

POTSDAMER PLATZ

1ST DRAFT (revised)

(polish)

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1. EXT. MASSIVE CONSTRUCTION SITE. BERLIN. DAY.

WE ARE ABOVE, LOOKING DOWN, CRANES, WORKERS, THE CRUNCH.
CLANG, ROAR OF INDUSTRY AND CREATION....SUDDENLY WE DROP,
PLUMMET, RAPIDLY DESCEND, PAST CRANES, PAST MEN, THEIR
BOOTS...AND INTO THE EARTH...INTO THE FOUNDATIONS...

CUT TO

2. INT. THE EARTH

...WE ARE MOVING UNDERGROUND...SLOW LIKE A
PLOUGH...NOW WE HIT GREY...SOLID GREY...CONCRETE...THROUGH
IT...INTO IT...DEEP INTO THE DENSE MASS...UNTIL WE MEET A BODY
ENTOMBED...BURIED IN THE CONCRETE...CAUCASIAN ,MALE, EARLY
THIRTIES, NOT LONG DEAD, SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD. HIS DEAD EYES
STARING...THIS WAS **TONY**...

TONY V.O.

(To us)

...This is the best I've felt in a long time...

WE MOVE PAST HIS INERT BODY AND COME ACROSS ANOTHER CORPSE IN
THERE...HISPANIC MALE, FORTIES... THIS WAS **HARDY**...

HARDY V.O.

(gruff and snappy)

Not me! ...I've felt a whole lot better!

TONY V.O.

(To us)

... I've never felt better in my life! So wadya wanna know,huh? – Where
we are?... Where are we?...

HARDY V.O.
(chipping in)

Berlin!

TONY V.O.
(to us)

... When?...

HARDY V.O.
'95!

TONY V.O.
...What do we do?...

HARDY V.O.
(correcting)
'Did' we do! - 'Did'!

TONY V.O.
(Rephrasing)
...What 'did' we do?...

HARDY V.O.
(response)
Killers! We're killers!...Dead killers!

PAUSE...

TONY V.O.
(to us)
... So what do ya wanna know?....Huh?...Lemme see - Okay,
here we go...hold onto your fuckin' popcorn!...

CUT TO

3. A BLOOD - RED SPACE.

MUSIC 'BLOOD MONEY' BY PRIMAL SCREAM (MARKER)...

...A BLOOD - RED DOOR OPENS...GOLDEN LIGHT FLOODS IN...A
FIGURE SILLOUETTED IN THE DOORFRAME...HOLDING A GUN BY HIS
SIDE...HE STRIDES TOWARDS US AND WE SEE THAT IT IS TONY...EYES
FIXED ON US...RAISING HIS GUN ARM...POINTING THE GUN AT
US...SLOWLY, DELIBERATELY, MOVING IT TOWARDS US...THE BARREL
OF THE GUN GETTING CLOSER AND CLOSER...BIGGER AND
BIGGER...UNTIL THAT IS ALL THERE IS... US STARING DOWN THE TUNNEL
OF A MASSIVE BARREL...AND BANG...AN ALMIGHTY BANG... WE'RE
DEAD!

CUT TO

4. INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

WE ARE ON SMOKE...COMING FROM THE CIGARETTE OF A SEMI-DRESSED
BEAUTIFUL WOMAN LYING ON A TOSLED BED...WE PAN UP HER BODY...SHE
IS WAITING...ANXIOUS...SHE SMOKES....OVER THIS WE HEAR...

TONY V.O. CONTD

... Once upon a time there was a beautiful
woman...Beautiful!.....And she had a great ass...and all the
rest...Everybody wanted to fuck her - but nobody would
dare...'cos she belonged to someone...she belonged to an
old crow - old as a fuckin' tree - and he'd chew your face
off if you so much as looked at her...Yeah, she was his - his
only...his jewel... his trophy...his queen!
...(SLIGHT PAUSE)...Yeah, nobody would dare...except for
one guy...

CUT TO

5. INT. CAR. DRIVING. NIGHT.

A MAN DRIVES...DETERMINEDLY, CONCENTRATED, RELENTLESS...BESIDE HIM ON THE PASSENGER SEAT, A SMALL SUITCASE...HE IS 45, CLASSICALLY HANDSOME, LUSTROUS BLACK HAIR, IN NEED OF A SHAVE...HE DRIVES ON...OVER THIS WE HEAR...

TONY'S V.O.CONTD

...This guy!...Viktor! - Viktor with a 'K'!...'Moscow Vik'! - The ' Jersey Cossack'!...One of us...workin' for the Crow - like a son to him...you can guess the rest!...

CUT BACK TO

6. INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN AS BEFORE ON THE BED...HEARS A CAR PULLING UP OUTSIDE...MASHES OUT HER CIGARETTE IN AN OVERFLOWING ASHTRAY...WE HEAR A CAR DOOR SLAM SHUT...SHE STANDS IN ANTICIPATION...WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS...A KEY IN THE DOOR..AND NOW THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND THERE HE STANDS FILLING THE DOORFRAME, SUITCASE IN HAND...THEY STARE AT EACH OTHER...INTENSE, HUNGRY,FRIGHTENED...

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

(Relief. Fear. Love)

...Oh, God...

HANDSOME MAN

(Reassuringly, tenderly)

'S okay...get dressed...

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
How much?

HANDSOME MAN
(Dropping the heavy case)
...Close on five...

THEY STARE AT EACH OTHER...

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
(Achingly)
... Come here...

HANDSOME MAN
...We gotta go...(BUT HE IS MOVING
TOWARDS HER)

AND THEY EMBRACE...100% MAN MEETS 100% WOMAN ...PASSION,
LUST, DESIRE, INTOXICATION...DEVOURING EACH OTHER'S KISSES...HIS
PERFECT JAW
NUZZLING SENSUALLY , ANIMALISTICALLY INTO HER SOFT, SILKY,
ELEGANT PROFERRED NECK - KISSING - SUCKING - LICKING - SMELLING -
BREATHING EACH OTHER IN...

HANDSOME MAN
(Through kisses)
...I love you Patricia...I fuckin' love you...

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
(Coming up for air)
...Fuck me, Viktor...Fuck me...

THEY ARE FALLING TOWARDS THE BED...ONTO IT...RIPPING EACH OTHERS
CLOTHES OFF...OVER THIS WE HEAR...

TONY V.O.
...And that's how you fuck someone off.

CUT TO

7. INT. LARGE PLUSH RESTAURANT. N.Y. NIGHT. 1989.

AN OLD MAN SITS ALONE AT A TABLE...**BILLY POPP ('POPPO')**...AGE 69...5'5"...SKINNY...TUXEDO-ED...BESPECTACLED...(LIKE A MALEVOLENT GEORGE BURNS)...HE IS CONFIDENT...KINGLY... BEING ESPECIALLY WELL ATTENDED TO BY WAITERS...BUT HE KEEPS LOOKING AT HIS WAFER-THIN CARTIER WATCH...OVER THIS WE HEAR...

TONY V.O.

...Here's Poppo at the Starlight Rooms...at their usual table...He'd bought her somethin' special -

WE SEE A SMALL GIFT-WRAPPED PACKAGE ON THE WHITE TABLE CLOTH...POPPO FIDDLES WITH IT DISTRACTEDLY...

...A diamond thing - necklace...nice...For her... For Patricia - 'his' Patricia...but she's late - a little late...and Poppo don't like late...Anyway gets his soup...(SEE THIS)...monkey tops up his champagne...(SEE THIS)...and he waits....and he waits...waitin'...waits...Lookin' like Johnny-no-pals!...Now we see Charlie...(WE SEE **CHARLIE**, BULKY, ASHEN-FACED, MAKING HIS WAY THROUGH THE RESTAURANT TO POPPO) ...Poor fuckin' Charlie...drawn the short straw!...(CHARLIE WHISPERING INTO POPPO'S EAR)
...Tellin' him what no man wants to hear - "Guess what? - she's fuckin' someone else...and it's your favourite boy... plus they've pinched 5 mill...How's the soup?"...

WE SEE POPPO'S FACE...EXPRESSIONLESS...VACANT...REGISTERING NOTHING...

TONY V.O.

...Behind his back...behind his fuckin' back!

CUT TO

8. INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN...POPPO, GUN IN HAND, FOLLOWED BY THREE OTHER MEN, POUR INTO THE ROOM...THE VACATED ROOM...POPPO STANDS STARING AT THE BED...THE TANGLED SHEETS...STARES AT IT...WITH TINY, DEAD, EYES...HE AIMS THE GUN AT THE BED...AND FIRES...FIRES...FIRES...
AND KEEPS ON FIRING...AND AS HE DOES WE SEE AN APPARITION OF THE HANDSOME MAN AND THE BEAUTIFUL: WOMAN IN THAT BED MAKING LOVE...SLOW, DEEP, POWERFUL, EROTIC LOVE...AS POPPO CONTINUES TO SHOOT UP THE EMPTY BED...

CUT TO

9. EXT. FREEWAY. CLOSE TO AIRPORT. NIGHT.

A CAR SPEEDS AND SCREECHES TOWARDS THE AIRPORT....AS A JUMBO JET TAKES OFF...THE UNDERCARRIAGE HUGE AND VISIBLE IN THE AIR...THE CAR SCREECHING AND SKIDDING TO AN UGLY HALT...DOORS FLYING OPEN...POPPO OUT AND FIRING WILDLY AT THE ASCENDING PLANE...HIS CURSES AND OBSCENITIES DROWNED BY THE ENGINE'S ROAR...

TONY V.O.

(Wry)

...Yeah...that is how you fuck someone off!

CUT TO

10. INT. HUGE LUXURIOUS PENTHOUSE. NEW YORK.SUNNY DAY.

MUSIC PLAYS,'MUSIC TO WATCH GIRLS BY'BY ANDY WILLIAMS...SUMPTUOUS, MODERNIST, LOUNGE...DOORS OPEN TO ROOFTOP SWIMMING POOL AREA...A FEW OUT-OF-FOCUS FIGURES OUTSIDE...NOW EMERGING INTO THE ROOM COMES **GOIN' BALD BOB**...A MASSIVE MAN WITH A MASSIVE,DYED,BLUE-BLACK COMBOVER AND

MATCHING DYED 'ZAPATA' MOUSTACHE...AGED 56, 54 INCH CHEST,
WEARING AN OPEN BLACK, SHORT SLEEVE SHIRT, PURPLE VERSACE
SWIMMING TRUNKS WITH GOLD ROMANESQUE MOTIF AND BLACK GUCCI
LOAFERS...HE PADS ACROSS THE DEEP, WHITE, SHAG-PILE CARPET
TOWARDS US...OVER THIS WE HEAR...

TONY V.O.

...Cut to six years later...

GOIN' BALD BOB

(Chocolate-brown voice)

...Hey, Tony – good to see ya!...Y'wanna fuckin' drink? – How y'doin'?

AND NOW WE SEE TONY, SUITED, STYLISH, SMOKING, STANDING THERE...

TONY

Yeah, I'll have a fuckin' drink, Bob – I'm okay...doin' good ... you?

GOIN' BALD BOB HAS MADE HIS WAY BEHIND AN EXTRAVAGANTLY STOCKED BAR...BEGINS FIXING DRINKS...

GOIN' BALD BOB

...Me?...Yeah!...M'okay!

TONY SITS ON A BAR STOOL...

TONY

...'S happenin'?

GOIN' BALD BOB

(With a tequila sunrise)

'S happenin' ? – Lots!...Lots and lots!...Lots and lots and lots! (SLIGHT PAUSE)...Y'ever been to Germany, Tony?

TONY
(Sipping whisky)
Germany? – No.

A BEAUTIFUL, BIKINI-CLAD GIRL HAS SAUNTERED THROUGH TO THE
BAR...SMILES AT TONY – HE DOESN'T SMILE BACK....

GOIN' BALD BOB
(To the girl)
'Nother zombie,sweetheart?

BIKINI- CLAD GIRL
Two! – Poppo wants one!

GOIN' BALD BOB
(Sotto voce)
Poppo is one!

THE GIRL GIGGLES...GOIN' BALD BOB FIXES THE ZOMBIES...

GOIN' BALD BOB
...Sugar, would you mind changin' the music – it's
shit! Shut that fuckin' Mister Andrew fuckin' Williams
the fuck up! He's drivin' me nuts!

SHE GOES OVER TO THE SOUND SYSTEM...

BIKINI-CLAD GIRL
...Whadya wanna hear, Bob ?

GOIN' BALD BOB

You choose, doll – just not Mister Andrew fuckin' Williams please! – I used to like him...but not any more – now I loathe him!...

BARRY WHITE STARTS UP...

GOIN' BALD BOB

Yeah, good choice, baby – the Walrus! ...Y' wanna zombie, Tony?

TONY

Nah...

GOIN' BALD BOB

I make a good zombie!...(GIVES THE DRINKS TO THE GIRL) There ya go honeybunch, two fuckin' excellent zombies! Tell Poppo I spat in his!

THE GIRL GIGGLES...LEAVES WITH THE DRINKS...

GOIN' BALD BOB

(Back to business)

...You'll like Germany...you'll like it a lot...'s nice...

TONY IS LOOKING TOWARDS THE OUTDOOR SWIMMING POOL AREA...WE SEE A FIGURE STANDING THERE LOOKING INTO THE ROOM BUT OUT OF FOCUS... BLURRY...NEVERTHELESS WE CAN DISCERN THAT IT IS AN OLD, SKINNY MAN WEARING HIGH WAISTED, BAGGY, BLUE TRUNKS...(IMAGINE GEORGE BURNS PAINTED BY FRANCIS BACON)...

TONY

He wants me to go to Germany?

GOIN' BALD BOB

Go to Germany – do this thing he wants you to do...

TONY

...What does he want me to do?

GOIN' BALD BOB

Just a coupla guys.

TONY

German guys?!

GOIN' BALD BOB

...Things

are happenin' in Germany right now, Tony...a lot of opportunities... A lot of business ventures – a lot of building – new construction...Fifteen miles of fuckin' cranes! It's blossomin'!...Since they pulled that fuckin' brick wall down s'like the Klondike! – The most massivist construction site in Europe – it's hard-hat heaven! – Every fucker pannin' for gold!...Poppo's got a window!...Someone wants his help – got a problem –

TONY

Who?

GOIN' BALD BOB

...Some Turkish small fry...Outa their fuckin depth! Askin' Poppo to ride in on a white horse like the 7th cavalry and save their fuckin' asses!

TONY

Who's the Indians?

GOIN' BALD BOB

Russians! – The Indians are Russians! And East
Germans – they're in bed together! – But here's the
best part – Geronimo!

TONY

Geronimo?

GOIN' BALD BOB

Geronimo! – Who Geronimo is!

TONY

Who's Geronimo?

GOIN' BALD BOB

(savouring)

...Geronimo...is Viktor!

TONY

(taken aback)

Viktor?!...We found Viktor?!

GOIN' BALD BOB

And doin' pretty well for himself by all
accounts...He was always pretty cute – pretty
fuckin' stupid – but pretty fuckin' cute! – He's a
businessman now – a big fuckin' pretty cute
businessman!

TONY

... Patricia? – They still together?

GOIN' BALD BOB

Still goin' strong!

TONY

Holy Shit!

GOIN' BALD BOB

Poppo's delighted!

TONY

I can imagine!

GOIN' BALD BOB

He's waited a long time! – Six years is a long time!

That's a lot of hate! A lot of pain! (Sotto voce)

Maybe I won't have to listen to it any more!

(SLIGHT PAUSE) Take Hardy with you...

TONY

...Who we killin'?

GOIN' BALD BOB

Just a coupla guys who work for him – no one big deal – just enough to stick a weed up his ass...Let him know that the Yanks are coming!...Tony, listen to me...do this right!....

TONY SLOWLY LOOKS TOWARDS THE SWIMMING POOL AREA...SEES THE OLD MAN NOW SWIMMING (AGAIN OUT OF FOCUS AND BLURRY)...OVER THIS WE HEAR...

GOIN' BALD BOB'S VOICE

(Ominously)

...- He wants this message loud and

clear! ...Kill every livin' thing you find in that room!

If there's a fuckin ' spider crawlin' up the wall – he wants you to kill it! Got that? Kill it!...

TONY TURNS BACK TO GOIN'BALD BOB...

GOIN' BALD BOB

(Breezily)

We're movin' into Germany! – This announces it!

PAUSE...

TONY
Should I go say hi to Poppo?

GOIN' BALD BOB
Sure...go through...he's with the chicks...

TONY MAKES HIS WAY TOWARDS THE ROOFTOP SWIMMING POOL AREA...

CUT TO

11. INT. JUMBO JET. IN FLIGHT. DAY.

C/U ON HARDY'S FACE...HE IS MID-TIC...HIS AFFLICTION AN OCCASIONAL DISCONCERTING, JAW-JUTTING, NECK STRAINING, FACE-PULLING TWITCH...HE IS SEATED IN AN AISLE SEAT...ACROSS THE AISLE, ONE SEAT BACK, IS TONY...HARDY ADDRESSES A STEWARDESS...

HARDY
Hey, Miss!...Miss!...Hallo?!...'Scuse me?!...'scuse me Miss - can I get a refill here! (HOLDING ALOFT HIS PLASTIC CUP) Vodka!... 'Nother vodka! For this nice passenger here! C'mon shake y'r tailfeather ya sexy thing ya!... Hey Tony?... (HE TURNS)...You havin' another drink? I'm havin' another drink!

TONY SEES HARDY GRINNING BACK

TONY
Yeah, I'll have another fuckin' drink!....

HARDY

I'm havin' a vodka! What you havin'?...Maybe
they got Snaps! - D'you wanna Snaps? Should
we try a Snaps?! ...C'mon I fuckin' dare ya!

TONY SEES THE BEAMING HARDY AS HE NOW SUFFERS ANOTHER FACIAL
CONVULSION...TONY RISES, WALKS DOWN THE AISLE...

TONY

Get me a whisky...I'm going for a smoke...

HARDY

(Calling after Tony)

Pussy!

WE FOLLOW TONY TOWARDS THE TOILET...HE CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HIM...

CUT TO

12. INT. AIRPLANE TOILET.

TONY LIGHTS UP A CIGARETTE IN THE CRAMPED CUBICLE...SMOKES, STARING
AT HIS REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR...SMOKE FILLING THE SMALL
SPACE...STARES AT HIMSELF...WE MOVE IN ON HIS REFLECTION...STARING
BACK AT HIMSELF THROUGH SMOKE...EVENTUALLY THERE IS A GENTLE
TAPPING AT THE DOOR...

HARDY'S VOICE

'S me!...Open up!

TONY OPENS THE DOOR AND HARDY SQUEEZES IN, DRINKS IN HAND - GIVES A WHISKY TO TONY - TONY PASSES HIS CIGARETTE TO HARDY WHO TAKES A DEEP DRAW...THE TWO MEN FILL THE SPACE...AWKWARD...ELBOWS...CRAMPED...

HARDY

...June!

TONY

June?

HARDY

That's her name - the hostess! The hostess with the mostest! The redhead - June!...She told me...Beautiful! - She's give me The name of a coupla good bars in Berlin - we'll check them out!... Yeah she's given me all the fuckin' gossip...like that steward - the guy? The one with the ears? - He ain't gay!...On the fuckin' contrary - he's shackled up with two chicks! Two Japanese - work for Nipponese airline...yeah he's bangin' the brains out of both of them!...Yeah it's all happenin' up here! 'S a fuckin' hotbed!...(GOES INTO HIS POCKET. PRODUCES A CRUMPLED -UP SCRAP OF PAPER TORN FROM AN IN-FLIGHT MAGAZINE)...Look! She gave me her number...Lives in New York...Y'see -

FULL SCREEN...CRUMPLED PAPER...SCRAWLED, BIRO-WRITTEN, NAME AND NUMBER...

CUT TO

13. INT. BMW. AUTOBAHN.DUSK.

A YOUNG TURKISH MAN, **VITA**, DRIVES...TONY AND HARDY ARE IN THE BACK SEATS...SELECTING HANDGUNS FROM A BAG...

VITA
(glancing back as he drives)
...Is okay?

TONY AND HARDY DO NOT RESPOND. PRE-OCCUPIED WITH CHECKING
THE GUNS...SILENCERS...LOADING ETC...

VITA
...You give back after!...

HARDY
(Offhand)
... Yeah, yeah, yeah...

VITA
... Is good?...They are Russian.

HARDY
(concentrated on the guns)
I don't care if they're fuckin' Martian, just so
long as they work!

CUT TO.

14. INT. BMW. KREUZBERG STREETS. NIGHT.

VITA DRIVES IN SILENCE...TONY AND HARDY TAKE IN THE URBAN
SURROUNDINGS OF THE TURKISH QUARTER - THEIR FACES REGISTERING
NOTHING...VITA TURNS INTO ANOTHER STREET...BEGINS TO
SLOW...COMES TO A HALT...THEY SIT IN SILENCE...EVENTUALLY...

HARDY
(To Vita)
...And?!

VITA
Just sit please.

NOW...FURTHER UP THE STREET...A FIGURE EMERGES FROM SHADOW
...BEGINS TO WALK TOWARDS THEM...THIS IS **PREMIG**, EARLY
50'S...TALL, THIN, CADAVEROUS, SKULL-ISH FACE, BALD DOME WITH
LONGISH, LANK, BLONDY-GREY HAIR, GRUBBY TAN LEATHER TRENCH
COAT...MOROSE DEMEANOR...

TONY
(To Vita)
Friend of yours?

VITA
Premig - he is ex Stasi...

HARDY
'T the fuck's that?

VITA
He was formerly with the East German police.

HARDY
A cop?

VITA
Formerly!

PREMIG HAS REACHED THEIR CAR...VITA ROLLS DOWN HIS WINDOW...THE
TWO MEN GREET EACH OTHER IN GERMAN....EXCHANGE A FEW
WORDS...THEN PREMIG WALKS OFF AGAIN TOWARDS A BUILDING...

VITA
(To Tony and Hardy)
Ya good, they are there...please to go with him...

PREMIG HAS STOPPED AT A DOORWAY AND IS WAITING...TONY AND HARDY GET OUT OF THE CAR , CROSS THE STREET AND JOIN HIM...

PREMIG
Number 16...

PREMIG PRESSES NUMBER 14...SOON...THE DOOR OPENS...

PREMIG
(To Tony and Hardy)
Good luck.

HE LEAVES THEM...WALKS BACK UP THE STREET TOWARDS HIS CAR...TONY AND HARDY ENTER THE BUILDING...THE DOOR CLOSES...

CUT TO.

15. INT. SHABBY BUILDING. NIGHT.

TONY AND HARDY ASCEND STONE STAIRS IN THE DARK RUN DOWN BUILDING....WALK ALONG CORRIDORS...CLIMB AGAIN...WALK ALONG ANOTHER DIMLY LIT CORRIDOR...CHECKING DOOR NUMBERS...SUDDENLY A DOOR OPENS...A **WOMAN** (26) ,EMERGES FROM APARTMENT 14, RAINCOATED...PASSES THEM...SMILES SHYLY...TONY NODS BACK...SHE GOES...THE TWO MEN SEARCH ON AND EVENTUALLY REACH A DOOR MARKED 16...TAKE OUT THEIR GUNS...EXPRESSIONLESS...MATTER OF FACT...

HARDY
(To Tony quietly)
Say when...

TONY
(Slight pause)
... When.

HARDY
Now!

AND WITH THAT HARDY HAS BOOTED THE DOOR IN...IT'S NEARLY OFF
IT'S HINGES...AND TONY AND HARDY GO IN...

CUT TO.

16. INT. INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL. BERLIN. NIGHT.

HARDY, IN HOTEL BATHROBE, HOLDING A TEA TOWEL PACKED WITH ICE
CUBES TO HIS JAW,EAR AND NECK... SITS IN FRONT OF THE T.V.,
CHANNEL-HOPPING...HUGE VODKA IN HAND...EVENTUALLY, NOT TAKING
HIS EYES FROM THE SCREEN , HE CALLS OUT...

HARDY
Forget about it!...(THERE IS NO REPLY)...Y'hear
me...Tony?...You okay in there? - Hey look at
this, they got Bonanza!- Hoss's speakin'
German! (PAUSE)...Tony?!

CUT TO

17. INT. HOTEL BATHROOM. NIGHT.

TONY STANDS BEFORE THE MIRROR STARING HARD INTO THE EYES OF
HIS REFLECTION...

CUT TO

18. **FLASHBACK:** INT. APARTMENT 16. NIGHT.

A GERMAN RADIO TALK SHOW PLAYS IN THE BACKGROUND...THREE MEN IN THE ROOM...ONE SITS ON A GRUBBY LEATHERETTE SOFA SMOKING A CIGARETTE...ANOTHER MAN SITS IN A SWIVEL CHAIR WITH HIS BACK TO US BUSY CLIPPING HIS TOENAILS WITH ZERO REGARD AS TO WHERE THE CLIPPINGS GO - THEY PRANG ABOUT THE ROOM...A THIRD MAN STANDS READING A RUSSIAN NEWSPAPER...AND THEY HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO DO ANYTHING BECAUSE NO SOONER HAVE THEY HEARD THE FRONT DOOR CRASH OPEN THAN TONY AND HARDY ARE IN THE ROOM...ARMS OUTSTRETCHED...GUNS IN HAND...AND FIRING...THE VICTIMS P.O.V. OF TONY AND HARDY DOING THEIR THING...DOING THE JOB...BANG...BANG...BANG!

CUT BACK TO

19. INT. HOTEL BATHROOM. NIGHT.

AS BEFORE...TONY STARES AT HIMSELF IN THE MIRROR....

CUT TO

20. **FLASHBACK:** INT. APARTMENT 16. NIGHT.

TONY AND HARDY LOWER THEIR GUNARMS...IT'S OVER...THREE MEN LIE DEAD...HARDY IMMEDIATELY RIFLES THROUGH A DEAD MAN'S POCKETS...FINDS A GUN...TUCKS IT IN HIS WAISTBAND...

HARDY

(Excited whisper)

... That was fuckin' easy! Piece 'a' fuckin' gateau! ...

BUT THE WORDS STICK IN HIS THROAT AS THEY BECOME AWARE THAT A DOOR HAS OPENED AND STANDING THERE FILLING THE DOORFRAME – A MAN...A **MASSIVE MAN** – 6’9” OR MORE...WITH SHORT CROPPED GREY HAIR – 30” IRON BICEPS – 38” THIGHS – SIZE 19 SHOES AND PLATTER-LIKE, SHOVEL HANDS...HE’S PURE DENSITY – A SOLID MASS...LOOMING LIKE A NIGHTMARE UKRAINIAN CONCENTRATION CAMP GUARD...OH, AND HIS FACE! – IT’S PAINTED – FACE-PAINTED...STRIPEY ORANGE, WHITE AND BLACK IN THE MANNER OF TIGER TIM!... AND BEFORE THE SHOCKED TONY & HARDY CAN COMPLETELY TAKE THIS IN AND REACT – HE IS UPON THEM – HE HAS POURED INTO THE ROOM , SWARMING ALL OVER THEM LIKE A CLOWN-FACE GRIZZLY BEAR...HIS MASSIVE PAWS MAULING THEM...TONY IN ONE MIGHTY FIST...HARDY IN THE OTHER – BANGING THEM BRUTALLY TOGETHER...TONY & HARDY FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIVES...BEING PUMMELED IN A TERRIBLE FIGHT TO THE DEATH ...TONY IS SENT FLYING ACROSS THE ROOM – CRASHES THROUGH A COFFEE TABLE...LANDS ON ONE OF THE DEAD MEN...HARDY BEING ONE-HANDEDLY THROTTLED – HIS FACE THE COLOUR OF BEETROOT- EYES A-POPPING – STRANGULATED WORDS GURGLING IN HIS CONSTRICTED THROAT – TONY’S GOT A GUN – SHOOTS THE BEAST...NOTHING! SHOOTS AGAIN – STILL NOTHING BUT NOW HE’S MADDENED...DISCARDS HARDY – SMASHING HIM LIKE A RAG DOLL INTO THE T.V....AND GOES AFTER TONY...GRABS HIM – SLAPS HIM ACROSS THE ROOM...AND PURSUES...MURDEROUSLY...BUT HARDY HAS EXTRICATED HIMSELF FROM THE WRECKAGE AND SINKS HIS TEETH INTO THE BIG GUYS THIGH...NOW THAT HURT AND THE MONSTER IS PULLING HARDY’S HAIR OUT IN CLUMPS...BANG! TONY HITS HIM WITH A HEAVY LAMPSHADE! BANG – HITS HIM WITH A TELEPHONE!...BANG! – HITS HIM WITH A CHAIR!...PUNCHING, GOUGEING, KICKING, FLAILING, SCRABBLING, GRUNTING...HARDY’S GOT THE TELEVISION FLEX AROUND THE GUY’S NECK...DESPERATELY WINDING...HANGING OFF IT...PULLING – PULLING WITH HIS FULL WEIGHT – UNTIL TIGER TIM IS SINKING TO HIS KNEES...TONY WITH A SOFA CUSHION...SMOTHERING THE MAN WITH ALL HIS MIGHT – KNEELING ON HIS FACE...HARDY CHOKING HIM – TONY SMOTHERING HIM...UNTIL EVENTUALLY THE BIG MAN’S LIFE RELUCTANTLY LEAVES HIM...TONY & HARDY LIE THERE – PANTING – GASPING FOR BREATH AMIDST THE DEAD BODIES...

HARDY

(Breathless...panting)

...Jesus fuck!...Jesus fuck!...Jesus fuck...

TONY
(breathing hard)
...You okay?

HARDY
...Jesus fuck...

TONY
...C'mon, let's get outta here!

BUT AGAIN THEY ARE STOPPED IN THEIR TRACKS...A SOUND HAS COME FROM THE ADJOINING ROOM...THE ROOM TIGER TIM EMERGED FROM...A SMALL SOUND – A CREAK...BUT A DEFINITE SOUND...TONY & HARDY ARE ON THEIR FEET IMMEDIATELY, GUNS IN HAND...AND SILENTLY, CAREFULLY, NERVOUSLY THEY APPROACH THE ROOM...

HARDY
(Calling out)
...Any more of you fuckin' jungle freaks in there we're gonna shoot you in the fuckin' eyes! Up the fuckin' ass!...

THEY TENTATIVELY STEP INTO THE ROOM – THE EMPTY ROOM...A BEDROOM...ON THE BED A CHILDREN'S FACE PAINTING SET...AND NOW ANOTHER CREAK – COMING FROM THE CLOSET...THEIR GUNS TRAINED ON THE WOODEN DOORS...

HARDY
Come outta there with your hands up or I'm gonna shoot that thing to matchwood!

BUT TONY HAS EASED ONE OF THE DOORS OPEN AND STANDS BACK TO REVEAL A COWERING, FACE-PAINTED, TERRIFIED **6 YEAR OLD GIRL**...HARDY AND TONY STARE DOWN AT HER...LOOK AT EACH OTHER...THIS IS ALL TOO MUCH...TONY SLUMPS DOWN ONTO THE BED...HARDY IS STARING AT THE CHILD...

HARDY
...Tony, we're gonna have to do this...(EYES NOT LEAVING THE GIRL) Y'hear me Tony – this's gotta be done...

BUT TONY IS JUST SITTING ON THE BED...SITTING THERE...STARING AT THE FACE-PAINTING SET...

TONY
(Quietly)
...He was protecting her...He was just trying to protect her...

HARDY
Me or you, Tony? Who's gonna do it?...C'mon we gotta do it!
Let's do this! Let's get the fuck outta here!...

TONY IS BY THE CLOSET AGAIN - STARING DOWN AT THE LITTLE GIRL...STARING
...STARING...HER LITTLE PAINTED FACE LOOKING UP AT HIM... EVENTUALLY...

HARDY
(Sympathetic)
...Okay...you go...I'll do it...wait for me outside...

BUT TONY IS STARING AT THE LITTLE GIRL...LOST...

HARDY
(Firm)
Tony!...(TONY SLOWLY TURNS TO LOOK AT HIM.) Wait for me
outside!...

TONY, TAKES THE ORDER...LEAVES THE ROOM...WE FOLLOW HIM...THROUGH
THE WRECKED APARTMENT...OUT INTO THE HALLWAY...ALONG THE
CORRIDOR...DOWN STAIRS...ZOMBIE-LIKE...WALKING...GETS OUTSIDE...SLUMPS
AGAINST A WALL...COLOUR HAS DRAINED FROM HIS FACE - HE LOOKS
TERRIBLE...BEGINS TO RETCH...NOW A WOMAN IS BESIDE HIM...THE
RAINCOATED WOMAN WHO LEFT APARTMENT FOURTEEN...IN HER HAND TWO
FRESH PACKETS OF CIGARETTES...IN GERMAN SHE ASKS TONY IF HE'S
OKAY...TENDERLY, SHOWING CONCERN...TONY LOOKING UP AT HER - SEEING
THE CIGARETTES...

TONY
...Can I have one of those?...

WOMAN

(realising he's foreign – her English not great)

Yes.

UNWRAPS THE CELLOPHANE...GIVES HIM A CIGARETTE...GIVES HIM A LIGHT...HIS HANDS MOMENTARILY CUPPING HERS ...HE LOOKS HER IN THE EYES...SHE A LITTLE UNCOMFORTABLE WITH THE STRANGE INTENSITY OF HIS GAZE...

SUDDENLY, BREAKING THIS...

HARDY'S VOICE

Tony!...Let's go!

SHE WALKS OFF...RE-ENTERS THE BUILDING...HARDY JOINS TONY...THEY MAKE THEIR WAY UP THE STREET TOWARDS VITA'S CAR...THEY GET IN THE WAITING CAR...IT PULLS AWAY...AND IS GONE...THE STREET IS EMPTY...SILENT...AND NOW, FROM A DARKENED DOORWAY, STEPS PREMIG...HE CROSSES THE ROAD TOWARDS THE APARTMENT BLOCK...

CUT TO.

21. INT. INTERCONTINENTAL BEDROOM. MIDDLE OF NIGHT.

WE CAN JUST ABOUT DISCERN TWIN BEDS IN THE DARK-
NESS...SILENCE...NOW WE SEE A CIGARETTE BEING LIT...SEE
THE RED TIP GLOWING IN THE GLOOM...AND NOW, FROM THE
OTHER BED, THE SAME THING...EVENTUALLY...

HARDY'S VOICE

...Shouldn't we have gone out or somethin'?!...
D'ya wanna go out or somethin'?- 'S 24 hours here! 'S
fuckin' Berlin!...'S a major city!...D'ya wanna fuck
somethin' or somethin'? Want me to ring the desk? Fix
somethin' up?...

TONY'S VOICE

What time you got?

HARDY'S VOICE

I dunno – two? Two-ish? (ILLUMINATES
HIS WATCH WITH HIS LIGHTER)...It's
quarter to four!...

TONY'S VOICE

(to himself)

Mid-day we're outta here...(PAUSE)...eight
and a quarter hours...

HARDY'S VOICE

...Yeah, that's right!...Is it?...Let's see-
three and three quarters plus eight and a
quarter is...eight and three is eleven –
three quarters plus one quarter equals
one...One add on eleven...is...yeah...
twelve! We're outta here! – Gone!
Goodbye Berlin! Fuck you!...(PAUSE) You
know this is an incredible place you
know! – Steeped in history! You can feel
it in the walls!...It all happened right
here, my friend – hereski!...It all
occurred!...

TONY'S VOICE

(Surly)

Did it? – What?

HARDY'S VOICE

Why the Nazis!...The S.S.!

TONY'S VOICE

What about it?

HARDY'S VOICE

About it nothin'! – I'm just sayin' it happened
here!...

TONY'S VOICE

I don't care about that...

HARDY'S VOICE

You'd care about it if we'd lost, pal!
You'd be eatin' cabbage water as we
speak... Under the jackboot! Livin'
under the jackboot!...

TONY'S VOICE

(Factual)

Yeah, well, didn't happen - we won!

HARDY'S VOICE

Hitler!...Mister Hitler!...Mister A-dolf
Hitler!...We're in the home of Mister A-dolf
Hitler!...In his fuckin' neighborhood -
remarkable!... (PAUSE...SUDDENLY...LOUDLY...
ENACTING)...Schnell!!...Raus!!...Get your fat ass
in that truck there!!...You!- Worm!- Get
in that fuckin' oven!!...(SLIGHT
PAUSE...QUIETER)...Terrible times... Terrible
times...What the hell was goin' on there?!
What the hell was all that about?!...

NOW, IN THE DARK, WE SEE THAT HARDY IS MAKING THE SIGN
OF THE CROSS IN THE AIR WITH HIS LIGHTED CIGARETTE...

HARDY'S VOICE (CONTD)

...Plus it ain't so long ago, you know!...39 to
45!...39 to 45!...WW2! The Second World War! -
Happened right here!...And unless I'm very
much mistaken it will happen again!...Not
necessarily here - but somewhere! - WW3! -
It's comin'!...(SLIGHTPAUSE)...So stuff that
in your pipe and smoke it!

TONY'S VOICE

...We ain't no different.

HARDY HAS HAD ENOUGH OF TONY'S BAD GRACE...BANGS THE
LIGHT ON...SITS UP IN BED . HIS HAIR ULTRA-
TOUSLED AND AWRY...CONFRONTS TONY...

HARDY

(Riled)

...It's really fuckin' got to you, hasn't it?!...It
really fuckin' has! - I'm the one that pulled
the fuckin' trigger! Me! Not you! Me! - Why
you wouldn't...why you couldn't...why
you didn't...I don't know! But you didn't! - If
anyone should be fuckin' mopin', it's me! -
But I choose not to! That's my choice!..
And I choose not to wanna talk about it or
hear about it ever again! Jesus Christ, Tony,
this is not an easy job we do! But this is the
job we do and sometimes shitty things
happen! 'S not a perfect science!...Now shrug
this fuckin' thing off else it'll fuckin' eat
ya! - Don't let it fuckin' eat ya! It's done!...

HARDY SWITCHES THE LIGHT OFF...DARKNESS...EVENTUALLY...

TONY'S VOICE

...Did you shoot her in the closet?...

HARDY'S VOICE

Whaat?...

TONY'S VOICE

...Or did you take her out first?...

HARDY'S VOICE
Does it matter?

TONY'S VOICE
What'd she see?

HARDY'S VOICE
I dunno, I didn't ask her!

TONY'S VOICE
Back of the head?...

HARDY'S VOICE
Jesus, Tony!...

SILENCE...LONG PAUSE...

HARDY'S VOICE
(Calmer)
...Let's not fall out over this...
Just forget about it!

SILENCE...TONY LIGHTS UP ANOTHER CIGARETTE IN THE DARK..

HARDY'S VOICE
...And don't worry, I won't say nothin' to nobody about
what happened – your little secret's safe with me!

SUDDENLY TONY HAS SPRANG OUT OF BED...GRABBED THE GUN FROM THE
BEDSIDE TABLE AND IS UPON HARDY – THE GUN RAMMED INTO HIS
CHEEK...HARDY STAYS CALM...

TONY

No, you shout it from the highest fuckin' rooftops! – You tell everybody I couldn't kill a kid! You fuckin' bitch!

HARDY

(Disdain)

...You're hurtin' my fuckin' cheek!

SLOWLY TONY CLAMBERS OFF HARDY...TOSSES THE GUN ONTO HARDY'S BED...MAKES HIS WAY FROM THE BEDROOM...STEPS OUT ONTO THE BALCONY...STARES OUT OVER THE CITY SCAPE...EVENTUALLY HE IS JOINED BY HARDY CARRYING A BOTTLE OF WHISKY...PASSES IT TO TONY...WHO TAKES A SWIG...HARDY PUTS TWO CIGARETTES IN HIS MOUTH...LIGHTS THEM...PASSES ONE TO TONY...

TONY

...Thanks.

HARDY

(Gently)

..Similar thing happened to me once – this guy – started cryin'... wouldn't stop cryin'...kept cryin'...I mean wailin'...worse than that – howlin'...like an animal...cryin'...shook me up...was horrible –

TONY

...And?

HARDY

(THOUGHTFUL PAUSE)...And bang! – he stopped cryin'!

CUT TO.

22 . INT. INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL. MORNING.

TONY AND HARDY DRESSED...ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR THE AIR-
PORT...THE REMAINS OF THEIR CONTINENTAL BREAKFAST ON
THE TABLE...GRABBING THEIR JACKETS AND HAND LUGGAGE...
THE TELEPHONE RINGS...TONY AND HARDY LOOK AT EACH
OTHER...IT RINGS...UNTIL IT STOPS...THEY MAKE THEIR WAY
OUT...ARE ABOUT TO CLOSE THE DOOR...THE TELEPHONE RINGS
AGAIN...RINGING...THEY LISTEN...TONY MAKES THE DECISION..
GOES BACK INTO THE ROOM...PICKS UP THE PHONE...HARDY
LISTENS TO TONY'S SIDE OF THE CONVERSATION...

POPPO'S VOICE

What were you in the shower, the two of
yas?! Givin' yourselves an early mornin'
wake up call?!...Pick up the fuckin' phone
when I call!

TONY SILENTLY MOUTHS "It's him" TO HARDY...

TONY

We were just on our way out...headin' home...

POPPO'S VOICE

That's what you say!...Is it done? Didya do
It? Can I be happy?

TONY

It's done.

POPPO'S VOICE

(PAUSE)...Did you get a surprise?

TONY

What do you mean?

POPPO'S VOICE

(concerned)

What do you mean what do I mean?!- Did
you not get a surprise?

TONY

Surprise?

POPPO'S VOICE

(Losing patience)

Did you kill the fuckin' girl?!!

TONY

(looking to Hardy)

...Yeah, we killed the girl...

HARDY LISTENING HARD...

POPPO'S VOICE

(Exultant. Loud. Triumphant)

Hah!!

TONY

...Plus four guys...

POPPO'S VOICE

(Happy. Happy. Happy)

That fuck! That fuck!...Hey, you fuck, I've
killed your fuckin' daughter!!

HARDY POINTING TO HIS WATCH INDICATING TO TONY THAT
THEY HAVE TO GO...

TONY

Who's daughter?

POPPO'S VOICE

(Darkly)

Never mind who's fuckin' daughter – she's dead!

TONY

Viktor's daughter?

POPPO'S VOICE

Hah!

TONY

Their daughter?

POPPO'S VOICE

A daughter that shoulda never been born! A fuckin' daughter that should never've been! – And now she's not! – And I hope that cunt's heart's breaking!...And as for fuckin' her – for fuckin' shit-eyes – my guess is she's too old to have anymore...so hah! (PAUSE) D'ya think that's childish, Tony? – Well it ain't – it's fuckin' adult! It's the real world! It's what happens if you fuck around with me!...If you fuck around with me!

TONY

(Placatory)

...Okay...no sweat...whatever ...Listen, Poppo; we gotta go...we gotta plane to catch!

POPPO'S VOICE

No you don't!

TONY

We don't?

HARDY

But we got return tickets!

POPPO'S VOICE

(to Tony)

What'd he say?...Put him on!

TONY HANDS THE PHONE TO HARDY WHO RELUCTANTLY TAKES
IT...

HARDY

...Yo, what's up?!

POPPO'S VOICE

It went smoothly I hear...

HARDY

We're happy!...(SILENCE ON THE OTHER
END)...You happy?

POPPO'S VOICE

I'd like you to stick around...

HARDY

Is there a problem? (PAUSE)

POPPO'S VOICE

(matter of fact)

I sincerely hope so.

HARDY

(Serious)

...Y'know Poppo, we should really be
in and outta here – you know that!

POPPO'S VOICE

(Sympathetic)

I know...I know...I know...I know...I know
that...I know... Strictly speakin' that's what
should be done – in and out! Whack! Bom!
Adios! – You know I know that!- but this
time – no! – This time I ask that you stick
around...Help me out..."S gonna get hairy!

HARDY

Hairy?

POPPO'S VOICE

Very hairy! Very quickly! (GLEE) We killed
his fuckin' daughter – Can you believe
that?! Their fuckin' stinkin' offspring!...So I want you
to stick around – help me out...You do that?

HARDY

(Knowingly)

Can we say no?

POPPO'S VOICE

Hmm...not really!...(PAUSE)...Now listen, I'm
comin' over – want you to meet me at the
airport – tomorrow...Flight TA1005...Be
there!

HARDY

But - (REALISES THE LINE'S DEAD) - He's
gone!

HANGS UP...CURSES... TURNS TO TONY...

TONY

(Musing)

She was Viktor's daughter...their daughter...

HARDY

This I don't believe!...He's comin' over!
Him! - That fuckin' ol' crow!- We should
not be here! ...You don't hang around after a job!-
That's rule one! - And two is - Especially not with
that crazy old fuck on the warpath!... Well I ain't
sticking around! - I'm goin' home - gonna catch that
plane!...Fuck him!...

WALKS OVER...PICKS UP HIS BAG...TONY WATCHING HIM...

TONY

What the fuck ya doin'?!

HARDY

Y'comin'? - I'm goin'?...No?...Well say hi to
the Crow for me!...Okay, bye!! Goodbye!...

HARDY EXITS...WALKS ALONG THE HOTEL CORRIDOR TOWARDS
THE ELEVATOR...PUSHES A BUTTON...EVENTUALLY THE DOORS
OPEN...HE DOESN'T GET IN...TRUDGES BACK TO THE ROOM...DROPS
HIS BAG...

HARDY

(Flustered. Irate)

I understood this to be about business! Expanding
into Germany!Am I wrong?! Was I misinformed?!

TONY

Why don't you call him back – ask him?!

HARDY

(Disgruntled)

I don't need to – I already know!

TONY

You do?!

HARDY

It's about all the usual shit! – who knows what it's about?! – Same old fuckin' nothin'! That's what it's about! (PAUSE) “I sincerely hope so” – that's what he said! – “I sincerely hope there's a problem”! – Who would say such a thing?! Who but he would say such a thing?! Such a fuckin' thing as that! – To us! Us! – We don't start problems – we end problems!... We're closure! Not beginners! (REALISES WHAT HE'S SAID. CORRECTS)...The beginning!. You know what I'm sayin'! -We don't start things we finish them!

TONY

(still amused)

...Are you okay?

HARDY

(ill tempered)

No, I'm not!...And neither are you! – So don't pretend you are!...We shoulda known what the target was! We shoulda been informed specifically who we were hitting! We shoulda known it was a kid...and not just any kid – Viktor's

kid! Viktor's fuckin' kid! ...He's playin' games! – That fuckin' old crow! That natsy little man!

TONY

Nazi?

HARDY

Nasty! I meant nasty!...Nasty little nazi!!

CUT TO.

23. INT. TEGEL AIRPORT.ARRIVALS. DAY.

TONY AND HARDY STRIDE THROUGH THE CONCOURSE TOWARDS ARRIVALS...IN THE DISTANCE A CROWD GATHERED, WAITING...

HARDY

(To Tony)

...Hey, there's Florida Bob...thought he was in Bermuda!

TONY

He was! – He's gonna be happy!

HARDY

(Calling out)

Hey Bob!...Donny!...Guys!...Sieg heil!

TONY AND HARDY ARE GREETED BY **FLORIDA BOB**, 52, **DONNY**, 38, **MICKY**, 40 & **BENNY**,32...IN A LOW KEY FACTUAL MANNER...

HARDY

When'd you get in?

BENNY

Last night...you?

TONY

Yesterday also – afternoon...

FLORIDA BOB

(indicating Micky)

Hey Tony, get this, this fuck's brought his fuckin' golf clubs with him!

MICKY

Shut up!

TONY

Yeah?! – You plannin' on playin' some golf Michael?!

MICKY

S'good for getting' through customs is all –they make you for a golfer!

BENNY

They got golf here in Germany?

HARDY

They got golf everywhere!...They got it in fuckin' Africa...China – it's universal!

MICKY

Look, it's not to play golf – it was to get me through customs – fuck off!

FLORIDA BOB

I'm gonna bring me a grand piano next time – they'll make me for a fuckin' conductor!!

TONY

They landed yet?

BENNY

Yeah, it's on the board – they landed – it's on the tarmac!

FLORIDA BOB

Just declarin' they got nothin' to declare...

MICKY

(throwaway)

'Cept their pubic hair!

FLORIDA BOB

Whaat?! – What's wrong with you today, Micky?

MICKY

Suit yourself – I found it funny!

HARDY

Hold onto your hats – here it comes!

AND NOW WE SEE, AMONGST THE PASSENGERS ARRIVING,
BILLY 'POPPO'POPP, AGED 75, 5'4" AND SHRINKING...
LIKE AN OLD CHIMPANZEE...SKINNY, BANDY, PALE, HAIRLESS,
VEINY LEGS...WEARING A SNAP-BRIM STRAW HAT,
TINTED SPECTACLES, A RED ,SHORT-SLEEVED ,SAFARI-STYLE
SHIRT, BLUE SHORTS, SHORT BLACK SOCKS AND BLUE DENIM
BOATING PUMPS....HE WALKS TOWARDS THEM WHEELING HIS
LUGGAGE BEHIND HIM...LOOKS FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE HE'S
ON HIS WAY TO MIAMI...ACCOMPANYING HIM, GOIN' BALD BOB, HEAVY
SHADES, WEARING AN ORNATE VERSACE BLACK LEATHER &RHINESTONE
JACKET, TIGHT JEANS , MOCCASINS, CARRYING A SMALL LOUIS VUITTON
SUITCASE...AND ANOTHER GUY, **SAL**, 40's,
SHARPLY SUITED...THEY ALL GREET EACH OTHER...

POPPO

...(GIVES TONY THE WHEELY- LUGGAGE)...Here, take this!

TONY

You guys come on your own?

POPPO

(Looks Tony directly in the eye)

Can you see anyone else with us? –

No?...Then we're alone!

THEY BEGIN TO WALK THROUGH THE CONCOURSE...

HARDY

Where's Porno Pete 'n' Sharkey?

GOIN'BALD BOB

(Slight pause)

Busy! - We'll invite them over once we get the lie of the land!

POPPO

(Smiles. Looks around the concourse)

...So this is Germany!...Goimany!....So this is where he ended up – in fuckin' Europe – Europa! - with my money!...Built himself a crummy little empire...He was always a smart kid!...Let's get a drink – I need a coca cola!...Y'fixed me up with a Hotel yet? – What's it like? 'S it comfy?

FLORIDA BOB

Yeah, Benny's sorted that out...

BENNY
(to Poppo)
You're in the same place as these
two...(INDICATES TONY AND HARDY)

POPPO
(Wryly)
Not in the same room I hope!...I don't wanna
get raped in the night!

BENNY
(Laughing)
Got ya a suite!

THE GROUP OF MEN WALK OFF – TONY HATING THE WHEELIE-BAG...

CUT TO.

24. EXT. AIRPORT. DAY.

THE GROUP OF MEN EMERGE...POPPO SIPPING FROM A CAN OF
COKE...THREE MERCS AWAIT THEM...TURKISH DRIVERS...POPPO, AND
GOIN' BALD BOB APPROACH THE FIRST CAR...POPPO TURNS, SUMMONS
TONY...

POPPO
Tony, come with us...

THE THREE CLIMB IN...

HARDY, FLORIDA BOB AND BENNY GET IN THE SECOND...

SAL, MICKY AND DONNY IN THE THIRD...

THE CARS MOVE OFF...

CUT TO

25. INT. FIRST CAR. DRIVING. BERLIN. DAY.

GOIN' BALD BOB IN THE PASSENGER SEAT BESIDE THE DRIVER. TONY IN THE BACK WITH POPPO.

POPPO

I hadta come
over!...Hadta!...Hadta be here...I couldn't miss
this! This I couldn't miss! – I've waited a long
time – long fuckin' time...feels like fuckin'
centuries! But now I got him ! Now I've fuckin'
nailed him! He's gotta be howlin'! Gotta be
rippin' his teeth out! – You want anguish?– I'll
give ya fuckin' anguish! -There's anguish! –
Have anguish!...Only fuckin' daughter? – What
only fuckin' daughter?! – You no longer have a
daughter!-She's gone!!...Eh, Tony?...

CUT TO

26. INT. CAR 2. DRIVING BEHIND. BERLIN. DAY.

HARDY IN THE FRONT – BENNY AND FLORIDA BOB IN THE BACK...

BENNY

Where we headin'?

FLORIDA BOB

See some fuckin' cranes! – Better be worth leavin'
Bermuda for!

BENNY

'S fuckin' huge, I hear! – Goin' Bald Bob says
it's the biggest in the world! – Fifteen miles

of construction! – That's massive! – 'S where the wall was...Y'see, when they pulled the wall down – the Berlin wall -

FLORIDA BOB

(interrupting)

'S just a fuckin' buildin' site – it aint Niagara Falls!

HARDY

Now that's someplace I would like to see!

FLORIDA BOB

...Taj Mahal!

HARDY

...Fuckin' pyramids! 'Spoused to be beautiful!

BENNY

The Hangin' Gardens of Babylon!

HARDY

Don't exist!

BENNY

Yeah, the Hangin' Gardens of Babylon! – One of the seven wonders of the world!

HARDY

'S gone!

BENNY

Where?

HARDY
It's crumbled...it's no longer...

BENNY
(Peeved)
Well, they should strike it off the fuckin'
list then! – What about the Coliseum?

FLORIDA BOB
That's there!

BENNY
...How about the Eifel Tower?!

THERE'S NO ANSWER TO THAT...HARDY AND FLORIDA BOB LOOK OUT OF
THE WINDOWS IN DISGUST...

CUT TO

27.INT. CAR 3. FOLLOWING. DAY

MICKY IN THE PASSENGER SEAT...SAL & DONNY IN BACK...NOBODY
TALKING...SAL LIGHTS A CIGARETTE...THEY DRIVE...SUDDENLY...

MICKY
Wow!...B.I.G.!...That is fucking huge!

DONNY & SAL CRANE THEIR NECKS FORWARD TO GET A LOOK...

CUT TO.

28.EXT. MASSIVE CONSTRUCTION SITE. POTSDAMER PLATZ. DAY.

AERIAL VIEW OF THE GIGANTIC SITE...WE SEE THE THREE CARS MOVING THROUGH...OVER THIS WE HEAR...

POPPO'S VOICE

Everybody wants a piece a this!...Russians...
...Americans... Japanese...Germans...everybody!
Anybody with any sense...Anybody with enough
guts!...This is the biggest construction site in
the world!...On planet earth! – This is the
waterin' hole – this is where the big beasts
gather!...All the animals!...

CUT TO

29.INT. CAR 1. DRIVING THROUGH THE SITE. DAY.

POPPO

(Pointing)

...Y'see over there – along here – that's where the wall
was!...Y'can still see bits of it!...Yeah, all the animals
rippin' each other apart – what sport!...Who needs base-
ball when you got business?! (TURNS TO TONY)...Tony...
I wanna thank you – Thanks – Now you take that thanks
and put it in your pocket – that's for you – you've helped
me – good work! (TURNS TO THE DRIVER)...Hey Mister,
stop the car!...

CUT TO

30.INT. CAR 2. DAY.

HARDY

We're stoppin'!...

CUT TO

31.INT. CAR 3. DAY.

MICKY

We've stopped!

CUT TO

32.EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE. POTSDAMER PLATZ. DAY

THE MEN GETTING OUT OF THE CARS...DOORS SLAMMING BEHIND
THEM...RUBBERNECKING THE AWESOME SCALE OF THE SITE...

POPPO

(To Goin' Bald Bob)

...Lift me onto the bonnet!

GOIN' BALD BOB DOES SO – AWKWARDLY POPPO CLAMBERS UP THE
WINDSCREEN AND GETS ONTO THE ROOF OF THE CAR...STANDS
WOBBLY ON THE ROOF FINDING HIS FEET...ADDRESSES THE MEN...

POPPO

(surveying)

...It's good to see the reality
rather than bits of fuckin' paper shoved under my
fuckin' nose!...(ORATING WITH GREAT VIGOUR)
...It's no secret that when Viktor Rudyov – a trusted
and much loved employee – saw fit to take my money
and to take my woman – of whom I was fond at the
time ... I was not pleased! ...In fact I'll go as far as to
say I was hurt! – You do not do that to a person!...
No cunt has the right to do that to a person!...No
cunt does that to me! (SLIGHT PAUSE FOR
EFFECT)...As some of you may know I have been
through the mill! Through the fucking mill!...
(MEANINGFUL PAUSE)...But what he shoulda
remembered – what that dirty bastard – that dirty
shitty thieving bastard – that – that – that Nothin'-
shoulda remembered...is that things change!

As they must! – And they have! – Changed!...
 (PAUSE)...Now believe it or believe it not, he's
 not the only reason why we're here – oh, he's a
 reason – a definite reason...but not the main reason!
 ...Look around ya – whadya see...Government
 money – Private money – Foreign money – Funny
 money – this money – that money...dirty/clean/
 good/mad/bad ' n' bloody money!...A thing like this
 – an enterprise like this – such a behemoth – sure it
 eats up loads of money – gobbles it up...But it
 never devours as much as is raised for it – never!
 Never happens! Not even close!...We're talkin'
 billions here...Billions! Up for grabs! – All we gotta
 do is get in bed with the right people...and maybe
 have a little fight!...(PAUSE) All we gotta do is
 squash some Russians!

CUT TO

33.INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR. EARLY EVENING.

TONY APPROACHING A DOOR. CAN HEAR MUSIC FROM INSIDE 'YOU MAKE
 ME FEEL MIGHTY REAL' BY SYLVESTER...KNOCKS HARD...KNOCKS
 HARDER...EVENTUALLY THE MUSIC DIPS....AND THE DOOR
 OPENS...GOIN'BALD BOB, A HOTEL TOWEL WRAPPED AROUND HIS
 WAIST, GREETES HIM...

GOIN' BALD BOB
 Hey...Tony! – 'S happenin'?!

TONY ENTERS...

GOIN' BALD BOB
 ...I was just havin' a dance – y'wanna drink?
 What's up?

GOIN' BALD BOB FIXES DRINKS...

TONY

Nothin'...

GOIN' BALD BOB

Is that nothin' nothin' – or nothin'
somethin'? (HANDS A DRINK TO TONY)

TONY

It was a kid, Bob...

GOIN' BALD BOB

...And you shoulda been told, right?

TONY JUST LOOKS AT HIM...

GOIN' BALD BOB

I agree with you – If it hada been down to
me you woulda known – that kinda thing's
not nice....but you know what he's like –
you know how personal this is to him...

TONY

What good can it do? – It was a fuckin' kid,
Bob...

GOIN' BALD BOB

I agree with you – it's bad...it's very bad...but
that's what he wants – he wants it bad...and
that's where we're at!...So 'chin chin'! Bam!
(DOWNS HIS LARGE WHISKY IN ONE...GOES TO
FIX ANOTHER)

TONY

...'S just...(TRAILS OFF)

GOIN' BALD BOB

Tony, no offence – but I'm not your confessor...
 (PAUSE) I agree with you...Now let's leave it
 at that!...This thing can be good for all of us...
 Tonight Poppo meets the Turks – 'how ya doin?'
 Kissy kissy! God is great!' – all a that!...They
 don't know nothin' – as far as they was
 concerned we were hittin' some of Viktor's
 guys that's all – he's a big deal to them! The
 Russians have got a more sizeable chunk of the
 Potsdamer pie than them and it's frustratin'
 their
 ambitions! – So they've come to us for help –
 not knowing that Poppo and Viktor have
 history – why should they?! – It's none of their
 fuckin' business!... They didn't know the girl'd
 be there...

TONY

Who did?

GOIN' BALD BOB

What they don't get is that we're helping
 our fuckin' selves as usual!...Now I've told ya
 as much as I know and that's all I'm gonna tell
 ya! I can't say fairer than that!...Now d'ya
 feel better?... (COCKS HIS EAR TOWARDS THE
 RADIO)...Oh. I like this one! (GOES TO THE
 RADIO. TURNS IT UP)...Do you like this one?

TONY

(elsewhere)

...Yeah, it's okay...

GOIN' BALD BOB

(digging the groove)

Yeah, it is, isn't it!...(LISTENS)...Nice bass!

CUT TO.

34. INT. TURKISH CAFÉ/RESTAURANT. KREUZBERG. EVENING.

ETHNIC JOINT. TURKISH MUSIC PLAYS...HARDY, TONY, BENNY AND VITA SIT AT A TABLE DRINKING TURKISH COFFEE...AT ANOTHER TABLE SIT FLORIDA BOB, DONNY & MICKY,...SAL STANDS DRINKING AT THE BAR...OTHER TABLES OCCUPIED BY TURKISH HEAVIES... WE SEE POPPO AND GOIN' BALD BOB AT ANOTHER TABLE ENGAGED IN HUSHED CONVERSATION WITH AN ELDERLY DISTINGUISHED TURKISH MAN **YOSSARIO**(VITA 'S FATHER) AND A **BLOND SUITED MAN** AGED 47, STOCKY, MEDIUM HEIGHT,RATHER AFFECTED...AT ANOTHER TABLE IS PREMIG BUSY EATING, WATCHING...

HARDY

(Looks like he's sucked a lemon)
I can't drink this!

TONY

(Eyes on the other table)
Well don't!

HARDY

Yeah, well, that'll leave me without anythin' to drink...

TONY

Well get somethin' else!

HARDY

What?!...(SUFFERS A TIC ATTACK)

TONY

I dunno! – Whadya want?!

HARDY

I dunno – what they got?

BENNY

How about a tea?

HARDY

(Weighing up)

Tea?...tea?...maybe a tea?...Nah...not tea!...I
don't need nothin' - I'm okay!...

TONY STILL PRE-OCCUPIED WITH THE OTHER TABLE...CAN'T HEAR WHAT'S
BEING SAID...SEES THE BLOND, SUITED MAN RISE...AND BEGIN
TO WALK TOWARDS THEM...STANDS OVER THEIR TABLE...

BLOND SUITED MAN

Excuse me...May I join you?

HARDY

Sure...go ahead...take a seat...avoid the coffee!

BLOND SUITED MAN

(Sitting)

You don't like?

HARDY

...Not particularly...

BLOND SUITED MAN

I like!...(SLOWLY LIGHTS A CIGARETTE)...My name is
Heinrich!

HARDY

Yeah? Good for you!

SLIGHT TENSION...

VITA

..Heinrich helps my father with contracts...

HEINRICH

(Supercilious)

This is true...amongst other things!...(ARROGANTLY
SMOKES) – Smokes...

HARDY

What?

HEINRICH

(Airily factual)

In America you call these smokes, no?...In England
they are fags...Fags, in your country are
homosexual...(SLIGHT PAUSE)-Like bum und
fanny,no?! – Bum is 'tramp' und fanny is 'bum', yes?!
– It's crazy!...

HARDY AND TONY STARE...

HEINRICH

...Here government contracts are generally awarded
to German owned companies. But I have
friends...This enables me to acquire such contracts
and subcontract them out to smaller
operations...such as this!...And so Yossario -
(INDICATES THE ELDERLY MAN CHATTING WITH
POPPO) can put his people to work...This is good for
Turkish people, no?!

TONY

And for you.

HEINRICH

Of course! ...(MASHES OUT HIS CIGARETTE WHILST
EYEING HARDY)...You have an affliction...

HARDY SNAPS A STARE...WHAT DID HE JUST SAY?!...

HEINRICH

...An unfortunate affectation...A twisting of the head
and neck...Spasmodic!...What is that?

BIG TENSION...TONY OUTRAGED BUT STAYS QUIET...STARING...THIS COULD ALL
GO OFF...BUT HARDY HOLDING IT TOGETHER...WE MOVE IN ON HIS INTENSE RED
FACE...OVER THIS WE HEAR...

HARDY V.O.

...There is a wall behind me...That wall has
pictures on it...Pictures of a beautiful
country...A country I will probably never
see...In front of me there are coffee cups...
glasses of water...cigarettes...a fucking
green-glass ashtray...I'm wearin' a blue
shirt...intricate diamond pattern...Got it
from Barney's...My eyes...My eyes are brown...
I've got long eyelashes...I've always had
them...My mother said I was a beautiful
baby...But you...you...what you choose to
see...What you choose to
mention...(LETHALLY)...IS MY- FUCKING -

SUDDENLY HARDY LEANS FORWARD ACROSS THE TABLE TO HEINRICH - BIG
HEARTY HANDSHAKE - BEAMING FRIENDLY FACE...WHILST SHAKING HANDS...

HARDY

(Ultra friendly)

Tic!...It's a tic! – I gotta tic!...Put it there partner...I appreciate your honesty – 's refreshin'! Lotsa people clock it and say nothin'...but you? –Nice! – Said it like it is!

HARDY AND HEINRICH STARING AT EACH OTHER – SMILING – WELL SORT OF SMILING...TONY WATCHES THE GERMAN...WHO NOW TURNS TO HIM...

HEINRICH

...And you?...what about you?

TONY

(Terse)

What about me?

HEINRICH

... What are you about?...It's Tony, isn't it?

TONY LOOKING MURDEROUSLY AT HEINRICH....BUT NOW SUDDENLY POPPO'S HANDS ARE ON TONY'S SHOULDERS...HE STANDS BEHIND HIM GIVING A ROUGH,FRIENDLY MASSAGE...TONY DOESN'T LIKE THIS...BUT TAKES IT...

POPPO

...Cool! – Cool in da fuckin' pool!...(TO VITA) Me and your old man just put the world to fuckin' rights! – Soon, very soon, you ain't gonna have no more trouble! (INDICATES TONY AND HARDY) – Thanks in no small measure to these two sharpshooters!...(WHISPERS IN HARDY'S EAR)Listen, this Yossario bum's got somethin' for me – a gift – a token of his fuckin' gratitude – I'm gonna have to give him somethin' back – no big deal I've come prepared but it's back at the hotel – go get it for me. It's in my bag...

HARDY
(Whispering)
What is it?

POPPO
(Whispers)
It's none of your fuckin' businessss nosey! – Just bring the fuckin' bag! – And be careful with it clumsy – it's fragile!

HARDY
Y'want it now?

POPPO
(Amiably)
Whenever you're ready – finish your coffee!

HARDY
(Rising)
I'll go now!...Come on Vita!...(TO POPPO SARCASTIC)
...Stick a broom up my ass – I'll sweep up as well!

POPPO
(Smiling)
Don't tempt me!

HARDY AND VITA LEAVE...

POPPO
(To Tony and Heinrich)
...You two getting to know each other?! I like that – brings the world together! What is it they say – “I'd like to teach the world to sing in perfect harmoneeee!”

HEINRICH

You are happy, Poppo!

POPPO

(Grinning)

I'm fuckin' ecstatic!- It's good! It's all good!

It's great! It's fuckin' wunderbar!...

HE SPONTANEOUSLY BREAKS OUT INTO A CELEBRATORY DANCE – AN IMPISH, CHIMPISH, HORNPIPE-EY, JIG-ISH, COSSACKY NUMBER...A SPRITELY MALEVOLENT OLD MAN HOPPING ABOUT IN TRIUMPH...HIS SOLO ROUTINE IN TANDEM WITH THE TURKISH MUSIC...YOSSARIO AND HEINRICH INDULGING HIM – CLAPPING ALONG...TONY SITS STONEY-FACED...WE MOVE IN ON HIS FACE...HEAR THE SOUNDS OF CELEBRATION...

CUT TO

35. THE CELEBRATORY SOUNDS CONTINUE OVER... **FLASHBACK:**...APARTMENT 16...THE YOUNG GIRL IN THE CLOSET STARING UP ...

CUT TO

36. INT. CAR. DRIVING. EVENING.

VITA DRIVES...HARDY IN PASSENGER SEAT...

VITA

...Before we had a wall to protect us from such creatures...

HARDY

'S normal! – Huge enterprise like that! All the bastards're gonna want a piece!

VITA

You have seen?

HARDY

'S afternoon! – 'S incredible!

VITA

(Troubled)

My father is not a greedy man...He just wants to
be left alone to look after his interests...but
these fuck Russians – they try to take!...

HARDY

Not just the fuck Russians my friend...it's the fuck
everybody... It's the fuck human animal! Whatya gonna do?! "S
the way things are!...Why Poppo? How come your father
hooked up with Poppo? – How'd that happen?

VITA

He is funny, Poppo, no?

HARDY

Oh, he's funny! Fuckin' hilarious!

VITA

Powerful...

HARDY

In a midgety kind of way!

VITA DOESN'T UNDERSTAND...

HARDY

...Yeah, he's powerful!...(UNDER HIS BREATH TO HIMSELF) In a midgety kind of way!...So how come?

VITA

Heinrich arranged...

HARDY

Did he now?!...What is he, this Heinrich? – I gotta say he's not made a great first impression on me! – Nearly punched him in the fuckin' mouth!...(ALMOST TO HIMSELF) Still time!

VITA

...He is many things...Is very rich...Has many friends – Important people – in business – in politics – In the development of Potsdamer Platz – he is very important!

HARDY

No comment!

THE CAR IS SLOWING...VITA PULLS UP OPPOSITE THE
INTERCONTINENTAL...

HARDY GETS OUT OF THE CAR...BEGINS TO CROSS THE ROAD....

CUT TO

37. INT. INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL. POPPO'S SUITE. NIGHT

HARDY ON THE BED UNZIPPING POPPO'S WHEELIE-BAG...TAKES OUT A
RECTANGULAR PACKAGE WRAPPED IN NEWSPAPER...CAREFULLY
UNCOVERS A FRAMED TECHNICOLOUR PORTRAIT OF BOB HOPE SIGNED
'TO
POPPO FROM BOB – THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES!'

CUT TO.

38. INT. INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

HARDY WITH THE WHEELIE-BAG SHUTTING THE DOOR...
 ...STOPS...THINKS...TURNS...SEES...IN THE LONG IMPERSONAL CORRIDOR - A
 MAID, WITH CLEANING UTENSILS...EXITING A ROOM...AND BEYOND
 HER...TWO MEN...NON-DESCRIPT BUSINESS SUITS...STROLLING...
 ...CHATTING...THE MAID WALKS OFF...TAKES THE STAIRWELL BESIDE THE
 ELEVATOR...HARDY LOOKS AT THE TWO MEN...ONE OF WHOM GIVES HARDY
 THE BRIEFEST OF GLANCES...WITHOUT THINKING AND NOT KNOWING WHY,
 HE RE-ENTERS THE ROOM...GENTLY CLOSES THE DOOR...LOCKS IT...MOVES
 AWAY FROM IT...AND STANDS THERE...FOR A LONG TIME...LOOKING AT THE
 DOOR...EVENTUALLY HE EASES BACK TO SIT ON THE EDGE OF THE
 BED...SITS THERE...FOR A LONG TIME...DEEP IN THOUGHT ...TIME
 PASSES...AND THEN A GENTLE KNOCK...HARDY STANDS UP...REACHES
 BEHIND HIM...THE SMALL OF HIS BACK...EXTRACTS FROM HIS WAISTBAND A
 GUN...(THE DEAD RUSSIAN'S)...HE STANDS STOCK STILL STARING AT THE
 DOOR...

HARDY
 (To outside)
 ...Yeah?... (SILENCE. HE WAITS FOR A REPLY. IT
 DOESN'T COME...EVENTUALLY)...Ya?... (MORE
 SILENCE)...Who is it? Who's there?... (NOTHING)...

NOW HE GOES TO THE PHONE, HIS EYES NEVER LEAVING THE DOOR...DIALS
 RECEPTION...KEEPING HIS VOICE DOWN...

HARDY
 (A whisper)
 ...Did you send someone up? - 207...No?
 y'sure?...Okay thanks...Hey, wait a minute!
 Can you bring me up a bottle of champagne?-
 Like now - right now!...Oh - and another thing,
 tell the guy to knock four times... 's very
 important. Don't forget that!...Thanks!...

HANGS UP...STANDS THERE...THINKING...SUDDENLY EXTRACTS HIS

WALLET...PULLS OUT SOME NOTES...CLUTCHES THEM...WAITS...WAITS...
WAITS...UNTIL EVENTUALLY...FOUR LOUD KNOCKS AT THE DOOR...

HARDY
(Calling out)
Who is it?...

VOICE FROM OUTSIDE
...Sir - champagne!

HE RETURNS THE GUN TO HIS WAISTBAND...OPENS THE DOOR...IGNORES THE
ROOM SERVICE GUY...SCANS THE CORRIDOR...LOOKING THIS WAY AND
THAT...SEES NOTHING...BUT HIS ANTENNAE STILL ON MAX...THRUSTS A PILE OF
NOTES IN THE MAN'S HAND...GRABS THE BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE...STICKS IT IN
THE WHEELIE-BAG...MAKES HIS WAY TOWARDS THE ELEVATOR...BANGS A
BUTTON...WAITS...AGAIN HE BANGS THE BUTTON...WAITS...THE ELEVATOR IS
RISING...3...4...5...(HARDY IS ON FLOOR 8)...6...7...BUT SUDDENLY...IN AN
INSTANT...AS QUICK AS THAT...THE GUN IS OUT!...AND HE IS FIRING...IN THE
DIRECTION OF THE FAR END OF THE CORRIDOR AT A FLEETING FIGURE FIRING AT
HIM...HARDY WHEELS...FIRES...THE SECOND GUY COMING FROM THE OTHER
DIRECTION...FIRING...HARDY IN A HAILSTORM MAKES FOR THE TOP OF
THE STAIRWELL...CAN HEAR THE ASSAILANTS POURING AFTER HIM...
AND NOW HE TRIPS ON FUCKING POPPO'S FUCKING WHEELIE- BAG...AND IS
FALLING BACKWARDS DOWN THE STAIRS...AND HIS GUN IS FALLING OUT OF HIS
HAND....FALLING IN EXTREME S/M...

CROSS FADE TO BLACK

39. A BLACK SCREEN/SPACE/HEADSPACE...

HOLD ON THE BLACK...THE INKY BLACK...AND NOW AN
ANIMATED/CARTOON ROPE LADDER APPEARS...DROPPING INTO FRAME...
AND HERE, DESCENDING DOWN IT, COMES A CARTOON BEAKY BIRD - A
CROW - AN OLD CROW...WEARING A TATTERED STRAW HAT... AND A
SHOULDER HOLSTER AND GUN...YAMMERING AWAY ON IT'S DESCENT...

CARTOON CROW

(A rasping Poppo-ish/ Disney-ish hybrid voice)
 ...Impressed?! Not! – Definitely not impressed!...
 I am not impressed!...I am- what's the word?-
 Unimpressed!...You are un-impressive!...Yessir,
 you are one fat fuck! Fallin' on your ass like
 that!...What the hell're you doin' down there?!
 On the deck! On your back?!...

THE OLD CROW HAS REACHED THE BOTTOM...PACES IN THE BLACK SPACE...

CARTOON CROW

...You, my boy, are a disappointment! A fuckin'
 amateur!...Whassa matter? Are ya dead?!...

AND NOW WE SEE HARDY (NOT A CARTOON - ECHOES OF 'ANCHORS AWEIGH')
 LYING THERE ON THE FLOOR OF THE BLACK SPACE...SEEMINGLY
 UNCONSCIOUS...THE OLD CROW APPROACHES HIM...BOOTS HIM...

CARTOON CROW

...Call yourself a hitman?! More like a fuckin'
 shitman! – C'mon, you'r e lettin' the side down!
 Plug the bastards! – You gots the time! – You ain't
 dead yet!...Hup to, ya mutha!!...

CUT TO

40. INT. STAIRWELL. INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL. NIGHT.

C/U ON THE FALLING GUN AS IT IS PLUCKED OUT OF THE AIR BY THE TUMBLING
 HARDY...WHO, IN MID-FALL, AMIDST THE CLUTTERING CHAOS, SOMEHOW
 MANAGES TO GET OFF TWO SHOTS...TWO PERFECT SHOTS...THE ASSAILANTS
 STAND AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS...SHOCKED...LOOKING AT EACH
 OTHER...STUPIDLY...EACH WITH A BULLET HOLE DEAD CENTRE OF THE
 FOREHEAD...AND NOW THEY BEGIN TO FALL...TWO DEAD MEN PITCHING
 FORWARD...A SLOW DIVE...DOWN THE STAIRS...TOWARDS HARDY WHO LIES IN
 A HEAP ON A LANDING...HIS P.O.V. – S/M - TWO DEAD MEN FALLING THROUGH
 THE AIR TOWARDS HIM...

CUT TO.

41. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE INTERCONTINENTAL. NIGHT.

HARDY, LIMPING SLIGHTLY, LOOKING THE WORSE FOR WEAR AND WHEELING THE BAG IS CROSSING THE BUSY STREET TOWARDS THE CAR...AS HE NEARS THE CAR HE SEES THE DRIVER'S SIDE DOOR OPEN AND THE DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW SHATTERED...AND NO VITA...HARDY STOPS...STARES...

CUT TO

42. INT. SAFE HOUSE. KREUZBURG. DAY

A LARGE SHABBY ROOM...HORRIBLE FLOWERY 60'S WALLPAPER...SWIRLING,GARISH,ORANGE/BLACK/GREEN CARPET...MINIMAL CHEAP FURNISHINGS...PURPLE POLYESTER CURTAINS - DRAWN...AERTEX CEILING WITH TATTY CREAM LAMPSHADE...A PILE OF ASSORTED CHEAP DUVETS, SLEEPING BAGS, PILLOWS ETC IN THE CORNER... THE GUYS, INCLUDING TONY & HARDY IN THE ROOM SEATED/STANDING/SMOKING/DRINKING/CHECKING WEAPONS...HARDY IS ATTENDING TO HIS (MINIMAL) WOUNDS - APPLYING SAVLON AND A LARGE PLASTER TO A CUT ON HIS KNEE...

DONNY

...Safe? - This ain't fuckin' safe! You could die of some fuckin' disease! - It stinks in here! 'S horrible! (INSPECTING THE 'BEDDING' DISDAINFULLY WITH HIS FOOT) And look at this shit - all stinky...nylon shit...that's guaranteed bed-bug territory - I ain't sleepin' in that! I'll sleep standin' up, fuck it!

SAL

(To Hardy)

How comes they knew that was one of the hotels we were using? That's what I'd like to know! - How'd they know that?!

HARDY

That's a good fuckin' question!

BENNY

(Airily)

Yeah, well, how does anyone know anythin'?!

FLORIDA BOB

(Dismissively)

What the fuck're you talkin' about, Benny?!

BENNY

(Elliptically)

We are strangers in a strange land, my friend –
that immediately puts us at a disadvantage...
this ain't our turf –

FLORIDA BOB

(Gently mocking)

Go ahead Einstein – continue...

BENNY

I know you're mockin' me Bob – but hear me out...
All that Poppo talk – when he was wobblin' about on
the top of that car like a jitterbuggin' chimp...all that
guff about this not just being about Viktor the
Schlong...About this being about business...It just
ain't true...This is only about Viktor! – And that's
got nothin' to do with business – and that is very
fuckin' dangerous! – We are merely prawns in Billy
Popp's vendetta!

FLORIDA BOB

(Straight faced)

...Thanks for that Benny...

MICKY

Yeah, well, he's payin' our fuckin' wages so shut up!

FLORIDA BOB

Benny – you have a point...up to a point you have a point – I go along with ya...this ain't primarily about business – but it ain't about Viktor either- not really...It's about a woman – a young, beautiful, woman rippin' the guts out of an old, ugly, man...Put yourself in Poppo's shoes – If that'd happened to you? Not nice! No fun!...It's understandable!...So let's just make the best of it – stay tight – do what he wants us to do – and go home!

TONY

Missing your wife already, Bob?

FLORIDA BOB

(With great feeling)

...I wish my wife was fuckin' someone else! I really do – I mean that!...Trouble is no man is stupid enough or desperate enough!...Maybe if I offered money?...*(SLIGHT PAUSE)*...Hey, who remembers Frankie Lonsdale? ...Y'remember Frank Lonsdale?...Frankie Lonsdale?...Remember? – Frank?...

MICKEY

Yeah, I remember Frankie...had high hair...

FLORIDA BOB

Well that's just it see – he didn't!

MICKEY

He didn't?

FLORIDA BOB

No! – Was two wigs! He wore two wigs!

BENNY

Two wigs?!

FLORIDA BOB

One on top of the other! So's he could pull one off
to prove he had hair!

MICKEY

I thought he just had high hair...

FLORIDA BOB

He did – was two wigs!

DONNY

Wasn't he a friend of that other guy?...

MICKEY

What other guy?

DONNY

What's his name? – That other guy...looked a bit like
James Caan...the actor...but blonde...

FLORIDA BOB

(Sagely)

That was James Caan!

DONNY

That was James Caan?! – He was friend's with James
Caan?!

MICKEY

But James Caan ain't blonde!

FLORIDA BOB

Yeah, for a part he was playin'.

MICKEY

I never seen that movie...

FLORIDA BOB

Straight to video!

NOW THE DOOR OPENS AND GOIN'BALD BOB ENTERS SERIOUS FACED...

FLORIDA BOB

Hey, Bob, what's the name of that movie - S'got
Jimmy Caan in it with white hair?

GOIN' BALD BOB

Oh yeah...that sci fi shit he did - 'The Platinum
Man'!...Tony, Hardy - can you come through...

TONY AND HARDY FOLLOW HIM OUT...

FLORIDA BOB

...Anyway, Frank Lonsdale...one time -

CUT TO

43.INT. SAFE HOUSE. KREUZBURG. SMALL SHABBY ROOM. DAY

...HEINRICH SITS SMOKING... POPPO PACES...STANDS BY A WINDOW IS
PREMIG...YOSSARIO, WORRIED,
SITS...EVENTUALLY THE DOOR OPENS AND GOIN' BALD BOB LEADS TONY

& HARDY IN...GOIN' BALD BOB CALMLY AND QUIETLY CLOSES THE DOOR...SILENCE IN THE ROOM...TENSION...GOIN' BALD BOB TAKES OUT A 'MORE' CIGARETTE...ADDRESSES TONY & HARDY...

GOIN' BALD BOB

...What happened in the room? (LIGHTS HIS CIGARETTE)

HARDY

... What?

GOIN' BALD BOB

(staying calm)

... What happened in the room?!

HARDY

What room?

POPPO

(Seething)

The room! The room! What happened in the room!
In the fuckin' room! – What fucking happened?!

HARDY

(Barking back)

Why are you shoutin'?! I don't know what you're
fuckin' talkin' about!

POPPO

(Almost apopleptic)

I'm talkin' about the room! Tell me about the
room! What happened in the room?!

HEINRICH

(Exhaling smoke)

Apartment 16...

TONY

Apartment 16?

POPPO

Yes! Apartment fuckin' 16! – The room!

HARDY

What about it?

HEINRICH

Please to say what happened...

HARDY

(To Poppo)

We told you what fuckin' happened! You know
what fuckin' happened! What the fuck's goin' on?!

HEINRICH

(Calm)

Please...?

TONY

(Attitude)

Okay...we go in...four guys...kill 'em...find a girl
...a little girl...and we kill her too...(TO
POPPO)...Because that's what you wanted us to
do!...So why this?

POPPO

So she's dead?...You saw her dead?

HARDY

Yes...she's dead.

POPPO

(To Goin' Bald Bob)

Then I don't know what the hell he's playin' at!

HEINRICH

(To Tony and Hardy)

There is a confusion...

TONY

Yeah? What?

GOIN' BALD BOB

Those four guys you took care of were nothin',
you know that...The girl was the target...his
daughter...And his reaction to
her killing... has been... strange !...

HEINRICH

...Yes, an extraordinary reaction – He's saying she's
been kidnapped !

TONY

Kidnapped?!...

HEINRICH

...The claim is her body wasn't there!...They say they are
holding Yossario's son until they get her back!...

HARDY

... This is bullshit!...(TO HEINRICH)...Was you there? – No! So
shut your fuckin' mouth else I'll shut it for you!

HEINRICH

(To Tony and Hardy)

Yes, but we are hearing that just the men protecting her
were found – no girl!...And I have it on good
authority that Vita's still alive!...

HARDY

Authority schmority! – That's bullshit! – It's pigshit!...
Horsecrap! – You heard what we said – she's dead!

GOIN" BALD BOB

Hey, hey, we're all friends here! Let's not get
contradictory...or whatever the fuckin' word is!

YOSSARIO

(Quietly)

...Vita...

POPPO

(rounding on him)

Stop it! Stop snivellin'! Fuckin' stop it! – Whadya expect?! –
Stop those fuckin' tears! Those fuckin' baby tears!...(TO
THE ROOM)...This I seen a million times! – (INDICATES
YOSSARIO) – A guy comes to ya – asks you for help – he's got
a problem...Y'help him – after first enquiring what's in it for
me, of course – y'warn him – tell him it'll get heavy – y'tell
him nothin's simple...He says 'Go ahead! I need to protect
my workforce! My interests! My piece of Potsdamer'! –
Your words, Yossario! – (POINTS) Stenographer ,take note
of that!...And now...at the first sign of fuckin' blood –
he shits his pants! Goes fuckin' crumbly! Like a cake
left out in the rain!...What's happenin' to the world!...
(TO YOSSARIO)...Your son's gone! Chopped up into a
thousand pieces – Get angry!

YOSSARIO

(Bangs his fist down on a table)

You did not tell me you were going to take the life of a child! – This is not what I wanted!

POPPO

No?! – Well it's what you fuckin' got!...

TONY

...What I don't get is why they didn't just pop him in the car...

POPPO

(Snorts)

Because they wanna have their fun! (SLIGHT PAUSE)
He says her body wasn't there! He's sayin' her body wasn't there! That don't mean her body wasn't there!

HEINRICH

(airily)

...And what of this ransom demand – 20 million deutschmark- this is fictitious also? Viktor is just making this up? – Why would he do that?
... What are you thinking, Bald Bob? – What are your thoughts?

GOIN' BALD BOB

...The first casualty of war is truth...let's just say the openin' salvoes have been fired!... You want my opinion I'd say it's all good news! - 'S had the desired effect... 's what we wanted ! He's obviously rattled...runnin' around like a headless chicken!...

HEINRICH

(Musing)

... Chicken...

GOIN' BALD BOB

'S like a hen – a cockerel...lays eggs...

HEINRICH

(Amused)

Yes, I know what is a chicken – we have them also here in Germany – 'huhn'! – it just amuses me – the shape...I am thinking of it...

GOIN' BALD BOB

(Imagining)

...Yeah...(PAUSE) anyway this changes nothin'! – It's a game...Just an ancient game!... (TO POPPO) So we're where we were?

POPPO

(With relish)

... That Idiot!...Cocksucker!...

He didn't expect me turnin' up to spoil his party, did he?!...Forgot about me, didn't ya?!...Forgot about little ol' American me!...I gotchya! – I fuckin' gotchya!- I finally gotchya!!

GOIN' BALD BOB

(Tries again)

Are we where we were?!

HARDY

Where were we?

GOIN' BALD BOB

(To Poppo, losing patience)

Is tomorrow happenin',?!

HARDY

What's happenin' tomorrow?

POPPO

(To Goin' Bald Bob)

Of course tomorrow's happenin'! Of course it is! Why wouldn't it?! – 'S happenin'!

TONY

What?

HEINRICH

Tomorrow Tony – push, as you say, is become shove...This clashing of personalities – this vendetta...whilst of obvious importance to your chieftan Poppo must not be allowed to overshadow the beauty of this coup! – Backstage, I, and my associates out there in the real world have strove – striven – indeed worked our tits off in many and various ways – Building bridges between factions – sometimes unsavoury factions...Greasing this hand and that hand! It's a dirty job but somebody has to do it – I don't mind! Making powerful people switch allegiance...Presenting more profitable options to the greedy pigs of this world – I have gone to enormous lengths to win friends – many of whom of course I detest – – At times it has been horrendous! An absolute fucking nightmare! – But that is showbiz...und now we are here! (PAUSE)...The Russian element – including your Viktor Rudyov are about to find themselves isolated – Unwelcome, here in Berlin! They are about to become extinct – like das dodo, no, Bald Bob?!

GOIN' BALD BOB

Very much so! – There's just that other little thing – needs moppin' up...What's his name?

HEINRICH

Alexander Frinka – Frinka – a lawyer – the last of the loyal associates! – a shit of the old school! – He would not be persuaded...

GOIN' BALD BOB
(To Tony & Hardy)
...So - he goes!...

PAUSE...

HEINRICH
Premig will take you...

GOIN' BALD BOB
(indicating Premig)
Yeah, go with Happy Harry...

TONY AND HARDY LOOK TOWARDS PREMIG BY THE WINDOW - HE TURNS TO
LOOK AT THEM...

CUT TO

44.INT. CAR. DRIVING THROUGH BERLIN. EVENING.

PREMIG DRIVES...TONY & HARDY IN THE BACK...HARDY SEEMS PRE-
OCCUPIED...TONY IS LOOKING AT THE BACK OF PREMIG'S HEAD...SEES A
BEAD OF SWEAT EMERGE FROM PREMIG'S HAIRLINE...WATCHES AS IT
ROLLS DOWN THE NECK...INTO THE COLLAR...DAMPENING THE CLOTH...

TONY
...Shit end of the stick...That's us!...'S what
we get...'S what we always get - shit end of
the stick!...Eh?...Hardy?...Dontcha think?...

BUT HARDY IS STARING OUT OF THE WINDOW...

TONY
Hardy? - You okay?...

HARDY
(miles away)
...What?

TONY
Shit end of the stick!

HARDY
(Pre-occupied)
What stick? - Oh, yeah, yeah - all the time!

TONY
Are you okay?

HARDY
Me? - Yeah...yeah...I'm okay...

CUT TO

45.INT. A ROOM IN DARKNESS.

...WE BECOME AWARE OF TWO FIGURES SEATED IN THE ROOM...TONY
AND HARDY...GUNS IN HAND...WAITING...EVENTUALLY...

HARDY
(Whispering)
...Actually I'm not okay -I'm not...I'm really not -

TONY
(Whispering)
Whassamatter? - 'S up?...

HARDY
(Quieter. Struggling)
...I didn't do it!...Tony, I didn't do it!...Didn't kill the
girl...

TONY

(an urgent whisper)

Whatcha talkin' about?!

HARDY

The kid! The fuckin' kid!...(TONY STUNNED INTO SILENCE)...It's not that I couldn't - I just didn't! ... I don't know why...It's just at that moment I thought what the hell -we're goin' home- we're done - let the monkey live!... I just left her there in the fuckin' closet! - What a fuckin' klutz I am!

- BUT SUDDENLY THEY GO QUIET...THEY'VE HEARD SOMETHING...AND NOW SO DO WE...A KEY IS TURNING IN THE DOOR...AND THE DOOR EASES OPEN...SOME LIGHT BLEEDS INTO THE ROOM...TONY & HARDY STOCK STILL...WE SEE A FIGURE BRIEFLY SILLHOUETTED IN THE DOORWAY...SHUTS THE DOOR BEHIND HIM...BEGINS TO REMOVE HIS COAT...LOOSENS HIS TIE...MOVES TO A SMALL TABLE LAMP...SWITCHES IT ON...ILLUMINATING HIMSELF AND A SMALL SECTION OF ROOM...TONY AND HARDY REMAIN IN SHADOW...NOW, FROM THE DARK, TONY SILENTLY STEPS TOWARDS HIM...GUN ARM OUTSTRETCHED...BEFORE ALEXANDER FRINKA HAS TIME TO REGISTER, HE IS SHOT...AND SHOT AGAIN - SHOT TWICE MORE...HIS BODY BUNDLES TO THE GROUND...SILENCE...

TONY

(Suppressed shouting)

Are you fuckin' nuts?! Are you fuckin' crazy?!
Are you fuckin' mad?! - We're dead! We're fuckin' dead? (PACES)

HARDY

(Still on the sofa. Shamefacedly)

...I know...I know...I know...you're right...

TONY

(Suppressed rage)

Are you fuckin' stoopid?! - We are fuckin' dead!

HARDY

We were goin' home! - It wasn't necessary!
In and out - that's the way we do it! - Should be home now! -

TONY

(Suppressed apoplexy)

Well we ain't! – We're fuckin' here! And we're gonna die! – He's gonna kill us! – Well done! Well fuckin' done! Good job! – You fuckin' halfwit!

HARDY

(Angry. Defensive)

You couldn't do it!

TONY

(Angrier)

You didn't do it!! – I didn't do it because you said you were gonna do it!

HARDY

I didn't do it because it wasn't necessary!...Then!...

TONY

Yeah, well now we're gonna die!

HARDY

Not necessarily – don't say that!

TONY

What, you think he's gonna let us live?! – How can he let us live?! – He can't let us live!...Bozo! Y'fuckin' bozo! Bedtime for fuckin' bozo!!

HARDY

Stop callin' me names! Like that's gonna help! If anyone's gonna call me names, I'll call myself fuckin' names – (VEHEMENTLY) Fat fuckin' cunt that I am! – Double-fat fuck!...

TONY

(Thinking)

You can say that again!

HARDY
(With feeling)
Double fat fuck...Double fat fuck – I'm a
double fat fuck!

CUT TO

46.INT. BERLIN BAR. NIGHT.

...TONY & HARDY LOOKING OUT OF PLACE –
BUT THEY WOULDN'T KNOW – THEY'VE GOT OTHER THINGS ON THEIR
MIND...THROUGH THE WINDOW WE CAN SEE PREMIG IN THE CAR PARKED
ACROSS THE STREET...TONY SEATED AT A TABLE ...
HARDY, WITH DRINKS, WALKS TOWARDS HIM – SITS...

HARDY
...You know what I think – I'm thinkin' maybe it's not as
bad as we think it is –whatdya think?... Look...I know it's
bad...it's bad...but maybe it's not that bad...I mean
like maybe it's not as bad as we think! – Whadya
think?(TONY, DEEP IN THOUGHT, DOES NOT
REPLY)...Or...and this is favorite – we simply get
the fuck outta here – split the fuckin' programme!(TICS) –
Get on a fuckin' plane and leave them to it!...Whadya
think?(TICS) – We get back – go home – grab some
stuff...and head off somewhere – I dunno...Mexico...
...Brazil...Fuckin' India...Somewhere...Anywhere...Get
the fuck out of it!...Lie low for – I dunno, three
or four years maybe – 'til the old fuck dies! He's
gotta die sometime! Surely! Please God!...This'll
blow over...This'll fuckin' blow over!...And when
it does we say sorry – whatever – make it up – we
may have to do a coupla freebies as a goodwill
gesture...and then we get back in!(TICS)...As
soon 's we get back to Jersey I'll call Edward – he
can pick up our stuff – I got seventy thou in a
pillowcase in the freezer...

BUT TONY IS NOT REALLY LISTENING...HE IS FIXED ON A WOMAN AT ANOTHER TABLE IN CONVERSATION WITH ANOTHER – WATCHING HER AS SHE EXTRACTS A CIGARETTE FROM HER PACK...
OVER THIS WE HEAR...

HARDY'S VOICE

How much you got? – Whatever it is we pool
the lot – split it – I'm cool with that...Good!
Okay! – So that's what we do!...Catch the first
flight outta here – awayski!...

TONY LOCKED ON THE WOMAN – SHE LIGHTS HER CIGARETTE...

HARDY

... That's it! That's what we do! That's the plan!
That's the plan man! – Glad we got that sorted out!...

HARDY'S P.O.V. TONY STARING AT THE WOMAN...TRACKING TONY'S
INTENSE GAZE...SEEING THE WOMAN...

HARDY

Nah – no chance – you're not her type...

TONY'S P.O.V. THE WOMAN EXHALING SMOKE...HIS EYES DON'T LEAVE
HER...

TONY

Is he still there?

HARDY

(Momentarily confused)
...Who? – (LOOKS TO THE WINDOW SEES PREMIG
IN THE CAR) The 'phantom' – yeah, he's still
there! – Why?...

TONY

(eyes on the girl)
...Do you think I'm stupid?

HARDY

(intrigued)
...No – not especially...

TONY

(Thinking hard. Almost to himself)
 ...She ain't dead...You didn't kill her...Okay - she
 ain't dead...If she ain't dead...Where is she?...And this
 kidnap thing - 's gotta be true - Viktor must be pullin' his
 fuckin' hair out...and Patricia...They think
 Poppo's got her -

HARDY

But Poppo ain't got her, right...

TONY

Somebody has!

HARDY

So Vita's probably still alive...

TONY

Fuck Vita! - Fuck everybody! - This is about you and me!
 We fucked up - we better un-fuck up! ...All we gotta do
 is kill her...Find her - and kill her!

HARDY

How we gonna do that?!...I still say the plane outski's
 the best idea!

TONY

(almost to himself)
 ...Find her and kill her...that's all we
 gotta do!

THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER INTENSELY - HARDY TICS BIG TIME.

CUT TO

47.EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BAR. NIGHT.

HARDY IS CLIMBING INTO THE BACK STREET OF THE CAR...SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT...PREMIG LOOKS ROUND...

HARDY

He ain't comin'!...Now drive!

PREMIG DOES SO...HARDY TURNS TO LOOK THROUGH THE REAR WINDOW...HIS P.O.V. - TONY, IN THE DISTANCE, DISAPPEARING AROUND A CORNER...HARDY TURNS BACK...EVENTUALLY TRIES TO CONVERSE WITH PREMIG...

HARDY

...So you was a cop, huh?...(PREMIG SPEAKS VERY LITTLE ENGLISH, SORT OF SHRUGS)...A cop. Police. You...

PREMIG GIVES HARDY A HALF SMILE...DRIVES...

HARDY

...That must've been fun!...(IT'S LIKE TALKING TO A BRICK WALL)...Let me ask you somethin' - how long have you been dead?!...(ALMOST TO HIMSELF) I've had better conversations with a monkey!

PREMIG

(Trying)

Ja.

HARDY

(Looking out the window at the streets scrolling by)

Fuck me, it's alive!

CUT TO

48.INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

C/U ON WOOD - PEELING PAINT - A DOOR - AS BANG! IT IS VIOLENTLY KICKED OPEN - WE MOVE IN FAST - SEE THE WOMAN FROM APARTMENT 14 SHOCKED (WE ARE IN HER HOME)...HER P.O.V. TONY, DARK, COLD, ALL BUSINESS...

TONY

You opened the door for us!...Shutup!
Sit down! (SHE OBEYS) What's your name?!

WOMAN

(Terrified)

Monica...

TONY

You opened the door for us, Monica.

MONICA

...No...I...

HE SLAPS HER - HARD...

TONY

(Rapid)

Why did you open the door? Three days ago!
You let us in - He pressed 14 - you opened
the door - and then you went out -and
then you came back...you gave me a
cigarette...Why did you open the door?

SHE IS TERRIFIED...HE BRUTALLY TAKES HOLD OF HER...LIFTS HER TO HER
FEET...

TONY

(cold as ice

Where is she? (HE SLAPS HER) Where's the
girl? Where's the fuckin' little girl?
(BACKHANDS HER) - Where's the little fuckin'
girl? - Where's the girl we came to kill?

SHE IS SOBBING, FRIGHTENED, FALLS TO THE GROUND...

MONICA

...I don't know a girl...There is a mistake...
You are wrong - please, do not hit me more...
I am not knowing!...

TONY GETS DOWN ON HIS HAUNCHES - TAKES HER CHIN - LOOKS HER
SEVERELY IN THE EYE...

TONY
(Intense)

I'm not gonna die here, Monica...Do you understand me? I'm not gonna fuckin' die in fuckin' Berlin!...You opened the door – why did you open the door? – Money?

SHE NODS WEAKLY...

MONICA
...I was scared – he frightens me...

TONY
Does he now?...(STANDS...EVENTUALLY)...
Where's the girl, Monica?...Where is she?

FROM THE FLOOR MONICA LOOKS UP AT HIM...EVENTUALLY...

MONICA
(haunted)
...I needed the money...I did not know...
(PAUSE)...He takes her...I am hearing her crying...(TRAILS OFF)...(INDICATES A SMALL PILE OF NOTES ON A TABLE) – That is the money...he pushes it under my door...I was scared...I do not want it...Where is she?...

THE QUESTION HANGS IN THE AIR...TONY IS LOOKING DOWN AT HER...EVENTUALLY...

TONY
...Make some coffee.

HE MOVES TO THE WINDOW. DEEP IN THOUGHT...SHE PATHETICALLY DRAGS HERSELF TO HER FEET...GOES TO THE KITCHENETTE AREA...
TONY IS AT THE WINDOW...SEEMINGLY STARING OUT AT THE EMPTY STREET...

CUT TO

49. **FLASHBACK:** A SUITED MAN FILLS THE SCREEN...IN A DARKENED SPACE...HE IS LOOKING AT US. HIS EYES UNCOMPREH-

-ENDING, DISBELIEVING...HE HAS TAKEN ONE IN THE SHOULDER...ONE IN THE THIGH...HE CAN'T FUCKING BELIEVE IT...LIKE IT DOESN'T COMPUTE...HE LURCHES FORWARD...INELEGANTLY REGAINS A SEMBLANCE OF BALANCE...TEETERS...NOW FALLING BACKWARDS...BUT STOPS HIMSELF YET AGAIN...LIKE A DRUNK ON A SEA-TOSSED SHIP...TO THE SIDE HE STAGGERS, STUMBLES, HEAD LOLLING, TONGUE STICKING OUT GASPING FOR AIR NOW LIKE AN EXHAUSTED WATER BUFFALO ...BUT SOMEHOW, SOMEWAY, HE'S MANAGING TO JUST ABOUT STAY ON HIS FEET THROUGHOUT THIS DANCE OF DEATH...

CUT BACK TO

50.INT APARTMENT 14. NIGHT. AS BEFORE.

TONY AT THE WINDOW STARING 'OUT'...SOUNDS OF MONICA PREPARING COFFEE...

CUT TO

51. **FLASHBACK MONTAGE:**

8 MURDERS: ONE AFTER THE FUCKING OTHER...

- a). A MAN IN HIS CAR – IS SHOT
- b). GUY IN HIS BED – SHOT.
- c). A BEAUTIFUL SUNLIT GARDEN – MAN THERE – SHOT.
- d). A YAPPY CABBIE – GAROTTED.
- e). NICE MAN – NICE SMILE – NICE HOME – HAVING A NICE CONVERSATION WITH TONY – NICE SHOT.
- f). ELEVATOR...3-2-1 – PING – DOORS OPEN – DEAD MAN.

g). TWO OF THEM – A MAN AND A WOMAN – OUT FOR AN EVENING STROLL....WHY IS THAT CAR PULLING UP? THAT MAN'S GOT A GUN!...THAT MAN IS TONY – THEY'RE DEAD.

h) SUNNY DAY. ROOFTOP SWIMMING POOL NEW YORK...A SOLITARY WOMAN IN BLACK BIKINI LOUNGING...SMILES AS SHE SEES TONY APPROACHING...HE WEARS RED TRUNKS, GUN TUCKED IN WAISTBAND...HE CASUALLY TAKES OUT THE GUN...AND SHOTS HER...

CUT BACK TO.

52. INT. APARTMENT 14. NIGHT. AS BEFORE.

C/U ON TONY 'STARING' OUT OF THE WINDOW...IT IS NOW THAT WE REALIZE HE IS ACTUALLY STARING AT HIS REFLECTION IN THE DARK GLASS...LOOKING AT HIMSELF...

CUT TO.

53. **FLASHBACK** : INT. BEDROOM. APARTMENT 16. NIGHT.

C/U ON THE LITTLE GIRL AS SHE COWERS, STARING UP AT 'US'...OVER THIS WE HEAR...

TONY'S VOICE

My name is Tony Colucci – outta New York...I'm 34 years old...And I'm a killer!

CUT TO.

54. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MONICA'S BUILDING. NIGHT.

TONY & MONICA EMERGE FROM THE BUILDING...HE HAS A FIRM GRIP

ON HER ARM...LEADS HER UP THE STREET AND AWAY FROM US...

CUT TO.

55. INT. TURKISH CAFÉ/RESTAURANT. KREUZBURG. NIGHT.

HEAVY, SOMBRE, ATMOSPHERE. SEVERAL OF YOSSARIO'S TURKISH GUYS SITTING AT TABLES ARE INTERRUPTED BY THE ARRIVAL OF TONY & MONICA...STARE AT THEM...

TONY

I wanna speak to Yossario.

STARING CONTINUES...EVENTUALLY A HEAVY-SET MAN SLOWLY RISES...MAKES HIS WAY TO A TELEPHONE ON THE BAR, HIS SUSPICIOUS EYES NOT LEAVING THEM...SLOWLY LIFTS THE RECEIVER...AND BEGINS TO DIAL...

CUT TO

56. INT. 'DORM'. SAFE HOUSE. KREUZBURG. NIGHT.

THE ROOM IN DARKNESS...GUYS ASLEEP ON THE FLOOR - IN
SLEEPING BAGS, DUVETS, ETC...MUCHO SNORING...SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS AND TONY CREEPS IN...SEES HARDY AWAKE IN 'BED'...HARDY ANXIOUSLY ASKING QUESTIONS WITH HIS EYES - TONY UNABLE TO RESPOND FINDS A PLACE AND GETS UNDRESSED...CLIMBS INTO AN ORANGE, NYLON, SLEEPING BAG...LIES THERE IN THE DARK...NOW A VOICE FROM THE BAG NEXT TO HIM...

FLORIDA BOB

(Quietly)

...Did she have hairy armpits?...

TONY

(A whisper)

What?

FLORIDA BOB

...Hardy said you went to get laid...It's a European thing - don't like to shave - they have hairy armpits!...One time I see this type-nice face and everything - she's leaning across the table - reaching for the parmesan...and I see the hairs from her armpit dangling into her spaghetti vongole...It was revolting!...Just thought I'd leave you with that !...Sweet dreams!

FLORIDA BOB TURNS OVER TO SLEEP...
TONY LIES THERE STARING UP AT THE CEILING...

CUT TO.

57. FULL SCREEN...SEE THE DYING, SUITED MAN (Sc.). FINALLY UNABLE TO REMAIN UPRIGHT, HE CRASHES TO THE FLOOR LIKE A MARIONETTE WHOSE STRINGS HAVE BEEN ABRUPTLY CUT!

CUT TO.

58. C/U GROUND/EARTH/SOIL AS SUDDENLY, VIOLENTLY, WITH GREAT THRUSTING FORCE TONY BURSTS THROUGH DESPERATELY GASPING FOR AIR LIKE A DROWNING MAN HITTING THE SURFACE.

CUT TO.

59. INT. 'DORM'. SAFE HOUSE. KREUZBURG. NIGHT. AS BEFORE.

WE ARE ON TONY IN THE SLEEPING BAG. HE IS LOOKING UP-HIS P.O.V. - POPPO IS IN THE DARKENED ROOM STARING DOWN AT HIM...

POPPO
(Darkly)

...You worry me - (PAUSE)...Who said you could get laid?! - Go there - do the job - come straight back...that's what you were told to do! Not get laid...We'd all like to get laid - but there are more important things at the moment...What

you did was weak – stupid – of the flesh...don't
do it again – unless you really wanna piss me off...
(PAUSE) – Did you use a condom?

TONY
(Thinly)
...Yeah.

POPPO
...That's somethin' I suppose...Okay, from
now on keep it in yer pants...Goodnight!

POPPO LEAVES THE ROOM – STEPPING AROUND THE SLEEPING FIGURES
ON THE FLOOR...TONY LOOKS ACROSS...HARDY IS STARING AT HIM...

CUT TO

60. INT. PORTAKABIN. POTSDAMER PLATZ CONSTRUCTION SITE.DAY.

C/U ON A BOILED EGG AS IT IS BASHED IN BY A POPPO'S SPOON...
HE TAKES A MOUTHFUL...WE NOW SEE GOIN' BALD BOB, TONY,
HARDY, DONNY, FLORIDA BOB, STANDING ABOUT...A LOT OF NOISE
COMING FROM OUTSIDE – COMMOTION, YELLING, UNREST...NOW
GOIN' BALD BOB MOVES TO A WINDOW – PEERS THROUGH THE
GRUBBY VENETIAN BLINDS...

POPPO
(Munching)
...As a kid we had no money – nothin'!...If someone'd
told me what I'd become – what I'd achieve – I'd 've
laughed in their face...called them a liar and laughed
in their face! – But they were right...Look at all this –
...Look what we got now !...This is ours!
If you want it – take it! That's the way it is!...(TO GOIN'
BALD BOB) How's it looking?

GOIN' BALD BOB
(Peering out)
...One or two hotheads...Not much resistance...
Interestin'!

TONY AND HARDY SHARE A FLEETING GLANCE...

POPPO

Yeah, well remember what I said – I don't particularly want anyone killed here if it can be avoided...some of these guys are smart – skilled – craftsmen...might have to re-employ some of them later – remains to be seen...s gonna depend on the Turks – whether they're up to it or not! – Personally, I have my doubts – but we'll see! (SPOONS ANOTHER MOUTHFUL OF RUNNY EGG)

SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS...THE NOISE FROM OUTSIDE LOUD...MICKEY ENTERS...CLOSES THE DOOR...

MICKEY

...Half a dozen Russian carpenters and a couple plumbers sayin' they wanna come over – scared of their wives or somethin'!

POPPO

The answer's no – No Russians – I've already said! – No more work for them!...

MICKEY

(Exiting)

You got it!

GOIN' BALD BOB

(Still observing through the blinds)

(CHUCKLING) Hey, guys, look at this – Sal's doin' his karate!

SOME OF THE MEN, INCLUDING HARDY BUT NOT TONY, CROWD AROUND THE WINDOW TO SEE...THEIR P.O.V.-
AND NOW WE SEE WHAT'S GOING ON OUTSIDE – HUNDREDS OF MEN –

WORKERS AND EX-WORKERS CLASHING...A FEW SKIRMISHES...MANY ARGUMENTS...CONFUSION...DESPERATE, UNHAPPY MEN BEING PUT OUT OF A JOB – OTHERS HAPPY TO BE FINDING WORK...IN THE ‘BATTLEGROUND’ WE CAN MAKE OUT SAL, SUITED, BY A BULLDOZER, AGGRESSIVELY STRIKING A VARIETY OF COMMANDING KARATE STANCES TOWARDS THREE BOILER-SUITED, MEN IN HARD HATS...THEY BACK AWAY FROM HIM...

DONNY

Go Sal!

GOIN’ BALD BOB

He’s good, isn’t he?!...

POPPO HAS REMAINED EATING AT A FORMICA TABLE...TONY IS LEANING AGAINST A WALL...

POPPO

...Tony, pass me that bread please...

TONY FETCHES SOME BREAD FROM ON TOP OF A SMALL, DIRTY, OLD FRIDGE...PLACES IT ON THE TABLE...POPPO DIGS OUT A FEW SLICES...

POPPO

Fuck karate – I used to box – loved it...And I was good ...1940...In 1940 I was 23...I was born in ’27...
 yeah 23 had all my fuckin’ hair...thick ‘n’wild...
 was fatter then – had some meat on me –sturdy
 thighs’n’ass...could pick up a man with one arm...
 Virile...that’s the word! I was fuckin’ virile...and I
 could fuck some back then! Until she took it all away!
 ...I was 63 when I met her...she wasn’t a doll, a babe,
 or a plaything...she was a woman – a thousand and one
 percent woman! ...Patricia...Patricia...there, I’ve fuckin’
 said it! Patricia!...It used to sound like the wind
 whisperin’ through silver birch – sunflowers!...To think
 a man like me could love that much! – A terrifying,
 astounding, all consumin’ love! – Other guys would
 look at her and I’d get scared. White, liquid, pain’d
 shoot up my spine...straight into my mind – and outta
 my mouth,(SHOUTS) “What the fuck’re you lookin’ at!
 Keep your creepy eyes offa my baby! Want me to cut
 them out! She’s mine!...Yeah that’s right, you look
 away- I’ll catch up with you later! You dirty cunt!” –

They knew! They all fuckin' knew ! – That finally I'd found somethin'! You can call it love if you like but it was bigger than that – huger than that – much huger than that!...And then along comes Pretty Boy...Mister Man...Mister Fuckin' Handsome Man... Hairy-back Man.. And suddenly I'm this! A skinny old man!...Cold...alone.. in fuckin' hell!...With only little victories like today to keep me warm...

GOIN' BALD BOB

(At the window)

...Here's Heinrich now!

POPPO

(Almost to himself)

No, you do not do what you did to me! You do not do what you did!...(LOOKS UP AT TONY)...Fuck love, Tony – Just the sex – That's all you need from a woman!...(SLIGHT PAUSE)...Nice eggs!

THE DOOR OPENS...HEINRICH, CARRYING BRIEFCASE AND DOCUMENTS
ACCOMPANIED BY TWO TURKISH BODYGUARDS ENTER...

HEINRICH

...Here comes Herr Chamberlain! – I have in my hand a piece of paper! – It is done! It has been stamped – we are legal...you just must sign...Congratulations!

POPPO

(Putting on his reading glasses)

Gimme that!

CUT TO.

61. INT. NIGHTCLUB TOILETS. SPLENDID 30's DECO. NIGHT.

DULL, THUMPING, DISTANT MUSIC...

SEEMINGLY EMPTY...A ROW OF CUBICLES...FROM ONE WE HEAR –

HARDY'S VOICE

(Urgent whispering)

...What if she ain't there? What if she's someplace else? - What then?

TONY'S VOICE

Then we beat it out of him - he'll tell us!

HARDY'S VOICE

What if she ain't still alive?

TONY'S VOICE

Then we're dead already! - This's our best shot...

HARDY'S VOICE

...I understand...I understand...we gotta get there!
Or one of us...but we can't go awol - not again...we
can't be seen to be missin' again! - I don't think
we're gonna make this...I really don't think we're
gonna make this! - We're gonna have to fess up...Tell
the Crow where we think she is - maybe he'll just
banish us!

TONY'S VOICE

(Urgent whispering)

No, shutup! - We'll find a moment...or make one!

HARDY'S VOICE

What, create a distraction, kinda thing?...That's not a
problem - way things are goin' I think I'm gonna
fuckin' faint in front of everyone!...(FALLS SILENT)

THE DOOR HAS OPENED...MICKY ENTERS...TAKES A LEISURELY LEAK...WHILE HE
IS ENGAGED IN THIS...WE SEE A FURTIVE HARDY TAKE A BRIEF PEEK OVER THE
TOP OF THE CUBICAL...MICKY FINISHES...DOES NOT WASH HIS HANDS...
LEAVES...AGAIN HARDY APPEARS OVER THE TOP...

HARDY

(Looking down into the cubicle)

...What if Yossario gets cold feet?

TONY'S VOICE

He's not gonna get cold feet - he wants his son back!
He'll do anything!

CUT TO.

62. INT. NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT.

MUSIC INTENSIFYING...

TONY ALONE WALKS DOWN A DIMLY LIT RED CORRIDOR TOWARDS DOUBLE DOORS...PULLS THEM OPEN AND REJOINS THE 'CELEBRATION'... THE CLUB HAS BEEN COMMANDEERED FOR THE NIGHT...LAP DANCERS, STRIPPERS, HOOKERS ON TAP...THE GUYS ALL ENJOYING THEMSELVES... POPPO WATCHING FROM A TABLE INDULGENTLY...LIKE A WIZENED EMPEROR...ICE BUCKET & CHAMPAGNE BEFORE HIM...FLOWERS & CANDLES...GOIN' BALD BOB IN WHITE SUIT, SLASHED TO THE NAVAL RED SHIRT AND WITH HIS FLOSS OF HAIR FRESHLY RE-DYED AND SHIMMERINGLY LAQUERED IS SLOW DANCING WITH A GORGEOUS BRUNETTE, POURING AMORE ALL OVER HER ON A TINY DANCEFLOOR AREA...TONY SEES HEINRICH AT THE BAR WATCHING HIM...AVOIDS HIS GAZE...MOVES AWAY...PICKS UP A DRINK...LIGHTS A CIGARETTE... SEES DONNY & FLORIDA BOB SEATED IN A BOOTH BEING DANCED FOR BY A COUPLE OF GYRATING, PNEUMATIC GERMAN GIRLS... NOW HARDY RE-ENTERS, TRYING TO ACT CASUAL...FINDS SOMEPLACE TO BE...WATCHES AS POPPO SHOOS AWAY A DANCER FROM HIS TABLE... HEINRICH MOOCHES OVER TO TONY...

HEINRICH

...You are not partaking?

TONY

(Offhand)

What?

HEINRICH

I had you as a ladies man?

TONY

(Dismissively)

...Yeah, right!

HEINRICH

Perhaps you want something stronger?...
Heavier...Darker...A little more taboo!This too I can provide...

TONY

I'm okay.

HEINRICH

(Airily looking around)

...And Hardy – your partner in crime – he too has lost his appetite!

TONY

(No mood for games)

Look, just fuck off.

HEINRICH

(Showing no offence)

Yes, of course...(LOOKS AT HIS WATCH)...

I am looking at my watch – (LOOKS AT TONY)...I am intrigued to know this – why you didn't kill the girl... will you tell me?

TONY STARES HARD REELING WITH SHOCK AND EXTREME HATRED...HARDY HAS SEEN THIS – COMES OVER – ALL BUSINESS...

HARDY

(Deadly serious)

Tony, what's up? – 'S this cunt botherin' us?

HEINRICH

(Easy. To Hardy)

I too have an affliction – I suffer from depression !
... A blackness of the mind and head – severe – crippling – incapacitating!...It is a terrible thing involving hallucinations – terrible hallucinations...hideous headfucks...a fucking of the head – headfuckery!...Medieval people in vibrant landscapes of psychadelia performing the most abominable, unspeakable acts upon me and each other...sexual...violent...insane...Like something from Bosch! –
– You know Bosch? (NO REPLY.

TONY & HARDY STARING AT HIM)...Hieronymus Bosch, 1450 – 1516, a great artist...a kind of genius! – You should check him out – we have a couple here in Berlin!...(PAUSE)...I wonder where

she is – the little girl...

HARDY

She's dead.

HEINRICH

...Jasmine...(LOOKS AT HIS WATCH)...A mystery!...
An Agatta Christie!...Perplexing! Fascinating! – I
love it! – A real page turner!...(TONY IS STARING)...
No, Tone – I do not have her – what will I want with
her?! ...No! – And if I did have, I would return her to her
home...To her father – and her mother...This was
never a good idea! (LOOKS AROUND)...Look at
your Poppo – like a child...(THEY ALL WATCH POPPO
WHO IS OBLIVIOUS)...He should have a high-chair, no?!
A comforter! – Diapers!...

HARDY SEES GOIN' BALD BOB WATCHING FROM AFAR...HARDY LOOKS AWAY...
LOOKS AT TONY...WHO IS FIXED ON HEINRICH...

HEINRICH

He is a madman! His time is over! – We are not
Carthage!- Ghengis Khan und Taras Bulba etcetera are
dust in history!...This is the modern
world! Business is no place for revenge! It must be
compassionate – business nowadays is fun! – The old
must make way for the new!...Your Going Bald Bob
understands this...and besides, Tony,
Hardy, in this country Viktor is more useful than old
Poppo!(SNEERS)Herr Willhelm Popp!...(GLANCES
ACROSS THE CLUB – TOWARDS THE ENTRANCE)...Und
now the cabaret! (AND WITH THAT HE MOVES OFF)

HARDY CONFUSED FOR A SECOND – BUT ONLY FOR A SECOND –

HARDY

(Stunned)

Oh, my God, it's Patricia...

SHE IS MOVING THROUGH THE CLUB...POPPO HAS NOT YET SEEN HER...TONY &
HARDY STARE AGOG...GOIN' BALD BOB MOVING TOWARDS POPPO...OTHER GUYS
NOW SEEING HER...PATRICIA – BEAUTIFUL PATRICIA...BUT NOW HAUNTED,
TORMENTED, HARROWED – HER FACE A DESPERATE MASK OF PAIN AND
ANGUISH...MOVING THROUGH PEOPLE, STRIPPERS, LAP DANCERS, THE GUYS...

CLEARING A PATH FOR HER – FOR THE WOMAN WHO’S LOST HER DAUGHTER...
 MAKING HER WAY TOWARDS POPPO’S TABLE – HE STILL HASN’T NOTICED HER...
 TOO BUSY PEELING A KING PRAWN...AND NOW SHE IS AT THE TABLE...AND
 NOW SHE SCREAMS...A TERRIBLE SCREAM...AN ANCIENT SCREAM...AN AWFUL
 SCREAM...ONE THAT FREEZES THE BLOOD...THE MUSIC HAS CRASHED TO A
 HALT...AN EERIE SILENCE AUDIBLE – AND NOW HE SEES HER...LIKE A RABBIT
 IN HEADLAMPS – NO TIME TO COMPOSE HIMSELF...ONE SINGLE SLOW SAD
 UNCOMPREHENDING BLINK FROM HIS RHEUMY EYES...HIS THIN MOUTH OPENS...

POPPO
 (Dumbly)

...Patricia...

PATRICIA
 (To Poppo)

...I’ll do anything...anything...

GOIN’ BALD BOB

(Concerned for Poppo)

Get her out of here...

NOBODY MOVES...

PATRICIA

...Billy...Billy please...Jasmine...Where is she?...
 Give me back my daughter...Please...Billy...do not
 do this to me...anything...anything you want...Just
 not this...I am in hell...give her back to me...I beg
 you...I beg you...I beg you...I beg you...Beg...I beg
 you...Please...I beg...I’m begging you...Billy, I
 beg you...

POPPO
 (Dully)

...Beg?...

PATRICIA

Billy, please...

POPPO
 (Lost)

Soup...they’d brought my soup...I’d started my
 soup...I thought you were just late...Started the
 soup...I had somethin’ for you...Knew you’d love

it...I ain't got it anymore...I lost it...donno what happened to it...It was a necklace – for you – for my Patricia...

PATRICIA

(Imploring)

Poppo, listen to me – I need her back...I'm dying...

POPPO

(Faraway)

...She's dead...

PATRICIA

(Screaming)

NO!

POPPO

(Faraway)

...I killed her...

PATRICIA IS ALMOST FAINTING...TREMBLING...IN A VERY BAD WAY...ONE OF THE STRIPPERS GOES TO HER...HELPS HER...SITS HER DOWN...TRIES TO SOOTHE HER...GIVES HER WATER...EVENTUALLY...

POPPO

...What about me? – What about what I've been through?...You've put me through a thousand years of misery...It's been so hard...without you... (HE BEGINS TO CRY – WIPES THEM AWAY)...You're a cunt...You deserve this...(PAUSE) – I'm sorry you did this to yourself...(PAUSE) – You have to go now...

My heart is hurting me...take your beauty and go to him...we're quits...

GOIN' BALD BOB GOES TO HER...

GOIN' BALD BOB

(Not unsympathetically)

Come on now, you have to leave...

SHE'S LIKE A BROKEN DOLL...HE USHERS HER TO HER FEET...BEGINS TO LEAD HER AWAY...

PATRICIA
(Devastated)

...But I spoke to her...this morning...I spoke to her...(TRAILS OFF)...We have the money...You can have the money...

GOIN' BALD BOB
Come on, let's go...

POPPO
(Slowly sinking in)
...This morning?!...What money?...How?

SHE IS LED AWAY...HER SCREAMS RECEDING...

PATRICIA
...Please...please...Billy, please!...Poppo!...
Poppo!...No!...

LONG PAUSE...WE MOVE IN ON POPPO...SLOW...HIS EYES GROWING BLACK...
BLACK WITH BETRAYAL...MOVE IN TOWARDS HIM...NOW HE BELIEVES...WITH
ALL HIS ROTTEN HEART HE KNOWS HE'S BEEN LIED TO...

POPPO
(Ultra-flat)
...Bring me those fucks – Bring me those pigs...
those dead pigs – bring them to me...Bring the
liars here...Fuckin' lie to me!

All look round...Tony & Hardy have gone...Heinrich, smoking at the bar,
exhales...

CUT TO

63. INT. TAXI. NIGHT.

TONY & HARDY SWEATY FROM RUNNING JUMP IN THE BACK SEAT...SLAM
THOSE DOORS...IT MOVES OFF...

HARDY
(Frantic)
(TO CABBIE) Airport!

TONY
(Calmer)
(TO CABBIE) Kreuzburg!

HARDY
(Amazed)
What?! No!...Take us to the airport, Fritz!

THE CABBIE UNSURE...

TONY
(Firm - to Cabbie)
We're goin' to Kreuzburg!

HARDY
Tony, no, it's over - we're outta here! (TO CABBIE)
Airport!

TONY
It's not over - we're goin' to Kreuzburg - (TO CABBIE)
Kreuzburg! Let's go!

HARDY
What for?! For what?!...Tony forget it - You ain't
thinkin' straight! - The kid don't matter no more!

TONY
Matters to me!

HARDY
But Tony -

TONY
Shutup, Hardy - we're doin' it!

HARDY
Listen fella, it doesn't matter any more - we
don't need to kill her - we're way beyond that!
The Crow...The Crow...That fuckin' old crow -
he'll skin us! He's gonna skin us!...Pull our
fuckin' arms off and tie 'em round our sorry
necks! Pluck our eyes out! -

TONY

Who said anything 'bout killin' her?! - (SORT OF SMILES)...We couldn't do it before, remember?... (TO CABBIE WITH FINALITY) Kreuzburg!

CUT TO

64. INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING. LIVING QUARTERS. CAFE/RESTAURANT. KREUZBURG. NIGHT.

TONY & HARDY WAITING IN THE HALLWAY...HARDY GIVES HIM A WITHERING LOOK...NOW YOSSARIO, RAINCOATED, EMERGES FROM ANOTHER ROOM...

YOSSARIO

(All business)

Let's go!

HARDY

What about the woman - the Monica?...

YOSSARIO

She is safe...If I get my son back - then she can go...

HARDY

(Wearily)

No, you don't understand -

Us three hairy-assed guys goin' in there?! - I wouldn't like to be saved by me! - She might die of shock! - My point is, this Monica, she's a woman ...If the kid is there...You know what I'm sayin'? - Keeps things soft!

YOSSARIO LOOKS TO TONY...TONY AGREES...YOSSARIO GOES TO A DOOR UNLOCKS IT...TONY ENTERS A BASIC BEDROOM...MONICA RISES FROM THE BED...SCARED...

TONY

...You okay?... (SHE NODS, UNSURE)...Get your things - you're comin' with us...

THEY LEAVE THE BEDROOM – CLOSING THE DOOR ON US...WE ARE
IN THE ROOM...NOTHING...NOTHING...AND NOW SLOWLY WE PAN...
SEE A PHOTOGRAPH OF VITA...WALLPAPER...CURTAINS...A
LOCKED WINDOW...THROUGH WHICH WE CAN SEE THE STREET
BELOW...AND TONY, HARDY, YOSSARIO & MONICA GETTING INTO
A CAR...WHICH PULLS AWAY...

CUT TO.

65. INT. CAR. AUTOBAHN. TOWARDS AIRPORT. NIGHT.

FLORIDA BOB DRIVES...SAL IN THE PASSENGER SEAT...BENNY IN
THE BACK...

FLORIDA BOB

...I just like 'em! – Late at night I
turn off all the fuckin' lights – and just
sit in the glow...that strange aqua glow...
watchin' them swim about...over and
under the bridges – through the castle...
occasionally they rise to the surface...
a little gulp here, a little gulp there...then
down they go...down they glide...to a
comfortable position in the tank ...

SAL

Sounds tranquil...

FLORIDA BOB

...Yeah, roll myself a huge fuckin'
joint – vodka martini...fuck T.V. I'm in
heaven!

BENNY

...He's got names for all of them – all the
fish – they've all got names! -

FLORIDA BOB

(Fondly)

...Fizzbomb...Pickles...Mermaid...Little
Jenny...Neil...Perry Como...The Judge...
Tarzan...they've all got names! All my

babies...(PAUSE) – I never seen Poppo
like that! Never! – Never seen anger like
that!...

SAL

Quiet anger!

FLORIDA BOB

What was that?

SAL

Quiet anger – white anger – ‘s the worst!

BENNY

...Patricia looked rough!

FLORIDA BOB

Whadya expect, she’s lost a child – I’d
still fuck her though!

BENNY

I felt sorry for her...

SAL

I didn’t – she did what she did – what
do you expect...I feel sorrier for Tony
and Hardy...

THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN WE SEE THE AIRPORT LIGHTS...A PLANE
ROARING OVERHEAD...

BENNY

D’ya think they’re outta here?

SAL

Soon find out – could be a long night!

BENNY

They coulda got a bus...train...

SAL

(Witheringly)

A bus?! – To fuckin’ where?! – This
Is fuckin’ Europe!

FLORIDA BOB

...I liked Tony...Hardy was okay...I'm gonna get me a coupla clown fish in memorium...Call 'em Tony and Hardy!

SAL HAS TAKEN OUT HIS GUN...CHECKING IT...

SAL

That's nice! That's sweet!

COCKS IT...

CUT TO.

66. EXT. OLD COBBLED EAST GERMAN STREET. NIGHT.

YOSSARIO'S CAR IS PARKED OPPOSITE A RUN DOWN TENEMENT BLOCK...TONY AND HARDY CLIMB OUT...LOOK TOWARDS THE BUILDING...THEN SLOWLY MOVE TOWARDS IT...HARDY EXTRACTS HIS GUN AS THEY APPROACH A GROUND FLOOR DOOR...THEY TRY THE BELL...WAIT...TRY AGAIN...NOTHING...KNOCK...AGAIN...LOOK AT EACH OTHER...NOW HARDY COVERS AS TONY POPS A DIRTY PANE IN THE DOOR...GENTLY REACHES IN...UNLOCKS IT...THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER...TONY EXTRACTS HIS GUN...AND GENTLY EASES THE DOOR OPEN...

CUT TO

67. INT. GROUND FLOOR APARTMENT. EAST GERMANY. NIGHT.

THE FRONT DOOR IS SLOWLY OPENING...GLASS ON THE THREADBARE CARPET...SHOES ON THE GLASS SOFTLY CRUNCHING...A FIGURE MOVING WARILY THROUGH GUN IN NERVOUS HAND - SILENT ALARM ETCHED INTO HIS BONY SKULL-LIKE FACE - PREMIG - PREMIG IS HOME...AND IT IS FAR FROM SWEET...MOVING LIKE A PARANOID GHOST - A GUILTY THING...FULL OF DREAD, HE FINDS 'HER' ROOM...JASMINE'S 'ROOM' - THE PLACE HE'D HIDDEN HER...DOOR WIDE OPEN - PADLOCK BUSTED - EMPTY!...JUST CRAYONS ON THE BED...CRAYONS ON THE BED...EMPTY CHIP PACKETS...EMPTY COKE CANS...EMPTY SWEET WRAPPERS...JUST EMPTY! - HE FREAKS...A FEW SECONDS OF UNCONTROLLABLE ABANDONED MADNESS - LIKE MUNCH'S SCREAM

HIT BY 10,000 VOLTS – AND AS QUICKLY, IT IS OVER – AND HE IS STOCK-STILL...LIKE A STATUE...FROZEN...STARING OUT INTO INNER SPACE...

CUT TO

68. INT. SPLENDID TASTEFUL EXPENSIVE DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.

SOOTHING CLASSICAL MUSIC FROM THE B&O...
HEINRICH AT AN EASEL... PAINTING...HE IS NAKED – HE LIKES IT THAT WAY...AND HE IS NOT WITHOUT TALENT...STANDS BACK – SURVEYS...SEEMS HAPPY ENOUGH...TAKES A SIP OF EXPENSIVE RED WINE...CHANGES BRUSHES – A THICKER ONE...APPLIES PAINT...DABS THE CANVAS...THOROUGHLY ENGROSSED...AFTER A WHILE – THE DOORBELL CHIMES...HE TUTS...BRUSH IN HAND AND NAKED, HE LEAVES THE ROOM...WE ARE ON THE PAINTING...AND HEAR...(IN GERMAN – SUBTITLES)...

HEINRICH'S VOICE

...This hour?

PREMIG'S VOICE

I know – I apologise – but it is important – please!

HEINRICH'S VOICE

Very well – take off your shoes!

HEINRICH RE-ENTERS...PREMIG BEHIND...HEINRICH HEADS BACK TO THE CANVAS – RESUMES WORK...EVENTUALLY...

HEINRICH

(Referring to his work)

'The Ladies of Hades' – Do you see them?
I have made them tree-like...Sylvan figures
in a hot pit! – They pay for their sins and so
they silently sob – can you hear them? I can!
I do! I truly do!...'Important' you said...

PREMIG

(With extreme difficulty)

...It was me...the kidnapper...

HEINRICH STARES AT HIM...IS IT SYMPATHETIC?...OR IS IT ANGRY?...

STARES...STARES AT HIM...

PREMIG

(Uneasy)

...I watched the Americans leave...Then went back in – you know, to steal...

HEINRICH

...From the dead.

PREMIG

...Watches, perhaps...or jewellery...maybe money...I don't know...

HEINRICH

...And you found the girl...

PREMIG

I knew Viktor would pay...or perhaps the American Poppo – it seemed – (SEARCHES FOR A WORD) – lucky!

HEINRICH STARING AT HIM...THROUGH HIM...

PREMIG

(Worried)

And now she is gone...

HEINRICH

Gone?...

PREMIG

She is gone.

HEINRICH

You have killed her?

PREMIG

She has been taken – by who I do not know...
You must help me...

EVENTUALLY...

HEINRICH

You are in danger.

PREMIG

Yes.

HEINRICH

(Like a schoolmaster)

No. Serious. You are in serious fucking
shit danger...Do you realise?!

PREMIG

(Hangdog)

Yes...Yes I do...I know.

HEINRICH

(Firm)

No! You don't! – Serious!...However
fortunately it is of little importance...
And so, I merely say this – Naughty
Boy!...Naughty Boy Premig!

PREMIG

Yes.

HEINRICH LOOKING AT HIM LONG AND HARD...EVENTUALLY TURNS BACK
TO THE CANVAS...PICKS UP HIS BRUSH...PAINTS...

HEINRICH

(While painting)

... The application of paint is immensely
gratifying...Sensual – a massaging of the
mind...Perhaps you should try – maybe
you have hidden talents?!...But I doubt.
...Do you know what this colour is?
(POINTS TO AN AREA OF THE PAINTING)
...Vermillion! (PROFERS HIS
PAINTBRUSH)...And this?

PREMIG

(Studying the end of the brush)

...Yellow...

HEINRICH

No – it is red!

PREMIG'S CONFUSED FACE...NOW IN A SPLIT SECOND, LIKE A MAGICIAN, LIKE A DRUMMER, THE BRUSH IS SPUN IN HEINRICH'S HAND AND WITH ALMIGHTY FORCE IS PLUNGED...THRUST...BURIED...DEEP INTO PREMIG'S CHEST...INTO HIS HEART...AND THE NAKED HEINRICH IS UPON HIM GIVING FULL VENT TO HIS DISPLEASURE...HIS DISGUST...HIS ANGER...

HEINRICH

(Screaming as he skewers)

I AM SCREAMING!...SCREAMING!...I BOIL!
I AM KILLING YOU!...YOU ARE DYING!..
HERE! NOW! DYING!...DIE!...YOU TON
OF SHIT! – BE DEAD!

AND INDEED HE IS...HEINRICH CLAMBERS OFF HIM...REGAINS COMPOSURE...TOSSES HIS HAIR FROM HIS EYES...SIPS HIS WINE... LOOKS AT THE DEAD PREMIG, SPRAWLED AND IMPALED TO THE LEATHER SOFA...

HEINRICH

I deal in information...If I do not have
it I get angry...Now do you see?

CUT TO

69. EXT. SIDEWALK CAFÉ. BERLIN. NIGHT.

TONY, HARDY, MONICA AND THE LITTLE GIRL SIT AT A TABLE OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT/CAFÉ...THE GIRL SLURPS MILKSHAKE THROUGH A STRAW...AS DOES HARDY, WHO IS VERY MUCH ENJOYING...TONY WATCHING FONDLY...

HARDY

(To the girl)
...Not bad is it?!

SHE FLICKS HER EYES TO LOOK AT HIM...BUT CONTINUES DRINKING...

HARDY

(Beaming)

... Ist goot, ya?!...(TO TONY)...As a matter of
fact it fuckin is!...

TONY

(To Monica)

...Feelin' better now?

MONICA

Yes...better...(PAUSE) - You?

TONY

Never felt better in my life!

HARDY

(Whispered aside to Tony)

I still say we shoulda plugged her...

TONY

(Smiling)

...You didn't!

HARDY

You couldn't!...(TO JASMINE) - You want some
cake or somethin'?

SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND...

AND NOW WE SEE THREE DARK SALOON CARS...BEGINNING TO
SLOW TOWARDS THEM...AND COMING TO A HALT OUTSIDE THE
CAFÉ...EVENTUALLY ONE OF THE BACK DOORS OF THE FIRST
CAR OPENS...AND VIKTOR EMERGES, 52, TALL,
DARK, MOUSTACHIOED, DISTINGUISHED, WELL DRESSED...HE
STANDS THERE ON THE SIDEWALK...AND NOW HIS LITTLE GIRL
RUNS TO HIM...HE SCOOPS HER UP...THEY EMBRACE...AND HIS
INSCRUTIBLE EYES RETURN TO TONY AND HARDY...WHO STARE
BACK...VIKTOR TENDERLY PUTS HIS DAUGHTER INTO THE
CAR...ADDRESSES TONY & HARDY...

VIKTOR

...Thank God he sent two pussies...(HEARTFELT)...
... Thanks!

HE GETS IN THE CAR...IT PULLS OFF...NOW A DOOR OPENS
IN THE THIRD CAR AND VITA GETS OUT...STANDS THERE AS THE CARS
PULL AWAY...HE STANDS THERE LOOKING AT TONY AND
HARDY...THEN WALKS OFF IN THE OTHER
DIRECTION...THEN BREAKS OUT INTO A RUN...TONY AND
HARDY SIT THERE...LOOK AT EACH OTHER...EVENTUALLY...

HARDY

He looked well...he's lookin' well!...
Must be all that exercise he gets with Patricia!...
Sexercise!

TONY

(Turns to Monica)
...You can go too...(MEANING IT)-thanks.

THEY LOCK EYES...SLOWLY SHE RISES...AND HEADS UP THE STREET...
TONY'S EYES FOLLOWING HER...SUDDENLY SHE GLANCES BACK AND
LOOKS AT HIM...THEN WALKS OFF...

HARDY

...She was actually quite a nice person...

TONY

(Watching her go)
...Cute ass!...You wanna drink?

HARDY

I got one!

TONY

...A proper one!

HARDY

We got time?

TONY
(Teasingly)
You wanna Snaps?!...

HARDY'S EYES LIGHT UP...

HARDY
Shall we?...

TONY
...C'mon, I fuckin' dare ya?!...

CUT TO

70. INT. AIRPORT. LOUNGE. NIGHT.

TONY & HARDY SEATED AMONGST THE CROWDS...ANXIOUSLY
WATCHING THE BOARDS - HEAR A MUFFLED ANNOUNCEMENT...
THEIR FLIGHT...

HARDY
Okay, that's us!...(MOVING OFF) Let's go get rid
of our pieces...

TONY
You still got it?!

HARDY
Ain't you?

TONY
Ditched mine in the cab...

HARDY
...Okay - be back in a mo!

CUT TO

71. INT. AIRPORT. REST ROOM. NIGHT.

HARDY ENTERS...GOES INTO A CUBICLE...LIFTS THE CISTERN LID...
DROPS HIS GUN IN...LEAVES THE CUBICLE...AND IS IMMEDIATELY
KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS...

CUT TO

72. INT. AIRPORT CONCOURSE. FRANCHISE SHOP. NIGHT

TONY IDLY FINGERING TIES - ANXIOUS FOR HARDY'S RETURN...
NOW STEPPING INTO VIEW AND CATCHING HIM UNAWARE...

FLORIDA BOB
(Like a sales assistant)
Can I help you, sir?

TONY WHEELS ROUND...SEES SAL...

CUT TO

73. EXT. POTSDAMER PLATZ CONSTRUCTION SITE. NIGHT.

THREE CARS SLOWLY CRUNCHING ACROSS THE ROUGH, MUDDY
TERRAIN...COMING TO A HALT BESIDE A COUPLE OF OTHER
CARS...DONNY AND MICKEY GET OUT OF
ONE...NOW HEINRICH FROM ANOTHER WITH TWO TURKISH
HEAVIES...THEN FROM ANOTHER COMES GOIN' BALD BOB...EASILY
WALKS AROUND THE VEHICLE...TO OPEN THE PASSENGER DOOR...
...FOR POPPO...WHO GETS OUT - UNGAINLY - AND WALKS
TOWARDS TONY & HARDY...WHO STAND THERE WITH
DEFIANT/BORED/SICK EXPRESSIONS ON THEIR FACES...BEING
GUARDED BY THE GUNS OF SAL AND BENNY...EVENTUALLY...

POPPO
...Not a lot to say, is there?

TONY
...Not really.

HARDY
(To Poppo)
Fuck you!

DONNY

Shutup, fatboy!

HARDY

(To Donny)

Shut your fuckin' ass else I'll bite your fuckin' nose off!

DONNY

Yeah? – Piece a shit like you?! – Don't think so – Not today!

POPPO

'S alright, Donny – he's scared, that's all – tired and emotional...

HEINRICH

(Leisurely)

...After all it has been quite a night!

POPPO

(Studying Tony & Hardy)

...Sal, give me your gun...

SAL IMMEDIATELY PUTS HIS GUN IN POPPO'S WAITING HAND...WITHOUT FURTHER ADO POPPO SHOOTS HEINRICH...WHO COLLAPSES TO THE GROUND SAYING –

HEINRICH

(Astonished)

Mein Gott!

POPPO LOOKS AT HIM DEAD ON THE FLOOR – SNORTS DERISIVELY – ALL SURPRISED...

POPPO

(Flat venom)

Shutup, you arrogant kraut cunt...(NOW TURNS TO AMAZED GOIN' BALD BOB)...You cunt – you think I didn't know?! – You think I don't have an instinct? – You think I don't have a nose? – Think I can't smell somethin' ratty?!...Like I'm blind?!...(INDICATES THE DEAD HEINRICH) I don't know what you two were hatchin' – but I

know you were hatchin'! Stunk the place out!

GOIN' BALD BOB

(Absolutely holding it together)

Poppo, you're wrong.

POPPO

...Let me tell you somethin', Bob, - you're not the Disco Dan you think you are! - You're 56 for cryin' out loud! Grow up!...And stop dyein' that fuckin' spun candy you wear for hair! - and while we're at it - those eyebrows! Like two black slugs crawlin' across your face! Gimme a break! - Look in the fuckin' mirror with everyone else's eyes! - See what we see! ...And no, guys, he did not fuck Diana Ross!

GOIN' BALD BOB

(Cracks appearing)

Poppo, you're wrong.

BUT POPPO HAS ALREADY TURNED BACK TO TONY & HARDY...

POPPO

...You don't get a bullet in the head, Hardy - Not for you...You go slow - you pay for your treachery!

HARDY

Yeah, yeah, whatever...blah di blah!... You know, at the time I didn't realise why I didn't kill her...Didn't know...but now I know! It was because of this!...To fuck you up! Cause you problems! - To get right up your veiny nose! Look at ya - a little old man! - Y'r shrinkin'! Shrivellin'!... You're more like a hundred year old chimpanzee! Ya bandy ol' bastard! - Where's your fuckin' horse?!

POPPO DOES NOTHING...SORT OF ENJOYING THIS...WITH A BITTER SMILE...

HARDY

...Yeah, cheap shots – that's all I got!...Well I'm a cheap guy! – A cheap guy that's sent out to waste a little girl by an old crow!... Tony couldn't do it – Good for him!...I coulda- but I didn't! Fuckface!...(TO DONNY) That's right, Donny, look at me like that! – What is it you call him?! –

DONNY

(Butter wouldn't melt)
I dunno...I don't call him anything –
's always been Poppo to me...

HARDY

The Wicked Raisin! (TO POPPO) He calls you the Wicked Raisin!

DONNY

(Floundering)
'S not true...I don't even know what that means!

HARDY

It means The Wicked Raisin! – what you call him!

DONNY

(Riled)
Shutup Twitchy!

FLORIDA BOB

(Serious)
Donny, be cool!

POPPO'S STARING AT TONY...EVENTUALLY...

POPPO

...And how's Tony?

TONY

Tony's good.

POPPO

Yeah?

TONY

Yeah.

POPPO

Really?

TONY

Never been better.

POPPO

But you're dead...

TONY

(Not phased. Shrugs)

...Yeah, well, you know...

POPPO

(Hating Tony's attitude)

Don't get fuckin' smart with me, Tony!

TONY

You want me to lie?

POPPO

(AWFUL PAUSE) Try sayin' that with your
cock in your mouth!

POPPO STARING HATEFULLY - TONY NOT SCARED...

TONY

...She's a beautiful little girl...You must
have to make beautiful love to get a
beautiful kid like that - Beautiful...
(SMILING. POWERFUL) - D'ya know
what I'm sayin', Billy Pop...Beautiful!

POPPO'S DARK OLD EYES...EVENTUALLY...

POPPO

(Quietly. Chillingly)

...I'm gonna keep you alive for a week.

TONY
(Defiant)
...Beautiful!

CUT TO

74. INT. CONCRETE.

...SILENCE...

SEE A BODY ENTOMBED...BURIED IN THE CONCRETE...CAUCASIAN
MALE...EARLY THIRTIES...HIS DEAD EYES STARING...THIS WAS
TONY...BESIDE HIM...ANOTHER BODY...HISPANIC MALE...FORTIES...
DEAD EYES STARING...THIS WAS HARDY...SILENCE...

CUT TO

75. EXT. POTSDAMER PLATZ. PRESENT DAY. DAY.

A BEAUTIFUL DAY... SUNLIGHT GLINTING OFF BUILDINGS...
SHE WALKS IN SLOW MOTION...IN A SIMPLE SUMMER DRESS...SIXTEEN
YEARS OLD...NATURAL...CONFIDENT...ALIVE.

THE END