing him an
envelope)

-- and here is my resignation.

MacNAMARA

Resignation? What are you talking about?

INGEBORG

You do not work me overtime any more,
you do not take advantage of me on
weekends, you have lost all interest in
the Umlaut -- so obviously, my services
are no longer required here.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

You know my problem. We have
this house-guest --

INGEBORG

You said she would be in Berlin
two weeks --

MacNAMARA

Can I help it if she caught the
German measles?

INGEBORG

She has been here now two months.

MacNAMARA

She likes it here. It's a damned
nuisance -- but what am I going
to do -- throw her out?

INGEBORG

Doesn't she have to go home? It's
August -- won't school soon open?

MacNAMARA

In Georgia? You never know.

(waving letter of
resignation)

Now what's all this nonsense about
quitting?

INGEBORG

I have had offers for many jobs.
After all, I am bilingual.

MacNAMARA

Don't I know it.

INGEBORG

Remember that Russian trade commission?
They keep calling me all the time --
they want me very badly.

MacNAMARA

I'll bet. Those Siberian wolves.

INGEBORG

So you better find yourself another girl.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

All right -- dictation.

(Ingeborg picks up a
pad and pencil from
the desk, seats
herself)

Classified ad -- to run in all Berlin
papers. Quote: Attractive,
middle-aged executive wants
attractive young secretary. Must be
versatile and cooperative. Excellent
salary, congenial working conditions,
fringe benefits --

INGEBORG

(stops writing, looks up)

Fringe benefits -- what is that?

MacNAMARA

Little extras. Like for instance --
this morning I was passing that fancy
shop on the Kurfuerstendamm, and
there was this white organdie dress in
the window, with polka dots all over --
and a matching hat --

INGEBORG

-- and a bag -- and matching shoes?

MacNAMARA

Why not?

INGEBORG

(crosses out dictation)

I take the job.

MacNAMARA

You got it.

He tears up the letter of resignation, as Ingeborg gets up.

INGEBORG

Danke schön.

MacNAMARA

You're welcome schön.

(Ingeborg puts her
arms around him)

Please -- not while you're chewing gum.

(CONTINUED)

Ingeborg removes the gum from her mouth, is about to kiss him, when the door of the adjoining office opens, and Schlemmer comes in.

MacNAMARA

That'll be all, Fraulein. More later.

INGEBORG

Anytime.

(she starts out)

MacNAMARA

Yes, Schlemmer?

SCHLEMMER

I called the garage -- I called his wife
-- no Fritz.

MacNAMARA

I can see this is going to be one of
those days. You better call the police.

SCHLEMMER

I already did. Gave them a complete
description of the car -- model, license
number, engine number --

MacNAMARA

You're a good man, Schlemmer.

SCHLEMMER

Thank you, sir.

MacNAMARA

Schlemmer, how much are we paying
you?

SCHLEMMER

Two hundred marks a week.

MacNAMARA

Let's see -- that would be about fifty
dollars?

SCHLEMMER

That's all.

MacNAMARA

That's enough.

(CONTINUED)

SCHLEMMER

Yes, sir.

As he turns to exit, the phone rings. MacNamara picks it up.

MacNAMARA

Hello? Yes? ...Atlanta, Georgia?

Put it through.

(seats himself
behind desk)

44 INT. HAZELTINE'S OFFICE - ATLANTA - DAY

Hazeltine is on the phone. On his desk is a half-packed attache case.

HAZELTINE

MacNamara, what's going on there in Berlin?

(picks up letter from
desk)

I have a letter here from Scarlett -- says she's been going to operas, concerts, museums -- that doesn't sound like my little girl.

45 MacNAMARA - ON PHONE

MacNAMARA

Oh, you're going to be surprised, Mr. Hazeltine -- she's a different person now. I don't mind telling you we were a little worried when she first arrived -- but she turned out just fine.

46 HAZELTINE - ON PHONE

HAZELTINE

Well, I'll be damned. Anyway, you'll be relieved to know that Mrs. Hazeltine and I are leaving for Europe today, and we're going to take Scarlett off your hands.

47 MacNAMARA - ON PHONE

MacNAMARA

We'll be sorry to lose her... No -- it was no bother at all. Two weeks -- two months -- what's the difference?

48 HAZELTINE - ON PHONE

HAZELTINE

Well, I want you to know we're mighty grateful to you, MacNamara. Actually, the reason I'm making this trip -- there's going to be a shift in personnel -- we're naming a new head of European operations -- and you won't be forgotten, Mac.

49 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

MacNAMARA

(into phone)

The London job?

(perking up)

Well, I don't know what to say. I never expected anything like that.

(picks his umbrella

up from the desk,

starts to twirl it)

Just to be considered for the job is a great honor. Of course, I have been with the company for fifteen years -- and I know the European market like the inside of my pocket --

The door from the adjoining office has opened, and Schlemmer comes hurrying up to the desk.

SCHLEMMER

It's your wife -- on the other phone -- she must talk to you.

MacNAMARA

(hand on mouthpiece)

Not now. I'm on long distance.

SCHLEMMER

I told her that -- but she insists.

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED:

MacNAMARA

(into phone)

Would you hold on for a minute, Mr.
Hazeltine? There's a little emergency
in the accounting department --

(picks up other
phone; angrily)

What is it, Phyllis? What's so important?

50

INT. LIVING ROOM - MacNAMARA HOME - DAY

Phyllis is on the phone. Behind her Bertha, the housekeeper, is
crying and wringing her hands.

PHYLLIS

(sweetly)

Well, if you put it that way, nothing
really. I just thought you might be
interested in what's going on around
the house, mein Führer.

51

MacNAMARA - ON PHONE

MacNAMARA

You out of your mind? I'm talking to
Mr. Hazeltine -- about the London job
-- and you want to chit-chat?

52

PHYLLIS - ON PHONE

PHYLLIS

I'm sorry. It's just that Miss Hazeltine
is missing. But we can discuss it some
other time. Bye.

(starts to hang up)

53

MacNAMARA - ON PHONE

MacNAMARA

Missing?

(on his feet)

Wait a minute, Phyllis -- Phyllis.
What do you mean, she's missing?

54 PHYLLIS - ON PHONE

PHYLLIS

Bertha took her breakfast up, and she's
not there -- her bed hasn't been slept in.

55 MacNAMARA - ON PHONE

MacNAMARA

That's ridiculous. We got back from
the movie around eleven and Scarlett
went right upstairs. What could have
happened to her?

56 PHYLLIS - ON PHONE

PHYLLIS

Who knows? Gone with the wind. Maybe
she ran away -- maybe she was kidnapped
by a white slave ring --

57 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

MacNAMARA

(into phone)

Oh, swell! Hold on, will you?
(covers mouthpiece)

SCHLEMMER

Trouble?

MacNAMARA

I wish I were in hell with my back
broken.

(into first phone;
brightly)

Sorry, Mr. Hazeltine -- they come
running to me with all their little
problems. Now about your trip --
what boat are you sailing on?

58 INT. HAZELTINE'S OFFICE - DAY

HAZELTINE

(into phone)

Boat? Who's got time for that?
Mrs. Hazeltine and I are flying to New
York this afternoon -- taking the overnight
jet to London -- there's a connecting
flight to Berlin -- and we'll be there at
noon tomorrow.

59 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

MacNAMARA

(into phone)

Noon tomorrow? You mean, our time?
... Oh, of course, I'll tell Scarlett --
first chance I get. Yes, sir, we'll see
you at the airport.

(nervous little laugh)

-- unless those damn Commies shoot the
plane down. Auf wiedersehen.

(hangs up; into
other phone)

For God's sake, Phyllis, we've got to
find that idiot -- her parents are arriving
tomorrow ... Well, where could she be?
She doesn't know anybody in Berlin --
except us.

As he continues speaking into the phone, the door from the outer
office opens and Fritz, the chauffeur, enters. Schlemmer strides
toward him, and they start a whispered argument in German.

MacNAMARA

(into phone)

Have Bertha look again -- maybe she
left a note. What about her luggage? ...
Well, I'm glad to hear something is still
there... No, I'm not blaming you -- it's
just that lousy MacNamara luck. First
I lost a bottling plant -- now I lose the
boss's daughter.

He slams the phone down.

(CONTINUED)

SCHLEMMER

(turning to him)

I think we're getting some place. We found Fritz.

MacNAMARA

Fritz? To hell with Fritz! It's the girl we're looking for now.

SCHLEMMER

Precisely. He has some information --

MacNAMARA

(descending on Fritz)

Where is she?

FRITZ

I do not know -- not precisely -- but last night I dropped her at the Brandenburg Gate.

MacNAMARA

The Brandenburg Gate? Why?

FRITZ

Because that is where I drop her every night -- and that is where I pick her up every morning.

MacNAMARA

How long has this been going on?

FRITZ

Since last month. Usually, I get her back to the house before you wake up -- but this morning, I wait for her -- and I wait --

MacNAMARA

You mean you've been helping her sneak out behind my back --?

FRITZ

Yes, sir. But I have a very good excuse.

MacNAMARA

What?

(CONTINUED)

FRITZ

She pays me a hundred marks a night
-- fifty for driving her, fifty for not
telling you.

SCHLEMMER

(to MacNamara)

Do I have your permission to fire him?

MacNAMARA

Not yet.

(to Fritz)

Now let's go step by step. After you
drop her at the Brandenburg Gate, what
does she do?

FRITZ

She crosses the border into East Berlin.

MacNAMARA

East Berlin?

FRITZ

That is why I am so worried. Because
this morning she did not come back.

MacNAMARA

You're worried?

(strides to phone)

I'm going down in flames, and he's
worried.

(picks up phone)

Ingeborg? Clear the switchboard. I
want Brigadier-General Hartel,
commanding officer of the American
sector. Next. Get me Mayor Willy
Brandt. Next. Get me the Police
Commissioner of West Berlin. Next.
I want to speak to the U. S. Ambassador
in Bonn. Got that? Okay.

(hangs up)

Fritz, you wait downstairs -- I may
need you later.

(as Fritz exits)

Schlemmer -- how can we find out what
happened to her? Can we get any
information from East Berlin?

(CONTINUED)

SCHLEMMER

Only through official channels -- in triplicate.

MacNAMARA

What if we just picked up the phone and called the authorities over there?

SCHLEMMER

It is not that easy.

MacNAMARA

Why not?

SCHLEMMER

There is no direct phone service to East Berlin. You have to call Stockholm -- from there it goes through Warsaw -- to Leipzig -- then to East Berlin -- and then, nine times out of ten, you get the wrong number.

MacNAMARA

Try it anyway.

SCHLEMMER

Yes, sir.

As he turns to go, there is a whirring sound from the cuckoo clock. It is exactly eleven, and out pops Uncle Sam, waving his flag to the tune of Yankee Doodle. Schlemmer snaps to attention, clicking his heels.

MacNAMARA

Schnell machen!

Schlemmer scoots into his office. The phone rings, and MacNamara grabs it off the hook.

MacNAMARA

(into phone)

Yes? General Hartel is out on army maneuvers? Well, what about Mayor Willy Brandt? ... Oh, he's watching the maneuvers. And the Police Commissioner? ... I see. He's watching Willy Brandt. So who's minding the store? ... What about the call to Bonn? Our Ambassador is back in Washington for consultation? ...

(CONTINUED)

THE DOOR. (7)
The door from the outer office opens, and Scarlett, in a light summer dress and no hat, enters.

MacNAMARA

(glancing up)

Come in -- come in. I'll be right with you.

(into phone).

Get me Washington -- the State Department -- whoever answers -- Dean Rusk, Dean Acheson, Dean Anybody -- and if you have no luck there, get me Senator Talmadge of Georgia --

(Scarlett crosses to the desk)

-- and if he's not in, try Huntley and Brinkley at NBC...

(reacts suddenly to her presence)

Scarlett!

(he bangs the receiver down)

SCARLETT

What's all the excitement?

MacNAMARA

Oh, nothing. You just scared the hell out of us. Are you all right?

SCARLETT

I'm just marvy.

MacNAMARA

What were you doing in East Berlin?

SCARLETT

You mean-- last night?

MacNAMARA

I mean all those nights.

SCARLETT

You see -- there's this boy over there -- WOW!

MacNAMARA

What boy? What have you been up to?

(CONTINUED)

SCARLETT

Well, I met him about six weeks ago --
I went into East Berlin, and there was
this parade -- and they wanted to arrest
me --

MacNAMARA

Arrest you?

SCARLETT

-- because I was taking pictures. And
then this boy -- he was in the parade --
he said to the policemen I shouldn't be
arrested I should be pitied. Because I
was a typical bourgeois parasite, and the
rotten fruit of a corrupt civilization. So
naturally I fell in love with him.

MacNAMARA

Naturally.

SCARLETT

Want to see his picture?

MacNAMARA

Not particularly.

Scarlett takes a snapshot out of her bag, hands it to MacNamara.

SCARLETT

Now I want your honest opinion. Isn't
he beautiful?

The snapshot shows a young man in the forefront of a group of
marchers. The upper part of his body cannot be seen, because he
is carrying a placard with a blown-up face of Khrushchev on it.

MacNAMARA

You fell in love with Khrushchev?

SCARLETT

No, silly. The one that's carrying
Khrushchev. His name is Otto.

Schlemmer comes hurrying in from his office.

SCHLEMMER

I finally got East Berlin on the phone --
and just like I told you -- wrong number.

59 CONTINUED: (6)

He stops abruptly as he notices Scarlett.

SCARLETT

Hi, there.

MacNAMARA

(returning snapshot to
her)

Now -- you and this Otto -- exactly what
do you do when you're together?

SCARLETT

Oh, all kinds of goodies. I wash his
shirts, and he broadens my mind -- and
if it's a warm night, we go lie on the
roof and watch the Sputniks go by.

MacNAMARA

Is that all?

SCARLETT

Well, last night, we were blowing up
balloons --

MacNAMARA

Balloons?

SCARLETT

You know --

She takes a balloon out of her handbag, starts blowing it up.

SCHLEMMER

(to MacNamara)

It is a Communist device. When the wind
is right they float them over to undermine
our morale --

By this time Scarlett has inflated the balloon enough so that
MacNamara can read the lettering on it.

MacNAMARA

(grabbing balloon)

Yankee Go Home?!

(CONTINUED)

SCARLETT

They come in all colors -- green and yellow and blue --

MacNAMARA

You've been helping this guy spread anti-American propaganda?

SCARLETT

It's not anti-American -- it's anti-Yankee. And where I come from, everybody's against the Yankees.

SCHLEMMER

I have a good mind to change this to Russki Go Home, and when the wind blows the other way...

MacNAMARA

Okay, okay.

(shoves balloon at
Schlemmer, who exits)

Now you listen to me, Scarlett Hazeltine -- there's going to be no more of this foolishness. Because tomorrow, your parents are coming to take you home.

SCARLETT

(frowning)

They are?

The phone rings, and MacNamara picks it up.

MacNAMARA

(into phone)

Who? ... Chet Huntley? All right, I'll speak to him... Hello, Mr. Huntley? Just wanted to tell you I've been watching your program. Keep up the good work. Bye.

(bangs receiver down:
to Scarlett)

Now when your parents arrive, I want you to keep your mouth shut -- for your sake and mine -- because if they ever find out what's been going on --

(CONTINUED)

SCARLETT

(lost in thought)

I better talk this over with Otto.

MacNAMARA

No, you don't. You're not going to see him again -- you're not going back to East Berlin --

SCARLETT

Oh, he's right downstairs.

(crosses to window,
leans out)

Otto!

60 EXT. COCA-COLA BUILDING - DAY

Parked in front of the entrance is a decrepit motorcycle with a sidecar and East Berlin license plates. Leaning against it, eating sausage and bread, is a young man in his early twenties, wearing baggy corduroy pants, sandals but no socks, a worn sweater and a cap. It couldn't be anybody but OTTO.

MacNamara joins Scarlett at the window of his office.

SCARLETT

Otto, darling!

Otto looks up. He is quite handsome, in a lean and hungry way.

SCARLETT'S VOICE

Up here.

Otto locates her, smiles, waves.

At the window, MacNamara is peering over Scarlett's shoulder.

SCARLETT

Come on up, Liebchen.

In the street, Otto jams his hands in his pockets, crosses defiantly toward the entrance of the Coca-Cola building.

MacNAMARA
(disgusted)

Liebchen?

(turning from the
window)

I don't want that creep in my office.
Why don't you send him home to clean
out his cage?

SCARLETT

I think he'd better be here, because
we have something to tell you.

MacNAMARA

Tell me what?

(a horrible suspicion)

You're not engaged again, are you?

SCARLETT

No, not this time.

MacNAMARA

Thank God.

SCARLETT

We're married.

MacNAMARA

For a minute there, I was afraid. ...
You're married?!

SCARLETT

Uh-huh. It'll be six weeks on Monday.

MacNAMARA

(on the verge of
apoplexy)

You married a Communist?!

SCARLETT

He's not a Communist -- he's a
Republican. Comes from the Republic
of East Germany.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

(apoplexy has set in)

Why you dumb, stupid little pot. You realize what you've done? You've ruined me, that's all. What are your parents going to say? They trusted me -- and I trusted you -- then you go and pull an idiotic stunt like this --

SCARLETT

Why didn't you look after me better?

MacNAMARA

Fifteen years with the company down the drain! I'll be blacklisted. My kids'll starve. My wife'll be selling pencils. And all on account of you and your hot blood.

The door from the outside office opens, and there stands Otto, cap still on his head.

SCARLETT

Come in -- come in, Otto. This is Mr. MacNamara -- my husband, Otto Ludwig Piffl.

MacNAMARA

Piffl? Wouldn't you know.

(looks him over with distaste)

Where did you dig him up? He doesn't even wear socks.

SCARLETT

He doesn't wear shorts either. Isn't that exciting?

(she kisses Otto)

MacNAMARA

(to Otto)

Take your cap off!

OTTO

(truculently)

Why?

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

Because I said so.

OTTO

In Lenin's tomb, I take my cap off.
When Van Cliburn plays Tschaikowsky,
I take my cap off. But in Coca-Cola
office -- pfui!

SCARLETT

Do it for me, Otto darling.

OTTO

For you, I do it.

He removes his cap, revealing a shock of unkempt hair.

MacNAMARA

He could use a haircut -- and I'd like
to give it to him myself -- with a hammer
and sickle.

OTTO

Warmonger.

MacNAMARA

Shut up, you punk.

SCARLETT

Don't you talk like that to my husband.

MacNAMARA

He's not your husband.

(to Otto)

In the first place, she's under age.
Next, we don't recognize the government
of East Germany. Next, she admits that
while she was washing your shirts, you
were washing her brain. So the whole
thing is illegal.

SCARLETT

No it's not. I have a certificate. And
tell him about the wedding rings.

She extends her right hand to show a plain metal band on her third
finger. Otto extends his hand to show a matching band.

(CONTINUED)

OTTO

Forged from the steel of a brave cannon
that fought at Stalingrad.

MacNAMARA

I don't care who your jeweler is, the
marriage is illegal.

OTTO

You say. But in the eyes of the People's
Republic of East Germany we are husband
and wife.

MacNAMARA

You're not in East Germany now -- you're
in West Berlin. And I can have you
arrested for lying on rooftops with a minor.

OTTO

Of course you can. I know your tactics.
You can have me arrested -- you can
have me tortured -- you can have me shot.
Like you've been doing in the Congo.

SCARLETT

Africa for the Africans!

MacNAMARA

All I want from you, Scarlett Piff, is
silence -- and damn little of that.

OTTO

Don't you talk like that to my wife.

The phone rings, and MacNamara grabs the receiver.

MacNAMARA

(into phone)

Who? ... Brinkley? Tell him I already
gave the message to Huntley.

(hangs up; to Otto,

trying new approach)

Look, Otto-baby, if we're to live
together in peaceful co-existence, there
must be a certain amount of give and take.
How would you like a thousand marks?

(CONTINUED)

OTTO

For what?

MacNAMARA

Just get on your motorcycle, go back where you came from, and forget about the whole thing.

SCARLETT

You can't bribe him.

MacNAMARA

Two thousand?

OTTO

How about five thousand?

SCARLETT

(stunned)

Otto! What are you saying?

MacNAMARA

Okay -- five thousand marks.

OTTO

If it's worth five thousand -- why not fifty thousand?

MacNAMARA

Fifty thousand? You crazy?

OTTO

(to Scarlett)

I just want to see how far they will go to break up a happy socialist marriage.

(to MacNamara)

I spit on your money. I spit on Fort Knox. I spit on Wall Street.

MacNAMARA

Unsanitary little jerk, isn't he?

OTTO

You and your kind are doomed. We will take over West Berlin -- we will take over Western Europe -- we will bury you.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

Do me a favor, will you? Bury us --
but don't marry us.

OTTO

(a sweeping gesture
across the swank office)

Look at all this waste. Capitalism is
like a dead herring in the moonlight.
It shines but it stinks.

SCARLETT

(to MacNamara, proudly)

He talks like that all the time.

(to Otto)

Tell him about Coca-Cola colonialism.

MacNAMARA

What?!

OTTO

As Chairman Khrushchev said on the
fortieth anniversary of the revolution --

MacNAMARA

To hell with the revolution -- and to hell
with Khrushchev!

OTTO

(drawing himself up
to his full height)

To hell with Frank Sinatra!

MacNAMARA

(to Scarlett)

Oh, it's going to be a real clambake when
your folks get here tomorrow. How are
we going to explain this?

(points to Otto)

SCARLETT

(unconcerned)

That's your problem. Because I won't
be here.

MacNAMARA

What do you mean, you won't be here?

(CONTINUED)

OTTO

Tonight, my wife and I are leaving for Moscow.

MacNAMARA

Moscow?

SCARLETT

That's what I came to tell you. He's got a scholarship to the People's Technological Institute. He's studying to be a missile engineer.

OTTO

Soviet missiles -- voom --

(he pantomimes a
rocket shooting into
space)

-- Venus! American missiles --
phfft, phfft --

(pantomimes a rocket
taking off, and dropping
down immediately)

-- Miami Beach!

SCARLETT

(to MacNamara)

So you just tell Daddy I'm on my way to the U.S.S.R. -- that's short for Russia.

MacNAMARA

Are you out of your seventeen-year old mind? Russia is to get out of -- not to get into.

SCARLETT

Where Otto goes, I go.

OTTO

(to MacNamara,
belligerently)

You just try to stop us.

Schlemmer pops in from his office.

SCHLEMMER

(to MacNamara)

Can you talk to your wife?

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

Well, I certainly can't talk to them.
(indicates Scarlett
and Otto)

SCHLEMMER

On this phone.

MacNAMARA

(picks up phone)

Hello? Yes, dear?

62

INT. LIVING ROOM - MacNAMARA HOME - DAY

PHYLLIS

(into phone)

Mac, hold everything -- I bet I know
what happened to Scarlett. Lucky Pierre
must be back in town.

63

INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

MacNAMARA

(into phone)

It's not Lucky Pierre -- it's Crazy Otto.
Are you ready for this? She's married!
...That's right. She got herself an
ever-lovin', curly-haired, card-carrying
husband.

64

PHYLLIS - ON PHONE

PHYLLIS

She married a Communist?... This is
going to be the biggest thing to hit Atlanta
since General Sherman threw that little
barbecue... No, I don't think it's funny --
they're going to live in Moscow? -- now
that's funny.

65 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

MacNAMARA

(into phone)

Yeah. Hysterical.

(a sidelong glance

at Scarlett and Otto)

Well, what can I do? Go fight the
Kremlin? I can't stop them. They're
young, they're in love, and we're a dead
herring in the moonlight. So who am I
to stand in the way of a happy Socialist
marriage?

66 PHYLLIS - ON PHONE

PHYLLIS

Oh, come off it, Mac. I know you.
You've got something up your sleeve.

67 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

MacNAMARA

(into phone)

I wouldn't be surprised. Bye.

(hangs up, turns to
Scarlett)

Now -- what time are you kids leaving?

SCARLETT

Seven o'clock. On the Moscow Express.

OTTO

(on guard)

Why do you want to know?

MacNAMARA

Because I'm going to dynamite the train.
What makes you guys so suspicious?

SCARLETT

(to Otto)

I'd better get back to the house and start
packing. You think I ought to take both
my mink coats?

(CONTINUED)

OTTO

Darling, no woman should have two mink coats until every woman in the world has one mink coat.

MacNAMARA

(to Scarlett)

Why don't you cut the other one up and make him a pair of shorts? I hear it's freezing there all the time.

SCHLEMMER

Thirty below zero.

OTTO

Fascist lies!

SCARLETT

(to Otto)

You better go home and pack, too, darling.

OTTO

It will take me no time. Just my chessboard, my extra shirt, and two hundred books.

MacNAMARA

(to Scarlett)

Well, as long as Smiley here is going back to East Berlin, I'll get the car for you.

(takes Schlemmer's arm,
leads him toward door)

Schlemmer, will you run downstairs and tell Fritz he'll have to take Scarlett home --

SCHLEMMER

(whispering)

You are letting her go to Moscow?

MacNAMARA

(likewise)

In a pig's eye. Now look -- his motorcycle is downstairs -- remember that idea you had about the balloon -- ?

(CONTINUED)

They exit into Schlemmer's office. Left alone, Scarlett and Otto go into each other's arms.

OTTO

Just think, Liebchen -- tomorrow night we'll be strolling hand-in-hand across Red Square.

SCARLETT

I hope you won't be ashamed of me in front of your friends.

OTTO

Of course not.

SCARLETT

I promise you -- I'll only wear my jewelry at home.

OTTO

They have assigned us a magnificent apartment -- just a short walk from the bathroom.

SCARLETT

I love you.

OTTO

I'll make you very happy. Every morning, we'll have breakfast in bed.

SCARLETT

Sounds wonderful.

OTTO

Also lunch -- also dinner --

SCARLETT

In bed?

OTTO

There is no table -- and no chairs.

SCARLETT

Who cares?

They kiss. MacNamara comes in as they break.

(CONTINUED)

OTTO

(to Scarlett)

I will pick you up at six-thirty sharp --
because the seven o'clock train to Moscow
leaves promptly at eight-fifteen.

His arm around Scarlett, he leads her toward the door.

MacNAMARA

Wait a minute, kids -- before you go --
I'd like to give you a little present.

OTTO

(turning around)

Why?

MacNAMARA

It's customary when two people get
married.

SCARLETT

Otto's friends didn't give us any
presents. Instead they sent the money
to the unemployed cotton-pickers in
Mississippi.

MacNAMARA

(crossing to bar)

How about a cocktail shaker? -- no,
I guess not --

(glancing around the
room)

I know. A cuckoo clock.

(removes it from wall)

Hand-made by dwarfs in the Black Forest.

OTTO

(to Scarlett)

So now they are exploiting dwarfs.

MacNamara carries the clock over to the desk, starts wrapping
it in a copy of the Wall Street Journal.

MacNAMARA

Sorry I don't have any fancy wrapping
paper --

(CONTINUED)

OTTO

We do not want anything from you.

SCARLETT

Otto, don't be rude. I think it's very sweet of Mr. MacNamara. Now we'll have a bed and a clock --

OTTO

We get our own clock in Russia.

MacNAMARA

If your clocks don't run any better than your trains, you might as well take this one.

He puts the newspaper-wrapped cuckoo clock into Otto's hands.

OTTO

You laugh at us now -- but not for long. Because you are arrogant and fat and bloated. The worms will have a picnic.

MacNAMARA

See you on the barricades, pal.

Otto starts out of the office.

SCARLETT

(to MacNamara,
confidentially)

When the day comes, I'll put in a good word for you.

OTTO

(calling from the
open doorway)

Scarlett.

SCARLETT

(to MacNamara)

It's my parents I feel sorry for -- it's too late to save them -- Otto says they'll have to be liquidated.

She hurries after Otto. MacNamara stands there for a beat, then moves quickly to the window, looks down.

68 EXT. COCA-COLA BUILDING - DAY

MacNamara leans out of his office window.

MacNAMARA
(calling)

Schlemmer!

Schlemmer is squatting beside the rear of the motorcycle, stretching the mouth of the limp propaganda balloon over the protruding exhaust pipe. Hearing MacNamara's voice, he looks up.

From the window, MacNamara signals impatiently.

MacNAMARA
Hurry up!

In the street, Schlemmer finishes the job, steps away from the motorcycle just as Otto and Scarlett come out. Otto is carrying the wrapped cuckoo clock. Schlemmer passes them, enters the building. As Otto leads Scarlett across the sidewalk, Fritz jumps out of the Mercedes, opens the door for her.

OTTO
Auf wiedersehen, Liebchen.

SCARLETT
Auf wiedersehen.

They kiss. Scarlett gets into the Mercedes. Otto crosses to the motorcycle. He deposits the clock in the sidecar, straddles the seat. The limousine takes off. As Otto steps on the starter, the balloon mounted on the exhaust pipe starts to puff up jerkily.

From his office window, MacNamara watches this phenomenon with unconcealed pleasure.

Otto pulls a pair of goggles down over his eyes, releases the brake, steers the motorcycle into traffic.

69 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

MacNamara is standing at the window, looking after the departing motorcycle with a trace of a smile, as Schlemmer comes hurrying in. He stops behind MacNamara, clicks his heels.

MacNAMARA
(without turning)
Good boy, Schlemmer.

(CONTINUED)

SCHLEMMER

Yes, sir. Anything else you wish me to do?

MacNAMARA

(facing around)

No, thanks. We can just sit back now and let the East German police finish the job.

SCHLEMMER

Pardon me -- I must be very stupid -- but I do not understand any of this.

MacNAMARA

There's nothing to it. All it takes is a little knowledge of physics -- and elementary psychology. Right now, Comrade Otto Ludwig Piffl is tooling along on his motorcycle toward East Berlin --

70

OTTO - ON THE MOTORCYCLE - DAY

He is tooling along the Strasse des 17 Juni, exactly as described by MacNamara.

MacNAMARA'S VOICE

-- gay, chipper, feeling like a million rubles. Little does he know that meanwhile, back at the exhaust --

71

THE REAR OF THE MOVING MOTORCYCLE - DAY

The balloon attached to the exhaust pipe is gradually inflating. The legend on it has been slightly changed -- it now reads RUSSKI GO HOME!

MacNAMARA'S VOICE

-- the fumes are filling the balloon. It gets bigger and bigger. And all the time, in the sidecar --

72

SIDECAR OF MOVING MOTORCYCLE - DAY

On the seat lies the cuckoo clock wrapped in newspaper.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA'S VOICE

-- a little booby trap is ticking away.
Now if my calculations are correct --

73

EXT. STRASSE DES 17 JUNI - SHOOTING TOWARD BRANDENBURG GATE - DAY

Otto, blissfully unaware of the expanded balloon, rides his motorcycle toward the Gate.

MacNAMARA'S VOICE

-- all these things will begin to pay off
once he passes through the Brandenburg Gate.

74

THE EAST SIDE OF THE BRANDENBURG GATE - DAY

Otto, on his motorcycle, comes through the gate. He slows down as he approaches the East German border policemen. One of them smiles, waves Otto through -- he is evidently a familiar figure there. As the motorcycle proceeds out of the shot, the policeman glances after it, does a big take.

Yes, it does say RUSSKI GO HOME on the balloon attached to the receding motorcycle.

The policeman is suddenly galvanized into action. He gives a sharp blast on his whistle. Four policemen standing beside a patrol car jump inside, take off after the motorcycle.

75

STREET IN EAST BERLIN - DAY

Otto, knowing from nothing, is chugging along on his motorcycle when the patrol car, sirens screaming and tires screeching, overtakes him and forces him to the curb. Three of the policemen spill out of the car, surround the bewildered Otto.

POLICE SERGEANT

(pointing at the balloon)

Was hab'n Sie da? Was soll das?

OTTO

(dismounting)

Keine Ahnung! Seh' das Ding zum ersten Mal.

(CONTINUED)

POLICE SERGEANT
(holding his hand out)

Papiere!

Otto hands him his identification papers. As the Sergeant examines them, one of the other policemen becomes aware of the ticking sound in the sidecar.

SECOND POLICEMAN
(pointing to wrapped
package)

Was ist in dem Paket? Was tickt
da?

OTTO
Eine Kuckucksuhr. Hab ich als
Hochzeitsgeschenk bekommen.

The Second Policeman gingerly lifts the package from the sidecar, strips away the paper.

SECOND POLICEMAN
(relieved)
Ach so! Eine Kuckucksuhr!

So far, so good. But it is exactly twelve o'clock. There is that whirring sound again, the little door springs open, and out pops Uncle Sam, waving the Flag to the stirring strains of Yankee Doodle. The policemen are aghast. Otto removes his goggles, stares in utter disbelief.

POLICE SERGEANT
(shouting)
Mensch! Sie schmuggeln ja amerikanische
Propaganda!

OTTO
(outraged innocence)
Ich? Amerikanische Propaganda?
Davon hab ich nichts gewusst --
dachte, das ist eine Kuckucksuhr
-- konnte nicht wissen, was das
für ein Kuckuck ist!

There is more trouble brewing. The third policeman has picked up the newspaper in which the clock was wrapped, and is pointing excitedly to the masthead.

(CONTINUED)

75

CONTINUED: (2)

THIRD POLICEMAN

Hier -- Seh'n Sie sich das mal an!
Wall Street Journal!

POLICE SERGEANT

Wall Street?

(grabbing Otto's arm)

Sie sind verhaftet!

As the policemen hustle him toward the patrol car Otto kicks and screams.

OTTO

Das ist ja Wahnsinn! Reiner Wahnsinn!
Ich bin unschuldig! Ich bin Mitglied
der kommunistischen Partei! Genossen!
Ihr müsst mir glauben, Genossen! Es
lebe die Revolution!

They do not believe Comrade Piff. He is bundled into the car, still protesting violently. As the car starts to drive off, one of the policemen aims a revolver out the open window, fires at the RUSSKI GO HOME balloon. It disintegrates with a bang.

DISSOLVE TO:

76

INT. ENTRANCE HALL AND LIVING ROOM - MacNAMARA
HOME - LATE AFTERNOON

Scarlett and Phyllis are coming down the stairs. Scarlett is dressed for departure -- in mink coat and hat -- and carries a travelling case.

SCARLETT

You can forward my mail care of
American Express in Moscow. And
Vogue Magazine--and Screen Romances--

PHYLLIS

All right. If you promise to send me
Pravda every day. Just the funnies.

SCARLETT

He should be here by now. What
time is it?

(CONTINUED)

PHYLLIS

Six twenty-five. Relax.

They have now reached the foot of the stairs. Parked there is the rest of Scarlett's luggage. Mopping the parquet floor of the entrance hall is Bertha, the housekeeper. Oddly enough, she too is wearing a mink coat.

BERTHA

(to Scarlett, stroking
coat)

Danke schön.

SCARLETT

Don't mention it.

PHYLLIS

(indicating Bertha)

Are you sure you want to leave
her that coat?

SCARLETT

Oh, yes. Otto thinks every woman
should have a mink.

PHYLLIS

I'm with Otto.

(glancing toward
Bertha wistfully)

Well, maybe she'll let me borrow
it on my night out.

They move into the living room, proceed to settle themselves on the couch.

SCARLETT

Do you realize that Otto spelled
backwards is Otto?

PHYLLIS

How about that?

SCARLETT

You'll like him. He looks just like
Jack Kennedy. Only he's younger --
and he has more upstairs.
(taps her head)

(CONTINUED)

PHYLLIS

More brains?

SCARLETT

More hair. And of course,
ideologically, he's much sounder.

PHYLLIS

Maybe we voted for the wrong man.

SCARLETT

That couldn't happen in Russia.

PHYLLIS

They don't make mistakes?

SCARLETT

They don't vote.

(a beat)

Have you ever made love to a
revolutionary?

PHYLLIS

No. But I once necked with a
Stevenson Democrat.

SCARLETT

Well, I've been engaged four times,
so I know about men. And those
subversives -- they're the wildest --

PHYLLIS

Really?

SCARLETT

No contest!

PHYLLIS

And I just thought we were lagging
behind in missiles.

There is the sound of the front door being opened, and they look off. MacNamara has just entered. His Homburg is set at a rakish angle, he is twirling his umbrella and humming happily to himself. Seeing Phyllis and Scarlett, he heads for the living room.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

Hi, girls. Wie gehts? Was ist cooking?

(turning back to Bertha)

Bertha, you better take Miss Hazeltine's luggage back upstairs.

PHYLLIS

Back upstairs? She's leaving.

MacNAMARA

I wouldn't count on it.

(he has gotten rid of
his hat and umbrella,
crosses to bar)

Bourbon and soda, anyone?

SCARLETT

(to Phyllis)

What's he talking about?

(to MacNamara)

Otto is coming to pick me up any minute.

MacNAMARA

No he's not. Otto's been picked up himself -- by the East German police.

SCARLETT

(up on her feet)

Police? What for?

MacNAMARA

Who knows? Over there they toss people in jail like we throw away used Kleenex.

SCARLETT

In jail?

PHYLLIS

(to MacNamara)

How do you know?

MacNAMARA

Bad news travels fast.

(pouring Bourbon)

Say when.

(CONTINUED)

SCARLETT

Where is he? I must go to him.

MacNAMARA

That's the worst thing you can do.
He's in trouble enough already --

SCARLETT

But he's my husband. I want to
help him.

MacNAMARA

We all do. That's why we have
to get the marriage annulled right
away.

SCARLETT

Annulled?

PHYLLIS

(incensed)

Now wait a minute, Mac --

MacNAMARA

Look, if on top of everything else
they find out he's married to the
parasite daughter of an American
capitalist, they'll send him up for
twenty years. Slaving away in the
salt mines -- schlepping those heavy
bags barefoot through the snow --
with nothing to keep him warm but
the hot breath of the Cossacks.

SCARLETT

Otto --

She sways dizzily and crumples in a faint.

PHYLLIS

(grimly)

Nice work, Mac.

(kneels beside Scarlett,
slaps her cheeks)

Scarlett! Scarlett!

MacNAMARA

(holding out ice bucket)

Try some ice.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (5)

PHYLLIS

(ignoring him; to Bertha)

Bertha, call Dr. Bauer, will you?

BERTHA

I will call the doctor --

(wrapping coat more
securely around herself)-- but I will not give back the
mink coat!

DISSOLVE TO:

77 INT. SCARLETT'S ROOM - EVENING

It was formerly Tommy's room, and his decorative touches are still in evidence. Scarlett, in her slip, is lying in bed, a thermometer in her mouth. She looks pale and her eyes are red from crying. Sitting on the edge of the bed is DR. BAUER, a portly gemütlich type. He is humming The Ride of the Valkyries. Watching anxiously from the doorway is Phyllis. The doctor removes the thermometer, reads it.

DR. BAUER

(thick accent)

Die Temperatur she is normal.

(taking Scarlett's wrist)

Der puls --

(he looks at his wrist
watch, clucks his
tongue worriedly)

PHYLLIS

What's the matter?

DR. BAUER

I have missed the first act of
Die Valkyrie.

(dropping wrist)

Der Puls he is normal.

He slips the stethoscope into his ears, and as he applies it to Scarlett's chest, there is a thundering sound from somewhere.

DR. BAUER

(reacting)

Das is definitely nicht normal.

(CONTINUED)

77

CONTINUED:

PHYLLIS

(looking over her
shoulder)

I'll fix that.

78

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - EVENING

The thundering sound is caused by Tommy and Cindy, roller-skating across the wooden floor. Phyllis steps out of Scarlett's room, closing the door.

PHYLLIS

Cut it out, kids.

(they stop)

Scarlett is sick.

TOMMY

If she dies, can I have my room
back?

Phyllis shoos the kids into Cindy's room. She now becomes aware of MacNamara's voice, on the phone downstairs.

MacNAMARA'S VOICE

--- How would I know? I'm not
a lawyer -- that's your job. Well,
what am I paying you for? You
must have some contacts in East
Berlin.

Phyllis starts down the stairs.

79

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

MacNamara has the phone in one hand, his drink in the other.

MacNAMARA

(into phone)

No, I don't want the marriage just
annulled -- I want it wiped off the
books. I don't care how you do
it -- bribe one of the clerks over
there, destroy the files. Look, if
you guys could burn down the
Reichstag, you can set a match to
one measly marriage certificate.
And it has to be done tonight!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As MacNamara hangs up he sees Phyllis, who has entered the room.

MacNAMARA
(raising his glass)

Cheers.

PHYLLIS
Feeling pretty good, aren't you,
mein Führer.

MacNAMARA
(smugly)

Not bad.

PHYLLIS
You framed that poor boy.

MacNAMARA
You bet I did! I'm not going to
let that Communist kook ruin
somebody's life.

PHYLLIS
But she loves him.

MacNAMARA
Not her life -- mine! I'm all
set for the London job -- you want
me to blow it?

PHYLLIS
I couldn't care less. I'm fed up
with this whole deal -- hopping
around the map from Baghdad to
Caracas to Capetown -- dragging
our young behind us -- who needs
it?

MacNAMARA
What would you suggest?

PHYLLIS
Why can't you get yourself a nice
permanent job in the home office
in Atlanta?

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

Atlanta? You can't be serious.
That's Siberia with mint juleps.

PHYLLIS

Mac, I've had it -- I want to go home.

MacNAMARA

Give me one good reason --

PHYLLIS

All right. Cindy has to have her teeth straightened. Tommy is ten years old and has never had a peanut butter sandwich. For a change, I'd like to see Gunsmoke not in German or Portuguese or Swahili --

MacNAMARA

You want to go home and pay taxes? We've got it made -- big house, servants, limousine, fat expense account -- and you want to give all that up for a peanut butter sandwich?

PHYLLIS

Oh, it's a great life for you -- everywhere we go you find yourself some friendly secretary who gives language lessons on the side.

MacNAMARA

What does that mean?

PHYLLIS

I can always tell when you've got a new teacher because you start wearing your elevator shoes to the office.

MacNAMARA

Phyllis, are you implying -- ?

PHYLLIS

I've known it for years.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (3)

MacNAMARA

(indignantly)

And you never said anything to me
about it? That's not fair.

PHYLLIS

I just didn't want to be one of those
nagging American wives. But maybe
I was wrong -- maybe we should
have had it out a long time ago --

From off comes the sound of Dr. Bauer's voice humming The Ride
of the Valkyries. MacNamara and Phyllis hurry out into the
entrance hall as the doctor comes down the stairs, carrying his
hat and his medical bag.

PHYLLIS

How is she, Doctor?

DR. BAUER

Perfectly normal. She keeps asking
for somebody named Otto...

MacNAMARA

Otto? Never heard of him.

PHYLLIS

(to Doctor)

But she's going to be all right.

DR. BAUER

Hundert Prozent! You will be
happy to know that the young
lady is -- how do you say it in
English? -- schwanger.

PHYLLIS

Schwanger?

MacNAMARA

(to Phyllis)

What's that?

PHYLLIS

You're the one who's studying German.

(CONTINUED)

DR. BAUER

Schwanger -- you know --
 (whacking his head)
 -- such a Dummkopf I am --
 schwanger, schwanger --

Leaning against the railing of the upstairs hallway, listening with interest, are Tommy and Cindy.

TOMMY

(piping up)
I know what it means.

MacNAMARA

What?

TOMMY

You told me not to use words like that.

MacNAMARA

(threateningly)
 Come on!

CINDY

You want me to tell you?

PHYLLIS

Please.

CINDY

Scarlett is going to have puppies.

MacNAMARA

WHAT?!

PHYLLIS

(to Doctor)
 She's pregnant?

DR. BAUER

(beaming)
That is the word. Auf Wiedersehen!
 (turns, heads for the
 door, singing to The
 Ride of the Valkyries)

Schwanger is pregnant,
 Pregnant is schwanger,
 Dum dum dum dum dum, dum dum dum dum -

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (5)

MacNAMARA

(staggering into the
living room)Mother of Mercy, is this the end
of Little Rico?

PHYLLIS

(calling upstairs)

All right, children -- back to your
room. Get ready for bed.

She turns into the living room, crosses to the bar.

PHYLLIS

(nonchalantly, as she
passes MacNamara)I wonder what it's like to work
for Pepsi-Cola?

MacNAMARA

Please, Phyllis.(sinks down on piano
bench)

PHYLLIS

(pouring herself a
stiff one)So tomorrow Mr. and Mrs. Hazeltine
will arrive at the airport, and there
will be little Scarlett -- unchanged,
unspoiled, unwed -- just slightly
schwanger.

(raises glass)

Cheers.

MacNAMARA

(on edge)

Phyllis -- I'm trying to think.

PHYLLIS

Think fast, Mr. Moto -- because
there'll be a few questions asked --
like, for instance, who's the father?

MacNAMARA

I'll have the answers when the time
comes.

(CONTINUED)

PHYLLIS

You better have Otto when the time comes.

MacNAMARA

Otto? That would be disaster.

(rises, starts pacing)

Let me see -- she was secretly married -- to somebody in the American Embassy -- they were honeymooning in the Alps -- he was killed by an avalanche -- no, that's no good -- he was sent on a secret mission behind the Iron Curtain -- never heard from again -- as a matter of fact, the whole thing was so secret we can't even mention his name.

PHYLLIS

Now you're really running amok. You think Scarlett is going to stand still for -- ?

MacNAMARA

Better a dead hero than a live Communist. First thing in the morning I'll pick up a Distinguished Service Medal -- it was awarded to him posthumously.

PHYLLIS

And while you're at it, pin one on yourself. First-class heel -- with oakleaf cluster.

She exits, starts up the stairs.

MacNAMARA

(calling after her)

What do you want me to do? I had enough trouble getting the guy into jail -- it's going to be ten times as tough to get him out.

Phyllis, ignoring him, disappears upstairs. MacNamara starts pacing up and down, as the Ride of the Valkyries sneaks in on the soundtrack. With sudden decision, he crosses to the phone. picks it up, dials.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (7)

MacNAMARA

(into phone)

Schlemmer?

(winces, pulls phone
away from ear)

Don't click your heels...Listen,
Schlemmer, I'm going to need you
tonight. I'll pick you up in front
of your house in exactly ten minutes.
Meanwhile, call Ingeborg -- tell
her it's an emergency -- we'll pick
her up in exactly twelve minutes.
Over and out!

He hangs up, grabs his hat, starts out the front door.

DISSOLVE TO:

80 EXT. STRASSE DES 17 JUNI - NIGHT

MacNamara's Mercedes limousine, headlights ablaze, is speeding toward the Brandenburg Gate. The Ride of the Valkyries swells to a climax.

81 EXT. EAST SIDE OF BRANDENBURG GATE - NIGHT

Half a dozen East German policemen are controlling the sparse traffic across the border. As the Mercedes comes through the gate, a Corporal waves it to a stop with his flashlight. He shines the beam on the small American flag on the fender, then flashes it into the interior of the car. Behind the steering wheel is Fritz, and beside him is MacNamara. In the back seat are Schlemmer and Ingeborg. She is wearing that white organdie dress with polka dots all over, the one MacNamara promised her, with matching picture hat, bag and shoes.

CORPORAL

(to Fritz, gruffly)

Wohin fahren Sie?

FRITZ

Ost Berlin.

CORPORAL

Papiere.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

MacNAMARA
(holding out passport)
American citizen.

CORPORAL
(examining passport
with flashlight)
What is purpose of your visit?

MacNAMARA
I'm going to see Commissar
Peripetchikoff, chairman of the
Russian trade commission.

CORPORAL
What for?

MacNAMARA
On business. I represent Coca-Cola.

CORPORAL
(a gleam in his eye)
Coca-Cola? You have proof?

MacNamara picks up a six-pack of cokes from the floor of the car,
holds it up.

MacNAMARA
Will this do?

CORPORAL
(hands back passport,
takes six-pack)
I confiscate proof.

MacNAMARA
Fair enough. Just return the
empties.

CORPORAL
Okay. Proceed.

He waves them on with his flashlight. As the limousine moves off,
he takes out one of the bottles, smashes the neck of it against a
traffic standard, starts to drink.

As the car proceeds through the poorly-lit streets of East Berlin with its four silent occupants. Schlemmer glances nervously out the window.

SCHLEMMER

If I may say so, this whole idea is crazy. It will not work. I can feel it -- and I am scared.

MacNAMARA

Pull yourself together, Schlemmer. That's an order.

SCHLEMMER

Yes, sir.

(although seated, he still manages to click his heels)

INGEBORG

I am scared, also.

(MacNamara throws her a look)

Not for myself. I only worry something will happen to my new dress.

MacNAMARA

I'll buy you half a dozen dresses.

(to Fritz)

They're staying at the Grand Hotel Potemkin. You know where that is?

FRITZ

Yes, sir. It used to be the Grand Hotel Goering -- and before that, it was the Grand Hotel Bismarck.

DISSOLVE TO:

On a bombed-out street, this is the only building still standing -- the walls scarred and cracked and apparently held together by spit. Over the entrance is a marquee with GRAND HOTEL POTEMKIN spelled out in electric lights -- except for the letter E in HOTEL, which is dark. Parked in front is a Russian-made car with a small Soviet flag on the fender.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

The Mercedes pulls up in front of the hotel, and MacNamara and Ingeborg step out. MacNamara signals to Fritz and Schlemmer to wait, leads Ingeborg toward the entrance. From a couple of lighted upstairs windows comes the sound of music -- it sounds suspiciously like Yes, We Have No Bananas.

84 INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

It was once an elegant room -- but that was in Bismarck's time. There is the bedraggled skeleton of a magnificent chandelier hanging from the ceiling. The damask wall panels, now faded and shredded, are covered with German propaganda posters. On the bandstand, half a dozen emaciated musicians, in moldy ill-fitting tuxedos, with starched wing-collars, are playing a 1920 arrangement of Yes, We Have No Bananas. The leader is singing the lyrics in German. Talk about square.

There are some twenty tables in the room, and the patrons are a cross-section of Behind-the-Iron-Curtain types: -- Russian officers in bemedalled uniforms, East German party functionaries reading Pravda, a bearded professor and a Chinese officer playing chess. On the tiny dance floor, several ill-assorted couples are shuffling joylessly to the music.

At one of the tables are our friends of the trade commission -- Peripetchikoff, Borodenko and Mitshkin -- engaged in a game of dominoes.

MacNamara leads Ingeborg up the stairs into the restaurant, stops and cases the joint. Seeing the three trade commissioners, he steers Ingeborg toward them.

At the table, Borodenko spots the Western visitors, nudges his companions. They leap to their feet, beaming, as MacNamara brings Ingeborg up.

PERIPETCHIKOFF
Ah, Gospodin MacNamara.

MACNAMARA
Well, if it isn't my old friends --
Hart, Schaffner and Karl Marx.

MITSHKIN
I see you bring a lady with you.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

BORODENKO

Ring-a-ding-ding!

Ingeborg gives them a big, promising smile.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

Sit down, sit down, my friends.
Join us.

Additional chairs are being pulled up to the table.

MISHKIN

(to Ingeborg)
Right here, Fraulein.

As he helps her into a chair, he pats her fanny.

MacNAMARA

(catching this)
Hey, I said Karl Marx -- not Groucho.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

(to MacNamara)
To what we owe this unexpected
pleasure?

MacNAMARA

Well, you're a trade commission --
I thought we might trade.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

Coca-Cola?

MacNAMARA

No. But I hear you boys would like
Fraulein Ingeborg to go to work for
you.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

(eagerly)
You want to trade your secretary?

MacNAMARA

Right.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

For Russian secretary?

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

Wrong.

BORODENKO

I do not blame you. Ours is built
like bowlegged samovar.

Ingeborg laughs uproariously, and the Russians join her.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

We find proposition very interesting.
(to MacNamara)
Now what can we offer you?

MacNAMARA

Actually, all I want from you is a
small favor.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

Small favor, big favor, anything.

MacNAMARA

There's a guy named Otto Ludwig
Piffl -- he's being held by the East
German police --

PERIPETCHIKOFF

For what reason?

MacNAMARA

The son of a gun stole my cuckoo
clock.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

You want cuckoo clock back?

MacNAMARA

Wrong.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

You want Piffl back.

MacNAMARA

Right.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

(throwing his hands up)
Impossible, my friend. We cannot
interfere with internal affairs of
sovereign Republic of East Germany.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

No Piff!, no deal.
(rising)
Let's go, Ingeborg.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

Wait, what is the hurry? You are not giving us a chance.

(pulling MacNamara
back into chair)

Is old Russian proverb -- you cannot milk cow with hands in pockets.

(to waiter, clapping
his hands)

Herr Ober! Vodka! Caviar!

(shouting to orchestra)

Herr Kapellmeister! More rock and roll!

DISSOLVE TO:

85 EXT. GRAND HOTEL POTEMKIN - DAWN

Fritz is leaning against the parked Mercedes, smoking, while Schlemmer paces nervously up and down the sidewalk. From the lighted upstairs windows comes a wild version of The Sabre Dance. As Schlemmer and Fritz look up, the electric sign on the marquee goes out -- and the letter E in HOTEL, previously dark, lights up.

86 INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAWN

You wouldn't recognize the six nudicks on the bandstand -- they are really belting out The Sabre Dance. The restaurant is empty now except for the two chess players and our party of five. Several tables have been moved together, and they are loaded with vodka, caviar, champagne, sturgeon and Ingeborg -- who, in stockinged feet, is doing an abandoned dance to Khachaturian's music. The three Russians, drunk and disorderly, are urging her on with rhythmic yells and handclaps. Only MacNamara, quietly spooning up caviar, still has his wits about him.

Out of the kitchen comes a waiter with some shashlik on flaming skewers. But before he can start serving, Ingeborg hijacks them, manipulates them tantalizingly as part of her dance. The three Russians are beside themselves. Mishkin fumbles for a cigarette, puts it in his mouth -- and Ingeborg lights it with the flaming shashlik.

(CONTINUED)

PERIPETCHIKOFF

(tearing his eyes away from
Ingeborg; to MacNamara)

You like this caviar? We give you
hundred pounds.

MacNAMARA

I want Piffl.

Ingeborg tosses away the flaming skewers -- one of which goes sailing toward the bandstand. The bandleader catches it in mid-air, and without missing a beat, continues to conduct the orchestra.

Ingeborg is now removing her gloves in a modified strip-tease. She then takes off her bolero jacket, tosses it away -- and it lands on Peripetchikoff's head.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

(to MacNamara)

Would you take new automobile?
1961 Moskvich hardtop convertible
-- two-tone.

MacNAMARA

You mean that Russian hotrod parked
outside?

PERIPETCHIKOFF

Is wonderful car. Is exact copy of
1937 Nash.

MacNAMARA

(pouring champagne)

Not interested.

As the tempo of the music picks up, Ingeborg removes her belt, lashes out with it. Borodenko, carried away, removes his shoe, pounds it on the tabletop. The whole joint is jumping now. The chandelier jiggles in rhythm to the music; the chess pieces dance along the chess board -- but the two players remain oblivious; and a portrait of Khrushchev on the wall goes crashing to the floor -- revealing a portrait of Stalin underneath.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

(mopping his brow; to
MacNamara)

We give you Chinese cigarettes.
Armenian rugs. Bulgarian yogurt.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

Piff! or nothing.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

I know what! We have warehouse
full of Spam left over from Lend-Lease...

MacNamara glances at the gray light in the windows, then at his
watch.

MacNAMARA

It's five o'clock -- and we're not
getting anywhere.

(rising)

Ingeborg, put your shoes on.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

One more minute, please. Summit
conference.

He beckons to his companions. They move away from the table
and go into a short huddle.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

(turning to MacNamara)

Before we make deal -- we want
right of inspection.

MacNAMARA

I veto it!

PERIPETCHIKOFF

I thought so.

They resume the huddle.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

Well, comrades, what are we going to
do? He's got it, we want it. Are we
going to accept this blackmailing
capitalistic deal?

MISHKIN

Let us take vote!

PERIPETCHIKOFF

(promptly)

I vote yes.

(CONTINUED)

MISHKIN

I vote yes.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

(beaming)

Two out of three. Deal is on.

BORODENKO

Comrades, before you get in trouble,
I must warn you, I am not really
from Soft Drink Secretariat --

(whips a metal identification tag from his pocket)

-- I am undercover agent assigned
to watch you.

MISHKIN

(like a shot)

In that case, I vote no. Deal is
off.

BORODENKO

(his eyes on Ingeborg)

But I vote yes.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

(beaming)

Two out of three again! Deal is on!

DISSOLVE TO:

87 EXT. EAST BERLIN POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAWN

A forbidding-looking building on a drab street. The entrance is flanked by two policemen. The 1961 Moskvich hardtop convertible slithers to a squealing stop in front of the building -- the brakes aren't all they should be. The Mercedes, which is following, comes to a smooth stop on the opposite side of the street. Out of the Russian car step the three tipsy commissars, start into the police building. MacNamara gets out of the Mercedes, stands there looking after them. Then he turns to Ingeborg and Schlemmer, in the back seat of the car.

MacNAMARA

Okay kids -- strip for action.

Under a glaring light in the otherwise murky room sits Otto -- haggard, disheveled, desperately sleepy. Ringed around him are three burly, uniformed interrogators. A female stenographer, also in uniform, sits at a desk, fingers poised over a typewriter keyboard. Lying on a table in front of Otto is the incriminating cuckoo clock. And blasting from a phonograph, at ear-splitting volume, is a nasal voice singing Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka Dot Bikini.

OTTO

(pressing hands to ears)

Nein! Nein! Genug! Aufhören!
Schluss! Ich will schlafen!

The head interrogator turns the phonograph off.

INTERROGATOR

(shouting at Otto)

Sind Sie ein amerikanischer Spion?

OTTO

Nein!

INTERROGATOR

Für wen arbeiten Sie -- C.I.A.?

OTTO

Nein! Ich will schlafen!

His head falls forward on the table -- he is asleep. The interrogator shoves the table away -- and Otto has to catch himself to keep from falling. The female stenographer watches impassively. The second interrogator now grabs Otto's hair, jerks his head up so that the light is in his eyes.

SECOND INTERROGATOR

Sind Sie ein amerikanischer Spion?

OTTO

Nein!

SECOND INTERROGATOR

Sind Sie ein Geheimagent von Allen Dulles?

OTTO

Nein, nein, nein, nein --

(CONTINUED)

He raises his arm to shield his eyes from the light. The head interrogator removes the phonograph record from the turntable. Drilled about an inch from the center hole of the record is another hole. He slips the spindle through the off-center hole, starts the phonograph again. It's still Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka Dot Bikini -- but played on the bias, it comes out as the most nerve-wracking, marrow-chilling cacophony. Otto grabs his ears, screaming.

OTTO

Aufhören! Aufhören! Ich halte das
nicht mehr aus! Ich gestehe!

INTERROGATOR

(turns music off;
to Otto)

Sie gestehen was?

OTTO

Alles!

INTERROGATOR

Sind Sie ein amerikanischer Spion?

OTTO

Ja! Ich bin ein amerikanischer Spion!

(the stenographer starts
typing like mad)

Ja, ich arbeite für C.I.A.! Ja, ich
werde von Wall Street bezahlt! Ja,
ich bin ein Geheimagent von Allen
Dulles! Ja, ja, ja, ja --

The interrogator rips the now typewritten confession out of the machine, shoves it in front of Otto, hands him a pen.

INTERROGATOR

Unterschreiben!

Holding the pen limply, Otto barely manages to sign his name before he falls asleep again. As the interrogator picks up the signed confession, the door opens and the three Russian commissars enter. Borodenko approaches the interrogator, flashes his identification tag.

BORODENKO

Borodenko von der Geheimen Russischen
Polizei. Haben Sie einen Gefangenen
namens Piffel?

(CONTINUED)

INTERROGATOR
(pointing at Otto)

Jawohl.

BORODENKO
Wir wollen ihn. Wir nehmen ihn
gleich mit.

INTERROGATOR
Jawohl.
(holding out confession)
Hier ist sein Geständnis -- er ist
ein amerikanischer Spion.

BORODENKO
Ein amerikanischer Spion? Einen
Moment.

He rejoins his two companions, and they go into a huddle.

BORODENKO
(whispering)
Did you hear that? He is a confessed
American spy.

MISHKIN
In that case, I want nothing to do
with it. Because if they ever find
out in Moscow --

PERIPETCHIKOFF
He is right. No secretary is worth
that risk.

BORODENKO
On the other hand -- why should they
find out in Moscow? I will not inform.

MISHKIN
But if they do find out --

BORODENKO
Then we just cross the border into
West Berlin.

(CONTINUED)

PERIPETCHIKOFF

That is easy for you to say -- you are a bachelor. But if I defect, you know what they will do to my family? They will line them up against a wall and shoot them. My wife and my mother-in-law and my sister-in-law and my brother-in-law --

(the prospect makes
his mouth water)

Comrades, let's do it!

DISSOLVE TO:

89 EXT. EAST BERLIN POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAWN

MacNamara and Fritz are waiting nervously beside the Mercedes, whose motor is running. Mishkin and Borodenko come out of the building, holding up Otto, who is out on his feet. Peripetchikoff follows, carrying the cuckoo clock.

MacNamara signals to Fritz, and the two of them cross the street toward the Russians.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

(to MacNamara, as he
comes up)

You try to bamboozle us, eh? You say he is cuckoo clock thief -- we know he is American spy.

OTTO

(without awakening)

Ich bin ein amerikanischer Spion!

Peripetchikoff claps his hand over Otto's mouth, looks worriedly toward the two police sentries.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

Sssh.

(to MacNamara)

You better take him out of here before we all get into trouble.

MacNAMARA

Right.

(CONTINUED)

He and Fritz take Otto between them. Peripetchikoff hands the cuckoo clock to Fritz.

MacNAMARA

It's a pleasure to do business with you boys.

He and Fritz start to lead Otto away.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

Wait -- where is blonde lady?

MacNAMARA

I'll send her right over.

In the Mercedes, Ingeborg, back to camera, is looking out the window toward MacNamara and Fritz as they half-drag, half-carry Otto across the street. She opens the car door, steps out as the three of them come up. MacNamara and Fritz deposit Otto in the back of the car. MacNamara gets in beside him, Fritz slips into the front seat with the cuckoo clock. The Mercedes shoots off, leaving Ingeborg behind. She starts slowly across the street toward the Russians..

The three Siberian wolves are standing beside their car, drooling expectantly, as Ingeborg approaches.

Maybe it's the trolley car tracks, maybe it's the high heels, but suddenly Ingeborg turns her ankle, falls flat on her face. The three Russians race toward her, start to lift her up solicitously.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

Ah, you poor baby.

BORODENKO

Did you hurt yourself?

MISHKIN

Let me help you.

As they raise Ingeborg half-way up, they realize it's not Ingeborg at all -- it's Schlemmer, in Ingeborg's clothes. Schlemmer looks at them fearfully, the Russians look at him in shock.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

He has bamboozled us again!

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (2)

They let go of Schlemmer, and he flops on his face once more.

MISHKIN

(in Russian)

Quick, comrades. We must stop them before they get through the Brandenburg Gate.

They rush to their car, jump in, start the motor. Meanwhile, Schlemmer has risen to his knees, and is putting on his glasses. As the Russian car lurches forward in pursuit of the Mercedes, it backfires a couple of times. Schlemmer falls flat on his face again.

90 INT. MERCEDES - DRIVING THROUGH EAST BERLIN - DAWN

Fritz is at the wheel. In the back seat are MacNamara, and the real Ingeborg, in underwear with a car robe wrapped around her. Between them is the sleeping Otto.

INGEBORG

Those Russians, I hope they are not too disappointed.

MacNAMARA

That's their problem.

INGEBORG

Actually, they were very cute. I can't decide which one I liked best -- the big fat one or the bald one.

MacNAMARA

That's Schlemmer's problem.

He hears what sounds like a series of pistol shots behind them, glances out the rear window.

It is not shots, but the backfiring of a car which is rapidly catching up with them.

MacNAMARA

Fritz, what's that behind us?

FRITZ

(peering into rear view mirror)

Looks like a 1937 Nash.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

Okay, step on it.

91 STREETS OF EAST BERLIN - DAWN

The Mercedes picks up speed. The Russian car, backfiring periodically, tries to keep up. The chase continues around corners and traffic islands, winds up in a dead end street. The Mercedes cuts across an empty lot. The Moskvich follows, and as it bounces over the curb, one of the fenders falls off. The Mercedes skirts a ruined building, but the Moskvich heads right for it, taking a short cut through the ruins. By the time it emerges, steam is gushing from the radiator, and one of the tires has come off. As the Russian car limps along on the tireless rim, the Mercedes out-distances it.

92 EXT. EAST SIDE OF BRANDENBURG GATE - DAWN

The Mercedes comes speeding up to the gate, and is signalled to a stop by the border policemen. The same corporal is still in charge.

CORPORAL

Halt!

MacNAMARA

(sticks his head out
through open window)

You remember us. We came through
earlier.

CORPORAL

You wait!

He starts toward the guardhouse, while the other policemen block the path of the Mercedes. As MacNamara looks back through the rear window worriedly, Otto suddenly stirs in his sleep.

OTTO

Ich bin ein amerikanischer Spion!

MacNamara claps his hand over Otto's mouth, glances toward the policemen, to make sure they haven't overheard. At the same time, the cuckoo clock on the front seat comes to life. It is six o'clock, and Uncle Sam pops out again, to the tune of Yankee Doodle. Fritz smothers Uncle Sam with his cap.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

The corporal is now returning from the guardhouse, carrying the six-pack of empty Coca-Cola bottles, all with their necks broken. He starts to hand them through the open window of the Mercedes.

CORPORAL

(grinning)

Here is empties.

Just then there is the blaring sound of a car horn. Everybody looks off.

The Moskvich is weaving toward them, practically obscured by a cloud of steam. Borodenko is leaning out the rear window, shouting "Aufhalten! Aufhalten!"

The corporal and the other border policemen are suddenly alert. MacNamara, Ingeborg and Fritz sit there apprehensively.

As the Russian car approaches the halted Mercedes, Peripetchikoff steps on the brakes. There is a squealing sound, but nothing happens. Peripetchikoff now yanks the hand-brake -- and it comes off in his hand. He starts steering desperately -- and the steering wheel breaks in half. The three Russians duck as the car continues out of control.

The border policemen scatter like nine-pins as the runaway car bears down on them.

In the Mercedes, MacNamara, Ingeborg and Fritz follow the off-scene progress of the Russian car. There is the sound of a tremendous crash. The corporal and the other policemen rush toward the scene of the accident.

MacNAMARA

(calmly, to Fritz)

Let's go.

The Mercedes, now unguarded, zooms through the Gate into West Berlin.

As for the Moskvich, it has tried to climb one of the pillars of the Brandenburg Gate, and failed. The car is leaning at a 75-degree angle against the pillar, its wheels still spinning, steam pouring from the gaping hood. Out of the rear seat staggers Borodenko, the car-door draped around his neck, still shouting "Aufhalten! Aufhalten!"

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

93 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

MacNamara, in shirtsleeves, his tie loosened, is at the washstand, just finishing shaving. Lying asleep on the couch, covered with the car robe, is Otto. He stirs restlessly, moans.

OTTO

Ich bin ein amerikanischer Spion.

MacNAMARA

Drop dead!

94 INT. OUTER OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

The place is empty, the typewriters still covered -- the employees have not yet reported for work. Ingeborg, in a lacy slip and stockinged feet, is standing at her desk fixing coffee, and humming the Sabre Dance.

95 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

MacNamara tosses down the towel, crosses to his desk, buttoning his shirt. Ingeborg comes through the door with a cup of coffee, still humming the Sabre Dance.

MacNAMARA

That's enough, Ingeborg! Cut it out!

INGEBORG

Why are you so unfriendly this morning? I thought everything was wunderbar.

MacNAMARA

Some wunderbar!

He picks up the cuckoo clock, which is lying on the desk, proceeds to hang it back on the wall. It shows 8:25.

MacNAMARA

Can you imagine what's going to happen at noon -- when the Hazeltines step off that plane and get a load of their new son-in-law?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA (CONT'D)

(Otto mutters in
his sleep)

You slob!

(to Ingeborg)

And when he opens his big fat Red
mouth, then it's goodbye Charlie.

INGEBORG

Who is Charlie?

MacNAMARA

Charles H. Kaputt!

(crosses to window, looks out)

What's keeping Scarlett? I wish
she'd get here.

INGEBORG

I wish Schlemmer would get here.

Or anyway, send my dress back.

(indicating coffee)

What do you want in this -- cream,
sugar?

MacNAMARA

Just two lumps of benzedrine. It's
going to be a rough day.

There is the sound of a car drawing up outside. MacNamara turns
back to the window.

96 EXT. COCA-COLA BUILDING - MORNING

The Mercedes limousine has stopped in front of the entrance, and
Fritz jumps out to open the rear door. Scarlett, in a silk suit,
steps out of the car, hurries toward the building. Fritz dashes to
overtake her.

97 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - MORNING

MacNamara turns from the window to Ingeborg, who is stirring his
coffee.

MacNAMARA

You better put something on. Your
goose-pimples are showing.

(CONTINUED)

INGEBORG

(glancing down her
decolletage)

That's nothing. You should see my
sister.

MacNamara takes his raincoat off a hook, pitches it to Ingeborg.

98 INT. THIRD FLOOR LANDING - MORNING

The elevator is coming up. Pounding up the stairs is Fritz. He reaches the elevator just in time to open the door for Scarlett. She sweeps out, a look of anticipation on her pretty face.

99 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - MORNING

Ingeborg is buttoning up the raincoat, while MacNamara waits in the open doorway for Scarlett. She comes hurrying up between the empty desks.

SCARLETT

Where is he?

MacNAMARA

Listen, Scarlett -- before that
maniac wakes up -- I've got to talk
to you. There's only one way out
of this mess --

Scarlett pushes past him, rushes to the couch.

SCARLETT

Otto! Otto darling!

(she shakes him)

Otto!

(his eyes flicker open)

It's me -- Scarlett.

OTTO

(groggily)

Scarlett.

SCARLETT

(kissing him)

Darling, I have something very
exciting to tell you.

(CONTINUED)

OTTO

(sits up, looks around,
puzzled).

How did I get here?

It is 8:30. Out of the cuckoo clock pops Uncle Sam, Yankee
Dodgling again. Otto looks at the clock, then his eyes fall on
MacNamara.

OTTO

(jumping up)

You! I should take that wedding
present and break it over your
head!

MacNAMARA

(sipping coffee)

That's gratitude. After all the
trouble I went through to get you
out of jail.

OTTO

(violently)

You got me into jail.

MacNAMARA

So we're even.

SCARLETT

(to Otto, tenderly)

You know, yesterday, when you
didn't show up, I fainted.

OTTO

(pointing at MacNamara)

It's all his fault.

MacNAMARA

Well, not entirely.

SCARLETT

(to Otto)

Don't you want to hear what the
doctor said?

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: (2)

MacNAMARA

(to Ingeborg)

Get him some coffee. He's going to need it.

Ingeborg exits.

OTTO

From you I don't need anything.

SCARLETT

I'm going to have a baby.

OTTO

(to MacNamara,
threateningly)

If my wife wasn't here, and if she wasn't going to have a baby --

He breaks off abruptly, stares at Scarlett, open-mouthed. Then --

OTTO

What?

SCARLETT

That's right.

OTTO

Liebchen!

He grabs Scarlett, whirls her joyfully around.

MacNAMARA

That's just what the world needs --
another bouncing baby Bolshevik.

SCARLETT

I was so afraid you wouldn't want it.

OTTO

You little fool. I want dozens.

He helps her to the couch, wraps the car robe around her solicitously.

SCARLETT

So do I.

(CONTINUED)

OTTO

So does the party. They encourage it. We must outproduce the West.

MacNAMARA

(to Scarlett)

I hear they got a new plan now. Instead of one woman taking nine months to have a baby, they're going to put nine women to work on it and do it it in one month.

OTTO

(ignoring him)

The minute we arrive in Moscow, we must get on the waiting list for the people's maternity ward and the people's obstetrician.

SCARLETT

No, I'd like to fly over my own doctor from Atlanta. And my old nurse -- and my governess --

OTTO

What for? The State takes care of everything. At the age of six months, the baby will be enrolled in the people's nursery school. Naturally, we will have visiting rights every other Sunday.

SCARLETT

Every other Sunday?

MacNAMARA

You can bring him some pabulum with a file in it.

OTTO

(to MacNamara)

Imperialist stooge!

(to Scarlett)

And of course, we'll see him on May Day -- he'll be marching by in the parade -- we can wave to him.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

You can also wave to him on Lenin's birthday, and on Yuri Gagarin's birthday -- that kid'll be parading all the time.

SCARLETT

Well, at least it'll keep him off the streets.

OTTO

(searching his pockets)

The tickets -- where are the tickets? We must find out when the next train leaves for Moscow.

MacNAMARA

(putting down his
coffee cup)

Forget it, Piff. You're not going to Moscow. You can't even get back to East Berlin.

OTTO

Why not?

MacNAMARA

Because you're an American spy.

OTTO

Who said so?

MacNAMARA

You did! Don't you remember last night -- the police station? You signed a confession -- ein amerikanischer Spion.

OTTO

(as it hits him)

Nein, nein, nein, nein.

MacNAMARA

Ja, ja, ja, ja.

SCARLETT

(to Otto)

Isn't that thrilling? Darling, why didn't you tell me?

(CONTINUED)

OTTO

It's not true! I am not a spy!

MacNAMARA

Makes you think, doesn't it? About all those other confessions they get. In another hour they would have had you confessing to germ warfare in Laos.

OTTO

(leaping at MacNamara)

You did this to me!

MacNAMARA

You mean, I gave you the third degree? Or was it your Communist chums?

OTTO

(grabbing him by
the lapels)

You will come with me -- you will tell them it was a trick.

MacNAMARA

Are you kidding? You think they'd believe me -- an imperialist stooge?

OTTO

I should kill you!

MacNAMARA

Take it easy, kid. Or you'll wind up in the people's emergency hospital.

He shoves him down on the couch. Otto, in complete despair, buries his head in his hands. Scarlett snuggles up next to him.

SCARLETT

Otto, darling -- what are we going to call the baby?

101 INT. OUTER OFFICE - MORNING

A bedraggled Schlemmer -- still in Ingeborg's clothes - is limping down the aisle from the elevator. His dress is torn and dirty, his face shows a five o'clock shadow, and he is fanning himself with the picture hat. Ingeborg, at her desk, looks up appalled.

(CONTINUED)

INGEBORG

My dress! What did you do to my dress?

MacNamara appears in the doorway of his office.

MacNAMARA

Schlemmer!

Schlemmer comes to attention, tries to click his heels -- but it's not so easy in girls' shoes.

SCHLEMMER

Yes, sir! I'm sorry I didn't shave this morning.

INGEBORG

Look at my dress -- it is ruined!

MacNAMARA

Have any trouble getting out of East Berlin?

SCHLEMMER

No -- but I had a little trouble in West Berlin -- I was picked up by an American soldier in a jeep -- he was very fresh -- wanted to take my picture for something called Playboy.

MacNAMARA

All right, get out of those silly clothes -- we have a lot of work to do.

SCHLEMMER

Yes, sir. If I can have my suit --

INGEBORG

(pointing)

It's in your office.

Schlemmer reaches down the front of his dress, takes out his falsies -- two inflated balloons, tied together with a string. One of them is green, one of them is yellow, and on both of them is printed YANKEE GO HOME.

Scarlett is still sitting on the couch beside the despondent Otto.

SCARLETT

(chattering away)

And it's going to be such fun shopping.
We need a bassinet and a crib and a
layette -- and we'll have to run down
to Paris for a few days -- they have
some marvy maternity clothes at
Christian Dior's --

OTTO

(raising his head)

Darling, you have to forget all that.
We can't even afford milk for the
baby.

SCARLETT

Oh, the doctors have a whole new
theory -- milk is the worst thing
for babies.

Otto rises, moves away from the couch. In the doorway stands
MacNamara, listening.

OTTO

Don't you understand, Scarlett?
I am through -- finished --
ausgespielt. To the Communists,
I am an American spy -- to the
Americans, I am a Communist.
I have nothing -- no home, no job,
not even my motorcycle.

MacNAMARA

That's tough. All you got is a
rich wife.

SCARLETT

(to Otto)

He's right. In January, when I'm
eighteen, Daddy's giving me ten
thousand shares of Coca-Cola stock.

OTTO

I am a worker, not a gigolo! I
will not take any money from you.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

You bet you won't!

(to Scarlett)

Because when your father finds out who you married, he'll cut you off without a red cent -- you should pardon the expression.

SCARLETT

I guess so. Daddy has a fit every time I order anything with Russian dressing.

MacNAMARA

Looks bad, doesn't it? But it's a good thing I like you kids -- I'm going to help you -- if idiot-boy here will cooperate.

OTTO

You go to hell!

Ingeborg appears from the outer office, still in the raincoat. Beyond her we see employees filing in to work.

INGEBORG

Long distance. Mr. Hazeltine is calling from London.

MacNAMARA

London? Oh-oh. The bloodhounds are closing in.

(picks up phone)

Hello? - Yes, Mr. Hazeltine -- this is MacNamara.

103 PHONE BOOTH - LONDON AIRPORT - DAY

On the phone is Hazeltine, wearing his hat and clutching a telegram. Standing anxiously in the open door of the booth is MRS. HAZELTINE a cozy-looking woman of fifty, in a travelling suit, and holding a Pan-Am overnight bag.

HAZELTINE

(raging)

MacNamara, I'm going to have your head for this! ...What do you mean, for what?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

HAZELTINE (CONT'D)

We get off at the London airport to
change planes, and there's this
telegram waiting for me --

(reading)

Congratulations. You're going to
be a grandfather. Signed, MacNamara
... Is this your idea of a joke?

104 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

MacNAMARA

(into phone)

No -- it's not my idea of a joke.

(covers mouthpiece;

to Scarlett)

Did somebody send a telegram to
your father?

SCARLETT

Yes. Mrs. MacNamara.

MacNAMARA

Oh, she did!

(into phone)

Yes, it's true. We didn't want you
to be too surprised when you got
here.

105 TELEPHONE BOOTH - LONDON AIRPORT - DAY

HAZELTINE

(into phone)

MacNamara, I send you a sweet pure
innocent girl who isn't even eighteen
yet and -- What?

(to Mrs. Hazeltine,

relieved)

It's all right, Melanie -- she's
married.

MRS. HAZELTINE

Thank Heaven.

(CONTINUED)

HAZELTINE

(into phone)

Wait a minute, MacNamara -- not so fast -- just exactly who is she married to?

106 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

MacNAMARA

(into phone)

Oh, I wouldn't worry about it. He's a wonderful boy --

(his eyes on the bedraggled, unshaven, glowering Otto)

-- handsome -- cultured -- comes from one of the best families in Europe -- you'll be crazy about him. Yes, sir -- we'll bring him along to the airport with us. Happy landing.

(hangs up, calls)

Schlemmer!

OTTO

(to MacNamara)

What are you up to now?

SCARLETT

All those lies. You can't fool Daddy that easy.

MacNAMARA

I didn't say it was going to be easy. But we sure can try.

OTTO

(suspiciously)

Try what?

MacNAMARA

(to Scarlett)

We're going to turn this crumburn into a perfect son-in-law --

(a glance at the clock)

-- and we've got exactly three hours and two minutes to do it in.

(CONTINUED)

SCARLETT

(brightly)

Oh, I get it.

(to Otto)

Isn't he clever?

MacNAMARA

(yelling)

Schlemmer!

OTTO

I categorically refuse!

Schlemmer comes dashing in, just putting on his jacket.

SCHLEMMER

Sorry, sir. I had difficulty getting
out of the girdle.

He clicks his heels, realizes his shirt-tail is still hanging out,
starts to tuck it in.

MacNAMARA

Schlemmer, I want all those people
out there to drop everything and
stand by for orders! General alarm!
Complete mobilization!

SCHLEMMER

(beaming)

Ah, like the good old days! Yes,
sir!

He springs into the outer office.

OTTO

I will not be a party to this scheme.

MacNAMARA

Okay. If you don't love your wife --

OTTO

(shouting)

I worship her!

(to Scarlett,

tenderly)

You know there's nothing I wouldn't
do for you --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OTTO (CONT'D)

(raising his voice)

-- but I will not compromise my principles.

SCARLETT

(holding his hand)

And I'd do anything for you -- even if we had to starve together -- but we can't ask the baby to starve -- not at his age.

MacNAMARA

See? You're upsetting your wife. Think of her condition.

OTTO

I will not be turned into a capitalist!

MacNAMARA

Once you're a son-in-law in good standing, I don't care what you do. You can steal the formula to Coca-Cola and square yourself with Moscow again. But at noon today you're going to look and act like a gentleman!

It is nine o'clock. To the tune of Yankee Doodle, Uncle Sam pops out of the cuckoo clock -- and Schlemmer pops in from the outer office.

SCHLEMMER

Everybody at their posts, awaiting orders.

MacNAMARA

All right, here we go! First. Get a barber and manicurist up to the office! Next. Call my lawyer -- I want him here immediately! Next. I want to speak to the manager of the Berlin Hilton! Next. Get a hold of what's-his-name -- you know, that moth-eaten count -- the one who used to hang around the Cafe Wien --

SCHLEMMER

Count von Droste-Schattenburg.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

That's the one. I want to see him
right away.

SCHLEMMER

Yes, sir!

MacNAMARA

And send Ingeborg in here -- mit
pad and pencil.

SCHLEMMER

Yes, sir!

MacNAMARA

Schnell-machen. One, two, three!

SCHLEMMER

(clicks heels three times)

Jawohl!

(he exits)

MacNAMARA

(to Scarlett)

We better start cleaning him up.

(points to wash-stand)

Over there.

OTTO

I have agreed to nothing.

MacNAMARA

Is it against the party-line to use
indoor plumbing?

Scarlett takes Otto's arm, leads him toward the wash-stand.

SCARLETT

Come on -- it won't hurt a bit.

MacNAMARA

Even if it hurts -- mit the hot
water and mit the soap!

Ingeborg comes in, with pad and pencil.

INGEBORG

Yes, Mr. MacNamara.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

Ready?

INGEBORG

Always ready.

MacNAMARA

First, call Reinhardt and Reinhardt, custom tailors, and have them send up everything they've got in their shop -- single-breasted, three-button, narrow lapels -- medium gray to dark blue --

(a glance toward Otto)

-- size thirty-nine, regular. Next.

Call Pleschke, the haberdasher --

I want to see some shirts, broadcloth, plain or tab collars, size 15 1/2 - 34 -- shorts, nylon or cotton, size 32 -- socks, French lisle, dark tones, size 11 1/2 -- ties, not too wide, not too narrow, not too fancy. Also pajamas, handkerchiefs, cufflinks, suspenders, etcetera, etcetera. Next, call Hochstaetter's, have them deliver some shoes, British or Italian models, brown and black, size 9B.

(the phone rings and he picks it up)

Yes, Fritz? No, Fritz -- I need you -- sleepy or not sleepy, everybody works today!

(hangs up; to Ingeborg)

Next. Call any first-class hatter, I want an assortment of hats, no porkpies, none of that Tyrolean jazz, size 7 and 3/8. Correction -- after we get his hair cut, 7 and one-eighth. Next, call that department store on Tauenzienstrasse, have them bring up a matched set of men's luggage, cowhide or pigskin. Next, call the Ritz Jewelers, I want to see a selection of gold wedding rings -- also engagement rings, diamond solitaire, no less than two carats no more than four.

As he strides up and down, he passes the wash-stand. Otto, his sweater off, is soaping his face while Scarlett stands by with a towel.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

(to Scarlett)

And make sure he scrubs behind the ears.

(Otto glares at him)

Next. Call Kottler's Restaurant, have them send up one deluxe seven-course dinner and one complete table setting. Next, call a florist and have them make up a bouquet of chrysanthemums. Also two boutonnieres, white carnations. Any questions?

INGEBORG

Yes. Can I go home and get some clothes?

MacNAMARA

At a time like this? Dressed or not dressed, everybody works today. Now get with it.

As she starts out of the office, a BARBER and a MANICURIST come in. They are both in working smocks, the barber carries his instruments in a bag, the manicurist has a tray in her hands.

BARBER

(to MacNamara)

Haare schneiden?

MANICURIST

Manikuere?

MacNAMARA

Not me -- him.

(points at Otto)

Take him into the conference room and chop that mop off.

BARBER

Jawohl.

MacNAMARA

And give him a shave and a manicure.

BARBER

Jawohl.

(CONTINUED)

MANICURIST

Jawohl.

OTTO
(drying his face)

No!

MacNAMARA
What do you mean, no?

OTTO
No manicure! It is a symbol of
bourgeois decadence and insecurity --

MacNAMARA
Oh, sure. In Russia everybody is
so secure they chew their nails off.

SCARLETT
(taking Otto's arm)
Come on, darling -- nobody will
ever know. You can wear gloves.

She leads him toward the outer office.

OTTO
Gloves? Why don't you ask me to
wear striped pants?

As they exit, followed by the barber and the manicurist, MacNamara
snaps his fingers, picks up the phone.

MacNAMARA
Ingeborg? When you talk to that
tailor, I also want some striped
pants, a morning coat and a white
waistcoat.

As he hangs up, Schlemmer comes through the connecting door.

SCHLEMMER
I have located Count von Droste-
Schattenburg.

MacNAMARA
Good.

(CONTINUED)

SCHLEMMER

He is working in the men's room
at the Kempinski Hotel.

MacNAMARA

How soon can he get here?

SCHLEMMER

Well, this is his busy time of the
day. He wants to know if you can
come there.

MacNAMARA

Absolutely not.

SCHLEMMER

I'll tell him. And your lawyer is
here.

MacNAMARA

(calling)

Come in, come in.

ZEIDLITZ, the lawyer, enters from the adjoining office as
Schlemmer exits. He is a gray-haired man in his late forties,
carries a brief case.

ZEIDLITZ

Ah, Herr MacNamara -- isn't this
a glorious day.

MacNAMARA

Cut the schmoose. Now listen,
Zeidlitz, here's what I want you
to do --

ZEIDLITZ

It has already been done. Complete
success. The young lady can consider
herself unmarried.

MacNAMARA

Unmarried?

(CONTINUED)

ZEIDLITZ

(opens brief case, takes
out document)

It wasn't easy, but I managed to
liberate that marriage license from
the files in East Berlin. Just like
you ordered.

MacNAMARA

It's that damn German efficiency!
That's all I need now -- an
illegitimate baby on my hands.

ZEIDLITZ

I beg your pardon?

A MAN comes through the door from the outer office, his arms
piled high with shoeboxes.

SHOEMAN

Ich bringe die Schuhe.

MacNAMARA

The shoes? Unpack them and let's
see what you got.

(to Zeidlitz)

I want you to go back to East
Berlin and put that marriage license
right back in the files.

ZEIDLITZ

(shoving document into
briefcase)

If you say so.

MacNAMARA

But first -- I want you to draw up
some adoption papers.

ZEIDLITZ

For the baby?

MacNAMARA

No. For Otto Ludwig Piffel. We're
going to have him adopted by a real,
honest-to-goodness, blue-blooded
aristocrat.

(CONTINUED)

ZEIDLITZ

Oh. A baron?

MacNAMARA

Better than that. The guy who's working in the men's room at the Kempinski.

ZEIDLITZ

Who?

MacNAMARA

Leave the name blank. I haven't made the deal yet. Now get to work -- in there.

He indicates Schlemmer's office. As Zeidlitz exits, MacNamara turns to the shoeman, who by this time has opened all the boxes and set them out on the couch.

MacNAMARA

Next -- shoes!

(going down the line)

No -- no -- nothing with tassels.

Those are all right. Alligator?

That's for bandleaders. Those are okay. Okay.

(picks up a basket-weave shoe, holds it up to the light)

Totally unacceptable. Full of holes.

From the outer office comes the TAILOR, wheeling a portable rack with a dozen suits on it, some of them only half-finished.

TAILOR

Guten Morgen. Rheinhardt -- from Rheinhardt and Rheinhardt.

MacNAMARA

Be right with you.

(to shoeman)

I'll take those -- and those -- but not those.

(crossing to tailor's rack)

Now what have we got here?

(CONTINUED)

TAILOR

Latest English style. All fabrics imported.

MacNAMARA

They look more like they were deported.

(going through
the suits)

Too loud. Too quiet. All right -- but take the padding out of the shoulders. That's not bad. Belt in the back? I thought that went out with high-button shoes.

SHOEMAN

(electrified)

High-button shoes? I have some right here.

(holds them up)

MacNAMARA

(to shoeman)

Never mind. Take that stuff into the conference room.

(to tailor)

I want these ready in twenty-four hours.

TAILOR

Twenty-four hours?

MacNAMARA

And where's the morning coat and striped pants?

TAILOR

My assistant is bringing them.

MacNAMARA

Those I want fitted right away.

The shoeman has now exited, juggling several boxes of shoes, and into the office has come a JEWELER, carrying a flat black case.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (11)

JEWELER
(coming up behind
MacNamara)

Schmuck.

MacNAMARA
(whirling on him)
What did you say?

JEWELER
Schmuck.
(opens box to reveal
assortment of rings)
Jewelry.

MacNAMARA
Oh.

The clock goes off -- it is nine-thirty.

MacNAMARA
(to Jeweler)
Come with me.
(to Tailor)
You too.

He hastens out of the office, followed by the jeweler, and the tailor pushing his rack.

107 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

As MacNamara appears from his office, all the employees leap to their feet -- except Ingeborg, who is busy on the telephone. MacNamara leads the jeweler and the tailor toward the conference room.

MacNAMARA
(a wave of his hand)
Sitzen machen.

The employees sit down as the procession enters the conference room.

It is a formal room, usually serving for high-level staff meetings -- with an oval table in the middle and a dozen chairs around it. One of the chairs has been pulled away, and planted in it, with a barber's sheet around his neck, is Otto. The barber is shearing his mop, the manicurist is clipping the nails of his left hand while his right hand is soaking in a basin, the shoeman is kneeling in front of him fitting shoes on his naked feet, and Scarlett stands by supervising.

OTTO

(to manicurist)

A strong healthy girl like you --
you should not be cutting nails,
you should be cutting wheat in the
Ukraine.

SCARLETT

(to barber)

No, no -- leave it a little longer
on the sides -- like Sal Mineo.

MacNamara has entered by now, followed by the jeweler and the tailor.

MacNAMARA

(to Scarlett, pointing
at jeweler's tray)

Pick a couple of wedding rings.

SHOEMAN

(to Otto)

Left foot, please.

SCARLETT

(showing pair of rings
to Otto)

You like these?

OTTO

Gold? Never. I prefer the honest
steel of the guns of Stalingrad.

MacNAMARA

Come on.

(pulls his dripping right
hand out of the basin)

You guys are always yakking about
disarmament. We might as well start
right here and now.

(takes the steel wedding
ring off his finger)

(CONTINUED)

SHOEMAN

(to Otto)

Stand up, please.

Otto rises. The barber and the manicurist continue working on him in the new position, while the shoeman feels the instep of his shoes, and MacNamara slips the gold band on his finger.

MacNAMARA

(to Scarlett)

He's also giving you an engagement ring.

SCARLETT

He is?

OTTO

I am?

(to shoeman)

They're too big.

SHOEMAN

I assume the gentleman will wear socks.

OTTO

Not if I can help it.

The tailor has now encircled Otto's waist with a tape-measure.

TAILOR

Waist, thirty-one.

BARBER

(to Otto)

Sit down, please.

He pushes him back into the chair. The shoeman starts to remove Otto's shoes. Scarlett has now selected a diamond ring from the jeweler's tray.

SCARLETT

I want this one.

MacNAMARA

(to jeweler)

How much?

(CONTINUED)

JEWELER

Eight thousand marks.

SCARLETT

(kissing Otto on
the forehead)

Thank you, darling.

(she starts to put
on the ring)

OTTO

Wait.

(he leaps to his feet)

Who is paying for this foolishness?

MacNAMARA

Relax. You've got assets -- all
that Coca-Cola stock.

OTTO

You expect me to sit on my assets
and just clip coupons?

SCARLETT

Don't worry -- the baby will clip
the coupons. We'll put all the money
in his name.

SHOEMAN

(to Otto)

Sit down, please.

Otto sits, and the shoeman starts to fit another pair of shoes on
his bare feet. During all these ups and downs, the barber,
manicurist and tailor have continued to work on him.

OTTO

I will not have my son grow up to
be a capitalist.

SCARLETT

When he's eighteen, he can decide
for himself -- whether he wants to
be a capitalist, or a rich Communist.

The phone has rung, meanwhile, and MacNamara picks it up.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

(into phone)

Yes? Who? The manager of the
Berlin Hilton? Put him on.

The TAILOR'S ASSISTANT enters, carrying the striped pants,
white waistcoat, and morning coat on a hanger.

MacNAMARA

(to tailor's assistant)

Over there.

(into phone)

Hello? I want to reserve the bridal
suite. Yes, checking in today....
I didn't ask you how much it cost --
this is for the son-in-law of an
American millionaire. Double bed,
naturally, and silk sheets --

SCARLETT

(to MacNamara)

Tell them we won't need a table
and chairs -- we're going to have
all our meals in bed.

MacNAMARA

(into phone)

Never mind the silk sheets -- just
make it a tablecloth and two napkins.
(hangs up)

OTTO

Silk sheets -- diamond rings --
bridal suites! What is this --
La Dolce Vita?

The tailor and his assistant, each grabbing a pants-leg, start to
pull off Otto's corduroys.

OTTO

(holding on to his
pants for dear life)

Hey, what are you doing? Are you
crazy? Scarlett -- help me!

Schlemmer enters, approaches MacNamara.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: (4)

SCHLEMMER

The haberdasher is in your office.

MacNAMARA

(indicating Otto)

Keep an eye on the Kremlin Kid.

He starts out.

109 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

As MacNamara crosses from the conference room to his office, the employees again jump to their feet.

INGEBORG

(to MacNamara, as he
passes her desk)

There's a newspaperman here to
see you -- from The Tageblatt.

MacNAMARA

Not today.

(to employees,
without looking)

Sitzen machen.

They sit as he enters his office.

110 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

The HABERDASHER has spread out his wares all over the room -- boxes of shirts, shorts, pajamas, handkerchiefs, socks, ties, robes, etc. MacNamara comes in, circles the room inspecting the goods.

MacNAMARA

(indicating shirts)

No, no -- white shirts only --
two dozen -- French cuffs.

HABERDASHER

Jawohl.

MacNAMARA

Handkerchiefs, okay. Socks, fine
-- if he objects, we'll just have to
paint his feet black.

(CONTINUED)

HABERDASHER

Jawohl.

MacNAMARA

Where are the pajamas?

HABERDASHER

Right here.

MacNAMARA

Okay -- okay --

(picks up a pair
with a crazy pattern)

What's this?

HABERDASHER

They are beautiful.

MacNAMARA

They are terrible!

HABERDASHER

(instantaneously)

They are terrible!

MacNAMARA

Let's see the ties.

(Haberdasher holds
up a bunch of ties,
and MacNamara picks
through them)

Jawohl, nix, jawohl, jawohl,
definitely nix --

(indicating black
and white striped tie)

-- this is the best.

HABERDASHER

It is mine.

He lowers the other ties to reveal that he is wearing the striped tie.

MacNAMARA

Take it off. I'm buying it.

As the haberdasher starts to remove his tie, the door opens and Phyllis comes in. She is wearing a suit and hat.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

Good morning, Phyllis.

PHYLLIS

(looking around)

Looks like the Berlin branch of
Macy's basement.

MacNAMARA

You have no idea -- it's a rat
race around here.

PHYLLIS

And I know the rat.

HABERDASHER

(holding up a dressing
gown)

This robe, it is jawohl or nix?

MacNAMARA

Sit down, Phyllis. I'll be right
with you.

PHYLLIS

Don't bother. I just want something
from the safe. What's the combination?

MacNAMARA

Twenty-two -- five -- seventeen.

(as Phyllis crosses
to the wall safe, he
turns to the haberdasher)

All right, throw that robe in and
start taking this stuff into the conference
room.

HABERDASHER

Jawohl.

(picks up shirt boxes)

MacNAMARA

That guy in there -- don't tell him
those are French cuffs. Not with
the Algerian situation the way it is.

As the haberdasher exits, MacNamara crosses to Phyllis, who is
just opening the wall safe.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

What are you looking for?

PHYLLIS

Here they are. The passports.

She has taken three American passports out of the safe.

MacNAMARA

Passports?

PHYLLIS

I'm flying back to the States --
and I'm taking the kids with me.

MacNAMARA

You're what?

PHYLLIS

You heard me.

MacNAMARA

What are you sore about now? I
got Otto back, didn't I? I'm
remodelling him.

PHYLLIS

Somebody should do a little job on
you. Goodbye, Mac.

MacNAMARA

(shutting the door)

Phyllis, you can't walk out on
me like this.

PHYLLIS

I'm not walking out -- I'm just
going back where I belong. Anytime
you'd care to join us, we'll be waiting
for you.

The door of Schlemmer's office opens, and Zeidlitz, the lawyer,
appears with a legal document in his hand.

ZEIDLITZ

The adoption papers, they are ready.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

Raus!

(Zeidlitz withdraws)

What's come over you, Phyllis?
After sixteen years --

PHYLLIS

Maybe after sixteen years every
marriage gets a little stale --
like a leftover glass of beer.

MacNAMARA

Phyllis, can't we discuss this
problem without bringing up a
rival beverage?

PHYLLIS

(looking inside the
passports)

I hope the vaccination certificates
are still good.

MacNAMARA

Look, Phyllis, you knew the kind
of guy I was when you married me.

PHYLLIS

Apparently not.

MacNAMARA

I'm not one of those suburban jokers,
nine to five in the office, home on
the commuter train, and cut the
grass every weekend.

PHYLLIS

Turns out I married Marco Polo.

MacNAMARA

It wasn't all that bad, those sixteen
years. We've had some fun.
Remember Teheran -- when Cindy
was born -- driving twelve miles
to the hospital -- in a Coca-Cola
truck?

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

(selling fast)

Phyllis, baby, I love you -- and
take my word for it -- everything
is going to be fine. We'll be living
in London -- Tommy can go to
Oxford -- Cindy can watch the
changing of the guard -- we can
afford one of those real snooty
butlers -- kippers and marmalade
for breakfast -- riding to hounds --

The door opens and Otto bursts in. He is wearing the striped
pants -- which he has to hold up because they are much too large
around the waist -- but is shirtless and shoeless. His hair is cut,
now, half his face is lathered, the other half shaved. Trailing
after him are the tailor, and the barber waving a straight-edged
razor.

OTTO

(defiantly)

I will not be caught dead in striped
pants. They are for bankers and
war profiteers.

TAILOR

Actually, they were ordered by
the Ambassador from the People's
Republic of Yugoslavia.

OTTO

(gesturing)

We will deal with Tito when the
time comes --

The pants start to slip and he grabs them. The barber steps up
and resumes shaving Otto.

MacNAMARA

(to tailor)

Meanwhile, take them off and fix
them. They're much too big.

TAILOR

(indicating Phyllis)

In front of the lady?

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (7)

MacNAMARA

Oh, yeah -- I forgot. He doesn't wear shorts.

PHYLLIS

(matter-of-fact)

No wonder they're winning the cold war.

MacNAMARA

All right -- into the other room.

(ushering group
through door)

Don't go away, Phyllis.

111 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

As MacNamara follows Otto, the barber and the tailor out, the employees jump to their feet.

MacNAMARA

(to Ingeborg)

Ingeborg -- get him some shorts.

(to employees)

Sitzen machen!

The employees sit as MacNamara and the others proceed into the conference room. Ingeborg starts into the inner office.

112 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

Phyllis is leaning against the desk as Ingeborg comes in.

INGEBORG

Good morning, Mrs. MacNamara.

PHYLLIS

(sizing her up)

Guten Morgen.

INGEBORG

(going through the
haberdasher's boxes)

Shorts -- let me see -- where are the shorts?

(CONTINUED)

PHYLLIS

We both go now.

She accompanies Ingeborg out of the office.

113 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Phyllis turns to Ingeborg as they come out.

PHYLLIS

Will you please give my husband
a message? Tell him I said Aloha!

INGEBORG

Aloha?

PHYLLIS

That's Hawaiian for Get Lost!

She walks briskly toward the elevator. As Ingeborg crosses to
the conference room, MacNamara sticks his head out the door.

MacNAMARA

What's holding up those shorts?

INGEBORG

Right here.

(indicating box)

Oh, and your wife said to tell
you Aloha --

(a startled look from
MacNamara)

-- that's Hawaiian for Get Lost.

MacNamara glances off, sees Phyllis at the elevator.

MacNAMARA

Phyllis!

He starts toward her, dodging between the desks. The employees
leap to their feet.

Phyllis is at the elevator, punching the button. The door opens, and two waiters carrying trays of food come out. Phyllis steps into the elevator, shuts the door, just as MacNamara comes rushing up, sidestepping the waiters. Too late. The elevator is on its way down.

HEADWAITER

(to MacNamara)

The dinner -- where do you want it?

MacNAMARA

(jerking his thumb)

In the conference room.

The waiters move off. MacNamara leans over the staircase railing, shouts down.

MacNAMARA

Phyllis!

A Teutonic-looking man, with saber-scars on his cheek, rises from one of the chairs in the anteroom and comes up behind MacNamara. This is the NEWSPAPERMAN Ingeborg announced before.

NEWSPAPERMAN

Mr. MacNamara, my name is Untermeier -- I'm a reporter from The Tageblatt --

MacNAMARA

(turning away
impatiently)

Don't bother me. Some other time.

He strides back into the outer office, where the employees are still standing at attention.

NEWSPAPERMAN

(calling after him)

But this is important. We have information that Miss Hazeltine, of Coca-Cola, married somebody in East Berlin -- a member of the Communist Party --

(CONTINUED)

MacNamara is now beyond earshot. As he heads for the conference room he waves to the employees.

MacNAMARA

Sitzen machen!

115 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The waiters are setting up the seven-course dinner at one end of the conference table. The barber and the manicurist, having finished their job, are packing up their paraphernalia. The tailor is busy recutting the oversized striped pants. In foreground stands Otto, flanked by Scarlett and the haberdasher. He has nothing on but a pair of shorts, and is looking down at them in disgust.

OTTO

I will not wear these! They look ridiculous -- they serve no useful purpose --

SCARLETT

Darling, it's just a convention. Back home we even put panties on lamb chops.

HABERDASHER

They are drip and dry -- fifty percent nylon --

OTTO

Nylon? That's DuPont! A well-known monopoly!

SCARLETT

They're also fifty percent cotton -- that'll help those share-croppers in Mississippi.

MacNamara has entered by now, and is checking the table setting.

MacNAMARA

(to Otto)

All right. Now sit down and let's see how you eat.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (2)

LUGGAGE MAN

You want initials on the bags?

MacNAMARA

Initials? He doesn't even have a name yet.

As the luggage man starts to pack the bags, MacNamara turns back to Otto. He now has the chicken in his right hand, and with his left hand he picks up a bottle of red wine and starts to drink from it.

MacNAMARA

No, no, no, no --

SCARLETT

He's right, darling. Always white wine with chicken.

MacNAMARA

And out of a glass, stupid.

OTTO

(growling at MacNamara)

You know everything. Which wine to drink, which fork to use for fish, which knife to stab the proletariat in the back with --

MacNAMARA

(picking up half a grapefruit)

How would you like a little fruit for dessert?

Schlemmer comes up behind him, clicks his heels.

SCHLEMMER

The Count is waiting in your office.

MacNAMARA

(putting down grapefruit; to
Scarlett)

Keep working on him.

SCARLETT

(taking chicken from Otto)

Here, darling -- use the fingerbowl.

MacNamara, on the way out of the conference room, passes the luggage man, who is just about to pack Otto's corduroy pants and sweater.

MacNAMARA

No, don't pack his old clothes!

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (.3)

SCHLEMMER

(taking clothes)

What shall I do with them?

MacNAMARA

Burn them. But first have them disinfected.

OTTO

(to Schlemmer)

Wait a minute. My party membership book is in there. I'm paid up till December.

Schlemmer has picked up the asparagus grabber, and fishing the party book out of the back pocket of the corduroys, hands it to Otto as if it were something radioactive. MacNamara exits.

116 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

It is 10:30, and Uncle Sam is out of the cuckoo clock waving his flag. Watching the performance superciliously through a monocle is COUNT von DROSTE-SCHATTENBURG. He is seventy, and there is a certain shabby elegance about both his bearing and his clothes. As the door of the cuckoo clock closes, MacNamara comes in.

MacNAMARA

(over his shoulder)

Sitzen machen!

(to Count)

Hello, there.

COUNT

(with a curt bow)

Waldemar von Droste-Schattenburg.

MacNAMARA

(same bow)

MacNamara von Omaha Nebraska.

COUNT

Would you mind telling me why I was summoned here? Because every minute I am away from my post it costs me two marks in tips.

(CONTINUED)

MacNAMARA

Okay, I'll lay it on the line. How would you like to become a father?

COUNT

At my age?

MacNAMARA

There's a young man I'd like you to adopt -- and the tip is two thousand marks.

COUNT

(turning to go)

Good day, sir.

MacNAMARA

Now hold on there, Count --

COUNT

Just because I am reduced to earning my living in a washroom does not mean that I am willing to peddle the honor and dignity of my family name. The von Droste-Schattenburgs date back to the Second Crusade -- we have one of the oldest blood-lines in Europe -- and one of the most inbred. I am a direct descendant of Philip The Bleeder. So your proposition is not only preposterous, it is highly insulting!

(a beat)

Make it ten thousand marks.

MacNAMARA

I'll give you three thousand.

COUNT

Please, I just told you -- I come from a long line of bleeders -- so don't cut the price.

MacNAMARA

Four thousand.

COUNT

I'll have you know that I am distantly related to ex-King Farouk of Egypt.

MacNAMARA

Thirty-five hundred.

COUNT

What happened to four thousand?

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: (2)

MacNAMARA

It's a deal.

(picks up phone)

Ingeborg, send Piffel in here.

(hangs up)

COUNT

For an additional five hundred marks,
I will include the family crest.

MacNAMARA

What is it? Two cakes of soap on a field
of paper towels?

The Count pulls a billfold from his pocket, produces an engraved
facsimile of the crest.

COUNT

A porcupine rampant on a field of fleur-de-lys.
(hands it to MacNamara,
takes out snapshot)

You may also have a photograph of the
Schattenburg castle -- unfortunately
destroyed during the war.

MacNAMARA

(looking at snapshot)

American Air Force?

COUNT

No, Turkish cavalry. 1683.

Otto stalks in, now wearing black shoes, dark socks, garters,
shorts, and an unbuttoned white shirt. Scarlett is beside him,
clutching his sleeve.

OTTO

(to MacNamara)

You can't just order me around. Come
here, sit there, do this, eat that --

SCARLETT

(to Otto)

Darling, hold still. I can't get the
cufflink in.

(CONTINUED)

COUNT

(peering at Otto through
the monocle)

Is this the lucky young man?

MacNAMARA

That's him.

(to Otto)

Meet your father.

OTTO

My father?

COUNT

(with open arms)

Ah, my dear boy. I'm sure you'll be a
credit to the family.

MacNAMARA

It could use a little credit.

The Count has embraced the stunned Otto, kisses him on both cheeks.
As they come out of the embrace, we see that the monocle is no longer
in the Count's eye -- it is in Otto's eye -- but Otto is not aware of it.

OTTO

What is all this?

MacNAMARA

You're being adopted.

OTTO

Adopted? Just like that -- without even
asking me? This is not only devious, it is
unilateral!

(squinting)

My eye! What's the matter with my eye?

MacNAMARA

(to Count, indicating
Scarlett)

And this is your daughter-in-law.

COUNT

(kissing Scarlett's hand)

Gnädige Frau.

(CONTINUED)

OTTO

Scarlett, I've got something in my eye!

SCARLETT

It's a monocle. Looks good on you.

OTTO

A monocle? How sneaky can you get?

He removes it, tosses it away. MacNamara meanwhile has scribbled something on a pad, tears off the page and hands it to the Count.

MacNAMARA

Go in there and sign the papers -- and give this to the cashier on the way out.

COUNT

Thank you.

He spots a loose thread on Otto's shirt, produces a whiskbroom from his back pocket, brushes Otto off.

OTTO

(whirling on him)

What do you think you're doing?

COUNT

It's on the house. No charge.

(with a wave of the whisk-broom)

Goodbye, my son.

He exits into Schlemmer's office.

MacNAMARA

Now I want you kids to memorize your new name. You are the Count and Countess von Droste-Schattenburg.

OTTO

Count?

SCARLETT

Countess?

(beaming)

That means everybody has to curtsy to me -- except maybe Grace Kelly.

(CONTINUED)

OTTO

Nobody will curtsy to you. I refuse to join the aristocracy! They are all leeches -- bleeding the underprivileged masses --

MacNAMARA

Not the von Droste-Schattenburgs. They bleed themselves.

(to Scarlett)

Take him into the other room and get him dressed. And now that he's got a name, there are some things I want him to sign.

OTTO

What things?

MacNAMARA

(taking papers out of desk drawer)

First, I'm turning over my limousine and my chauffeur to you.

OTTO

All I want is my motorcycle back.

SCARLETT

(to Otto)

Who ever heard of a Countess in a sidcar? Besides, where'll we put the baby?

MacNAMARA

(handing papers to Scarlett)

And have him fill out those applications -- golf club, Diner's Club, Blue Cross, Book-of-the-Month Club, Fruit-of-the-Month Club --

OTTO

I will sign nothing -- I will join nothing --

SCARLETT

(leading him out)

But darling -- that's the American way of life.

(CONTINUED)

OTTO

(contemptuously)

The American way of life. Unemployment, discrimination, gangsterism, juvenile delinquency!

(from doorway, proudly)

But under our new twenty year plan, we will catch up with you!

MacNAMARA

Lots of luck.

As Scarlett pulls Otto out, MacNamara picks up the phone.

MacNAMARA

(into phone)

Ingeborg, get the manager of the bottling plant up here right away. And see if you can find me a sign-painter in a hurry....
What M.P.'s?

He looks off toward the open doorway. Standing there are three American military policemen. MacNamara hangs up, crosses to them.

MacNAMARA

What can I do for you, boys?

M.P. SERGEANT

You the head man around here?

MacNAMARA

That's me.

M.P. SERGEANT

We have a report from one of our GI's that you got a female employee here who's an enemy agent.

MacNAMARA

Enemy agent?

M.P. SERGEANT

Well, what would you call a dame that's running around with Yankee Go Home tattooed on her chest?

MacNAMARA

Somebody must be pulling your leg.

M.P. SERGEANT

Maybe -- and maybe not. Mind if we look around?

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED (7)

MacNAMARA

(typical gesture)

Be my guest.

M.P. SERGEANT

{same gesture}

Okay, Buster.

(to companions)

Let's go.

As the M.P.'s fan out among the employees in the outer office, KRAUSE, the manager of the bottling plant, comes hurrying down the aisle in white coveralls.

KRAUSE

(breathlessly)

You sent for me, sir?

MacNAMARA

(steering him into office)

Krause, as manager of the bottling plant, you're always complaining that you need more help.

KRAUSE

Yes, sir. We're very busy downstairs.

MacNAMARA

Well, cheer up. You're going to get an assistant.

KRAUSE

Who?

MacNAMARA

You.

KRAUSE

Me?

MacNAMARA

That's right. The new manager of the bottling plant is Otto von Droste-Schattenburg.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: (8)

KRAUSE

I refuse.

MacNAMARA

Your position may be lower, but your pay
will be higher.

KRAUSE

I accept.

MacNAMARA

All right -- into the conference room.
You've got fifteen minutes to teach this guy
everything you know about the bottling
business.

KRAUSE

I can't thank you enough --

MacNAMARA

Out!

As Krause exits, MacNamara is already at the phone dialing a
number.

MacNAMARA

(into phone)

Bertha, let me talk to Mrs. MacNamara....
What do you mean, she packed up and left?
Mit die Kinder? Where did they go?....
Into a taxi. Thanks a lot.

He hangs up and as he starts toward the doorway, he finds
Untermeier, the newspaperman, leaning in the doorway.

NEWSPAPERMAN

Mr. MacNamara, I don't want to take up your
time -- so if you'd just let me talk to Miss
Hazeltine --

MacNAMARA

About what?

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED (9)

NEWSPAPERMAN

About her marriage to that Communist in East Berlin. I'd like a statement before we print the story.

MacNAMARA

There is no story -- and there is no Communist.

NEWSPAPERMAN

But we know she got married --

MacNAMARA

Sure she did -- to Count Otto von Droste-Schattenburg.

NEWSPAPERMAN

Who?

MacNAMARA

Otto the Bleeder. Goes all the way back to the Second Crusade -- Turkish cavalry -- here's the family castle.

He picks up the photograph of the castle and the crest from the desk, shows them to the newspaperman. A PAINTER, in overalls and carrying several small buckets of paint, appears in the doorway.

PAINTER

Painter.

MacNAMARA

Oh.

(glances at newspaperman,
crosses to painter)

Come with me.

He leads the painter out.

117 INT. CUTER OFFICE - DAY

The M.P.'s are circulating between the desks, casing the female employees. As MacNamara comes out of his office with the painter, the employees leap to their feet -- and the Sergeant rears back to avoid a faceful of bosom. MacNamara and the painter come up the aisle.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: (2)

MacNAMARA

(to employees)

Sitzen machen.

(to painter, showing him
crest)Now I want you to paint this crest on the
door of a car -- how long will it take?(as the painter opens his
mouth to answer)That's too long. Look, my Mercedes is
parked downstairs --

In b.g., Scarlett is crossing from the conference room to MacNamara's office with the signed applications in her hand.

118 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

Scarlett comes in, stops when she sees the newspaperman.

SCARLETT

Oh. Excuse me.

(she turns to go)

NEWSPAPERMAN

Miss Hazeltine?

SCARLETT

Yes.

NEWSPAPERMAN

(pad and pencil poised)

How do you spell your husband's name?

SCARLETT

P-I-F-F-L.

NEWSPAPERMAN

Piff? I thought it was von Droste-
Schattenburg.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

SCARLETT

Oh, that. You mustn't believe everything
Mr. MacNamara tells you -- he fixed it all
up, so Daddy wouldn't find out Otto is a Red.

(newspaperman starts

scribbling busily, as

MacNamara appears in the
doorway behind Scarlett)

In the beginning I didn't like Mr. MacNamara,
but he's been just marvy --

MacNAMARA

(stepping in)

That's enough out of you, Countess!

SCARLETT

Did I say something wrong?

MacNAMARA

(taking papers out of her hand)

Buzz off, will you?

He propels her out the door.

NEWSPAPERMAN

(cockily)

You said there was no story -- and it keeps
getting better and better.

MacNAMARA

How much do you want to forget the whole thing?

NEWSPAPERMAN

(on his dignity)

You think you can buy a German newspaperman?

MacNAMARA

I never tried before.

NEWSPAPERMAN

Maybe in America your journalists are for
sale, but here in Germany --

The door of Schlemmer's office opens, and Schlemmer bounces in
with a legal document.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: (2)

SCHLEMMER

The adoption papers -- all signed and
notarized --

(stops abruptly when he sees
newspaperman, clicks his
heels, salutes)

Herr Oberleutnant!

The newspaperman tries to signal Schlemmer -- MacNamara intercepts
it.

MacNAMARA

You two know each other?

SCHLEMMER

He was my commanding officer --

MacNAMARA

In the subway?

SCHLEMMER

No, after that -- when I was drafted --

MacNAMARA

Aha. Gestapo!

SCHLEMMER

No, no -- S.S.

(he catches himself)

NEWSPAPERMAN

(barking at Schlemmer)

Halten Sie doch den Mund, Sie Idiot!

MacNAMARA

(a grin)

Now, Herr Oberleutnant -- is there anything
else I can do for you?

NEWSPAPERMAN

No, thank you. I have all the facts. Union
between two internationally prominent
families -- the Hazeltines and the von
Droste-Schattenburgs -- the social event of
the year. It will be in the afternoon paper.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: (3)

MacNAMARA

It better be.

NEWSPAPERMAN

(opens door)

Auf Wiedersehen.

MacNAMARA

Sieg Heil!

(turning)

As for you, Schlemmer -- you're back in the
S.S. -- Smaller Salary.

SCHLEMMER

Sir, let me explain -- I was only a pastry cook
in the officers' mess --

MacNamara, reminded of something, snaps his fingers, grabs the phone.

MacNAMARA

(into phone)

Ingeborg, I want to speak to the Maitre d'
at the Hilton --

SCHLEMMER

I was a very bad pastry cook --It is eleven. The cuckoo clock goes off -- both the flag-waving and
the music are highly accelerated by now.

MacNAMARA

Eleven o'clock!

(to Schlemmer)

Where are the hats? Where are the flowers?
We're running behind schedule.

SCHLEMMER

Yes, sir!

As he starts out of the office --

MacNAMARA

(into phone)

Manfred? I want to arrange an intimate little
banquet -- the Count and Countess von Droste-
Schattenburg honoring his in-laws, the Wendell
P. Hazeltines --

(CONTINUED)

119 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Schlemmer comes hurrying out of MacNamara's office, and as he starts up the aisle he is arrested by the sight of the M.P. Sergeant questioning a buxom female typist.

M.P. SERGEANT

You got a polka dot dress?

(the girl, obviously not understanding, giggles)

Haben Sie ein -- tattoo - on your --
glockenspiel?

The girl crosses her arms over her chest. Schlemmer has heard enough. He wheels around, scoots into his office.

120 INT. SCHLEMMER'S OFFICE - DAY

Lying on the desk are the ruined polka dot dress, the hat, and the inflated balloons. Schlemmer quickly gathers up the incriminating evidence, opens the door of a closet, shoves everything inside. As he shuts the closet door, the door of the office opens and the three M.P.'s come in. Schlemmer moves casually away from the closet -- not realizing that part of the dress is caught in the door.

M.P. SERGEANT

Any broads working in this office?

SCHLEMMER

No, sir -- just me.

M.P. CORPORAL

(catching sight of protruding dress)

Look, Sarge -- polka dots. It fits the description.

M.P. SERGEANT

Whose dress is that?

SCHLEMMER

I don't know. I never saw it before.

M.P. SERGEANT

We better check this out.

(CONTINUED)

He opens the closet door, peers inside. Suddenly he gives a violent start, slams the door shut, whirls around, and leans with his back against the door on the verge of nervous collapse.

M. P. SERGEANT

(in a low, intense voice)

Corporal, I'm relieving myself of duty. I want you to take me back to the base and turn me in for psychiatric observation.

M. P. CORPORAL

What's the matter, Sarge?

M. P. SERGEANT

(like a zombie)

She's in there, all right -- I saw her -- naked as a jaybird.

M. P. CORPORAL

Has she got the tattoo on her chest?

(the Sergeant nods dumbly)

So what's wrong, Sarge?

M. P. SERGEANT

(swallowing hard)

Fellas, you won't believe this -- but one of them is yellow, one of them is green!

(extending his arms to his wide-eyed companions)

Take me away.

The other two M. P. 's grab his arms, lead him firmly out of the office. Schlemmer sighs with relief, rests his hand on the back of his desk chair. But it is a swivel chair, and it spins around -- taking Schlemmer with it.

121 INT. MACNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

MacNamara is on the phone.

MacNAMARA

Now for the entree, we'll have venison and hominy grits. How do I know where you get hominy grits? Try the Army PX. For dessert, Peaches Flambe a la Hazeltine. Wine -- king-size Coca-Cola in individual ice-buckets. Table decorations -- the von Droste-Schattenburg coat of arms with crossed flags -- German and Confederate. Music -- Dixie, Swanee River, Waiting for the Robert E. Lee, but not -- I repeat, not -- Marching Through Georgia.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: (2)

Otto comes striding into the office. He is completely dressed now -- tie, white waistcoat, black coat -- but still without pants. MacNamara hangs up.

OTTO

(surprisingly sweet)

You really want to make me the boss of the bottling plant?

MacNAMARA

It's a must. So your father-in-law won't think you're just a titled beatnik, sponging off your wife.

OTTO

I am going to like this job.

MacNAMARA

It's about time you started to cooperate.

OTTO

You know what is the first thing I am going to do?

(Crazy Otto again)

I am going to lead the workers down there in a revolt!

MacNAMARA

Put your pants on, Spartacus!

(picks up phone)

Ingeborg, call the airport and find out if the twelve o'clock plane from London is on time.

122 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Ingeborg is on the phone.

INGEBORG

Yes, Mr. MacNamara.

(presses bar down, dials a number)

Tempelhof? Pan-American Auskunft, bitte.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

As she waits to be connected, she catches sight of something off-scene. Her eyes widen.

Waddling grimly down the aisle, from the direction of the elevator, is Commissar Peripetchikoff. Under his hat his head is bandaged, and he has one arm in a sling.

123 INT. MacNAMARA'S OFFICE - DAY

By this time an aroused Otto is addressing the Coca-Cola pins on the wall map.

OTTO

Soft-drink slaves of the world, arise!
Smash those bottles -- pour that syrup down
the sewers --

In the open doorway Peripetchikoff appears, stands glaring at MacNamara.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

Remember me?

MacNAMARA

Commissar Peripetchikoff. Well, well, well.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

Well is the one thing I am not.

OTTO

(galvanized)

You are a Russian Commissar?

PERIPETCHIKOFF

(pushing Otto aside; to
MacNamara)

For the last time, you have made fool of
me.

OTTO

He fooled me too. Listen, Commissar, you
must help me and my wife get into the Soviet
zone.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

PERIPETCHIKOFF

There may be little problem --

MacNAMARA

(to Otto)

Yeah. Everybody's coming this way --
fifteen hundred people a day -- you want to
fight all that traffic?

OTTO

(to Peripetchikoff)

I'm a party member --

(takes party book out of
inside pocket of coat,
flashes it)

-- paid up till December. They need me there.
I'm a missile scientist.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

Ah, that is one field where we are ahead of
America. In Cape Canaveral, if missile goes
wrong, they press special button, and pow --
it blows up. But in Russia, we have two buttons.

OTTO

Two buttons?

PERIPETCHIKOFF

One to blow up missile -- one to blow up scientist.

OTTO

What kind of Commissar are you?

PERIPETCHIKOFF

An ex-Commissar.

MacNAMARA

You've defected?

PERIPETCHIKOFF

Is old Russian proverb -- Go West, Young Man.

MacNAMARA

What happened to your pals Mishkin and
Borodenko?

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

PERIPETCHIKOFF

In ambulance on way from Brandenburg Gate
I snitched Borodenko's secret police badge
and had them both arrested.

OTTO

(stunned)

You betrayed your own comrades?

PERIPETCHIKOFF

If I don't do it to them, they do it to me.

MacNAMARA

Is old Russian proverb.

OTTO

(to Peripetchikoff, indicating
MacNamara)

You are worse than he is.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

Look, my young friend, I don't want to be
name-dropper -- but what do you think
Khrushchev did to Malenkov? What do you
think Stalin did to Trotsky?

OTTO

Is everybody in this world corrupt?

PERIPETCHIKOFF

(shrugging)

I don't know everybody.

OTTO

(bitterly)

Maybe we should liquidate the whole human
race and start all over again.

MacNAMARA

Look at it this way, kid -- any world that can
produce the Taj Mahal, William Shakespeare,
and striped toothpaste can't be all bad.

The tailor comes hurrying in with Otto's pants.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

TAILOR

The trousers -- you can try them on.

MacNAMARA

(to tailor)

Take him with you.

OTTO

(as he exits with tailor)

From now on, I fight alone. It's Piff! against everybody and everything!

MacNAMARA

See what I'm up against? He can't even remember his own name.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

To get back to me --

MacNAMARA

What do you want -- money?

PERIPETCHIKOFF

Certainly not. I will be rich man now. You remember those twenty carloads of Swiss cheese?

MacNAMARA

What about them?

PERIPETCHIKOFF

I have tremendous scheme. I will trade them for twenty carloads of sauerkraut. Then I will silver-plate the sauerkraut and sell it in the United States for Christmas tree decorations.

MacNAMARA

You're a cinch.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

But for this I need bilingual secretary. And you promised me blonde lady --

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (6)

MacNAMARA

You came at the right time -- because I'll be
moving to London anyway -- the only thing is
I don't know how to break the news to her --
(calling out the door)

Ingeborg!

(to Peripetchikoff)

It's not going to be easy -- she's crazy about
me --

Ingeborg comes in, with pencil and pad.

INGEBORG

Yes, Mr. MacNamara.

MacNAMARA

Classified ad, to run in all papers. International
businessmen -- overweight but cute -- needs
executive secretary. Fringe benefits include
extensive travel, large wardrobe allowance,
liberal retirement plan --

INGEBORG

(crossing out dictation)

I take the job.

PERIPETCHIKOFF

(beaming)

You got it!

(he starts to lead Ingeborg out)

MacNAMARA

Goodbye -- good luck --

(to Ingeborg)

-- and what about that call to Tempelhof?

INGELBORG

Oh. The plane will be ten minutes early.

She waves to him, exits with Peripetchikoff.

MacNAMARA

Ten minutes early? That's a helluva way
to run an airline! Planes are supposed to
be late, not early!

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (7)

Scarlett comes rushing in tearfully from the outer office.

SCARLETT

I never want to see him again -- I never
want to speak to him -- I want a divorce!

MacNAMARA

(reeling)

What's the matter now?

SCARLETT

(sinks down in chair, sobbing)

He doesn't want the baby. He says nobody
should bring children into a world like this --

MacNAMARA

That miserable punk! Why didn't he think of
that before? After all I've gone through --
(murderously)

Where is he?

Otto comes dashing in, pursued by the tailor, still clutching the pants.

OTTO

I'm sorry, darling. I didn't mean it.

(dropping down on his knee
beside her)

Of course we're going to have the baby.
I love you.

SCARLETT

(hanging on to him)

Don't ever scare me like that again.

OTTO

Maybe our children can make this a better
place to live in -- a world where men are
created equal and there is liberty and justice
for all.

MacNAMARA

Congratulations! You have just quoted Thomas
Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, and the Pledge of
Allegiance to the Flag!

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (8)

OTTO

I what?

It is 11:30, and out of the cuckoo clock shoots Uncle Sam, flag and music going frantically.

MacNAMARA

Come on -- let's get going.

The tailor hands the pants to Otto. MacNamara rushes to get his coat, hat and umbrella, while Scarlett fishes out her bolero jacket from the debris on the couch. As Otto starts to step into the pants, there is a loud rip -- the seam has come apart.

TAILOR

I'll take it in the other room and fix it.

MacNAMARA

We haven't got time. Come with us.

He sweeps Scarlett and Otto out of the office. The tailor runs after them with the torn pants.

124 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

As Scarlett, Otto, MacNamara and the tailor head for the elevator, the employees jump to their feet.

MacNAMARA

Schlemmer!

SCARLETT

(waving to the employees)

Sitzen machen.

They sit. Schlemmer pops out of his office, putting on his hat, races after them.

125 INT. THIRD FLOOR LANDING - DAY

As the group bears down on the elevator, the door opens and a man comes out with a bouquet of chrysanthemums and the two boutonnières.

FLOWER MAN

Blumen.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

MacNamara grabs the flowers, shoves them into Otto's hands.

MacNAMARA

Here -- this is for your mother-in-law.

They pile into the elevator -- Scarlett, Otto, MacNamara, the tailor and the pants -- but there is no room for Schlemmer. As the elevator descends, Schlemmer scurries down the stairs.

126 INT. LOEBY - COCA-COLA BUILDING - DAY

The elevator has reached the ground floor. As the passengers spill out, Schlemmer comes pounding down the stairs, holds the front door open for them. They all rush out into the street.

127 EXT. COCA-COLA BUILDING - DAY

As Scarlett, Otto, MacNamara, the tailor and Schlemmer sprint down the front steps, a man carrying a stack of hat-boxes comes toward them.

HAT MAN

Die Hüte.

MacNamara grabs the hat-boxes, passes them on to Schlemmer. They make for the parked Mercedes limousine. The painter, kneeling beside the front door, is half-finished with the crest while Fritz stands by watching. As the others come dashing up, Fritz scoots around to the driver's seat. Scarlett drags Otto into the back of the car.

MacNAMARA

(to tailor)

You -- in front!

He yanks the other door open, almost bowling the painter over. The tailor scrambles into the front seat.

MacNAMARA

(to painter)

You -- paint from the inside!

The painter climbs into the front seat, taking his paints with him. MacNamara hops into the back seat.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

MacNAMARA

Fritz -- to the airport -- eins, zwei,
drei!

Schlemmer barely has time to squeeze the hat-boxes and himself into the rear seat. Before the door is even closed, the car is off like a rocket.

128 INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Speeding through traffic toward Tempelhof airport. There is a scramble of activity in the car -- it looks like the inside of a Waring mixer. Fritz is hunched over the steering wheel like Stirling Moss, the tailor is sewing away at the striped pants, and the painter is leaning half-way out the window working on the crest. In the back seat, Otto is clutching the flowers, Scarlett and Schlemmer are opening hat-boxes, and MacNamara is trying to extricate his umbrella from the melee.

OTTO

(suddenly stabbed)

Watch that umbrella!

SCARLETT

(putting hat on Otto's head)

Try this one, darling.

MacNAMARA

(to Otto)

Here -- you'll need some stuff in your
pockets --

(transferring objects)

-- money, cigarette case, lighter, picture
of the castle --

SCARLETT

(sizing Otto up)

No, I don't like it.

She removes the hat from his head, tries another.

MacNAMARA

You better take my wrist-watch, too.

He slips the watch off, starts to put it on Otto's wrist -- he thinks.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

SCHLEMMER

That's my wrist.

MacNAMARA

Oh.

He proceeds to correct his mistake. Scarlett, meanwhile, is studying the new hat on Otto.

SCARLETT

You know, darling -- I don't think you were meant to wear a hat.

OTTO

I wasn't meant to be a count, either. It's ridiculous -- who's going to believe it?

MacNAMARA

Calm down. The only royalty we know in America is Nat King Cole, Duke Snider and Earl Wilson.

As Scarlett tries a third hat on Otto, Schlemmer starts to toss the empty hat-boxes out the open car window.

129 EXT. BERLIN STREET - DAY

The Mercedes, en route to the airport, is dodging through traffic at top speed. Hatboxes are flying out the rear window, while the sign painter hangs precariously out the front window working on the crest.

130 INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

The tailor, sewing away like mad, inadvertently stabs the painter in the behind. The painter almost leaps out the window.

TAILOR

Oh. Pardon.

The painter pulls himself back in, growls at the tailor. In the back seat Scarlett is trying hats on Otto, Schlemmer is hurling out hat-boxes, and MacNamara is adding up something on a sheet of paper. Scarlett produces a gray topper.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

OTTO

Please, Liebchen -- not that. Anything
but that.

SCARLETT

All right.

(tosses topper out of
window; to Schlemmer)

See if we have a black bowler.

SCHLEMMER

(searching through hat-
boxes)

Bowler -- bowler -- bowler --

MacNAMARA

(handing sheet of paper to
Otto)

Now here's a list of what you owe me.

OTTO

Owe you?

MacNAMARA

All itemized. Mercedes limousine, 20,000
marks. Cost of adoption, 4500 marks.
Suits, haberdashery, shoes, etcetera,
etcetera, 12,800 marks. Luggage, flowers,
seven-course dinner, 925 marks. Haircut
and manicure, 14 marks. Tip, 6 marks --
(a look from Otto)

-- I'm a very large tipper. Wristwatch,
cigarette case, lighter -- with fluid -- 2300
marks. Loose change, 475 marks. Total,
41,020 marks -- or 10 thousand 255 dollars.

OTTO

You mean I've been a capitalist for three hours
-- and already I owe over ten thousand dollars?

MacNAMARA

That's what makes our system work.
Everybody owes everybody.

By this time Schlemmer has located the black bowler, and Scarlett
has planted it on Otto's head.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED: (2)

SCARLETT

That's the one.

(takes mirror out of bag,
holds it up)

Don't you think it looks distinguished?

OTTO

(examines himself;
grudgingly)

Not bad.

MacNamara glances at the watch on Otto's wrist.

MacNAMARA

Eleven forty-six! Faster, Fritz!

The car picks up speed. Schlemmer is throwing the last of the
hat-boxes out the window.

SCARLET

(to Otto)

Now before you meet Daddy, I'd better warn
you -- there are certain things he feels very
strongly about. One is the Civil War --

OTTO

(never heard of it)

Civil War?

MacNAMARA

If the subject comes up, just say it was a draw.

SCARLETT

Another is Coca-Cola --

MacNAMARA

Tell him we must look beyond the six-pack.
Why not a nine-pack? Or a twelve-pack?

SCARLETT

-- then there's golf --

MacNAMARA

The family that plays together stays together.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED: (3)

SCARLETT

-- and the world situation --

MacNAMARA

It's serious, but not hopeless.

SCARLETT

-- and vivisection --

MacNAMARA

It shouldn't happen to a dog.

A bewildered Otto is looking from one to the other like a spectator at a tennis match.

SCARLETT

-- and Red China, and income taxes, and Tennessee Williams --

OTTO

(throwing his hands up)

Wait! Stop the car! It's no use. I can't remember all that!

SCARLETT

Darling, you can't give up now.

MacNamara has taken the two carnations out of the bouquet, puts one in Otto's buttonhole, one in his own.

MacNAMARA

Well, maybe we'll get lucky. Maybe somebody highjacked the plane.

The car careens into the driveway leading to Tempelhof Airport.

131 EXT. TEMPELHOF AIRPORT - DAY

A ramp is being wheeled up to a Pan-American plane, whose motors are still running.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE

Pan-American gibt die Ankunft des Clippers
306 aus London bekannt.

The door of the plane opens, a stewardess steps out, and the passengers start to descend. Among them are Mr. and Mrs. Hazeltine.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

MR. HAZELTINE

Now, Melanie -- you let me handle this young man. It'll take me just thirty seconds to find out if he's one of those fortune-hunters -- or some kind of crackpot.

MRS. HAZELTINE

Oh dear. I hope not.

MR. HAZELTINE

You don't know these Europeans.

MRS. HAZELTINE

My poor honeychile!

MR. HAZELTINE

(looking off)

Where are they, anyway?

Through a hangar and onto the field comes the Mercedes, at breakneck speed, with the painter leaning out the window. The car makes a sharp turn, swerves under the overhang.

As the car screeches to a stop, the painter applies the last touch of paint to the crest.

PAINTER

Finished.

At the same time, the tailor tosses the striped pants to MacNamara in the back seat.

TAILOR

Finished.

Schlemmer has now scrambled out of the car, and is followed by MacNamara with pants, Otto with flowers, and Scarlett.

MacNAMARA

(tossing pants to Otto)

You tear them again and I'll tear you apart.

He and the others form a screen around Otto as he starts to put his pants on.

Meanwhile, the Hazeltines have spotted their daughter.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (2)

MR. HAZELTINE

(waving)

Scarlett!

Scarlett leaves the group at the car, rushes to her parents.

SCARLETT

Mother!

(embraces her)

MRS. HAZELTINE

Let me look at you.

SCARLETT

Dad!

(embraces him)

MR. HAZELTINE

All right. Now where is he?

SCARLETT

Over here.

She leads them toward the car. Otto just manages to zip his pants up before turning to face his in-laws.

SCARLETT

I want you to meet my husband, Otto.

MacNAMARA

The Count von Droste-Schattenburg.

MR. HAZELTINE

Count von What?

SCARLETT

This is my mother --

MRS. HAZELTINE

(awed)

Your Highness.

(she curtsies)

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (3)

OTTO

(waving her up; grandly)

Please -- not in the immediate family.

(gives her flowers, kisses
her hand)

Gnädige Frau.

MR. HAZELTINE

(to MacNamara)

Oh, one of those. A hand-kisser!

SCARLETT

And this is my father.

OTTO

Hello, Dad. How's your golf? I always
say the family that plays together --

MR. HAZELTINE

Never mind that. There are a few questions
I want to ask you --

OTTO

Don't worry. If it's a boy, we'll name him
after you.

MacNAMARA

Wendell P. von Droste-Schattenburg.

MR. HAZELTINE

Von Droste What?

SCARLETT

(to Mrs. Hazeltine)

We'll have to be very careful when we
change the baby's diapers. Otto comes from
a long line of bleeders.

MRS. HAZELTINE

(to Otto)

Oh, isn't that nice. I always wanted Scarlett
to be married to a long line of something.

Mr. Hazeltine, meanwhile, has drawn MacNamara aside.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (4)

MR. HAZELTINE

Now tell me about this young man, MacNamara.
Who is he -- and what does he do besides
slobber over women's hands?

MacNAMARA

Don't let that title fool you -- he works for a
living.

MR. HAZELTINE

Doing what?

MacNAMARA

As a matter of fact, he's head of our bottling
plant.

MR. HAZELTINE

He works for us?

MacNAMARA

Best man I ever had -- graduate engineer --
it took a lot of finagling to get him away from
our competitors.

MR. HAZELTINE

(pleased)

You don't say.

Otto has now removed the contents of his inside coat pocket, and
is showing them to his mother-in-law.

OTTO

This is a picture of the family castle.
And this is my party membership --
(catches himself)
Oops -- wrong party!

He tears up the Communist Party book, tosses it on a passing
baggage cart.

SCARLETT

(indicating door of limousine)

And here's the family crest.

MRS. HAZELTINE

Oh, you'll have to put that on all your
stationery and your silverware and your
underwear --

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (5)

Mr. Hazeltine and MacNamara rejoin them.

MR. HAZELTINE

(beaming at Otto)

Glad to have you on the team, son. I
suppose you two met at the bottling plant.

SCARLETT

Oh, no -- we met at a parade. He was
carrying a picture of Khrushchev --

MR. HAZELTINE

Khrushchev?

OTTO

Yes -- with a big slogan on it -- Russki Go
Home!

MacNAMARA

They threw him in jail for it.

MRS. HAZELTINE

(to Otto)

My poor boy!

MR. HAZELTINE

How is the situation here in Berlin?

OTTO

It shouldn't happen to a dog.

(a nudge from MacNamara)

I mean, it's a draw.

(another nudge)

Actually, the situation is hopeless -- but
not serious.

MR. HAZELTINE

(mystified)

Hopeless but not --

(to MacNamara, beaming)

Say, the boy's got a head on his shoulders.

MacNAMARA

What did I tell you?

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (6)

OTTO

(taking tickets and passports
from Hazeltine)

May I have those?

(a la MacNamara)

Fritz, mit the luggage machen!

FRITZ

(clicks heels)

Jawohl!

(goes off with tickets)

OTTO

Next. Schlemmer, take these to Passport
Control. Eins, zwei, drei!

SCHLEMMER

(clicks heels)

Jawohl.

(goes off with passports)

OTTO

Next. Mom -- Dad -- I'm giving a little
banquet tonight -- un petit diner en famille --

MRS. HAZELTINE

He speaks French, too.

SCARLETT

And Russian.

MacNAMARA.

(quickly)

White Russian, of course.

OTTO

(putting his arm around
Hazeltine's shoulder)

There are a few ideas I'd like to kick around with
you. We must look beyond the six-pack. Why not
a nine-pack? Or a twelve-pack?

From off scene comes the dispatcher's voice over the public address
system.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED (7)

DISPATCHER'S VOICE

Pan-American Flight 17, to New York via
Frankfurt, now boarding at Gate 5.

MacNamara turns and looks toward the terminal building.

At Gate 5, a Pan-American stewardess is collecting the boarding
passes of the passengers. Through the glass windows of the waiting
room, Phyllis, Tommy and Cindy can be seen standing in line.
Over this --

DISPATCHER'S VOICE

Pan-American gibt den Abflug des Clippers
17 nach New York über Frankfurt bekannt.
Bitte halten Sie Ihre Bordkarten bereit und
begeben Sie sich zu Flugsteig Nummer 5.

MacNAMARA

(spotting his family)

Phyllis!

But before he can take more than a couple of steps toward the
staircase, Mr. Hazeltine catches up with him.

MR. HAZELTINE

Well, Mac, you came through a hundred
percent.

MacNAMARA

(modestly)

I did what I could.

MR. HAZELTINE

Now I'm sure I found the right man for the
London job.

MacNAMARA

Thank you, Mr. Hazeltine.

MR. HAZELTINE

It's just what we need -- somebody who's a
good organizer, has a lot of drive, knows
the business, speaks several languages --

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (8)

MacNAMARA

Well, I studied every chance I had.

MR. HAZELTINE

Yes, sir -- absolutely the ideal man for this position -- and I'm not just saying this because he's my son-in-law.

MacNAMARA

How's that?

MR. HAZELTINE

It's not going to hurt our prestige any -- head of European operations -- Otto von Droste-Schattenburg.

MacNAMARA

Oh. That's how it is.

MR. HAZELTINE

As for you, Mac -- you haven't been forgotten. You're going all the way to the top now. There's an opening in the home office -- vice-president in charge of procurement -- and it's all yours.

MacNAMARA

(drily)

Why are you so good to me?

MR. HAZELTINE

I know you must be dying to get back to Atlanta.

MacNAMARA

Dying is right.

He crosses to Otto, tosses the umbrella to him.

MacNAMARA

Here you are, Count. I won't be needing this any more.

OTTO

(veddy British)

Thank you, old chap.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED (9)

MacNAMARA

(to Scarlett)

Goodbye, Countess.

SCARLETT

(throwing her arms around
his neck)Mr. MacNamara, I simply adore you. Will
you write to us?

MacNAMARA

Better than that. I'll send you some silver-
plated sauerkraut for Christmas.

He hurries off toward the terminal building.

Phyllis, Tommy and Cindy are descending the steps from the waiting
room. At the foot of the stairs is a coke machine.

TOMMY

Mom, can we have a coke?

PHYLLIS

You can have one on the plane. Besides,
I don't have any change.

MacNAMARA

(coming up)

I've got change.

PHYLLIS

Mac.

MacNAMARA

It's very nice of you to come down here
to see me off.

PHYLLIS

Where are you going?

MacNAMARA

Back to the States.

PHYLLIS

Funny. That's where we're going.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (10)

MacNAMARA

I thought I'd take Flight 17 to New York.
From there I can hop a freedom bus to
Atlanta.

PHYLLIS

Atlanta?

MacNAMARA

Yeah. I'm the new vice-president in charge
of bottlecaps. They're kicking me upstairs.

PHYLLIS

That's something I've always wanted to do
myself.

MacNAMARA

So any time you and the kids would care to
join me, I'll be waiting for you.

PHYLLIS

Just a minute. Conference.

She goes into a huddle with the two children. MacNamara starts
inserting coins into the slot of the coke machine.

PHYLLIS

(coming out of huddle; to
MacNamara)

Two out of three. Deal is on.

MacNAMARA

Two out of three?

(glaring at his family)

All right. Who's the wise guy -- ?

Bottles start spewing out of the coke machine. MacNamara hands one
Coca-Cola to Tommy, another to Cindy, a third to Phyllis. The
final bottle he takes for himself -- and his jaw drops when he looks
at it. It is a bottle of Pepsi-Cola.

MacNAMARA

(a final scream)

Schlemmer!

FADE OUT