Beam Me Up, Scotty!

There is no intelligent life on earth...

Stories of an independent band
in Germany
1986 – 1992

A film by
Steve Lem

Screenplay

This Picture is dedicated to musicians everywhere
Who create something from nothing in damp rehearsal rooms
SYNOPSIS

BEAM ME UP, SCOTTY! is a movie about typical life-stories of German musicians with the example of the band of the same name. The 35mm film shows the ups and downs of the band in dramatic and tragicomic scenes.

From 1986 to 1992 the six musicians played so-called "independent music", meaning that they were autonomous and not under control by the big commercial record labels. The music takes us from the late phases of melodic punk rock to exhilarating "indie-rap"!

Songs played in the rehearsal room and at four gigs in Krefeld, Hamburg and Berlin were recorded in "Dolby Stereo SR" to blow the roof of the cinema. Get lost in music! We're gonna rock this joint tonight! "And we only hope that the plaster does not come down..."

Exactly what is independent music? How do musicians live? Why don't they have electricity in the rehearsal room? Why are they able to receive "Radio Moscow" on their active bass loudspeaker and are banned from playing live? Why is a singer sent to prison for contempt?

At night the band runs through deserted, endlessly deep streets somewhere at the edge of the galaxy. How do musicians living in a small German town feel? They tell their life stories on streets without beginning or end until the stories turn into music: in the rehearsal room, during gigs, and in the musicians' apartments. Each lyric adds to the issue dealt with before.

The film starts with the band coming back from an open-air gig in Berlin. It is dawn when the musicians finally climb sleepily out of their heap of scrap. When the lead singer returns the borrowed car, drops the car keys into a letter box, writes "Thanx" on it with white chalk, and disappears into the sewers of a shopping street, one thing becomes clear immediately: this movie is about life and the night.

When the singer peeks through the cracks in the manhole cover to get a look at the outside world, he encounters an unfamiliar world: the shopping street with its day-to-day routine, the people strolling in the streets, the sound of rustling shopping bags, and empty stares. The musician turns around and disappears back into the sewers.

BEAM ME UP, SCOTTY! The sound of rockets and suddenly we are thundering over the town and see it lying underneath. Below, church bells are striking midnight. The deserted streets of the town are bathed in black light. The band, though, is awake, rehearsing.
Now we perceive the band's world according from their point of view. The tone of the film changes. Multi-coloured images replace the colours of everyday life. From now on the frames are monochromatic. Near the end of the film the colours switch back to "normal" again, but the everyday life seems strange and unreal.

During the course of the last open-air gig in Berlin we get to meet a community of artists living in Berlin's eastern district "Prenzlauer Berg". The band plays in the artists' inner courtyard, side by side with bird people, dinosaurs, flying dogs, and other actual-size works made of papier mâché. At the Berlin gig, North-Rhine area-based BEAM ME UP, SCOTTY!

finally succeed in beaming up. The sound of rockets. The musicians take off together with their audience and float towards another world, the world of music.

The movie audience ends up in everyday life. Now it is their turn to peek through the cracks in the manhole cover to see what's going in the shopping area.

BEAM ME UP, SCOTTY! There is no intelligent life on Earth...
Foreword

NÖPPES
Actually, we have a completely different set of values to those people who decide what is worthwhile and what isn’t. What's officially regarded as "culture" is basically just a facade.

KAISER
Hey! I'm picking up RADIO MOSCOW on my active bass again!

NÖPPES
You-oo and your aaactive bass...

JOCHEN
I've just thought up a great new number!

NÖPPES
Not that as well!

ADMIRAL KIRK
Excuse me, please!
Could you stop that damn noise!

BRILLO
I won't pass for a teenage rock star in a million years!

NÖPPES
Damn it, we're not official! We don't really exist!

Technical data: 108.01 minutes. Color, monochrom. 35mm, 1:1.66. Dolby Stereo Spectral Recording (in selected theatres).
THE CAST

VOCALS       “Brillo” Ditmar Schobel-Gundhardt
VOCALS       “Pat”, Padraig McCabe
DRUMS        “Nöppes”, Norbert Beßer
LEADGUITAR   “Jochen” Zander
RHYTHMGUITAR “Foxi”, Oliver Hotes
BASS         “Kaiser”, Stefan Oelschläger

WRITER, DIRECTOR, PRODUCER    Steve Lem
DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY       Werner Kubny
SECOND & THIRD CAMERA UNITS   Axel Fischer, Uwe Schäfer
CHIEF LIGHTING                Horst Ackermann

LIVE-CONCERT-RECORDING & MIX  Chris Rolfsen, Tom Hallek,
                              Holger Claßen
                              Altona Studios, Hamburg
REHEARSAL SOUND REC. & MIX    Tom Täger
                              Tonstudio an der Ruhr, Mülheim
STUDIO MUSIC REC. & MIX       Michael Grund
                              Grundfunk Studio, Düsseldorf
VOICE-OVER REC. & MIX         Stefan Becker
                              Dynamix Tonstudio, Krefeld
SUPERVISOR LAST CUT           Claudia Gorden-Nowy, Munich
DOLBY STEREO SOUND & MIX      Stephan Konken
                              Konken Studios, Hamburg
SCREENPLAY

ACT I

BERLIN CONCERT: 1992

Cut Reel: 1 Start of film, dedication, opening titles.

EXT. ON STAGE - NIGHT

BRILLO

Thank you, that's all!

STAGE FRONTVIEW (ZI)

1st CHILD (O.S.)

Bianca, come on!

2nd CHILD (O.S.)

I'm still looking for my dog!

10 CHILDREN (O.S.)

Beam me up, Scotty!

HIGHWAY PICTURES, NORTH-RHINE-WESTFAlia, GERMANY. THE MUSICIANS HEAD TO THEIR H
DRIVING IN THEIR BLUES MOBILE, AN OLD MERCEDES BENZ AMBULANCE. BACK IN KREFELD NEXT
DÜSSELDORF, THE MUSICIANS EXIT THE AMBULANCE.

INT. BAND VAN - DAY

KAISER

Pat, Pat. Paa-aat! Hey, Brillo, give us a hand!

BRILLO

Er...er, er...
EXT. CAR HEADLIGHTS (CLOSE-UP) ON SIDE OF STREET - DAY
The singer Brillo crosses the street.

BRILLO (V.O.)
Wow, the gig in Berlin! Was that something!
(MORE)

EXT. SIDEWALK FROM ABOVE. DAY.
The singer walks around the corner.

BRILLO (CONT'D; V.O.)
Completely crazy, hey, far out. But of course, no dough, as usual...
(MORE)

EXT. STREET (PARALLEL TRACKING SHOT) - DAY

BRILLO (CONT'D; V.O.)
Yeah, an' tomorrow, yeah, tomorrow, I'm gonna do the PAINTER MAN, hey: roller up, roller down, roller up, roller down. ALPINE WHITE, hey, SNIFFIN' GLUE!
(MORE)

EXT. PEDESTRIAN PRECINCT WITH FOUNTAIN - DAY

BRILLO (CONT'D; V.O.)
I think I'll just get outta here before the folks with all their shopping bags and vacant looks show up, hey. They probably think I'm a Martian - but when I look at them, I'm convinced a bunch of zombies has been let loose. Ah, well. Time for bed...

Brillo lifts the manhole cover and climbs into the opening.
INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - NIGHT

KAISER (0.S.)
Hey, I'm picking up RADIO MOSCOW on my active bass again!

NÖPPES
You-oo and your aaactive bass!

BEAM ME UP, SCOTTY!

BRILLO
Welcome ladies and gentlemen
I hope I can make you understand
My name is not Kirk, and he's not Spock
We are just six people - - -.
Ey, that isn't yet exactly vervy”,
that should be somehow “catchy”!
Welcome ladies and gentlemen
I hope I can make you understand
My name is not Kirk, and he's not Spock
We are just six people playing some rock
"Beam me up Scotty", beam me up to space
Cause what we're doing with this planet
Is a fucking disgrace!
"Beam me up Scotty", beam me up to space
Cause what we're doing with this planet
Is a fucking disgrace!

JOCHEN
Turn it down!
(CONTINUED: REHEARSAL ROOM)
The guitarist Foxi gives an insulted snort.

BRILLO

Welcome ladies and gentlemen
I hope I can make you understand
My name is not Kirk, and he's not Spock
We are just six people playing some rock
and so on (until "Is a fucking disgrace!")

End of scene: Pat is reading the newspaper.

PAT (V.O.)

It's always stop and start and stop and start - and it goes on like that
for a week, until it's finally right! And I'm always
waiting, a l w a y s waiting!

(MORE)

PHOTOS OF IRELAND

PAT (CONT'D; V.O.)

Maybe I should go back to Ireland, to Dublin...
You can go into a pub there and order a few beers...
And when you've run out of money, you take your guitar and go
out into the street, you sit down, set up your book with all the
lyrics and can pull out something that everyone wants to hear.
Well, it's all the same if they want to hear it or not, as long as
they pay! Sometimes you look at them and the people look at you -
right in the face - and they think, "God almighty, is that a bum!"
Then they go away and hear the music - then come back and toss their
money in. That's a great feeling... But when you're in the rehearsal
room, everybody is totally...

(MORE)

THE BAND AS CARTOON CHARACTERS

PAT (CONT'D; V.O.)

... blowing their minds. You just want to grab the microphone:
"So, c'mon, let's go!" and then - nothing happens...

(MORE)
INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - NIGHT
Pat is reading the newspaper. The band is still rehearsing.

PAT (CONT’D; V.O.)
Shit! I want to sing! I think I'll just get myself a beer. Who knows, maybe I'll run into someone on the way.

(more)
Pat gets up (with the newspaper) and exits.

EXT. STREET - TRACKING SHOT, LS ON PAT - NIGHT
Pat turns into the purple street. Music from the rehearsal room.

PAT (CONT’D; V.O.)
Then I'll go back, take the microphone and say, "Brillo, take a break!"
And then I'll do it... Then I'll sing for about half an hour and I'll feel better! - And if he doesn't go along with it, I'll give him money for a beer, then he can get a beer, THAT always works!

Today I really feel like raging! I've got to let it all out. Boy, you can't imagine what a bastard of a day that was! Everything went wrong! Boy!
I burnt the pots completely, I made everything too salty, I don't know if I'm in love - MY GOD!

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - NIGHT
The drummer Nöppes stops playing, looks around and stands up.

NÖPPES
Eeeaaah!
He runs out of the room.

END OF CUT REEL: 1

CUT REEL: 2
EXT. STREET - TRACKING SHOT (LS): MUSICIANS - NIGHT
Nöppes catches up to the other musicians, who are walking down the middle.

NÖPPES (V.O.)
HEY! WAIT UP!
(MORE)

EXT. STREET - NÖPPES (MLS) - NIGHT

NÖPPES (CONT'D; V.O.)
(impulsively)
I'm just not satisfied! Sure, it really makes me sick that I'm so dissatisfied, 'cos I just can't stand myself sometimes, but at least I know why I'm so dissatisfied: it's just not enough for me to go to work every day, to earn money and then to try and be satisfied with that. And then one day you find yourself running off every morning and getting more worn-out, fatter and more dissatisfied. And that's why we play so loud and fast and harsh, and not the Polka the Bird Dance or 'Love me doo!' 'Wir wollen alle fröhlich sein!' 'I've been lookin' for freedom...' and all that shit. I can't play that stuff, it's not my thing! I come to practice with the feeling: This makes me wanna puke!
And now you finally wanna do what you want! And you know why you're so dissatisfied: you don't wanna end up like everyone else! And that's why the music sounds like that, that's why it's: Gimme a 'G', gimme an 'O', let's GO GO GO!
The music has drive and is loud and is harsh, and each jerk that hears it grabs his head and yells, "No, no, no! That's just plain racket!"
And that's exactly what I want!
(confidently)
I really like my grandma, she's the most kind-hearted woman, but she hasn't the faintest idea about it. When I play her some of our music, she just says, "That doesn't sound very good! I don't know a thing about that, now that is strange..." Yeah, and that is just the best compliment you'll ever get for this music.
**INT. SOUTH STATION KREFELD - LIVE CONCERT - NIGHT**

**B I L L S 1**

Every morning I wake up now I jump out of the bed

I run downstairs to check out what's landed in my post box

I hope it's a postcard or even a letter

Or maybe it's something else

I don't want even think about

The bills, they're driving me crazy

'They're drivin' me insane

The bills, they're driving me crazy

But I've got to pay

I work and work each day and try and get it together

Now I've seldom time for my new woman

She getting mad with me

She doesn't give a damn

She's going to go home now

But I've got to pay

Every evening I come home now I fall into the bed

I turn on the TV-set then I get me a beer

I ring up the woman to see if she's there

Maybe she'll come around

And bring my head together

The bills, they're driving me crazy

'They're drivin' me insane...

(Refrain until: "...to pay!")
INT. PRINTERY I - DAY

The drummer Nöppes enters through a white-painted iron door and goes to the offset montage table. He tears off some Scotch tape and pieces film together.

NÖPPES (V.O.)

Yeah, offset montage...
Snipping film together at a light table... You stare all day into a neon tube, fiddle around with film that's one millimetre thick and you always have to think, to concentrate- of course, that doesn't work out too well with a hang-over, huh?! It's still `in' to be able to say, "I'm in the `graphics trade'..."

(He laughs)
Back then, back then it was really bad, we had a real bad-tempered boss and a bunch of gutless idiots who put up with his rampaging without a word.

If you came in in the morning looking a bit crumpled he'd say, "Where have you been? Just climbed off the old lady, huh?"

A boss like that... Looked like a pimp and screamed at his employees, demanded overtime but if you ever came half an hour late yourself, he'd cut it out of your pay right away. Then one day, I said, "I feel sick!"
But the boss didn't believe that I felt sick. So I went to the john and drank a saturated salt solution - that was real dangerous, but I didn't know that then! Then I drank some strong black tea, so strong, so black that I could hardly get it down. And then it started: Barff, barff, barff!

Nöppes runs his hand over the offset film.

Yeah, and then I ran real fast from the john to the boss's office and said, "I'm sick!" "You're always sick. Now get to work!" Hmmf. Well, I just threw up all over.

(MORE)

EYE THROUGH A MAGNIFYING GLASS (ECU)

NÖPPES (CONT'D; V.O.)

I puked all over his carpet. And that was the last my boss ever saw of me...
INT. SOUTH STATION KREFELD - LIVE CONCERT - NIGHT

BILL S. 2

PAT

I work and work each day
And try to get it together
Now I've seldom time for my new woman
She's getting mad with me
She doesn’t give a damn
She's going to go home now
But I've got to pay.

Instrumental part, then:

Everybody's got to pay
Everybody's got to pay
Everybody's got to pay
Everybody's got to pay
But first we go on holidays!

They start to repeat five times following lines:

Everybody's got to pay
But first we go on holidays!

INT. PRINTERY II - DAY

The drummer Nöppes is standing at the offset montage table.

NÖPPES (V.O.)

You have this stupid job and get paid for it so you can buy yourself satisfaction in your free time with all kinds 'a meaningless shit.
"Bread and games..."
(MORE)

Nöppes goes into the room next door.
NÖPPES (CONT'D; V.O.)

My neighbor, he might not go to the Colosseum any more, but he's got a Ford Mustang out front, low - slung with leopard skin inside, CB radio and all that shit. He thinks he's more civilized 'cos he doesn't have to light a match now that he's got a cigarette lighter.

Others have got a, y' know, computer with the works, or a great, big, huge stereo system, what other substitutes are there? Maybe buying clothes, yeah! Well, whatever, I've always spent my money on booze. My head was always buzzin' so bad when I came home from the sweatshop that I just wanted to numb the pain. Yeah, back then I didn't really do much drumming, I didn't get around to it! You can't be a bank clerk A N D a cool rock singer at the same time - things have to be a bit different!

That's the main reason why I'm a drummer, so I don't get into a complete rut, where I don't wanna be: work, earn money, spend money- earn money, spend money, work - spend. Yeah, that's why I'm a musician, that's why I'm a drummer, and that's why it's the most important thing! Of course, that sort of life is completely wild, there's no doubt about it, you become a real pain in the ass, especially for yourself...

Nöppes draws the curtain shut with one movement.

UNREAL IN REALITY

BRILLO:

Meetin' you at private places
You never look at me
In my heart I feel so sad
It's such a tragedy
Is there too much dream of
An unreal sight of you
Unreal in reality
Unreal in reality
Unreal in reality
Unreal in reality
Unreal, ah, ah, ah, ah.
EXT. THEATER SQUARE (MLS) - NIGHT
The musicians walk past. Tracking shot.

BRILLO (V.O.)
Imagine if atom bombs really rained down on us... They'd all fly past
Krefeld 'cos they couldn't bear to fall on a place like this.

NÖPPES (V.O.)
Whaddya expect from a place that sells itself as the "Silk and Satin City"

Everyone laughs.

BRILLO (V.O.)
It's so boring here, totally dead!

FOXI (V.O.)
It's no better anywhere else, it's the same all over. I was born in Krefeld,
I've lived my time here in Krefeld...

(MORE)

EXT. BENCH SEAT IN FRONT OF A FOUNTAIN - NIGHT
The five musician sit down, guitarist Foxi in foreground.

FOXI (CONT'D; V.O.)
...and somehow I've really come to appreciate this city. There are things
here that are really worthwhile! But still, there's no chance here for an
independent band to get a gig. That's just the way it is.

Tracking shot toward Kaiser, sitting on the bench.

KAISER (V.O.)
Of course! That'd mean action, noise, crowds of people, all hell would
break loose - that kinda thing is just not on in Germany.

(CONTINUED: FOUNTAIN - BENCH)
JOCHEN (V.O.)
Yeah, and they're all just small joints anyway, they'd have to risk laying a couple a hundred marks on the table to let 'em play, and if they're unlucky, a couple of antisocial types turn up and rip the joint apart!

NÖPPES (V.O.)
Yeah, no-one does it any more. They'd rather open a Bistro, toss some marble tables in there and let some yuppies drink their coffee. It's cooler earning your money that way, and for show they stick a piano in the corner that's never been played!

EXT. FOUNTAIN FROM ABOVE - NIGHT
NÖPPES (CONT'D; V.O.)
Hmmm...Yeah...
Actually, we have a completely different set of values to those people who decide what's worthwhile and what's not. Yeah, and in Krefeld or in Germany something's only "culture" or "worthwhile" if people like it. Damn it! We're not official, we don't really exist, and if we do, then only on criminal records for illegally hanging up posters or for "disturbing the peace"! For the authorities we're just undesirables.

EXT. FOUNTAIN SCULPTURE (ZB) - NIGHT

RUSHING WATER. Drummer Nöppes appears after a while. He is standing in the water.
NÖPPES (CONT'D; V.O.)
"Soothing aesthetics for the citizen's pleasure." That's culture for you: watering down the view for the essential. What is officially regarded as culture is basically just a facade. We're crying out against the establishment, it's no wonder that they don't give a damn about us. They put us down right from the start: they criminalize you, you're either a right-wing or left-wing terrorist!

BENCH SEAT IN FRONT OF FOUNTAIN
JOCHEN (V.O.)
Hey, d' you remember the summer of '88 when I was going with Brillo one night from the TANNE to the Z and Brillo had to stop to take a leak in a flower bed? The cops turned up.

SIDE VIEW: BENCH SEAT

BRILLO (V.O.)
Yeah, right, right!

SIDE VIEW: FOUNTAIN

Nöppes is standing in the water and goes over to the bench where the musicians are sitting.

JOCHEN (V.O.)
No kidding, they'd had an APB to be on the lookout for terrorists!
Hey, Brillo, where'd you stash the machine gun?!

BRILLO (V.O.)
The flowers turned out real good.
(He laughs)
Didn't kill them - at least!

FOXI (V.O.)
The cops in Krefeld are total rednecks.

NÖPPES (V.O.)
They're real tough!

He approaches the bench. The musicians get up.

NÖPPES (V.O.)
been free with their fists, what are you getting so worked up for?"

Even my dad said to me, "The cops in Krefeld have always
KAISER (V.O.)
I was at a girlfriend's house getting my hair cut when the
doorbell rang. I opened the door...
(MORE)

KAISER (CONT'D; V.O.)
... and there were six cops standing there wanting to search
the apartment.
(MORE)

KAISER (CONT'D; V.O.)
I had one side of my head shaved, the right side, the left side
hadn't been done yet; I was gonna get a Mohawk, and on top
of that, I still had green hair and was half naked. I said, "God
damn, doesn't anything I have to say mean a thing to you?
Besides, it just so happens that you can't just all march in
here without a search warrant. There are already enough
people here who want to search the place, turning the place
upside down, without you all coming in here, too!" And then
I smash a bottle on the table. "Fuck!"
(CONTINUED: STREET - KAISER)

KAISER (CONT'D; V.O.)
Yeah - ehm - and - I woke up two flights of stairs further down
with my hands tied behind my back and a massive pool of blood
in front of me. Then they took me to the police station where I

JOCHEN (V.O.)

(Number)

Boy! You're just bursting with anger 'cos what's going on
here is blatant injustice!

NÖPPES (V.O.)

Everyone knew about it! My father just never admitted it.

EXT. THEATER SQUARE - NIGHT
The six musicians go across the square into the background.

KAISER (CONT'D; V.O.)
... and there were six cops standing there wanting to search
the apartment.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT
Kaiser walks more and more into the foreground as we are tracking backwards.

KAISER (CONT'D; V.O.)
Yeah - ehm - and - I woke up two flights of stairs further down
with my hands tied behind my back and a massive pool of blood
in front of me. Then they took me to the police station where I
got a couple more in the guts, and then they let me go, in the middle of winter, I stood around half naked out in front of the police station. A taxi driver took me to the hospital, thank God, where I had to stay the night...

The result of the whole thing is that I got two years' probation and a fat fine, a juicy, fat fine... My probation is over, thank God, that's a few years ago now, but I already had a record.

The faces of the other musicians appear next to Kaiser's, now Foxi's.

**FOXI (V.O.)**

The cops here in Krefeld are totally cruel. You can't even go to the john on your own, even if you're wearing plastic handcuffs. I don't know if you've ever seen those things, they're really bad, they're these things that, y' know, sometimes they're used to bundle cables together, know what I mean? They're things that you pull through a loop and you can't get your hands out any more. Yeah, and then they pull 'em so tight that you get the feeling you haven't got any hands anyway.

The upper torsos of the musicians appear, then the outline of their hands - in front of the black asphalt.

**INT. POLICE STATION - EMPTY HALLWAY - NIGHT**

**FOXI (CONT'D; V.O.)**

And then they send you - with your hands all bound up - they send you to the john!

(MORE)
STAIRWELL AT POLICE STATION

FOXI (CONT'D; V.O.)
At the police station, you've gotta go downstairs to get there, and
- ah, well - then you just fall down 'em - accidentally, of course!

BRILLO (V.O.)
They kick you down 'em!

FOXI (V.O.)
That's how you get the bruises they gave you! But the biggest joke
of all is:

(MORE)

ANTEROOM OF TOILET

FOXI (CONT'D; V.O.)
You can't even piss on your own! Both hands are tied, so a cop
stands behind you and says:

(MORE)

TOILET BOWL (DETAIL)

FOXI (CONT'D; V.O.)
"Well... Then try it.

Tracking shot backwards from the toilet bowl into the restroom as the song
is heard.

QUESTIONS

FOXI
Is here anybody there who knows what's true
Are there things you did not dare to do
Is there so much time to start all over again
Are there still these foolish thoughts
Rumourin' in my brain

(MORE)
INT. KAISER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Foxi und Kaiser sit at the window. Kaiser plays on guitar as Foxi continues singing "Questions".

(FOXI)
I'm glad to see you go your very own way
It was mad my dear to meet you again
No tears no fears we are laugh'n once more
Our thoughts so clear
You're so near and far away
Near and far away
This time I'm loosin' very hard
Very hard, hard

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Tracking shot backwards, following Brillo and Pat.

BRILLO (V.O.)
Ya know Pat, the years from '73 to '75, '76, they were just so...
shi t ty, it was really refreshing when I suddenly heard the SEX PISTOLS on the radio. At first I thought, "What the hell is that noise!" Then I listened to them three or four times and it suddenly went 'click' and I was a completely different person...

(MORE)

BRILLO AND PAT FROM FRONT

BRILLO (CONT'D; V.O.)
... man, B A N G!

Brillo laughs as he gives Pat a light slap on the stomach.

BAND FROM BEHIND
JOCHEN (V.O.)

I used to sit around in front of the radio with my sister every weekend, the WDR hit parade with Neil Sandock, and one day they introduced some newcomers: "And now for some new music from England called PUNK! The SEX PISTOLS with 'Holidays in the Sun!' And - M A N! They really knocked me out, what music! So aggressive, yeah, I knew for sure: 'Forget STATUS QUO, they're for the birds, make way for the SEX PISTOLS!"

The song "Anarchy in the UK" by the SEX PISTOLS fades in.

PHOTOS OF JOCHEN AND KAISER

KAISER (V.O.)

Jochen was the first one to get an electric guitar and he could play a Pistols song on one string!

JOCHEN (V.O.)

I was the King of the castle! And they all just couldn't believe it: "Man, he can play a Pistols song! On one string! Boy, is that man cool!"

(Everyone laughs)

KAISER (V.O.)

And then my dad mocked us: "We're all so goddamn stupid, we're all so goddamn stupid!" - Yeah, and then we decided to call ourselves MISCARRIAGE!

JOCHEN (V.O.)

MISCARRIAGE, because we didn't exactly turn out the way our parents wanted us to.

(MORE)
(CONTINUED: PHOTOS - JOCHEN AND KAISER)

JOCHEN (CONT'D; V.O.)
Well, that was our first band, and we used to do classical punk rock lyrics: a song against politicians, a song about getting drunk and stuff like that, you know, just the classical stuff, see!

For example, HEXENTANZ, THE WITCHES' DANCE, was about burning witches at the stake in the Middle Ages. See, they were women who were outsiders who just weren't tolerated by society. Basically, they were the first pharmacists! Whatever, that's exactly how we saw ourselves in those days too: society just can't stand anything that's different.

All the photos which were shown individually appear lying next to each other in backwards zoom.

INT. BRILLO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT
The singer Brillo goes over to the table where the band is sitting. He sits down on a folding chair and opens a bottle. A bare light bulb hangs from a cable next to Brillo.

BRILLO (V.O.)
You know, Pat, Punk comes from England, and I don't need to tell you how bad unemployment was back in '76, do I!

(MORE)

Brillo drinks.

PAT (CU)

BRILLO (CONT'D; V.O.)
Anyway, even at the beginning of the '70's, all the big-name bands had completely mutated:

(MORE)

BAND ON SOFA (LS)
... dead dinosaurs.

(more)

JOCHEN (CU)

BRILLO (CONT'D; V.O.)

All of a sudden, these guys come along and say: fuck you! We're gonna buy a guitar...

(MORE)

BAND ON SOFA (MLS)

BRILLO (CONT'D; V.O.)

... I can't play, but I'm gonna start a band! That's punk rock, ya see?

JOCHEN (V.O.)

And so punk developed from all of that!

BRILLO (V.O.)

Just by coincidence, I'm the oldest punk rocker in Krefeld, and I also had the first band in Krefeld that played punk rock: MALE STUFF...

(MORE)

NÖPPES (CU)

Raises his eyebrows

BRILLO (CONT'D; V.O.)

... was our name.

(MORE)

SOFA WITH PAT, NÖPPES AND FOXI

BRILLO (CONT'D; V.O.)

All the same, it was a real honor for us small-town boys from Krefeld to be able to play at the RATINGER HOF...

(MORE)

KAISER (CU)
BRILLO (CONT'D; V.O.)

... in Düsseldorf! The only thing was: no punks allowed! 150 people were standing outside! That just about describes the situation...

(more)

EXT. EMPTY STREET (FREEZE FRAME) - NIGHT

BRILLO (CONT'D; V.O.)

... What went on here in Krefeld is hard to imagine. Incredible, unbelievable, but true!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Foxy walks in the center of the street toward us as we track backwards.

FOXI (V.O.)

Around that time, say, November '86, a friend of mine turned thirty and she threw a party at Brillo’s joint. The cops came in and, without any warning, started to take the speakers down and carry them out. One woman asked, “What do you think you're doin'? You're supposed to ask what's going on first!”

Then the cop gave her a slap right across the face, so her boyfriend went for the cop and the boyfriend was the first one out cold that night. Yeah, of course, most of the people at the party were pretty outraged and poured out onto the street where they were met by the police backup: a fifty-man team with dogs. Cops all over the place!

FOXI (MLS)

The next thing I knew, I was standing on the sidewalk and two of them twisted my arm, threw me to the ground and started kicking me and beating me with their billy clubs, real hard from behind on my back and my head.

(more)

(CONTINUED: STREET - FOXI)
FOXI (CONT'D; V.O.)
Then they threw me in the paddy wagon with two other guys, one of them was DIX and they'd completely smashed his nose. I had a black bandanna which I gave to him: "C'mon, take it!" He was bleeding real bad, and I mean B A D. I'd never seen anything like that before! The blood was just pouring out of his nose, really, just: gush, gush, gush!

(MORE)

INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR (POV FOXI) - NIGHT

FOXI (CONT'D; V.O.)
Then we both landed at the police station, and they ran through the usual rigmarole: you have to take off your shoes, you have to take off your belt, pull out your shoelaces and so on... We both took off our shoes and pulled out our shoelaces at the same time. We both bent forward at the same time - DIX was still bleeding like hell - ...

(MORE)

EXT. STREET (MLS ON FOXI) - NIGHT

FOXI (CONT'D; V.O.)
... and what happens? A pig - not a police officer, a real pig! - hauls off and slaps him one right smack on his broken nose, which was totally smashed as it was! So DIX says to the medical officer, "It's your duty to help me! You have to record the physical damage that these police officer have done." Then the cop goes up to him and says, "What? Your nose is broken? You claim your nose is broken?" He goes up to him, grabs his nose with two fingers and wiggles it around. "There's nothing broken..." I was sitting right next to him and could hear the bones cracking!

(MORE)
INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

FOXI (CONT'D; V.O.)

Then they put us in a cell. I was in a cell with DIX and he was still bleeding and yelling for the doctor too, and he said, "I have the right to be treated, I'm bleeding, I'm injured!" Then they took him out of the cell, punched him in the face again and stuck him in solitary. That's how things went there...

BRILLO (V.O.)

I had nothing but luck, I was able to get away with Gerald!

EXT. ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH - NIGHT

An empty street. The church and portal draw nearer and nearer. Later, police sirens, engines starting, tires screeching, doors slamming, foot steps, noises from nightsticks, hitting heads and voices of a crowd.

VOICE OVER POLICE RADIO (V.O.)

Roger, you drive "K3".

POLICE RADIO (V.O.)

Roger, driving to "K3". Over and out.

PRAYER 10 PEOPLE (V.O.)

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our sins as we forgive them who sin against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever, amen.

DOOR HANDLE

POLICE OFFICER (V.O.)

Get a move on! Come on! Out of there!

(CONTINUED: CHURCH - DOOR HANDLE)
VOICE ON POLICE RADIO (V.O.)
Tomcat "12" from Tomcat "98, 31".

VOICE ON POLICE RADIO (V.O.)
Roger, we're moving out!

Sliding door slams. Engine of VW van starts. Sounds of a vehicle leaving.

ROLL-UP TITLE

over light blue mosaic on church portal:

POLICE PRESIDENT, KREFELD

Impoundment

On 9 November at 16:00, a resident of the apartment house ... called the police for assistance in a case of Disturbance of the Peace. Two squad cars were sent to deal with the problem and ascertained that... in some cases, extremely intoxicated punks were singing along loudly and raucously to recorded music. ...

Anti-police sentiment became increasingly stronger. The officers were insulted, threatened, pushed and one was even drenched with beer. An attempt to lock the police officers in the apartment was unsuccessful. ...

The officers defended themselves with precise-aimed punches...
Furthermore, the police was compelled to impound an amplifier in order to carry out their task. The receipt for the system was kept for collection at the police station nearby. ... Claims of "violent conflict" ...are misleading.

No "defenceless party guest" was handled beyond the police measures described above.

K.D. CHIEF OF POLICE

Letter to the editor in the daily paper "Rheinische Post"

1986
PRAYER 10 PEOPLE (V.O.)
Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our sins, as we forgive them who sin against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, forever and ever, amen.

The church door starts spinning round. Glaring, pink pictures of the song "Biafra" interrupt the movement. Now anger and despair about the violence from the police explode into music, which is breathtaking fast.

**BIAFRA**

BRILLO

Lookin’ at the TV
Saw a horror-show once more
These old wise men from government
Have turned completely mad
They killed ten thousand people
With no weapons in their hands
And millions of people in the world
Are watching China's end
Ah, ah, I cannot stand it anymore
Ah, ah, I cannot stand it anymore

Oh well, we kill Sandinos
Sweet Maria lost her face
I’m feeling like a Rambo
And I play a video-game
Oh God, I wanna beg you
I don’t wanna die

(CONTINUED: SONG BIAFRA)
(BRILLO)
I'm so fuckin' stupid
Just a Mac Donald's guy
Ah, ah, I cannot stand it anymore
Ah, ah, I cannot stand it anymore

A brand-new killing-story
Is the TV-show tonight
We are sitting here in boredom
Cause we don't have to fight
See all these people dyin'
For they just want their rights
Forget about their cryin'
It's already half past five
Ah, ah, I cannot stand it anymore
Ah, ah, I cannot stand it anymore

Can anybody tell me
How long can this go on
Stupidity and ignorance
Let's send them to the moon
Don't need these politicians
They will always be the same
They're causing all the miseries
Let's go and let them tame
Ah, ah, I cannot stand it anymore
Ah, ah, I cannot stand it anymore
FOXI (V.O.)
If you play punk rock, you don't have to sing NO FUTURE!
NO FUTURE!

BRILLO (V.O.)
That's over...

FOXI (V.O.)
Now, what we're really singing is MORE FUTURE! MORE FUTURE!

BRILLO (V.O.)
Exactly! Just the opposite! You reach a certain point in your life and things just go SNAP! You break off and from then on you go a different way.

FOXI (V.O.)
My getup was extremely important for me in those days, because it reflected my attitude. Everyone used to turn around and say...

(MORE)

INSERT: FOXI'S MOHAWK PHOTO

FOXI (CONT'D; V.O.)
"Man! What's he got on his head?" For me, that was simply my way of expressing myself at that time! That was before my carpenter's apprenticeship...

EXT. STREET (LAS ON THE BAND, FRONT VIEW) - NIGHT

BRILLO (V.O.)
Most of the hard-core punks had mohawks, see. That was too much for me, for example, 'cos there was one thing they just didn't have: h u m o r.

(CONTINUED: STREET)
NÖPPES (V.O.)
If you ever saw the SEX PISTOLS on stage - they never had Mohawks. Basically, they looked totally normal, at the most, they wore ripped t-shirts, but they acted like animals! Still, that's how they were!

BRILLO (V.O.)
What is punk, after all? It's the music that interests me.

FOXI (V.O.)
Above all it's an outlet - for your own feelings. For me, it balances out your humanity, it's absolutely necessary for a person's, for my, emotional balance!

Sound of ROLLING LOUDSPEAKER BOXES.
Setting up and gig at KULTURFABRIK KREFELD [Krefeld Cultural Center].

INT. CONCERT HALL - CULTURE FACTORY KREFELD - NIGHT
The musicians carry loudspeakers, amplifiers and instruments onto the stage. The audience walks in, buying tickets. Sound check on stage. Then...

THE BIG TRIAL

BRILLO

Lookin' into future
It's a sad affair
Sometimes I am wondering
We've not already lost conspiracy
This side I see a dyin' world
That side a paradise
When I'm lookin' into your eyes
I don't know, if I'm wrong or right

(CONTINUED: SONG "THE BIG TRIAL")
Oh my! You can't deny!
There's a big trial
There's a great betrayal
I'm trying to understand
There's a certain rule
I have to learn
Or I get burned.

It's so hard to forget the past
But that's the only way
Goin' on and bein' strong
Fightin' for what I'm believe in
Perhaps you'll find a new idea
Faraway from now
Then you surely will realize
That change comes suddenly somehow

Oh my! You can't deny!
There's a big trial
There's a great betrayal
I'm trying to understand
There's a certain rule
I have to learn
Or I get burned.

(CONTINUED: SONG "THE BIG TRIAL")
(BRILLO)

Lookin' into future
It's a sad affair
Sometimes I am wondering
we've not already lost conspiracy
This side I see a dyin' world
That side a paradise
When I'm lookin' into your eyes
I don't know, if I'm wrong or right
Oh my! You can't deny! There is...

(Refrain)

The audience applauds. Brillo on stage:

BRILLO

Yeah, OK, thanks a lot, so long, that's all!

INT. CAFE OF KULTURFABRIK KREFELD - NIGHT

Foxi, Nöppes, and Jochen, standing at the counter, say cheers with their plastic cups.

NÖPPES

Went real well, didn't it?

FOXI

Yeah, c'mon, cheers! Let's drink to that!

EVERYONE

Cheers, cheers, cheers!
FOXI (V.O.)
We can pack up later on, c'mon!
The gig was real good, except for a
couple of screw ups... considering
that we've hardly done any
practicing lately...

NÖPPES (V.O.)
Well, I thought it was damn good!
Pretty hot, by God!

BRILLO BENDS TOWARD A MEMBER OF THE AUDIENCE
BRILLO
Hey, d'ya know how much we made today? 80 marks! Oh,
what the hell!

GUESTS AT COUNTER IN CAFE (LS)
BRILLO (O.S.)
(cont'd; background voice)
80 marks for five people, that's punk rock for you, who the
hell cares. As long as there's a raging good time and some
action!

NÖPPES (O.S.)
(background voice)
Yeah, you really liked it, huh? Yeah, all right... By the end
I thought it was OK, too, but to begin with I was thinking,
"No, that's just not it!" But after a while: "You're warming
up, and when the sweat starts running everything will be
OK."

EXT. PUDDLE AT THE ENTRANCE - NIGHT
A foot steps into the mirror-like surface.

FOXO (O.S.)
It was a great gig...
Fade: The puddle slowly disappears.

(WEND OF CUT REEL: 4)
END OF ACT II

END OF ACT II
EXT. ROOF OF "SOUTH RAILROAD STATION" - DAY

Brillo and Nöppes are standing in front of the sandstone parapet. Foxi and Kaiser are sitting on the ground. Pat and Jochen are off screen.

JOCHEN (O.S.)
Tell me, have you ever actually had problems with the pigs?

PAT (O.S.)
No, not this year, anyway...

(MORE)

PAT AND JOCHEN (MS)

PAT (CONT'D; O.S.)
... but last year, when I was driving for D.P.D, I had problems every day. What about you?

JOCHEN
Aaaw, me neither, actually. The last time was when they caught me drunk on my bicycle.

BAND (LS)

BRILLO
Bingo, bingo! You won first prize!

NÖPPES
Well, the other day, I came home, opened the door and - surprise! - five policemen are there...

BRILLO
You're kidding...

NÖPPES
... in my apartment, tearing the place apart.

FOXI
That's not bad, either!

NÖPPES
They said they were looking for drugs. So I said: keep on looking...  (Everyone laughs)
And sat down to watch. They went through the lot - you wouldn't believe what they found -

Nöppes laughs.

BRILLO
Only, no drugs...

NÖPPES
What! Are you crazy?! Then they were allowed to go and I was allowed to clean up after them. Oh well...

BRILLO
Our beloved police force... wonderful.

NÖPPES
Yeah, well that was about the only thing.

FOXI
Oh, well...

BRILLO
Well, hell! At the moment, I don't have all that much to do with them either, thank God.

Pan to the ground, then to...

FOXI
That's what I mean: these days we don't look half as wild as we used to, we don't have brightly colored hair any more...

BRILLO (O.S.)
Exactly!

FOXI
... and we don't wear studded belts.

NÖPPES (O.S.)
That's right...

BRILLO (O.S.)
But they never forget!

Kaiser and Foxi MURMER.
NÖPPES (O.S.)
Yeah, in any case, they have so much trouble with moped riders these days.

BRILLO (O.S.)
(laughs briefly)
Yeah, of course, OK...

Pan from Foxi below up to Brillo and Nöppes.

NÖPPES (O.S.)
Hey, listen, the ne...

NÖPPES (ON SCREEN)
...xt gig is on Wednesday, isn't it?

BRILLO
Yeah, Wednesday, I think so...

FOXII
Wednesday.

NÖPPES
Damn it! Is it far away?

BRILLO
Well, 40 miles, 50 miles.

NÖPPES
We'll have to drive back that night, 'cos I have to work on Thursday. That won't work.

FOXII
Take the day off...

NÖPPES
What, not again!

CONTINUED: PAT AND JOCHEN (MCU)
PAT
We're playing tonight. Let's see how that goes first, shall we?

EXT. BAR "TANNENHÖHE" - NIGHT
NOTICE ON THE DOOR (DETAIL): "Performance cancelled. City Hall."
The musicians are carrying their instruments out of the bar onto the street to their "blues mobile".

KAISER
Damn the fuckin' joint..

NÖPPES
Hell!

KAISER
That bunch of brainless idiots at City Hall!

NÖPPES
Always the same stress...

FOXI
You can just forget everything!

BRILLO
It's fuckin' awful!

FOXI
What a bunch of jerks! Goddamn!

NÖPPES
Jesus Christ...

EXT/INT. BAND VAN - NIGHT
The musicians are loading bass speakers, microphone stands, drums etc.
PAT
What are we gonna do now?

BRILLO
South Station...

FOXI
Looks like we've got no choice, hey. Let's call 'em!

PAT
Who's got the number, who's got the number?

NÖPPES
D'you think they'll let us in now, or what?

FOXI
We'll have to see...

PAT
Let's call 'em.

NÖPPES
There won't be anyone there!

FOXI
It's worth a try! It'll work out, you'll see!

PAT
Have you got the number, Foxi?

JOCHEN
And what about the people here???

FOXI
Let's call 'em!

PAT
Let's call 'em!

FOX I
I tell you, someone'll be there, for sure.
NÖPPES

Where's the number? Call 'em!

PAT

I've got the number here. Foxi, take it, go and call 'em!

FOXI

No sweat...

NÖPPES

Yeah, c'mon, let's call 'em!

The musicians go to the entrance of the...

INT. "TANNENHÖHE" BAR - NIGHT.

Foxy goes to the payphone, throws three coins in and dials.

FOXI

Yeah, hi! Foxi from BEAM ME UP, SCOTTY! here. Listen, we've got a little problem: we'd originally planned to play in the TANNE this evening, but for some reason City Hall knocked that on the head, and it's been cancelled. I just wanted know if it's not too late to organize - playing with you this evening at the South Station? Yeah, I know, but - Naw, nonsense, we'll take care of that, let that be our problem... Yeah, can do, no problem! Naw, we're packing up here now - we were already half set up, somehow - and we'll come on over right away! You'll be there, anyhow? Yeah, that'd be real great if it works out.

Yeah, great...yeah, fantastic! OK, we're on our way. - That's fine! Ciao! Oh, great...

Foxi takes a swig of beer and goes to the...
INT. BAND VAN - NIGHT
The musicians are loading the instruments into the van.

    PAT
    Where shall I put it, Nöppes?

    NÖPPES
    Yeah, just put it there...

    PAT
    OK.

    FOXI (O.S.)
    You guys, everything's sorted out with South Station!

    KAISER
    Hey, wow!

    PAT
    Fantastic!

    BRILLO
    Yeah, w o h!

    PAT
    Shut the door, why don't you...

The rear door is slammed shut.

    PAT (O.S.)
    Let's go!

EXT. BAND VAN - NIGHT
The musicians get in.

    PAT (O.S.)
    Y e e - h a a!

The band drives in their Mercedes ambulance, the blues mobile to the...
EXT. "SOUTH RAILROAD STATION" (LS) - NIGHT

The blues mobile pulls up. The musicians exit the car, walking toward the open entrance door.

INT. "SOUTH RAILROAD STATION" (LS) - NIGHT

The musicians are standing in the background in the doorway.

JOCHEN

It actually looks quite good here...

FOXÍ

Real neat... oh, yeah, not bad...

PAT

Fantastic!

MUSICIANS IN THE DOORWAY (MS)

PAT

Let me in ...

FOXÍ

Cool...

NÖPPES

Hope we don't blast the roof off!

Pat takes the case over to the left wall. PAN.

PAT

Insane...

BRILLO (O.S.)

Top-knotch, classy. Hey, hey, hey!

Brillo opens his mouth wide.

BRILLO

O h h h h h !

"SOUTH RAILROADSTATION" - DOORWAY - NIGHT

Tracking shot toward the stage.

I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE

BRILLO

A new day 's risin'
Yesterday 's been sad
This day we have more time
Perhaps it's gettin' mad
I couldn't know what you believed
We did not talk so far
Sometimes you'll discursive
What my impression was
We've time to fear for what about
We'll have a magic time
We'll have a magic time

There's no need of pain
We need love and rain
For feelings I have waitin' for so long
I just can't believe
I found it back again
To know, that it can be so strong
To know, that it can be so strong

It's touchin' and turnin'
I always fool around
The city lights shine bright
Show me the way you adore me

(CONTINUED: SONG "I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE")
(BRILLO)

There's a magic place to stay
Do you feel the same

And now, I can't believe
That I'm so really brain
It's just your female touch
Darling, we just know
what's goin' on with us
Can't you understand
Can't you understand

There's no need of pain
We need love and rain
For feelings I have waitin' for so long
I just can't believe
I found it back again

To know, that it can be so strong
To know, that it can be so strong

INT. BRILLO'S APARTMENT - DAY
Brillo is sitting at the window. He briefly laughs to himself.

BRILLO (V.O.)

People who have success with their music are stars, period, hey.
Yeah, and I couldn't pass for a teenage rock star in a million years!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED: BRILLO'S APARTMENT)
Brillo laughs to himself.

BRILLO (CONT’D; V.O.)
The people expect stars to have a certain getup, ya know, a certain way of behaving and a certain style and so on! You're either extremely attractive, or extremely ugly, those are the two extremes of success! Or you're extremely young or extremely old, and huh, if - as in my case! - you're neither one nor the other, well, you're nothing but you! -

I've been unemployed for quite a while now. My God, what I haven't done! I've been a gravedigger, jeans salesman, delivery van driver, gardener, bricklayer, painter! Carpenter, furniture packer, furniture mover - bouncer -

(MORE)

BRILLO AT THE WINDOW (MLS)

BRILLO (CONT’D; V.O.)
I always ended up quitting myself, 'cos at some stage, after a while, if I did a proper job,
(stands up)
paying tax and all, I always noticed...

(MORE)

BRILLO ON THE SOFA (MLS)

BRILLO (CONT’D; V.O.)
...that you kinda get numb like a zombie, like you get into a rut...
Always the same old routine, every day the same deal, for me that's deadly - sure, there were times where the routine became a killer 'cos of nothing to do - sure, that's obvious - but I changed that by making music.
FURTHER ALONG 1

BRILLO

So many years I used to live
I did not even remark
And many thousand people I’ve met
Don’t know their names anymore
Some of them goin’ their own way
But less of them turn all right
A lot of people were laugh’n at me
Perhaps they are all right
Don't try to fool me
’Cause I'm walking further along
And I know what's straight
And I'm strong

There many thousand pictures
Are so strongly in my head
I used to see them fading
But some.... I got on it's stair
I really feel so thrillin'
And the tears try tickle me
I'm lookin' into my bad dreams
And it gives me such a thrill

Don't try to fool me
'Cause I'm walkin' further along
And I know what's straight
And I’m strong
INT. BRILLO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Brillo is sitting on the sofa next to the doorway.

BRILLO (V.O.)

I'm an idealist in a way... Lots of people think idealists are fools! I think idealists are the only real people! They somehow keep the whole schemozzle together. Imagine what it'd be like without idealists, imagine!

(MORE)

END OF AKT III, CUT REEL: 5

AKT IV

CUT REEL: 6

WALL IN BRILLO'S KITCHEN (MS)

Tracking shot from manhole cover on wall to kitchen sink.

BRILLO (CONT'D; V.O.)

My father's a Nazi. In the war, they blasted all his bones to bits. Somewhere under the silver plate in his skull he'd somehow imagined I'd do better for myself...

People ask me all the time: "Yes, well now that you're getting on," blah, blah, blah, "don't you think it's about time you came to your senses??" And that's not only people like my mother who say that, even people half my age ask me that!

My mother's come to terms with the fact that I am the way I am, and she accepts that somehow; but when people half my age say stuff like that, I find that somehow real strange! That's my business, and I live my life the way I want to ...

(MORE)

BRILLO ON SOFA (LS)

BRILLO (CONT'D; V.O.)

... and I don't need anyone's permission. I'm thirty-eight, for God's
sake! Sure, that might be old, but it's not old. So what the hell!
Your shell gets older, but that doesn't mean your heart or your judgement
or your mind gets older, too. Well, I don't feel old, anyway -
maybe I look old, that may be... but I don't feel like I am!

(MORE)

Brillo gets up.

KITCHEN - OPEN WINDOW

A bird flies from below in a curve to the building
diagonally opposite. Railroad lines in the background.
SOUND EFFECTS: RAILROAD, RUMBLING FREIGHT CARS, BIRDS.

BRILLO (CONT'D; V.O.)

I haven't given up hope... I'll never give up hope as long as I live,
period! It's not just a matter of women, or love - of course, they
play a role, too! - it's a matter of you, yourself. Somehow, its
just fantastic to see the things that go on around you, what life
is about, that is what's so great about it!

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - NIGHT

FURTHER ALONG 2

BRILLO

Don't try to fool me
‘Cause I'm walking further along
And I know what's straight
And I'm strong
Further along
Further along
Further along...
EXT. CALL-BOX NEAR THE SILK WEAVER'S MONUMENT - AFTERNOON

Late fall in Krefeld. Open square with Silk Weaver's Monument front right. Background left is a call-box in which Brillo is standing. TWO OLD WOMEN are sitting on a park bench on the right in the background. THREE COINS DROP INTO THE PAYPHONE. TRAFFIC SOUNDS.

BRILLO

Yeah, hello? Is this the prosecutor's office? I just wanted to ask...
I got another one of these letters, and I just can't seem to make out
what it's all supposed to mean. Could you check it out for me? I'll
just give you the reference number, just a minute... hold on... Er,
it's 6, 600 slash 823 slash 86...

(MORE)

CALL-BOX (MS)

BRILLO (CONT'D)

I just wanted to find out, uh, what you wanted from me. Could
you just take a look? - - - What? 4,000 marks? But what for?
What am I s'posed to pay 4,000 marks for? What? For drunken
bike-riding? How do you expect me to do that? How am I supposed
to manage that? I live on social welfare, that's 350 marks a month.
How am I supposed to pay 4,000 marks? Can you tell me that?
I see, your not the least bit interested...

(MORE)

CALL-BOX - SIDE VIEW (MS)

BRILLO (CONT'D)

I see... Do you wanna know how much, how much mail I get from
you every week? Here a notice, there a fine, numbers, references
and all that, then on the front - Hell! I can't. I'm just totally lost!
I don't have the faintest idea about stuff like that, I'm a musician;
and besides that, I've noticed that it's always the same judge, al-
ways the same man! I have the feeling, the feeling he's out to get
me! Are you trying to do me in, or something? What's the big idea?
What country are we living in here, anyway? Can you tell me that?
I see, I see... Aha, ah-ah-aha!

(MORE)

BRILLO'S FACE BEHIND RAINDROPS ON THE GLASS
BRILLO (CONT’D; V.O.)

Yeah, I believe what you're telling me, I just don't understand. I think - I'll never understand it all. What? A mandatory sentence? For 4,000 marks? Well, I really don't know just how I'm going to manage that...

Insert rehearsal room: the musicians are waiting for Brillo. Cut back to the call-box: Brillo hangs up, takes three coins out of the coin return and leaves the cabin. His shadow glides along over a telephone box covered with old posters, then over the bushes in the square. Cut back to the...

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - NIGHT

Foxy, Kaiser and Jochen are sitting bored on the floor, Nöppes at his drums.

JOCHEN
Can you tell me what that bum is up to, again???

KAISER
How the hell should I know, for Chris' sake!

FOXI
The same old story...

NÖPPES
Antisocial, hey!

KAISER
C'mon, let's make noise without him!

FOXI
Yeah, let's do something!

NÖPPES
Yeah, let's make noise without him...

Brillo comes from OFF. Foxi and Kaiser stand up.

(CONTINUED: REHEARSAL ROOM)
FOXI AND KAISER (MCU)

BRILLO (O.S.)

Hi!

REHEARSAL ROOM (LS)

BRILLO

Hi!

FOXI

Hi...

Feedback from the P.A.

EVERYONE

A a a a r r g h!

FOX

Turn that thing off!

Brillo turns the amp down.

KAISER AND BRILLO (MCU)

Kaiser scowls at Brillo.

BRILLO

C'mon, let's get on with it! - Hey, you're always late, too, hey!

BRILLO AND JOCHEN (MCU)

JOCHEN

You guys, are we really gonna play TEQUILA in Hamburg?

BRILLO

Ah, naw, let's play CLEAR UP instead!

REHEARSAL ROOM (LS)

KAISER

We can't, we can't waste CLEAR UP at the start! We should, maybe we should play another one like CHANGE OF IDEAS.

BRILLO

Let's try it out!

The band plays briefly.

(CONTINUED: REHEARSAL ROOM)

KAISER
Needs more get up and go...

The band plays. Break.

JOCHEN
This is all just too stupid! Why don't we start with TEQUILA er, with, with KICKS in Hamburg, like we always do, 'cos - the number has simply got drive!

The band plays KICKS.

BRILLO
What's the matter, now?

JOCHEN
F o x i i i !!! Turn down your amp, why don't you, you're drowning everything out, like always!

FOXI
Listen hear, you! If there's one thing I can't stand it's having you on my back all the time, hey!

(MORE)

BRILLO (O.S.)
Not that again... Jesus Christ...

FOXI (CONT'D)
You carry on like you're the big boss -

JOCHEN (O.S.)
If there's one thing I can't stand, it's you playing so loud all the time -

CU: JOCHEN

FOXI (O.S.)
Yeah, so you can't stand it??? Well, I can't stand you playing big boss, hey -

JOCHEN
(simultaneously)
Is t h a t too loud?!

 Hits the strings.
(CONTINUED: REHEARSAL ROOM)

FOXI
That's just shit! You gotta contribute at least a little bit to
the group, hey!

(MORE)

**FOXI (CONT'D)**

I'm always too loud -

(MORE)

**FOXI (CONT'D)**

I'm always the asshole, right?

**JOCHEN**

Where else is all this shit coming from?!

**FOXI (O.S.)**

Ah, fuck off! You've gotta be kidding...

**JOCHEN**

(simultaneously with "kidding")

Yeah, right, that's just typical of you!

**KAISER (MCU)**

He turns red, green and blue...

**FOXI (O.S.)**

Yeah, right, so you want me to leave or something, hey?!

You don't seem to notice anything - yeah, it's all the same to you! Great, so put on your one-man show...

**JOCHEN (O.S.)**

You should go to the ear doctor, did you know that!

**JOCHEN (MCU)**

And you should go to -

**KAISER AND FOXI**

**KAISER**

Hey, you guys! Have you sorted out your sound problem, yet?? Can we finally get back down to business?
FOXI

Fffff!! - OK. Where do we start?!

END OF CUT REEL: 6 (middle of Act IV)
CUT REEL: 7

1990
STICKING BILLS IN HAMBURG

BUCKET OF WHITE PASTE (DETAIL)
A hand stirs some paste with a wide paint brush.

FOXI (O.S.)

C'mon... that's enough!

KAISER

Oh, the paste...

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF THE WALL OF A BUILDING - NIGHT
The musicians are sticking band posters onto the bricks next to a window with bars. Left Nöppes in the band van. Engine running.

FOXI

C'mon, hurry up, Kaiser, get a move on!

BRILLO

Step on it!

FOXII

We gotta get a move on here! - C'mon!

NÖPPES (O.S.)

Move it!
EVERYONE

Yeah!

FOXII

C'mon, we'll make it!

KAISER

You just keep a look-out, here!

FOXII

C'mon, let's go!

Nöppes giggles in the van.

KAISER

You're sitting in the car!

NÖPPES (O.S.)

Hey, any minute now the pigs'll turn up! He, he he, c'mon, that's enough!

Everyone gets in. MURMERING.

INT. APARTMENT IN HAMBURG - NIGHT

The band spending the night before the gig. Everyone snores. A cigarette-butt is hanging between Foxi's lips. The ashes is about to fall down. Near to Foxi are Band posters, laying on the floor. They come into focus on the right side.

LAP DISSOLVE BAND POSTERS - KÖHLBRAND BRIDGE, HAMBURG.

EXT. "KÖHLBRANDBRIDGE", HAMBURG - DUSK

The band van passes by, driving on the bridge toward the background.

DOUBLE EXPOSURE BRIDGE - CONCERT HALL.

INT. CONCERT HALL "FABRIK", HAMBURG - NIGHT

Some audiences enter the hall, walking through a door. CRANE CAMERA PANS ROUND & FOLLOWS them, tracking in the direction of the stage.
K I C K S

I'm lookin' for this
I'm lookin' for that
I'm crawling through the streets
like an alien cat
No idea and no mind in my head
I wanna get rid of it
I feel like a rat

Ah, ha, ha...

Kicks I really need them
For my brain is turnin' mad
Girl you can really give it to me
For my heart it feels so sad

There's fuckin' boredom
Isolation all around
All the people I'm tryin' to meet
Are lookin' to the ground
I don't want to hate you
But I don't know how to love
Kicks I really need them
'Cause the hell is there above

Kicks I really need them
For my brain is turnin' mad
Girl you can really give it to me
For my heart it feels so sad
There's nothin' left at all
No meanings anymore
Many friends I used to know
Are lyin' on the floor
I don’t want to hang around
Just waitin' 'till the end
Time goes on, doesn't wait for me
Just want to find a sense

I need kicks, kicks, kicks
I need kicks, kicks, kicks...
Applause.

CLEAR UP

Feelin' alright to have won a fight
Against these monsters out of a bad dream
Clear up the sky, hear nobody cry
Wishin' to die, I already was dead
Hearin' a laughter, want to be tougher
Wakin' up, get out of a dream
Remember what you've done, I'll never forget
In the dark night I'm startin' to scream

(CHORUS)
Bang, bang, I could dream of
Livin' in another world
Bosh, bosh, I could beam me up
Never wanting to return

Forty feet higher, I heard a bird sing
A suddenly clear up, my brain had a ring
(BRILLO)

Leavin' the dark, new morning arrives
Shady grey turns blue, I'm startin' to dive
See only faces with coldest smiles
Want to be away a million of miles
Could it be true, I only felt blue
In the dark night, I'm startin' to scream

(CHORUS)

Bang, bang, I could dream of
Livin' in another world
Bosh, bosh, I could beam me up
Never wanting to return

I'm too realistic cause there's too much plastic
Have they forgot what was once in their hearts
Where have they gone, where are they from
TV-rules, nothin' left in their brains
I wanna start somethin' that's really new
Not with these zombies, we're only a few
And know exactly what's in our hearts
And we will rise and take our part

Clear up, clear up
Clear up, clear up

END OF CUT REEL: 7.

END OF AKT IV
CUT REEL: 8

AKT V

1 9 9 2

EXT. "SOUTH RAILROAD STATION" KREFELD - ROOF - DAY

PAT - JOCHEN (TWO SHOT)

PAT

I...

(MORE)

PAT AND JOCHEN (MS)

PAT (CONT'D)

...think you used to play quite good music, but it was just
a bit too - geared in one...

(MORE)

PAT (CONT'D)

...direction, yeah and...

(MORE)

JOCHEN

Of course!

BRILLO - NÖPPES

Reaction shot: both look at a loss.

PAT (CONT'D; O.S.)

... and now there's everything...

(MORE)

PAT UND JOCHEN (MCU)

PAT (CONT'D)

...with Kaiser's... this number that you
do. Yeah - exactly! And jazz and
stuff...

JOCHEN

Yeah, exactly, right - rap, funk,
metal - just about everything there is.

NÖPPES (O.S.)

I've always said...

(MORE)
"SOUTH RAILROAD STATION" - ROOF (LS)

PAT (O.S.)
(background voice)
It's all really great, 'cos every, everyone
listens to different records and then that
leads to...

JOCHEN (O.S.)
That leads to -

PAT (O.S.)
But the last verse, I thought that was really
great what you wrote, how does it go again?
(MORE)

NÖPPES
(cont'd)
...why don't we try something different for a
change, a number with some rap, and play a bit of
dance music!

FOXI
Right!

BRILLO
Like this, for example.

NÖPPES
With our limited means it always ends up being a
little bit noisy.

FOXI
Exactly!

PAT AND JOCHEN (MCU)

PAT (CONT'D)
(singing)
My name is Pat M.C.
I am the voice.
Jochen loves to make -

PAT AND JOCHEN
a lot of noise!
Kaiser plays the bass like a
sledgehammer - .

(MORE)
JOCHEN
(singing)
Foxy plays guitar...

PAT AND JOCHEN
(singing)
...in his old manner!
Nöppes hit's the drums and
loves little furry things -

JOCHEN
(singing)
and Brillo is calling -

PAT
'Who pays my next drink?'
J a z z !

FOXI, BRILLO, NÖPPES, KAISER (LS)

FOXI
You've gotta have it in your blood, you just can't learn to do
something like that.

BRILLO
Rap is black... Rap is actually black
music!

NÖPPES
That's right! We might
have a bad rap singer,...
(MORE)

NÖPPES (CONT'D)
...but at least we've g o t a rap singer, right!

BRILLO
That's something!

NÖPPES
We have the only - only Irish rap singer
FOXİ
in all of Krefeld, that's something!  I mean -
(MORE)
Brillo laughs

**NÖPPES (CONT'D)**

That's something!

**FOXI**

I mean, just how far you could describe it as rap -

**BRILLO**

Well, it's a kind of dance music, too, and people should get the chance to do a bit of dancing. Besides, they shouldn't look at it so categorically. They should just move their ass and move their feet!

**INT. "TANNENHÖHE" BAR - COLLAGE - NIGHT**

Laughing musicians at a table, with drum solo. Brillo's thoughts. Then...

**INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY (SUMMER)**

**KAISER**

Hi, Jochen!

**JOCHEN**

Hi, Stefan!

**KAISER**

Everything OK?

**JOCHEN**

Yeah, sort of. My head is still throbbing from yesterday, I went to the TANNE afterwards, ouuuch... you know me, I can't seem to get enough of the stuff.

**KAISER (O.S.)**

Yeah, I wanted to go too, but I had to sell organs again today.

**JOCHEN**

Do the others know that we're practicing today?

(CONTINUED: REHEARSAL ROOM)
KAISER (O.S.)
Yeah, yeah, sure... Nöppes was just...

KAISER (ON SCREEN)
...at the gravel pit, an' I dropped in, too -

JOCHEN (O.S.)
Yeah, well I hope he isn't still at the gravel pit...

KAISER
He'll be here soon!

JOCHEN (O.S.)
The old fool...

Foxy enters the rehearsal room.

FOXI
Hi, Jochen, hi, Kaiser!

KAISER (O.S.)
Hi!

JOCHEN
Hi!

FOXl
Everyone doin' OK?

Pat enters the rehearsal room.

PAT (O.S.)
Hi hi!

PAT (ON SCREEN)
Boy... warm outside...

FOXl (O.S.)
Yeah, really hot!

(CONTINUED: REHEARSAL ROOM)
JOCHEN

Hope it's not too hot to practice.

(groans)

I was just sitting here, playing a bit - already practicing like crazy, real awful.

Pat yawns.

FOXII (O.S.)

We'll just have to manage!

PAT

And where's Nöppes this time...?

JOCHEN (O.S.)

I hope he comes today -

JOCHEN (ON SCREEN)

I just heard - the gravel pit again!

PAT (O.S.)

Oh, that's where we should be...

KAISER (O.S.)

He just can't tear himself away from the women again!

FOXII (O.S.)

That could take forever!

PAT (O.S.)

Here, Foxi, take it! the acoustic guitar!

FOXII (O.S.)

Yeah, right...

Nöppes enters the rehearsal room.

(CONTINUED: REHEARSAL ROOM)

NÖPPES

Morning...!

PAT (O.S.)
Ah!

FOX (O.S.)

Well, look who's here!

    JOCHEN

    You back on the beat, too?

    NÖPPES

    Practice, in this weather...hey?

    PAT

    Oooow, is it hot!

Pat takes off his t-shirt.

    JOCHEN (O.S.)

    I just came up with a great new number -

    NÖPPES

    Not that too!

Foxi laughs.

    JOCHEN

    Yeah, it's real good!

    PAT

    A bit of work...

    NÖPPES

    Give us an "A"!

Nöppes hits the cymbal. Foxi laughs.

    FOXI (O.S.)

    D'ya wanna tune the cymbals?

    JOCHEN (O.S.)

    You don't even know what an "A" is!

(CONTINUED: REHEARSAL ROOM)
PAT

Fantastic, Kaiser, you brought some beer...

Nöppes pulls an old t-shirt off the cymbal stand.

NÖPPES

Eeeeeeeh...Brillio!

FOXI (O.S.)

So, you came up with a new number? Well, let's start off with that!

JOCHEN

Yeah, sure!

FOXI (O.S.)

Lead us in!

JOCHEN

I'll just fly into it! It's, er, "D", "D", "F", "G"...

KAISER (O.S.)

Play it!

FOXl

Just start...

KAISER

Play it!

JOCHEN

Should I just let it rip?

KAISER

Yeah!

Everyone practices the new melody, then...

JOCHEN (MLS)

sitting on a stool.

JOCHEN

What do you think about the tempo?

(more)

(CONTINUED: REHEARSAL ROOM)

PAT (CU)
JOCHEN (O.S.)

It's a new number...

(CU: PAT)

KAISER (O.S.)

Well, first, first of all, we gotta get in the groove...

NÖPPES (O.S.)

Yeah, yeah, right...

PAT (V.O.)

What kinda lyrics should I write?

(MORE)

JOCHEN (O.S.)

Yeah, it's still kinda...

(NÖPPES (O.S.)

A little more up-tempo!

JOCHEN (O.S.)

metal, funk...

PAT (CONT'D; V.O.)

This anti-foreigner stuff in Rostock... I gotta call to see if I'm supposed to help guard the refugee camp in Krefeld tonight.

The kids that were running around there yesterday - the way they said hello - so full of - fear!

Yeah, fear and dread, anger and fear - that's what I'll write about. History repeats itself. It's like 1933 again.

(MORE)

Various thoughts are running through Pat's head. V.O. 2 with echo:

(CONTINUED: PAT'S VISION)

PAT (V.O.) 1

When the fascists storm the portables, we'll be there, all of us: Germans, Krefelders und Turks!
And when they run up to trample everything under foot like a herd of elephants, we'll be there. I'm a foreigner, too! But rampage is their only way, rampage --

(MORE)

PAT (V.O.) 2

(cont'd; background)
Hitler's way of thinkin', it's still alive today. Though the years have passed, the bombs are still being thrown, and we must stay together to prevent a new holocaust.

(slowly)
Now they want...

(MORE)

EXT. CONTAINER BUILDINGS - CORRIDOR - DAY

Some battered-looking cars are in front of the refugee camp. Unsteadily, they approach, as if the viewer himself is creeping up to them.

PAT (CONT'D; V.O.) 1

Yeah! These elephants!

PAT (CONT'D; V.O.) 2

Rampage is their only way. We have fear and want (CUT PORTABLE) to run now, but we've got to pray and stay!

The swaying movement ends: the walkway along the portables comes to an abrupt standstill. The upper part of the portables with one window now appears. The shade hangs crookedly in front of it...

INSERT: LINES OF LYRICS IN WHITE

Pat's hand is holding a pen.

(CONTINUED: PAT'S VISION)

PAT (V.O.) 1

(Nun wollen Sie kommen und uns schlagen. Aufruhr ist ihr einziger Weg. Wir haben Angst und wollen weglauen, aber wir müssen stehen bleiben - und zu uns selbst
kommen.

PAT (V.O.) 2
Now they want to come and beat us. Rampage is their only way.
We have fear and want to run now, but we've got to pray - and stay!

VISION - PAT'S FACE (BCU)
His eyes are closed and then open.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - NIGHT
The band plays ANGER AND FEAR. A hard, convincing drum line.

ANGER & FEAR

PAT
The thinking of the people now
Has changed so much from then
They want a peaceful atmosphere
So that they can live together
We will give the example
You can join us too
Then we'll live together
In a world of racial freedom

Now they want to come and beat us
Rampage is their only way
We have fear and want to run now
But we've got to pray and stay

END OF CUT REEL: 8 (Middle of Act V). CUT REEL: 9

EXT. STREET - NIGHT
The drummer Nöppes is moving around down in front of the other musicians. The throbbing sound of machines, rhythmic as we track backwards.

NÖPPES (V.O.)

Economic wonder, economic wonder, economic wonder! Let's get going! It's time to get a move on! And make four kids! And then maybe wait and see, one day I'll get a Mercedes!

Nöppes goes from a patch of shadow into the light cast by a streetlamp.

Yeah, and then it all begins! You're a child of the economic wonder, always packed in cotton balls, but you haven't got the faintest idea of what life is really like.

Back then - back then things were smooth as butter, yeah, all was right with the world: Mom always used to cook rich and well - yeah, with butter!

Yeah, and then you were brought up like that... You had no idea...

(MORE)

BAND ON THE STREET (LS)

NÖPPES (CONT'D; V.O.)

... of the real world. Your world was always just: every-thing is getting better, nicer, louder, taller and broader, we'll have more money, it'll be brighter! - Yes, we all believed in that! And what's it like today? Things are getting dirtier and more crowded, It's getting - warmer! And all of a sudden it backfires so hard that all the people just stand there like fish...

(MORE)

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT
... and gasp for breath: gasp, gasp, gasp! And then if as a child you go up and say:

(MORE)

The band goes right, around the corner, and appears left in the...

INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT
Passageway lined with spirits (HAS, LS).

NÖPPES (CONT’D; V.O.)
No! - No! - No! That's not what I want - then you're lost for that generation and not to mention for your parents!

Yeah, just look at all the things they sell you that you don’t really need, that only exist so that you can waste the money you earned at the factory, so at least you have something to do with all that free time you’ve got on your hands, something like shopping. Yeah, take a look!

(MORE)

EMPTY AISLE IN SUPERMARKET (ELAS)

NÖPPES (CONT’D; V.O.)
At all the things they sell you!!!

(MORE)

NÖPPES IN FRONT OF A SHELF FULL OF TOOTH PASTE (LS)

NÖPPES (CONT’D; V.O.)
You wanna buy some tooth paste, you stand in front of a shelf that’s 6 feet high and 30 feet long.

(MORE)

TOOTHPASTE SHELF (TRACKING SHOT)
Toothpaste packaging moves through the shot. Nöppes is standing in the background looking at a loss.
NÖPPES (CONT’D; V.O.)

And there are thousands of different kinds of toothpaste in it. And you find out which toothpaste is good for you beforehand on TV! You see 20 thousand different toothpaste ads and they all tell you: "Our toothpaste is good for you!"

(MORE)

TOOTHPASTE SHELF (LS)

NÖPPES (CONT’D; V.O.)

Yeah, and you stand in front of that colorful shelf and really only just want some toothpaste...

AISLE IN SUPERMARKET (LS)

The band is walking with their backs to camera. Brillo raises his right arm and points to ceiling.

BRILLO (V.O.)

Hey, M U S A K, hey! You know what MUSAK is, don't ya, not music, MUSAK, hey? It's department store background noise.

NÖPPES (V.O.)

Yeah, yeah, every note that you might notice has been cut out! Where there used to be drums, there's now violins. A lot of people who hear it don't even know that it's MUSAK, that it even has its own special name, see! Maybe they even think:

'Now this is kind of pleasant... this is kind of nice...
Aaaah! Something here, something here is unbelievably pleasant... Aaaah? What could it be...?'

Yeah, an' it's the violins, the violins, the angelic violins of MUSAK, and they whisper in your ear:

(MORE)

The musicians have turned in the aisle background right.

FIRST STILL: SALESMAN
NÖPPES (V.O.)
(invitingly)
Go on, buy!
(MORE)

SECOND STILL: SALESWOMAN

NÖPPES (CONT’D; V.O.)
Go on, buy!
(MORE)

THIRD STILL: SALESMAN

NÖPPES (CONT’D; V.O.)
Go on, buy!
(MORE)

SHELF AND SALESMAN
holding a bag of CHAPPI (dog food).

NÖPPES (CONT’D; V.O.)
They take on all different styles of music just to sell you something!
(MORE)

SHELF OF DOG FOOD 1

NÖPPES (CONT’D; V.O.)
They sing rock and roll to get you to buy dog food! Elvis would turn over...
(MORE)

SHELF OF DOG FOOD 2

NÖPPES (CONT’D; V.O.)
... in his grave!

Fade out: shelf.
INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - NIGHT

BRILLO
So what about it? Should we play another one, hey? As far
as I'm concerned, we can, hey!

FOXI (O.S.)
Pat isn't here yet, let's do another one...

BRILLO
Yeah, should we do one?

JOCHEN (O.S.)
Let's do the intro. We haven't
got that down yet.

NÖPPES
All right!

BRILLO
Yeah, let's do the intro, OK!

Pat enters the rehearsal room.

PAT
Hi!

BRILLO
Hey hi!

PAT
Hi!

KAISER
Hi!

PAT
And? How was practice? Good?

BRILLO
It was good.

NÖPPES
Very good...

PAT
Oh, I was having problems with my boss, she didn't want to
let me have the day...

(CONTINUED: REHEARSAL ROOM)
KAISER, FOXI, PAT

PAT (CONT'D; O.S.)
...off for the concert.

KAISER
Listen, we're playing in Berlin the day after tomorrow - while I've got the guitar - there's one thing we've gotta practice and that's - GRANDMA'S!

BRILLO (O.S.)
(Background voice)
OK, I'm heading off, see you later!

PAT (O.S.)
OK, bye, Brillo!

FOXI (O.S.)
Ciao, Brillo!

NÖPPES
GRANDMA'S?
KAISER
Yeah, the last verse and the changeover to the chorus!

FOXI
Yeah, well this is the last chance we have to practice, so let's do it!

NÖPPES
OK, I'll give you four!

Foxi
C'mon!

The drummer Nöppes counts in with his drum stick. At the opening beat, the room suddenly falls dark, the last glimmer of light fades. An echo chamber of voices replaces the image that is dark blue by now.

(REHEARSAL ROOM–POWER CUT)
KAISER (O.S.)

Hey, what's going on?

EVERYONE (O.S.)

Hey! Oh, no! Ow!

KAISER (O.S.)

What's wrong this time?

NÖPPES (O.S.)

Kaiser! Did you pay the bill!

Cursing and constant murmuring.

KAISER (O.S.)

What bill???

NÖPPES (V.O.)

The electricity bill...

KAISER (O.S.)

Oh, God, things are looking black for Berlin...

BAND'S ARRIVAL IN EAST BERLIN

EXT. STREETS IN EAST BERLIN - DAY

The band van passes by, turning into a street. A "trabi", the typical little plastic car that had been produced in the former German Democratic Republic, drives towards us. The band van approaches behind the "trabi".

EXT. PASSAGEWAY TO COURTYARD - DAY

The band van pulls up in the background. Kaiser gets out on the passenger side. All the musicians come through the entrance way into the foreground.

KAISER

Aaaaaaat...laaaaaaaast...

BRILLO

Booooooy... at last... It's Goddamn hot in this fuckin' place, hey. Unbelievable!

(CONTINUED: PASSAGEWAY TO COURTYARD)

KAISER

This way! I think it's over there!
BRILLO
I see, right through all this junk here!

FOXI
Yeah, the last time I was here, someone tried to burn down the side wing. He’d packed all the pictures in a shopping cart and set the lot on fire, but we caught the jerk!

BRILLO
Hey, look at that, a bunch of trailers!

KAISER
Boy, is it hot here!

BRILLO
It’s insane here!

KAISER
Hey, the wall is...

(MORE)

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY
The colors of the east Berlin courtyard of the squatted house are changing constantly, as if by magic. The CRANE SHOT tracks to the left as the musicians walk toward us.

KAISER
... unreal! Really colorful.

BRILLO
Totally colorful...

KAISER
Hey, look at that chariot there!

BRILLO
Hey, look at that weird horse up there, look at the hanged man there... Oh, God! What’s that here, hey?! Hey, is that the stage? And we haven’t practiced for a whole week!

(CONTINUED: COURTYARD)
KAISER
Yeah, well if we're all too stupid to pay the bill, you shouldn't be surprised if they cut off the electricity...

BRILLO
We definitely have got to practice tonight!

FOXII
Typical BEAM ME UP SCOTTY!
The chaos is perfect, as always!

KAISER (V.O.)
Yeah...

BRILLO (V.O.)
Watch out! Don't step on the bull there in the mud!

KAISER (V.O.)
Yeah, that's the rock 'n' roll show!

BRILLO (V.O.)
Rock 'n' roll show, rock show...

NÖPPES
Hey, Kaiser, the stage! C'mon up, Kaiser! Fantastic...

STAGE (HAS)

KAISER (O.S.)
Man, is this stage high!

BRILLO (O.S.)
Plenty of room to fall!

FOXII (V.O.)
(singing)
I haven't got a brain / My head's an empty frame /
The doctor took it out / But I still seem the same!

PAT
Nöppes, fantastic, something's fallen down...
NÖPPES

Look! A real phaser!

FOXI (O.S.)

Yeah, insane...

KAISER (V.O.)

No electricity in the rehearsal room, but we can put on a fat concert...

DETAIL: LIFE PRESERVER 1

KAISER (V.O.)

Nöppes needs more than just a life jacket!

(Brillo laughs)

Having to take the plunge into cold water without practicing beforehand!

BRILLO (V.O.)

S p l a s h !

DETAIL: LIFE PRESERVER 2

BRILLO (V.O.)

Keep banging on your Christmas ornaments, Nöppes!

KAISER (V.O.)

You'd have been better off banging on your drums!

BRILLO (V.O.)

Ooohh, God, ooooh, God...Always the same thing: always chaotic, always crazy!
INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - CHAOTIC DREAM SCENE - NIGHT

Showing the inner fears, doubts and tension of the musicians prior to a gig in the form of a grotesque daydream: Nöppes' hands are stuck together, Jochen pulls the amp cable through his t-shirt like an autistic, on Brillo's mike stand is an apple, Foxi plays on a broken guitar, Pat can't sing a note. Rapid cuts. 90-track sound collage. END OF CUT REEL: 9

END OF ACT V

ACT VI
BERLIN CONCERT

The daydream scene in the rehearsal room ends with a smooth flight to the nightly courtyard. The audience is standing next to big figures made of papier-maché like dragons, a flying dog or a camel. The fist song of the band is heard: "The Instrumental". END OF FIRST NUMBER

EXT. STAGE - NIGHT

Pat climbs out the window and goes to the microphone. Pan to audience.

PAT
Hello! Welcome! It's great to be playing here for you in Berlin tonight! I think it's pretty rotten that everything's on fire here -. Where are all the artists? Where are you? I can see...

(MORE)

BRANDENBURG GATE BEHIND BUSHES (LS)

PAT (V.O.)
... your BRANDENBURG GATE from here - with all those horses...

(MORE)

WOODEN HORSES ON THE BRANDENBURG GATE

PAT (CONT'D; V.O.)
I hope your building with all of its figures...

(MORE)
HORSES IN FRONT OF ONE WALL (PAN)

PAT (V.O.)
...doesn't get set on fire again. We hope you have a great evening, and we know that they want to cash in on the insurance with a HOT DEMOLITION. Okay, now here is BEAM ME UP, SCOTTY! from Krefeld. Party - on!

BEAM ME UP, SCOTTY!

PAT
My name is Pat M.C. I am the voice
Jochen loves to make - a lot of noise
Kaiser plays the bass like a - sledgehammer
Foxi plays guitar in his - own manner
Nöppes hits the drums and loves little fury things
And Brillo is calling - who pays my next drink? Cheers!

My name is Pat M.C.
I am the voice... (Refrain)

JOCHEN
"Beam me up Scotty", beam me up to space
Cause what we're doing with this planet
Is a fucking disgrace!

(CONTINUED: SECOND NUMBER)
(JOCHEN)

Nobody cares - about the yells

The earth is calling - we kill ourselves

We need nature - handle with care

But we treat her like shit - everywhere

Mister Politician your blah blah sucks

You better keep your, you better keep your

Fucking mouth shut!

"Beam me up Scotty", beam me up to space

One day soon this world's a grave

EXT. STAGE - NIGHT

PAT

W o h!

O K! Now we're gonna play a number called LOST

COUNT AFTER TWENTY! A song about drinking...

... when you can't remember anything any more.

You drink and...

(MORE)

MEMBERS OF AUDIENCE NEXT TO CAMEL'S HEAD (LS)

PAT (O.S.)

... drink, and at some point you stop counting.

That's what this number's about...

(MORE)

AUDIENCE FROM FRONT (MS)
PAT (O.S.)
...drinking until you lose count, and drinking
a bit more!

(MORE)

MEMBERS OF AUDIENCE DRINKING (LS)

PAT (CONT'D; O.S.)
(persuasively)
And then... you see all the figures in the mist...
and you're getting high... then you lose all track...

(MORE)

CAMEL'S HEAD (LS)

PAT (CONT'D; O.S.)
... of what is happening. OK! L O S T  C O U N T
A F T E R  T W E N T Y !

LOST COUNT AFTER TWENTY

PAT
Always when I wake up
With my clothes on in my bed
I try to reconstruct
The last night in my head
I had a little drink
And lost count after twenty
The tension in my soul says to me:
"It was in plenty"

(CONTINUED: THIRD NUMBER)
In different ways
I tried to pass it bye
I tried and tried and tried again
But it was always getting high
After these nights events
I know what’s best for me
But I know I won’t resist it
The desire’s still in me
To really piss me up
In great dissatisfaction
But I can’t help myself
It’s like a chain reaction

In different ways...

I need to drink
Cause sober I’m to shy
But I hate to feel like this
And that’s the reason why
All these sessions “Fuck me up”
And I know, it’s true
Maybe now, I need someone
And maybe that’s you - now!

Lost count after twenty
Lost count after twenty
Lost count after twenty...

PAT ON STAGE (MCU)
PAT

Thank you! Dankeschön! (Thank you in German)

BRILLO ON STAGE

BRILLO (V.O.)

Hello-oooo! The next number is called TEQUILA!

(MORE)

PAN FROM WALL OF BUILDING TO MOTORBIKES (MS)

BRILLO (CONT'D; V.O.)

Hit it, now, TEQUILA!

TEQUILA

BRILLO

I can see it in your eyes
The stories you are tellin'
Are just lies
Saw a fool thought he was a man
Kissed an arsehole looking like a swan
Nobody's there who's just movin'
Nothin's here that's really groovin'
TV shows us how to live
No real life nothin' to give

(MORE)

(CONTINUED: FOURTH NUMBER)
(BRILLO)

But I can see it now
It's not the world that grows
But I can feel it now
I'm just a part in a bad show
Brrr... Tequila
Tequila - Pah - Tequila

But I can see it now
It's not the world that grows
Oh la, la, la, la, la...
We do it now
Oh la, la, la, la, la...
We do it now
Oh la, la, la, la, la...
We do it now, now, now

MS: STAGE
Applause.

BRILLO

Thanks! Thank you! (laughing) Ha!

(MORE)

LS: STAGE

BRILLO (CONT'D)

Thanks! See you later, 'bye!
Our last number tonight is called BILLS. You find 'em every day in your mailbox. You...

... don't get cards or letters, only...

... these bills, they drive you crazy, but you can't do anything about it. So now for our...

... last number this evening...

... BILLS, yeah, BILLS! Party on!
PAT

Every morning I wake up now
I jump out of the bed
I run downstairs to check out
What's landed in my post box
I hope it's a postcard or even a letter
Or maybe it's something else
I don't want to even think about

The bills, they're driving me crazy
They're driving me insane
The bills, they're driving me crazy
But I've got to pay

I work and work each day
And try and get it together
Now I've seldom time for my new woman
She getting mad with me
She doesn’t give a damn
She's going to go home now
But I've got to pay

PAT & BRILLO

Everybody's got to pay
Everybody's got to pay
Everybody's got to pay
Everybody's got to pay
But first we go on holidays!

(CONTINUED: FIFTH NUMBER)
PAT & BRILLO

Everybody's got to pay
But first we go on holidays!

Everybody's got to pay
But first we go on holidays!

At the end of BILLS, the band beams itself away from the concert. SOUND EFFECTS STARTING ROCKETS and RADIO COMMUNICATION from the FIRST MANNED MOON LANDING. SOUNDS of GUITAR DELAY at the end. The motifs sway and rotate. When the final chord and the sound collage are heard, we see the...

INT. SEWER - DAY.

The sounds of the concert and the rocket resounds as it dies away. Dark noises of rain-water faintly gargles in the sewer.

EXT. PEDESTRIAN PRECINCT - NORMAL COLOR - DAY

People with shopping bags pass by behind the gap made by the half-open manhole cover. The cover falls shut with a BANG. Darkness. Closing music, growing louder: DINASAUR'S RACE.

STILL LIFE - CREDITS - NORMAL COLOR

Gradually painted hamburger packaging, sausages a bottle and brightly-colored food items. Ye llow roll-up titles appear over the still life by Rudi Loer.

THE END

CLOSING CREDITS

FADE OUT.