

One Model Nation
by
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ONE MODEL NATION

EXT. HAMBURG, GERMANY 2001 - ROCK FESTIVAL - DAY

FADE IN:

Mud. Thousands of mud caked feet make their way through the single narrow roadway of the festival grounds.

TOMAS KOESTER, the concert promoter, leads KARL BARTOS through the crowd to one of many tour busses lined up along the road.

EXT. DANDY WARHOLS TOUR BUS - DAY

COURTNEY TAYLOR-TAYLOR, singer for The Dandy Warhols meets Karl Bartos, former member of German art-rock band KRAFTWERK.

Courtney is outside the tour bus, banging on the door as the two men approach.

KOESTER

Hallo, Courtney. Hi. Tomas Koester.
We met in Chicago, wiss David unt
Mike.

COURTNEY

Oh yeah. Hey, how ya been?

KOESTER

Very well, sank you. So Courtney,
here is Karl Bartos from Kraftwerk.
Karl, Courtney Taylor Taylor.

KARL

Pleased to meet you.

COURTNEY

Hey, great to meetcha. You guys
wanna head in? Outta the rain?

Karl and Tomas nod vigorously.

COURTNEY

Yeah, me too. But I lost my bus
key. Sorry.

He bangs again on the tour bus door, which this time opens promptly. The three file onto the bus.

CUT TO:

INT. TOUR BUS

They make their way towards the back.

KARL

So, Tomas tells me that you wish to make a movie about Kraftwerk?

Courtney nods and verbally agrees while navigating the narrow hallway of the bus.

KARL (CONT'D)

You see, I'm not in Kraftwerk any longer. Actually, I have not spoken to Ralf and Florian in several years.

COURTNEY

Oh yeah, is that who we talk to if we wanna make this movie and not get sued?

KARL

Ah, well, you see,uh, you CAN'T make this movie and not get sued.

They finally come to the back lounge and seat themselves around a table.

KARL (CONT'D)

Ralf and Florian are very reclusive. They do not even have a fax machine at klang klang. Most likely, they will not respond to you. It's very weird. They would probably wait until you release the movie, and then you will get sued.

COURTNEY

Well , okay. So they re dicks. That's not so weird. Still, why are they reclusive? I'd think they'd want everyone to know what was going on in your "post-war/German-whatever you call it art scene".

KARL

Yes, well maybe they secretly do. Ah, you've been listening to *this*.

Karl is examining a copy of the Kraftwerk c.d. "Man Machine". He and the other three members of Kraftwerk are dressed in red shirts with black ties and very pale make up. They all have identical haircuts and Karl looks fantastic. In the picture he is about twenty-five years younger.

COURTNEY

Every band in the world is ripping you guys off nowadays and don't even know it.

KARL

Yes, kids only seem to have half the record collection. But that's okay, maybe they always did. In germany back then we had a lot less than half.

Courtney ponders this for a moment.

KARL (CONT'D)

Anyway, as an American, you could never understand what it was like to grow up in post-war Germany.

You should just make a movie about what you thought it was like.

The industry is the same, and the media are still terrible people. That's probably why so many successful artists become recluses.

COURTNEY

Yeah, I plan on becoming very reclusive myself. And fat. Like Brando.

KARL

Ah, good for you. Who in their right mind would want fame if they could just take the money? Anyway, thank you very much for inviting me today.

COURTNEY

No sweat.
Ya know, I used to have a whole world in my head that revolved around your band. Well, and the whole "German thing".

KARL

Well there you go. Make this movie about your idea of what it was like.

Make a fictional band and call them "Autobahn" or "Deutschland" or something.
It would be a far more interesting movie, I'm sure.

COURTNEY

That's an idea.

KARL (VOICE FADING)

Yes, put it in the late seventies. That would be near the end of what would be considered the...

Karl's voice is fading.

Courtney is imagining this movie.

And he's imagining it with himself as Karl Bartos in 1977.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BERLIN, GERMANY 1977 - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Courtney is side stage in a warehouse crammed full of about a thousand or more humans. Dressed in a red shirt and black tie, an identically dressed young man is yelling to him over the screaming and whistling of the crowd. He is FLORIAN.

FLORIAN

Karl... Karl, you alright?

Courtney turns and stares blankly at him.

FLORIAN (CONT'D)

I guess that's it. Lets do it.
Karl? You alright?

Courtney realizes that this person is calling him Karl. He also realizes that this is Florian Schneider and that the two of them, along with two more identically dressed guys, are in a band in 1977.

COURTNEY (NOW KARL)
Yeah, right. Florian. Right.
Let's do it.

The four of them walk onto the stage. The white noise of the crowd is deafening as they begin to get the synthetic groove up and running.

The crowd becomes a swirl of bobbing heads. Everything is working. Vocals whispered into vintage microphones with old school RUN-DMC type arrangements. Fat groove, giant music.

The four of them are standing in a row with keyboards in front of them and an iconic light show behind. Film loops and strobes etc..

Camera pans across the crowd and out through the front doors.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE

In front of the place, several lads huddle in the cold and smoke the last of their cigarettes.

BOY 1
Oh cool. They're starting with
"Transmission."

BOY 2
Alright, I don't need to smoke the
entire cigarette every time.
Or do I? I'm goin' in.

BOY 1
I'm just guessing here, but I think
it'd be alright to smoke it in
there.

BOY 2
Too crowded. I'd just end up
burning someone. You comin? Whoa!

They turn and stare as a line of cop cars crests the hill and speeds down the mile long gravel road towards the warehouse.

BOY 1

Uh oh, geheime stadtz polizei
again. Guess maybe we ought to tell
somebody.

BOY 2

Like, maybe right now.

The boys drop their cigs and head into the thundering noise of the makeshift venue before the first of the cop cars hits the lot.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

Inside, they try to make their way through to the sound board but it seems to be taking an eternity. Onstage the band rocks, the crowd is tumultuous.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Outside, the power cables are cut by massive bolt cutters and the sound goes dead inside.

From the screaming sirens and the yelling into megaphones, a roar swells up from the crowd as the cops start pouring in. A giant floodlight goes up which only intensifies the cockroach-like effect of the hysterical crowd.

One megaphone voice cuts through in German.

VOICE (SUBTITLE)

You are participating in an illegal
assembly. Remain calm. You must
stop now or you will be arrested.
You must...

But the crowd is completely out of control.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE

In the eye of this hurricane stand three quite good looking young men. One of them is calmly loading a handgun while the other two nervously look around with their right hands inside their forties cut suit jackets.

Back onstage, the band are hurriedly grabbing as much of their equipment as they can carry while being hustled toward an exit by a giant blonde youth.

His name is GUNNAR.

GUNNAR

Karl. Florian. Take those but leave THAT. Here, Wolfgang. Take this. I gotta get the car.

FLORIAN

Yes. I have it. Gunnar I'm right behind you. Just GO!

Now shots are heard. Screaming. More shots as the giant floodlight goes out. The band gets separated. Ralf and Wolfgang get back with Karl. More flashes from gunfire. The band are almost through the doors.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT

The band ends up together in an old Mercedes sedan driven by Gunnar.

As they tear down the street they are followed by a single squad car. There are maybe 500 yards between them.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ - MOVING

KARL

Jeessus there were alot of gunshots.

FLORIAN

It's the Red Army hipsters. They all carry guns and they all want to shoot a cop. Or cops.

WOLFGANG s g

How in the hell did they find us?

RALF

The cops? Or the Red Army brats? Uh, gee. Maybe the cops followed about a hundred of 'em there.

FLORIAN

Gunnar, did you get the money?

GUNNAR

In the trunk.

FLORIAN (TO KARL AND WOLFGANG IN BACK)

Before you guys were in the band we had to spend a few nights in jail.

RALF

Yeah, a few times. Sucked.

Just then Gunnar hugs a corner too tight and takes out several garbage cans.

FLORIAN

Jeez Gunnar, careful.

GUNNAR

Yep. Sorry, sorry.

KARL

Well if they try to fine us I'm totally broke.

RALF

Maybe if we slow down now they won't give us a speeding ticket.

GUNNAR

Alright, we gotta lose these clowns. Ralf I'm going to turn down Hunterwasser and jump out. You slide in and drive back to the studio.

FLORIAN

Why? What? You're going to do what?

GUNNAR

There's a row of dumpsters there that I can shove into the street, so I'm going to. You should be able to lose them with the time that makes.

FLORIAN

That's a long way to walk.

GUNNAR

I'll jog. Besides, I've got some editing to do tonight before you guys can record tomorrow.

RALF

Whoa, Gunnar. Nice one. Need cab fare? Anything?

GUNNAR

Sure, man. Whoops. Too late. You can owe me.

RALF (to Wolfgang)

Hey, did he just say to blow me?
HOLY SHHHIII....

The Benz squeals around the corner and true to his word Gunnar is out and rolling on the pavement. RALF slides behind the wheel and slams the door.

RALF

Jesus. Okay. Studio, right?...
Studio?

FLORIAN

Oh, most certainly.

WOLFGANG

Check out Gunnar. What a dude.

FLORIAN

I'll say.

KARL

Is this weird?

The band are silent for a moment as they speed through the industrial topography. Everyone looks back every couple seconds.

RALF looks into the rearview mirror.

RALF

Well it looks like we outran those imperial slugs.

CUT TO:

EXT. Hunterwasser Strasse

Back at the corner of Old Warehouse Road and Hunterwasser, Gunnar is pulling on the first in a line of dumpsters. After a few unsuccessful tugs he begins to get stressed. Giving one last good yank, he sees that they are all locked and chained to the wall of the adjoining warehouse.

The wailing siren is starting to become clear and present when Gunnar pulls an antique handgun from inside his jacket. The cop car shrieks around the corner. Gunnar raises the pistol towards it and unloads most of the clip into the front windshield.

The car slams sideways into the curb. Then stops. Then rolls a little. Then stops.

Gunnar stares into the flashing lights then shoots out the siren. Silence.

He points it at the lights.

Click.

Gunnar goes to replace the pistol inside his jacket and burns himself.

GUNNAR
OUCH! Son of a...

He takes a few steps forward and looks into the car for a second.

GUNNAR
Holy Jesus.

He turns and sprints off into the rain still carrying the old Luger in his hand.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. KLANG KLANG STUDIO - NIGHT

KLANG KLANG is clearly the workplace of genius. Vacuum tubes, electronic oddities, a giant plastic pineapple, Christmas lights, inflatable numbers, etc..

Wolfgang, Karl and Ralf pace or sit and fidget. Florian busies himself with placing microphones around a bicycle/treadmill contraption. He is wearing headphones.

WOLFGANG
Look, Florian, your girlfriend is
talking about us.

Florian doesn't hear him but Karl and Ralf both turn and look up at the TV.

ULRIKE MEINHOF is the reporter. She is giving a report from in front of the warehouse site of their gig. They turn up the volume.

ULRIKE (ON TV)

"...of nearly two thousand youths from the Berlin area. Members of counter culture pop group THE MODEL, whose music and image have defined this "terrorist generation" were seen fleeing after several youths and police officers were shot."

CLOSE ON WOLFGANG

Tea nearly comes out through his nostrils when he hears Ulrike say this.

RESUME TV

ULRIKE (CONT'D)

"Amongst the youths who were arrested at the scene was confirmed RAF gang member Thorwald Proll.

Mugshot of the pistol loading fellow from the gig.

WOLFGANG

Holy jesus. Florian, check this out.

ULRIKE (CONT'D)

Proll is being charged with the shooting death of one police officer as well as the April bombings of the Berlinerplatz shopping mall and the Municipal Courthouse."

Ulrike looks offscreen and shakes her head. Then she nods and looks back into the camera.

ULRIKE (CONT'D)

"Kulturminister Klein arrived shortly after the shootings and told this reporter that an official statement regarding the escalating violence will be forthcoming. It looks like he's ready now.

Ulrike steps aside as a commanding older gentleman in a full length trenchcoat emerges from a knot of policemen and addresses the camera.

Superimposed over the live footage is a mugshot of a somewhat Charlie Manson-eyed young hipster. He is darkly good looking with a 1960's Paul Simon haircut.

KLEIN

"Andreas Baader, the recently apprehended leader of the "Red Army Faction" has refused to comment on this or any other "Red Army Faction" related incidents. Our intelligence has been able to gather information on other key RAF members as well as Thorwald Proll. This police action unfortunately resulted in the loss of the lives of two veteran police officers. The grief of this nation goes out to both of their families. Thank you."

Klein looks into the camera for three or four seconds before he walks off screen as Ulrike brings her report to a close.

ULRIKE

"In fact, Andreas Baader has refused to speak to anyone about anything since his incarceration. This is Ulrike Meinhof reporting."

INT. KLANG KLANG

The camera moves from the TV across the room and around Florian's head ending in a tight close up on one of his gently bobbing earphones. We can hear the whirring of the bicycle chain swelling into beautiful layers of orchestration. This is "the song". The camera slowly comes around to his face which is a mask of perfect serenity.

He is interrupted by Ralf's hand on his shoulder.

RALF

Thorwald's RAF?

Florian removes his headphones.

FLORIAN

What's that?

RALF

Thorwald.

FLORIAN

Proll?

Florian sets the headphones down and gets up stretching his legs.

WOLFGANG

Apparently he was arrested for murdering a cop tonight. They said that he is a "confirmed RAF member. I think she said that we are too".

RALF

RAF. What's that mean exactly? Red army fashions? Red army fascists? Assholes. Of course Thorwald's one of 'em.

FLORIAN

Thorwald murdered a cop? With a gun?

KARL

Yep. She said "shot to death". She didn't exactly say that we're RAF.

Florian is now at the mixing board turning up and down the sound of the bike chain.

FLORIAN

Wow. I thought that any of our friends who were pussy enough to carry a gun would be too much of a pussy to use it.

Florian analyzes this sentence for a moment then returns to his sound.

RALF

Yeah. Um. Wait. Is Thorwald actually our friend?

The phone rings and Ralf scoots his rolling chair across the floor to answer it.

WOLFGANG

He's like a two to four times a
year friend

FLORIAN

Ah, right. That's very diplomatic.

RALF (covering the phone)

He always made me nervous. He says
weird shit.

Um, hello?

WOLFGANG

Speaking of weird, do you know how
nuclear fission works? See,
certain molecules can get very
close to each other.
Other molecules can't.
Just like people.
See, that's how I work. I just
don't get to know anyone well
enough to dislike them.

The three of them, not on the phone, have now become fully
involved in bringing in electronic rhythms with florian's
sound.

FLORIAN

The RAF are just trying to change
things. You can't blame them.
As far as centuries go, Germany is
having a bad one.
*Oh that sounds cool. Wolf, leave
that right there.*

WOLFGANG

Great.

They pause and listen for a moment. The electronic beat and
the bicycle chain have meshed into a perfectly hypnotic
rhythm.

Ralf hangs up the phone and rolls his chair/self back into
the conversation.

FLORIAN
Surely we're fine.

RALF
Seriously, you're right. And stop calling me Shirley. That was Balthazaar. He thinks we need to see him right away. And guess where he is. WAIT. Yep. Your favorite place, Wolfie.

WOLFGANG
Please. I have difficulty believing that he's a beneficial use of our time right now.

RALF
Hey, this is no time for a naysaying. Balthazaar talks to Minister Klein all the time. Klein is the guy who tells him what to do.

FLORIAN
Minister Klein? Wow. That's really convenient.

Florian looks around for a moment.

RALF
Lovely.

WOLFGANG
You know what makes me even more lovely? Sleep.

RALF
You could sleep after that? Jeez, man.

FLORIAN
I don't think we should take the Benz. I'll have a cab meet us at the Bierstube. Let's walk down there now. Wolf, leave Gunnar a note in case he comes back here.

They busy themselves with calling a cab, shutting down etc. As they leave, the camera pans to the bicycle on the treadmill.

FADE TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE KLANG KLANG

The band walks down the street outside their studio. A woman peeks from behind a curtain in the window just across from them. She is on the telephone.

KARL

So how does Klein fit into this?

WOLFGANG

He's the government watchdog for anything "youth culture" related. When the Red Army, uh, Faggots quit going to government approved clubs and started blowing up BMW factories instead, it fell under Klein's jurisdiction.

He glances at Florian.

WOLFGAN

Diplomacy and efficiency are NOT of a feather.

FLORIAN

Hmm. For you?

WOLFGANG

Anyone. Ever.

Florian thinks about this for a half a minute.

FLORIAN

That's ridiculous. There's lots of times in which being diplomatic actually insures a thing's being done more efficiently. Diplomacy exists in case it can get things done efficiently.

RALF

And that's why we're going to Balthazar's?

The band walk in silence for a few seconds.

KARL

Hey, did that woman just call the cops on us?

WOLFGANG

I was just thinking the same thing.

FLORIAN

Oh that must be our cab. Hey. Hey!

The band hurries across an intersection and into the waiting taxi. Camera ends on a weathered old *wanted poster* with about ten photos on it. All of the people pictured look like art school flunkies.

CUT TO:

INT. WOMAN'S APARTMENT

She hangs up the phone and returns to a table where her husband and three children sit. Spread out before them is a jumble of half built electrical outlets which they are assembling. She picks up a screwdriver and continues with the work at hand. She briefly glances up at her Husband who frowns at her then frowns at the window.

CUT TO:

INT. BALTHAZAAR'S - OFFICE - NIGHT

Suspicious smells. Suspicious man with a ponytail. Suspiciously old to be wearing such tight trousers. A large number of mirrors and red light bulbs. Balthazar's Discotheque: The Office.

A cheesy disco beat thumps through the walls. Wolfgang and Ralf stand looking through a one-way mirror onto the dance floor below. It's depressing.

WOLFGANG

It looks like 1969 on coke around here.

RALF

But it's not 1969.

Balthazaar

Hey, it's all Glam Rock to me. Whether you figured out to wear a tie this year or not.

FLORIAN

Glam rock?
Thrift stores are the least glamorous places I go.

Balthazaar
Well, that's what wealthy kids do
now. They impress each other by
destroying symbols of wealth and..

Ralf cuts him off.

RALF
Whoops. Oopsie, where ya goin'?

balthazaar
(settles down)
Look, I know you're getting hassled
by the man, and things are going to
get worse before they get better,
but you can't keep playing these
shows without permits, licenses,
security... I just want to help. I
like you. Florian. YOU know. Will
you just listen?

FLORIAN
Thank you. But you know, I'm
always hoping that we don't need
any help.

BALTHAZAAR
But that's where you're wrong. You
see, you have been "noticed".
You are becoming internationally
famous yet you do not play in
german clubs or on german radio or
TV. All this at a time when young
friends of yours are blowing up
shopping malls and automobile
factories...hmmmm? Does not look
good for you my young friends.

RALF
Politics are for politicians, man.

Balthazaar
Yes, yes, a very nice idea for your
childhood. But that has all changed
now hasn't it. You are becoming
somewhat influential. You are no
longer considered children. If you
want to be big boys then you've got
to play ball with the government of
the nation in which big boys live.

RALF

Are you about to ask us to play
your silly club?

Ralf then says something inaudibly to Wolfgang and points
down at the dance floor.

BALTHAZAAR

Well actually, yes. BUT WAIT.
Before you get all uppity. I can
set up a meeting between us and
minister Klein.

FLORIAN

The goal being what?

BALTHAZAAR

If you aren't RAF then you should
be able to sit down and talk with
him. Hopefully you could work
something out where you would be
left alone by the police.
Would you at least do that for
yourselves?

FLORIAN

Well, of course I'd be interested
in talking with this man. Who
wouldn't?
We'll be in London for the next
eight days, but if you can arrange
something for after that...

Balthazaar

Yes of course. I shall.
Oh by the way, you know there's
supposed to be some very big and
very illegal show outside Frankfurt
next month?

FLORIAN

No, I don't.

Here, Wolfgang becomes interested.

WOLFGANG

Yeah, I heard. We should be playing
it. I don't know why we're not.

Balthazaar

Well good. Maybe you're not playing
it because you shouldn't be playing
it.

FLORIAN
Fine. We're not involved.

RALF
Hey, the cops are here!

Ralf, Wolfgang and Karl peer intently down into the dark.
Wolfgang puts his hands up.

WOLFGANG
Yep, and here they come.

Balthazaar gets a little hysterical. He rushes to the two way mirror then to the office door. He opens it while verbally hurrying the band.

BALTHAZAAR
You gotta go, gotta get, come on ,
down the back stairs here you go
come on.

The band humor him and start collecting their coats.
One at a time they file out past him.

RALF
Yeah, plus I'm always in a good
mood. See?

Balthazaar
You sure are.

WOLFGANG
You know what rhymes with mood?
Food. And then I'm getting some
sleep. I'm outta here.
You guys?

They clatter down several floors of old stairwell. Florian yells back up to Balthazaar.

FLORIAN
Balthazaar, been a pleasure. Yes
we'll meet with Klein.

BALTHAZAAR
Great. Okay. Good night boys.

Florian is the last one out when the band finally emerges into the alley behind the club. They head out to a boulevard with a fair number of homeless looking people wandering around.

FLORIAN

Hey, I'm gonna head back to the studio and work a little more. See what Gunnar's doing. Probably just crash there too.

RALF

I think I'm actually tired.

KARL

Me too.

FLORIAN

Okay, goodnight.

Florian heads across the street as the rest keep walking and looking for a cab.

CUT TO:

INT. KLANG KLANG - LATER

The lights from the mixing board as well as a few electronic gadgets illuminate the room just enough to make out the shape of Florian's treadmill/bicycle thing. We hear it whirring away.

Florian sits at the mixing console, head drooped in a half slumber.

A bumping and clunking issues from the hallway outside the door. Florian sits bolt upright and listens for a moment.

In an instant Florian is out in the hall and up on a counter next to the door to the outside. There is an open transom above it which Florian can look out.

Half a dozen armed police are clustered around the door. A hissing sound and sparks issue from the door handle.

Florian is down from the counter and back in the studio. He looks up at the two high windows to the outside.

SFX: "KABOOM!"

The door swings open with a cloud of smoke around the handle. Flashlights and secret police rush in.

CUT TO:

EXT. KLING KLANG

Florian mounts a bicycle next to the building and slips silently away between the neighboring warehouses.

CUT TO:

INT. KLING KLANG

Back inside they're turning the place inside out. They destroy everything.

Everything but the treadmill.

There's a LOW ANGLE SHOT of the door and the bicycle/treadmill contraption. As they finally file back out into the darkness, the last one out closes the door. It swings back open a few inches. He kicks it back open, comes back in, and smashes the bike and treadmill.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NEXT DAY

CAMERA TRACKS Florian as he speeds through industrial Berlin on his bicycle. "The Song" plays in his head accompanied by the sounds of the city around him.

He has the traffic and lights timed perfectly.

A bus crashes into the rear of a stopped car directly in front of him. The car bursts into flames. Florian narrowly misses crashing into the flaming Volkswagen bug and wipes out on the curb.

He lays there and watches the mayhem which ensues. Strangely nobody seems to be hurt.

Slowly he gets up and checks his bike. It seems okay.

He looks around at the mayhem for a few moment before getting back on his bike and riding on.

CUT TO:

EXT. KLANG KLANG

Ralf, Karl and Wolfgang all arrive on bicycles at precisely the same moment. They look at their watches. They look down the street and back at their watches.

WOLFGANG

Hey were we talking about the Frankfurt gig? It's in an old dirigible hangar?

KARL

Yeah. We were just talking about it last night.

RALF

There's s'posed to be like 15,000 people there. Probably more.

.

They have begun walking up toward the building when Florian arrives at the gate. He pauses before heading up behind them.

KARL

Um, Wolf. It was you and I who talked about it last week.

RALF

It's near the border of Poland?

WOLFGANG

Yeah, cool huh. We should play. It'll be fine. The Russians won't let German police within thirty meters of Poland.

KARL

Sure.

As the three see that the door to the studio has been smashed open they hurry up to it.

They stop.

They walk inside.

CUT TO:

INT. KLANG KLANG

Their work is in shambles. Every inch of their studio has been completely demolished.

Gunnar sits on the floor. Ralf, Karl and Wolfgang enter.

Florian walks up behind them but stays in the doorway.

GUNNAR

Welcome to the Wirtshaftwunder.

KARL

My God.

WOLFGANG

Oh my God.

The three just stand there looking around in shock. After several moments they all sort of begin nudging things around with their feet.

RALF

(picks up something small)

Whoa. I lost this like, three years ago.

WOLFGANG

Dude, if I had the money I could rebuild all this shit in less than a month. Three months. Four months. I could rebuild thid in less than four months.

Florian heaves a long sigh.

FLORIAN

I can't do this. I'm leaving.

The band look up at Florian, still in the doorway.

WOLFGANG

What?

FLORIAN

I'm leaving.

KARL

Well, okay, we'll see what we can salvage. Right?

Karl looks around at the others.

FLORIAN

No. I mean I'm leaving. I'm going home.

He looks directly at Ralf.

My father is old. I don't want this. Sorry...
I mean, I guess I can make music anywhere. Ya know? I guess I never really cared if anyone else ever heard it.

Florian looks around at the mess one last time before he turns and leaves. The Band and Gunnar stare as his back gets smaller and smaller in the frame of the doorway.

RALF

Are we still going to...

CUT TO:

TITLE OVER SCREEN - "LONDON"

EXT. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

It's afternoon rush hour and the lanes are crowded with black taxis, double deckers, lorries, etc..

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

The three are in the back of a fancy car with DRIVER, cruising past the parliamentary buildings

DRIVER

Oi, mate so where ayou'z all from then eh ?

KARL?

(with a thick German accent)

We are from Deutchland.

DRIVER

Ahhh, So you'z all Dutch eh? from Amstuhdam? Feckin wicked mate.

(MORE)

DRIVER (cont'd)
 I ain't never been ta
 Amstuhdam me self.

He pinches his thumb and forefinger to his lips in the classic "takin' a serious toke, dude" motion whilst winking at them in the rearview mirror.

KARL?
 (still with the accent)
 Ah, Yes sank you very much. You are
 very welcome us.

Meanwhile, Ralf and Wolfgang discuss the current affair of the day.

WOLFGANG
 (quietly to Ralf)
 I spoke to my sister Patricia in
 London this morning and she might
 be bringing Bowie to the taping.

RALF
 Cool, now I'm nervous. Thanks.

WOLFGANG
 Oh, he might not show. He'll
 definitely come to the party
 afterwards though. It's going to be
 at Patricia's gallery. They have
 an exhibit of Klaus Voorman's work
 so it should be pretty cool.

RALF
 Will any of The Beatles be there.

WOLFGANG
 I don't know.
 I just want to meet Yoko Ono.

KARL
 Me too. I think she'll agree with
 me that 'The Long and Winding Road'
 was actually the first Wings song.

RALF
 (nodding)
 Maybe. Maybe.

DRIVER interrupts.

DRIVER
 Well 'ere we are mates. The BBC
 ONE. Enjoy yuhselfs.

KARL

Dankeshon.

Driver winks at them as they exit the sedan.

DRIVER

Bitteshon.

CUT TO:

INT. TOP OF THE POPS - NIGHT

SIMON BATES, a TV presenter for TOTP, stands in front of a studio full of British kids.

SIMON

It's called "Intercontinental". And here now are those totalitarian funsters to perform it for you ... The Model!"

The audience applauds and the lights go up on a robot version of Florian. The robot begins playing a one note rhythm. The band gets illuminated on a riser behind it when the rest of the music comes in.

They perform the entire song ending in a transition to the party later that night.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

CAMERA PULLS BACK from the performance to reveal that we have been watching one of a bank of about forty television sets.

We are at the party and loads of people are clapping and chatting and drinking and handshaking.

Patricia introduces the band to DAVID BOWIE.

PATRICIA

I want to introduce you to one of your biggest fans. This is David. David, meet Karl, Ralf, and my lovely brother Wolfgang.

BOWIE extends his hand. Each member shakes it in turn.

BOWIE

Splendid to meet you. So sorry I couldn't make the taping.

(MORE)

BOWIE (cont'd)

You really are my favorite band
right now, you know?

WOLFGANG

Oh that's quite alright. It's a
real honor to meet you, uh Mr.
Bowie.

BOWIE

Oh, call me David. So how are you
doing? Are you working on anything
currently?

KARL

Well, we're always working but um,
I'm sure you've heard about the ...
pseudo-political not-sense going on
in our country...

Wolfgang takes over.

WOLFGANG

Yes, well, you could say it's
recently had an effect on our
'productivity'.

BOWIE

Ah, the little man who blows up
things? Terrible. Make you wonder,
does he really believe in Communism
or does he just need alot of
attention?

WOLFGANG

You mean Andreas Baader?

RALF

The Communist. Ha Ha Ha

PATRICIA

The overeducated little turd. We
were in art school. Before he
dropped out, that is.
He actually had pretty cool taste
but couldn't create anything...
moving.

KARL

That's why he found politics. Guys
like that always find politics.

BOWIE

Hmmm, yes. Refined tastes don't necessarily make for a refined person, now do they.

WOLFGANG

Little guy has to destroy things in order to feel that he has any effect on this world, right?

BOWIE

Certainly. Well anyway, you're here now and I would like to talk to you about maybe working together.

RALF

Now you're talkin.

BOWIE

I've heard so much about your studio. Do you ever allow people such as myself to come and work there with you?

WOLFGANG

Well we're kind of in the process of uh... rebuilding right now.

BOWIE

Well if you're interested, I don't plan on starting for a few months yet. If money is a problem I can have my people get in contact with you and ... work something out ahead of time.

RALF

That's a brilliant idea. Lets do *that*.

BOWIE

Yes, I do like to have that kind of thing all straightened out.

He holds his drink up.

BOWIE

Well here's to moving forward with dignity and grace. Cheers.

The group all raise their glasses of pink champagne, smile and drink.

WOLFGANG

Um, David, it looks like there are quite a few people right now that really want to talk to you.

Bowie turns to find a small mob bunched up behind him. He is immediately consumed by handshaking. The band are left to themselves.

RALF

(to Karl)

Well there ya go, nice gig Dave

KARL

Oh yeah. Funny.
I really don't mind, though. I'd rather celebrate than be celebrated.

RALF

Me too. I was the only kid I knew who was uncomfortable at his own birthday party.

WOLFGANG

Not me, man. I want some attention. Hey, speaking of attention...did you watch that Beatles documentary that was just on in the hotel? It was when they met Elvis?

KARL

Yeah I've seen it before.

RALF

Whoa, cool. I didn't know that the Beatles met elvis. I mean *The King*.

WOLFGANG

Uh huh. And they said afterwards that they thought the king just seemed really lonely.
Heavy, huh?

RALF

Yeah wow. Was he all pilled up? Ya know,
The King?

KARL

Yeah, they said it made them
realize that they were really lucky
to have each other.

RALF

Hmm. Somebody oughtta make them
watch it again now.

The band thinks about that for a moment and one by one end up
looking at the back of David Bowie who is still trying to
organize his handshaking and hello saying. Alone.

KARL

Florian. Motherfff...

Karl is cut off by the shriek of an old style train whistle.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAVARIAN ALPS

A picturesque view made famous by "The Sound of Music." A
quaint village sits nestled in the bosom of the Alps.

TITLE OVER SCREEN : "MITTENWALD - BAVARIAN ALPS"

CUT TO:

EXT. BAVARIAN TRAIN STATION

Florian exits a train car klunking down the stairs with an
array of baggage each piece of which has some or another
bicycle part securely fastened to it. He stands alone on the
platform and surveys the epic beauty that surrounds him. The
train pulls out a moment before his wildly silver-haired
father arrives with a driver and automobile that should have
been put to rest any time after the 1930's.

FATHER

Jesus Florian, are you alright?

FLORIAN

Sure Dad. Why?

FATHER

Well, how long exactly are you
going to be staying?

FLORIAN

Dad, I'm staying.

His father eyes him curiously. They embrace.

FATHER

I'm glad to see you, Florian. But you look like you're starving.

FLORIAN

Why? Are you cooking?

FATHER

No, Johann-Karl is still looking after your old man.

FLORIAN

Good.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE OF FLORIAN AND FATHER IN AND AROUND THE BAVARIAN VILLAGE.

END ON

INT. BAVARIAN BREWHAUS - NIGHT

Everything is blurry with golden flames: the huge gold lady dressed like Heidi of the Alps, the old accordion player with gold sausages for fingers, Florian and his golden dad drinking more golden beer. they are slurring.

FLORIAN

I was going to tell you something that happened to me but now I think it was actually something I dreamed.

FATHER

The two most boring things to have to listen to in this life are people who are lying and people who are telling you their dreams.

FLORIAN

Oh, I think you're right.

FATHER

Tell me anyway.

FLORIAN

Okay. I got pulled over for driving too fast and I said to the cop, "oh officer I was just going home to watch some..TV." So he stopped writing his ticket and said "oh? You watch alot of TV? I said "Yeah, I love it. I watch tube, every day." He said "me too, now you just drive careful now." Dad?... Dad?

CUT TO:

EXT. FLORIAN'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY

The two drive a tractor in from some rolling fields and what looks like it must have been some very hard work.

INT. FLORIAN'S CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT

It is immediately apparent that Florian grew up on the set of Chitty Chitty Bang Bang. What Klang Klang is to the 1970's Florian's father's house is to the 1870's. There is a good amount of clutter as half finished antique inventions crowd every corner.

A very antique square grand piano is covered with dusty old family photos. The wall above it is too. We see what we assume to be Baby Florian and his proud parents doing quite a bit of travelling. A very happy young family indeed. At some point a Nazi uniform is introduced on papa. A few pictures later the photos stop.

Florian and his Father are having dinner.

FLORIAN

You know they already invented the upright vacuum cleaner?

FATHER

Hmm. Maybe mine's going to be better.

FLORIAN

If bigger is better, yours is better already.

Florian looks over at an enormous glass kettle perched atop what could pass as a small dune buggy. He nods approvingly.

FATHER

Thanks.

The two eat in silence for a spell. Florian stops and looks up at his father. He says nothing. He returns his attention to his plate.

FATHER

You re obviously dying to tell me something

FLORIAN

Father, didn't you ever just decide to stop letting yourself be manipulated?

FATHER

Your situation and mine are very different, young man. You have no wife, no family, and NO gun to your head.

FLORIAN

We have apparently become the figureheads for an entire terrorist generation. There are college students out there who are killing people. And to the government, they look alot like us.

FATHER

Ralf, don't flatter yourself. You didn't create the revolution. Maybe you just dressed it.

FLORIAN

They're at our shows and some of them are now people that we know..

FATHER

Mm hmm.

FLORIAN

The cops come and they have shootouts with them. Christ, it's like the wild west.

FATHER

mm hmm.

FLORIAN

Well if nobody minds, I'd like to have a life. I mean, we never wanted to be soldiers for anything.

The old man looks at Florian for a while.

FATHER

Absolutely.

FLORIAN

Thanks.

FATHER

What does Ralf think?

FLORIAN

Well you know Ralf.
Well really we just invent sounds.
Well, and kinda make music out of them.
People seem to need this, though.

FATHER

Though a bunch of them are now making this no longer an option.

Father gets up and stands by the fireplace. He uncorks a dusty bottle there and pours himself a tiny glass.

FATHER

So you're telling me you're finished. This is what you want now. You're what? 29? 30 years old?

He pauses to sniff the glass.

The weary adventurer returns home to find his everlasting peace.
Here.

He gestures broadly to the bizarre junk which clutters the room.

FLORIAN

This is where you found yours. I just think I'd like to someday have the wife and family and avoid the gun to my head.

FATHER

I had no choice in determining the destiny of the nation or anything. But if I *had* spoken up, actually I would have been killed. You can change things. Your problems exist because people listen to you.

FLORIAN

That's not quite it. It's gotten much bigger than you would imagine.

FATHER

So? Hitler was big. I'm pretty sure I would never have imagined that guy either.

FLORIAN

Dad. It sucks. We have been regularly harassed by the police, they've gone so far as to destroy our studio and with it went just about everything I care about at all. *And* every now and again they come around and haul us all into jail.

The old man looks at his Son for a long moment again before he speaks.

FATHER

You don't feel like you're being a puss?

FLORIAN

What? No.

FATHER

Or that you're being a quitter?

FLORIAN

That's funny too but no.

FATHER

Well you historically tend to quit things alot, Florian.

FLORIAN

Historically, if what I'm doing begins to feel like a waste of time, of course I quit doing it and I do something else.

FATHER

Good. No, great. Florian, you know you're welcome to stay here as long as you want. This will always be your home. But for now... why don't you just get some sleep in it.

FLORIAN

Yes, I certainly will.

FATHER

Okay. Good night.

Florian gets up from the table and walks to the door.

FLORIAN

Have you ever entertained the idea of killing a man. I mean, just if you really thought it could make a difference.

Father looks into his glass then shoots the rest of the clear liquid.

FATHER

Nope. Good night Florian.

FLORIAN

Right. Good night dad.

Florian exits.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. THE NEW KLANG KLANG STUDIO - DAY

In a building very similar to the old Klang Klang, there is some remodelling taking place. A handful of dudes are finishing up some wiring, some sheet-rocking, some painting and what-have-you.

There are microphones set up around them.

Most of the recording equipment is already going.

Ralf, Wolfgang and Karl are at work manipulating buzzes and beeps in with the drilling and hammering going on. Gunnar is at a tape deck with a razor blade and an editing block.

They sit perfectly still and listen for about one minute.

GUNNAR
Alright I got it.

RALF
Whoa.
That was cool

GUNNAR
Yeah, so cool.

KARL
Okay, hold on. I think I just
about...

WOLFGANG
Yep, that's it.

Wolfgang stops the buzzes-and-beeps beat and turns to face Gunnar.

WOLFGANG
Alright. Leterrrip.

Gunnar turns back to the machine but is interrupted by the door opening with the banging-clunking accompaniment of Florian wheeling in his bike.

FLORIAN
Oh, sorry. Don't let me interrupt.

The band and Gunnar stare at him expectantly. Ralf does a double take and looks somewhere over and past him.

RALF
Whoa check it out. There's not a
cloud in the sky.

FLORIAN
Oh yes. The weather has been
amazing for several days now. How
long have you guys been in here?

RALF
day before yesterday.

Florian looks around the room in amazement.

FLORIAN

Impressive. Have you slept at all?

WOLFGANG

Oh. You mean how long ago did we move in. Just over a week. But we've been working since the day before yesterday.

FLORIAN

Oh, right. Still, you've gotten pretty well dug in.

RALF

Yeah, and this whole area is almost completely abandoned. Not a single residence.

RALF

Nobody knows we're here.

FLORIAN

Great.

KARL

Hey, did you hear about this?

Karl flops a newspaper onto the table. It reads 'BALTHAZAAR IMPRISONED ON CONSPIRACY CHARGES'.

KARL (CONT'D)

I don't think Balthazar's going to be so much help now.

Florian looks over the article.

FLORIAN

I guess the police really can do whatever they want.

WOLFGANG

People are scared. They'd let the cops have their daughters if they thought it would "end the terror".

RALF

Man, we should move to London. It's really great there. I mean except the food.

FLORIAN

No, I don't want to move to London. We should do *something* though.

(MORE)

FLORIAN (cont'd)
How does one get an audience with
Kulturminister Klein?

KARL
Let's just talk to the press and
say we want to meet Minister Klein.

WOLFGANG
Exactly. We need spin control.

FLORIAN
We should talk to the people at the
Springer Press. I've given it some
thought and if they're going to
talk about us then they should
probably talk to us.

RALF
Man, ya can't trust the press.

GUNNAR
Actually, ya can't trust anyone who
publishes their opinions for a
living.

FLORIAN
Yes, it does seem to reflect a
problem with low self esteem.

WOLFGANG
Yeah, and they do it for such
little money. Sad.

KARL
Some people are just desperate to
be heard.

Florian looks around at everyone.

FLORIAN
We have no choice.
Who was that guy that called alot
last summer?

WOLFGANG
That "Stern" guy? He's the worst.
He still writes about us and it's
not helpful.

RALF
Helpful Stern?

FLORIAN

Right. Gunnar, get him on the phone. Do we have a phone?

KARL

Payphone about four blocks away.

GUNNAR

come on. He's a total prick. Any time he mentions you it's all "suspected crimes against the public" and shit.

FLORIAN

I've heard. That's why Ralf is going to talk to him.

RALF

What? Why me?

FLORIAN

Because you're the most guileless

RALF

Hey, Wolfgang's guileless.

WOLFGANG

Mmm, no. I'm not guileless. I like to think of it as: I realize that how you get along with people is all ya got in life.

RALF

So you just pretend to be guileless.

FLORIAN

Ralf, you're going.

RALF

Oh, I'm so tired of watching my mouth.

He looks around.

RALF (CONT'D)

Okay but you gotta talk to Ulrike Meinhof.
Yeah. Set us up on a big time live interview where we look real cool and say lots of smart things.

WOLFGANG

There ya go.

Florian looks at Ralf for a moment.

FLORIAN

Okay. I'll call Ulrike.
Gunnar, set up a meeting for Ralf.

CUT TO:

EXT. KLANG KLANG NEIGHBORHOOD.

GUNNAR walks the four blocks to the payphone.

He calls up The Springer Press to arrange a meeting between Ralf and columnist J.P. STERN. We only hear his side of the conversation as he gets progressively more frustrated.

GUNNAR

Hello, I'd like to speak with J.P.
Stern please.

My name is Gunnar. I work for a
band called The Model. Herr Stern
has been trying to get in touch
with us.

Well can you just check and see if
he would?

Well won't you just check?

You see, Herr Stern has been trying
to get in touch with us for some
time. I am just now returning his
calls.

Well actually he has.

Well I'm just going to leave you
this number.

Miss, can you take down this number
and.... Hello? Miss? Yes, 31 099
8781 and we only answer it at noon
on Wednesdays. Yep, tomorrow.
Thank...

Gunnar hangs up the phone. He stares at it for a second.

GUNNAR
Little brat.

CUT TO:

INT. MATA HARI - NIGHT

Through the back of a gay men's clothing store called SUPERSTAR FOR MEN is an ancient cafe known as the Mata Hari. The Mata Hari is where the young and hip mingle with the crooks of the old town.

A heavy wooden door bearing the brass letters H E R R E N opens and out walks Ralf. He enters the cafe area of the Mata Hari. a table of groovy youngsters gets up and leaves. Ralf picks up a glossy magazine which they left on the table. It is an American People magazine with the stars of the show 'Dallas' on the cover.

RALF
Hey, don't forget your magazine
with the porn stars on the cover.

One of the girls turns around to see what he's talking about.

GIRL
Oh, you can keep it. Nobody's
naked.

RALF
Oh yeah? Thanks.

Ralf looks at the cover once more and slides it back onto the evacuated table. He scoots into a booth that is adjacent to it. A pie faced 30-something is seated there. He is dressed like it's the year 1930-something.

The journalist known as Stern.

RALF
Kids. They just look at the
pictures.

STERN
Why do kids get magazines from
America? It's leaking in all over
the country.

RALF
Yeah, pretty cool huh?

STERN

No. It's bad for business. There are magazines made here for Germany. About things that matter to Germans. We don't need to read the propaganda from other countries. Other countries who hate us.

RALF

Jeez, big fella. Now who's the Communist?

Stern peers into his coffee cup for a moment.

STERN

Not so bad in theory though, is it?

RALF

What, communism?
No way, man. People are too greedy for communism.

STERN

Hmmm.

RALF

Man, I don't want to talk about politics, let's talk about rock. Let's talk about the Sex Pistols. No let's talk about Television. I mean the band, not the box. You know, Television?

STERN

I don't really think you want to talk with me about rock. I would bore you to death.

He chuckles heartily as though that were witty.

RALF

Oh. Right. So what was it that you were saying before I went and had the longest pee of my career?

Stern looks confused for a moment, looks at the bathroom door that Ralf had just come out of, then perks up.

STERN

Oh. I was saying that as a journalist, I feel that it's my job to be as completely objective as possible in regards to what goes on around us. And you know...I am.

CUT TO:

SPINNING NEWSPAPERS EFFECT - NEXT FEW DAYS

Ralf's words are taken out of context. Ralf and The Model are made out as supporters if not possibly members of the R.A.F.

CUT TO:

INT. SPRINGER PRESS BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

Three young men in coveralls wheel two empty hand trucks out through the lobby of a rather nondescript office building. One of them smiles and says *aufwiedersehen* to an unresponsive young woman who sits at the main desk. She is on the phone. The young man is Gunnar.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPRINGER PRESS BUILDING LOADING ZONE

Gunnar and his two compatriots load their handcarts into a white van in front of the office. Gunnar rides shotgun as the van pulls down the street. Only a few blocks away, the van stops in front of a pay phone which Gunnar gets out to use.

PAN TO

EXT. PAYPHONE

Gunnar plugs coins into the phone and dials. Waits, glancing back toward the Springer Press building, then speaks.

GUNNAR (SPEAKS GERMAN)

(into the phone)

Hello, there is a bomb in your building. You will evacuate immediately or else many people will die.

The screen splits and we see the receptionist lady at the Springer front desk.

RECEPTIONIST

Sure there is. I suppose you put it there yourself?

Gunnar looks confused for a moment and almost laughs.

GUNNAR

As a matter of fact, yes.

RECEPTIONIST

Young man, this is not funny. You're not very funny. Now I'm hanging up.

She hangs up. The line goes dead. Gunnar's jaw hits the floor.

He hurriedly digs more change out of his pocket and shoves a couple coins into the phone. He dials her back. She answers.

RECEPTIONIST

Hello, Springer Press.

GUNNAR

You idiot. Listen to me. Get everyone out. It's blowing up in less than...

RECEPTIONIST

You are going to get in a lot of trouble. You better stop this right now and...

GUNNAR

You moron, you don't believe anything. That's what's wrong with you people. Get them out or you're going to die. I won't tell you again.

RECEPTIONIST

Good. You'd better not call back.

Gunnar hangs up the phone. She hangs up hers and goes back to doing nearly nothing. Gunnar looks around wildly then heads back to the van and opens the door.

GUNNAR

I need some more change. I gotta call her back.

DRIVER

What? Why?

GUNNAR

She doesn't believe me.

DRIVER

WHAT?!

The young man in the driver's goes into hysterics. He loves it. After a few seconds of this he calms himself down enough to dig through the ashtray of the van and drop more coins into Gunnar's hand. Gunnar heads back into the phone booth and redials the Springer Press. The same lady answers.

GUNNAR

Stupid bitch, evacuate the building
NOW!

The phone is silent for a moment.

GUNNAR

Hello?

RECEPTIONIST

I'm having this call traced and the
police will be arresting you at
any..

GUNNAR

YOU IDIOT! YOU'RE ALL GONNA DIE!

Gunnar beats the receiver against the black metal of the payphone until it shatters.

He turns and walks slowly to the van. He gets in.

The white van pulls a little farther down the street and stops. The camera pans back across shops and cafes until it eventually returns to the Springer Press building.

A pause.

Half of the building explodes.

FADE TO:

INT. MATA HARI - DAY

In a booth, Florian sits across from Ulrike. They are the most mellow couple on earth having a heavy conversation.

ULRIKE

So, let's say that a certain tribe hadn't been attacked in 'many moons'. So how many moons is 'many'? Like, seven? That's only like what, about two hundred days? Come on, he's right. People's natural state is vicious and warlike. There's just no way to get around it.

FLORIAN

Hold on.

He glances around the place

This is our natural state. We made places like this on purpose. This is about as comfortable as I ever get in my own skin. Just anonymous enough with enough structure around us to make me feel safe.

He absentmindedly fiddles a bit with a teaspoon.

FLORIAN (CONT'D)

That warlike tribe got tired of war and built higher walls to protect themselves, and then they made the wheel and the freeway and indoor plumbing.

He checks to see if the spoon will stay on the end of his nose. It won't.

We don't like war and there is something wrong with you if you do. We also built jail, and that's why Andreas Baader is in one. Because there is something wrong with him.

Ulrike looks at Florian's face for a few seconds then focuses into space as if considering a mathematical equation.

ULRIKE

I really love you.

Florian nods mildly in agreement.

FLORIAN

Hmm. I try hard to be a person who
can be loved.

ULRIKE

Yes I know. You really try.
I'm bummed we never could get it
together.

FLORIAN

Yes. Hmmm.
One small mountain facing another.

Ulrike is now nodding faintly and staring into space again.

ULRIKE

You're pretty smart.

She rejoins her surroundings and takes a sip of coffee.

ULRIKE (CONT'D)

Sweetheart, I'm going to be
travelling for a while. I don't
know where I'll be staying, but
here's a number of someone who can
always get ahold of me.

Ulrike slides a piece of paper across the table. Florian
scrutinizes the phone number for a moment.

FLORIAN

Amsterdam?
Well, I kind of need you to help me
out here before you go.

ULRIKE

Yes I tried, but even I can't speak
with Minister Klein. Really. I'm
leaving in the morning. And
speaking of going, I need to be
going right now.

She drains her cup and begins collecting her bag and jacket.
Ulrike frowns as she slides to the end of the booth. She
gets up.

ULRIKE

Oh honey, I assure you there is
nothing I can do. Oh!
(MORE)

ULRIKE (cont'd)
I'm interviewing Andreas Baader
tonight. Isn't that great? Nobody's
done it before.

FLORIAN
What? Wow. I hate that guy.

ULRIKE
I know, honey.
Anyway you'll be fine, Florian.
You're the man.

She leans back in and kisses him twice before she goes.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. KLANG KLANG - SAME DAY

Karl, Wolfgang and Ralf are busy orchestrating a series of
whirring noises and bleeps into a loop with the drilling and
hammering which they recorded earlier.

The door opens and Florian wheels his bike halfway in. The
three look up at him expectantly.

FLORIAN
What?

They stare at him for a moment.

WOLFGANG
Well?

RALF
Oh. Hey could you close the door?
It's freezing.

FLORIAN
Oh, sorry. Sure.

Florian wheels his bike back outside and leaves it against
the wall before reentering. The band are back over the
mixing board and tape machine.

RALF
So what's up with Ulrike?

FLORIAN

Oh. Ulrike.
She's no help. I think she's going
to Amsterdam for a while.

RALF

Did you ask her about this gig?

FLORIAN

Our gig?

WOLFGANG

The Frankfurt gig.

RALF

Is it still happening?

WOLFGANG

Oh most definitely. Nina was at the
Mata Hari the other night.
CAN had to pull out. Nina wants us
to play.
We gotta do it.

KARL

Cuz CAN can't?

WOLFGANG

No, everyone wants us to play.

RALF

Did you just say cancant?
Crazy.

KARL

I wanna play. I love gigs. I'm
dying to play.

RALF

Don't say *dying*.

FLORIAN

You know, I don't think we should
risk playing some massive gig right
now. We don't need to, therefore
we shouldn't. Alright?

The rest of the band look at Florian. Ralf gets up with a
long exhale.

RALF

I'm fried.
I'll be at the Mata Hari.

He goes for his coat.

FLORIAN

Wait up, I'm coming with you.
I want to get some stuff at the
store. Let me put my bike away.

RALF

Let's go before it starts raining
again.

Florian wheels his bicycle inside then walks out of the
studio. Ralf walks out behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUPERSTAR FOR MEN CLOTHING STORE

Ralf and Florian walk down the street past a crowd of old
ladies. Florian continues while Ralf heads into the front
door of Superstar For Men.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERSTAR FOR MEN CLOTHING STORE

Johnny Vulture, an overdressed Jamaican-ish queen, stands
before a glass case reading the liner notes on some Chopin
Sonatas. He sets it down as Ralf walks in.

JOHNNY VULTURE

Hey Ralfie.

RALF

Whassup JV.

Ralf pauses at a rack to inspect a Nazi officers hat. It
bears an iron cross which has been painted pink.

RALF

Check it out. You know what spawned
the entire world of shitty guitar
rock? It was Chopin's piano
concerto number fifteen in d minor.
Is it on there?

JOHNNY VULTURE

I dont see it. Oh, yep.

He steps over to the turntable. He finds the tune while

Ralf puts the hat on. He wiggles it around a bit.

RALF

I don't listen to anything after the 1500's. That's about when they invented the *virtuoso* performer. Before that, composers were the virtuoso... Virtuosi.

JOHNNY VULTURE

Oh yeah, virrrrrrrr chew oh see.

Johnny Vulture chirps out a little courtesy laugh for himself as Ralf heads towards the entrance to the Mata Hari.

As Ralf returns the hat he finally notices that a mod looking girl is putting on a peep show for him from behind the curtain of the changing booth.

Ralf smiles and winks at her.

RALF

Yow!

He heads toward the back then pauses to listen.

RALF

See what I mean? "Concept rock".

He continues toward the back.

JOHNNY VULTURE

Hey I'm warning you, J.P. Stern is inside. He's gonna lay a load of bullshit excuses on you for... oh, why he's such a Dick.

RALF

Oh crap. I'm not in the mood.

He switches direction.

Have you seen Gunnar?

JOHNNY VULTURE

Not lately. Hey, you're not leaving? Oh come on I'm bored. Lemme dress you up in something.

Ralf heads back out the front door. Johnny yells after him as the door swings closed.

JOHNNY VULTURE
Come back later. I'll evict the
little piece of sssshheiss..

The door closes as Ralf heads down the sidewalk.

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE

A young grocery clerk finishes ringing up a young woman's items. Florian is next in line with his back to the counter. As he stands and surveys the brightly colored candy and chewing gum array, a fluffy grey cloud of old lady wig glides past his shoulders.

FLORIAN
OUCH! Goddammit!

Florian grabs his right ankle and looks to his right. There's nobody there.

FLORIAN
OW! Christ!

He puts his right foot down and immediately grabs his left.

OLD WOMAN (IN GERMAN)
Watch your mouth young man.

Florian looks down at an old woman who has now put her few grocery items in front of his and is menacing him with a wooden cane.

Florian suppresses a laugh and engages her in german.

FLORIAN
Oh, terribly sorry. Just didn't see
you there. I never use that kind of
language in mixed company, you
know.

OLD WOMAN
I should hope not.

She turns and gets on with her purchases. Florian decides on a pack of gum as the woman and clerk begin to bicker. The old woman speaks in German while the clerk retorts in English.

CLERK

Okay, goodbye.

OLD WOMAN

That's what you get.

CLERK

Okay, goodbye.

OLD WOMAN

Because that's what it's worth.

CLERK

Okay, thank you. Goodbye.

OLD WOMAN

And don't speak to me in that horrible language.

At this he turns to Florian. The woman has now collected her things and is on her way out the door. The clerk begins to ring up Florian's items as Florian tosses in the gum.

CLERK

War widows. Ya know she shorted me almost seven Deutschmarks?

FLORIAN

For her, life stopped in 1944. Inflation too.

CLERK

I guess the last time she saw a man her own age was about 1944 too.

The two young men get sad for a moment. Florian brightens a little.

FLORIAN

Well she's pretty good with that cane.

The two smile at each other. Some money changes hands.

CLERK

Hey you're Florian Schneider right? Das Model is the coolest band in the world. I've wanted to say that to you for about five years.

FLORIAN

Well I'm glad you did.

CLERK

I heard that you're playing the Frankfurt thing. Neu dropped out?

FLORIAN

Actually it was Can. Can can't.

The clerk has a blank expression at this. He nods.

CLERK

I've never gotten to see your band live. This is the most important thing in my life that I have to look forward to. Does that sound weird?

Florian examines the young face for several seconds.

FLORIAN

Nope. I don't think that's weird.

CLERK

Cool. If I see you there I gotta introduce you to my girlfriend. Is that okay?

FLORIAN

Sure. Of course it's okay.

CLERK

I'm gonna be camping there all weekend. It's gonna be so great. It'll be like Woodstock. But cool.

The clerk then looks out the front door and Florian follows his gaze.

RALF STANDS OUTSIDE THE STORE

He's shading his eyes to look in through the glass. He opens the door and pokes his head in.

RALF

Hey boys.

CLERK

Wow, hey.

FLORIAN

Ah, Ralf. I'm just heading back. Nobody good at the Mata Hari?

RALF

Nah.

Florian gets his stuff together and heads toward the door.

CLERK

Alright man. Well I'll see you in Frankfurt.

FLORIAN

Yeah, come find us. We should be easy to spot. See ya.

RALF

What? We playin?

Ralf looks at Florian. Florian shrugs and nods.

CLERK

Thanks, you guys. Two members of The Model on my first day. I think I love this job.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Ralf and Florian head down the sidewalk at a brisk pace. "The Song" is in full effect. Some of the sounds of the traffic line up with the groove as Florian, full of energy, hustles ahead of Ralf. Both are lost in thought.

A traffic signal changes to HALT and Ralf yells at Florian but is ignored.

RALF

Florian! Hey, wait...STOP!

Brakes screech and from the middle of the street, Florian looks up into the windshield of a police car. It has squealed to a stop about three feet from Florian's leg. Florian and the cop stare at each other in amazement as Florian slowly finishes crossing the street.

CUT TO:

FADE IN:

INT. PUBLIC RESEARCH LIBRARY - NIGHT

An elderly man escorts Ulrike down the hall of the research center. Two guards admit them through the door to the library where three more guards escort her back to a small office. When she enters, the three police leave her and close the door behind them.

ANDREAS BAADER sits at a table handcuffed to yet another policeman. They stand when Ulrike comes in. Ulrike nods and smiles at the cop, then addresses Baader.

ULRIKE

Well now. Hello Mr. Baader.

She gives him the once over. He waits until she's done then looks directly into her eyes.

BAADER

Hello Miss Meinhof. Oh, pardon me.
It is *MISS* Meinhof. Isn't it?

She gives him a little smirk.

ULRIKE

Yes Mr. Baader, it certainly is.

They sit down.

CUT TO:

EXT. PUBLIC RESEARCH LIBRARY - ENTRANCE

The old man opens one of the front doors to the giant old institution. A young couple wait standing in the rain.

OLD MAN

I'm sorry, the library is closed
for at least another hour or two.

YOUNG MAN

Well, please, can we just wait in
the lobby. We've got our books with
us. We have so much reading to do.
And our class begins at nine.

OLD MAN

I'm sorry, I really do not think I
can let anyone in. So sorry.

The old man closes the huge door and begins walking back towards the library proper. The door gets another pounding. The old man and the two guards look at each other expectantly. The old man goes back and opens the door again. It is the same couple.

YOUNG WOMAN

Oh, we'll just sit in the lobby.
We'll just eat and read. We won't
make a sound.

YOUNG MAN

Please, we can't go all the way
back home in the rain.

OLD MAN

Really. This is very serious. You
must find another place to study
so goodbye.

He closes the door again and after only a few seconds the door again gets another pounding. The old man turns and shuffles back. He opens it once more.

OLD MAN

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Go
away.

He shuts the door once more.

The guards chuckle at this. The old man heaves a sigh just as the pounding resumes. The guards laugh. When the old man turns and glares at them, one shrugs and motions to let the kids in. The old man pauses. He turns and opens the door.

OLD MAN

Oh...come in, but you've got to
just stay right here in the lobby.

YOUNG MAN

Oh of course. Thank you so much.

The old man lets the couple inside.

CUT TO:

INT. RESEARCH LIBRARY - OFFICE

Ulrike is laughing.

ULRIKE

Okay, Herr Baader, you do the talking, I'll run the show.

So you come here often to write your book. I mean, you do the research here. Don't you feel that now...oh... it's stopped...

She fools about with her tape recorder.

I think I have another tape in my purse. Maybe it's the battery.

(to guard)

Can you help me out here?

Ulrike rifles around in her purse until the guard is close enough for her to pull out a knife and stick it into his throat.

CUT TO:

INT. RESEARCH LIBRARY - LOBBY

The young man eats a sandwich and looks on while the young woman turns pages of a book. She glances up and smiles at the guards. They frown back at her. Suddenly shots are heard from beyond the door. Before the guards can draw their guns, the students draw pistols from their back packs and fire upon the guards killing both of them.

The couple grab their stuff and hustle through the library door.

CUT TO:

INT. RESEARCH LIBRARY - LIBRARY

When the couple enters the library proper they find three more guards lying dead on the floor. Baader and Meinhof point handguns at the door as the two students burst through. Upon seeing each other, the girl and Baader run to each other and embrace. The young man looks around at the carnage.

YOUNG MAN

Jeez. Holy shit.

ULRIKE

Come on you two. Let's get out of here... NOW!

GIRL

What about him?

She points at the old man who has been standing in the corner and is shaking nearly to death.

OLD MAN
PPPPPPLEASE...PPPP

Baader stiffens up and assumes a proper english accent.

BAADER
Yes, whatwhat old man. I say.

Baader shoots the old man.

CUT TO:

INT. GETAWAY CAR - NIGHT

The CAMERA pans from the young man to the young woman and Baader, still hugging and kissing in the back seat, across Ulrike, riding shotgun, and onto the driver, who is Gunnar. As he slows the car to stop at an intersection, a black sedan pulls up and stops at the left entrance. Both cars stay still. Ulrike begins to panic.

ULRIKE (AT THE OTHER CAR)
Why the fuck are you stopping? You don't have the stop sign! WE HAVE THE FUCKING STOP SIGN!

Baader starts to shove bullets into his pistol.

GUNNAR
Oh Lord, I knew this was too easy.

The other car slowly pulls across the intersection in front of them and continues down the street to their right.

The gang is silent. Then erupts into screaming and whooping. Gunnar squeals the tires a little.

CUT TO:

INT. WOLFGANG'S FLAT - NIGHT

There is a great cocktail party at Wolfgang's. The lights are down and the music is groovy. Karl is standing between two chicks who won't let him get in a single word in edgewise.

CHICK#1
Kurt Vonnegut. He's this new science fiction writer. He's German. I think he's from Bonn.

Wolfgang is standing next to the TV which is on but with the sound off. He looks down at the TV and does a double take.

WOLFGANG

Look, Florian, it's your girlfriend again. But she's not reporting. Holy cheeses turn the music down.

The music in the room gets turned down and the television gets turned up.

On the screen is a news reporter in front of the library/crime scene. Superimposed are photos of Baader and Ulrike Meinhof.

REPORTER

...of the officers while Rudolf Seine, the 67 year old librarian survived the shooting to tell the whole story of how Ulrike Meinhof led the escape.

At this, the room erupts with excited conversation. Florian gets a cloud of smoke in his face by some dude smoking a cigarette.

DUDE

Well Schneider, dude, I guess you must have known all along. You and the missy there were pretty tight, right?

FLORIAN (WAVING AWAY THE SMOKE)

Don't be ridiculous. Now if you'll excuse me I think there's altogether too much irresponsible smoking for this small of a space. Dude.

He walks over and opens the french doors which are a few feet away.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOLFGANG'S FLAT - BALCONY - NIGHT

Florian steps onto the balcony. He notices many gloves hanging off the side of the railing.

FLORIAN

What the hell? Who now keeps alot
of gloves...?

As he steps towards them to get a closer look, the half a dozen cops who wear them come hurtling over the balustrade and onto the balcony. One of them pushes Florian against the wall and points a handgun at him while the rest storm into the flat.

INT. WOLFGANG'S FLAT - SAME TIME

More police storm Wolfgang's flat through the front door as well. Some fighting, pushing and scuffling ensues.

EXT. WOLFGANG'S FLAT- BALCONY

Florian is alone on the balcony with the one cop.

FLORIAN

do you think Baader and Meinhof are
hiding in there?

COP

This is not your business. Now keep
your mouth shut.

FLORIAN

Uh, excuse me...you fucking
asshole? You're pointing a gun at
me. You are clearly MAKING IT my
business. What is the matter with
Y...

COP

SHUT UP!

Florian shuts up. For a moment.

FLORIAN

Well I know where they are. I'm
not kidding.

The cop just frowns at him.

I'm gonna find them and I'm gonna
kill Andreas Baader and then you
won't have a job being an asshole
anymore now will you ? WHOA...

Florian's head snaps to the left as if surprised by something inside. Cop looks and leans in just far enough for Florian to cold cock him without looking.

Cop's eyes go unfocused and Florian smacks the gun out of his hand before Cop goes down.

Florian jumps the railing and disappears into the darkness.

INT. WOLFGANG'S FLAT - NIGHT

The rest of the band and many of their friends are handcuffed and led out the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NEXT MORNING

a cop gets up from a bench and waltzes into the holding cell where the band and several others are slouching. someone is barking "Hey" from farther down the echoing hallway. Ralf get's up and stops him>

RALF

Hey i gotta pee. Is that cool?

The cops sizes up Ralf. There is something queer about him. Like he's queer.

COP (IN GERMAN)

Yes, I will accompany you

Ralf pauses .

RALF (IN GERMAN)

Um, I think I'll wait.

He turns and heads back toward the rest of the band.

RALF

For a *straight* cop.

He sits down on the floor and looks up at Wolfgang.

RALF

Is that an oxymoron?

A zesty cop bursts in and unlocks their little cage.

COP

So it turns out that you can go.
Fly, be free my little butterflies.

The other partygoers file out but the band stay back for a moment.

RALF

Hey man, we're missing one of our friends.

COP

I have no idea what you're talking about.

RALF

Come on, we're not terrorists. We hardly ever even *watch* the TV.

WOLFGANG

Look, you gotta at least tell us what they did with Florian. Can we talk to him? Get a message to him that we're alright? Find out if *he's* alright?

COP

Oh, you mean your little friend from the party? Ha ha. He is in big trouble. He assaulted one of our police officers. Then he stole his gun.

This is followed by another strange and germanic "haha, hoho" as the band begin to file out.

COP

Yes, very much in trouble.

KARL

Wow. *I* don't think ya made that up.

RALF

Yeah.

Jeez I gotta pee.

CUT TO:

EXT. EUROPEAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Florian. On his bike, riding across the European countryside.

The whirring of the bicycle chain synchronizes perfectly with "the song".

MUSIC AND SCENERY PIECE.

The music fades as he comes to a rail crossing where a train with many boxcars is slowly passing.

Bicycle in hand, he jumps up on the handrail of the first open car he sees. Before he can heave his bike through the gaping door he pokes his head in and waits for his eyes to adjust to the darkness.

Three hobos sit in a row across the back wall.

FLORIAN

Oh. Excuse my intrusion, gentlemen.

HOBO

Poo. Never you bother you youngsters.

Florian jumps back off with his bike and hops into the next open car. It is empty. He settles back for a nap and watches the countryside scroll away through the boxcar door..

FADE TO:

TITLE OVER SCREEN - "AMSTERDAM, NETHERLANDS"

INT. BED&BREAKFAST LOBBY

Florian says thank you in Dutch to the woman behind the desk and takes a key from her. It is attached to about six pounds of tarnished brass in the shape of a 7.

He hauls his bike up a few stairs then tries to enter a tiny antique elevator. The bicycle is now held vertically but the door still won't shut.

FLORIAN

Excuse me, can you help me, um, here?

The woman looks up at him for a good five seconds. She looks out the window at the rows and rows of chained up bikes before she speaks to him in Dutch.

B&B LADY

You are a silly German boy... does that help?

FLORIAN

Huh? Oh yes, thank you. Quite a help.

Florian takes the bicycle out of the elevator and instead, hauls it up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Florian lies on his bed with an open phone book and the scrap of paper with Ulrike's phone number. He scans down the end of the page, turns it and begins again at the top left.

He has a lot of pages left.

He stops for a moment to rub his tired eyes. He begins again and immediately stops. With his index finger he scans across from the matching number to the adjoining name and address. It reads *G. Meinhof 40 Jacob Obrechtstraat*.

FLORIAN (TO HIMSELF)

Oh I'm an idiot. Well there you are my smarty smarty. Uh huh. Four zero Jacob Obrechtstraat. Sounds like as fine a place as any.

Before pulling the pillow under his head and killing the light, he scribbles down the address and shoves the phone book onto the floor.

He lays there in the dark for several seconds then turns the light back on.

He picks up the phone and dials.

FLORIAN

Hello, yes I'd like to make a collect call to Berlin, West Germany. Yes, thank you it would be 41 double one two six treble nine. Thank you. It's Florian. That's right. Yes, just anyone who answers.

Florian is silent for another long pause. The phone crackles then produces an almost inaudible squelched voice.

FLORIAN

Wolf, hello, you alright?

Good good yes I'm fine.

It doesn't matter.

So you got out without any trouble?

He left early.

Yes I had to.

I'll deal with that when I'm back.

And you gave them your names?

Did they ask about the band?

Wow, that's good luck.

Well I'll be there.

I'll see you in a couple days.

Ciao.

Florian hangs up the phone and is asleep almost instantly.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

Baader-Meinhof and the police have each other pinned down on either side of a row of parked cars. Florian is at the end of the row and hidden from the police.

He can see Baader. He also is about two feet away from having a clear shot at the cops but he's unarmed.

He silently communicates this to Baader, who after a moment of consideration tosses Florian his pistol.

Pistol in hand, Florian leaps across a car hood and down to Baader's side. When Baader see this, he begins screaming at Florian.

BAADER

Schneider you idiot! You idiot!
No! Could you possibly be any more
stupid? You had a clear shot...

Florian raises the gun to Baader's face.

FLORIAN

I can end everyone's problem right
now. Wouldn't you do it if you were
in my position?

Baader gives Florian a condescending smirk.

BAADER

Uhhh... No?

Peals of girlish laughter begin to echo around them. It is then accompanied by a cacaphony of ringadinging bicycle bells which wake Florian.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

He looks out the window at the bright and cold beginning of winter, and an endless parade of Dutch girls on bikes.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. FORTY, JACOB OBRECHTSTRAAT

Florian knocks on the door of a cute old Dutch row house. As he waits, he notices two men staring at him from the sidewalk cafe across the street. They say something to each other without taking their eyes off of him.

He turns around when the door opens. A tiny old lady looks up fearfully.

FLORIAN

Yes, hello I'm, uh, well. Yes.
I'm a friend of, um, Ulrike's and
I'm visiting from Berlin.

OLD LADY (IN GERMAN)
 You ... What? You.. A .. Ulrike?
 Can't you people leave me alone.

The old lady begins almost to hyperventilate. She starts sobbing and crumpling towards the floor.

Florian looks around in a little panic. He looks across the street. The two men are gone.

FLORIAN
 Oh holy Jesus.

The woman is on the floor now and curling up into the fetal position. With her face turned towards the floor, she is waving a hand at him vaguely and saying something in between her sobs.

Florian leans in a little.

OLD LADY
 Leave me.... Uh.. lone...close..uh
 ...door. Go...

He looks around once more. The lady is quietly crying to herself in a little heap just inside the door now.

FLORIAN
 I'm terribly sorry.

Carefully, he closes it.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DIRIGIBLE HANGAR FRANKFURT/ODER - NIGHT

This is the scene of the big concert event.

This immense structure was once home to the old Zeppelin blimps. The walls are open at both ends of the mighty hangar and the whole thing is more or less falling apart.

The surrounding fields and the hill on which it sits have become a makeshift campsite. Thousands of tents have been pitched and there are many bonfires as well.

A lone figure pushes a bicycle up the hill toward the roaring music. It is Florian.

CUT TO:

INT. DIRIGIBLE HANGAR - SAME TIME

At least 15,000 people fill the giant space. It's a carnival-like atmosphere. There is a stage at either end and a huge bonfire blazes halfway between.

SIDE-STAGE

The members of The Model and their entourage stand beside the monitor board watching Nina Hagen and her band perform. Florian appears behind them trying to balance his bike against a road case on wheels. The case keeps rolling away.

One of the guys hanging out with the others turns and shouts a greeting to him over the music before taking the bike off his hands.

Florian joins the others who are all quite pleased to see him. He shouts over the music.

FLORIAN

Well they're not in Amsterdam.

NINA HAGEN ON STAGE

She is wearing an iridescent blue jumpsuit and her hair is jet black. Her music is a mix of American New Wave and English Punk. She sings her cover of "White Punks On Dope." She pogos wildly across the stage.

The song comes to a crashing end as Nina flops onto the ground in convulsions. The crowd ROARS. She jumps up, curtsies, and flits offstage.

ANGLE ON THE MODEL

They're all applauding as she heads offstage and heads straight for Wolfgang. She gives him a New Wave hug.

NINA

Wolf, Oh darling how have you been?

WOLFGANG

Fantastic. I mean you're fantastic. Wait. I'm doing fantastic. Isn't this the coolest thing you've ever seen.

She squeals in Wolfgang's ear then licks it. She turns and smiles at the rest of the band.

NINA

You know, I have never met the fellows in your group.

WOLFGANG

Oh? Well this is Karl and Ralf and this is Florian.

NINA

Hello, hello.

(turns to Florian)

So YOU'RE Florian. I hear quite a lot about you.

FLORIAN

Oh?

NINA

Certainly. You know, your eccentricities precede you.

FLORIAN

Ah, well that's not so bad. I guess.

NINA

I heard that you created a robot of yourself so that you could go to see your own band play live.

FLORIAN

Well that isn't why I made him but once he was finished, it simply followed.

NINA

Well it's genius anyway.

Karl interjects.

KARL

Oh yeah, Florian we brought you, so you'll need to get your clothes off him.

FLORIAN

Oh fantastic. So when are we on?

KARL

Uh...now.

FLORIAN

Oh? Well that's good.

NINA

So are you boys going to The Metro after the gig?

WOLFGANG

Oh, sorry. I forgot to mention it to 'em.

NINA

You must all come. Are you staying for Klaus Nomi's gig?

FLORIAN

Wouldn't miss it.

NINA

Great.

ANOTHER ROAR from the crowd attracts their attention. They look out towards the audience.

CUT TO:

INT. HANGAR - BONFIRE - SAME TIME

A dozen FIRE-BREATHERS and FLAMING BATON TWIRLERS entertain the knots of German kids that are clustered around the bonfire. The entire place is chaotic and packed to the gills.

Beyond, another stage can be seen at the far end of the hangar. There The Model's crew are currently setting up for their imminent performance.

RESUME SIDE OF STAGE

Nina and The Model are watching the action.

NINA

Oh my! Look at that. They're gonna burn themselves. Silly boys.

RALF

We had better get a move on.

FLORIAN

And I had better get dressed. Has anyone seen Gunnar?

KARL

You don't know what happened to Gunnar, do you?

FLORIAN

No, why?

KARL

Nobody's seen him since that night at Wolf's.

FLORIAN

What could that mean?

RALF

It's a mystery.

KARL

Hopefully a not-very-interesting mystery.

KARL

Will he show for the gig?

WOLFGANG

Who knows.

FLORIAN

Alright. I'll see you guys there.

Two faces, Wolfgang and Nina Hagen, turn to face each other in profile with the fire breathers and bonfire in the background. Nina kisses each cheek.

The Model walk off screen. Nina resumes looking at the fire as the camera pushes into the flames and on through to wander over the crowd and out into the night with the sea of festival campsites.

CUT TO:

INT. OPPOSITE STAGE

There are quite a number of STAGE HANDS sitting around smoking cigarettes. Florian and the others are walking up the staircase to the stage.

FLORIAN
(looks around)
Still no sign of Gunnar.

WOLFGANG
I guess he doesn't show up at every
party.

An older guy approaches the band. He has a few tools hanging
from his belt.

WALTER
Hello, I'm Walter. I'm the Stage
Manager.

FLORIAN
Hello, I'm Florian. So are we ready
to go?

Walter looks at his watch. Then slowly scans the stage.

WALTER
Yep. I think I can safely say that
we're ready to go. By the way, you
have a really great crew. I mean
that.

FLORIAN
Thank you.

The band make their way up the stairs and onto the stage.
The lighting cuts on stage and the crowd cheers.

The Model take their positions in front of their instruments.

The stage is hit with a deep red light as Ralf plays a
reverberating bass note. It's a low hum that begins to build
in intensity and rhythm.

Wolfgang taps the rhythm on his drum machine. Karl does the
same with oddly shaped pieces of metal.

Then Florian begins playing the melody to "the song". There's
the hum of the bicycle. There are car horns honking. There's
the train. These sounds are coming off of tape loops.

As the music builds, the crowd are swept up in the pulse and
the orchestration. Some are dancing wildly. Once again it's
all going so well.

Then there is another sound. A LOW RUMBLE that is noticeable despite the volume of the music. It is almost perfectly in synch with the song. The entire hangar begins to shake.

At first it feels good. Really good. The crowd goes even more crazy.

A few faces in the crowd look up towards the ceiling of the hangar, trying to pinpoint the location of this intruding noise. Dirt and small rusty bits are falling on the crowd now. Ralf and Wolfgang look up at each other but continue playing.

They lean toward each other and yell over the noise.

RALF

Not again. Come on, really?

WOLFGANG

What the hell?

RALF

It sounds like, uh.
Hey, Florian.

CLOSE ON FLORIAN

Florian appears to be in a trance. He is still playing but he is leaning way over his keys and he is staring into space.

Florian, his stands, and key boards crash into his monitor wedges. With him comes a spiderweb of cables and wires. Together they topple a stack of oscillators, tape machines, flangers, phasers, etc.

The rest of the guys rush over to Florian. The music stops, leaving the giant rumble as the only sound. It's obviously helicopters. The crowd goes berserk.

Like rats leaving a sinking ship, wave after screaming wave of kids flood through the holes of the walls of the decaying hangar.

CUT TO:

EXT HANGAR - SAME TIME

Four RUSSIAN MADE HELICOPTERS hover above the hanger.

As the masses reach the field outside they begin to calm down. All stare up at the helicopters.

CUT TO:

INT. HANGAR - STAGE

Florian lays awake, his eyes open, but unmoving.

FLORIAN

I really mean it. That was the most amazing thing that ever happened... To me... No, wait. Maybe ever. To anyone.

RALF

Wow. Who would've thought.

WOLFGANG

Jesus. You have got to be kidding me.

They listen to the pounding of the helicopter blades. There is also a sound like a foreign language being barked through a loudspeaker.

KARL

What are they saying?

WOLFGANG

Come on you guys. Let's go see what's happening.

RALF

We might need to take evasive action.

FLORIAN

That was the greatest song ever. Thank you for letting me just lie here.

Walter comes over.

WALTER

Hey. Wow. There's Russian helicopters outside.

RALF

Cool. let's check it out.

WALTER

Yeah. And they're saying something
to us.
In Russian.

RALF

(to Florian)

Hey man if you wanna stay right
there we can still finish the show.
We can use the robot.

FLORIAN

No. I'm fine. But thank you. See
what's going on. I'm laying here
for another minute. I can still
feel it. That was amazing.

CUT TO:

EXT. HANGAR - BONFIRE

The three members of the Model filter out into the crowd. A cheer goes up as the helicopters turn and speed away still barking their message over the fields and across the forest.

Karl turns to a FILTHY DREAD LOCKED WHITE GUY standing beside him.

KARL

Was bedeutet es auf Deutsch?

DREAD GUY

(Polish accent)

Ich habe nicht Deutsch. You have
English?

WOLFGANG

Yeah, what was the helicopter
saying?

DREAD GUY

They Russian and they saying that
for safety no one leave on one
hour.

KARL

You mean nobody should leave for an
hour?

DREAD GUY

Yes. One hour.

WOLFGANG

Why?

DREAD GUY

They have problem German police.

RALF

Whoa, cool.

KARL

Where are you from?

DREAD GUY

Lodz.

WOLFGANG

Lodz? How did you get here?

RANDOM GUY

I know some farmers on this border.
Is why so dirty.

CUT TO:

INT. STAGE - MONTAGE

As The Model play, there is a montage of images of their performance, the audience freaking out, and just generally everyone having an amazing time.

SIDE OF STAGE

Nina Hagen and her entourage are side stage. They are of course, entranced. Their mouths moving along with the words.

FADE OUT.

INT. SECOND STAGE - KLAUS NOMI PERFORMS - LATER

KLAUS NOMI is mid-way through his set.

He is a performance artist with white Kabuki make-up and he wears what looks like an oversized parachute. A wind machine blows air into the suit from behind the stage and he is blown up to about twice his actual size. He sings the German National Anthem while a single guitar feeds back.

The Model watches from the side of the stage. Nina Hagen stands next to Wolfgang.

In hushed voices they whisper goodbyes.

NINA

Wolfgang, we are leaving for The Metro. I gotta get ready. I'm entertaining the troops. See you there!

WOLFGANG

Cool. See you there in an hour or two.

She gives him a big kiss and another new wave hug. She leaves. Klaus finishes with he entire audience singing along.

FADE TO:

INT. THE METRO CAFE - EARLY MORNING

The Metro is a smoke-filled diner from the 1920's located in the town center. It is packed with all of Hipdom. They seem to have been smoking and drinking in this place since time began.

At the far end of the room is a small stage. Nina Hagen is on that stage in mid-performance, lip-synching to a Marlene Dietrich song which screeches from an ancient phonogram. She is dressed as Adolph Hitler with fishnets and cleavage. She is ziegheiling like a maniac.

Florian scans the room but there is no place to sit.

FLORIAN

Well if we want to hang out here I guess we have to decide that standing and drinking is as good as sitting and drinking.

KARL

If there's two things I don't like in this world it's loud and crowded.

RALF

Yeah but if there's two things I DO like in this world it's getting a beer.. and drinking it.

KARL

Hey, you're not one of those guys
who likes to have his beer and
drink it too?

WOLFGANG

Can we see where Nina's gang is
sitting? They might make some room
for us. Don't they love us now?

FLORIAN

Now you're thinking. I'd like
to...WHAT?...GUNNAR?...BAADER?

FLORIAN'S P.O.V.

Sitting around a crowded table a short distance in front of
Florian is none other than Andreas Baader. He is surrounded
by well wishers. Also at the table are Gunnar and Ulrike.

Florian pushes his way through the crowd, followed by the
rest of the band. He yells out Baader's name again.

FLORIAN

Baader!
You little turd. Goddammit Gunnar.

Baader turns around.

BAADER

Christ, Ulrike is this your weirdo
boyfriend?
Oh. Gunnar, he's *your* weirdo
boyfriend?

Nina Hagen squeals at Florian from the stage. He looks up.

Baader jumps up and punches Florian in the face. Gunnar jumps
across the table and grabs Baader. Another guy at the table
grabs Gunnar. By the time the band get through the crowd the
fight has become a full-fledged western style bar brawl.

The bartender calls the cops.

after a while they come.

After a brief shootout in the parking lot they haul all the
key players to jail along with a load of random brawlers.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION HOLDING CELLS - SAME DAY

The Model are alone in a cell next to and across from cells teeming with RAF members and the rest.

The four band members sit together and stare silently at the floor.

Karl is the first to speak.

KARL

Um, so is anyone else curious about why we are in a separate cage?

RALF

Yeah, that's weird huh?

Florian and Wolfgang aren't listening.

RALF

Jeez, I never know what's going on.

The others look at him.

RALF

I don't read the newspapers.

FLORIAN

OR have a TV.

WOLFGANG

Really?

A burst of noise interrupts their conversation.

The double doors swing open and a knot of REPORTERS pile into the room. They are accompanied by police guards.

The PHOTOGRAPHERS circle around Baader and start snapping pictures. The REPORTERS shout questions out at the captured terrorists.

REPORTER 1

Mr. Baader! Do you have a very big plan for getting out again?

REPORTER 2

Baader! What do you think of the new name, "The Baader-Meinhof Gang"?

Another reporter shouts a question at Ulrike, who stands motionless, a smoking cigarette dangling from her lips.

REPORTER 3

Ulrike! How long have you been a ring leader of the so called R.A.F.?

Baader and Meinhof don't respond to any of the questions.

ANGLE ON DOUBLE DOORS

The doors swing open again as Minister Klein ENTERS with a phalanx of policemen. The mob of reporters turn away from Baader's cell and face him. Before anyone has a chance to fire off a question, he holds his hand up. The rooms goes SILENT.

KLEIN

Can I have your attention please?
I only want to say this once.

He hands some papers to a policeman then looks at the Baader cell.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

The names and faces you see here
will soon be forgotten.

Klein turns his head and looks over at Ulrike.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

The people of this country are
finished, and we will make sure
that you never happen again.
You, are a horrible little cancer.
That will be excised.

He turns back to face the throng of cameras and microphones.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

Fortunately, time marches on.
Our nation will heal.
The Baader and Meinhof Gang will be
swept under the carpet and thus
made meaningless.
I will not go on about the horrors
committed nor the deaths that have
been caused.
Ladies and Gentlemen of the
press... IT IS SIMPLY OVER.

A cop whispers something to Klein.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

Thank you for your interest, that
is officially all for now.

The press erupt into noise and flashbulbs.

Klein turns to a policeman who hands him a clipboard stacked with paperwork. The press continue barking questions at him but he does not respond. Staring down at the pages of arrest forms or whatnot, he fishes a pen from his jacket pocket and signs a few times.

ANGLES ON FLORIAN

Florian walks over to the bars and loudly but politely addresses Klein.

FLORIAN

Minister Klein. Excuse me, Herr
Klein.

Klein doesn't hear him over the shouts of the press. Florian tries again a bit louder.

FLORIAN (CONT'D)

Herr Klein. Can I please have a
moment of your time? Sir?

Klein looks up from his paperwork momentarily, staring at Florian. He scans the rest of the band. They are a mess. Smearred eyeliner, bloody lip, matching shirts and ties. Klein looks back down at his papers.

KLEIN

(to Policeman)

Who are these weirdos?

The officer looks up at the band then down at Klein's papers. He flips a few pages.

POLICEMAN

Yes, uh, here they are. They are a
music group from West Berlin.
Apparently they are quite famous.
They are also suspected of being
terrorists.

KLEIN

What is the name of this group?

POLICEMAN

They are called 'Das Model.'

KLEIN

Ah. I have heard of this group.

POLICEMAN

We will hold them as long as is needed. They have been arrested before, you know.

Klein finishes signing the last page in his stack and looks up at the band once more. He hands the pen and clipboard back to the officer.

KLEIN

They are nobody. They can go.

He turns and heads for the door without so much as a glance back at Baader or Meinhof. The press straggle along behind him. Klein swings the double doors open and exits. The reporters are escorted out behind them by the police. Each time the door swings open, Klein is farther down the hall.

One reporter shouts at Florian.

REPORTER

Hey Florian, ya got anything to say about this?

FLORIAN

Yes.

I HAVE NO IDEA WHY ANYBODY BOTHERS SPEAKING TO THE PRESS. EVER.

The reporter is herded out before he can reply.

A guard walks over to the band's cell and opens the door. Wordlessly each of them files out, walking past Ulrike's cell, past Gunnar and Baader's cell and out through the double doors. Only Ulrike watches as they head down the long hallway behind the press and Minister Klein.

FADE TO:

BEGIN MONTAGE OF BAADER MEINHOF GANG

A series of images show the capture of other Red Army Faction members; their trials, imprisonments, deaths.

Ulrike sits in court, a stack of papers on a table in front of her. She defends herself. Baader sits with his feet up on the desk, smoking and laughing with some other RAF members.

KARL BARTOS (V.O.)

They were so arrogant in the courtroom. Kicked back with their feet up on the tables. Smoking and laughing and having a big joke. But this time they didn't escape. They died in prison.

IMAGE OF BAADER LYING FACE DOWN IN HIS PRISON CELL

A pool of blood around his head, and a discharged weapon lying a few feet away from his body.

IMAGE OF ULRIKE HANGING DEAD IN HER CELL

Ulrike wears a grey prison-issue apron. Her feet dangle a few feet above the ground and a chair lays kicked on its side beside her.

FADE TO:

INT. DANDY WARHOLS TOUR BUS - REAR LOUNGE - DUSK

Karl Bartos is finishing up his story. Tomas and Courtney sit on the circular lounge in front of him.

KARL (CONT'D)

Of course the official report was that they had snuck guns into prison in order to martyr themselves. Ha. Nobody believed *that*. Everyone wanted them dead so they were killed. That simple.

Courtney comes out of his daze.

COURTNEY

Whoa, dude I just spaced out....who killed themselves?

KARL

Oh, no one. Well I was just saying about the Baader-Meinhof gang.

Well anyway. You should make a movie based on what you imagined it to be like.

(MORE)

KARL (cont'd)
call your band Deutschland or
Autobahn or something.

Karl stands. Tomas follows suit.

KARL (CONT'D)
Anyway, I should be going. I've got
some promotional thing to be at and
I'm sure you want some time before
you play.

COURTNEY
Yeah. Right. Uh, well thanks for
um..

KOESTER
What a pleasure it's been.

KARL
Yes, quite a pleasure.

Courtney rises and shakes hands with the two men.

COURTNEY
Take care. I'll let you know what I
end up doing.

Tomas and Karl turn and head out of the lounge. As Courtney
watches them head down the hallway and exit the bus, a deep
rumbling begins to vibrate the objects on the table.

He separates the blinds and peers outside.

Three news helicopters hover at varying distances over the
crowd. Karl and Tomas stand and wave as the nearest one
hovers low then spins up and away into the white-grey clouds.

FADE TO WHITE.

THE END