

KUHLE WAMPE

Or, Who Owns the World?

A Screenplay by
Bertolt Brecht & Ernst Ottwald

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K U H L E W A M P E
Or, Who Owns the World?

FADE IN:

TITLE IN ALL CAPS: I. ONE FEWER OUT OF WORK

FADE TO

A SERIES OF HIGH ANGLE SHOTS as AGITATED MUSIC PLAYS UNDER

- 1) The BRANDENBURG GATE...
- 2) FACTORIES and city BUILDINGS...
- 2) APARTMENT HOUSES and city STREETS...
- 3) A LOCOMOTIVE pulls into an INDUSTRIAL STATION.

LOW ANGLE VIEWS

- 4) Sprawling HOUSING COMPLEXES...
- 5) Block after block of towering RENTAL FLATS..

All this establishes BERLIN IN 1931.

A MONTAGE OF GERMAN NEWSPAPER PAGES

Seventeen headlines, one rapidly transitioning to the next.

They boldly outline Germany's worsening economic depression.

Millions are out of work. The ranks of the unemployed grow daily.

A final CLOSE ANGLE on a page of HELP WANTED ADS.

FADE TO

EXT. BERLIN CITY STREET - DAY

PEDESTRIANS and BICYCLE RIDERS move along the street and on a sidewalk parapet overlooking the industrial part of the city.

A horse-drawn cart passes by. More and more BIKE RIDERS park and congregate around a public JOBS BULLETIN POST. These are the jobless, dozens of them, awaiting arrival of a new list.

YOUNG BÖNIKE (18) arrives and parks his bicycle.

A CYCLIST rides up with a handful of papers. He dismounts and gives them out to the swarm of unemployed. They press in, reaching, straining to get a copy of this fresh jobs list, then step off to themselves to quickly scan it.

Young Bönike gets his copy and urgently reads through it. The Cyclist gives out his last copies, gesturing there are no more to be had.

Young Bönike finishes reading and stuffs the list in a pocket. He gets on his bike and rides off. Others mount up and pedal off behind him.

A SERIES OF ANGLES ON THE BICYCLERS - MOVING

They ride in fierce packs. WHEELS spinning, wobbling. PEDALS pumping relentlessly, in search of work.

EXT. A FACTORY FRONT - DAY

Young Bönike arrives amid the others, just as A MAN hangs out a sign in the front window.

It reads: NOT HIRING WORKERS.

The exasperated cyclists move on.

EXT. BERLIN CITY STREET - AS ABOVE

ANOTHER SERIES OF ANGLES - MOVING

The riders, on their desperate quest, looking for a paying job ... any job.

EXT. A BUILDING ENTRANCE - DAY

The Cyclists race through an entry portal and out of sight. They reappear moments later, having been turned away.

MORE ANGLES ON THE RIDERS - MOVING

EXT. A FACTORY ENTRANCE - DAY

Young Bönike and the other cyclists pedal out of sight behind a loading dock wall. They reappear, dejected and walking their bikes.

Young Bönike crumples his job list, throws it down in disgust.

All walk their bikes slowly off, as the AGITATED MUSIC STOPS.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE BÖNIKES' APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Young Bönike dismounts and wheels his bike through the open front door. MUSIC comes from inside in the building.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Young Bönike rolls his bike past TWO STREET MUSICIANS, one playing a HARMONIUM, the other playing a SAW with a bow.

INT. THE BÖNIKES' APARTMENT - DAY

FATHER BÖNIKE lies on the living room sofa, reading a newspaper. An item catches his interest. He sits up and lays his newspaper on a dining table. He gets a stubby pencil from his vest pocket and marks a note on a piece of paper.

FATHER BÖNIKE

The boy won't be receiving any more assistance benefits now.

This directed to MOTHER BÖNIKE as she sets the table. Getting no response, he puts the pencil back into his pocket and keeps reading.

FATHER BÖNIKE

You just don't care about anything any longer, do you.

Young Bönike enters and hangs his bike up high on a rope and pulley winch rig. He takes off his hat and sits at the dining table next to Father Bönike.

He glances cautiously at his father, then turns and stares vacantly off.

Mother Bönike sets a soup tureen on the table and ladles out servings for Father and Young Bönike.

ANNI BÖNIKE (20s) enters the apartment.

ANNI

Hi.

She removes her cap, takes a comb from her handbag and touches up her short hair.

ANNI

The welfare agency is going to pay the Schulzens' back rent next door.

Mother Bönike prepares bowls of soup for herself and Anni.

MOTHER BÖNIKE

They won't give us anything.

She covers the tureen and sits down at the table. Anni sits also, and they eat.

FATHER BÖNIKE

You can never tell. The welfare people just deal with things as it comes.

MOTHER BÖNIKE

Anyone who really tries always gets ahead.

(to Young Bönike)

But if you don't even bother trying, no need wondering why you don't get anyplace.

EXT. FLASHBACK ANGLE ON BICYCLE RIDERS - MOVING

Pedaling their bikes, earnestly searching for work.

RETURN TO

INT. THE BÖNIKES' APARTMENT - AS BEFORE

FATHER BÖNIKE

And this boy doesn't even bother to greet our landlord.

ANNI

Greeting him doesn't help much when you're six months behind on rent.

FATHER BÖNIKE

(angry)

He could still greet him! A person can't afford to be jobless and rude both.

MOTHER BÖNIKE

(sternly to Young Bönike)

So you can't find work anywhere?

FATHER BÖNIKE

Of course not! Not by being rude!

ANNI

Or by being polite either. There are no jobs!

EXT. FLASHBACK ANGLE ON BICYCLE RIDERS - MOVING

As before, out looking for jobs.

RETURN TO

INT. THE BÖNIKES' APARTMENT - AS BEFORE

Father Bönike gestures at Anni with his spoon...

FATHER BÖNIKE

You can be poor, and you can be unlucky. But no one could possibly be that unlucky for seven months running now!

ANNI

You trying to say he's just good-for-nothing?

FATHER BÖNIKE

Yes, that's what I'm trying to say!

ANNI

And you? How are you getting on? Don't see any time card in your pocket. You're jobless too.

FATHER BÖNIKE

Just because you hang out around the time clock all day, punching your time card, doesn't mean you get to come home here and act snooty! Frugal people get on just fine.

He stands up angrily and leaves the table. Mother Bönike gets up and calls after him:

MOTHER BÖNIKE

For goodness' sakes, quiet down! What will the neighbors think!

Father Bönike slips on his jacket. He looks scornfully back at his family and exits. Young Bönike sits demoralized. Mother Bönike spoons the last of her husband's soup into her own bowl.

MOTHER BÖNIKE

Every day, the same squabble.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Father Bönike descends a staircase going out of the apartment.

INT. THE BÖNIKES' APARTMENT - AS BEFORE

Anni looks at Young Bönike, who stares vacantly at the table. Mother Bönike clears dishes. She folds up the table cloth, puts a centerpiece in place and goes to the kitchen.

Anni gives her kid brother an encouraging smile...but it fades as he only looks at her blankly.

Mother Bönike tidies up the small kitchen, decorated with an inspirational wall plaque. She takes off her apron, puts it away and walks out.

At a mirror behind her brother, Anni applies lipstick. Someone WHISTLES SHARPLY O.S. She goes to an open window and leans out, calling down to the street.

ANNI
I'm coming!

She returns to the mirror, primps more and puts her lipstick back in her handbag. She slips it under her arm, turning to leave.

CLOSEUP INSERT - INSPIRATIONAL SLOGAN WALL PLAQUE IN THE KITCHEN

It reads (in German): "Lament not the morning that toil and labor brings. It is so nice to care for people that one loves."

Young Bönike watches Anni go out. He sits silently for several seconds, then gets up slowly and deliberately and walks to the window. He swings the two hinged sashes back open wide.

He hesitates a moment, his attention focused on his WRISTWATCH.

Carefully, he unbuckles his watch, places it gently on a table. He turns back to the window, moves a flowerpot to one side and climbs up onto the sill.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING STAIRWELL - THE SAME TIME

Carrying a handbag, Mother Bönike walks up the staircase.

INT. THE BÖNIKES' APARTMENT - AS BEFORE

CLOSE ANGLE ON YOUNG BÖNIKE'S HAND, gripping the window frame.

The hand lets go and disappears from the frame.

A brief silence, and then from far below a WOMAN'S SCREAM.

CLOSE ANGLE ON THE FLOWERPOT in the window sill.

CLOSE ANGLE ON YOUNG BÖNIKE'S WRISTWATCH. It shows exactly six o'clock.

EXT. FLASHBACK TO THE BICYCLE RIDERS - MOVING, AS BEFORE

RETURN TO

INT. THE BÖNIKES' APARTMENT

CLOSE ANGLE ON YOUNG BÖNIKE'S BICYCLE hanging on the bike winch.

EXT. STEEP ANGLE DOWN FROM THE OPEN WINDOW - MOMENTS LATER

On the street below, a crowd gathers around Young Bönike's body, covered by a tarp.

EXT. DOWN AT STREET LEVEL - THE SAME TIME

WOMEN, CHILDREN, WORKERS and a POLICEMAN make up the crowd.

Anni and her boyfriend FRITZ (late 20s) approach them curiously. Fritz glances at the covered body, then at the Policeman.

FRITZ

(to the Policeman)

What's going on here?

WOMAN NEAR POLICEMAN

Jumped out of the window.

Fritz and Anni look at each other, then down at the covered body.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING STAIRWELL LANDING - A BIT LATER

TWO WOMEN stand, spreading the building's news. A THIRD WOMAN climbs the steps toward them.

FIRST WOMAN

And before that, he took his wristwatch off and laid it on the table.

SECOND WOMAN

Naturally. From the fourth floor, it would have broken it.

EXT. DOWN AT STREET LEVEL - AS BEFORE

THREE CHILDREN look up at apartment windows.

FIRST CHILD

Which window is it then?

THIRD CHILD

(pointing)

That one there!

SECOND CHILD

No, not that one. That one there!

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING STAIRWELL LANDING - AS BEFORE

Five women now on the landing

SECOND WOMAN

One fewer out of work.

FIRST WOMAN

Such a young man.

SECOND WOMAN

And his father doesn't know yet.

INT. TAVERN - DAY

Father Bönike and a MAN, smoking and drinking schnapps while standing at the bar.

FATHER BÖNIKE

In America they already have seven-million people out of work.

MAN

Aw, well. They used to drive to work in cars. Now they're demonstrating against unemployment.

FATHER BÖNIKE

But on foot!

The man nods his agreement.

EXT. STREET BELOW THE BÖNIKES' APARTMENT - AS BEFORE

Another OFFICER joins the Policeman.

OFFICER
What was the motive?

POLICEMAN
Unknown!

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING STAIRWELL LANDING - AS BEFORE

ANGLE ON an OLD WOMAN standing on the staircase.

OLD WOMAN
Such a young man. He had the best
years of his life ahead of him.

EXT. STREET BELOW THE BÖNIKES' APARTMENT - AS BEFORE

A police ambulance is parked on the street. An attendant
latches double doors on the back of the vehicle. He gets
behind the wheel and drives away.

TITLE IN ALL CAPS: II. THE BEST YEARS OF A YOUNG MAN'S LIFE

FADE TO

EXT. MONTAGE - A SERIES OF OUTDOOR SHOTS

With MUSICAL ACCOMPANIMENT, indicating passage of time.

- 1) Woodland TREES
- 2) CROPS, WILDFLOWERS and GRAIN in fields
- 3) TREETOPS in the wind
- 4) A stand of CORN STALKS
- 5) WATER and LILYPADS in a calm pond
- 6) WATER VIEWS, more and more turbulent as the MUSIC BUILDS

FADE TO

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

A stack of case briefs on a JUDGE's desk. He sits, fumbling
through them, reads:

JUDGE
(slowly)

In the case of tenement owner Gustav Stephan, plaintiff, versus Franz Bönike and his wife Greta, nee Mohr, defendants, termination of lease, the court finds...

INT. THE BÖNIKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The apartment is nearly empty. Mother Bönike removes a lamp, one of the only remaining pieces of furniture.

JUDGE (V.O.)
...the apartment must be yielded to the plaintiff. Though the defendant has been unemployed for quite some time, the Bönikes, had they been operating in good faith in the matter, could have managed to pay the overdue rent. Their present predicament must be viewed as being of their own making.

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - AS BEFORE

Judge picks up a new case brief and continues reading:

JUDGE
In the name of the people...

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE - DAY

INSERT OF A SIGN: "COURT 234, RENTAL CASES DIVISION"

Anni stands before a CLERK, seated at a table. He scans a DOCUMENT, shrugs his shoulders at her.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE GOVERNMENT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ANNI steps out into the corridor and walks off.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

TRACKING ANNI as she walks briskly down a sidewalk, past a row of parallel parked cars.

INT. WELFARE OFFICE - DAY

INSERT OF ANOTHER SIGN: "WELFARE AGENCY, ROOM 15"

Anni, seated in the office. A Welfare Woman enters with an application paper in her hand. Anni stands to face her. The Woman shrugs her shoulders, expressing disapproval.

EXT. ANOTHER CITY STREET - DAY

As before, TRACKING ANNI walking.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LANDLORD'S APARTMENT DOOR - DAY

Standing in the open doorway, Anni speaks briefly with the Landlord (M.O.S.), but his expression shows he is rejecting whatever she is saying. He shuts the door in her face.

EXT. YET ANOTHER CITY STREET - DAY

As before, Anni walking, TRAFFIC NOISE in the b.g.

INT. BAILIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

INSERT OF ANOTHER SIGN: "BAILIFF. OPEN TO PUBLIC 5-7 P.M."

Kindly-looking old Bailiff shakes his head to Anni's questions. No help here either.

EXT. AND YET ANOTHER CITY STREET - DAY

As before, Anni again walking, TRAFFIC NOISE in the b.g.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Anni steps into it, closes the door.

INT. AUTOMOTIVE GARAGE - THE SAME TIME

Fritz with a hose, cleaning a car.

VOICE (O.S.)
Fritz, telephone!

Fritz shuts off the hose. He takes off his cap and answers the phone in the back of the garage.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - THE SAME TIME

Anni holds the phone receiver to her ear.

INT. AUTOMOTIVE GARAGE - AS ABOVE

Fritz on the other end of the call.

ANNI (ON PHONE)

We're being thrown out. The
bailiff's already been there. The
furniture's out in the street.

FRITZ

What now?

ANNI (ON PHONE)

Yeah, what now?

FRITZ

Come on out to my place at Kuhle
Wampe.

ANNI (ON PHONE)

(excited)

Are you sure that will be alright?

FRITZ

(laughing)

Of course it will. I'll bring a car
for the furniture.

FADE TO

EXT. MONTAGE - A SERIES OF SHOTS, ONE DISSOLVING INTO THE NEXT

A car overloaded with furniture leaves from in front of the
Bönikes' former apartment.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

An hour's drive away from greater
Berlin on the attractive shores of
Lake Müggel not far from the Müggel
Mountains, nestled between reeds and
woods, lies the tent colony Kuhle
Wampe, Germany's oldest weekend
camping ground.

The car drives through the city streets of Berlin, crowded
with vehicles, pedestrians and especially bicycle riders.

NARRATOR (V.O. CONT'D)

The colony was founded in 1913 with only ten or twenty tents. After the Great War it expanded so much that today it contains 93 tents, providing lodging for 300 people.

As the journey continues, the streets become less and less busy, and soon the car is in rural surroundings.

NARRATOR (V.O. CONT'D)

Most striking is the absolute cleanliness of this colony and its surroundings. The Kuhle Wampe Association is part of the Greater Berlin Beach Recreation Society. The relationship of the inhabitants with the authorities is at the moment a good one.

The car finally pulls into a woodsy area with a sign, hanging on a chain above the road. It reads: KUHLE WAMPE.

EXT. KUHLE WAMPE CAMP GROUNDS - DAY

Fritz and the Bönike family carry their possessions and furniture down a wooded slope by the armloads.

They listen to an OLD RADIO as they get themselves moved in. A program of MARCH MUSIC is playing.

VOICE (ON THE RADIO)

Our program is called "Military Marches of Old and New Times," and you have been listening to the "Black Mountain March," written in 1814. And now the march "Imperial Majesty."

The MUSIC begins as they carry chairs, a chest of drawers, a small boat, bedding and a bicycle.

INSERT OF A TOMBSTONE WITH FLOWER WREATH AND AN INSCRIPTION:
"Here lies our last hope for work - Kuhle Wampe."

Fritz's neighbors take little notice of them. Apparently people move into Kuhle Wampe all the time. They go on about their business, lounging, cooking, playing cards or chess, reading, knitting, whittling and other activities.

VOICE (ON THE RADIO)

You have just heard "Imperial Majesty." And with that we end our morning's program from Radio Berlin.

FADE TO

EXT. FRITZ'S TENT - DAY

A broad striped tent being set up next to Fritz's.

Anni hands Fritz tent stakes one by one. He HAMMERS them into the ground, looks up at Anni, smiles.

INT. THE BÖNIKES' TENT - DAY

Anni stands at a mirror in her slip, fussing with her hair. She takes a compact from her handbag, turns back to the mirror, applying makeup.

MUSIC PLAYS UNDER: the song "Nature in the Spring"

EXT. THE BÖNIKES' TENT - THE SAME TIME

Fritz paces impatiently back and forth. At last Anni comes out, wearing a cap and carrying her clutch bag. He takes her by the arm as they walk off.

The MUSIC SWELLS, and a SOLOIST [Helene Weigel] SINGS.

SOLOIST (SINGING V.O.)

The game of love is renewed every
spring. The lovers find themselves
together. Just the touch of her
young man's hand sends a thrill
through the young girl's breast. Her
fleeting glance entices him...

EXT. KUHLE WAMPE CAMP GROUND - CONTINUOUS

Fritz and Anni walk slowly through woods, chatting (M.O.S.), and disappear behind the branches of the trees.

SOLOIST (SINGING V.O. CONT'D)

The lovers view the land in the
newborn light of Spring. The air is
already warm. The days are longer
and the meadows bright into the
evening...

EXT. MONTAGE - A SERIES OF OUTDOOR VIEWS AS THE MUSIC CONTINUES

- 1) TALL REEDS in the wind
- 2) TREE BAUGHS and TREE TRUNKS

3) LEAVES rustling in the wind

SOLOIST (SINGING V.O. - CONT'D)
Magnificent is the growth of grass
and trees in the spring...

4) A MEADOW

5) A tall BIRCH TREE and TREE TOPS AGAINST THE SKY

The song's lyrics make clear the purpose of their walk into the woods.

SOLOIST (SINGING V.O. - CONT'D)
Ceaselessly fertile are the woods,
the meadows and the fields. And the
earth gives birth to the new, with
no thought of precautions.

EXT. KUHLE WAMPE CAMP GROUND - LATE DAY

Fritz and Anni return from the woods. Hands in his pockets, Fritz walks two steps ahead of Anni, his gaze mostly fixed on the ground.

He glances back at her, walking meekly behind him, hands folded in front of her.

INT. THE BÖNIKES' TENT - EVENING

Father Bönike, sitting at a small table. He smokes a cigar and reads a newspaper story aloud by light from a kerosene lamp. Opposite him, Mother Bönike is seated on an iron-framed bed, writing with a pencil.

Father Bönike reads slowly, stuttering over pronunciation of words, paying little attention to Mother Bönike.

FATHER BÖNIKE
I am a courtesan, but not a spy, a
courtesan who charged a high price for
her loving. Who demanded fifteen-
thousand and even thirty-thousand
marks for her services and received
it. That was the refrain of Mata
Hari's defense...

A long draw on his cigar, and he continues...

FATHER BÖNIKE (CONT'D)
...Among her particular favorites,
it seems were the former Police Chief
of Berlin, a man named Jagow,...

We see that Mother Bönike is writing a list of household expenses and grocery items, selling at very high prices.

INSERTS OF LIVERWURST AND POTATOES IN A MARKET...

RETURN TO

FATHER BÖNIKE (CONT'D)

...and the Duke of Brunswick. Mr. von Jagow first got to know Mata Hari when she appeared at the Winter Garden. He visited her in her dressing room in order to ascertain whether her nude dancing and such could be considered decent. She was called the Queen of Dance, but what that meant was more like the Queen of Love...

Mother Bönike continues with her list, visibly upset over the cost of maintaining her household, even here at Kuhle Wampe.

INSERTS OF PACKAGED VEAL AND HERRING IN A MARKET...

RETURN TO

Behind her we see the INSPIRATIONAL SLOGAN WALL PLAQUE FROM HER APARTMENT KITCHEN (p. 6).

FATHER BÖNIKE (CONT'D)

...Wealthy hedonists praised her as a rare tasty little morsel. The effect of her dancing depended primarily on nudity and strip-teasing, on pulsating gyrations and the depravity of her movements, or, in short, on a symbolism of sexual orgy only to be found in the dances of primitive oriental peoples.

INSERT OF ONIONS IN A MARKET - All these foods with disturbingly inflated price markers.

RETURN TO

Father Bönike reflects warmly on what he has just read. Mother Bönike looks up from her notes only briefly as he reads on.

FATHER BÖNIKE (CONT'D)

Only her small breasts were covered by two engraved copper plates. Her forearms and ankles were decked with glittering jeweled bracelets. Other than that, she was naked from her raised fingertips clear down to her toes.

He leans back, smokes deeply, glances at Mother Bönike. She pays no attention to him, her lips silently mouthing the words of the notes she continues jotting down.

FATHER BÖNIKE (CONT'D)

The dance showed off the firm and sinuous form of her androgynous suppleness. Between the descending lines that curved from her open arm pits beneath her raised arms to the roundness of her hips.

INSERTS OF COSTLY BREAD, MARGARINE AND CHEESE IN A MARKET...

RETURN TO

FATHER BÖNIKE (CONT'D)

Her legs were magnificently built, and rose like two slender pillars of a pagoda. Her knees were round like two lily blossoms. Her skin overall was a pale amber color. Rosy and golden lights played over her body. The long, smooth, arched thighs extended gracefully below the slender, ivory-colored pelvis.

He stops reading as Anni enters the tent, glancing at a canary there in a cage.

ANNI

Good evening.

She sits next to her mother, takes off her cap and stares at the ground -- lost in somber thoughts of recent events.

FADE TO

EXT. THE BÖNIKES' TENT - NIGHT

Mother Bönike steps outside and walks on past Fritz and Anni who are leaning on a small table. They don't look at her, both appear distressed about something.

Fritz swears under his breath...

FRITZ

Have you been there yet?

ANNI

I won't do a filthy thing like
that... I'm not going to ruin my life.

INT. THE BÖNIKES' TENT - DAY

Anni and Father Bönike sit at a table eating.

FATHER BÖNIKE

(menacingly)

If anything happens, I'll damned
well beat you to death!

Anni jumps up, throwing her spoon to the floor. She grabs her cap and handbag and leaves. Father Bönike watches her go.

INT. FACTORY - DAY

Dozens of women sit along an assembly line. A conveyor belt carries electronic parts past them. Parts are snatched up, a piece added or a function performed, and the parts are returned to the belt.

Checking components with a continuity tester, Anni sits back to back with her girlfriend / work partner GERDA (20s), who works at an identical console of dials and gauges.

GERDA

Don't try kidding me. I can tell
something's not right with you.

ANNI

Don't make an issue of it here at
work, or I'll be out looking for
another job tomorrow.

They work some more with their testers and meters.

ANNI

I can't put up with it anymore. If it
keeps up, I'll have to move out of
there.

Around them, FACTORY COMMOTION continues on the assembly line.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Fritz and a CO-WORKER in the pit beneath a hoisted auto, steam-cleaning the engine.

CO-WORKER

Rather than pay child support and higher taxes as a bachelor, you should just get married.

FRITZ

That's crap!... I want to keep my freedom.

INT. FRITZ'S TENT - DAY

Fritz stands, drinking coffee as Anni sits at a table. He picks up his jacket.

ANNI

Where are you going?

FRITZ

I still have to wash a car this evening.

She stands up.

ANNI

You were going to talk with Father this evening!

FRITZ

There'll be time for that tomorrow.

Anni follows him out.

EXT. WOODED PATH - CONTINUOUS

Anni and Fritz walk along the path. DISSONANT MUSIC starts up as they pass a group of SMALL CHILDREN, on their way home from school.

In Anni's mind, their faces set off a MONTAGE OF BIZARRE IMAGES:

1) The tiny faces swarm, swirling in around her.

Mixed in are glimpses of signs and pictures:

2) A sign reading "GYNECOLOGIST"

3) CLOSE VIEW of a baby

- 4) Picture of a mother breast-feeding her child
- 5) A sign reading "FREE CONSULTATION FOR PREGNANCY CASES"
- 6) A birth certificate and register of childhood inoculations
- 7) An unemployment application with Anni's details filled in.
- 8) A baby carriage
- 9) An ad for children's soap
- 10) Baby shoes in a store window
- 11) A happy toddler with a pacifier
- 12) A sign reading "CITY MIDWIFE"
- 13) Another ad for children's products
- 14) Signs outside an abortion clinic: "NO WAITING! NO EMBARRASSING INVESTIGATION! UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION. PAINLESS. GOVERNMENT INSURANCE IN EFFECT. DISPOSAL BY CREMATION"

Her visions take on a new significance:

- 15) QUICK FLASHBACKS of the events of Young Bönike's death
- 16) MELTING INTO a MONTAGE OF COFFINS and DOLLS in store front windows

The vision goes away as they arrive at:

EXT. A TRAIN STOP - CONTINUOUS

Fritz steps aboard a waiting train, turning to shake Anni's hand. The train pulls away.

Alone, Anni walks back toward the path home.

EXT. A BERLIN MOVIE THEATER - DAY

Fritz and his friend KURT (20s) pass movie posters, stopping to note what's playing inside the theater.

KURT

What are you going to do about Anni?

FRITZ

Marriage is totally out of the question. I'm not going to spoil my life.

KURT

But what will become of the girl?

FRITZ

Just too bad for her.

They buy tickets at the ticket booth and go into the theater.

INT. THE BÖNIKES' TENT - EVENING

Fritz and Father Bönike sit at a table, smoking.

FATHER BÖNIKE

A fine mess this is!

FRITZ

How so? It happens in the best of families.

A long, uneasy pause...

FATHER BÖNIKE

Do you want to marry the girl?

FRITZ

There doesn't seem to be any other choice.

Another long pause, less uneasy.

FATHER BÖNIKE

So when do we have the engagement party?

FRITZ

Soon as you want.

SLAM CUT TO

INSERT OF AN OVAL SIGN, partly covered by pine branches.

HAND PAINTED ON IT: "WARM-HEARTED CONGRATULATIONS"

VERTICAL WIPE TO:

INT. THE BÖNIKES' TENT - EVENING

BUZZING WITH NUMEROUS CONVERSATIONS. A big table is set for the engagement party dinner.

Father Bönike sits at the head of the table in a black suit, white shirt and white bowtie. With him are bald-headed UNCLE

OTTO, OTTO'S WIFE and many other GUESTS.

Anni stands nearby, fumbling nervously with flowers in a vase and smiling at the guests. Kurt and Gerda sit together, smiling back at her, as do other guests.

Mother Bönike passes plates to Anni, who relays them down the long table to their guests. Mother Bönike hands Anni a Bundt cake, pre-sliced on a platter. Anni puts it on the table.

Everyone reach for slices of cake, and in moments, the platter is empty. They eat cake and drink coffee that Mother Bönike and Anni pass to all.

HORIZONTAL WIPE TO:

INT/EXT. THE BÖNIKES' TENT - LATER THAT EVENING

No longer coffee being distributed, but rather bottles of beer. It comes via a chain: Mother Bönike hands it to Anni, Anni to Kurt, and from there to everyone down the table.

OUTSIDE A WINDOW Fritz walks up with a full case of beer on his shoulder. He puts it atop a stack of cases beside the window, picks up a case of empties and walks off with it..

Anni winds up a phonograph and puts the tone arm down on a record of MARCH MUSIC.

Mother Bönike passes guests an elaborate platter of food.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW, Fritz arrives with another full case of beer, exchanges it for a case of empties, as before, and walks off with it.

Anni and Mother Bönike continue shuttling beer bottles in to the guests, who are now eating sauerkraut. A platter of fried chicken is served up. That, too, quickly disappears.

Uncle Otto gnaws on a drumstick. On the table before him are empty beer bottles. MUSIC CEASES as the phonograph record ends.

HORIZONTAL WIPE TO:

INT/EXT. THE BÖNIKES' TENT - EVEN LATER THAT EVENING

Uncle Otto at the table, downing a half-liter schooner of beer. He is not wearing his jacket or bowtie, and his shirt is open half way down. On the table before him now are nine empty beer bottles. He and Father Bönike are having some sort of drinking contest.

The scene at the rest of the table is about the same. Young couples drinking heavily, necking and horsing around.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW, Fritz puts down another full case of beer, dusts off his dinner jacket with a handkerchief. Anni comes out.

ANNI

Can I help you carry something?

FRITZ

No need.

ANNI

Are you coming inside?

FRITZ

What for?

He dusts off his trousers.

ANNI

Tell me.... You don't think much of this whole engagement, do you?

FRITZ

Of course not!

ANNI

Hmm.... So why did you go along with it?

FRITZ

Because I was trapped.

Anni walks away, hurt by what he said. He picks up a bottle of beer, opens it and takes a long drink.

Inside, someone starts up a DRINKING SONG. The guests all join in heartily.

Someone starts the PHONOGRAPH PLAYING "I'm Just a Gigolo." A YOUNG GIRL and Otto's wife SING the lyrics as the BAND PLAYS.

Father Bönike hoists another beer as the drinking game with Uncle Otto continues. Other men have joined in, drinking heavily with them. The GROUP SINGING starts up again, the mood getting increasingly loud and rowdy.

OUTSIDE THE TENT, Fritz sits smoking a cigarette. Kurt comes out and joins him. They watch a YOUNG MAN walk out past them.

FRITZ

Nothing to eat, but he has to have those patent leather boots of his.

The drunk Young Man staggers up to a tree to relieve himself.

FRITZ (CONT'D)
Pretty disgusting sight.

KURT
When you give an engagement party,
you've just got to expect people are
going to get crocked.

INSIDE THE TENT, Uncle Otto tries to stand up -- more than a dozen empty beer bottles on the table before him. Cigar in his mouth, he makes it to his feet, tries to lift another schooner, but slams it back down on the table.

He is extremely drunk, tripping over guests as he reels his way down the table, crawling over others in their chairs, knocking over everything in his path.

His wife follows closely behind, trying to restrain him. She is not very successful. Together, they just make twice the CLAMOR.

OTTO'S WIFE
Otto! Otto! You come back here
immediately!

Otto ends up finally OUTSIDE THE TENT. His wife is still trying to stop him. Others are too drunk to lend a hand.

Otto stumbles over a wash tub full of water, soaking himself thoroughly.

KURT (O.S.)
Oh, let him be. If he wants to go
swimming, it'll do him good.

Otto tries to stand up. His wife helps him to his feet

OTTO'S WIFE
Otto, you'll be the death of me yet!

Fritz and Kurt stand watching the goings on. Otto breaks loose from his wife and heads toward the lake.

OTTO'S WIFE
Otto, you're staying here, and
that's all there is to it! Night is no
time to go swimming in the lake with a
belly full of beer!

UNCLE OTTO
(drunkenly)
My body belongs to me!

His wife holds him back by his suspenders, but they snap off. He topples into the empty beer bottle cases stacked up, then over a small table. Finally he falls, crawling off, his wife still after him. Kurt watches disinterestedly. Fritz stares straight ahead.

BEHIND THE TENT, Gerda helps Anni pack her belongings into a handcart.

Father Bönike coming out of the tent, staggers up to Kurt and Fritz.

FATHER BÖNIKE
(slurring badly)
Where's the rest of that beer,
Fritz?

FRITZ
All you need to do is whistle, and
I'll jump to go get it.

Father Bönike careens on past them. Fritz calls after him:

FRITZ
(irritated)
So, whistle! Whistle!

Father Bönike rounds the corner of the tent and comes upon Gerda and Anni packing up the hand cart.

FATHER BÖNIKE
Well, what's the matter here?

ANNI
Get mother and your things. We're
moving out of this place.

Gerda picks up the draw handle of the cart.

FATHER BÖNIKE
Did Gerda put this idea in your
head?

Gerda and Anni walk off with the cart, leaving him stroking his chin. He follows to where Mother Bönike is standing near Fritz and Kurt.

FATHER BÖNIKE
And just where are we going to?

MOTHER BÖNIKE

(to Anni)

We aren't gypsies, that we pick up
and take off down the road in the
middle of the night. You're
completely out of your head.

Anni and Gerda turn and leave as Mother and Father Bönike pull
the cart back to the tent. The guests stand around drunk and
confused by what is happening

MOTHER BÖNIKE

You must be so ashamed of her doing
this.

FATHER BÖNIKE

She's gone crazy, running off like
that.

He lays a reassuring hand on Fritz's shoulder.

MOTHER BÖNIKE

Don't worry, Fritz. We'll stay with
you.

FRITZ

(sarcastically to Kurt)

Now there's something to be happy
about.

INT. STAIRWELL OUTSIDE GERDA'S APARTMENT DOOR - NIGHT

Anni looks on as Gerda works the key in the door lock.

GERDA

You can stay here with me for a while.
Next Sunday you can come with me to
the Sports Rally and just forget about
Fritz.

Anni nods her agreement.

FADE TO

TITLE IN ALL CAPS: III. "WHO OWNS THE WORLD?"

EXT. MONTAGE - A SERIES OF VIEWS FROM VARIOUS ANGLES, ALL
INTERCUT

- 1) INDUSTRIAL CRANES moving on overhead tracks
- 2) FACTORY CHIMNEYS

3) GRAIN SILOS

The THEME MUSIC to the "Solidarity Song" PLAYS UNDER.

FADE TO

INT. LARGE CLUBROOM - DAY

A drove of young people at work. POSTERS for the Sports Rally are being made up. Everywhere there is the BUSTLE of organized activity.

As they are cut and counted, DISTRIBUTOR hands out posters to those who will post them in their designated areas and towns.

DISTRIBUTOR
Wedding!

FIRST VOICE (O.S.)
Here!

Repeatedly, the Distributor hands over the bundled posters and calls the number of the count:

DISTRIBUTOR
Two hundred... Reinickendorf!

SECOND VOICE (O.S.)
Here!

DISTRIBUTOR (O.S.)
Eighty... Charlottenburg!

THIRD VOICE (O.S.)
Here.

DISTRIBUTOR (O.S.)
One hundred twenty...
Friedrichshain!

FOURTH VOICE (O.S.)
Here.

DISTRIBUTOR (O.S.)
One hundred fifty... Pankow!...
They're not here yet.

Gerda and Kurt work on posters at a table. Kurt dips a paint mixing stick in paint and makes a pass at Gerda's nose with it. She pulls back, laughing. Kurt kneels with a brush to paint a sign on the floor.

DISTRIBUTOR (O.S.)
Mitte!

FIFTH VOICE (O.S.)

Here!

DISTRIBUTOR (O.S.)

Schöneberg!

SIXTH VOICE (O.S.)

Here!

DISTRIBUTOR (O.S.)

One hundred... Tempelhof!

Posters are laid out all over, on tables and on the floor, being painted by workers as some stand and watch. Others chart the distribution on a large map coving one wall.

SEVENTH VOICE (O.S.)

Here!

DISTRIBUTOR (O.S.)

Eighty... Wilmersdorf!

EIGHTH VOICE (O.S.)

Here.

DISTRIBUTOR (O.S.)

Eighty... Prenzlauer Berg!

NINTH VOICE (O.S.)

Here.

Kurt looks up from his painting.

KURT

Where's Anni at today?

GERDA

She'll be along. She just went over to the printers.

KURT

What's with her, anyway?

GERA

What should be with her? She's just staying with me, that's all.

KURT

Well, it's tough on her, breaking up with Fritz and all right now.

YOUNG MAN at a nearby table works on a cloth banner. YOUNG WOMAN rolls out material in front of him.

YOUNG MAN

I haven't been home since yesterday.
I have to get some sleep. I'm
entered in the swimming competition
tomorrow.

YOUNG WOMAN

No! You have to finish making this
banner. You'll have it done soon.

YOUNG MAN

Yeah, and just when am I supposed to
sleep?!

Fritz enters through a door covered with sports posters. He
looks around, spots Gerda at a table working. He walks over,
nervous, trying to figure how best to ask his question.

FRITZ

So, tell me, Gerda, Anni's staying
here, isn't she?

GERDA

Yes, of course.

FRITZ

Yeah, well, I've been looking for
her all week.

Kurt walks up with a can of paint and a brush.

FRITZ (CONT'D)

So where is she hanging out at
night.

KURT

She doesn't hang out anywhere. She's
just here working with us.

GERDA

She used to help us out lots of
times. Even before you two broke up.

FRITZ

I've told her before, she's just not
cut out for your sports.

Kurt looks at Gerda and winks, then looks back at Fritz.

FRITZ (CONT'D)

It's my opinion that some women
aren't cut out for sports.

(very firmly)

Some of them are, but some of them
aren't!

GERDA

I think she's very happy when she's here with us.

THREE YOUNG MEN talk together.

FIRST YOUNG MAN

I can't make it tomorrow. I'm already tapped out.

SECOND YOUNG MAN

I've got only 20¢ left.

(to a THIRD YOUNG MAN)

Could you spare us a little something?

THIRD YOUNG MAN

Sure thing.

The Third Young Man gives them some money.

FRITZ

(to Kurt and Gerda)

I got laid off yesterday.

KURT

That's too bad.

Gerda looks at a Sports Rally poster on the wall.

GERDA

(to Fritz)

Take a look at this.

Kurt leads Fritz by the elbow toward the poster.

GERDA

And if you really want to talk to Anni, then come out with us tomorrow.

KURT

The competitions are in the afternoon. And you'll get a chance to listen to some things there that I don't think will hurt you any.

EXT. A CITY STREET - DAY

Young men start up their motorcycles and ride off toward the Sports Rally. Kurt is among them. They pass bicycle riders and pedestrians.

A procession of MARCHERS in close ranks files down the avenue

toward the Sports Rally. As they march, they SING and WHISTLE the "Solidarity Song."

MARCHERS

(singing)

Forward and forget not
Wherein our strength lies.
Whether famished or well-fed
Forward and forget not
Our solidarity.

EXT. A WOODED PATHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Marchers continue along a path through trees. Anni is among them.

MARCHERS (CONT'D)

Forward and forget not
Our streets and our fields.
Forward and forget not:
Whose streets are these streets?
Whose world is this world?

EXT. SPORTS RALLY GROUNDS ON A LAKE - DAY

INTERCUT MONTAGE OF SHOTS

- 1) Kurt in a motorcycle race
- 2) Gerda rowing with a girls' boat racing team
- 3) A swimming race
- 4) Kurt on motorcycle #48 - among the leaders in the race

MUSIC PLAYS UNDER and a male SOLOIST [Ernst Busch] SINGS:

SOLOIST (V.O.)

Coming from the crowded tenements
From the embattled cities' darkest
streets,
You find yourselves united,
Banded together to do battle
And learn to win!
And learn to win!

With pennies saved through sacrifice
You have bought these boats
And from hungry mouths
Came the travel fare
And learn to win!
And learn to win!

Kurt wheels ahead of the pack, leading the motorcycle race.

Gerda pulls hard on her oars.

The cyclist racers, swimmers and boat racers all approach their finish lines.

SOLOIST (V.O. CONT'D)
Resting for a brief few hours
Away from the crushing struggle
You find yourselves united,
Banded together to do battle.
And learn to win!

5) The races end to THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE.

EXT. SPORTS RALLY STAGE AREA - DAY

All the Competitors are brought onto the platform, CHEERED ENTHUSIASTICALLY for their great accomplishments.

From the crowd comes a WHISTLE and a LOUD VOICE.

VOICE (O.S.)
Hey!!

On another platform amid the crowd, an agitprop company called THE RED MEGAPHONES begins a performance. They SING through their megaphones, PLAY INSTRUMENTS and act out a song called "The Song of the United Red Front."

THE RED MEGAPHONES
(singing and reciting)
We are The Red Megaphones.
Megaphones of the masses are we.
We speak what distresses you.
We speak what distresses you.
We are The Red Megaphones.
Megaphones of the masses are we.

ACTORS strides to the center of the platform.

ACTOR #1
Kösliner Street, Wedding, a tenement house. There the landlord throws his old tenant out.

TRIO OF MUSICIANS
He brings the eviction men with him.

ACTOR #2
Throw all this stuff out!

ACTOR #3
Oh, no. You must have made some mistake.

ACTOR #4

They've taken away our welfare
benefit, Mr. Landlord!

ACTOR #2

You are behind a half a year with your
rent. I have been, God knows,
patient long enough.

The skit is about a family getting thrown out of their
apartment for being six months behind on rent...

...A very familiar plot to Fritz and Anni, standing together
in the crowd.

ACTORS

(in turn)

Patience, patience -- that is a
strange word.

Commoners, neighbors, form a ring.

The eviction man interrogates,
he discusses.

Until even the last is in sympathy
with him.

The players are APPLAUDED for their skit. Fritz and Anni APPLAUD
along with them.

SERIES OF SHOTS -- VARIOUS ANGLES ON THE CROWD as they all SING
IN UNISON verses of the "Solidarity Song."

CROWD

(singing)

Forward and forget not
Wherein our strength lies.
Whether famished or well-fed
Forward and forget not
Our solidarity.

First, this is not all of us
Second, it is only one day
When the work of a week
Lies in our bones.

Forward and forget not
Wherein our strength lies.
Whether famished or well-fed
Forward and forget not
Our solidarity!

First, this is not all of us
Second, it is only one day
And indeed there lies in the meadows
What otherwise in the streets would
lie.

Forward and forget not
Our streets and our fields.
Forward and forget not:
Whose streets are these streets?
Whose world is this world?

EXT. THE RALLY GROUNDS - DAY

The agitprop company puts away their instruments and the athletes and crowd begin to disperse.

Kurt and Gerda with a VENDOR who is passing out booklets. They glance through one that he has been showing them. Kurt hands it back to the Vendor.

KURT

I have this one already.

The Vendor exchanges Kurt's booklet for another. Kurt pays him, and he and Gerda walk off.

The athletes and Sports Rally workers rest after the day's events.

Members of the crowd lounge on the grounds, reading the booklets that have been distributed.

Fritz and Anni are among them.

We see parked bicycles, docked boats.

THREE YOUNG MEN on the ground browse a booklet. One of them reads aloud to the others.

YOUNG MAN

Listen, I'll read it again: A real state, says Hegel, and a real government only comes into being if there is a distinct difference between social classes, and if wealth and poverty grow in such proportions that the masses can no longer satisfy their needs in the way in which they are accustomed.

Kurt and Gerda walk past a long row of tents.

GERDA

Fritz wants to keep his freedom
forever.

KURT

On just 13 marks 20 a week, freedom
isn't worth crap.

GERDA

Well, he can go ahead and marry Anni.

KURT

Which, of course, he will.

GERDA

(smiling)

At least she still has a job.

Fritz and Anni lie on the grass near a tent. Bicycles are
parked all around.

FRITZ

(to Anni)

I guess you've been right all along.

They look each other in the eyes and smile.

The athletes and the crowd pack up to go home. In the b.g., a
group SINGS the "Solidarity Song."

Boats are loaded up and put into the water, then rowed off.

Others leave on motorcycles with sidecars, and still many
more on bicycles.

INT. S-BAHN TRAIN STATION TUNNEL - DAY

A large group on foot descends stairs into the NOISY tunnel.

INT. A TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS

They file into the train car along with workers and citizens.
Some sit and some stay standing, holding on to straps and
rails.

CONDUCTOR'S VOICE (O.S.)

Move back please! Train departing!

The crowded train starts moving, picks up speed.

Gerda and Kurt stand together in the aisle way.

Fritz and Anni are seated together, smiling affectionately at

each other.

A MAN WITH MUSTACHE reads a newspaper near them.

MAN WITH MUSTACHE

In Brazil they burned twenty-four million pounds of coffee.

VOICE OF A RIDER(O.S.)

What did they do with the coffee?

MAN WITH MUSTACHE

Burned it! Simply burned it.

MAN WITH STAND-UP COLLAR

Twenty-four million pounds of coffee burned? That's just stirring up trouble.

An OLD MAN WITH GLASSES sits next to A WOMAN, and over them stands a WORKER IN SHIRTSLEEVES. Nearby is a MAN WITH WHITE HAT.

OLD MAN WITH GLASSES

I saw that too, but I can't believe it.

MAN WITH WHITE HAT

(with a know-it-all manner)

It's just plain common sense that can't possibly be true.

MAN WITH MUSTACHE

(reading from newspaper)

Coffee Burned - Madness in the World Economy. It's right here, if you please. In Santos, the largest coffee port in the world, is stored more coffee than it is possible for the world to buy... Altogether twelve to fifteen million bags, more than a full year's crop in Brazil... uh... and as more and more coffee comes in, the government orders that the excess be burned.

MAN WITH STAND-UP COLLAR

You don't have to read any further. We know all about that nonsense!

MAN WITH MUSTACHE

(reading on)

We have expensive wheat and unemployed industrial laborers, whereas Argentina has expensive industrial products and unemployed farm laborers. The whole thing is called world economics, and it is a terrible shame.

WORKER IN SHIRTSLEEVES

Twenty-four million pounds of coffee burned. That really is a crying shame.

WORKER IN SWEATER

Yah, they get away with doing that.

MAN WITH WHITE HAT

(hoisting a forefinger)

Quite correct!

OLD MAN WITH GLASSES

I don't understand this whole thing. Burning coffee! What's the point of doing that?

Fritz and Anni are nearby, and across from them is a DARK-HAIRED YOUNG MAN.

ANNI

It's just those people's nasty spitefulness.

FRITZ

Spite? They aren't necessarily spiteful if--

DARK-HAIRED YOUNG MAN

Oh, so you're going to defend them? You think it's alright for them to burn perfectly good coffee?

MAN WITH WHITE HAT

(shaking his head)

If you will permit me, that's not what the gentleman was saying. The gentleman has quite obviously said...

(aside, to Fritz)

What was it you were saying, my friend?

TWO OLDER WOMEN sit across the car wearing broad-brimmed hats, pulled low over their foreheads.

WOMAN IN CHECKED DRESS

(gesturing to those sitting near)
You know, you should never let
coffee boil, I'm telling you. Coffee
should never boil. Once it boils, it's
ruined.

WOMAN WITH CORAL NECKLACE

And then, never pour coffee into a
metal pot. It spoils the aroma!

MAN WITH MUSTACHE

It's all explained right here. Why
do you suppose they did it? Because
they wanted to keep the coffee prices
high.

MAN WITH STAND-UP COLLAR

You see!

MAN WITH MUSTACHE

You see! We have to pay high prices.

MAN WITH STAND-UP COLLAR

And why do we pay high prices?
Because our hands are tied. World
politics!

MAN WITH WHITE HAT

Quite correct!

MAN WITH STAND-UP COLLAR

(gesticulating broadly)
If we had a fleet, then we'd also
have colonies. If we had colonies,
we'd also have coffee. And if we had
coffee...

MAN WITH MUSTACHE

So what then? You're simply going to
say, that would bring prices down.
Right?

MAN WITH STAND-UP COLLAR

Well, maybe not, but then...
(bending toward Man with Mustache)
...we'd be the ones making the
profit!

KURT

I keep hearing "we." Who is this "we?" You and I? And that gentleman there? And the lady there? And the old man there? So we'd be making the profit? Man, I don't think you even believe that yourself!

MAN WITH GRAY HAT Writes something on a piece of paper with a pencil. He sits next to a LADY WITH WHITE BLOUSE.

MAN WITH GRAY HAT

Twenty-four million pounds. Thirty-six times twenty-four..., add a zero..., and another zero. They threw away eighty-six million marks. That's supposed to be a profit?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

That's no profit!

MAN WITH GRAY HAT

If a pound of coffee costs three marks sixty...

LADY WITH WHITE BLOUSE

(interrupting)

What's this three marks sixty? You must buy only the high-priced brands.

MAN WITH STAND-UP COLLAR

Governments indeed, I still say, if the people of this country don't mind their pennies, they'll never amount to anything.

MAN WITH WHITE HAT

(nodding)

Quite correct!

The Man with Stand-Up Collar nods back at him.

KURT

Hmm. You sure don't look like you worry too much about pennies.

MAN WITH GRAY HAT

So, a pound costs three marks sixty...

LADY WITH WHITE BLOUSE

But how come three marks sixty? You can get very good coffee for two marks forty.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I've even bought it for two marks.

MAN WITH GRAY HAT

Alright, so we'll say three marks.
It really doesn't make any difference.

LADY WITH WHITE BLOUSE

Now, just listen to that! I say two marks fifty and he says three marks, and that's not supposed to make any difference?

MAN WITH GRAY HAT

Twenty-four million times three hundred...

FRITZ

(to Anni)

Those calculations are just plain crap.

(to Man with Gray Hat)

They don't make anything on what they throw away, only on what they keep and charge us more for.

WORKER IN SWEATER is next to Gerda

WORKER IN SWEATER

There always has to be less supply than there is demand. Otherwise there's no profit.

GERDA

You make profits only when there are people who always need something but get nothing.

The Worker in Sweater nods his agreement.

WOMAN WITH CORAL NECKLACE

They're all living off welfare, but they guzzle coffee by the pound - you can smell it on every stairwell landing. I don't like to talk, but I've always told my husband: Wilhelm, you know this isn't the way things are supposed to be.

MAN WITH WHITE HAT

After all, coffee is a luxury. People didn't always used to drink coffee.

KURT
People used to ride around in
stagecoaches too.

A couple of riders LAUGH at this.

MAN WITH STAND-UP COLLAR
(sternly)
I don't care for your political
trouble-making.

KURT
So what are we calling trouble-
making here? You're the one who's
making trouble!

Kurt turns his back on the Man with Stand-Up Collar.

MAN WITH STAND-UP COLLAR
(turning briskly, agitated)
You need to just calm down, son.

Kurt turns suddenly on the Man with Stand-Up Collar and
pushes him back.

KURT
I'm not your son!

MAN WITH STAND-UP COLLAR
(still closer to Kurt)
Easy to see you've never been in the
military.

KURT
Yeah, and you? Must have been a petty
officer, right?

WORKER IN SWEATER
Kurt, go ahead and belt him one!

WORKER
Yeah, give the old fart a thrashing
and send him back to the orphanage he
came from!

MAN WITH STAND-UP COLLAR
(wagging his finger)
You!...

KURT
Shut your trap before all the
sawdust falls out of your head!

The riders LAUGH at this.

MAN WITH STAND-UP COLLAR
(pressing closer to Kurt)
I'm warning you! That insult will
cost you forty marks!

KURT
Ah, quit flappin' your gums, pal!

MAN WITH STAND-UP COLLAR
(loudly)
Don't you get familiar with me! I
never crawled in any manure heap with
you!

MAN WITH WHITE HAT
Quite correct!

The Man with Stand-Up Collar turns to the Man with White Hat and
shakes his hand.

WORKER
Bandy-legged and his little popgun
won't shoot!

ANOTHER WORKER
Old lard head!

WORKER
Where most people have a head, he's
got an old spiked helmet.

The riders LAUGH roundly at this. The Man with Stand-Up Collar
withdraws indignantly from his young antagonists.

OLD MAN WITH GLASSES
(standing up)
Gentlemen, please, quiet down. You
aren't the only people in this car.
You talk about coffee in Brazil.
Well, gentlemen, I ask you: what does
coffee in Brazil matter to you?

MAN WITH WHITE HAT
Quite correct! And besides, it is
Sunday today.

KURT
Alright, if you don't want to hear
about coffee, let me ask you this:
you eat bread, don't you, friend? What
do you have to say about the wheat
they're burning in their boilers in
America?

GERDA

Yes, and the cotton?

MAN IN OVERCOAT speaks to FAT BALD MAN.

MAN IN OVERCOAT

You see, we don't need all that coffee. We Germans are a frugal people. The point is, we have to make ourselves independent of foreign countries. We have to grow our own coffee here in Germany, you see. Instead of producing so much wine in the Rhineland, we should be growing coffee. You see? We could buy the wine from France. And then there'd be peace in Europe, you see!

FAT BALD MAN

Yes, but the two of us, we won't change the world.

KURT (O.S.)

Correct... You won't change the world...

CLOSE ANGLE on Kurt

KURT (CONT'D)

...And that lady there...

ANGLE ON Woman with Coral Necklace.

KURT (CONT'D)

...she won't change it either. And that man...

ANGLE ON Old Man With Glasses, sleeping.

KURT (CONT'D)

...he won't either... much less...

CLOSE ANGLE on Man with White Hat

KURT (O.S. CONT'D)

...a fence-sitter like you -- not ever...

CLOSE ANGLE on Kurt

KURT (CONT'D)

And this gentleman here...

CLOSE ANGLE on Man with Stand-Up Collar

KURT (O.S. CONT'D)
...he won't be changing the world
either. You like it the way it is.

MAN WITH STAND-UP COLLAR
(each word boldly, antagonizing)
And just who is going to change it?

CLOSE ANGLE on Gerda

GERDA
(boldly, separating each word)
Those who don't like it the way it
is!

INT. S-BAHN TRAIN STATION TUNNEL - NIGHT

The mass of workers, athletes and others citizens proceed
into the S-Bahn tunnel, walking briskly off in an endless stream
toward its dark end.

A choir and soloist [Ernst Busch] SING the "Solidarity Song" to
ORCHESTRAL ACCOMPANIMENT.

CHOIR AND SOLOIST (V.O.)
Forward and forget not
Wherein our strength lies.
Whether famished or well-fed
Forward and forget not
Our solidarity!

If we ever saw the sun shining
On the streets and on the fields
There is no way we could but believe
This was really our world.

Forward and forget not
Wherein our strength lies.
Whether famished or well-fed
Forward and forget not
Our solidarity!

Though we know it's only
A drop of water on a hot stone
But the matter
Won't ever be settled for us.

Forward and forget not,
Our streets and our fields.
Forward and forget not
Whose streets are these streets?
Whose world is this world?

FADE OUT

SCREEN CREDITS

Screenplay..... Bertolt Brecht and Ernst Ottwald
Music Hanns Eisler
Directed..... Slatan Th. Dudow
Production Managers..... George M. Höllering and
Robert Scharfenberg
Cameraman..... Günther Krampf
Sound..... Tobis Melofilm/
System Tobis-Klangfilm
Sound Engineer..... Kroschke Michelis
Sound Cutter..... Peter Meyrowitz
Scene Architecture..... Robert Scharfenberg and
C. P. Haacker
Musical Direction..... Josef Schmid
Orchestration..... Lewis Ruth
Leading Players..... Hertha Thiele.....Anni
Martha Wolter..... Gerda
Ernst Busch..... Fritz
Adolf Fischer..... Kurt
Lilli Schönborn..... Mother Bönike
Max Sablotzki..... Father Bönike
Alfred Schäfer..... Young Bönike
Ballads Performed by..... Helene Weigel and Ernst Busch
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