

BERLINALE

by

Paul Schrader

Second Draft
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Schrader Productions
1619 Broadway, 9th Floor
New York, NY 10019

Characters

Jurors

HOWARD KEMP, 40, U.S., screenwriter/director
CHARLES BOGLE, 40, U.S., New York Magazine film critic
REINHART MATTES, 45, W., Ger., film director
ELENA MARIA MODESTO, 50, Italy, actress
VICTOR MAJOROV, 50, U.S.S.R., film historian
BASIL HEPWORTH, 70, G.B., Guardian film critic (ret.)
ZOVIA ZNECZULENIA, 30, Poland, film director
VIRENDER ZUMAR, 60, India, film director
EUGEN TRNKA, 45, Czech., comedian/actor

Non-jurors

RANDI REISMAN, 35, U.S., film producer
PEGGY HEGEL, 55, U.S., film publicist
DIETOR LUFT, 60, W. Ger., President, Berlin Film Festival
JULIET DESPORTES, 25, France, translator

Others

Bartender
Pianist
Waiters
TV news crew
Autograph hounds
Paparazzi
Tourist
Middle-aged German couple

ACT I

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| Scene 1 | Filmfest jury room, Hotel Kempinski, Berlin |
| Scene 2 | Piano bar, Hotel Kempinski |
| Scene 3 | Screening room, Zoopalast |
| Scene 4 | Observation platform, Potsdamer Platz, Berlin Wall |
| Scene 5 | Screening room |
| Scene 6 | Piano bar |
| Scene 7 | Screening room |
| Scene 8 | Jury room |
| Scene 9 | Piano bar |

ACT II

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|---------|---------------------------|
| Scene 1 | Screening room |
| Scene 2 | Observation platform |
| Scene 3 | Jury room |
| Scene 4 | Jury room and Hotel suite |

ACT ONE

Scene One. Berlin Film Festival poster hangs above dark stage. Yellow-and-red graphic depicts film camera and film projector cartoon figures holding upraised hands.

Silence, then sound of spoon tapping water glass. Single spot isolates DIETOR LUFT; he addresses unseen stage listeners.

Lights gradually reveal NINE JURORS. They sip coffee around U-shaped row of tables as WAITERS collect dessert plates with Prussian grace. ELENA MARIA MODESTO, sex star of dolce vita days, sits at head of table, bedecked in boas and bulging bra. Two Pekingese sit leashed at her feet. LUFT stands behind. HOWARD KEMP and CHARLES BOGLE sit together. Across the table, JULIET DESPORTES, stylish and very striking, translates for VICTOR MAJOROV.

Mock Berlin Wall, garish, 13-foot high, runs length of rear stage throughout play. Wall is festooned with multi-colored graffiti. Behind the Wall: watch-towers against East Berlin skyline.

The JURORS speak English with native accents--more or less comprehensibly. LUFT's flat Americanese reflects a life of multi-lingual maneuvering.

LUFT: It's my pleasure to welcome you collectively to
 Berlinale, the 37th Berlin International Film
 Festival. This is your first formal meeting as a
 jury. You've met now, soon you'll have a chance to

know each other better. You have a lot of work ahead of you. The Festival staff is here to make your task as easy and enjoyable as possible. I will speak English. With the exception of our esteemed Soviet historian, English is most understood. A gesture to our American guests.

CHARLES: Danke. (HOWARD nods)

LUFT: Let me add a final comment about the unique nature of Berlin, or more properly, "Berlin-parenthesis-West-close-parenthesis" as it must be officially called. Berlin is like no other city, likewise Berlinale is like no other film festival. West Berlin remains technically occupied, a symbol of the Cold War--a symbol not only of the past but also for the future. As such, Berlinale is a venue for East-West cooperation. This year more than ever. The American film majors, formerly uncooperative, offered an unprecedented selection of films. Likewise, Goskino, in the spirit of glasnost, submitted controversial films in and out of competition--not only a first for Berlinale, a first for Soviet cinema. (nods to MAJOROV) I'm not here to influence the jury's vote. I have faith in you. I have faith in the rare, extraordinary abilities of your Chairperson, an incomparable mind and a legend, Elena Maria Modesto. I am confident that the jury decisions will not only

reflect the unique role of the Festival but also the special status of Berlin.

Scene Two. Lights crossfade to piano bar. Tuxedoed PIANIST plays "As Time Goes By." HOWARD and CHARLES, relieved to be alone, cross the empty room toward BARTENDER.

HOWARD: I hate that song! (to BARTENDER) Vodka on the rocks. With ice. How do you say "ice"?

CHARLES: "Eis." I'll have a beer.

BARTENDER: What kind of vodka, sir?

HOWARD: Russian.

BARTENDER: We have Stolichnya or Gorbatchow.

HOWARD: Stolichnya. (to CHARLES) Could you believe that speech? Old Luft didn't pull any punches. The jury decisions must "reflect the special status of Berlin." I thought this was a film festival.

CHARLES: This is your first Berlinale?

HOWARD: My first time in Berlin. Spur of the moment. A week ago Peggy Hegel, the publicist--you know her?--calls and asks if I'd like to be a juror. Jackie Bisset dropped out--so of course they thought of me. She got a docudrama in Africa.

CHARLES: The thing about chimps?

BARTENDER sets drinks on
bar. HOWARD signs tab.

- HOWARD: Chimps, apartheid, something--"Why the Hell not?" my right brain said. I always wondered what really went on in those jury meetings. Particularly after Cannes. I ate my fucking stomach there, babe, fucking Hell d'Cap--
- CHARLES: But you won an award at Cannes. I remember.
- HOWARD: The pissant Palme for "artistic merit," humiliation d'or--(backs off) sorry, forgive me, I'm into asshole overdrive. Occupational hazard. The truth is I'm the only director I know who doesn't hate critics. I used to be one myself. Of course, I don't read them anymore--no offense, Charles--
- CHARLES: No offense.
- HOWARD: I didn't recognize you for a second. What has it been, fifteen years? Lost some hair, put on some weight, but all in all you're looking pretty good. We were some cocky pack--film school SDSers. Onward Critic Soldiers. You keep in touch with the others?
- CHARLES: No more than with you. Paul was at Atlantic for awhile. Last I heard Steve was writing scripts in Hollywood.
- HOWARD: He was a dealer.

CHARLES: Same thing.

HOWARD: Did you see the screening schedule? Brutal. I thought I'd come here, cool out, do some sightseeing.

CHARLES: How many films are there?

HOWARD: Twenty films in eight days--plus the shorts.

CHARLES: God you've gotten soft. Twenty films is nothing. Hell, I can see twenty films on one cheek. (slaps right buttock)

HOWARD: A regular human sewage plant, Charles. Beats me how you keep going, watching shit movies year after year. I can't even sit through a double feature anymore.

CHARLES: Maybe I still feel film criticism can make a difference, help better films get made and seen. Besides, you do what you're good at. You were a good reviewer once--before you quit.

HOWARD: And now I'm part of the sewage.

CHARLES: Now you're an ex-great critic.

HOWARD: I'll drink to that. (they toast)

CHARLES: (genuine) Who I envy.

They laugh. MAJOROV, 250 lbs side to side, enters with JULIET, ELENA, her Pekingese and EUGEN TRNKA. TRNKA's short-cut suit and thin tie accentuate his peculiar physiognomy: he's made a career of looking funny. AUTOGRAPH HOUNDS and PAPARAZZI buzz around ELENA. Celebrity-dom

is her raison d'etre. MAJOROV
and TRNKA nod to HOWARD and
CHARLES.

CHARLES: Have you seen any of the films in competition?

HOWARD: To be honest, I don't know what they are. I stepped off the plane blind eight hours ago. I haven't given the Festival much thought. I guess I better start.
(calls) Another Stolichnya, please, on "eis."
Bitte. (to CHARLES) "Bitte, that's right?

CHARLES: (nods) You know there's this heavy Soviet propaganda push going on. All part of glasnost. The gulagers finally got hip to Madison Avenue: cocktail parties, press conferences, surprise screening, a big, slick contingent. It's an all out effort to win over the European arts and film community, tarring the US. Face it, films are about the only thing we make that the world still wants to buy. Cold War, 1987-style: J. Walter versus Thompson. I'd be careful what I said if I was you. You're the closest thing they got to Hollywood. You could be walking into a trap, particularly with that bad publicity you got a couple years ago.

HOWARD: Publicity-schmicity, the film was a hit. A fucking semi-smash. A hit washes away your sins like Holy Water. Nobody knocks a hit. Not even Russians.
(gets fresh drink)

CHARLES: My hope is that the jury can unite behind American Male. It's the perfect Golden Bear film. Feminist, non-Hollywood, superbly made, politically acceptable to East and West--

HOWARD: (taken aback) American Male is in competition?

CHARLES: It's the film to beat. A coup for Berlin. Cannes wanted it. Three pages in Newsweek. You haven't seen it?

HOWARD: (evasive) I was busy. I went down to the wire getting my last film finished, then Peggy called-- speaking of Peggy, here she comes, the duck on drugs. Peg!

PEGGY HEGEL waddles in with REINHART MATTES and BASIL HEPWORTH. VIRENDER ZUMAR follows. PEGGY, overweight, overdressed and unabashed, sports a shock of henna hair.

PEGGY: Howard! Charles! My favorite director and my favorite critic on the same jury! (hugs HOWARD) You're going to love it here. Now aren't you glad you came? I called him just a week ago. Can you believe it? I love Berlin. This is my twelfth year. Everybody is here. You know Reinhart Mattes and Virender Zumar? Virender is the greatest Bengali director--you know they make films in sixteen languages in India. He won the Golden Bear three years ago.

VIRENDER: (cold) Silver Bear.

They exchange greetings. PEGGY scans room as LUFT enters with ZOVIA ZNECZULENIA, petite intellectual wearing New Wave Warsaw. LUFT shoos the AUTOGRAPH HOUNDS and PAPARAZZI away from ELENA.

Characters circulate continuously; multiple conversations occur simultaneously.

HOWARD: (to REINHART) We met in Cannes seven, eight years ago.

REINHART: (to HOWARD) On the terrace.

HOWARD: (to REINHART) You were with Fassbinder. He was fucked up.

REINHART: (to HOWARD) You were with that pretty dark-haired girl, what was her name? Jewish girl.

HOWARD: (to REINHART) That must have been Randi. Randi Reisman. (to CHARLES) Did you see Reinhart's film In the Iron City? Terrific film, about neo-Nazi car salesmen. Played at Cinema One--

PEGGY: (to HOWARD) How's your wife and beautiful baby?

REINHART: (to HOWARD) What happened to her?

HOWARD: (to PEGGY) She's not a baby anymore.

VIRENDER: (to CHARLES) My film played in New York--

CHARLES: (to REINHART) She's the producer of American Male.

PEGGY: (to HOWARD) Where's Susan? Didn't she come?

HOWARD: (to PEGGY) She couldn't get out of work.

CHARLES: (to REINHART) A box in Newsweek.

PEGGY: (to CHARLES) Marriage is the best thing that happened to Howard. It changed his whole life.

CHARLES: (to REINHART) Photo. (to HOWARD) Congratulations.

VIRENDER: (to PEGGY) Vincent Canby didn't understand it.

HOWARD: (to PEGGY) Peggy, I got to talk to you.

PEGGY: (to HOWARD) Who's Elena Maria talking to?

HOWARD: (to PEGGY) Peggy--

VIRENDER: (to REINHART) My goal is to be successful in America--

HOWARD: (to PEGGY--sotto voce) Shut up and follow me before I twist your goddamn tits off.

PEGGY: (hugs HOWARD) Promises, promises.

HOWARD leads PEGGY away.

VIRENDER: (to CHARLES) I want to make a film like E. T. Do you know Spielberg? What is he like?

VIRENDER follows REINHART and CHARLES to the bar. JURORS mingle and chat. PAPARAZZI flash periodic snapshots.

HOWARD: (to PEGGY) You didn't tell me American Male was in competition?

PEGGY: (to HOWARD) You didn't ask. Why?

HOWARD: (to PEGGY) How's it doing?

PEGGY: (to HOWARD) A phenom. Nobody can figure it. They now say it'll do seventy million domestic.

HOWARD: (to PEGGY) Fuck.

TRNKA: (to BASIL) Winter. Below freezing. A Polish man is waiting in a long line for meat--

BASIL: (to TRNKA) This is a Polish joke?

TRNKA: (to BASIL) Correct.

BASIL: (to TRNKA) But you're Czech?

TRNKA: (to BASIL) Yes.

CHARLES: (to REINHART) When can I see your new film?

REINHART: (to CHARLES) There are problems.

CHARLES: (to REINHART) What kind?

REINHART: (to CHARLES) The subject matter--have you seen Howard's new film?

HOWARD: (to PEGGY) You've seen American Male?

PEGGY: (to HOWARD) Of course.

HOWARD: So?

PEGGY: So?

HOWARD: The film is about me! It's a fucking attack against me by my ex-wife!

PEGGY: Howard, you're my best friend but you're being paranoid. I didn't see that at all in the film.

HOWARD: You didn't see that at all? A film about a director cheating on his wife on location while an explosion backfires and kills three local extras!

PEGGY: No, I didn't.

HOWARD: Jesus!

PEGGY: But you haven't seen the film.

HOWARD: I don't want to see the fucking film!

ELENA: (to VIRENDER, MAJOROV and JULIET) That was when the great directors understood that sex was up here (right hand on head) not (left hand on crotch) here!

JULIET, speaking Russian, slaps!her crotch with unexpected flourish. The others stop mid-sentence, stare.

JULIET: Excusez-moi.

TRNKA: (to BASIL--continuing joke) After waiting four hours in line in the cold the man gets to the counter and there's no meat. "This system is a failure!" he screams. "It stinks!" A fellow in a trench coat steps out of the crowd--

REINHART: (to CHARLES) What do you mean it didn't open?

CHARLES: (to REINHART) Big star, big budget, 2000 theaters and nobody came opening weekend. Well, people came, but not enough.

REINHART: How many?

CHARLES: Four million dollars, maybe eight, nine hundred thousand admissions.

REINHART: That's extraordinary!

CHARLES: That's a flop. In America, a bomb. A gobbler. If it doesn't improve this weekend, they'll start cutting theaters. Howard needed a hit. This one hurts. Why do you think he's in Berlin?

VIRENDER joins BASIL and TRNKA as BASIL laughs, walks away. TRNKA starts anew.

HOWARD: (to PEGGY, eyeing CHARLES) He's never ever written one good thing about me. (signs autograph)

PEGGY: (to HOWARD) He said you were friends.

BASIL: (to ZOVIA) I'll get you a copy of my book. It's out of print now. It's called World Cinema in Overview.

TRNKA: (to VIRENDER--repeating joke) "I'm a worker!" the man yells at the fellow in the trench coat. "All my life I fought for socialism! Now you tell me there is no more meat? This system stinks!" "Comrade, comrade," the trench coat says, "Control yourself. It's not so bad. You know what would have happened in the old days if you talked like this?"--tapping an imaginary pistol under his coat. (taps belt) The man's wife comes by. "What's the matter?" she says,

"Are they out of meat again?" "Worse than that," the man says, "They're out of bullets."

PEGGY: (to HOWARD) Charles' New York piece put American Male on the map. Say what you want, he's not afraid to take a stand. (WAITER brings fresh drink)

ELENA: (to REINHART and CHARLES) Where's Peggy? She was going to organize a trip to the Wall. Where is the Wall?

VIRENDER: (to TRNKA) Oh, that is funny. "No bullets."

REINHART: (to ELENA) Just go straight.

TRNKA: (to VIRENDER) Laughter has no borders.

REINHART: (to CHARLES about ELENA) Never trust a woman with a lap dog.

HOWARD: (to PEGGY) Wait a second. You mean you're handling American Male? I thought Lois Manning had the film.

PEGGY: (to HOWARD) Just in Berlin. As a favor to Orion.

BASIL: (to MAJOROV and JULIET) The day David Lean directs again, I said to the Guardian, is the day I'll write criticism again. Can you translate that?

HOWARD: (to PEGGY) Randi's not coming, is she? She's not coming to Berlin?

PEGGY: (to HOWARD) No, we're trying to get the director, Lisa, her schedule's a problem. (leads him) Enough, enough, com'on, you've got to meet Majorov. He's the

X factor here. He looks like a gangster but he's the film scholar in Russia. He's seen everything. He couldn't get published before Gorbachev, now he's top dog.

HOWARD scowls as PIANIST segues into another rendition of "As Time Goes By."

HOWARD: (to PEGGY--looks at watch) What time is it in LA?

PEGGY: (to HOWARD) Just stick with me, Howard. We've been through a lot. I love you. I wouldn't let anyone hurt you. You're a great American director, one of only four or five with genuine vision. And it's not only me who feels that way. A lot of people do. People you respect. If the others don't appreciate your films now, that's their problem. You're just ahead of your times.

They approach MAJOROV, JULIET, REINHART and CHARLES.

HOWARD: (to MAJOROV--enunciating) Forgive me, I've been remiss in introducing myself, Victor. I'm sorry the language barrier keeps us from conversing casually. I hear you have a good sense of humor. You seem like a man who could be my friend.

Unless otherwise noted, MAJOROV speaks through JULIET, her delicate French accent overlapping his gruff Russian--a linguistic anomaly.

MAJOROV: (to HOWARD) There are no language barriers in film.
There are only film-makers, only films.

HOWARD: (to CHARLES) Speaking of which, what do we see tomorrow?

CHARLES: (to HOWARD) City Across the Water. 9:00 a.m.

HOWARD: (to CHARLES) 9:00 a.m.?

MAJOROV groans.

CHARLES: (to HOWARD) An Ivory Coast film.

JULIET groans.

CHARLES: (to HOWARD) Then the Japanese.

MAJOROV: (to HOWARD) But first we must cement our new friendship. I know all your films--even before they were permitted. You are a genius! (calls) A bottle of Gorbatchow! For my friend!

HOWARD: (to MAJOROV) For my friend! (turns) Everyone! (room quiets) Will somebody please shoot the piano player!

Scene Three. Lights crossfade to Zoopalast cinema: a double row of theater seats center stage. JURORS sit facing audience, watching in flickering reflection from offstage screen. JURORS wear airline style earphones for simulcast translation.

ELENA enthrones front and center, Pekingese at her feet,

yesterday's red boa replaced by yellow fox fur. She checks the "Elena Face" in a pocket mirror, pets her Pekingese. REINHART sits to her left, VIRENDER to her right. HOWARD slouches beside BASIL. CHARLES, behind, sits between ZOVIA and TRNKA.

Red and yellow Berlinale logo reflects on JURORS from offstage. LUFT'S ECHO-CHAMBERED German VOICE announces over whoosing sound effect. Uninflected female voices simultaneously translate English, French and Spanish through various headphones. English is heard most distinctly.

LUFT'S VOICE: (through English earphones) The 37th Berlin Film Festival is proud to present a film from the Ivory Coast.

Timecut as projected screen flicker goes from red/yellow to white: CITY ACROSS THE WATER, from the Ivory Coast, is a black and white film.

SOUNDS of midday Champs L'Eysee from screen. A young TRIBESMAN'S VOICE cuts through hustle/bustle:

TRIBESMAN'S VOICE: (through earphones) Hello to you this morning. Hello to you this morning. Where Foch Avenue?

Screen underscoring: jazz montage of "The Way We Were," "Jaws" and "Out of Africa."

JURORS whisper over dialogue and earphone translations.

ELENA: (to REINHART) What's that in his hair?

No answer from REINHART.

VIRENDER: (to ELENA) It's a bone.

REINHART: It's a barrette. A barrette--and that's a spear in his hand. He's a native.

VIRENDER: What's he holding?

ELENA: This is supposed to be funny?

TRNKA laughs convulsively. Other JURORS sit stone-faced.

TRIBESMAN'S VOICE: (through earphones) Come long way. Return this to woman Avenue Foch.

WINO #1'S VOICE: (through earphones) I like your dress.

WINO #2'S VOICE: (through earphones) Go past the Arch, that way.

WINO #3'S VOICE: (through earphones) Got any change?

TRNKA laughs. MAJOROV squirms. HOWARD leans to BASIL.

HOWARD: (to BASIL) Isn't it amazing? You get here not caring a fuck who or what wins what and before you know it start to get passionate about films that have zero meaning to your life? (BASIL, intent, ignores him) Am I missing something? Basil?

ELENA: (to VIRENDER) What is he holding?

VIRENDER: (to ELENA) A bag. He wants to return it.

REINHART: (to ELENA) It's a disposal bag from the Hilton.

TRIBESMAN'S VOICE: (through earphones) Oh, thank you, thank you.

TRNKA laughs as "Laura's Theme" swells. CHARLES leans to ZOVIA.

CHARLES: (to ZOVIA) Have you seen the Russian film, Invisible Love?

ZOVIA: No. Berlin will be the first showing since it was banned.

CHARLES: What do you hear?

ZOVIA: I hear it's boring. Seven years supressed--and still boring.

CHARLES: Me too.

Screen noise quiets as Tribesman enters apartment building, enters elevator. HOWARD checks his watch. Tribesman rings apartment doorbell. Door opens, woman's VOICE answers.

WOMAN'S VOICE: (through earphones) Yes?

TRIBESMAN'S VOICE: (through earphones) Siegal woman. Months, many months, more one summer--this, leave this in village, village of me, ever since time no crops grow village. White woman bag die curse to crops. Only me, Bousan, bring evil root back to white woman end die curse. Village die. I save them. Please, take.

WOMAN'S VOICE: (through earphones) Bousan? Is it really you? Where are you going?

TRIBESMAN'S VOICE: (through earphones) Village.

WOMAN'S VOICE: (through earphones) No, stay, you showed me
your country, let me show you mine. There is
so much to see: museums, Moulin Rouge,
Pompideau--

REINHART: Not the bag.

WOMAN'S VOICE: (through earphones)--here, let me take that.

TRNKA laughs.

Scene Four. Lights crossfade to metal observation platform overlooking the Berlin Wall at Potsdamer Platz. Souvenir and snack booths stand downstage. A four photo billboard depicts the Potsdamer intersection in 1915, 1930, 1945 and 1975: busy, busier, bombed, then barren, a "no man's land" separating East and West. Inscription, "The Wall Will Fall" is spray painted over Wall graffiti. Icy wind whistles across stage.

BASIL, ELENA, PEGGY, HOWARD and REINHART, huddled on the platform, survey East Berlin. ELENA and PEGGY wear full-length mink coats. Elena's Pekingese sniff aimlessly. HOWARD snaps photos of Wall, watchtowers, etc.

Downstage, CHARLES and JULIET sip steaming coffee as MAJOROV selects postcards.

BASIL: ...a hub of lights, all-night noise. Haus Vaterland was there (points), Cafe Josty (points). Imagine Picadilly or Times Square. If you look closely you can see the outline of Potsdamer Strasse (points), there, where the trolly tracks were, through the

center platz. I was a student at Bristol. I borrowed money and came because I thought German cinema was the only true cinema and I somehow wanted to be a part of it. But when I got here it was already over. The film-makers had fled. The ones Hitler didn't get, Hollywood did.

ELENA: I didn't think the Wall would be so dirty. Like New York.

REINHART: (to ELENA) The other side's cleaner. Immaculate. Go look.

ELENA: And don't tell me that's art.

BASIL: It's all in my book. It's out of print now.

REINHART: (to ELENA) "Join the Party, jump over."

ELENA: (to PEGGY) I'm freezing. Peggy, help me.

BASIL: (to REINHART) I have a photocopy. My publisher billed me for it--it was a mistake, of course.

PEGGY assists ELENA and Pekingese down the steps.

REINHART: (to HOWARD) Everybody has a favorite Wall story.

ELENA: (to PEGGY) I can't stand him, Reindeer whatever. Critics, they're all the same--

PEGGY: (to ELENA) Reinhart Mattes. A director, not a critic. He just did that film with Jeanne Moreau.

ELENA: (to PEGGY) Have you seen her since the facelift? Is

it really as good as everyone says?

PEGGY: (to ELENA) Paris Match paid for the whole thing.

ELENA exasperates as she and PEGGY join MAJOROV, JULIET, CHARLES. TOURIST recognizes ELENA, asks for autograph. He fumbles, borrows pen from CHARLES.

HOWARD and REINHART start down steps.

REINHART: (to HOWARD) ...courted this West Berlin girl who looked just like his East Berlin girlfriend, took her to the East for a daytrip, swiped her passport and came back with his East Berlin girlfriend, leaving the West Berlin girl to fend for herself.

CHARLES strikes up a conversation with MAJOROV. They speak through JULIET.

CHARLES: (to MAJOROV) Is this Victor's first visit to Berlin? West Berlin, Berlin-parenthesis-West-parenthesis?

MAJOROV: (to CHARLES) First to either East or West Berlin.

REINHART: (to HOWARD) You don't think about it after a while. It's just a fact of life.

MAJOROV: (to CHARLES) It reminds me of Chicago in Illinois.

CHARLES: (to MAJOROV--snide) I'm afraid the postcard selection here is very limited. They only represent the point of view of freedom. Will you be able to take those back with you?

MAJOROV: Of course.

CHARLES: I don't suppose they have postcards of the other side?

MAJOROV: (smooth) Khrushchev and Ulbricht thought they were building a wall. Just another--little did they know they were building a tourist attraction, a souvenir Taiwan, a stage for American politicians. Never underestimate capitalist ingenuity. (MAJOROV laughs) You know what Premier Khrushchev--I can say that now because he's been rehabilitated--you know what he called Berlin? (CHARLES shakes head) The "testicles of the West." "When I want the West to scream," he said, "I squeeze Berlin." (MAJOROV laughs, CHARLES joins in)

Upstage, HOWARD poses REINHART in front of Wall, takes picture. He calls for PEGGY and ELENA to join, takes another snapshot. PEGGY and ELENA walk off whispering.

MAJOROV: (to CHARLES) Khrushchev lost power because of Berlin. Berlin and Cuba. And that was the end of de-Stalinization. The end of increased freedom in the arts. This is another thing I couldn't have said two years ago. It took twenty years and Gorbachev to begin again. Let's hope for the best.

CHARLES: (to MAJOROV) I just want you to know that I approach this competition with an open mind, with no

predispositions toward East or West. The quality of the films themselves is my only criteria.

REINHART: (to HOWARD) Standard procedure. They show the weak films first.

HOWARD: (to REINHART) Weak I understand, I'm talking audio-visual pain--

REINHART: The Japanese film? Dead Flowers?

HOWARD: That ain't the proper translation.

REINHART: That's right, you made a film in Japanese.

HOWARD: Dead Flowers--ha! Akambo no Totsuzen-shi to Kiku. Crib Deaths and Chrysanthemums, okay? That's the direct translation, I swear--don't even ask me to explain--not even Japanese cried.

MAJOROV: (to CHARLES) There is no nationalism in film, only films and film-makers.

ELENA: (to PEGGY) The Japanese have something we in the West with our Judeo-Christian-Nazi-American heritage can never understand. Call it zen. Dead Flowers--the title says it all.

REINHART: (to HOWARD) What's tomorrow?

HOWARD: (to REINHART) The new Valcreux, Dante Saved From Drowning. One of the few films I'm looking forward to--

ELENA: (to PEGGY) God gave me a Japanese soul, Peggy,

that's my curse--a Japanese soul and Italian
mammelle. (gestures)

REINHART: (to HOWARD) I'm waiting for American Male. Charles'
been telling me about it. It'll be nice to see Randi
again. I liked her.

HOWARD: (to REINHART) Randi?

REINHART: Randi Reisman. Your friend from Cannes, remember? On
the terrace? The producer of American Male.

HOWARD: She's coming here? Who told you this?

REINHART: Bogle. On the way over.

HOWARD: Charles?

REINHART: Peggy told him Randi was coming.

HOWARD: (screams) Peggy! (PEGGY looks)

Scene Five. Lights crossfade to
Zoopalast. Red and yellow
flicker from Berlinale film logo
projects on JURORS, who sit as
before. CHARLES speaks to
JULIET; they seem to have struck
up a friendship. HOWARD slumps
between ZOVIA and TRNKA.

LUFT'S VOICE: (with echo, through English earphones) The
37th Berlin Film Festival is proud to present
a film from West Germany.

Timecut: red and yellow flicker
goes to fixed pattern of green
and white light, accompanied by

German language dialogue. The offstage screen image is apparently static, unmoving. DANTE'S screen VOICE is flat, uninflected: anti-acting befitting anti-cinema. Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" rises and falls randomly under dialogue.

DANTE'S VOICE: (through earphones) If I ever thought my answer were to one who would ever return to the world, this flame should stay without another movement; but since none ever returned alive from this depth, if what I hear is true, I answer thee without fear of infamy.

One by one, JURORS check their watches. TRNKA nods off, VIRENDER reads newspaper in dim light, MAJOROV grumbles in Russian. Only REINHART appears interested.

MAJOROV: (mutters) Eto tape para tufel.

DANTE'S VOICE: (through earphones) What sweet thoughts, what longing led them to the woeful pass.

MAJOROV: Eto tape para tufel.

CHARLES: (to JULIET) What?

JULIET: (to CHARLES) "Shoes." "It's a pair of shoes."

ELENA: (to VIRENDER) Whose feet are they?

REINHART: (to ELENA) Dante's.

HOWARD leans to ZOVIA.

HOWARD: (to ZOVIA) I wrote three articles on Valcreux when I

was at UCLA. "The Secret of Not Showing: Cinema and Stasis in the Films of Hans Albert Valcreux." (beat) I was smoking a lot of grass back then.

ZOVIA: (to HOWARD) It wasn't the grass, it was the film school. (pokes TRNKA) Wake up, Trnka!

TRNKA sits up.

HOWARD: (to ZOVIA) What's the running time?

ELENA: (to ZOVIA and HOWARD) Ssh!

ZOVIA: (whispers) Three hours.

BASIL: (perks up) A new shot.

A SECOND VOICE comes from the screen.

SECOND VOICE: (through earphones) "Why is thy mind so entangled," said the Master, "that thou slackenest they pace? What is it to thee what they whisper there? Come after me and let the people talk. Stand like a firm tower that never shakes its top for blast of wind.

BASIL: More shoes.

MAJOROV mumbles. TRNKA, bug-eyed, struggles to stay awake.

HOWARD: (to ZOVIA) It wasn't the film school, it was me.

Music starts to rise.

DANTE'S VOICE: (through earphones) The greatest gift that

God in His bounty made in creation, and the mosst comfortable to His goodness, and that which He prizes the most, was the freedom of the will, with which the creatures with intelligence, they all and they alone, were and are endowed.

"Tristen and Isolde" crescendoes as screen reflection intensifies, then cuts off mid-phrase. Screen flicker stops. The film is abruptly over. Offstage AUDIENCE VOICES call out.

AUDIENCE VOICE #1: Bravo!

AUDIENCE VOICE #2: Mesiterwerk!

REINHART stands, applauds enthusiastically.

Scene Six. Lights crossfade to piano bar. Piano has been covered, bench stacked atop. In far corner, ELENA, bejeweled and coiffured, is being interviewed under bright lights of local TV CREW. HOWARD, REINHART and VIRENDER hunch around a table crowded with beer bottles and snack dishes.

PEGGY and CHARLES enter, check out room.

CHARLES: (to PEGGY) Sorry if I caused you a problem telling Reinhart that Randi Reisman was coming.

PEGGY: (to CHARLES) Forget it. It's over. It was nothing. I talked to Howard. I explained the situation and

he's cool.

CHARLES: I didn't know he'd be so sensitive about it.

PEGGY: Where have you been? You interviewed her for your profile piece, right?

CHARLES: Right.

PEGGY: And she never mentioned Howard Kemp, film director?

CHARLES: No. They're ex-lovers, ex-litigants or what?

PEGGY: Try ex-husband and wife. That's his version. He says they were married, she says they weren't. Where have you been? I swear for a New York Jew you can really be dumb.

CHARLES: This from someone who thought the Torah was where Scarlett O'Hara lived?

PEGGY: That's a rumor--I know, I started it myself. (pulls CHARLES) I'm telling you this as a friend. If anybody asks, you didn't hear it from me. (CHARLES nods) The director character in American Male's shooting a pro-American film in Costa Rica, right? Howard made a pro-American film in the Philippines--

CHARLES: Anti-American--

PEGGY: It got an Oscar.

REINHART: (to HOWARD) Sometimes I wonder which is really worse. Honest. In the Socialist Bloc you present your idea to the Party film board. They accept it or

they don't. They accept it, the film is budgeted--seventy, eighty, a hundred days, however long it takes. No more interference. It can be slow, two three hours long, it can be all ideas, no action, it can be soul-searching from start to finish--no problem. They release it and twenty million people come and see it. In Hollywood you present your idea to the executives at Paramount, a division of Gulf and Western, or Columbia, a division of Coca-Cola. They hack the soul and brains out of it, stuff it with gags and gimmicks and moral cliches, pace it up like a rock video or TV commercial--sorry, not time for heavy talking, this is America, a frame lost is a frame gained--and sell it straight to the worldwide lowest common denominator. You tell me which is better. Which is better for the film-maker: ideas with censorship or idiocy without? I swear I really wonder, more and more.

HOWARD: (to REINHART) At least in America any kid who busts his ass can make any film he wants--in or outside the system. Capitalism isn't a machine which crushes artists, it's a tool artists use. Creative freedom isn't something you get, it's something you take--and don't blame Coca-Cola if you don't have brains or balls enough to take it.

REINHART: Let me get this straight. You're an independent

film-maker. You're not ruled by Hollywood. You instead use Hollywood, right?

HOWARD: Well, yes. Absolutely.

REINHART: What a joke. Hollywood rules the world. It rules you, it rules me--you're Hollywood body and soul, whatever you say. People like you make the rules that run world cinema. People like you determine the films I can make--

HOWARD: Wait--

VIRENDER: (to HOWARD) And the films I can make. All the rules are Hollywood rules. There are no Indian rules, no German rules. All movies must be like Hollywood movies. We must all be Steven Spielberg.

REINHART: Hollywood's a colonial empire. You determine how serious my films can be, how fast or slow, how slick, how "cost effective." McDonalds makes McDLTs, Hollywood makes McMovies.

HOWARD: Nobody's making you buy Big Macs, pal. You're the guys who are lining up at the Golden Arches. There's a difference between imposed and voluntary colonialism. You didn't have to see E.T. and Raiders, Virender. Nobody stuck a gun to your head. Americans buy German and Japanese cars because they want to; Germans and Japanese see American movies because they want to.

VIRENDER: You just said it, Howard: in America, movies are consumer products just like cars, equals in the marketplace. It's a false analogy, a typically American false analogy. You can't compare cars and culture. Americans may buy German and Japanese cars because the cars are better, but we Indians see American movies because we've been brainwashed into thinking your culture is better.

HOWARD: Why's America always the villian? What we supposed to do? Make boring movies? We got you for that.

TRNKA enters, walks over to ELENA. She embraces him theatrically for benefit of TV CREW.

ELENA: (to TRNKA) Compagno!

PEGGY: (to CHARLES) So there he was going back and forth between two Philippino priests in two parts of town, arranging two simultaneous marriages, one with Randi --who he claims he married--the other with Natalie Conori, the nineteen year-old star of his film. Just about the time Randi catches on, these Philippino extras get blown away and all the while Howard just keeps directing. Of course, they both turned on him.

CHARLES: (to PEGGY) Both?

PEGGY: Randi and Natalie. It wiped him out. He had a dollar bill up his nose for two years.

CHARLES: You think he'll support American Male? Have you felt him out on it?

PEGGY: No. It's a little touchy for me, representing both the film and Randi and--

CHARLES: --Howard?

PEGGY: (shakes head "no") Why should he pay me? He's got me working for free. He says money would tarnish our friendship. I don't mind.

CHARLES: The theme of the festival seems to be "Trash America." Luft stacked the jury, if you ask me.

PEGGY: American Male's a terrific film. Howard will realize that straight off--he's just too damn honest to deny it. That's why he's not my client.

CHARLES: Even if Randi comes? (no answer) She is coming, isn't she?

PEGGY: I don't see a conflict. (anxious) I'd assumed Howard knew her film was in competition. He reads everything--he's got a mind like a magazine stand. Why didn't he know? Do you think I made a mistake?

CHARLES: Hell hath no fury--

PEGGY: Don't worry, it's gonna be fine. Howard's a professional. He's directed seven films--one hit, two flops. Howard understands pressure. He's been there. Small people don't last. Look how decent he

treats you after all the dirt you've written about him. It's called class. Howard's got it. (CHARLES sighs) You've missed the boat on Howard. Ten years from now you'll rediscover him. A cover.

CHARLES: I slept through his last film and had to sit through it again. I let him off easy.

PEGGY: I wish his wife had come. He seems...I introduced them, you know. Well, not really, but I had the idea.

CHARLES: Did you tell Randi Howard was here? Was a juror?

PEGGY: No, do you think I should?

MAJOROV and JULIET enter, join
PEGGY and CHARLES.

REINHART: (to HOWARD) I'm not brainwashed, I'm not anxious about German culture--whatever that is--I appreciate the U.S. and don't want to knock it--New York is my favorite city--so just listen to what I'm saying: I, a "political" German director, work in a film culture increasingly controlled by Hollywood, a fast food culture, a film culture progressively destroying me, the films I make and the films I want to see.

HOWARD: (to REINHART) Imagine it in a different way--forgive me if I'm a little drunk but I pontificate better drunk--imagine a culture being born. What you call fast food culture may be evolution, the cutting

edge of the McTokyoNewYorkParisburger Werkstat. Who knows? You and your schlachplatte and your muglatani may in a few years end up in a diarama in the Natural History Museum next to the bears and bows and arrows. I get shivers when people talk about protecting Art from Commerce. "Purity" is the party hat of reactionaries. Scratch an altruist, find an anachronism. Art's doing quite fine, thank you. Have a little faith in history--today's kitsch, tomorrow's culture. Relax, Reinhart. Trust the supply side.

REINHART: It's easy to be cavalier about history when you don't have any. Arrogance: the American luxury. Look at your foreign policy: all impulse, no context. Are you always this serious?

HOWARD: Only on vacation.

MAJOROV: (to PEGGY and CHARLES) I'm here to be interviewed next. (eye on TV CREW)

PEGGY: (to MAJOROV) I'm sure you'll know what to say.

MAJOROV: But short--that's all the Western media wants. Short, short, short. They don't care what you say as long as you say it short. Think short, they say. Russians don't think short. In Russia, short is not even thinking. (to CHARLES) I hear your ancestors from Russia?

CHARLES: (to MAJOROV) Not Russia, Poland. Warsaw. Jews used to live there once. Peggy's from Russia.

PEGGY: My grandparents. From Minsk.

CHARLES: Jews still live there.

PEGGY: So were Louis B. Mayer's.

MAJOROV: I hear Hollywood is run by Jews from Russia. Is this true?

PEGGY: (joke) What's the final solution to the Jewish problem?

HOWARD and REINHART cross the room to PEGGY, CHARLES, MAJOROV and JULIET. HOWARD pulls PEGGY aside.

HOWARD: (to PEGGY--urgent) When's she coming?

PEGGY: (to HOWARD) Just a second. (to MAJOROV) Beverly Hills--

CHARLES: (to HOWARD about PEGGY) A cultural exchange--

HOWARD: Peg?

PEGGY: (no response from MAJOROV) Get it? (still no response; PEGGY turns to HOWARD) That joke always works. What did you say?

VIRENDER: (to REINHART) What's the first film tomorrow?

HOWARD: (to PEGGY) Randi! When is she coming?

PEGGY: (to HOWARD) Sometime on the weekend. Friday,

Saturday, we're still working on it.

VIRENDER: (to REINHART) How long is it?

HOWARD: (to PEGGY) You really invited her?

PEGGY: (to HOWARD) I had no choice. The director couldn't come. There has to be a representative of the film in case it wins an award. She's the next ranking credit on Male. To not invite her would have been an enormous slight. Besides, she's sexy (HOWARD winces) she'll get a lot of press--Berlin's as big as Cannes in clip coverage.

VIRENDER groans.

HOWARD: Did you tell her I was on the jury?

PEGGY: Of course.

HOWARD: What did she say?

PEGGY: She said it was okay.

HOWARD: "Okay?" That was it?

PEGGY: She's fine, don't worry.

HOWARD: I've got to make a good impression. We haven't seen each other in seven years--not face to face. Maybe across the room at a party--that doesn't count. It doesn't count because she always splits. You talked to Randi--and she's still coming?

PEGGY: Yes. You alright?

HOWARD: Just give me advance notice. She still thinks I'm a self-centered drunk. "Ego for art's sake." I'm sure. That's the way she thinks. I can hear her thinking straight through the damn planet, Peg-- believe me, the woman can think. I'm a sucker for dogmatic women. I know she regrets not taking me back. That must be why she's coming.

TRNKA and ELENA step away from TV CREW.

HOWARD: (to PEGGY) "Okay"?

TRNKA: (to ELENA) Did you hear about the Polish starlet?
(ELENA shakes head "no")

PEGGY: (to HOWARD) What?

CHARLES: (to REINHART about ELENA) What's with her? Elena?

TRNKA: (to ELENA) Neither did I.

REINHART: (to CHARLES) After fifteen years with Bialdi, she suddenly starts a torrid affair with Carlo Scarfiatti, you know, the weight lifter, "Mr. Europe." Twenty-two years old. It was tragic.

CHARLES: (to REINHART) What happened?

REINHART: (to CHARLES) He fucked her brains out.

Scene Seven. Lights crossfade to screening room. JURORS sit in reflected red and yellow flicker from Berlinale logo.

LUFT'S VOICE: (with echo, through English earphones) The
37th Berlin Film Festival is proud to present
a film from the Netherlands.

Timecut: red and yellow flicker
replaced by intense blue light.
JURORS glow in monochrome.
Dissonant New Wave underscoring
plays. Sound of opening door
lets in street noise. Door
closes.

BOY'S VOICE: (through earphones) You're back. Where have
you been?

GIRL'S VOICE: (through earphones) Nowhere.

BOY'S VOICE: (through earphones) Did you remember the
package?

GIRL'S VOICE: (through earphones) They know, I'm sure of
it. Peit, Claude. If they know, Digna must
also know. There's been a leak. What will we
do?

BASIL turns to HOWARD.

BASIL: (to HOWARD) He's lighting a blue cigarette.

HOWARD: (to BASIL) It matches the walls.

BASIL: (to HOWARD) It matches the alligator.

GIRL'S VOICE: (through earphones) Say something! I'm so

scared! What are we going to do? The plan is ruined!

BOY'S VOICE: (through earphones) We've got to go ahead with it. Just like nothing happened. There's no choice. The virus has spread. If we go ahead, we may fail; but if we stop now, life will have no meaning.

GIRL'S VOICE: (through earphones) Meaning! Is that all you can think about? Is that all you think there is to life, meaning?

BASIL: (to HOWARD) Villa? Why is it called Villa?

HOWARD: (to BASIL) I think because there is no villa.

BASIL: (to HOWARD) I didn't know the Dutch were into this.

BOY'S VOICE: (through earphones) Don't you think you should change your clothes?

GIRL'S VOICE: (through earphones) Yes, of course.

HOWARD: (to BASIL) The director went to NYU. This film won the Prix Louis Delluc. It's a big hit.

BASIL: (to HOWARD) Antonioni has a lot to answer for. I saw it all coming.

JUROR reaction as Girl removes clothes. Her belt clangs to floor.

GIRL'S VOICE: (plaintive, through earphones) But what will I wear?

Saxophone music plays from screen.

Scene Eight. Lights reveal jury room. JURORS sit around U-shaped table in seats assigned for Scene One. Most nervously smoke or sip soda water. LUFT sits unobtrusively at end of table.

ELENA: (checks stack of papers) Now how many awards are there?

Awkward silence.

CHARLES: Seven I think.

LUFT: Plus two Bears for short films.

ELENA: (reading) Let's see, "Goldener Berliner Bär," that's the main prize, "Silberner Berliner fur die beste Regie," "Silberner Berliner Bär fur die beste Darstellerin," "Silberner Berliner Bär dur den besten Darsteller," "Spezialpreis der Jury," "Silberner Berliner Bär fur eine hervorragende Eiszelleistung" and the "Alfred Bauer Preis." That's eight.

CHARLES: Seven.

ELENA: What's the Alfred Bauer Prize?

LUFT: A new prize to honor the founder of the Festival.

ELENA: Why?

LUFT: Madame Chairperson, if I may, let me repeat, if it can be helpful, the purpose of this jury meeting,

halfway through the Festival, is traditionally to discover if any strong preferences for one film or another have emerged. This way the jury can facilitate the task of the final session, which suffers from the constraints of time.

Glances are exchanged. ELENA, addled and uninformed, seems ill-equipped for her role as Jury Chairperson. CHARLES and ZOVIA pointedly turn to LUFT, who looks away. HOWARD reads Herald Tribune.

- ELENA: (nervous) Now, what films have we seen--or do we talk about the short films first? (reflex flattery) It's hard to concentrate surrounded by so many handsome men.
- BASIL: If it's not premature, let me put a word in for Convicts, Ian Lindsay-Bennet's harsh portrayal of Colonial experience in Australia. It seems to me the only film that clearly stands out so far.
- TRNKA: Why is it always the same? In every film festival no one takes comedy seriously. Many of the great movies of all time are comedies, but no one takes them seriously. No one seemed to take City Across the Water seriously. This delightful, poignant "small" film about an African native's experiences in Paris touched me deeply and I please ask and remind you to accord it the serious attention which is all too

often unaccorded to comedy.

ELENA: (checking notes) Which--?

MAJOROV: The first American film, September Story, was a strong film for me. The story of an elderly blind couple finding love and trying to make a life for themselves in a small town in the Southern United States--these are stories which to me mean cinema, these are the stories which made me forever a lover of film as a small boy from a small town in the Urals. Films like these show the power of film to transcend politics. It doesn't matter if it's an American film or a Russian film because it's more than film, it's life and human experience--

CHARLES: It was a Movie of the Week. They gave it a bad time slot. Not even blind people wanted to see it.

MAJOROV: I'm not saying it is of award caliber.

ELENA: The Japanese film, Dead Flowers--

JURORS stare at ELENA: silence.
She retracts, smiling.

HOWARD: While we're on the subject of unpopular films, let me put in a plug for Villa, the "Neo-Wave" film by the 24 year-old Dutch director. It's not a Golden Bear or even a Silver Bear film, but maybe the Alfred Bauer.

CHARLES: It's not film and it's not neo--it's called

production design. It didn't get past my corneas.

MAJOROV: Like music video.

ELENA: What is the Alfred Bauer Prize?

REINHART: What about the Hungarian film by Zolnay, Personaleusweis, "Identity Card"? (ZOVIA nods) It's the most fully realized film of her difficult career and the first film--correct me if I'm wrong--of political life in post '56 Budapest, at least the first which mentions Kadar by name.

MAJOROV: It cannot go unrecognized.

VIRENDER: Didn't she receive the Golden Bear three years ago?

ELENA: (shuffling papers) Where is that information?

VIRENDER: (cold) Take my word for it.

HOWARD: Take his word for it.

LUFT: (interrupts) The easiest procedure, what's customary at this point, is simply to take a straw poll of the films which have been seen so far to guide the jury room at this time.

ELENA: (trying to take charge) I will read the films in competition and go around the table. If anyone feels a film should be in serious consideration for the Gold Bear--

REINHART: Only the Gold Bear?

LUFT: The jury should restrict itself to the Gold Bear for now.

CHARLES: Wouldn't it be simpler just to raise hands?

MAJOROV: Yes. We'll raise single hand to indicate interest.

TRNKA: Which hand?

ZOVIA: Shut up.

ELENA: (reading) City Across the Water, Elfenbeink Kuefte, Ivory Coast.

TRNKA raises right hand. ELENA records a yes check on her list, struggles to pronounce next title.

ELENA: Akambo no Totsuzen-shi to Kiku, Dead Flowers, Japan.

No votes. ELENA starts to raise hand, reconsiders, with a hair stroke.

ELENA: September Story, John Musto, USA.

MAJOROV raises hand. ELENA checkmarks, continues.

ELENA: Convicts, Ian-Lindsay Bennet, Grossbritannien.

BASIL raises hand, turns to VIRENDER who follows suit. Seeing this, CHARLES also raises hand. ELENA records three yes votes. HOWARD looks from CHARLES to BASIL.

ELENA: Dante Rettet vor dem Ertrinken, Dante Saved from Drowning. Co-production Bundesrepublik Deutschland/Frankreich.

REINHART raises hand. CHARLES seconds with "reluctance," his left hand comically restraining his right. HOWARD observes CHARLES. ELENA checks twice.

ELENA: Személyi Igazolvány, Identity Card, Hungary.

REINHART, ZOVIA and TRNKA raise hands simultaneously, MAJOROV follows. BASIL starts to lift hand, withdraws. ELENA raises arm, as does HOWARD. She counts hands.

ELENA: Four, five, six votes for Személ-- the Hungarian film. (marks sheet) Sesso o piu' Sesso?, Sex or More Sex?, Italien.

ELENA casts her vote without looking up, continues.

ELENA: Villa, Ruud den Boer, Niederlande.

HOWARD raises hand. ZOVIA, hesitantly joins him.

HOWARD: (quoting BOY in VILLA) "The virus has spread."
(ZOVIA chuckles)

REINHART: That's everything so far.

BASIL: Ten down.

The JURORS sit up and straighten their notes like school children eager to be dismissed--all except MAJOROV. ELENA pets her porcelain-perfect dogs.

MAJOROV: I'd like to qualify my vote on Személyi

Igazolvány--

CHARLES: (to MAJOROV) These aren't votes, they're just indications. They're not binding. (sarcastic--to ELENA) We didn't even tabulate them.

LUFT: (stands) The jury seems to have covered the customary ground for now. There's no need to belabor matters at this point yet. There's a jury screening at the Zoopalast in twenty-five minutes. You may wish to freshen up.

JURORS rise.

HOWARD: Which film?

LUFT: Unschuld--Innocence--from the DDR. Much of it was shot in East Berlin. Very important for the Festival.

VIRENDER: How long?

BASIL: (checking schedule) Eighty-seven minutes.

Group cheer goes up.

VIRENDER: Socialism to the rescue of working class.

HOWARD: The effete oppressed.

BASIL: It will only seem long.

LUFT: (commanding attention) Don't forget immediately after the screening is the reception at the Rathaus for the Minister of Culture. You have

your invitations. Cars will be waiting to take you outside the cinema. It's essential that all members of the jury attend. There's a rumor--just a rumor--that the head of DEFA Studios, East Germany, may come, the first official DEFA visit to Berlinale.

HOWARD: How long is the reception?

LUFT: Tomorrow is the lunch at the British Embassy. It would be nice if you would come, but you don't have to be there.

BASIL: I do.

HOWARD: Are there going to be speeches or can we just show up--

BASIL: (overlapping) Relic in residence.

CHARLES: --and split?

HOWARD: Poof!

REINHART: The beauty of Berlin. You can drink like a Russian and leave like an American.

TRNKA: And eat like an Italian.

Scene Nine. Lights crossfade to piano bar, late at night. Perhaps 3:00 a.m. HOWARD and CHARLES sit unsteadily at bar. Only other customers are MIDDLE-AGED GERMAN COUPLE making out. BARTENDER waits

for closing time.

HOWARD: (to BARTENDER) Yes, another, two others just like the others. And keep those Nazi eyes to yourself. Your job, I believe, is to supply the bar until 4:00 a.m.--that's what the ad in the elevator said--and our job as cultural imperialists is to keep you demeaningly employed.

BARTENDER, a cloud of
condescension, delivers
drinks.

CHARLES: (to BARTENDER) He used to be a critic.

HOWARD: (to CHARLES) East German DEFA "officials," some joke. They were smart enough to punk out, but us? No-no-no. You can always trust us American wimps to stand tall and take shit. Can you believe those politicians, Minister of Cul-tour, President of the whole fucking Bunk-republik? No different from some councilman or Mayor--I've met a lot of these guys, researching, doing PR, and I swear they're all the same. Day players.

CHARLES: Politics is show biz.

HOWARD: A couple years back Charlton Heston had to decide whether to run for Senator or take a regular spot on The Colbys. He chose The Colbys.

CHARLES: Smart move.

HOWARD: Said the deciding factor was the "acting challenge of episodic drama."

CHARLES: I gotta congratulate you on the way you came in on the Hungarian vote.

HOWARD: I realized I'd been thinking about the film more each day.

CHARLES: It threw Majorov for a loop. He gave tactical support--Socialist Bloc cinema, blah-blah-blah--but when you came in he tried to back off.

HOWARD: What was this about supporting that convict film in Australia? I saw you. You burped and farted all through the thing. I couldn't even sleep.

CHARLES: It was like the Dante vote. You've got to lay in some votes early you can trade off later. Basil, no matter what he says, has to come home with some Bear for Convicts--absolutely--and will trade off whatever votes he has to to insure even a consolation Silberner Bar. Same with Reinhart Mattes. Weigh in for Dante out of respect--Valcreux used to be great--and haggle with Reinhart down the line. Majorov has been lining up his pieces--a Soviet sweep. Not just him, the whole Goskino contingent. Believe me. We've got to stick together. We'll play underdogs, work the jury--they're not exactly a pro-American

bunch. If we unite behind American Male we got a chance. Either that or play patsies. It's going to come down to the Russian versus the American film. There's no other strong contenders.

(HOWARD nods)

HOWARD: (to BARTENDER) Two more. (imitating Henry Fonda)
"Mac, you ever been in love?"

CHARLES: (to HOWARD, Irish drawl) "No, I been a bartender all me life."

HOWARD: (to CHARLES) My Darling Clementine.

CHARLES: 1946.

They simultaneously smile--a flash of comraderie. BARTENDER places fresh drinks before them. HOWARD and CHARLES grow progressively drunk.

HOWARD: When are they screened?

CHARLES: American Male the day after tomorrow, Invisible Love, the Russian film, the next day. We'll see them back to back, go into jury session next morning so the Festival can announce the awards closing night.

HOWARD: Not having seen American Male it's hard to lobby for the cause.

CHARLES: But you know what I'm saying.

HOWARD: I haven't seen it because I refuse to see it.

CHARLES: I heard.

HOWARD: I don't want to see it.

CHARLES: Fortunately for you, it's a good film.

HOWARD: I don't give a fuck!

CHARLES: Yes you do. Sorry.

HOWARD: Saw your spread in New York--you really went all out on American Male. Laid your reputation on the line.

CHARLES: It deserved it.

HOWARD: Randi came off well.

CHARLES: Brains, talent, taste--I was quite impressed.

HOWARD: I'm sure. Randi never met a critic who liked her she didn't like.

CHARLES: She has a way.

HOWARD: What did she say about me?

CHARLES: I don't do gossip.

HOWARD: You hit on her?

CHARLES: I was tempted, but not enough to become a Hollywood anecdote. In the press we call it ethics.

HOWARD: I give you credit. You cut a reputation on American Male. Up another notch. You were always smart that way. A Supreme Court Critic.

- CHARLES: I defended Male because it was good.. Nobody buys or sells my judgement.
- HOWARD: Ha! You have the same bosses I have. The same people that buy the movie tickets support the ads that support the papers that pay the critics. Same constituency. People always ask why movie reviewers are lousy? Simple: because movies are lousy. The same percentage of reviewers are bad as movies are bad for the same reasons. I was offered your job before you were. I could have written you into gravel.
- CHARLES: Instead you yanked off Hollywood. If that's accomplishment, give me gravel. A Hollywood director who knows Balazs from Balzac, so what? I admit, you scared me back then. You were my competition, a three-way threat: great writer, great thinker and born brown-noser. I was afraid you'd be a force.
- HOWARD: Instead I'm--what did you call me?--"the most morose movie-maker since Murnau?" Or was it Mate? Critics love alliteration--they think it's wit.
- CHARLES: I thought you didn't read reviews?
- HOWARD: (drunk) I lied. What are you, a moron? How'd you put it? "A self-proclaimed artist with the singular ability to find the somber lining in the

silverest of clouds." You can't even write readable prose anymore. Snide sells so you sell snide. When TV turned film crit into a Heckle and Jeckle show--thumbs up, thumbs down--you went Heckle. So don't get superior--

CHARLES: (smartass)--not Heckle, Hyde. Of Dr. Jekyll--

HOWARD: Don't you turn a fucking phrase on me! I'll alliterate your ass! Pun you till you puke--

CHARLES: (interjects) The public ain't exactly crazy about your films either! The Japanese film, that we could attribute to grandiosity, but the last one-- the "personal" film--was inescapably, painfully inept--

They stiffen.

HOWARD: (overlapping) Uncommerical, maybe--

CHARLES: (overlapping) --ersatz--

HOWARD: (overlapping) --it came from my heart!

CHARLES: Audiences laughed at the death scene!

HOWARD: Audiences are idiots!

CHARLES: Sorry. I take back "ersatz." Inept!

HOWARD staggers as they stand.

HOWARD: You only gave it one paragraph! You didn't even make an effort!

They square off.

CHARLES: It wasn't worth it.

HOWARD: Jealous!

CHARLES: Inept!

HOWARD: The Japanese film, you didn't review it at all!

CHARLES: It wasn't worth reviewing!

HOWARD and CHARLES face to face.

HOWARD: It was six years of my life!

CHARLES: It was two hours of mine!

Each holds drink as if weapon.
HOWARD prepares to swing.
They turn toward sound of footsteps.

PEGGY and RANDI REISMAN enter. RANDI, attractive, short-haired, stands straight in chic shoes, looking HOWARD eye to eye. Fresh from airport, RANDI shoulders travel bag.

RANDI: (surprised) Howard?

HOWARD: Randi?

HOWARD, turning, trips and falls! over barstool to floor, scattering Stolichnya and eis.

CHARLES: Welcome to Berlinale.

HOWARD rises quickly, making the best of his embarrassment. He pats his hair, artificially

casual in the manner of DUI
pulled over by police.

RANDI: Howard? Why are you here?

HOWARD: (steadies himself) I thought tomorrow--Peggy, you
promised to tell me. (to RANDI) You knew I was
here. Didn't Peggy tell you?

RANDI: No.

PEGGY: I'm sure I did.

HOWARD: I'm a juror.

PEGGY: I didn't?

HOWARD: So is Charles.

RANDI: Sorry if I interrupted anything.

CHARLES: No.

HOWARD: Randi...

Off stage piano plays "As Time
Goes By" as lights darken to
end Act One. "A kiss is still
a kiss."

ACT TWO

Scene One. Zoopalast cinema.
JURORS sit in their customary
places in double row of seats.
Red and yellow screen flicker
is now projected from extreme
right rear auditorium.

LUFT'S VOICE: (with echo, through English earphones) The 37th
Berlin Film Festival is proud to present a film
from the United States.

Timecut: white light--with red
flashes--replaces red and
yellow projected swirl. Drum
roll underscore accompanies
AMERICAN MALE credit sequence:
the slick sound of Hollywood
caliber filmmaking. From
screen ALAN'S 35ish VOICE
quickly converses with OLDER
and YOUNGER STUDIO VOICES.
Screen voices are in English.
Only MAJOROV, TRNKA and ELENA
use earphones.

ALAN'S VOICE: The human story comes first. Disillusioned
Vietnam Vet, Soldier of Fortune grows insanelly
sexually obsessed with 19 year-old Red Cross
volunteer in Costa Rica--against all reason. The
human story always comes first. That's why people
go to movies--

OLDER VOICE: The human connection.

JURORS nudge each other,
point, whisper as Alan speaks:
"Is that Howard?" HOWARD,

ignoring others, leans forward intently, his head in his hands. CHARLES watches HOWARD watching.

ALAN'S VOICE: But it's the politics that give the human story density--supplying news and provoking thought are also forms of entertainment.

YOUNGER VOICE: Don't get us wrong Alan, you know the bottom line at this studio isn't money, it's quality.

ALAN'S VOICE: Defend America and you get a black hat. It's stupid stereotyping and I'm sick of it. An objective film about Central America is long overdue--and commerical to boot.

YOUNGER VOICE: You know our botttom line--quality.

Screen conversation gives way to sound of helicopters and small arms fire.

Projected flicker from AMERICAN MALE fades to black as projected red and yellow light begins from extreme left rear auditorium: another screen. JURORS turn to watch new light source.

LUFT'S VOICE: (with echo, through English earphones) The 37th Berlin Film Festival is proud to present a film from the Soviet Union.

Timecut: grey, dark green flicker from offstage left screen. Tchaikovsky's "Pathetique" sets the tone: INVISIBLE LOVE will be a slow soul-searching journey. ELDAR'S 50ish VOICE speaks in

Russian.

All JURORS but MAJOROV and JULIET wear earphones.
MAJOROV studies the others.

ELDAR'S VOICE: (through earphones) When I was censored and suppressed the words never stopped coming: poems, plays, stories. Characters followed me everywhere. I heard only dialogue, even in sleep. Now I'm rehabilitated, honored, free to write and publish--and what comes? Not a word. The characters have all vanished, their suitcases packed with dialogue. Where are they? Where are the words? Why now? Why have I been deserted? Why me?

ELDAR'S VOICE switches from narration to dialogue.

ELDAR'S VOICE: (through earphones) I must go home, home to the place I was born. Home to the place I first learned to speak, home to where the birds sang to me alone.

Birds chirp as projected flicker from INVISIBLE LOVE fades to black; AMERICAN MALE flicker restarts from right rear auditorium.

From screen: sounds of Spanish/English film crew at work in jungle location. Alan speaks to young ASSISTANT DIRECTOR.

ALAN'S VOICE: (confidential) Don't ask me why, don't ask me to explain, just do it. Make a second set of

honeymoon reservations--airline, car rental--same dates as the first set, this time at the Hana Ranch in Maui, under another name. Just refer to them as Plan A and Plan B. Plan A at Las Brisas, Plan B at Hana Maui.

ASST. DIRECTOR'S VOICE: Can't your secretary do this?

ALAN'S VOICE: This is an A.D.'s job. Besides, my secretary says she'll quit if I make her. Female solidarity.

BACKGROUND VOICES: "Start placing the extras," (clanging sound) "Just set it anywhere,"
"Andele!"

ASST. DIRECTOR'S VOICE: When Julia gets here she's bound to find out about Ornella. Don't you think you should reconsider inviting her? I'll come up with some excuse.

ALAN'S VOICE: She has to come. I've got to save our relationship. I want to marry her.

HOWARD, slumped deep in his seat, watches screen through his fingers, frozen, emitting primal groans. ZOVIA whispers to VIRENDER, nods to HOWARD, VIRENDER passes it on to BASIL. MAJOROV jots notes from screen.

ASST. DIRECTOR'S VOICE: What about Ornella?

ALAN'S VOICE: I want to marry her just as much. It's her idea. She's nineteen and wants to quit movies and have

babies. It's marriage or nothing. I give up. I can't tell anymore. Let God decide." Whoever gets pregnant first, I'll marry. Just spin the wheel--

SPECIAL EFFECTS CAPTAIN'S VOICE interrupts.

SFX CAPTAIN'S VOICE: The explosives are reset. Jim has placed the extras. We're all set to go.

ALAN'S VOICE: Is it big? You fuck up again and you're gone.

SFX CAPTAIN'S VOICE: It's big alright.

ALAN'S VOICE: Make it bigger. I'm talking Nuke City. There ain't no pussy Hollywood Fire Marshalls here.

SFX CAPTAIN'S VOICE: I already did.

Suddenly, the sound of a huge explosion. JURORS are bathed in bright yellow light.

AMERICAN MALE flicker fades to black. INVISIBLE LOVE restarts from left rear auditorium. JURORS turn to watch.

Tchaikovsky again, and the sounds of spring countryside.

ELDAR'S VOICE: (through earphones) Old woman, didn't there used to be a schoolhouse over there? What happened to it?

OLD WOMAN'S VOICE: (through earphones) Blew down in a storm. The children go to community school in Gnezdo now.

ELDAR'S VOICE: (through earphones) And the school mistress? A beautiful, strong woman. From the village. Her name was Katia.

OLD WOMAN'S VOICE: (through earphones) I am Katia.

ELDAR'S VOICE: (through earphones) Katia! I am Eldar Paradzhanov! From elementary school.

OLD WOMAN'S VOICE: (through earphones) Eldar Paradzhanov? Let me look at you. My eyes are weak. So it is! My little Eldar. Why are you here?

CHARLES beddy-bye pantomimes to ZOVIA who supresses smirk. BASIL cleans fingernails.

ELDAR'S VOICE: (through earphones) I don't know. I'm a writer now.

OLD WOMAN'S VOICE: (through earphones) A writer--isn't that dangerous?

ELDAR'S VOICE: (through earphones) I wanted to see how it was. I wanted to hear people talk.

OLD WOMAN'S VOICE: (through earphones) Then come with me. Talk is all I'm good for anymore. There's much to talk about, Eldar Paradzhanov.

INVISIBLE LOVE flicker fades to black.

Both films restart simultaneously, one from extreme left rear auditorium, the other from right rear. All screen dialogue--in English and Russian with

earphone translations--is heard in unision: Volume levels alternated to favor desired lines.

JURORS stare straight ahead.

HISPANIC LAWYER'S VOICE
The families of the deceased are willing to settle for \$300,000, \$100,000 per family. The government wants the film to continue and will guarantee the settlement, indemnifying the studio against future lawsuits. In return the studio has agreed to consult with government representatives regarding the final cut. As you know, there has been a change of leadership and it's only proper that the film reflect current political conditions.

STUDIO EXEC'S VOICE
What did you say?

ALAN'S VOICE
Nothing. I said nothing.

Drum roll drowns dialogue.

ELDAR'S VOICE

Russia, you were always here. A child leaves his mother, but a mother never abandons her children. My words, my characters, my themes didn't desert me; they returned to their mother. They were always here in the soil, in the trees, in the flowers, in the sky.

Eldar speaks in narration.

ELDAR'S VOICE

And they told me many things. Hard and difficult things. Things a mother must hear even if they are unpleasant. These are things I tell. It is a son's duty.

Tchaikovsky crescendoes as flicker brightens.

Both films end simultaneously, darkening stage. Bilingual babble yields to welcome silence.

Scene Two. Lights come up at Berlin Wall observation platform, Potsdamer Platz. HOWARD and RANDI follow PEGGY up the metal platform steps. A pleasant sunshiney day.

HOWARD: (to RANDI) Can't we be alone?

PEGGY: There's no reason for me to stay. In fact, I've got calls to make. I'll leave the car for you.

RANDI: (firm) No, Peggy. Stay. If I had known Howard was in Berlin I wouldn't have come.

HOWARD: She told me she'd told you I was here.

RANDI: And you believed her?

PEGGY: Honest, it was on my mind. I didn't see the conflict.

HOWARD/RANDI: (in unison) "I didn't see the conflict." (laugh)

PEGGY: Honest.

RANDI: Don't worry, Peggy, we've stuck with you this far, we're not going to quit now.

PEGGY: You really are my two best friends. Not only my most talented friends, my best friends.

They gaze atop platform.

RANDI: So this is the Wall. You hear so much about it you almost expect it to be at Disneyland or someplace.

HOWARD: Maybe that's next.

RANDI: Cold Warland at Epcot Center.

HOWARD: Where's Lisa?

RANDI: In Paris. She wouldn't come. She still thinks there are concentration camps in Germany. So do I, but I'm the Producer. Peggy said I had to come.

PEGGY: The video clip coverage here is getting almost as big as Cannes.

HOWARD: So I hear.

RANDI: I'll meet her in Paris.

HOWARD: Between us, the difference between anti-Semitism in France and Germany is strickly a matter of organizational ability.

RANDI: (to PEGGY) What are two Hollywood Jews doing in Berlin?

PEGGY: Publicity.

RANDI: What's that smell?

HOWARD: I saw American Male. Congratulations. It's very good.

RANDI: Thanks.

HOWARD: A real leap forward for Lisa. I didn't think she had it in her. I'm happy for her, the success and all. Tell her.

RANDI: I will.

HOWARD: I'm happy for both of you. I know that sounds--

RANDI: I believe you. Really.

HOWARD: I read Charles Bogle's New York profile. It was like a B'nai Brith testimonial.

RANDI: It was a bit excessive.

PEGGY: He discovered the film.

RANDI: Critics love to "discover" films. Didn't you discover some genre or something?

PEGGY: We gave him an early look at the film.

HOWARD: Cinema Verite.

PEGGY: He was looking for something to champion.

HOWARD: (to RANDI) He liked you.

RANDI: He was nice.

HOWARD: I'm supporting American Male 100%. With Charles. It deserves to win. It's important to take a stand. Anti-American feeling is pretty thick around here.

RANDI: (looks at Wall) Of all places.

HOWARD: To be honest, I get the feeling that the Wall makes Berlin work. Before the Wall, there was a constant flow of refugees--no one would invest in the city. Twenty-six years later, electronic and auto companies headquarter here. West Germany pays two billion a year to keep West Berlin at

economic par. East Berlin's been under constant construction since the Wall: hotels, museums, that radio tower over there (points). It's an odd stability, a stability in everyone's interest. All the factions have settled in.

RANDI: You're defending the Wall?

HOWARD: No, it's evil. I'd even die to tear it down. It's reassuring to know there's something worth dying for.

RANDI: Zionism.

HOWARD: Thank God.

RANDI: Thank Allah. I'd forgotten that about you.

HOWARD: What?

RANDI: Traveling. Two days anywhere and you're an expert on local lore. Sitting on a nude beach in Bali reading about Sukarno.

HOWARD: I enjoy it.

PEGGY: He's got a mind like a magazine stand.

HOWARD, hesitating, lights
cigarette.

HOWARD: Look, about American Male, the film distorts some things--I suppose you know that. Particularly about the character of the Director--

RANDI: Howard, I'm not going to get into that.

HOWARD: (backs off) You doing a lot of press?

RANDI: This is my only break.

PEGGY: Radio, local TV, Taggesspiegel,--I'm surprised at the interest: female Producer/female Director angle.

HOWARD: Do they ask if the film is based on me?

RANDI: No, hardly ever.

HOWARD: I don't know whether to feel relieved or slighted. What do you answer when they ask?

RANDI: I tell them it's a purely fictional composite character.

Pause. HOWARD shakes cigarette from pack, realizes he's already smoking.

HOWARD: How have you been?

PEGGY: (taking hint) I think I'll get some postcards.

RANDI: No, stay. (PEGGY stays)

HOWARD: Do you think we could have dinner or a drink sometime?

RANDI: I haven't a minute free. Peggy has me completely booked.

HOWARD: A drink?

RANDI: Sorry.

HOWARD: Yeah, I'm pretty busy myself. They don't let you

have much sleep. Jury deliberations start at ten tomorrow.

RANDI: I think I'll get some postcards for my parents. They're probably saying kaddish for me already.

HOWARD: How are your parents?

RANDI shoots HOWARD stare as they descend platform.

PEGGY: (to HOWARD) Are you coming to Montreal this year? You've got to. We'll have a great time. I love Montreal. Don't believe what you hear.

Scene Three. Lights reveal jury room. The JURORS, LUFT and JULIET sit in assigned seats around the U-shaped table. ELENA, Pekingese at her feet, wears low cut evening gown. Her breasts buldge beneath boas. WAITERS refill non-alcoholic refreshments.

The mood is serious: these are the final deliberations.

LUFT: Nothing said in this room will leave this room. All discussions are confidential. Jurors will stay until all awards have been decided. The Chairperson may call breaks when appropriate. Lunch will be brought in, as well as dinner if necessary. The awards are listed in your documentation. The Golden Bear and the Silver Bear for Best Director are considered the first

and second prizes. Let me remind you that no film may be awarded more than one prize. If a film is chosen Best Film, it can't get Best Actor, for example. (reads) I read: "Though unfair, this policy is accepted by all major film festivals as the most practical way to prevent any single film or political coalition from dominating the decisions of an international jury," close quote. I or one of my associates will remain throughout the deliberations to record the votes and answer technical questions which may arise. I turn the proceedings to Chairperson Modesto.

ELENA sits up.

HOWARD:

(to CHARLES) Dither is served.

ELENA reaches over, sets book before her, opens it, places three-minute egg timer and small gravel alongside. Stung by criticism of her prior performance, she speaks with stentorian hauteur.

ELENA:

Fellow jurors, due to the importance of these deliberations, the amount of work to be accomplished and the severe constraints of time, I've purchased and studied Robert's Rules of Order to help us more efficiently accomplish our task. All speakers may only speak when acknowledged by the chair, speakers may only speak in the order of

their seating and no speaker's comments may exceed three minutes. For this purpose I have bought a timer. It will be visible to each of the jurors and each of you should time his or her remarks accordingly. I, as Chairperson, of course represent the Chair. (self-satisfied pause) Now, what shall we discuss?

Confusion catches JURORS short. They look to each other. HOWARD chain-lights cigarette. TRNKA pantomimes Elena's bust to suppressed amusement of ZOVIA and VIRENDER. Others avert eyes.

HOWARD: (to CHARLES) Who dresses her?

LUFT alleviates chagrin. ELENA activates egg timer as LUFT opens his mouth. ELENA turns timer whenever anyone speaks, whatever the context.

LUFT: Chairperson Modesto, forgive my intrusion, let me suggest that because all subsequent awards are contingent on the Golden Bear, it's customary to decide the Gold Bär first. Since all the films in competition have been discussed in a preliminary fashion, it would be useful to have an unbinding vote to determine which films merit future consideration. Each juror is given two votes in this initial poll, thus limiting the selection while permitting discussion of secondary choices.

ELENA: Yes. Two votes for the Golden Bear per juror without discussion followed by debate. We will start on the right--or the left?

To ELENA'S right sit MAJOROV, JULIET, VIRENDER, ZOVIA, TRNKA; to her left sit CHARLES, HOWARD, REINHART, BASIL and LUFT.

CHARLES: Be our guests.

ELENA: Eugen Trnka?

TRNKA: (raises two hands) La Ville Outre'Mer, Ivory Coast. Also, Nevvidennaya Poterya, Invisible Love, USSR.

ELENA: Zovia?

ZOVIA: Személyi Igazolvány, Identity Card, Hungary. Nevvidennaya Poterya, USSR.

LUFT records each vote.

ELENA: Virender?

VIRENDER: American Male, USA, Nevvidennaya Poterya, USSR.

ELENA: Victor?

MAJOROV: Nevvidennaya Poterya. Unschuld, DDR.

ELENA: I vote Sesso o più Sesso?, Italia, Nevvidennaya Poterya, Charles?

CHARLES: American Male and Convicts, Great Britian.

ELENA: Howard?

HOWARD: American Male, then Villa.

ELENA: Reinhart?

REINHART: Dante Rettet vor dem Ertrinken, Bundesrepublik Deutschland. Személyi Igazolvány, Ungarn.

ELENA: Basil?

BASIL: Convicts. Személyi Igazolvány.

LUFT: Just a moment.

LUFT tabulates total as others
make hasty calculations.

LUFT: This is the initial jury predisposition.
Nevvidennaya Poterya, USSR, five votes. Személyi Igazolvány, Hungary, three votes. American Male, USA, three. Convicts, Great Britian, two. One vote each: Villa, Niederlande, La Ville Outre'Mer, Ivory Coast, Unschuld, DDR, Dante Rettet vor dem Ertrinken, Bundesrepublik.

ELENA: Only these films will be discussed for the Golden Bear. Comments? (looks to TRNKA)

TRNKA: (joke cadence) Brezhnev dies and goes to Hell. The Devil says he can choose from a number of punishments and escorts him around. (snickers from JURORS) They come upon Marquis deSade burning in an open flame. "No, no! Not that!"

Brezhnev says, "What else do you have?" The Devil takes him to another area where Don Juan is drinking smoldering tar. "Please! Not that either!" Brezhnev pleads, "What else do you have?" The Devil then escorts him to a movie set where Warren Beatty, in chains, is shooting a torture scene directed by Adolf Hitler. Der Fuhrer (mimics Hitler) screams and yells, knocks over a chair. Brezhnev thinks a moment and says, "Okay, I'll take a punishment like Warren Beatty's." "Sorry," the Devil replies, "That's not Beatty's punishment, that's Hitler's." (laughter) The point is that all comedy is political. I went through the entire history of the Berlin Film Festival, all 37 years. A comedy has never once received the Golden Bear. To give Best Film to a comedy would be the most political act the jury could take. It would say people are all the same when they laugh. The world needs jokes, not manifestos. Laughter is the business of film, not politics. Movie makers are lousy politicians. City Across the Water, the only comedy in competition, this whimsical tale from the Third World, this is the true political--

ELENA raps table with her gavel. The egg timer has run dry.

ELENA: Your time has expired. Zovia Zneczulenia?

ZOVIA: I have no comment at this time.

VIRENDER: I'll also pass. The U.S. and Soviet films are of exceptional merit and I'm eager to hear the comments of my colleagues.

ELENA: Victor Majorov?

MAJOROV: (to TRNKA re: joke) Hitler got off easy, Comrade Trnka. Stalin's on the film jury down there.

General laughter.

CHARLES: Film Festival Hell--

REINHART: (overlapping)--Semiotic cinema--

HOWARD: (overlapping)--Ernest Borgnine marathon--

CHARLES: (overlapping)--Every episode of "Entertainment Tonight"--

HOWARD: (overlapping)--in slow motion.

BASIL: (overlapping)--Benny Hill--

ELENA gavels them silent.

ELENA: Please! You're using Mr. Majorov's time.

MAJOROV: (quickly) I will be concise. Nevvidennaya Poterya, Invisible Love, was made seven years ago. It was Elim Sabirov's sixth film, an autobiographical study addressing artistic freedom and the issue of Jewish emigration. The film was

never released. Goskino officials-said the film required "special treatment" --it was banned. Sabirov was denied access to his film. Last year, after Premier Gorbachev's historic address to the 99th Congress and the subsequent changes of leadership, Nevvidennaya Poterya was shown uncut selectively for general audiences. Berlinale is the first screening of Nevvidennaya Poterya outside the Soviet Union. Hopefully it will be the first release of several films now withheld. It is a personal film about real people and real ideas, not a slick Hollywood melodrama conveniently pretending to be about artistic freedom and interventionist politics. Eldar Paradzhanov in Nevvidennaya Poterya is a real man, a tormented artist, not a Hollywood film director fantasy enslewed by soap-opera dilemmas--

ELENA gavels.

ELENA: Mr. Majorov.

MAJOROV: I understand. Thank you.

Pause. JURORS wait for ELENA.

ELENA: (confused) Would anyone like coffee? (JURORS demur) In that case, Charles Bogle is next.

CHARLES: (whispers to HOWARD) Don't take this personally, I've got to go with the most effective argument.

(to JURY) I saw American Male 10:30. on a rainy Sunday night in Times Square. An audience of eleven hundred--mostly middle-lower class, many black--had waited an hour in the rain. The theater was packed. They came to see sex and guns; instead, they saw a searing indictment of the American military male. The film turned the audience around that night in Times Square. It's something I'll never forget. This is a film festival and we must judge films qua films. American Male is superbly made, innovative, a brutal indictment of Hollywood and the U.S. military. Each becomes a metaphor for the other. This is not a "Hollywood" movie. The fact that it's become a success doesn't alter the film's identity--a vicious expose of macho values, personified by a chauvinistic film director, a real man, not a fantasy, a Hollywood reptile based on a real director and real situations. (speeding to beat timer) This is a breakthrough film for American film and American film audiences and it would be a blot on the Berlinale not to recognize it as such.

ELENA flips the egg timer.
HOWARD, stunned, stares at
CHARLES, fumbles for
cigarette.

HOWARD: I don't know quite what to say. Charles has expressed most of my feelings about American Male. I also find the portrayal of the protagonist, the film director, accurate. He may be a "Hollywood film director fantasy" in Russia, that's Russia's problem. I'd rather comment on a contention by Victor Majorov. He said that Invisible Love was banned partially because of its treatment of the issue of Jewish emigration. (regains confidence) What treatment? What Jewish emigration? There's one off-screen Russian Jew who says one line about possibly emigrating to Israel and neither the character nor the issue is heard of again. Never. Zip. That's it. This is what Majorov calls a "study"? This addresses "the issue of Jewish emigration"? Ha! Is this why the film was banned? Must we honor this feeble tokenism in the name of artistic freedom? As a director I could never vote for a film so badly made. It was banned because it's so damn boring!

VIRENDER has been shifting about uncomfortably. He raises his palm, gets a sharp look from ELENA.

ELENA: Reinhart Mattes?

REINHART: I come back to Valcreux's Dante, not only because it's the only pure film in competition, but also

to protest American Male. The Hollywood system should be punished.

VIRENDER: (squirming) Madame Chairperson--

ELENA: Basil Hepworth?

BASIL: Convicts has renewed my faith in cinema. I have written a lengthy piece about it for the Sunday Guardian, my first in ten years. I could be no part of a jury which in no way would acknowledge a film of such superior quality and sentiment.

ELENA: Let's see--

VIRENDER: (stands) Where's the toilet? I'm going to explode!

ZOVIA: Zumar.

HOWARD: Let the poor man piss!

ELENA: We'll have a ten minute break. When we return, we vote for the Golden Bear at which time each juror will have one vote.

REINHART follows VIRENDER out as others rise and socialize. They form loose groups: (1) MAJOROV, JULIET and ELENA (2) ZOVIA and CHARLES (3) HOWARD and BASIL (4) LUFT and TRNKA. WAITERS circulate trays of coffee, juice and biscuits. JURORS speak and mingle; conversations ping-pong around room.

MAJOROV: (to ELENA) I'll never forget the first time I saw

La Ballando. It was like being hit by lightening.
"Elena Maria Modesto" I said to myself over and
over. My girlfriend went immediately to get her
hair cut like yours.

HOWARD: (to BASIL) World Cinema in Overview was the first
book I read about film. I see the cover: yellow
globe the shape of a film reel, a Mentor
paperback.

BASIL: (to HOWARD) Ballantine.

ZOVIA: (to CHARLES) Do you have a light?

BASIL: (to HOWARD) Knight.

WAITER flicks Bic for ZOVIA.

ELENA: (to MAJOROV) I revolutionized hair-styling, dear.
Sassoon made millions and I never saw a lira.

BASIL: (to HOWARD) Arthur Knight was Mentor.

LUFT: (to TRNKA) Of course I agree, but I don't vote.

ZOVIA: (to CHARLES) Is it true no one smokes in America?

HOWARD: (to BASIL) Knight was facts, your book made
movies an art form.

CHARLES: (to ZOVIA) Howard smokes all the time.

ZOVIA: (to CHARLES) He seems very nervous.

CHARLES: (to ZOVIA) The second week grosses came in.

MAJOROV: (to ELENA) She finally took the hairdresser over

to the cinema and showed her film poster.

CHARLES: (to ZOVIA) A disaster.

ELENA: (to MAJOROV) If I knew then what I know now.

ZOVIA: (to CHARLES) Listen...

ZOVIA takes CHARLES aside as REINHART and VIRENDER return from restroom arguing. TRNKA exits toward restroom, leaving LUFT to mingle.

ZOVIA speaks to CHARLES intensely. This is an unseen side of ZOVIA: the mind behind the facade.

ZOVIA: (to CHARLES) This is difficult for me to say as a Pole, a woman and a director. I don't like speeches and I sure as hell don't like Russians. Let me be direct. It comes down to money. Movies always come down to money. Communism is an economic catastrophe--the people don't work, nothing works. To invigorate the economy Gorbachev must encourage individual initiative. He needs incentives. People really want TVs, dishwares, of course, stuff the economy can't provide--at least not for five years. But art? In six months the system can produce a wave of invigorating movies, books, ideas--in two months it can suppress them. Gorbachev is stimulating productivity by stimulating imagination. For this he's turned to artists and intellectuals. Fresh

LUFT steps between REINHART and VIRENDER, calms them.
MAJOROV spots TRNKA re-entering, walks over, corners him. HOWARD works from BASIL to ELENA.

ZOVIA: (to CHARLES) He openly asked artists to lead the way. This is unprecedented--and dangerous. Gorbachev has many enemies. If artists don't rise to the challenge, if Gorbachev fails for any reason, the door will slam shut again, for me and every Socialist artist. Gorbachev must be able to show some sign of success for this extraordinary investment in the arts.

MAJOROV and JULIET approach CHARLES and ZOVIA. BASIL joins REINHART, VIRENDER.

ELENA: (to HOWARD--introducing Pekingese) This is Lea, Lea, Howard...

ZOVIA: (to CHARLES) The Russians are on a limb. This's the first film test of glasnost in the West. No Soviet film has ever won the Gold Bear.

CHARLES: (to ZOVIA and MAJOROV) You know the Communist Chinese saying? Let a hundred flowers bloom--

MAJOROV: (to CHARLES--interrupts) --so we know where they are. I heard that joke before it was a joke. Let me be honest. Invisible Love is not perfect. It has problems. It's not a film I enjoy defending.

thinking in arts and politics will revitalize the work force.

HOWARD: (to BASIL) Perhaps a Silver Bear for the Soviets, but for me the Golden Bear comes down to American Male and Convicts and Convicts seems out of the running. Convicts should get Best Actor.

BASIL: (to HOWARD) I was thinking the Jury Prize.

HOWARD: (to BASIL) Even better. I'm willing to support that and I know Charles is too.

BASIL: (to HOWARD) Right then, you have my vote.

MAJOROV: (to ELENA) ...after all that, on the way to Leningrad she fell in love with somebody else and got her hair cut like Marilyn Monroe in Some Like It Hot. Her new boyfriend was crazy about Monroe.

ELENA: (to MAJOROV) She's so over-rated.

MAJOROV: (to ELENA) He had a real job--

REINHART and VIRENDER yell face to face.

REINHART: (to VIRENDER) Colonialism, racism--different words, same thing!

MAJOROV: (to ELENA) I was just a kid who loved movies.

VIRENDER: (to REINHART) How dare you lecture me about racism! Germans wrote the book!

BASIL: (distracted) What book?

It was "rehabilitated" for Berlinale. If it's reputiated here, it will be seen as a glasnost failure. Gorbachev's enemies will ridicule him for thinking he could earn a relationship with the West by allowing artistic freedom. I know you think the jury decision should be a matter of merit alone. But it isn't. There's something bigger.

HOWARD: (to ELENA) It strikes me that, in a partisan vote, the Chairperson should retain her unique influence. You should again support the Italian film--a superb film--to force a vote for additional debate.

Spurned by REINHART, VIRENDER
heaps abuse on BASIL, who
retorts:

BASIL: (to VIRENDER) Don't quote me Kipling! Next to Kipling, Ghandi was a moral Houdini!

REINHART joins HOWARD and
ELENA. LUFT leads ELENA to
BASIL.

MAJOROV: (to CHARLES) There's an archive of stories about to unveil. Films never seen in the West. Major directors never interviewed. Select Western journalists will be given access. Journalists who can appreciate their historic importance.

VIRENDER to LUFT, ELENA to

BASIL.

VIRENDER: (interrupting BASIL) Of course it's nostalgia!
This whole festival is nostalgia!

CHARLES: (to ZOVIA) You have a copy with you?

ELENA: (to BASIL) And they call them stars!

REINHART: (to HOWARD) You can't drive twenty miles without
passing a nuke silo, Chemical dumps--

ZOVIA: (to CHARLES) I deny any--

REINHART: (to HOWARD) --materiel depot, NATO base, target
range--

CHARLES: (to ZOVIA) Tonight? (ZOVIA nods)

REINHART: (to HOWARD) You think you know what it's like but
you don't.

MAJOROV: (to CHARLES) There are no politics in film--

ELENA rat-tat-tats gavel.

ELENA: Silenzio!

JURORS hush. HOWARD slaps his
hand as if scolded. CHARLES
breaks from ZOVIA, MAJOROV and
JULIET.

ELENA: Please be seated.

HOWARD and CHARLES whisper as
they sit.

HOWARD: (to CHARLES) Basil's on our side. Elena will stay neutral. Did you talk to Reinhart?

ELENA: (seated) Order, please. (silence) We will proceed directly to the vote for the Goldener Berliner Bär. Each juror has one vote. Eugen Trnka?

TRNKA: (glances at MAJOROV) Nevvidennaya Poterya, USSR.

HOWARD whispers to CHARLES ("Majorov got Trnka") as LUFT records votes. MAJOROV nods, HOWARD lights cigarette.

ELENA: Zovia Zneczulenia?

ZOVIA: Nevvidennaya Poterya.

ELENA: Virender Zumar?

VIRENDER: American Male, USA.

ELENA: Victor Majorov?

MAJOROV: Nevvidennaya Poterya.

ELENA: The Chairperson votes Nevvidennaya Poterya, USSR.
Charles Bogle?

HOWARD to CHARLES: huh?
CHARLES, tense, stares away.

CHARLES: (dramatic) This is a very difficult vote for me. On reflection, I vote for Nevvidennaya Poterya, Invisible Love, the Soviet film. This is an historic opportunity--

HOWARD: Charles!

ELENA: That's five votes for Nevvidennaya Poterya.

HOWARD: (to CHARLES) What the hell?

CHARLES: (aside, to HOWARD) Who cares who wins some stupid bear? There are bigger issues. This award opens the door for unseen films, suppressed--

HOWARD: (to CHARLES) A scoop!

CHARLES: (to HOWARD) The award's a symbol--

HOWARD: (to CHARLES) A cover! You sold out for a cover story!

ELENA: (anxious) Gentlemen.

HOWARD: Continue the voting!

LUFT: Five of nine votes. That's a majority.

HOWARD: Finish the balloting!

CHARLES: (to HOWARD) I have to vote my conscience.

HOWARD: (to all) Your conscience! A critic who developed scripts for studios whose movies he was reviewing!

ELENA frantically checks
Robert's Rules of Order.

ELENA: (checking Robert's Rules) Suppression of Motion!

HOWARD: Under a pseudonym--

LUFT: Five votes is a majority. Nevvidennaya Poterya is awarded the Gold Bear.

HOWARD: Finish the fucking vote, Nazi!

ELENA: Howard!

MAJOROV: I think it's time to silence Mr. Kemp. This is inexcusable. Need we bring up his unfortunate personal history, so well portrayed by the film director in American Male?

HOWARD: (ro MAJOROV) I set out to make a balanced political film but got caught in a scandal because of which the studio and the local authorities made me change it into an anti-American film which became a hit and won an Oscar. It's called free enterprise!

MAJOROV: Typical John Wayne America--

HOWARD: I knew it--

REINHART: (walking away) You both disgust me--

CHARLES: Let--

HOWARD: Here comes the John Wayne bullshitski--

MAJOROV: Zionist racism!--

REINHART: Zote!--

HOWARD: Don't fuck with Uncle Sam--

BASIL: Chairperson--

VIRENDER: (stands) Aai schob bokmi scheshs karo!--

HOWARD: (to MAJOROV) Comrade Pogrom!

LUFT: Gentlemen!!--

REINHART: Thank God for the Wall--

Pekingese bark, ELENA gavels,
TRNKA circles.

ZOVIA: Trnka!

MAJOROV: Ne Talantlivaia rasputnaia zhenschina lz Golivuda!

BASIL: We represent history!--

TRNKA: Nech toho blazne!--

LUFT: Bitte!

HOWARD: (to MAJOROV) Comrade Cancer Ward!--

CHARLES: Howard!--

TRNKA prances.

ELENA: What is the Alfred Bauer Prize?--

LUFT: Hor auf damit!--

MAJOROV, standing, yells at
HOWARD in English--the first
English MAJOROV has spoken in
the play.

MAJOROV: (not through JULIET) You are a fraud! Fascist
murderer of peasants in the name of Hollywood!

HOWARD realizes MAJOROV
understood English all along.
This is the final straw.
Pekingese bark, LUFT begs,
TRNKA babbles. JULIET
stunned. BASIL sinks to
knees, CHARLES buries head,
VIRENDER sings.

HOWARD: Stick this up your gulag!

HOWARD stands on his chair,
drops his pants, moons
MAJOROV!

ELENA screams! as HOWARD'S
ass shines unimpeded. Gasps.
ELENA rushes to cover HOWARD'S
obscenity. Amidst general
confusion, ELENA stretches too
far, unleashing her bouncing
breasts!

ELENA clutches herself as
everyone freezes. Blackout.

Scene Four. Lights reveal a
dual set: jury room is stage
left, Howard's hotel suite is
stage right.

JURORS sit as before with
two exceptions: LUFT in
Elena's chair and ELENA,
wearing windbreaker, in
Howard's. Pekingese are gone.
LUFT, telephone receiver in
hand, chairs meeting. Speaker
phone is prominent on table.

Stage right, RANDI, PEGGY
and HOWARD follow the
deliberations from his hotel
sitting room. RANDI looks out
window as PEGGY sits in
stuffed chair, telephone to
her ear. HOWARD lies
stretched out on sofa, his
hand covering his face. Room
service table (drinks, coffee)
stands nearby.

Action is continuous on
both sets. Only indicated
dialogue is audible. Lights
dim and rise accordingly.

PEGGY: Howard's allowed to follow the proceedings by
phone and vote, he just can't be in the jury room.
Majorov and Elena Maria said they would walk out

if he was allowed back.

HOWARD: (face covered) I was sent to my room.

PEGGY: We've all agreed to keep quiet about it. The things I've forgotten could fill a book.

HOWARD: (face covered) Me and the Pekingese.

RANDI: When you write that book leave me out.

PEGGY: I've forgotten so much I can't remember what I've forgotten.

RANDI: It's not the first time you've made an ass of yourself, Howard.

HOWARD: (face covered) Let me suffer in peace.

RANDI: Honestly, I was really touched when I heard what happened. I came to thank you for standing up for the film like that--well, maybe not quite like that. (HOWARD moans)

HOWARD: (face covered) I was double-crossed by a film critic.

PEGGY: (on phone) They're reading the vote. (hands receiver to HOWARD)

In jury room.

LUFT: The votes for the second award, the Silberner Bär for Best Director are: American Male, four votes. Személyi Igazolvány, three votes. La Ville

Outre'Mer, one vote, Sesso o piu Sesso?, one vote.
The deliberations are open to final comments after
which the vote will be limited to the American and
Hungarian films. Eugen Trnka?

TRNKA: A Polish teacher asked his students, "What's the
secret of comedy?"--

REINHART: Let me guess.

ELENA clears throat
censorially: TRNKA continues
as REINHART, groans
incrementally, lowers head.
ZOVIA reads paperback.

In hotel suite. HOWARD,
sitting on sofa, listens, sets
receiver down. RANDI pours
scotches. PEGGY picks up
receiver, holds it away from
ear.

HOWARD: Elena held back. She didn't vote either side.
Supported Pino Muti instead. It's four to three,
American Male against the Hungarian film with two
swing votes. What's she up to?

PEGGY, on phone, lip-syncs
Trnka's inaudible stage left
punch line.

PEGGY: T-t-timing.

In jury room. REINHART'S
forehead hits table.
In hotel room.

RANDI: (coy) I think she wants to hear from you, Howard.

PEGGY: Who's the other swing vote?

HOWARD: Trnka, he'll go with Majorov. I assumed Elena'd be automatically against anything I was for. I didn't exactly endear myself to the lady. You shoulda seen it.

RANDI: I have.

PEGGY: You never can tell.

RANDI: Female psychology isn't one of Howard's strong suits.
(distributes drinks) What's that smell?

HOWARD: (sheepish) It's me. Cologne. One of those little bottles from the airline. I love that minature travel stuff.

PEGGY: (extends phone) They want to know if you have a comment?

HOWARD: I already stated my case.

PEGGY: Elena suggested you might wish to "add" something.

RANDI: Go for it.

HOWARD nods, clears his head.
He hunches over receiver. His
voice is heard through speaker
phone in jury room.

HOWARD: Hello again. Thank you for letting me remain a voting member of the jury. I profusely apologize to you as a group and individuals. I apologize to Director Luft who's treated me like a guest in his

home, to Victor Majorov, a National Treasure of Soviet film history (HOWARD cups receiver against stomach, speaks to RANDI and PEGGY)--an intellectual Chernobyl--(lifts phone back) most of all to Elena Maria Modesto. I have insulted a great actress who I have worshipped and respected all my life, an icon to me (to RANDI and PEGGY)--the most unfuckable woman on earth--(to JURY) this is a shame I will always live with. There's no excuse for what I did. When Victor accused me of being the director depicted in American Male, I lost control. Although some scenes in the film were indeed based on events in my life, the vast majority were viciously and cruelly distorted. (pained) The film has hurt me personally and damaged me professionally--yet I still defend it. I swallowed a lot of pride to support this film and ask you to judge it objectively (to RANDI and PEGGY)--such bullshit--(to JURY) Thank you.

RANDI watching with growing respect. HOWARD sets down receiver. RANDI and PEGGY join in applause.

PEGGY: Terrific! Why can't my clients speak like you?

RANDI: Bravo.

PEGGY: I got mumblers.

HOWARD: (to RANDI) The film's good, but that's not why I

voted for it. I voted for you.

PEGGY: (on phone) They're voting.

In jury room.

TRNKA: Személyi Igazolvány.

ZOVIA: Személyi Igazolvány.

VIRENDER: American Male.

MAJOROV: Személyi Igazolvány.

LUFT: Elena?

ELENA: (deciding) American Male.

CHARLES: American Male.

REINHART: Személyi Igazolvány.

BASIL: American Male.

LUFT: That's five votes American Male, four votes Személyi Igazolvány. The Silver Bear for Best Director is awarded to American Male.

In hotel suite. PEGGY and RANDI applaud.

PEGGY: (to RANDI) Mazel Tov!

HOWARD: (toasting) Congratulations!

PEGGY: (stands) I've got to work on the press release. Don't worry. My lips are sealed until the official announcement. Maybe we can turn this into a news filler: "Kemp in Glasnost

Controversey."

RANDI: No.

PEGGY: Plug your new film--

HOWARD: I don't have a film.

PEGGY: Hush-hush project, every--

HOWARD: Try and your fingers'll never roll another
Rollodex. Besides, I'm for glasnost.

PEGGY: Just an idea. (to RANDI) You want to call Lisa
or shall I?

RANDI: Go ahead.

PEGGY: (to HOWARD) Think about Montreal. You'll love
Montreal.

PEGGY dashes out leaving RANDI
and HOWARD uncomfortably
alone.

RANDI: (to HOWARD) Thanks.

HOWARD: (takes out cigarette) Sit down.

RANDI: Why not. (sits) You're smoking again?

HOWARD sets receiver on sofa.

RANDI: Why did you defend American Male? It wasn't
necessary.

HOWARD: There were certain, ah, distortions in American
Male, you'll have to admit that.

RANDI: Do you have to discuss this? Can't we just sit around and pitch deals like normal people?

HOWARD: I said I defended Male because of you. I lied.

RANDI: A nice touch.

HOWARD: I did it because Male was the best film. Because it was the right thing to do. American Male puts me in a difficult position. The industry thinks the film's accurate, all about me. If I point out the parts that are false, I only call attention to the parts that aren't. It was much easier when I could say I hadn't seen it.

RANDI: What distortions?

HOWARD: The stuff about the double honeymoon plans, for example. Natalie made that story up because she was jealous. It never happened.

RANDI: You did promise to marry her.

HOWARD: Yes, but I married you.

RANDI: No you didn't.

HOWARD: The ceremony may not have been valid outside the Philippines, but in the eyes of Ferdinand and Imelda Marcos we're still married.

RANDI: That wasn't even a priest. He was a goddamn extra in your movie, for Christ's sake. He only played a priest.

HOWARD: He played a priest but he was also a real priest.
He told me so himself.

RANDI: He ran errands for the Monsignor.

HOWARD: I had nothing to do with the explosion. I wasn't
even there when it happened. I was rehearsing
with Natalie--

RANDI: Rehumping--

HOWARD: Rehearsing. And how about that little matter of
the Director's sexual impotence--the big scene?
That was a flattering bit of fabrication. I don't
remember any complaints on your part.

RANDI: I wasn't the director. Lisa was.

HOWARD: But you developed the script.

RANDI: Lisa felt the character of the Director was too
sympathetic. She was afraid the audience would
get confused. She wanted to draw the lines
clearer. "Creative license." You do remember
creative license?

HOWARD: "Ego for Art's Sake"--the ad campaign. That was
my line--

RANDI: You used it to describe yourself--

HOWARD: As a joke!

RANDI: What do you want--credit? "Self-incrimination by
Howard Kemp"?

In jury room. -

LUFT: The Silver Bear Special Prize of the Jury is awarded to Személyi Igazolvány, Identity Card, Hungary.

BASIL: ...outrageous! Bauer maybe--

ELENA: What is the Alfred Bauer Prize?

In hotel suite.

HOWARD: You wasted six years getting back at somebody that doesn't exist. I'm not the villian you wanted. You said if you married me--for real--I would just cheat on you again next film. Look what happened. I got married, had a child. I've been a faithful husband and father for four years, just like I told you--a commitment. I live in Ojai. I own a Lawn Boy. I don't use it, but I own it.

RANDI rises to refresh her drink.

RANDI: You want another? (HOWARD nods) Can you believe they have AA parties now? (pours scotch) Let me get this straight. You're trying to win me back by telling me what a faithful husband you've been? Even you must see the contradiction there. (hands HOWARD drink) Is that what you told Natalie Conori?

HOWARD: Oh, we're back to Natalie Conori again! I didn't

cheat on you! She was an actress, for God's sake! It isn't cheating for a director to sleep with his leading lady. That's not sex. It's DGA minimum.

RANDI: Everyone knew.

HOWARD: It's in the bylaws.

RANDI: It was in Liz Smith.

HOWARD: It's part of the work process.

RANDI: She was a child.

HOWARD: It was the best performance of her career.

RANDI: I was humiliated.

HOWARD: I was a fool.

In jury room.

LUFT: The Silberner Berliner Bär for Best Actor is awarded to Ian Wright for his performance in Convicts, Grossbritannien. The Silver Bear for Best Actress goes to Helma Bauner for Unschuld, Innocence, Deutsche Demokratische Republik.

In hotel suite.

HOWARD: The years we were together were the happiest of my life. I had more ideas than I could write, money fell from Heaven, Hollywood was happening, we were invited everywhere, sex was safe, cocaine was harmless, our friends were funny and we were in

love. Life fucking glowed. We were magical.

RANDI: Not so fast. You went off to New York four months the second year because you said you hated the "sterility of Hollywood." You didn't bother to ask if I cared and hardly ever called. That's how magical we were. Remember? You were an encyclopedia of suicidal fantasies--I heard them all. You bought guns like fashion accessories: one in the office, one on the couch--reporters loved it. You cut the coke, I cut the veggies. Too much booze and you sunk into evangelical depression--no one could clear a room like you, Howard. When guests came streaming out I knew you'd gone off on the meaning of life again. And the friends, you may have noticed, turned out to be mine, not yours. I envy you. A convenient memory is a gift from God.

HOWARD: You exaggerate.

RANDI: Not enough. In drug rehab they call this "euphoric recall." You only remember the highs, never the lows.

HOWARD: And what do they call euphoric amnesia?

RANDI: Health.

HOWARD: I meant well.

RANDI: You always meant well.

HOWARD: We were in love?

RANDI: Yes.

HOWARD: We were happy?

RANDI: Yes.

HOWARD: Really?

RANDI: Really.

Mutual pause.

HOWARD: One thing. I've always wondered if I hadn't gone off, gotten married, if I had stayed around and waited for you to reconsider, two, three years, however long it took, could I have won you back?

RANDI: (thinks) No, I don't think so. I built a protective wall against you. Self-defense. I didn't want to be hurt again.

HOWARD: What goes up can come down.

RANDI: Not anymore. It's part of me, a body organ.

HOWARD: But you still care for me. Who else could fester a hurt so long?

RANDI: You forget that art works.

RANDI stands to leave. HOWARD takes her hand.

HOWARD: Stay. Stay here with me. (RANDI sits) You're the love of my life.

RANDI: Don't make me an accomplice asshole. Would you leave your family for me?

HOWARD: No. Not now.

RANDI: Get on with it. You got a life to live. (bitter) You got a life and I got Lisa's Silver Bear. (stands)

HOWARD: You're leaving?

RANDI: Berlin.

HOWARD: (stands) You're not staying to accept the Bear? The award ceremony is this big televised deal..

RANDI: I was sorry I came when I realized you were here. Now I'm glad to leave. Let Peggy pick up the award. She earned it.

HOWARD: Let's get together sometime.

RANDI: Let's not.

HOWARD: How about a kiss for old times' sake? To refresh my convenient memory.

RANDI: How about a big smile and hearty handshake?

HOWARD: "A kiss is just a kiss."

HOWARD approaches her. They embrace and kiss. The embrace grows tighter, the kiss more passionate. They shift positions, continue kissing--
Until RANDI abruptly pushes HOWARD away, turns and exits without looking back.

Door closes.

HOWARD is alone. He pours himself a drink, sits down, picks up receiver, listens.

Lights shift to jury room.

LUFT: So it's decided. The Alfred Bauer Prize, in its inaugural year, will be awarded to the comedy, City Across the Water, Ivory Coast. That concludes the deliberations. I thank each of you on behalf of the Berlinale. Now, with your permission, I'd like to invite Howard Kemp to join us for a final toast.

No one objects. LUFT picks up the receiver.

In hotel suite, HOWARD listens, nods, hangs up. He stands, straightens his clothes, splashes on cologne and walks stage left to jury room.

In jury room. JURORS greet HOWARD him with genuine affection. It's been a long day. Nine long days.

LUFT: Howard!

BASIL: Welcome.

REINHART: So nice to see your face again.

CHARLES: Good work.

MAJOROV: Comrade.

HOWARD: Where's Elena?

ELENA: Over here!

MAJOROV: A toast for my friend!

Jocular conversations ensue as
WAITER enters with champagne
bottles. LUFT taps spoon
sharply against water glass,
quieting JURORS.

LUFT: I think you all can be very proud of the awards
the jury has made. The decisions are very good
for the Festival and the unique nature of this
city.

LUFT pops cork; champagne and
conversation flow. Lights dim
over laughter to reveal RANDI
upstage standing on
Potsdamerplatz platform. She
speaks across JURORS to HOWARD
who turns to listen.
Spotlights isolate them: they
alone remain. JURORS quiet.

RANDI: (to HOWARD) In 1966 on the 5th anniversary of
the Berlin Wall, Chairman Walter Ulbricht
addressed the 20th plenary session of the German
Democratic Republic stating: "Every nation has a
right to secure its borders. The planned
aggression of West German revanchist and military
forces was thwarted by the creation of the anti-
fascist protective wall around West Berlin on
August 13, 1961. The peace was saved. We acted
in keeping with the old German saying that those
who refuse to listen must be made to feel."

Lights fade for end of play.
During curtain calls we hear

"Dancing in Berlin," an upbeat
1984 pop hit by the group
BERLIN. A female voice sings.

"DANCING IN BERLIN"

Stop! Now let's go again,
Go! Don't stop again,
No! I don't want to be alone.
Yes! It's time for fun,
Dance! Til the night is done,
Look! It's a motion picture show.

Dancing in Berlin,
Dancing in Berlin,
Dancing in Berlin,
Dancing in Berlin,
Wanna see you.

East! Such a mystery,
West! A good history,
You! Just a moment flashing by.
One! There's no time for this,
Two! Give me just one wish,
Please! There's no Wall in front of you.

Dancing in Berlin,
I wanna see you,
Dancing in Berlin,
I wanna be with you.
Dancing in Berlin,
I wanna see you.
Dancing in Berlin,
I wanna be with you.

THE END