

THE FUGITIVE GAME

Written by

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Based on true events

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INT. SMALL THEATER STAGE / EXT. WESTERN FRONT, BATTLEFIELD

A rhythmic drum beat over black. A spotlight fades up to reveal...EMMY HENNINGS (31, think EMILIA CLARKE) standing on a small stage. She's trim with dark shoulder length hair and piercing blue eyes.

EMMY
Ta-Ratatatatatata-!
(continues over...)

QUICK FLASH: A belt-fed WWI MACHINE GUN blazes away.

BACK IN THEATER: Emmy slowly sinks into a full split. A SHORT MAN enters the stage, circles Emmy.

SHORT MAN
Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom-!
(continues over...)

QUICK FLASH: A row of ARTILLERY fires off a series of shells.

BACK IN THEATER: A LANKY MAN and a SINUOUS WOMAN strike a series of odd poses while SMACKING a TAMBOURINE as accent. They both wear MASKS (abstract/grotesque human faces.)

QUICK FLASH: SOLDIERS in baggy GAS MASKS stare hauntingly.

BACK IN THEATER: A BONE strikes a COWBELL - CLANG!

LANKY MAN
Ahoi! Ahoi! Ahoi!

SINUOUS WOMAN
In the sum-sum-summertime...

Emmy smiles as the audience, silhouetted in the dark and smoky theater, begins HISSING...

QUICK FLASH: A FLAMETHROWER rips across the top of a trench, horrified young soldiers scream silently.

BACK IN THEATER: Close on EMMY, she rocks back and forth, as if pushed by some unseen force...

MATCH CUT:

INT. ZURICH HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON EMMY- She's in bed, underneath a FAT MAN. His thrusts rock her back and forth.

EMMY
(feigning a moan)
Oh...you're a stallion...

He grunts, snorts. She rolls her eyes, glances at a clock.

INT. ZURICH HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Emmy is in bed, smoking. The FAT MAN is next to her, pulls his pants from off a table, takes out his wallet, hands some SWISS FRANCS to Emmy.

EMMY
This is only ten francs.

FAT MAN
You're worth every cent, Edwina.

He kisses her. She recoils ever so slightly.

The Fat Man puts his wallet back in his pants, tosses them on a chair, lays down, closes his eyes.

FAT MAN (CONT'D)
Play with my hair.

Emmy strokes his sweaty head.

INT. ZURICH HOTEL ROOM - DAWN

The Fat Man is asleep, snoring loudly.

Emmy quietly dresses.

She spots his pants draped on the chair, rifles through the pockets, finds his WALLET.

She winces as the Fat Man SNORTS and rolls to his side.

MUSIC CUE: X-RAY SPECS' - OH BONDAGE, UP YOURS! - track carries us through...

EXT. HOTEL / ZURICH STREET - DAWN

Emmy steps outside and onto the street. It's cold and grey.

TEXT ON SCREEN: ZURICH - 1916

She uses a small compact mirror to fix her mussed hair.

She walks briskly through the bustling early morning city. The streets are clean, lined with elegant shops and cafes.

Emmy pulls out the Fat Man's WALLET, takes out the cash and sticks it down the front of her dress, tosses the empty wallet into a passing wagon cart.

INT. CAFE - MORNING

TWO BUSINESSMEN stand at the bar, idly smoking and chatting. Next to one man rests his CIGARETTES and a SILVER LIGHTER.

Standing next to the man is someone buried behind a newspaper. HEADLINE: FRANCE EXPECTS EASY VICTORY IN VERDUN

The paper folds up, revealing...EMMY, unlit cigarette in hand.

She places her newspaper over the CIGARETTES and LIGHTER.

EMMY

Guten morgen. May I trouble either
of you lovely gentlemen for a
light?

The FIRST BUSINESSMAN smiles, feels around his jacket pockets for his lighter, can't find it.

SECOND BUSINESSMAN

(eagerly)

Allow me.

He reaches over, lights her cigarette.

EMMY

Danke.

She slides her newspaper off the counter. The CIGARETTES and LIGHTER are GONE.

Emmy exits as First Businessman continues searching his pockets, confused.

EXT. ZURICH STREET, PRODUCE STAND - MORNING

A small cart with apples, berries, etc. The VENDOR shoos away a STREET GIRL (8, thin, sickly, dressed in rags.)

VENDOR

Beat it!

(to Emmy)

Excuse me, madame. They are like
mice. What can I get you?

EMMY
(smiles)
I've lost my appetite.

She walks off. The Vendor shrugs, turns to the next patron.

EXT. ZURICH STREET CORNER - MOMENTS LATER

Street Girl sits on the curb, clutching her stomach.

EMMY
Psst-

Street Girl looks up to see Emmy.

Emmy juggles one, two, then three APPLES. Street Girl smiles.

Emmy stops juggling, holds out an apple.

As Street Girl takes it, Emmy notices Street Girl's shoes: A pair of grungy but ornate PURPLE leather shoes.

EMMY (CONT'D)
By the way, love your shoes.

Street Girl takes the apple, scurries off.

EXT. ZURICH STAIRWAY, OLD TOWN - MORNING

Emmy crosses the river from the posh, bourgeois section of Zurich and into the grimy district known as OLD TOWN.

The labyrinthine streets are filthy, teeming with refugees, most of whom are dressed in rags.

We follow Emmy along the streets and into...

INT. CAFE MEIEREI

Emmy enters the cafe. It's sparse, few tables, no customers.

EPHRAIM (60s, grey hair, beard) lights up when he sees her.

EPHRAIM
Emmy! I'm glad you're here-

EMMY
Guten morgen, Ephraim. I've had a hell of a night.

She reaches behind the counter, grabs a loaf of bread, bites off the end and continues past Ephraim toward the back room. He follows her.

EPHRAIM

I wanted to ask you about the-

EMMY

Hey! I've got a new one for you-
a silly young farmhand named Kull,
was outside milking a bull.
The farmer said, *Son! You've milked
the wrong one!*
The boy shrugged, *But my whole
bucket's full.*

She does a pirouette, bows. Ephraim smiles politely.

EPHRAIM

Mmm...it's a bit vulgar.

EMMY

You should've heard it before I
cleaned it up.

She pushes through a doorway and into...

INT. CAFE MEIEREI BACK ROOM / CABARET VOLTAIRE - CONTINUOUS

The room is dingy, empty tables, an upright PIANO, a small crude stage along one wall.

FRIDLI (Teen) is doing a half-assed job of sweeping.

Emmy scans the room, stops cold.

EMMY

Where is he?

EPHRAIM

Who?

EMMY

Fridli, have you seen Hugo?

Fridli looks up, shrugs - *doesn't know, doesn't care.*

Emmy does a 180 turn, starts back towards the door, pissed.

EPHRAIM

Emmy, I wanted to ask-

EMMY

Ephraim, darling. Tonight is our opening night, right?

EPHRAIM

Right, but I-

EMMY

And Hugo is not here.

EPHRAIM

I know, but-

EMMY

Whatever it is, I'm sure we can discuss it later. See you tonight!

Emmy kisses his cheek, then she's out the door and gone.

Ephraim smiles.

EPHRAIM

Right. Later then...
(chuckles to himself)
Milking a bull...

INT. BOARDING HOUSE ENTRANCE / STAIRCASE

It's a hovel. The front door opens, Emmy tiptoes inside.

Down the hall, she sees her landlady, FRAU MÜLLER (ancient, shrewd, scornful) arguing with a HUSBAND and WIFE holding a WAILING BABY. The Husband shouts in RUSSIAN.

FRAU MÜLLER

Yell all you want. I don't know what you're saying, but I do know that you owe me three weeks rent-

Emmy quietly closes the front door and tiptoes up the steps.

INT. EMMY AND HUGO'S ROOM

Emmy enters. The inside of the door is covered in POST CARDS, a PICTURE (VIRGIN MARY), and a BOOK COVER: "THE LAST JOY" BY EMMY HENNINGS.

The room is dismal: small bed, tiny window, a desk and a chair occupied by HUGO BALL (mid 30s, lanky, awkward. Think Tom Hiddleston) who is slumped over a typewriter, asleep.

EMMY

AHEM.

Hugo doesn't move.

Emmy pulls a book from the shelf, it's hollowed out. She puts the money she stole inside, puts the book back on the shelf.

She then selects a FAT BOOK, lifts it up, drops it - BAM!

Hugo jerks awake, his face imprinted by typewriter keys.

HUGO

Emmy! I didn't hear you come in.

EMMY

Working hard, I see. You realize it's our opening night, don't you?

HUGO

I...must've dozed off.

Emmy pulls the page from the typewriter, we see: WRITTEN BY JOHN HOXTER.

EMMY

A Critique of the German Mentality?
No wonder you fell asleep.

HUGO

It's an article. For the *Zuricher Zeitung*. Did you bring cigarettes?

EMMY

All I see is a title.

She offers him bread, but Hugo waves it off.

HUGO

I can't think about food right now.

Emmy tosses him the CIGARETTES and SILVER LIGHTER she stole.

HUGO (CONT'D)

Oh, you're an angel- wait, where did you get this?

EMMY

You really want to know?

Hugo thinks a beat, lights his cigarette.

HUGO

No.

EMMY

You should eat something, you know.
Too much black coffee and
cigarettes is bad for the stomach.

HUGO

So is blind nationalism
masquerading as love of country.

Emmy rolls her eyes, disrobes completely. Hugo leans back,
stares at the ceiling, lost in thought.

EMMY

My night was fine, thanks for
asking.

HUGO

Uh huh.

EMMY

A fat man took me to his hotel.
Ugh, he was sweaty and his breath
smelled like milk and pickles. His
skin was like-

HUGO

Emmy. Please.

EMMY

Too much?

HUGO

I just woke up.

EMMY

Fine-

Emmy examines her warped reflection in a cheap mirror.

EMMY (CONT'D)

Last night, a handsome young lord
wined and dined me at *La Terrasse*.
Afterward, we went dancing at The
Flamingo and- wait a minute, I
thought you were writing an opera
review?

HUGO

That's the article they want. This
is the one they need.

EMMY

Hugo!

HUGO

What? The continent is ripping
itself in half and they want an
opera review? Ridiculous.

EMMY

Honestly, I don't know why you even
bother writing articles. Will they
even pay you for this?

HUGO

If I write it? Maybe.

EMMY

Are they at least paying the rental
fee on that contraption?

She points at the typewriter.

EMMY (CONT'D)

When is that due back, anyway?

Hugo glances at a clock, does a double-take.

HUGO

Scheisse!

EXT. OLD STREET - LATE MORNING

Emmy and Hugo make their way along the crowded street.
There's a gaggle of FRENCH REFUGEES: crying children, worried
faces. A FEMALE RED CROSS AIDE ushers a feeble OLD WOMAN.

RED CROSS WORKER

(French, subtitled)

It's not much farther-

Hugo approaches a REFUGEE WOMAN sitting on the curb, (40s,
bedraggled). She's quiet with haunted eyes.

HUGO

(broken French, subtitled)

Madame, Where are you coming from?

What have you seen? How bad is-?

Emmy grabs Hugo and pulls him away, smiles at the stone-faced
Refugee Woman.

EMMY

(Fluent French subtitled)

Forgive him, please-

(to Hugo, in English)

(MORE)

EMMY (CONT'D)
Don't bother these people. They've
had enough trouble.

HUGO
Emmy, these people were *there*-
they're witnesses. I need to know
if it's gotten worse.

EMMY
Look at her.

Emmy and Hugo look at the Refugee Woman. She stares off
blankly into space, ignoring a child that tugs on her hair.

EMMY (CONT'D)
That's your answer.

INT. STATIONER'S RENTAL SHOP - DAY

CLANG! The typewriter case drops on the counter.

The CLERK (40s, a prim stickler) looks it over.

PRIM CLERK
Twenty francs.

HUGO
Twenty!? The rate was only ten.

CLERK
The rental rate *was* ten, but you're
thirty minutes late.

He taps a SILVER POCKET-WATCH, Emmy clocks it.

HUGO
That's outrageous. I won't pay it.

CLERK
Suit yourself. We'll take it up
with the constables-

The Clerk starts toward the door, Emmy grabs his arm.

EMMY
Excuse me. Kind sir. It's not his
fault. It's mine. You see, we were
on our way here when our landlady
took a fall in the hallway. She's
old and quite ill. My husband Hu-
John- wanted to be here on time,
but I insisted we stay with her
until the doctor arrived.

(MORE)

EMMY (CONT'D)

Who among us could bear to leave an elderly and infirm woman alone, sprawled out in a hallway? Besides, what's thirty minutes anyways?

CLERK

Thirty minutes is half an hour. An hour over is twenty francs, half of which is ten-

EMMY

Ugh. Fine.

Emmy slaps some money on the counter.

EMMY (CONT'D)

What else should I expect? Switzerland is just a country of bankers and cuckoo clocks.

CLERK

Cuckoo clocks keep impeccable time. I might suggest the lady and gentlemen purchase one.

Emmy boils over. Hugo grabs her arm.

EMMY

I'll tell you what you might do-

HUGO

Come, darling. We have business elsewhere- good day, sir!

He ushers her out the door.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Emmy shakes Hugo off her arm as they walk away from the shop.

EMMY

I don't like it when you do that.

HUGO

What, keep you from jail for assaulting a shopkeeper?

EMMY

An *obnoxious* shopkeeper, and yes. He needed a good telling off.

HUGO

Behavior like that draws attention.

EMMY

Good. I love an audience. Here-

She puts something in his hand...the Clerk's POCKET-WATCH.

HUGO

Jesus, Emmy-!

He jams the watch into his pocket, making sure no one sees.

Emmy smiles, does a curtsy.

EMMY

You're welcome. Now don't forget to
pick up the fliers from the
printer. They're already paid for.

HUGO

Where are you going?

Emmy is already up the block, disappearing into the crowd.

Hugo sighs.

INT. ZURICH DAILY NEWSPAPER, WAITING AREA - DAY

It's LOUD - CLATTERING TYPEWRITERS, MEN shouting at each other. A phone RINGS.

Hugo sits on a bench smoking, clutching a LEATHER SATCHEL, nervously bouncing his knee.

A PAGE (late teens) steps out from an office.

PAGE

Hoxter?

Hugo does not respond.

PAGE (CONT'D)

Hoxter!?

Hugo is lost in thought. The Page WHISTLES loudly.

PAGE (CONT'D)

JOHN HOXTER!?

Hugo snaps to attention.

HUGO

What? Oh, right- I'm him. I mean,
I'm here.

PAGE
Glad you got that sorted. The
editor will see you now.

The Page nods his head toward an office.

INT. ZURICH DAILY NEWSPAPER, EDITOR'S OFFICE

The editor, KONRAD GESSNER (50s, tired, strung out) is at a desk covered in papers, ash trays, etc. He's marking up a document, doesn't look up.

KONRAD
Hoxter, is it?

HUGO
Yes.

KONRAD
Got something for me?

HUGO
Yes. It's, uh, what I'd call a
think piece.

Konrad looks up.

KONRAD
Weren't you doing an opera review?

HUGO
I felt this was more important.

Konrad sighs, holds out his hand.

KONRAD
Lets see it.

Hugo opens his satchel, pulls out a stack of loose crinkled papers, handwritten scribbles. He puts the pile on the desk.

HUGO
I'm calling it *A Critique of the
German Mentality*. I was going to
type it up, but I wanted to get
your thoughts first.

Konrad stares at the pile of papers.

KONRAD
Here's my thought. This looks like
a mess. And people don't want to
read about *the German Mentality*.
(MORE)

KONRAD (CONT'D)
It's much too heady for our audience. This kind of article is beyond our scope.

HUGO
I beg to differ. I find your publication rather subversive.

KONRAD
(slightly taken aback)
Subversive? How's that?

HUGO
I find that a lot of your reviews tend to focus on left leaning theater pieces and art works.

KONRAD
I assure you, that is merely a coincidence. Look, we're a *local* paper. We report on *local* events, including political gatherings and opera reviews which, I may remind you, is what we'd asked you to write. We aim to keep things light and easy. Our readers don't want to *think*, they want to...*not think*.

HUGO
I understand.

KONRAD
Hey, did you hear the one about the farmer milking the bull?

Hugo sighs.

INT. PRINT SHOP - MIDDAY

A large basement shop with loud machines and bustling people. Hugo enters.

The PRINT CLERK (small man, thick glasses) approaches him.

HUGO
Hello. My wife ordered some fliers.

PRINT CLERK
Name?

HUGO
Em- er, Edwina. Hoxter. She said she paid for them. Is that...*possible?*

The Print Clerk says nothing, walks away.

Hugo nods awkwardly. He looks around at the machines.

The Print Clerk returns with a box, hands it to Hugo.

HUGO (CONT'D)

Danke.

Hugo opens the box, pulls out a flier, looks it over.

His face drops.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE, EMMY AND HUGO'S ROOM

Hugo bursts through the door, holding up a flier.

HUGO

What the hell is this?

Emmy is making tea on a small WOOD STOVE. She sees the flier.

EMMY

Ooh, let me see-

She takes the FLIER: OPENING NIGHT OF THE CABARET VOLTAIRE, PRESENTED BY EMMY AND HUGO. There's also an address and an elegant red floral design.

EMMY (CONT'D)

Not bad.

HUGO

Not bad? It's very bad. These have our names- our *real* names.

EMMY

Only our first names.

Hugo sinks down onto the bed.

HUGO

Emmy, Emmy, Emmy...*Hast du ein wahn?*

EMMY

I'm *not* delusional.

HUGO

You can't hand these out all over Zurich. People will know who we are.

EMMY

Good. I'm tired of being Edwina
whatever-the-fuck. I want to go
back to being *me*.

HUGO

(whispers)

We're not supposed to be in this
country, let alone running a
business. If we're found out, we
could be sent back to Germany, or
do you want to go back to prison?

Emmy chuckles.

EMMY

Um, I think the Kaiser is a little
preoccupied at the moment. Besides,
these are already printed.

HUGO

Tell them to print new ones.

EMMY

You have no idea how money works,
do you?

HUGO

What do you mean?

Hugo nervously lights a cigarette. Emmy grabs it from him.

EMMY

Do you have any idea where these
come from?

HUGO

Yes. You steal them.

EMMY

Well...this pack, yes. Normally I *pay*
for them. With *money*. That I *earn*.

HUGO

Please. You don't pay for anything.

Emmy stiffens.

EMMY

Yes. I do. But you know what? You
win.

She grabs the stack of fliers from the box, opens up the wood
stove, shoves them inside.

Hugo watches the fliers burn.

HUGO

You didn't have to do that.

EMMY

Yes. I did. Because you're
terrified the Kaiser will find us.
(she does an impression)

*Alter schwede! Emmy Hennings and
Hugo Ball have opened a cabaret in
Zurich!? Hunt them down, drag them
back to Germany and chop off their
heads!*

Emmy starts for the door.

HUGO

That could happen, you know.

EMMY

You're paranoid.

She slams the door shut.

EXT. ZURICH COUNTRYSIDE - AFTERNOON

WOOOOOT! - a whistle wails, a train barrels through a tunnel.

INT. TRAIN

RAINER FORST (50s, lean, hard boiled. Think Michael Shannon)
sits in a private compartment, hat tucked low, smoking.

CONDUCTOR (O.S.)

*Nächste station, Zürich
Hauptbahnhof!*

INT. CUSTOMS OFFICE, ZURICH STATION

A stone-faced CUSTOMS AGENT scrutinizes Rainer's passport.
The document states that Rainer has DIPLOMATIC PRIVILEGES.
The Agent looks Rainer up and down.

CHUNK! The passport is stamped.

INT. OFFICE OF THE GERMAN MILITARY ATTACHÉ - AFTERNOON

ULRICH ANDERS (40s, stout, proud) enters while reading a
dossier. He looks up, stops.

ULRICH ANDERS

Who the hell are you and what are
you doing at my desk?

Seated at his desk is Rainer Forst. Rainer removes his hat,
revealing a jagged scar running the across his forehead.
Ulrich nods in recognition.

ULRICH ANDERS (CONT'D)

Ah, yes. I've been expecting you.
Do you mind?

He gestures to a guest chair opposite his own desk.

RAINER

Not at all. Sit.

Ulrich considers arguing, concedes, sits. He's not pleased.

ULRICH ANDERS

So. You are *thee* Rainer Forst.

RAINER

In the flesh.

ULRICH ANDERS

I've heard you're a man of
particular talents. Rooting out
mice from the cellar, so to speak.

RAINER

My reputation precedes me.

ULRICH ANDERS

It does. Vienna. Sarajevo. I
imagine you're still scraping
Belgrade off your boots.

Rainer shrugs.

RAINER

The first time is always the
messiest.

ULRICH ANDERS

Well don't go tracking your shit
through my office.

Ulrich stands, moves towards the door.

ULRICH

As the German Military attaché, I
will remind you that Zurich is *not*
Belgrade. Switzerland is neutral.

(MORE)

ULRICH (CONT'D)

And, as such, Germany has no
authority to conduct military
operations within these borders-

He peers into the hall, looks left, right, pulls the door
shut. Rainer pulls out a cigarette and lighter.

ULRICH ANDERS

Our function is strictly limited to
observing and reporting and please
do not smoke in my office.

Ulrich sits back down across from Rainer, stares coldly.
Rainer lights his cigarette anyway.

RAINER

Listen to me. I answer to the
Kaiser, no one else. There is a
train coming from Metz. On this
train is a porter. We believe he is
passing information to a contact
here in Zurich. I will follow the
porter, identify his contact and
retrieve the sensitive information.

ULRICH ANDERS

Sounds like you've got it all
worked out. What can I possibly
help you with?

RAINER

Waste disposal.
(smiles)
Also, I require a place to sleep.

ULRICH ANDERS

Very well. We'll find
accommodations suitable to your
needs. A crypt, perhaps.

Rainer does not laugh.

ULRICH ANDERS (CONT'D)

Here's some advice. Newspapers here
seize every opportunity to
humiliate the Kaiser. You don't
want to give them any stories to
publish. Our presence in Zurich is
tolerated because it is a *quiet*
presence. Do you understand?

RAINER

I'm as quiet as a coffin.

EXT. CAFE MEIEREI - EVENING

Fridli sits, idly smoking. Leaning against the wall next to him is a sandwich board: CABARET VOLTAIRE - GRAND DEBUT!

INT. CAFE MEIEREI - EVENING

VLADIMIR LENIN is alone at a table, drinking tea and reading a newspaper. Emmy approaches.

EMMY

Guten abend. I wanted to let you know that in a short while, we'll be starting a show in the back room, right through that door.

LENIN

A show?

EMMY

Yes. A cabaret...of sorts.

LENIN

A cabaret?

EMMY

Yes. Right through that door.

LENIN

There will be music and people singing and dancing, I presume?

EMMY

That's the idea.

LENIN

Just for tonight?

EMMY

Oh no. We're a permanent fixture.

LENIN

So then...every night?

EMMY

Fingers crossed.

LENIN

Thank you for telling me.

Lenin stands up, collects his newspaper and coat.

LENIN (CONT'D)
Now I know not to come back.

He brushes past Emmy. She's disappointed. Hugo approaches.

HUGO
Emmy, do you know who that was?

EMMY
I know what he wasn't- *polite*.

HUGO
I'm almost certain that was
Vladimir Lenin.

EMMY
OHHH.
(beat)
Who is that?

They walk through the back door and into...

INT. CAFE MEIEREI BACKROOM / CABARET VOLTAIRE - CONTINUOUS

They walk toward the piano.

HUGO
He's a Russian. Exiled just for
speaking his mind.

EMMY
Really? What did he say?

HUGO
It doesn't matter what he said. He
was punished just for saying it.

EMMY
But what did he say?

HUGO
He said the lower classes should
rise up, abolish the aristocracy
and rule for themselves.

EMMY
What happens to the aristocracy?

HUGO
What do you mean?

EMMY

If they're *abolished*, how do they end up?

HUGO

Oh, well...nothing happens to *them*, per se. They just have to, you know, turn their homes and wealth and land over to the people.

EMMY

And they exiled him just for saying that?

HUGO

Shameful, isn't it?

Ephraim approaches, smiling hopefully.

EPHRAIM

So. Opening night.

EMMY

I know, isn't it exciting?

EPHRAIM

Shouldn't we have a...*bigger crowd*?

REVEAL OF CROWD: A man passed out at a table, a lit cigarette in his hand. Two students clutch beer steins and talk amongst themselves, ignoring the stage entirely. Frau Stollar, an eager old woman, sits with a flute in her lap.

EMMY

Actually, this is quite good for a debut performance.

EPHRAIM

Oh?

EMMY

Mmhmm. What do you think, Hugo?

HUGO

I think it is what it is. What do you want start with?

EMMY

Let's start with *Liebe Ist Leben*.

HUGO

That old thing?

EMMY
 It's tried and true and makes
 people cry and sad people spend
 money. Hit it!

Hugo sighs, begins playing the piano, carrying us to...

INT. CABARET VOLTAIRE, STAGE

The lights dim on the crowd. Emmy steps onto the stage. She shuts her eyes, takes a deep breath. As she sings, her voice is soft and beautiful.

EMMY
*Love is life. That's what they say.
 But with you, life is love
 everyday. Night follows day, who
 knows what comes. Your love is my
 guide. Take my hand in the dark,
 let us go side by side. In the
 morning, it's your eyes. In the
 evening, paradise. Together, there
 is hope. Life opens and we are
 free. Love is life, or so they say.
 But with you, life is love, every
 single day.*

Emmy bows.

Hugo continues playing, gaining intensity until he is practically hammering keys.

EMMY (CONT'D)
 Hugo. Hugo...HUGO!

Hugo stops playing, looks up.

HUGO
 Sorry...

Emmy smiles, bows again.

EMMY
 Thank you and welcome to the debut
 of the Cabaret Voltaire, where
 artists of any persuasion are
 invited to sing, to dance, to...to
 express yourself to your fullest
 potential. We'd like to invite any
 one who is interested-

Frau Stollar jumps to her feet and starts up the stage.

EMMY (CONT'D)
Oh, wonderful. Come right up.

Frau Stollar smiles at the audience.

FRAU STOLLAR
I. Am. Frau. Stollar.

Ephraim claps vigorously, blows a kiss to Frau Stollar, his wife. Frau Stollar blows into her flute, carrying us through...

MONTAGE OF BAD PERFORMANCES:

A CONTORTIONIST bends over backwards.

A JUGGLER using beer bottles drops one, shatters it.

TWO DRUNK STUDENTS laugh hysterically, taking turns slapping each other in the face, HARD.

An OLD SOT struggles through a monologue.

OLD SOT
What is...uh...badness? It
is...uh...it is thou hast oft
seen...uh...and will see everywhere
old, uh...histories. And, uh-

A YODELER sustains a piercing note for a painful stretch.

Emmy and Hugo exchange a knowing glance- *it's not going well.*

Emmy takes the stage as the Yodeler exits.

EMMY
(to Yodeler)
Thank you so much for sharing your
culture-

TRISTAN TZARA, (20, boyish, think Timothy Chalamet) rushes through the cabaret door, throwing off his coat. He's got mousy hair but a finely waxed mustache, cheap slacks and shirt, but nicely polished shoes.

TZARA
Am I too late? Is there still time?

Emmy looks to Hugo- Hugo shrugs.

EMMY
Oh, of course. Everyone, please put
your hands together for-
(MORE)

EMMY (CONT'D)
 (To Tzara)
 Name-?

TZARA
 Tristan Tzara.

EMMY
 (to crowd)
 Tristan...
 (to Tzara)
 Sah-Rah?

TZARA
Tzara.

EMMY
 Tristan Zah-rah!

She smiles, clapping as she steps off stage.

Tzara, flushed from running, catches his breath, poises himself.

TZARA
 Art needs...an operation!

He holds up a NEWSPAPER in one hand, SCISSORS in another. He begins cutting the newspaper into little pieces.

TZARA (CONT'D)
 Any work that can be understood is
 the mere product of convention. One
 can only make true poetry through
 the destruction of convention,
 destruction of what is normal-!

He tosses the snippets of newspaper into the air, they float to the floor like confetti.

Emmy watches, curious.

Tzara gets on his hands and knees, grabbing at scraps of paper at random, reading them aloud.

TZARA (CONT'D)
 Socialist...nose clippers...pour
 cream onto...unwary housewives...
 who's parade...the kaiser seizes...
 while the morning...shoes float..
 and tepid water...marching to the
 front...explodes like...feral cats.

Emmy chuckles. Tzara stands.

TZARA (CONT'D)
 From the ashes of destruction, we
 create a thing anew.

He bows. Emmy claps, no one else does.

INT. CABERET VOLTAIRE, BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Tzara is at the bar when Emmy approaches.

EMMY
 Tristan, is it? Thank you for
 sharing tonight. I found your
 performance very interesting.

TZARA
 Interesting? *Interesting?! I*
violently accost the senses of my
audience, forcing their minds to
engage a new perspective. I make
them realize that we only see the
world through a prism. I disrupt
the status quo, and you found
it...interesting?

EMMY
 Yes. Have you ever thought about
 wearing a jacket?

Tzara laughs, sees Emmy is serious.

TZARA
 You're serious?

EMMY
 Mmhmm.

TZARA
 (smiling smugly)
 As much as I love taking fashion
 advice from a dingy cabaret
 hostess, I think I'm all set.

Emmy maintains her polite composure.

EMMY
 May I see your hands, please?

TZARA
 My hands?

Emmy nods.

Tzara plays along, holds out his hands an inch away from cupping Emmy's breasts. Emmy grabs his hands, flips them up.

EMMY

Ah...do you know what I see?

TZARA

Is it *interesting*?

EMMY

Soft skin. Smooth, like a baby horse's ass. These hands have never worked a day in their life. The coiffed mustache and expensive shoes- tell me rich boy, why the charade? Trying to pass yourself off as a *starving artist*? You should be what you are, not what you think people expect you to be.

Tzara wrenches his hands free.

TZARA

You don't know a damned thing about me.

EMMY

I know that a suit jacket has many compartments within which you could conceal all your little scraps of paper, so instead of scrambling around on all fours, you can literally pick your own pockets. It would speed up your whole act, too-

She demonstrates on herself, darting her hands all over an invisible jacket like a little dance.

EMMY (CONT'D)

See? It's not about *fashion*. It's about *finesse*.

She smiles, walks away. Tzara contemplates Emmy's words.

INT. OLD TOWN BAR LATER

Emmy and Hugo are at the bar.

EMMY

Pretentious little shit. Ought to slap the mustache right off his face.

(MORE)

EMMY (CONT'D)

Of course, he was the most compelling performance this evening. If we had a few more like him, at least we'd have novelty. That would at least draw a crowd. I mean, Ephraim is a dear, but he won't let us keep a cabaret going in his back room forever. Eventually, he'll expect some compensation.

HUGO

Maybe we're just wasting our time-

EMMY

No!

HUGO

Face it, Emmy. There's a hundred thousand men out there right now, dragging their bloody bodies through the mud, choking to death on the stench of their own decay. No one wants to sit in the back room of a cafe and watch Frau Stollar play the flute.

Emmy pulls a pen from her pocket, begins drawing on her hand.

HUGO (CONT'D)

What are you do-? Oh, this again...

Emmy holds up her fist: she's drawn googly eyes on the knuckle of her forefinger and moves her thumb like a mouth.

EMMY

(silly voice)

Hugo, do you remember when I asked you if we could start a cabaret?

Hugo addresses Emmy's fist-face directly.

HUGO

You didn't ask me. You just said we're starting a cabaret.

EMMY

(silly voice)

And do you remember what you said?

HUGO

Yes. I said you were a lunatic.

EMMY
 (silly voice)
*After that. You said that no matter
 what, we're in this together. Do
 you remember? Doooo youuuu?*

Hugo shakes his head.

HUGO
 Yes. Yes I remember.

Emmy drops the act. Something beyond Hugo has caught her eye. She reaches passed his head and grabs a newspaper.

It's open to a page with an ADVERT: CLUB FLAMINGO, FEATURING MARIETTA DI MONACO. Hugo looks at the ad.

HUGO (CONT'D)
Marietta di Monaco...you know her?

EMMY
 Never mind that.

Emmy hops off her stool, rips out the page, folds it up and sticks down the front of her dress.

HUGO
 Where are you going?

EMMY
 The night is young and so am I.
 Somewhere out there is a wealthy
 sot ready to show me a good time-

A WELL DRESSED MAN passes at that moment. She takes his arm.

EMMY (CONT'D)
 Excuse me, good sir. Would you be
 so kind as to walk me home? It's
 dark and I'd hate to be taken
 advantage of by ne'er-do-wells.

The Well Dressed Man smiles, formally offers his arm.

WELL DRESSED MAN
 It would be a pleasure, my dear.

Emmy winks at Hugo as she's escorted from the bar.

A bill is laid in front of Hugo. Hugo sighs.

INT. ZURICH DAILY NEWSPAPER OFFICE - NIGHT

Konrad is at his desk, tapping a pencil, anxious.

The Page enters his office, hands him a NEWSPAPER.

PAGE

Morning edition for proof. If
that's all, then I'll be off.

KONRAD

Danke. Gute nacht.

Konrad listens as the Page's footsteps fade down the hallway,
followed by the opening and closing of the front door.

Alone, Konrad opens his desk drawer, reaches deep inside,
feeling for something...he pulls out a thin sheet of wood
with little rectangular slits punched out.

Konrad opens the newspaper to a theater review, lays the
sheet on top of the article so that the slits align with
various words and letters - *it's a cipher.*

EXT. ZURICH DAILY NEWSPAPER OFFICE - EVENING

The building is dark as Konrad locks the door.

EXT. OLDTOWN STREET / BAR DABO - EVENING

We follow Konrad down a busy street and into...

INT. BAR DABO - CONTINUOUS

A dimly lit dive, small, seedy. Konrad sidles up to the bar.

KONRAD

Cognac.

He pulls out a cigarette, lights it.

The bartender pours a cognac, hands it to Konrad who downs it
in one gulp. He places the empty glass on the bar and snuffs
out his cigarette in the center of the glass.

KONRAD (CONT'D)

Danke.

He exits the bar.

We RACK FOCUS to the background: a man in a BOWLER hat reads a newspaper, glances at the empty glass and cigarette butt.

EXT. UNDERSIDE OF BRIDGE, RIVERBANK - MINUTES LATER

Konrad glances up and down the riverbank, pacing nervously.

AHEM - Konrad turns to find the man in the bowler hat, OTTO KESSLER (late 30s, dapper, lean.)

OTTO KESSLER

How many times must I explain- I
contact you. Not the other way
around. Unless it's an emergency.
Is this an emergency?

KONRAD

A man came to see me today. I want
you to check him out.

OTTO KESSLER

(sighs)
Who was it this time?

KONRAD

An awkward, lanky fellow. Claims to
be a journalist. Pitched me some
cockamamie article about- I don't
know, the Kaiser or something. I
think he was baiting me.

OTTO KESSLER

(dismissive)
Baiting you. So an awkward
journalist pitched you an article.
I'm sure it's nothing.

KONRAD

He called my paper *subversive*.

OTTO KESSLER

You publish coded messages to
French Intelligence. I'd say that's
fairly subversive.

KONRAD

This isn't funny. I risk my life
doing this.

Otto sighs, pulls out a pencil and MATCHBOOK.

OTTO KESSLER

Give me his name.

KONRAD

He said it was uh...Hoxter. John
Hoxter, but I'm sure it's a fake.

Otto writes JOHN HOXTER inside his book of matches, sticks it
in his coat pocket.

OTTO KESSLER

I'll look into it.

EXT. HOTEL - MORNING

Emmy exits the hotel, stuffs money down the front of her
dress, embarks on her morning constitutional.

EXT. PRODUCE STAND - MORNING

Emmy picks up several apples, turns to entertain the Street
Girl, only Street Girl is nowhere to be seen.

Emmy looks to the Vendor.

EMMY

Can you tell me where the little
girl is, the one with those pretty
little purple shoes?

VENDOR

Lady, how should I know? The city
is full of beggar children. You
paying for those or what?

Emmy, lost in thought of the Street Girl, pays the Vendor.

INT. EMMY AND HUGO'S BOARDING HOUSE

Emmy enters, gently closing the door behind her.

She tiptoes up the stairs, steps on the wrong plank - CREAK!

She winces, starts dashing upstairs...

FRAU MÜLLER (O.S.)

You're late.

Emmy freezes, grits her teeth - *caught*. She forces a smile,
turns to face...FRAU MÜLLER.

EMMY

Frau Müller! I'm so happy to see
you.

FRAU MÜLLER
No you're not. You owe me rent.

EMMY
It's so funny. I have the rent for
this week upstairs-

FRAU MÜLLER
And the last three weeks, I should
hope.

EMMY
Yes. Of course. It's all upstairs-

FRAU MÜLLER
Don't think I won't involve the
constables. They'll lock up you and
that sour egg you call a husband.
And that pretty little smile won't
help you. I can see right through
it. You're rotten.

EMMY
Now I don't think there's any need
for that, is there? I've just said
I have the money upstairs-

FRAU MÜLLER
Coming and going all hours of the
night. You have no shame.

Emmy slowly works her way up the steps.

EMMY
I'll fetch it and be right down-

FRAU MÜLLER
Don't think I won't be right here,
waiting for you! And I'll tell you
another thing-!

Emmy is up the stairs and into...

INT. EMMY AND HUGO'S ROOM

Frau Müller is still mumbling as Emmy shuts the door.

Emmy grabs the hollowed book off the shelf. She takes out the
money, thinks a moment.

She sticks the money in her dress.

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE / STREET

Emmy wrenches her window open, climbs out. She dangles a moment from the second story, then drops to the ground.

INT. ZURICH POST OFFICE - MORNING

Emmy slips money into an envelope, seals it.

EMMY

Can you get this to Flensburg?

POSTAL CLERK

Germany is extra.

Emmy hands him more money.

EXT. PUBLIC WORKS COURTYARD

Hugo makes his way through a hoard of men milling about near a loading dock. Most of the men are fit and strong looking, a contrast to Hugo's scrawny build.

PAVEL (30s, feral but handsome) watches Hugo light a cigarette with his SILVER LIGHTER.

PAVEL

Cigarette?

HUGO

I'm good, thanks.

PAVEL

I meant, may I have one?

Hugo holds out the pack.

Pavel takes several, lights one, pockets the rest.

HUGO

Bitte.

PAVEL

You're German.

HUGO

I am.

PAVEL

Hey! I'm from Poland. We are neighbors. When did you arrive?

HUGO
In the spring.

PAVEL
I haven't seen you before. Where
have you been working?

HUGO
I've been around.

PAVEL
Pavel Novak.

HUGO
John Hoxter.

PAVEL
Well, John Hoxter. Since you're
German, you'll have to bribe the
foremen.

HUGO
Seriously?

The FOREMAN (40s, small) steps onto the dock. Next to him is
SCAR (burly, scarred face.)

The crowd erupts. Men push and shout, vying for attention.

FOREMAN
Everybody shut up! I'm taking only
twelve men. You, you, you-

The Foreman continues selecting workers.

PAVEL
(to Hugo)
Have you got any money?

HUGO
If I had any, I wouldn't be here.

PAVEL
No worries. Just kick him back
thirty percent of your take.

HUGO
Thirty percent!?

PAVEL
Otherwise, he'll just hire a local.

The Foreman points at a man with a mustache.

FOREMAN

Hey! Gavril Princip! Yeah, you
with the mustache. Fuck off!

(to crowd)

I said it before and I'll say it
again- NO SERBS!

The mustached Serbian man shakes his head and walks off as
the Foreman continues selecting workers.

PAVEL

Tell you what. I know him. Give me
the rest of those cigarettes and
I'll get you set up.

Hugo hesitates, thinking it over.

HUGO

Earning a living is expensive. Here-

Hugo gives Pavel the rest of his cigarettes.

Pavel pushes his way to the front of the crowd.

FOREMAN

Alright, that's it! Rest of you
come back tomorrow!

Hugo watches as Pavel speaks to the Foreman. They both look
at Hugo. The Foreman seems skeptical.

Hugo stands up tall, puffs out his chest.

The Foreman rolls his eyes, nods.

Pavel smiles, returns to Hugo.

PAVEL

You start tomorrow. Hungry?

HUGO

Famished, actually.

PAVEL

I know a little spot with the
freshest fish in all of Zurich.

HUGO

Sounds lovely, but I don't have any
money. Hence...my being here.

PAVEL

Who said you need money? Follow me.

He claps Hugo on the shoulder.

EXT. RIVER EMBANKMENT, INDUSTRIAL AREA

It's loud, noxious, grimy. The sluggish water is oil-slicked.

Pavel tugs on a makeshift fishing ROD (a stick wrapped with line) so that it bobs in the water.

Hugo sits nearby, idly sketching in a notebook.

SKETCH IMAGE: Pavel on the embankment. It's very, very good.

PAVEL

Ha!

Pavel pulls in a medium-sized PIKE, smacks it against the ground, killing it. He removes the hook, hands the rig to Hugo.

PAVEL (CONT'D)

Your turn.

HUGO

(hesitant)

Oh, um...alright.

Hugo takes the line, holds it awkwardly.

HUGO (CONT'D)

I just...throw it?

Pavel is crouched over the pike with a KNIFE. He looks up.

PAVEL

Have you never fished before?

HUGO

Once. When I was boy. But I didn't catch anything. I think the river was poisoned or something.

Pavel smiles, not convinced.

PAVEL

Mmhmm. Here, I'll show you.

Pavel takes the hook. Hugo watches his strong hands bait the hook with a worm.

PAVEL (CONT'D)

Toss it out into the middle. Let the current take it.

Hugo casts the line. Pavel puts his hand on Hugo's, guiding it. Hugo blushes, enjoying the intimate tutorial.

PAVEL (CONT'D)
You must play with the line. Make
it dance in the water. That's it.

HUGO
Now what?

PAVEL
Now you wait. Patiently.

Pavel uses his knife to clean and gut the pike, removing the head and tail. He sees Hugo's SKETCH.

PAVEL (CONT'D)
A man of hidden talents, eh?

HUGO
I suppose. Though I suspect fishing
isn't one of them. Say, where do
you cook your-

He watches Pavel slice off a chunk of fish, pop it in his mouth. It squishes juice as he chews.

PAVEL
Mmm. It's sweet.

Hugo is disgusted, then...a tug on his line.

HUGO
Oh! What do I do?

PAVEL
Alright, he's nibbling. Let him
play with it a little. When I tell
you, give it a sharp tug so the
hook gets deep into his
mouth...now!

Hugo yanks the line. They're both excited.

INT. EMMY AND HUGO'S ROOM - DAY

Emmy is standing in the room over a wash basin. She's naked from the waist up, using a lemon to wash her skin.

Hugo bursts into the room, beaming.

HUGO
Emmy! I've had an extraordinary
morning- look!

He holds up his catch: a long, slimy, gross EEL.

EMMY
What the hell is that?

HUGO
(proudly)
An eel.

EMMY
It looks like a nightmare. Where
did you get that thing?

HUGO
I fished it out of the river.

EMMY
You went fishing?

HUGO
Yes, but there's more. I got a job.

EMMY
(jubilant)
Oh, Hugo! They bought your article
about the...*mentality* thing?

HUGO
Actually, no. They weren't
interested in that at all.

Emmy eyes him suspiciously.

EMMY
(serious)
Hugo. Where have you been?

HUGO
I told you. I got a job, down at
the labor pool. I start tomorrow.
We don't have to worry about money
anymore. I'll provide for us from
now on.

Emmy sees he's serious. Then...she starts laughing.

HUGO (CONT'D)
What's so funny?

EMMY

Oh, my sweet, sweet pet. Your grit and determination is adorable. But we aren't suited for manual labor. We should stick with what we know best.

HUGO

Like screwing men and robbing them?

Emmy shoots him a look - *you really going there?*

EMMY

I was referring to *the arts*.
Theater. Our cabaret.

Emmy dresses.

HUGO

They're just using you, Emmy.

EMMY

I'm using them. To get what *I* want.

HUGO

Money.

EMMY

Sometimes, yes- well, *mostly* yes- but sometimes it just feels good to wrap myself in the arms of a man, to feel his skin against my skin.

HUGO

But they don't love you.

EMMY

I make them love me.

She caresses Hugo's face.

EMMY (CONT'D)

But if it'll make you feel better, then once the cabaret starts paying the bills I shall retire. Until then, I bid you *guten nacht!*

She dances over to the window, starts climbing out, pauses.

EMMY (CONT'D)

Oh, and be a dear and get rid of that...*thing*. It's frightful.

She disappears into the night. Hugo looks at the eel.

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE, STREET

AN OLD MAN is walking down the street when...SPLAT! The eel hits the cobblestone. The OLD MAN recoils in shock.

INT. EMMY AND HUGO'S ROOM

Hugo slumps into his chair, digs an old cigarette butt from the ashtray, smokes it.

He opens a drawer, pulls out DOG TAGS: LEYBOLD, HANS.

He puts them on, then pulls out a PHOTO: A young handsome man (early 20s) in a suit, staring dolefully out a window, an unlit cigarette dangling from his lips.

Hugo leans back, eyes the photo, puts his hand in his pants.

EXT. CLUB FLAMINGO, MAIN ENTRANCE - EVENING

It's a posh club, brightly lit. The patrons coming in and out are elegantly dressed. Raucous music can be heard coming through the doors...which are guarded by a DOORMAN.

Emmy is looking at the AD: FEATURING MARIETTA DI MONACO. She straightens her ratty old dress, adjusts her hair, holds her head high and beelines for the door.

The DOORMAN intercepts.

DOORMAN

Madame- Madame! May I help you?

EMMY

I was just going inside-

DOORMAN

Not tonight. Move along.

JULIUS (30s, handsome, nice suit) approaches the entrance, pauses to watch the altercation.

EMMY

I beg your pardon. I'm meeting
someone here, so if you don't mind-

She tries to push by, but the Doorman grabs her arm.

DOORMAN

(quietly)

Listen to me. Bring your hustle
somewhere else tonight or I'll toss
you into the gutter.

Emmy seethes, then sees Julius leaning against the wall.

EMMY
Oh, THERE you are!

Julius perks up, confused.

JULIUS
Here...I am.

EMMY
I know, I know- I'm late. My damn
watch broke-
(to Doorman)
Don't you hate when that happens?
(to Julius)
Can you ever forgive me?

JULIUS
(smiling, incredulous)
Oh...not a worry at all.

DOORMAN
Pardonnez-moi, monsieur. You say
you know this woman?

EMMY
Of course we know each other. Since
we were little bitty children,
isn't that true?

She gives Julius a look- *PLEASE just go with it.*

JULIUS
I can't believe...how long it's
been.

DOORMAN
If you know this woman, then please
tell me her name.

Julius and Emmy lock eyes.

EMMY	JULIUS
He knows my name is Edwina-	Her name is Dagny-

DOORMAN
Aha! You do NOT know her name.
Admit. You do not know this
woman.

Julius looks Emmy up and down, likes what he sees.

JULIUS

Ah, so what? My name's Julius and most people call me *beanpole*- what of it? Now if you don't mind, there's a chilled bottle of champagne with our names on it.

He sticks a couple francs in the Doorman's pocket, takes Emmy by the arm and escorts her inside.

EMMY

(smiles to Doorman)
Bonsoir.

The Doorman shrugs, counts his francs.

INT. CLUB FLAMINGO

It's a loud nightclub filled with well dressed people eating, drinking, laughing, dancing.

Julius struts, holding Emmy's arm.

JULIUS

This must be my lucky night. I'll get us a table-

Out of sight from the Doorman, Emmy wrests her arm free.

EMMY

Thanks, but no thanks.

JULIUS

Well that's a fine way to show your gratitude after someone helps you out of a jam. A stranger, no less.

EMMY

Who said I needed your help?

Julius takes a moment to recompose himself.

JULIUS

Look. I didn't mean to be presumptuous. I apologize.

He holds out his hand to shake.

JULIUS (CONT'D)

My name *is* Julius. And you are...?

EMMY

Thirsty.

She brushes past him.

INT. CLUB FLAMINGO, TABLE

Emmy takes a seat at a table. Julius follows, sits with her.

EMMY

You're persistent, aren't you?

JULIUS

Just here to take in the show.

A waitress approaches.

WAITRESS

Guten abend. May I bring you something?

JULIUS

Yes. I'll have a-

EMMY

I'll have a steak. Rare. With a side of potatoes. And apple sauce. And spinach cooked in butter. Lots of butter. And I'll have, mmm... chocolate cake for dessert. Bring a bottle of Dom Perignon with the food, but I'll have a whiskey to start. And a bring me a pack of *Cheval Noir*. Actually, two packs. And some matches.

(to Julius)

I'm sorry, did you want something?

Julius takes a beat, digesting Emmy's order.

JULIUS

I- I will have a whiskey as well.

EMMY

Make them doubles.

Emmy beams.

EMMY (CONT'D)

And don't worry, Julius here is a very, very generous tipper. He's a theater producer, you see. I'm starting up a cabaret and he's my financier.

(whispers)

We're here tonight to scout talent.

(MORE)

EMMY (CONT'D)
 (aloud)
 Isn't that true, Jules?

Julius knows he's getting played, goes with it.

JULIUS
 (to waitress)
 Well, what can I say to that?

EMMY
 Preferably, as little as possible.

WAITRESS
Wunderbar. Enjoy the show.

The waitress heads off to fill their order. Emmy scans the room before finally turning to Julius, who is staring at her incredulously.

JULIUS
A theater producer?

EMMY
 (shrugs)
 Why not? Most of that was true.

JULIUS
 And your name? Is it really Edwina?

EMMY
 You can call me Dagny.

She leans across the table, takes his hand and smiles.

INT. ZURICH STATION, PLATFORM - NIGHT

Steam rises from the underside of the train. The platform bustles. A PORTER (20s, boyish, earnest) unloads luggage from a train car. He glances up at a clock: 7PM.

He puts his hand on his stomach, turns to the conductor.

PORTER
Ich muss aug die toilette...

The CONDUCTOR, busy with a timetable, waves him off.

The Porter makes his way toward the bathroom.

INT. ZURICH STATION, BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Porter beelines to the last stall, closes the door.

He knocks on the dividing wall: THREE KNOCKS - BEAT - TWO KNOCKS - BEAT - ONE KNOCK.

We hear a stall door open, footsteps, then a running faucet. The Porter opens the stall to see OTTO washing his hands. The Porter is nervous as he moves to the adjacent sink.

OTTO KESSLER
Just start washing your hands.

The Porter nods, begins washing his hands.

OTTO KESSLER (CONT'D)
What have you got for me?

PORTER
I come from Metz. Trains have been passing through nonstop for weeks.

OTTO KESSLER
Troop transports?

PORTER
Oui. And artillery.

OTTO KESSLER
How many?

PORTER
So far? At least a thousand.

OTTO KESSLER
(stunned)
A thousand pieces of artillery?

PORTER
No, a thousand *trains*. Each one at least fifty cars long. Thousands of pieces of artillery, millions of shells, hundreds of thousands of soldiers- They're running night and day and they're all going *west*.

OTTO KESSLER
West...?
(it clicks)
Verdun.

PORTER
Oui. And there's something new. Some kind of super artillery. It fires a shell twice the size of Big Bertha. They call it *Langer-Max*.

OTTO KESSLER

Jesus...

PORTER

I must get back. *Bonne chance, mon frere.*

INT. ZURICH STATION, TERMINAL

The Porter exits the bathroom, beelines to the track.

A beat later, Otto exits the bathroom, exits the terminal.

EXT. ZURICH STREET / ALLEY - NIGHT

Otto casually walks down the busy street.

He turns down an alley.

Suddenly, he stops, whips around, hugs against a wall. His hand is in his coat pocket, we see the butt of his PISTOL.

Otto watches the alley entrance for a long beat...*nothing*.

Relaxing, he continues down the alley without incident.

INT. CLUB FLAMINGO - LATER

Julius fills their glasses with the last of the champagne.

Emmy is captivated by the club's singer, MARIETTA (40s, elegant). She's performing "LIEBE IST LEBEN." It's beautiful.

JULIUS

Shall we get another bottle?

EMMY

Be quiet.

JULIUS

Or perhaps...something stronger?

Julius grins, holds up a vial of white powder.

JULIUS (CONT'D)

Snort some of this up your snout
and all your wildest dreams come
true. Trust me-

(hiccups)

I'm a chemist.

Marietta finishes her song, gracefully exits the stage.

EMMY

Tell you what, my pet. Let me go
powder my nose in private. I'll be
back in a flash.

JULIUS

I shall wait with bated breath.

He leans toward Emmy, she recoils from his breath.

EMMY

Please do.

She takes the vial of cocaine and heads back stage. Julius
slumps back in his chair - drunk, dozing, stupid and content.

INT. BAR DABO - NIGHT

Otto Kessler sits in the corner behind a newspaper. A figure
approaches, looming over him.

RAINER

Pardonnez moi. Is this yours?

Otto looks up to see Rainer. He's holding Otto's bowler hat.

OTTO KESSLER

Why, yes. Yes it is.

RAINER

It must have fallen off your table.

OTTO KESSLER

Merci beaucoup.

Rainer hands Otto his hat, exits the bar.

Otto drinks his schnapps, watching Rainer through the window
as he disappears down the street.

INT. FLAMINGO, BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Marietta is seated at a makeup mirror, making adjustments.

She sees Emmy approach in the reflection.

EMMY

Hello, beautiful.

MARIETTA
Emmy Hennings!

Marietta embraces Emmy, we sense that they're old friends.

MARIETTA (CONT'D)
I haven't seen you in ages. What
are you doing in Zurich?

EMMY
I live here. With my fiance. He's a
pianist.

MARIETTA
Fiance? That's so...surprising.

A wispy STAGEHAND approaches.

STAGEHAND
Marietta! You're on again in five.

MARIETTA
What about Klaus' number?

STAGEHAND
Klaus is in the alley, drunk.

MARIETTA
Again?! Goddamn it!

Marietta hurls a makeup brush and the Stagehand hustles off.

MARIETTA (CONT'D)
Every goddamn night. Unzip me.

She snaps her fingers and Emmy helps her change dresses.
Marietta snatches a cigarette from a passing DANCER.

EMMY
Just like old times, eh?

MARIETTA
Pfft- The band leader's a drunk,
the dancers are all idiots who
can't keep time and the manager is
a horny old goat...so yes. Exactly
like old times.

EMMY
You know, Hugo and I- that's my
fiance- we've opened up a little
cabaret of our own.

Marietta turns to face the mirror, adjusts her hair.

MARIETTA

That's so like you. The little entrepreneur, always cooking up a new scheme.

EMMY

Actually, that's why I came to see you. I want to offer you a chance to headline. With me, of course.

MARIETTA

Oh, Emmy! I'd love to!

EMMY

Really?

MARIETTA

Absolument! What's it pay?

EMMY

(deflates)

Oh...well, let me start by saying that we've got some fantastic talent involved- *true artists*- but we're still building an audience, which takes time as you know. But for now, I could offer you...

(wincing, hopeful)

a cut of the door?

MARIETTA

(smiles condescendingly)

That's so generous of you. But I don't think so.

Dressed, Marietta walks toward the stage. Emmy follows.

EMMY

Just think about it. A place of our very own, without drunk band leaders, or horny stage managers grabbing your ass. A place where a woman can scream about everything that makes her want to scream and she won't be seen as a hysteric. It's a chance to create something that people will talk about for- for a hundred years! It's what we'd always dreamed of.

MARIETTA

You're truly the most tenacious woman I've ever met.

(MORE)

MARIETTA (CONT'D)

I'm certain your cabaret will be amazing, but dreams don't pay the rent, no matter how big they are.

Emmy grabs Marietta by the hand.

EMMY

Marietta, please. I need you.

Marietta holds out her arms, gesturing to the backstage hustle and bustle that surrounds them.

MARIETTA

Emmy, look where I am- *The Flamingo*. Why would I give this up for a cut of the door at- what's your place called?

EMMY

The Cabaret Voltaire. It's in the backroom of the Cafe Meierei.

MARIETTA

Meierei? Why've I not heard of that?

EMMY

It's in Old Town.

MARIETTA

OHHH. I never go across the river. It's so...*depressing*.

STAGEHAND

MARIETTA! THIRTY SECONDS!

Marietta touches Emmy's cheek tenderly.

MARIETTA

My little schemer. Say *merde* for me, won't you?

EMMY

(dejected)

Merde, mon ami.

Marietta smiles, kisses Emmy on the lips, rubbing some of her lipstick off on Emmy's mouth.

Emmy watches the curtains part, sees the full house of patrons enthusiastically applauding as Marietta makes her entrance, then the curtains close once more.

Emmy is quiet and sullen, listening as Marietta sings.

INT. BAR DABO - NIGHT

Otto is sweaty, shakes his head, coughs. He checks his watch.

OTTO POV: blurred vision, muffled sound... *something's wrong.*

He pulls on his collar, breathing labored. He looks down at his empty schnapps glass - *could it be poison?*

EXT. BAR DABO, ALLEY BEHIND BAR DABO - MOMENTS LATER

Otto staggers outside and into the alley. He doubles over and VOMITS. As he stands up, we see Rainer looms behind him.

RAINER

Hallo, kleine maus.

Otto turns, pulling his pistol. Rainer easily overpowers and disarms him, pins him against a wall.

Rainer pulls a KNIFE, thrusts it into Otto, drags the knife slowly along Otto's torso, twisting the blade - *he enjoys it.*

Otto slumps to the ground, dead.

Rainer stoops, rifles through Otto's pockets, finding: a passport, cash, cigarettes, a MATCHBOOK. He pockets the items without scrutinizing them.

INT. BOUGIE HOTEL

SNORRRRRRT! - Emmy does a rail off of a metal serving tray. Julius is aggressively kissing her neck, fondling her.

EMMY

My cabaret is a place where artists can perform anything they want, *say* anything they want. No rules. No restrictions. No bullshit.

JULIUS

Sounds amazing.

He unfastens her dress.

EMMY

I have dreams. Big dreams.

JULIUS

Feels like I'm dreaming right now-

He pulls her dress over her head.

EMMY

I have this one dream, where I'm laying on a stage and everyone around me is talking and talking and they're talking about nothing. They're wearing strange masks and they move like insects and they keep talking but all that comes out of their mouths is gibberish and none of it makes any sense-

JULIUS

Fantastisch...

He runs his hands along her bare skin, then unbuttons his pants, yanks them off.

EMMY

And I want to scream, but I can't make any noise and then I try to get up but I can't even breathe and I just lie there like a fish on the cobblestones with a thousand eyes staring at me and all I can hear is the gibberish.

JULIUS

I'd pay to see that.

EMMY

Stop talking.

She pulls him on top of her.

As he thrusts and moans, Emmy stares up into the ceiling. She's distant, thinking of something else...

INT. SMALL THEATER STAGE, DREAM

Close on Emmy, laying on a wood floor, eyes closed.

MYRIAD VOICES

(whispering)

Gadji. Beri. Bimba. Fah fah fah fah-

She opens her eyes.

She is surrounded by a half dozen people, all wearing crude MASKS, looming above her.

The murmuring gibberish is rhythmic, like chanting.

Emmy is scared but is unable to move.

MYRIAD VOICES (CONT'D)
Muh muh muh muh muh muh muh muh-

Emmy begins levitating, light as a feather, stiff as a board.

MYRIAD VOICES (CONT'D)
Fuh fuh fuh fuh. Ramba ramba RAMBA-

A masked woman positions herself at Emmy's feet, parts her legs and reaches under Emmy's dress, pulls out a long, RED SILK SCARF.

MYRIAD VOICES (CONT'D)
I zimbra. I zimbra. I zimbra.

Emmy grimaces as if in pain. She starts to squirm, but the looming masked figures have her pinned, suspended in mid-air.

They continue to pull the SCARF out from between Emmy's legs. It's seemingly endless.

They wrap the SCARF around Emmy's neck, choking her. She struggles to breathe, turns red, eyes bulging.

MYRIAD VOICES (CONT'D)
Zimbra. Zimbra. ZIMBRA!

Emmy opens her mouth to scream, but nothing comes out.

EXT. HOTEL - DAWN

Emmy exits the hotel. She looks sallow, sweaty. She dry heaves, barely keeping it down. The sickness passes.

She takes a step, pauses, bends over a rain barrel - PUKES.

She stands, recomposes herself, begins her morning ritual.

EXT. STREET / MARKET

Emmy walks forlornly through the market, passing various vendors and merchants selling scarves, hats, gloves, dresses, undergarments.

She sees a vendor place a pair of PURPLE SHOES, a bit dirty, but with a distinct ornate pattern on them, small enough to fit a little girl.

EMMY
Excuse me. May I ask where you got these shoes?

The vendor doesn't look up, continues stacking clothing.

VENDOR

Everything comes from the mortuary.

Emmy pales, digesting what he's just told her.

EXT. STREET / MARKET

Emmy dazedly wanders the marketplace, fixating on the tired and sickly faces of the people she passes.

GONG! GONG! - church bells. She looks up to see a cathedral.

INT. CATHEDRAL - MOMENTS LATER

The church is massive, quiet. A few scattered people are hunched over in the pews. Emmy takes a seat in the first row.

The altar is covered in hundreds of candles. An OLD WOMAN is knelt in front of them, praying silently.

PRIEST (O.S.)

You know why they light candles?

A PRIEST (ancient, hunched) looms behind her. She shakes her head.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

To remember those we've lost.

(beat)

Have you lost someone?

EMMY

(somber)

Yes. A little girl.

PRIEST

These are woeful times indeed, but
we must keep faith. Perhaps
confession may ease your burden?

Emmy wipes a tear, considers his offer.

INT. DARK SPACE - LATER

CU: Emmy's face. Her demeanor is doleful, introspective. As she speaks, we slowly circle around her face.

EMMY

I'm not sure where to begin. I suppose you could call me a sinner, but you have no idea what it's like for a woman alone in this world. I was born poor and have been poor my whole life. I was orphaned at the age of five and the people who raised me were cruel. They beat me. Starved me. I married a man I thought would save me, but he was just as cruel and he beat me much harder than they did. Once, he beat me so badly that I- I was with child... I blamed *myself* for losing the baby. My husband became a soldier. Wanted to prove himself a real man. *The great war*, he called it. Men killing men with bullets and bombs, but do you want to know the truth? It's *women* who are the victims. We're left to sit by the front door like dogs, waiting to see if our masters will return home to feed us and care for us and beat us when we misbehave. Mine didn't return home and now I am alone and a woman alone must do whatever it takes to survive. I lie, but only to protect myself. I steal, but only so I don't starve. I even fuck men for money, if you'll pardon the expression. But I ask you, can you really hold someone accountable for crimes of desperation? If I'm to be honest, sometimes- *sometimes*- I fuck them because it makes *me* feel good. Can it really be a sin for a woman to feel pleasure in her own sex?

MAN (O.S.)

Pardon me, but did you just say that you sleep with men for money?

The camera completes its move, revealing Emmy is in a bar, talking to a POSH BUSINESSMAN who hangs on her every word.

She nods.

POSH BUSINESSMAN (O.S.)

How much?

EXT. CITY STABLES

SLOP! A load of shit lands on a cart.

Hugo is shoveling manure. He pauses to wipe his brow, looks over at Pavel, who is sitting nearby, idly smoking.

HUGO
Aren't you worried the foremen will
see you?

PAVEL
Eh. We have an understanding.
Besides, it's nearly time to quit.

Hugo digs out the SILVER POCKET WATCH. Pavel eyes the watch.

HUGO
Hey- maybe we go fishing again?

The Foreman walks by, sees Hugo standing idle.

FOREMAN
Hoxter! Quit running your mouth!

Hugo snaps back to work, Pavel keeps smoking.

EXT. CITY STABLES

Hugo is in line as the FOREMAN doles out the days pay. He takes his wages, counts it as he walks away. He stops.

HUGO
This is short.

FOREMAN
You're paid for time *worked*, not
for the time you flap your lips.

HUGO
I've been breaking my back for you.
I deserve a fair wage.

FOREMAN
Fuck off. You're fired.

HUGO
Now just wait a moment-

FOREMAN
A German complaining about what's
fair- HA!

(MORE)

FOREMAN (CONT'D)
I should kick you in the ass! Beat
it and don't come back, you lazy
prick. I said fuck off!

The Foreman raises his hand as if to strike Hugo.

Hugo walks away, dejected. Pavel approaches, puts his arm
around him.

PAVEL
Don't worry. There's plenty of work
in this city. You'll find something
else.

HUGO
I needed this job, Pavel.

PAVEL
Screw it. Let's go fishing, eh? I
found a new spot. It's a secret, so
you can't tell anyone.

Hugo looks down at Pavel's hand on his shoulder, smiles.

INT. HOTEL - LATE MORNING

Emmy wakes in bed, next to POSH BUSINESSMAN. He's asleep.

She makes a face - *ugh, I can't believe I fucked you.*

She slips out of bed, dresses quickly.

She opens the door, then spies Posh Businessman's WALLET
laying on the floor among his clothes. She shuts the door.

As Emmy grabs the wallet, a hand grabs her wrist.

She looks up to see Posh Businessman, awake and pissed.

Emmy smiles, meekly.

EXT. ZURICH STREET - LATER

Emmy's holds a handkerchief to her nose, which is caked with
dried blood. She also has a black eye.

EXT. CITY ALLEY COMPLEX

The alleys are narrow and labyrinthine.

Hugo rushes along, trying to keep up with Pavel.

HUGO
Where are we going?

PAVEL
I told you! It's a secret!

Pavel is practically running. Hugo steps up his pace.

PAVEL (CONT'D)
The biggest fish you've ever seen,
my friend!

Hugo smiles, they're like two young children playing tag.

HUGO
(laughing)
I can't keep up!

PAVEL
Hurry! We're nearly there!

Hugo turns a corner to find...an empty alley.

He looks left, then right.

HUGO
Pavel? Where did you-?

BAM! - Hugo is cracked over the head, crumples. Dazed, he looks up, sees two looming blurry figures.

HUGO (CONT'D)
(disoriented)
Pavel...?

Hugo tries to stand - BAM! a stick cracks over his back.

WHAM! - They kick his stomach, knock the wind out of him.

It's Pavel and Scar.

PAVEL
His coat pocket. No, the other one.

Scar frisks Hugo, takes his WATCH, MONEY, CIGARETTES.

SCAR
(to Hugo)
You should be more careful, you know. There are people in this city who aren't so nice.

HUGO
(struggling)
Pavel...why?

PAVEL
(sneering)
Go back to Germany, you *bosch*
sodomite.

Pavel spits in Hugo's face.

Hugo lies on the cold wet street, listening as their
footsteps disappear.

EXT. RIVER EMBANKMENT, INDUSTRIAL AREA

Hugo stares at the picture he drew of Pavel fishing.
He wipes a tear, crumples the picture, tosses it.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Hugo walks with determined, confident strides.

INT. OPERA HOUSE

Hugo sits in the balcony, sunk low in a seat, watching a
BARREL CHESTED WOMAN struggle through an aria.

INT. CAFE MEIEREI

Hugo sits at a table, writing feverishly on a note pad.

INT. ZURICH DAILY NEWSPAPER, EDITOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Konrad sits behind his desk, nervously tapping his pencil.
Hugo storms in, slaps neatly stacked pages on his desk.

HUGO
HERE.

Konrad is dazed, confused.

KONRAD
Wha- What is this?

HUGO
A review of the opera. And in case
you were wondering, it was shit.

Konrad picks up Hugo's article, skims the pages.

KONRAD
Good. Good... see the, uh...clerk.
Up front. He'll pay you.

Hugo, a bit surprised himself, turns to leave, pauses.

HUGO
How much to take out an advert?

EXT. CAFE - MEIEREI

An open NEWSPAPER with a small AD faces us: CABARET VOLTAIRE
AT CAFE MEIEREI - ALL ARTISTS WELCOME!

The paper folds up to reveal Hugo. He's looking over the
crowd. It's an obvious improvement in attendance.

Emmy enters the cabaret.

HUGO
Emmy, where have-
(sees her injury)
Oh my god-

Emmy sees Hugo's injuries.

EMMY
Hugo- what happened to your face?

HUGO
Never mind me, what happened to
your face?

EMMY
I asked you first.

HUGO
Fishing accident. You?

Emmy looks beyond Hugo as Tristan Tzara enters. He's well
dressed in a three piece suit, a new haircut, clean shaven,
sporting a monocle.

Emmy smiles.

EMMY
I picked the wrong pocket.

INT. CAFE MEIEREI BACK ROOM / CABARET VOLTAIRE

Hugo plays a melody on the piano as Tristan Tzara takes the stage. He looks at Emmy.

TZARA

We must be true to ourselves, not defined by the constructs of society, not beholden to the perspective of others. In these pockets are the words of other men. They have been reduced to meaninglessness because I refuse- *we must refuse*- the meaning imposed upon us by conventional thought.

He reaches into a pocket and pulls out a word, then another and another, reading each word and disposing it as he goes, gaining speed as he goes.

TZARA (CONT'D)

Woes- formidable- each day- armies- moving- washing- transatlantic- pastries- love- archaic- salvo- bringing- Verdun- a cataclysmic- toothpaste- born of- a constellation- we dilate- bombs- broken- teeth- dispatched- fires- a vengeful ticket.

There is laughter and applause, a few patrons even stand up, clapping vigorously. Emmy smiles and claps.

Tzara smiles and bows, exits stage.

Emmy approaches Tzara, but MARCEL JANCO (dark hair, handsome, Romanian accent) intercepts him. Emmy hangs back, listening.

MARCEL

Bravo. The pacing is remarkable. Tell me, where you get this idea, words in the pockets?

TZARA

These ideas just come to me.

MARCEL

Magnific.

Hugo approaches Emmy, having overheard the boasting.

HUGO

Emmy...please don't make a scene.

EMMY

Eh. Let the toad bask in the sun.
I'm done fighting for today.
Besides, he knows the truth.

Tzara sees Emmy staring at him, his smile fades.

Emmy mockingly claps. Tzara sheepishly nods, slinks off.

Hugo puts his hand on Emmy's forehead, checking for fever.

HUGO

You feeling alright?

EMMY

Yes. Yes I am. Today was a success.

HUGO

How do you figure?

EMMY

Because. People actually came.

HUGO

True. Of course, they didn't give
us any money. Also, I don't think
they bought any drinks or food from
Ephraim. Plus, they-

EMMY

Hugo. Please don't ruin the moment.

A young bearded SAILOR walks by.

EMMY (CONT'D)

How did you enjoy the performances?

The Sailor spits on the floor, exits. Emmy smiles.

EMMY (CONT'D)

A strong reaction is better than no
reaction. Hugo, I tell you, *nothing*
can possibly ruin this feeling.

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

Emmy and Hugo are on the steps, face to face with Frau Müller.

FRAU MÜLLER

Well, well, well. If it isn't the
city trollop and the sour egg. If
you two think you're getting in
here, you've another thing coming.

EMMY

Frau Müller, we've been robbed and beaten, as you can clearly see by our faces. May we please come in and talk this over in the morning?

FRAU MÜLLER

Suuuure. As soon as you pay me for the last three weeks. And another two in advance.

EMMY

I'm afraid our money was stolen.

FRAU MÜLLER

Then I'm afraid you're shit out of luck.

HUGO

Please. It's very cold outside.

FRAU MÜLLER

Think warm thoughts.

Frau Müller SLAMS the door shut on them.

EXT. BOARDINGHOUSE, ALLEY

Hugo strains to hoist Emmy up.

EMMY

(whispers)

Just a little more- there!

She grabs the window sill, pulls herself up, disappears through the window. Hugo waits nervously - *what's taking her so long?* then...

Emmy climbs back out the window, drops down to the street. They hurry down the alley, away from the boardinghouse.

EXT. BUSY STREET

Emmy rests her head on Hugo's shoulder as they walk.

HUGO

Do we have enough for a hotel?

EMMY

I don't have any money.

HUGO

No? Then what did you get from the room that was so important?

Emmy pulls something from her pocket, puts it in Hugo's hand. It's the DOGTAGS and PHOTO of Hans Leybold.

Hugo looks at them, incredulous. He puts them in his pocket.

INT. CABARET VOLTAIRE - NIGHT

Emmy and Hugo are sitting on the floor in a nest of blankets, warming themselves by a woodstove. Ephraim enters with a TEA TRAY, sets it on a table.

EPHRAIM

I'd have you upstairs, but thought you'd enjoy more privacy down here.

EMMY

Ephraim, you're too kind. I promise, we'll only stay the night. And I know we've had a slow start to the cabaret, but I swear, business will pick up.

EPHRAIM

It's alright. I think what you two are doing here is wonderful. This used to be just an empty room...

He looks around at the quiet cabaret space.

EPHRAIM (CONT'D)

Well, *guten nacht*.

Ephraim bows and exits, closing the door behind him.

Hugo lays down on the floor. Emmy lays next to him. They lay quietly for a beat, staring up at the ceiling. Emmy nuzzles him, kisses his neck. Hugo hugs her, kisses her forehead.

Emmy moves her hand underneath the blanket, along his stomach and into his pants...

HUGO

Emmy, please-

EMMY

Just close your eyes. It can be anyone you want.

HUGO
I can't pretend the way you do.

He takes her hand, pulls it out of his pants, places it on top of the blanket.

EMMY
Sometimes, I think every choice I make is the wrong one.

HUGO
That can't be true. You chose me.

EMMY
And look at us now.

HUGO
Mmmhmm. Sleeping on the floor of our very own cabaret.
(beat)
Are you going to tell me what happened to your face?

EMMY
Why, are you going to beat them up?

HUGO
You know I don't believe in violence.

Emmy hesitates a beat.

EMMY
Well, if you *must* know, a man caught me stealing his wallet.

HUGO
And he hit you?!

EMMY
No. He grabbed me and threatened to call the police, so I ran from the room and then I tripped and fell down the stairs and landed right on my face.

HUGO
No you did not.

EMMY
It's the truth.

Hugo touches his nose with his index finger.

HUGO
You swear it?

Emmy touches her nose with her index finger.

EMMY
I swear it.

HUGO
Emmy, Emmy, Emmy...

EMMY
It was embarrassing, actually. He
felt so bad afterward, he even gave
me his handkerchief.

Hugo laughs.

HUGO
I'm sorry for laughing.

EMMY
(smiling)
No you're not, but you should be.
So what about you? Who did that to
your face?

HUGO
Why, are you going to beat them up?

Emmy stares into Hugo's eyes dreamily.

EMMY
I would kill for you.

Hugo lays back, closes his eyes.

HUGO
I believe it.

EMMY
Hugo.

HUGO
Mmm?

EMMY
I don't want to sing those tired
old love ballads any more.

HUGO
Good. Don't.

EMMY
I want to perform my own work.

HUGO
Good. Do it.

EMMY
Would you like to hear it?

HUGO
Now?

EMMY
Yes.

HUGO
If you must.

Emmy gets up.

HUGO (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

EMMY
If I'm going to do it, I will do it properly.

She gets onto the stage, poises herself. Instead of singing, her voice is atonal, soft and sad.

EMMY (CONT'D)
My limbs ache somewhere in a foreign land...

INT. BAR DABO - LATER

Konrad is at the bar with a cognac. He glances at the empty corner, where Otto should be sitting.

EMMY (V.O.)
This body has not felt mine for so long.

Konrad leaves money on the counter, exits the bar.

INT. REFINERY - NIGHT

The bodies of OTTO and the PORTER are loaded into a furnace.
Rainer watches from nearby.

EMMY (V.O.)
The feet are as heavy as lead, The
breast is hollow and burned.

He pops a cigarette, pulls out Otto's matchbook, opens it,
strikes a match, then pauses.

EMMY (V.O.)
It does not hurt, yet I am full of
aches. I see in your eyes, how
enchanted.

RAINER POV of MATCHBOOK: JOHN HOXTER is written inside.

Rainer smiles, his face aglow from the hellish furnace.

EMMY (V.O.)
I fall into sleep while candles
blaze, shining to me in an
unfamiliar land.

INT. CABARET VOLTAIRE, STAGE - NIGHT

Emmy opens her eyes and looks up.

EMMY
So. What do you think?

END EPISODE ONE