

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

## S Y N O P S I S

**B**EAM 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.

**F**rom 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"!

**S**ongs 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..."

**E**xactly 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?

**A**t 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.

**T**he 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.

**W**hen 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.

**B**EAM 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.

**N**ow 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.

**D**uring 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.

**T**he 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.

**B**EAM 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!

**T**echnical 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 Mc Cabe
DRUMS	"Nöppes", Norbert Beßer
LEADGUITAR	"Jochen" Zander
RHYTHMGUITAR	"Foxi", Olliver 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 Rolffsen, Tom Hallek, Holger Claßen Altona Studios, Hamburg
REHEARSAL SOUNDREC. & MIX	Tom Träger 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  
DRIVINDG 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 (O.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 verivy",

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! B o y !  
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**

**BILLS 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**

**BILLS 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  
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.

CUT REEL: 3

**ACT II**

**1 9 8 6**

**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!

(MORE)

**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.

(MORE)

**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)

(background)

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

**NÖPPES (V.O.)**

(background)

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

**JOCHEN (V.O.)**

**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.

(MORE)

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Kaiser walks more and more into the foreground as we are tracking backwards.

**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!"

(MORE)

(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

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 ...  
 s h i t t y, 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 w o m e n 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)**

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

... 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**

Foxi 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 a way 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"**

**1 9 8 6**

(CONTINUED: ROLL-UP TITLE)

**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 "Biaffra" 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

1986 - 1989

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

**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")

(BRILLO)

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!

(MORE)

**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."

**FOXI (O.S.)**

Was OK, wasn't it, it worked out real well. The people had  
 a ball. That's great! Except that Nöppes screwed up a few  
 entries again... But that's typical...

I don't think anyone even noticed, that's just something  
 only we hear.

**EXT. PUDDLE AT THE ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

A foot steps into the mirror-like surface.

It was a great gig...

Fade: The puddle slowly disappears.

**FOXI (O.S.)**

(END OF CUT REEL: 4)

**END OF ACT II**

(CUT REEL: 5)

6

A C T III

1 9 9 2

**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! Y o u 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...

**FOXI**

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.

**FOXI**

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!

**FOXI**

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.**

Foxi 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...

**FOXI**

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

**PAT**

Fantastic!

**MUSICIANS IN THE DOORWAY (MS)****PAT**

Let me in ...

**FOXI**

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 !

**BRILLO'S VISION:** He sees himself playing. Music: Drum solo.

**"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 o l d. 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 l i f e  
 is about, t h a t 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, always 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**

Foxi, 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)**

Hi!

**BRILLO (O.S.)****REHEARSAL ROOM (LS)**

Hi!

**BRILLO**

Hi...

**FOXI**

Feedback from the P.A.

**EVERYONE**

A a a r r g h !

**FOXI**

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)

**JOCHEN (O.S.)**

Me? You!

**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)**

**FOXI (O.S.)**

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

**1 9 9 0**

**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!

**FOXI**

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

**NÖPPES (O.S.)**

M o v e i t!

(CONTINUED: SIDEWALK)

**EVERYONE**

Y e a h !

**FOXI**

C'mon, we'll make it!

**KAISER**

You just keep a look-out, here!

**FOXI**

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,  
t h a t ' s e n o u g h !

Everyone gets in. MURMURING.

**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.

**C L E A R U P**

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 feets 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)

Foxi 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

**FOXI**

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, ouuuchh... 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...

Foxi enters the rehearsal room.

**FOXI**

Hi, Jochen, hi, Kaiser!

**KAISER (O.S.)**

Hi!

**JOCHEN**

Hi!

**FOXI**

Everyone doin' OK?

Pat enters the rehearsal room.

**PAT (O.S.)**

Hi hi!

**PAT (ON SCREEN)**

Boy... warm outside...

**FOXI (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.

**FOXI (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!

**FOXI (O.S.)**

That could take forever!

**PAT (O.S.)**

Here, Foxi, take it! the acoustic guitar!

**FOXI (O.S.)**

Yeah, right...

Nöppes enters the rehearsal room.

(CONTINUED: REHEARSAL ROOM)

**NÖPPES**

Morning...!

**PAT (O.S.)**

Ah!

**FOXI (O.S.)**

Well, look who's here!

**JOCHEN**

You back on the beat, too?

**NÖPPES**

Practice, in t h i s 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**

Eeeeeeh....B r i l l o !

**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!

**FOXI**

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.)**

(background voice)

Yeah, it's still kinda...

**NÖPPES (O.S.)**

(background voice, simult.)

A little more up-tempo!

**JOCHEN (O.S.)**

(background voice, simult.)

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 (V.O.) 2**

... to come and beat us.

**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**

(background)

Nun wollen Sie kommen und uns schlagen. Aufruhr ist ihr einziger Weg. Wir haben Angst und wollen weglaufen, 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: everything 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 - w a r m e r! And all of a sudden it backfires so hard that all the people just stand there like fish...

(MORE)

**EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT**

**NÖPPES (CONT'D; V.O.)**

... 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, some-  
thing like shopping. Yeah, take a look!

(MORE)

**EMPTY AISLE IN SUPERMARKET (ELAS)****NÖPPES (CONT'D; V.O.)**

At a l l t h i n g s t h e y s e l l y o u !!!

(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...

**(MORE)****(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 ' m o n!

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! W h a t i s t h a t h e r e, h e y?! 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!

**FOXI**

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!

**FOXI (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...

(CONTINUED: COURTYARD WITH STAGE)

**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, ooohh, 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 first 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. O K ! 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)

(PAT)

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 asshole 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.

Thanks! Thank you! (laughing) Ha!

**BRILLO**

(MORE)

**LS: STAGE**

Th a n k s ! See you later, 'bye!

**BRILLO (CONT'D)**

**AUDIENCE BEHIND BUSHES (LS)**

**PAT (O.S.)**

Our last number tonight is called BILLS. You find 'em every day in your mailbox. You...

(MORE)

**AUDIENCE (CU)**

**PAT (CONT'D; O.S.)**

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

(MORE)

**PAT ON STAGE (LS)**

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

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

(MORE)

**PAT ON STAGE (MCU)**

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

... last number this evening...

(MORE)

**AUDIENCE (MS)**

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

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

**BILLS**

## 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 &amp; 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. Yellow roll-up titles appear over the still life by Rudi Loer.

**T H E E N D**

COSING CREDITS

FADE OUT.