

Exegesis and Screenplay for a film entitled:

Spaces between us

By Silke Eggert

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Primary Supervisor: David Hughes

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CERTIFICATE OF AUTHORSHIP

" I hereby declare this submission is my own work and that,
to the best of my knowledge and belief, it contains no
material previously published or written by another person
nor material which, to the ~~iii~~substantial extent, has been
accepted to the qualification of any other degree, or
diploma, of a university, or other institution of high
learning, except where acknowledgement is made."

Signed:

Silke Eggert
March 5, 2008

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ABSTRACT

This screenplay is a fictional Coming of Age story of a young restless woman who, on an existentialist search for her inner self, investigates into the truth behind her famous grandmother's past, an anthropologist who conducted controversial research in the Samoa of the 1920s. In the turbulent streams of her consciousness, Kat drifts in between an urban reality in Berlin, daydreams about her grandmother's journey into the exotic unknown, fantasies about the enigmatic young Samoan single mom Penei, and memories of a once loving family.

The encounter with Penei and the resulting friendship and frail romance of the two women proves to be an eye-opener for Kat who finally discovers that the objective truth

proves to be the ultimate myth, and that only the acknowledgement of her own, subjective vision will lead her on the path to her inner happiness.

Although the character of Anna König is inspired by the historic figure of anthropologist Margaret Mead, the script has no intent to refer to actual facts of Mead's life. All the characters depicted are entirely fictional.

Introduction

This exegesis aims to describe the main motifs of *Spaces between us*, otherness and self, and reality perception, and discuss the resulting narrative style that evolved out of my occupation with these topics over the past 10 months. It presents a brief overview of both otherness, with a specific view on the Pacific, and the perception and presentation of reality in academic literature ranging from Anthropology over Social studies to Film Theory and Philosophy, interwoven with references to the actual script. In a description of my process of evolving and writing the script, I will start by introducing the main characters and their evolution over time.

How the storyline developed: from Margaret Mead to Katerina Eulberg

Spaces between us (working title) is sketched onto the factual life of renowned anthropologist Margaret Mead and her work in the South Seas resulting in the book *Coming of age in Samoa* (1928). Mead, at a very young age, on her first fieldtrip travelled to Samoa to examine teenage angst among Samoan adolescent girls. Her findings proved to be a strong endorsement for the upcoming school of behaviourism (in contrast to Gestalt psychology) and created turmoil not only in the anthropological world. Mead's findings that contrary to Western adolescents, Samoan teenage girls did not

experience *storm and stress*, but defined adolescence as a period of great liberty with the freedom to experiment sexually before having to commit themselves to marriage, re-enhanced both the romanticised view of the Western world onto the South Seas, and the feeling of otherness and self in Western identity construction, that will be discussed further on in this work.

First acclaimed, later criticised, Mead herself was as much myth as myth-maker. Whereas New Zealand anthropologist Derek Freeman(1984) questioned her academic validity in his book *Margaret Mead: the making and unmaking of an anthropological myth* (1984), published only after Mead's death, her daughter with fellow scientist Gregory Bateson, Mary Catherine Bateson, revealed in her biography *With A Daughter's Eye* (1984) her mother's secret homoerotic romance with close friend and fellow scientist Ruth Benedict, which led Bateson to question her construction of her mother's identity. Bateson bewailed a seemingly close mother-daughter relationship that was now flawed by the deception on her mother's hand. In her work, Mead appeared as both observer and observed. It is this theme, together with the feeling of disappointment over a distance between "me" and the ones that I am supposedly closest to, that I sensed in Mary Bateson's words, that inspired me to evolve the topic further and away from the actual figure of Margaret Mead. Anna Koenig, whose character is inspired by Mead and her travel to Samoa, plays the role of an "enigmatic outsider" (Aronson, 2000, p. 117) who is reviewed by her 24-year-old granddaughter and protagonist Kat, living in modern day Berlin.

During the process of writing *Spaces between us* the figure of Kat as the disenchanted, post-teen existentialist who drifts through the city in search of a purpose, would like to rebel against injustices and inequalities she sees. However, Kat doesn't know how, and cynically defines herself as a product of the very world she despises, moved more and more into the foreground. Kat, at 24, faces what Gertrude Stein (1971) put aptly as

" the straight and narrow gateway of maturity, life which was all uproar and confusion narrows down to form and purpose and we exchange a great dim possibility for a small hard reality" (Katz, 1971, pp.29-30).

The historic figure of Margaret Mead on the other hand moved into being mere stencil for Kat's grandmother Anna who is predominantly part of Kat's daydreams.

The writing of those very daydreams, imaginations, and memories, my intuitively ,post-modern' approach to it and the long resulting discussions with my supervisor opened a new door into an exploration of reality and its depiction, true to the motto „The world, as we perceive it, is our own invention“(von Foerster, date unknown).

So *Spaces between us* deals not only with the impossibility to unite, even with the ones we are closest to, but moreover with the topic of subjective reality construction.

Part of Kat's maturing is her realisation that there is no absolute truth to find in her grandmother's past, and no definite answer as to how she should live her life. And, on a smaller scale, Kat's mother Marie who, unlike Mary Catherine Bateson, who saw it as her duty to reveal her mother's affair (Bateson, 1984,

p.152), chooses to keep her mother's secret, matures in a struggle between wanting to be loyal and not wanting to repeat the pattern of concealment her mother had laid out. This inner struggle leads to an increasing distance between Kat and her, and only resolves with Marie's decision to face old traumas and to come to terms with them.

The figure of Richard, Kat's father, poses as an interesting counterpart to the female characters. He, through his profession as a commercially successful fashion photographer, on one hand presents the world against which Kat wants to rebel, and on the other hand, through his self-awareness of being the 'oppressor' and his relaxed, ironic handling of it, has a much closer relationship to her. In the same way, in his juxtaposition to Marie, his acts of adultery that are ostensibly tolerated by her appear not as unfaithful as Marie's unfaithfulness to herself.

And last but not least, Penei, the Samoan single Mom who fled her home to live in Berlin and starts a frail romance with Kat, mirrors all our (Western) projections on the "'exotic' Other" (Suaali, 2000, p.93), and, in rejecting them, functions as an eye-opener.

Other and Self: Representation of the Pacific as the "other"

Since the exploration of the Pacific Islands by Europeans in the 18th century, countless depictions of the Pacific 'paradise' in Western literature, fine arts, magazines, advertisings and postcards have

created an image that Suaalii calls the "'exotic' Other" (Suaalii, 2000, p. 93).

Exotic here goes by the definition of "'outside; foreign...strange or different in a way that is striking or fascinating; strangely beautiful, enticing..'" (Ibd., p.94) and is inflicted on both the islands themselves and their inhabitants, but especially on Pacific Island women.

Suaalii in her research on depictions of Pacific Island women in Western photographs and van Trigt (2000) in her research on the representation of the Pacific and Pacific Island women in Western films both confirmed Said's (1996) notions on Orientalism (Said, 1996, p.21) and conclude that those representations of the Other by the West "form a system of ascribed meanings, associations and images that become the accepted means of referring to the other in dominant discourse" (van Trigt, 2000, p. 110).

Both researchers found that the Pacific Island woman was generally represented as the savage, with van Trigt (2000) distinguishing between the noble savage, the ignobel savage, the romantic savage, the comic savage, and the dying savage in her analysis of five films¹, where Suaalii finds the Pacific Islanders depicted as contradictingly "both actively savage and passively sensual" (Suaalii, 2000, p.95).

Not only in Gauguin's paintings or Mead's (1928) anthropological research of *Coming of age in Samoa*, the overall illustration of the Pacific seems to be one of a lush paradise, far removed from the world, with its inhabitants nostalgically referred to

¹ she analysed a range of films from Flaherty's *Moana* (1926), to the adaptation of James A. Michener's novel *Hawaii*, *South Pacific*, *the Bounty* (1984), and *Rapa Nui* (1994)

as still being in the developing state, innocent, or as van Trigt calls it, in "the childhood of mankind"(van Trigt, 2000. p.113). This patriarchal perspective is seen by both researchers as a typical Western, colonising construction that in its "eurocentric, masculine" "phallocentric"(Suaalii, 2000, p.93) representation enforces a "Western concept of Self" and "reflect(s) and reproduce(s) the dominant power relations"(van Trigt, 2000, p.109, brackets inserted by me).

By differentiating the Other from the Self, Western perceptions automatically render the Other as different, but not as different in itself: The Other, therefore, is all same (Ibd.).

This worldview can also be implied to Kat in *Spaces between us*, whose perception both of Samoa and of the Samoan Penei is characterized by a fascination for the exotic, seemingly paradisaical 'other' that draws her to the young Samoan woman. Kat is not able to differentiate the 'other' in its particularities other than its differentiation from the self, or the 'here and now' which she wishes to escape. Her father Richard portrays the more active part of that Western 'self': he is the evoking force that spreads the false image of paradise through his commercial photography. He can also be found guilty of the public depiction of women as stereotypically sexualized.

Even more 'same' than the depiction of the islands is the depiction of the Pacific Island woman. She is represented as sexually available, without having a voice (van Trigt, 2000, p.109.). Van Trigt compares

colonization to penetration (Ibd.), and sees the sexualization of the Pacific as its result.

The Pacific woman is presented as the dusk, bare-breasted maiden, confirming the mere Western connotation of bare-breastedness to availability, and this is further reinforced in that, as van Trigt examined, only beautiful, young, full breasts are shown, whereas older women stay covered (van Trigt, 2000, p.114).

Furthermore, she is shown through the (camera) point of view of a male (often Western, as in the *Bounty*) on-looker, whom she sends encouraging "'come-on'" looks (Ibd., p.115).

Van Trigt concludes that on screen, "Pacific Island women are seen to be represented as sexually available, silent, the signifiers of difference" (Ibd., p.109) and suggests that a Pacific self-representation would vastly differ from those inflicted on the Pacific by the West, for the West (Ibd.).

Self-representation and new identities

Modern Pacific literature from writers like Albert Wendt or Sia Figiel (both Samoan) deals with those stereotypes created by Western colonialism. Wendt himself sees colonialism not as solely negative, in saying that

Colonialism, by shattering the world of the traditional artist, also broke open the way for a new type of artist who is not bound by traditional styles and attitudes and conventions, who explores his own individuality, experiments freely and expresses his own values and ideas, his own mana unfettered by accepted convention. (Wendt, 1981, p. 5)

This new self and its resulting literary style however has in Wendt's and other cases rather irritated a Western audience, who expected a "new" post-

colonial Pacific writer to be political, not post-modern (Keown, 2005, p. 31).

In Figiel's case, the new self evolved out of her exodus to Europe and the resulting examination of both foreign and motherland culture, which makes her critical of both Western influences on Samoa and own double standards of morality (Figiel, 1996a, pp.122-123). Her work focuses on the Samoan adolescent girl, who, she felt, like van Trigt, had until then not been represented as having her own voice in literature (Ibd.).

Figiel, like Wendt, is a big critic of both Mead and Freeman. She took their controversy up in her work (see for example Figiel, 1996b, p. 204), in a way that, as Keown phrases it, "reduces the anthropological debate to a petty argument which centres upon the European obsession with the sexuality of non-Europeans" (Keown, 2005, p.46). Freeman himself is caricated as a disappointed tourist, raging because "'Mead's 'paradise' was a mere myth" (Figiel, 1998, quoted in Keown, 2005 p.47) Not surprisingly, the reality her heroines live in could not be farther removed from Mead's paradise. The young girls grow up in an environment where domestic violence is common practice, obedience to the elder everything and free will and speech for an adolescent woman is taboo.

In this harsh environment, Figiel's women characters are essentially existentialist explorers, who search for a meaning in their surrounding, driven by a feeling that 'something is missing'.

The same feeling of imperfection and emptiness drives Kat to ask herself and the psychiatrist at the beginning of the story, 'What if this is all there is?',

but unlike her, Kat grows up in an environment where personal freedom and total individuality form the ne plus ultra (which causes different problems which cannot be explored here, but will in the script).

Figiel herself describes in an interview (Gee, 2002, quoted in Keown, 2005, p. 55) how she was "'terrified' about the impact upon her family of the controversy surrounding *where we once belonged*" , and about the possible consequences that could have for her as a member of that family. Young Samoan researcher AnneMarie Tupuola (2000) utters the same concerns when she says the fa'a Samoa with its principles of fa'aaloalo and ava (respect and obligation) prohibits young women from speaking or writing publicly "of and about the Samoan culture" and especially on female sexuality (Tupuola, 2000, p.63) and in doing so, she risks "losing any further status in my Samoan community and blemishing the honour of my family and ancestors" (Ibd.).

Her study subjects, 13 young Samoan women aged between 16 and 29 and based in New Zealand, report this and more. Tupuola states that

"Many Samoan parents severely discipline daughters who have boyfriends and discourage any discussion about sex in their families for fear their daughters will (...) blemish their honour. In effect, it appears 'safer' for young Samoan women to either remain ignorant about sex and contraceptives or to have clandestine relationships without the knowledge of their parents" (Tupuola, 2000, p.67).

One of her research participants tells us that

"Even at the age of twenty seven, I didn't know anything about sex, I was really naive, and, yeah, I had sex and fell pregnant. (...)Now I'm on my own, I ran away from home and am raising my child" (Ibd., p. 67).

So Penei's story of a single Mom, who has fled her home and escaped a life she did not want to live, is not uncommon. Even her rape is not an exaggeration, and not an individual fate. Tupuolas (2000) participants report rapes by men that were supposed to protect their virginity (Ibd., p.70) , arranged marriages (Ibd., p.69) and severe punishments for disobedience (Ibd.) which led some of them into so deep despair that they attempted suicide (Ibd., p.70), a theme that Sia Figiel picks up in her novels as well (see Figiel, 1996b).

Keown (2005) concludes that "Figiel's women are ultimately positioned neither as passive objects of colonial desire, nor as the inverse of Western ideals of beauty, but rather as agents located within specific spatio-temporal realities." (Keown, 2005, p.58).

The style Figiel chose to tell those prior untold stories of „real“ Samoan adolescent girls, again reflects a new-found identity that refers back to the Samoan tradition of fa’gogo or storytelling. Figiel herself compares her cyclic style to the weaving of a flower necklace, a lei, - „the weaving or the threading of many different songs/tunes to make one long song(...) One might say that there are big bright flowers blooming all over the composition, interspersed by smaller ones that are just as colourful“ (Figiel, 1996a, p.126). This image of a flower necklace where small flowers are next to big flowers, but all have the same significance, can be very well compared to the emerging and submerging thoughts in the modernist stream of consciousness narrative which I will discuss in detail later.

Other and self or Insider and outsider in *Spaces between us*

The problems that surround the controversy around Mead's (1928) work, namely providing an insider's perspective to a society where she would always be an outsider, is reflected in the script not only through Kat's ongoing, open questioning of her grandmother Anna's credibility, but also through the ambiguity of the flashbacks into 1925 Samoa, that suggest that there is no concrete reality to grasp, which ultimately makes out Kat's conclusion (and relief) at the end of the story, when she understands that it is solely her vision she will ever be able to see. In seeing the events through Kat's eyes, we as an audience always stay aware of our (and my own as a writer) subjective perspective we have on everything we look upon. In the same sense, when we see Penei's past through Kat's eyes, we are never in danger of "not understanding what it is really like". We are fully aware that Kat never will, and that we never will. It is the quest for a deeper meaning that drives her actions and, from an existentialist point of view, all human action, that leads her to find the reality of her true self. This quest was what I intended to depict as realistic as possible in the full awareness that the depiction of total reality in film is a myth, and that I, like Kat, always interpret reality. This point leads to a more general discussion about realism in film which I would like to explore in a next chapter.

Narrative Structure: Memory, imagination and the fallibility of it.

„Wo ist die Realitaet? Wo hammse die?“

„The world, as we perceive it, is our own invention.“

(Heinz von Foerster)

A specific challenge for the narrative structure of *Spaces between us* were not only the different timelines, but especially the visual distinguishments between Kat's 2007 reality, her memory, and her daydreams. Kat's subjective memories and her daydreams about her grandmother and Penei run through her reality and ultimately shape it. Kat's stream of consciousness, her inner reality or inner life presents the major narrative of the story; Kat is going through a phase in her life where she constantly questions her surroundings and herself, and that process leads her to find out what she really wants and who she wants to be. To show that stream of consciousness in the film, I am using a flashback technique that deliberately blurs the boundaries between reality, a subjective (and therefore naturally fallible) memory, and imagination, since I personally don't believe in the possibility of a clear distinction between the three.

With this I am following a philosophy that first emerged in the literature of the Modernist novels, especially those by Virginia Woolf.

Modernist novelists, looking at a changing environment where advances in technology and the rapid growth of urban life seemed to threaten

privacy and fast-forward the pace of life (Fernhough, 2000), were searching for new ways to depict inner life, inspired by the theories of Sigmund Freud who brought to the public conscious the notion that man is not the master of his own self by default; to master it, he must look inwards to understand and transform (Sanchez-Vizcaíno, 2008).

Woolf and other modern novelists turned their interest towards "states of being, and not states of doing" (Woolf, 1992, p. 52). The average realist novel was frowned upon as depicting solely the trivia of outer life, and a reality that was seen as being "redundant and superabundant" (Bergson, 2002, p.267), as French philosopher Henri Bergson wrote in 1907, commenting on American psychologist William James' (1907) *Pragmatism*. Fernhough describes the modernist literary persona as that of a "flaneur"(Fernhough, 2007, p.66), drifting through life in steady contemplation of its phenomenas, and Kat as the main character of *Spaces between us* is the perfect flaneur, ever absorbed in contemplation and thought.

Woolf herself called upon her fellow writers to get "rid of realism, to penetrate without its help into the regions beneath it" (Woolf, 1992, p. 17). Those regions, she believed, offered access to "a more genuine, a deeper, and indeed a more real reality" (Auerbach, 2003, p. 540) with the help of "the continuous rumination of consciousness in its natural and purposeless freedom" (Ibd., p. 538). The preoccupation of the modernist novelists with inner life experiences as opposed to outer life events, resulted in the stream of consciousness technique,

especially prominent in Woolf's and Joyce's novels. The perception of a free and fluid mind led to its depiction in this technique, that was characterized by a constant drift between emerging and submerging thoughts and feelings, "of material slipping back and forth between the conscious, the preconscious and the unconscious, so that the underlying rhetorical configuration is that of the mind as a fluid and watery world" (Sanchez-Vizcaíno, 2008). The symbol of water is prominent in Woolf's writings, whose oeuvre, as Poole(1978) writes, is mainly themed around it, with water making out 48% compared to 52% of all other elements combined (Poole, 1978, p.259).

Not surprisingly (although not intently used) is the recurring motif of a breaking wave in *Spaces between us*, that symbolises Kat's drifting into her inner self, as well as supporting the other prominent motif of a (seemingly) better, paradisaical other, that Kat dreams of. The fact that the breaking wave is also Kat's ringtone parodies the viewers quest for a concrete reality, for they have to find out with Kat that such a thing as a concrete reality doesn't exist. For, to quote Bergson, "materialism, rationalism and positivism only provide us with relative knowledge" and for "absolute knowledge, reality must be seized, not by means of analysis, concepts or intellect, but from within, that is, through an intuitive identification with it" (Bergson, 1913, p. 2).

Similar to Bergson's concept was that of Husserl's *Lebenswelt*, meaning a world "'in which we live intuitively'", that is blurred by scientific discourses, which we have to overcome to return into the *Lebenswelt* (Aitken,2001, p.173).

Bergson himself had used the image of a snowball instead of a stream, to depict the steady accumulation of memory that forms our mental state, and, for Bergson, ultimately our free will (see Fernihough, 2007,p.69), since memory as an archive of past experiences allows us to make sense of our identity, and make useful decisions about the future. In the image of a snowball, present and past not only co-exist, but are drawn together and built up upon. They are inseparable.

Interestingly, film theorist André Bazin (1967) used the symbol of a river to depict the evolution of film itself: a river, as he sees it, takes on different shapes on its journey from source to destination, and matures on his journey, as it is influenced by its surroundings. At the same time, it shapes the environment it runs through (Aitken, 2001, p. 189). The idea of a maturing stream didn't seem to occur to novelist Dorothy Richardson when she rejected the stream of consciousness term for her technique of storytelling (Fernhough, 2007, p.69).

Stream, river, or snowball, the idea of maturing in motion applies also to Kat's coming of age story, who, through diving into her and her grandmother's past, and in trying to reconstruct it, finds out what made her herself in her conscious and unconscious actions, and therefore connects with her inner self. Kat's 'third eye' in this quest is her camera. She drifts through the city, photographing her surroundings in an attempt to bring reality to light, a process that after Bazin and Bergson happens in the very flux of existence itself (Aitken, 2001, p.179). Kat scrutinizes her surroundings and tries to depict it in

her photography, in a quest for 'truth' as she tells her father on the phone, which in this context naturally also means reality.

In her actively questioning nature, Kat is not only a modernist figure, but moreover influenced by a more existentialist feeling of an "absence of inner fulfilment, that thrives her to act" that Sartre described (Aitken, 2001, p.180).

Kat actively searches for herself, and for the meaning of things with her camera; when she photographs oceans of houses, she is occupying herself with the elements of modern life that confuse her, but her rather realist depiction seems 'dead' to her lecturer Dominik, because 'what lies beneath' is missing; when she photographs Penei she is essentially capturing an idea of paradise, of nature within concrete, of purity within dirt - but only when she does the self portraits is she finally acknowledging reality in that she is telling us "her vision", and not only transmitting her perspective. This attempt to capture reality and meaning is naturally also inherent in film-making itself.

The idea of maturing, or accumulation however also implies that there is no steady identity, for selfhood is ever-changing and permeable. Kat's inner turmoil is caused by the process of constantly reshaping her perception of herself on the inside and her presentation of herself on the outside, that irritates former friends Julia and Axel.

Any insignificant event

This 'diving into her inner self', into the chaos of her emotions, thoughts, impressions, and memories, can

happen at any time: the evocation of memory and imagination is not limited to reading a book about her grandmother or reading a letter by her; it is evoked by seeing people on the train, an advertising on the wall, a sound, a smell, a look, a word, all of which don't have to mark a significant event in her life or in the storyline, as recommended by Hollywood screenwriters like Linda Aronson (2000)²: in the tradition of the modernist style, any "insignificant exterior occurrence releases ideas and chains of ideas which cut loose from the present of the exterior occurrence and range freely through the depths of time" (Auerbach, 2003, p.540).

Grahame Weinbren, an advocat of interactive narrative in film, compares our consciousness with Rushdie's (1990) sea of stories, which he sees as the beginning of a replacement of linear narrative in literature and film by a "'multi-linear' structure" (Weinbren, 2000, p.2).

The sea of stories is "not dead but alive" (Rushdie, 1990, in Weinbren, 2000, p.1), and inheres the possibility of constant change. In it, simple or insignificant actions like "a flick of the eyes, a turn of the head, a shove" (Ibd., p. 3) can lead our perception to change.

Furthermore, this mental action can happen simultaneously to physical actions in the present, just as thoughts, memories and ideas can pop up in our mind while we are doing something completely different. This is dimensionalised in Kat's voiceover,

² Aronson states that flashbacks should appear at "crucial dramatic moments of the story in the present, and depict crucial dramatic moments of the story in the past". She goes on saying that "good flashback narrative operates by jumping back and forth between 'cliffhangers' in the past and 'cliffhangers' in the present". (Aronson, 2000, p.129).

that is stylistically intended to fade into her actual spoken words, as well as in her random "imaginary flashbacks" about people she has no relation to, for example her grandmothers scholar Maria Hofbauer in one of the first scenes. While this leads to a complexity that could well be a challenge for an audience that is not used to a complex, subjective narrative, Sanchez-Vizcaíno (2008) says that "consciousness could not be called a stream"(Ibd.) without this simultaneous perception, and film theorists like Kracauer(1978) and Bazin saw it as a desirable quality in film to retain a degree of ambiguity, for a "considerable degree of indeterminacy" (Kracauer, 1978, p.71) would give both film and spectator the freedom to generate "free hovering images of reality"(Ibd.).

These distinctions are crucial for the understanding of the narrative of *Spaces between us*. In rejecting the clear-cut conventional way of Hollywood storytelling and applying a modernist stream of consciousness technique, its screen reality aims to be closer to our perceived reality with its "myriad" (Woolf, 1919, p.160) of impressions than an economical, action based conventional script that artificially stylises reality (without telling us so.) For Greenberg and Gabbard (1999),

"cinema may well be the art most natively suited to depict the brute mechanics of remembering, to meditate on the problems and poetry of recollection. For a film is intricately woven out of the very images residing at the core of conscious and unconscious recollection, images which move on the screen as they move concretely and symbolically, both index and icon, in the waking, unconscious, and dreaming mind" (Greenberg and Gabbard, 1999, p. 22).

In the same way, cinema is the only medium which lets us as a spectator feel 'presentness', a feeling of total identification, or, as Metz (1974) described it, "a transfer of reality, involving a whole affective, perceptive and intellectual activity"(Metz, 1974, p.12)

However, the depiction of memory in flashbacks has unfortunately been hugely simplified in traditional Hollywood storytelling. Flashbacks as the main stylistic tool used for the depiction and comprehension of screen memory have been traditionally used to simplify the narrative, or "making meaning" of events in the present (Grennberg and Gabbard, 1999). They are therefore used as an explanatory device, giving logic to a phenomenon that is in itself not logical, but permeable, fragile, and transformable, for

" each time we remember, we in some sense do work on and transform our memories; they are not simply being called up from store and, once consulted, replaced unmodified. our memories are recreated each time we remember" (Rose, 1992, p. 17).

A perfect example for flashback as an explanatory device is the film noir where typically a narrator tells us in a voice over what had happened before that influenced him to act in a certain way in a present time situation. Although filmmakers like Alfred Hitchcock experimented with flashback as a fallable memory (Greenberg, Gabbard, 1999), or as a great opportunity to mislead the audience, the majority of Hollywood flashbacks until today still function in an explanatory way, with easily recognisable cues that signalise the beginning of a flashback at a significant point in the storyline, such as a bleeding musical theme, a close up of a thoughtful face dissolving,

and so on (Ibd.).

A second wave of flashback, as Greenberg and Grabbard (1999) call it, occurred at the emergence of psychoanalysis and Freud's theories, but was never widely experimented with in American mainstream cinema. In Europe however, filmmakers were more experimental.

Especially in France and Germany, filmmakers began to occupy themselves with the fragility and subjectivity of memory, and focused on the protagonists psychological state, herein not expressed in dialogue, but camera, edit and other techniques (Ibd., p. 14). That often meant that the audience had to work harder to decipher an ambiguous style that intertwined reality and dream. (Ibd.).

Flashback did not longer "provide a mirror-sharp image of the world-as-it-was"(Ibd.),and especially in German cinema, real events were "difficult to distinguish from the dreams, fantasies, or outright delusions of its troubled characters"(Ibd.).

An exception in American cinema often mentioned in film theory is Woody Allen, who in his flashbacks used a more playful, modernist approach: in *Annie Hall* (1977), the lead character remembers his romance with Annie, and jumps discontinuously from memory to memory without any particular order other than his own, unordered, associations.

Nowadays, flashbacks even in mainstream cinema have become more complex, challenging the viewer to become an active participant in making their own sense of the reliability of memory with its "dense weave of possibility" (Ibd.,p. 15), more in the sense

of Kracauer's (1978) and Bazin's (1967) argumentation for an autonomous spectator, or Weinbren's (2000) more radical call for an interactive cinema.

Films like *Memento* (2001) have highlighted the unreliability of memory to a mainstream audience, and movies like *Eternal sunshine of the Spotless Mind* (2004) with its multi-linear structure invite the audience to view the film multiple times in an enjoyable attempt to figure out "what came first", a development that seems desirable also from an economical point of view, given the recent increase of DVD-sales that encourages multiple viewing. Those developments however are possibly not radical enough for Weinbren who argues that the prevailing rules for film are that "every knot that is introduced at the beginning and progressively entangled in the middle must be unraveled by the end", possibly coming from the fact that the very "shape of film is linear..one frame follows another into the projector or onto the head of the VCR", demanding "a definite beginning(...) and a precise end"(Weinbren, 2000, p.3) , which stands in dramatic juxtaposition to our non-linear experiences as complex creatures. For him, human experiences are not "circumscribed by beginnings and endings", yet linear story structures suggest that they are (Weinbren, 2000).

In that sense the narrative structure of *Spaces between us* can even be seen as a more conventional way of multilinear storytelling, since it only depicts one stream of consciousness as opposed to the literary works of Joyce and Woolf, who involved numerous streams (Fernhough, 2007). Nevertheless

it tries to offer some loose threads in its narrative, like the encounter of Kat and the nuclear family in the train, where two stories meet for a fracture of time, but are never joined, for Kat leaves the train with the perception of having witnessed some act of negligent parenthood, whereas the stressed parents are oblivious to the story of their fellow passenger. This episode or loose thread intends to enhance the acknowledgement of the viewer of both a multilinear, complex reality inhering a 'sea of stories', and the idea of 'the other', who we will never fully understand.

This way of multi-linear storytelling is possibly the storytelling of the future, a fact that Aronson acknowledges when she says that "greater complexity is probably the way of things to come" (Aronson, 2000, p.108), and multi-linear and complex works like *Yes* (2004) by film-maker Sally Potter or Wim Wender's (1987) *Der Himmel ueber Berlin (Wings of Desire)*, as well as Charlie Kaufman's scripts (see for example *Adapation* (2002), *Being John Malkovich* (1999), *Eternal sunshine of the Spotless Mind* (2004)), that are both critically acclaimed and commercially successful, prove her right.

Before I briefly write about the process of writing *Spaces between us*, I would like to sum up the main points this exegesis is trying to prove.

Conclusion

My belief that a tangible and objective reality is non-existent and can therefore not be depicted in film or any other medium, led to the present version of *Spaces between us* as a multi-linear narrative that deliberately blurs the boundaries between reality, (day)dream, and imagination, and was further dimensionalised in the foregoing discussion of realism and its depiction in film and literature.

The space between us and the 'other', the realisation of which contributes to our construction of self, has been discussed with a particular notion on Western representation of the Pacific as the 'other'.

And lastly, in a description of the inspirations I found as a writer, ranging from the historical figure of Margaret Mead to the multi-linear story structures of Woolf, Kaufman and others, I have written about the influences that led me to evolve characters and narrative of *Spaces between us* as they are.

The process of writing: a work in progress

Lastly, I would like to emphasize that I see *Spaces between us* as an ever-changing project, that is still evolving as I write.

Throughout the past year, a lot of little flowers have bloomed and grown and form now a prominent part of the story, whereas other, former big and colourful ones have faded and faded, to adopt Figiel's metaphor of the lei or flower necklace.

In the future, I hope to evolve the script further to the point where I am confident enough to present it to a production company. One development will certainly be the enhanced anchorage of the immanent motifs in visual representation, and another, new one could be the emergence of multiple streams of consciousness. I am aware of the immense symbolic power of Kat's photography and other visual metaphors that have to be well thought through. Nevertheless, I hope the present version of *Spaces between us* depicts its potential as an unusual Coming of Age drama.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

Katerina Eulberg

Young Katerina

Marie Eulberg

Richard Eulberg

Young Anna König

Old Anna König

Penei

Axel - Kat's boyfriend

Julia - revolutionist

Paul -revolutionist

Iosua - Penei's son

Silei - Anna's student

Mai - Anna's student

Moa - Anna's student

Samoaan girl - Anna's student

Tavita - Samoaan teenager

Amani - Penei's lover

Tagi - student Apia 2007

Feagai - student Apia 2007

Lani - student Apia 2007

Maria Hofbauer - former scholar of Anna

Klein - speaker at anniversary

Siniva

Lofi

Dominik - Kat's lecturer

Ralf - Kat's admirer

bartender

Frau Peters - colonialist

Georg Peters - colonialist
Dinner guest 1 - colonialist's dinner
Dinner guest 2 - colonialist's dinner
Jason - Anna's husband
Isabel Best - Anna's lover
Psychiatrist
Michael - camera assistant
Mareike - stylist and Richard's lover

cashier girl - supermarket
Old lady with dog
Tenant - playground
Jürgen - Penei's husband
Professor Goldstein
Jan - party guest

Siniva's husband
Penei's father
party guests - extras party Berlin
Samoan boys and girls - extras Samoan village
A German couple - neighbours of Siniva
Another couple - acquaintances of Siniva
2 girls - Siniva's daughters
children - Lofi's party guests
bar guests - extras bar
Samoan teacher 1925
Samoan students 1925 - extras school
Interviewer 1987
Anna's girlfriends Berlin - 1925
Anna's family 1925
Herr Schmidt - supermarket manager

SPACES BETWEEN US

FADE UP

Black.

SFX: A ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS ON A SANDY SHORE.

1

INT PHOTO STUDIO

1

KAT (20), blonde, pretty, in front of a white screen, pulling faces. Blowing up her cheeks, crossing eyes.

A woman's voice whispers.

KAT (V.O.)
I remember that...

RICHARD LAUGHING.

RICHARD (V.O.)
Stop messing around, Kat!

Kat smiles and stretches out her arm.

KAT
Can I have the camera?

RICHARD (V.O.)
Noo!

He laughs.

RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We're gonna do this now.

Kat sighs and looks at Richard behind the camera, half smiling. She rolls her shoulders, stretches.

KAT
Okay.

KAT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(whispers) Relax...

RICHARD (V.O.)
Just look straight at the camera
please.

Kat breathes in and out. Looks straight into the camera. Her eyes look very big and attentive, but also melancholy.

2 INT KAT'S BEDROOM NIGHT

2

Kat's face, in the dark room, looking pensive. The slide of the photograph of her face is reflected on her face with the same look in her eyes.

Fade to black.

A ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

Kat sounds distant.

KAT (V.O.)
One, two, three -

RICHARD (V.O.)
Fire!

HEAD TITLES are juxtaposed with the following sequences.

Kat (20+) and her father RICHARD (50), arm in arm facing each other, smiling, both with a camera in their hands pointing at the other one like a gun. They activate the shutter, then let go of each other, laughing.

Richard walks over to a computer screen, while Kat watches him admiringly.

A ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

Richard sounds distant.

RICHARD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Mother and daughter! A photo
please!

3 EXT FAMILY HOME - GARDEN

3

Kat (20+) and mother MARIE (40+) meander looking at the garden and flowers.

Richard zooms the camera on them.

Kat and Marie reluctantly turn for the camera. They both smile altogether somewhat strained - and keeping a physical distance.

KAT (V.O.)
(whispers) When did we forget how
to do this...

RICHARD (V.O.)
Oh come on! At least look as
though you like each other!

THE ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

Fade to black.

Marie sounds distant.

MARIE (V.O.)
Look at Daddy, sweetie!

4 EXT BERLIN - EAST SIDE GALLERY 4

POV Kat: Snuggling into a big winter jacket, smelling it.
She gets lifted up and looks at Marie's (30+) laughing face.

YOUNG KAT (V.O.)
Mami...

We see YOUNG KAT(6) in the arms of Marie (30+) at the east side gallery in Berlin.

The wall has just come down; hordes of people walking by, some taking pictures.

The two in warm jackets and with red noses smiling at the camera, happy in the embrace.

THE ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

5 INT HOSPITAL ROOM - DUSK 5

Freezeframe.

An ELDERLY ANNA (80+) lies in bed, looking small and fragile, ill.

Kat's voice murmurs.

KAT (V.O.)
Nana.

YOUNG KAT (V.O.)
Nana!

Young Kat (5) runs through a sterile hospital room towards Anna's bed standing by the window.

Anna bends down and lifts Kat up with a moan, but a most happy smile.

Kat snuggles up to her grandmothers chest, hugging her tightly.

YOUNG KAT (CONT'D)
Nana.

6 INT ANNA'S LIVING ROOM COUCH

6

Freezeframe.

In an eighties sunlit room, a spiritedly looking elderly Anna sits in a chair across from a pensive looking Marie.

Young Kat (4) has a small camera pointed toward Anna.

RICHARD (V.O.)
And...action!

Kat mimics her father.

YOUNG KAT
Action!

Richard instructs Kat as he tapes the family scene.

RICHARD (V.O.)
Katerina, take a picture of your
Oma...

Kat moves in on Anna until the camera is in her face.

YOUNG KAT
Action!

While Anna chuckles happily, Marie is less than effusive.
Anna goes to tickle Kat.

ANNA
Oh my goodness - as if I haven't
had enough of that for one
lifetime...

MARIE
I agree, let's not take up bad
habits.

KAT (V.O.)
(whispers) Why did she say that?

Anna turns in Marie's direction.

ANNA
That's not what I meant...

THE ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

Fade to black.

7 INT TV STUDIO - CONTROL ROOM

7

A million buttons on the board. We see elderly Anna on various TV screens. She talks with an interviewer, but her words are muted.

YOUNG KAT (V.O.)
(whispers) Wow...

They shake hands.

DIRECTOR (V.O.)
Thank you! We're out!

The interviewer nods into the camera. Anna smiles into it, and waves.

Young Kat (4), sitting on Marie's lap, waves back to the TV.

YOUNG KAT (V.O.)
(whispers) My Nana...

KAT (V.O.)
(whispers) I remember that...

THE ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

INT HALLWAY TV STATION

Anna standing in an anonymous looking concrete hallway, silently smiling at young Kat who walks towards her. Anna takes her by the hand. Together they walk through the hallway towards a heavy door.

KAT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
She took me to...

THE ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

8 INT HALL MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

8

Anna opens the door and they step into a great, pompous looking hall with high ceiling: the hall of the Museum of Natural History.

KAT (V.O.)
(whispers) the museum. All the time.

FOOTSTEPS ECHOING.

Anna and Kat stand in front of a display of a model of some tropical village.

Kat looks at the little fales, and miniature models of people. Only two of them white, a man and a woman. They are middle aged Anna and her late husband JASON (50).

Young Kat looks thrilled.

YOUNG KAT
Oma! Opa!

She waves at them and the figures magically come to life and wave at Kat.

THE ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

The display morphs into a photograph of the same setting.

KAT (V.O.)
(whispers) That must have been
Papua New Guinea...

Then another tropic setting.

KAT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(whispers) Or Tahiti...

Then another.

KAT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I don't know...

THE ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

Anna's husband fades and instead, a young Samoan girl, Mai(17), appears next to now young Anna (23).

KAT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(whispers) Samoa!

The Samoan girl dwarfs Anna and has a wide, pretty smile. Anna's smile seems wan for the first time. Both of them wear traditional tapa cloth.

KAT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(whispers) Is she one of the
girls you knew...? I wonder...

The image fades.

THE ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

The same young Anna appears much more animated in a Berlin café setting. One after another, same aged girlfriends appear to her right and left. All girls wear their hair in bobs and the fashion of the Roaring Twenties.

KAT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...how it was...

THE ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

A mature, beautifully refined, woman morphs to stand as a part and yet apart from the trio. Her smile is melancholic - this is Isabel (30).

KAT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(whispers)...what it would feel
like...

THE ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

The young girlfriends fade leaving Anna and the melancholic Isabel. Finally, Isabel fades.

THE ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

A countryside setting in Brandenburg. Appearing to Anna's left and right are one after another two sibling sisters, then her mother and her father behind her. Her father places a hand on young Anna's shoulder. Anna, petite, pretty, not beautiful, smiles self-confident and energetic into the camera.

KAT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(whispers)...to be like you...

THE ROLLING WAVE BREAKS LOUDER.

Mother and father fade one after another, then Young Anna morphs into Kat. She sits on a chair in front of an unreal looking, "clean" white setting, looking up at a single picture on the wall: a tropic scene with a sunset.

KAT'S DRAWN OUT BREATH IS DROWNED BY THE BREAKING WAVE.

9

INT PSYCHIATRISTS OFFICE

9

Kat turns her head away from the picture, a disposable camera in her hand. She winds up the shutter and now looks at a man in a white coat talking: the PSYCHIATRIST (45+).

WINDING UP THE CAMERA.

He is standing in empty space, his words sound muted, drowned by the winding noise.

Kat stops and we can understand the last word.

PSYCHIATRIST
...wrong?

Kat sits still.

THE ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

KAT (V.O.)
(whispers) Not too much,
everything... if I could make
dreaming my living that would be -
great? No, awful, I have to...
Stop drifting! But what if I
don't want... ? What if I don't -

Kat on the chair tears up.

KAT (CONT'D)
 - know? What if this is all
 there is?

The Psychiatrist raises an eyebrow.

In fast forward he gets a piece of paper out of a printer that has magically appeared, and hands it over to Kat with an indifferent smile. It's a prescription. Kat crumples it up into a ball.

THE ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS VERY LOUD.

10 INT KAT'S APT MORNING 10

An iconic coconut tree hangs in a vivid blue sky.

THE ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

The tree trunk curves down over white sand.

THE ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

Nearby an idyllic fale sits in a small clearing surrounded by rich tropical undergrowth that borders the white sands.

THE ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

Beyond the sea sands still, serene - as in freeze frame.

This is Kat's wallpaper on the wall behind her bed.

THE ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

KAT (24) lies asleep in a tangle of sheets upon her bed.

On a bedside cabinet nearby Kat's phone emits the sound of sea on the shore.

THE DISTANT RUMBLE OF TRAFFIC.

11 EXT. BERLIN MORNING 11

Berlin traffic streams past Unter den Linden with the television tower in the background.

12 2007 INT KAT'S APT - MORNING 12

KAT sleeps on.

Across the room is a sofa opposite an expensive flatscreen TV. Nearby, on a small table two different kinds of SLR cameras, plus various lenses and a slide projector. In another corner, a desk with a computer, plus a laptop.

Next to the desk a big window opens to a small balcony overlooking a square, the Boxhagener Platz.

The walls are festooned with photographs. One, a poster of a commercial advertising for a fashion designer with the print RICHARD EULBERG FOR PRADA: An almost naked woman with unnatural white skin wears only a whiff of one silken garment that wraps around her head and disguises her face but reveals one of her breasts and streams on in a trail, veil-like, behind her. White background.

Another is that of Richard and Kat aping as seen before.

Elsewhere are various city scenes, ugly concrete apartment blocks, Kiosks (dairies), Fast Food restaurants, and so on. The warm light setting stands in stark contrast to the grey architecture.

Kat's phone continues to "ring" but changes tune - to signal an incoming call.

In an instant Kat is awake.

13 INT. MARIE'S CAR MORNING 13

MARIE (48), pretty, soft features, melancholic eyes, drives her car. She is dressed up in a coat, with neat hairdo and modest but expensive jewelry. Reaches for her cell phone.

14 INT KAT'S APT 14

On the bedside table Kat's mobile phone vibrating. The display says: MOM

KAT
Shut up!

Her eyes still closed as she gropes for the phone.

KAT (CONT'D)
Hi Mom.

15 INT. MARIE'S CAR CONTINUOUS 15

MARIE
Are you still in bed?

16 INT KAT'S BEDROOM CONTINUOUS 16

Kat is now sitting groggy on the edge of her bed.

KAT
No?

Kat rises, stretches and crosses her room to the balcony.
She looks out on the scene below.

17 EXT. KAT'S APARTMENT. 17

Kat's outlook is over a green oasis - a park and trees.

18 INT MARIE'S CAR CONTINUOUS 18

MARIE
Good. I'll be there shortly.

19 INT KAT'S BEDROOM CONTINUOUS 19

KAT
I'll see you soon then.

Rings off. Kat sinks back onto the bed again to stare at
the ceiling. Eyes wide, vacant.

20 INT MARIE'S CAR 20

Marie is on the phone again.

Atmo: a ringing tone

21 EXT. RICHARD'S PHOTO STUDIO BERLIN - DAY 21

A converted former factory building.

22 INT PHOTO STUDIO BERLIN 22

RICHARD (50), tall, dark hair getting grey, opens the door
to his studio.

Camera assistant, MICHAEL (MICH) (20+) follows, carrying
the gear. The attractive stylist, MAREIKE (30+), follows to
dump her carry bags in a corner as Richard throws his coat
over the back of a chair and his cell phone onto the
cushioned seat. It starts vibrating, unnoticed.

RICHARD
Home sweet home! Drinks, anyone?

Mareike drapes herself into the comfy couch. She glances at
Michi before catching Richard's eye. She gives him a
languid look.

MAREIKE
I'd love a long one.

23 INT MARIE'S CAR

23

RICHARD (V.O.)
This is the mailbox of Richard
Eulberg. I'm sorry I can't take
your call right now -

Marie looks frustrated.

MARIE
Not again!

The beep of the mailbox.

MARIE (CONT'D)
Richard, it's now ten-thirty. I
sincerely hope you've not
forgotten what today is?

Marie clicks off and irritably tosses her phone on the
passenger's seat.

24 INT MARIE'S CAR

24

Kat sits down and gives Marie a kiss on the cheek. She's
out of breath and slightly dishevelled.

MARIE
You look rushed.

Kat fastens her seat belt.

KAT
No, no, I've been up for ages.

A faint grin of satisfaction flits across Kat's face.

KAT (CONT'D)
I've been accepted to show... at
the gallery.

Marie gives a small quizzical smile and semi-habitually
lightly brushes imaginary hair off Kat's shoulder.

MARIE
That's nice! (beat) Are you out
of hair conditioner?

Kat rolls her eyes. Marie steers the car out onto the road.

KAT
Haven't you forgotten something?

MARIE
What?

KAT

Dad?

MARIE

He's meeting us there.

KAT

Where was his shoot?

Marie cynically shrugs her shoulders.

MARIE

I have no idea what your father
gets up to these days.

Kat gets her phone out and starts typing. Marie looks
irritated at Kat's focus. Kat doesn't look up.

KAT

His flight is probably delayed.

MARIE

Yes. (beat) The same old story.

Kat looks up because of the cynical tone of Marie's voice.

25

INT RICHARD'S STUDIO

25

Richard looks through the mail with a drink in his hand.
Mareike still sits on the couch. Michael sinks down and
sits down on the floor in front of a big wall calender,
stretching his aching arms.

MICHI

Anything interesting?

RICHARD

More portfolios.

He skims through them. Photos of beautiful, very young
girls.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Nathalie, Olga, Sophie...you
wouldn't know how many girls
knock on this door these days.

MICHI

I do actually. Why do you think I
wanted this job?

They laugh.

MICHI (CONT'D)

Any beautiful faces?

He gets up and crosses to Richard who goes through the set cards. One face after another.

MAREIKE

Since when do they have to be beautiful? All they need is to be young, the rest is our job...

Mareike laughs.

26 INT MARIE'S CAR

26

Marie looks stressed.

KAT

Something wrong?

MARIE

No, everything just as usual.

Kat looks up due to the cynical tone.

KAT

Mom, Dad has a busy job.

MARIE

So do I.

Kat sighs and looks back down at her phone.

27 INT RICHARD'S STUDIO

27

Mareike's glance falls upon Richard's vibrating phone on the chair.

MAREIKE

Your phone.

She points at it. Richard crosses to pick it up.

MICHI

Olga?

He grins.

On the screen: MESSAGE FROM KAT. Richard slaps his forehead.

RICHARD

Shit! Hold the fort!

He grabs his coat and exits.

28

INT MARIE'S CAR

28

KAT

So how's your research with the
immigrant children going?

Marie seems astounded and happy that Kat's asking.

MARIE

Oh, very good - we are finished
with the data analysis, and I'm
ready to start writing now.

Kat still looks at her phone.

KAT

So what did you find out?

MARIE

Well, it's just not enough to
integrate the children. We have
to start with the parents. So, I
am pleading for funds for a new
programme.

Marie reacts to Kat's non-attention.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Kat, could you stop doing that?

Kat looks up.

KAT

Sorry. What did you say?

Marie sighs.

MARIE

How is school?

KAT

Oh, good, good.

MARIE

Good...

KAT

Totally predictable, but good.

29

EXT BERLIN STREET

29

Richard is stuck in traffic.

30

INT CONFERENCE CENTER

30

Kat's face resting in her hands. Her elbows resting on the long table. Marie next to her. An empty seat next to Marie.

A larger-than-life portrait of Anna in her later years, smiling softly behind a speakers podium on which an elder man, PROFESSOR KLEIN (75+) speaks. Kat's eyes travel through the room: A large conference room. Long tables set up festively, artificial lights.

KLEIN (V.O.)

...not only of professional, but also of personal grandeur. I was lucky enough to consider her not only a colleague, but a friend, and whenever we met, there was this...

Kat leans over to Marie and whispers.

KAT

Who is that?

Marie frowns murmurs.

MARIE

Klein the old poser - she endured him twice...

She raises an eyebrow. Kat grins and looks over to the speaker.

KLEIN

...and who could do that better than someone I really do not need to introduce, her daughter herself, Marie Eulberg!

He smiles at Marie who smiles back. People crane their necks to catch a glimpse of Marie.

KLEIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Marie has made herself a name internationally doing fieldwork in Lebanon, Afghanistan and Iraq and now works with refugees from that region here in Berlin to enhance integration. Please welcome Marie Eulberg.

People clap as Marie gets up and walks over to the podium. She smiles briefly to the speaker.

MARIE

Thank you. When I was preparing this speech...

31 EXT BERLIN STREET

31

Richard is making frustrating progress.

MARIE (V.O.)

I looked into several aspects of my mother's life which are all worthwhile talking about, her relevance as an anthropologist, a fieldworker, or a feminist, but decided to talk about what was most important for me, and that was undoubtedly her role as a mother...

32 INT CONFERENCE CENTER

32

Kat sighs and looks around the room again. A lot of smiling faces, and in the background: Richard sneaking into the room. Kat smiles discreetly. Then turns around again to look at Anna's picture.

MARIE (V.O.)

Anna König the mother mirrored the progressiveness that was part of her in everything she did. Being a single mom in a time when single mom's were far from being common, my mother adapted customs she had found in Samoa...

Marie's voice only in the background.

MARIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...and elsewhere, and created a big family of friends around her and me as a security net that replaced the extended family of other cultures...

A woman's voice drowns Marie's.

MARIA (V.O.)

Little Katerina!

33 INT CONFERENCE CENTER UNIVERSITY

33

Kat stands alone cornered by an elder lady, MARIA (70+).

The reception after the festivity in the university hall. Marie in the background greeting colleagues. A crowd around the buffet, waiters with drinks.

MARIA

Let me see! When I last saw you,
you were...let me see! Five years
old!

Kat smiles politely.

MARIA (CONT'D)

But of course, you don't remember
me. I am Maria Hofbauer!

Kat smiles wanly.

MARIA (CONT'D)

But your grandmother would have
mentioned my name?(beat) Maria
Hofbauer! I was one of your
grandma's best scholars - and
best of friends.

She smiles and shakes her head.

MARIA (CONT'D)

We would have met at her
funeral...

She smiles and shakes her head again.

KAT

I don't think so, we didn't go to
the funeral.

Maria frowns, aghast.

MARIA

No?

Richard joins them with beer glasses and saves the day. He
gives one to Kat.

RICHARD

We were stuck in Lebanon. We
arrived just after.

MARIA

Of course! Now I remember. So
what do you do now?

KAT

I'm studying photography.

RICHARD

And she's good at it.

MARIA

Like father, like daughter, eh?

RICHARD
No, I'm just an artisan, this one
here -

He places a hand on Kat's shoulder.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
- is the artist.

He looks proud. Kat seems to slouch down under the weight
of his expectation and smiles crooked.

Maria smiles mildly more at Richard than at Kat.

MARIA
Isn't that a great age! You have
the world in front of you, and
are yet free to just be...

Kat looks at her mockingly, but curious.

INT BAR 1950s

A ROCK AND ROLL SONG PLAYING ON THE STEREO.

A hand touches a knee peeping out a petticoat and slides
upwards under a table.

Maria, still the old face under the "young" (20+) makeup,
hair backcombed grotesquely high, throws her head back in a
shrill laughter. She is sitting on a table flanked by two
YOUNG SOLDIERS (20+) wooing her.

34 INT CONFERENCE CENTER

34

Maria half sighs, half laughs. For a moment it looks as if
she is about to pinch Kat's cheek.

MARIA
Seize it!

She smiles and turns around to leave.

Kat look at Richard and pulls a face while Maria walks off.

KAT
What a nutter!

Richard grins. Marie comes over.

MARIE
Did you like my speech? Oh, I
forgot, you weren't there, were
you?

Richard opens his mouth to defend himself but then changes
his mind.

She notices the beer.

MARIE (CONT'D)
But you are teaching our daughter
bad habits. That's good.

KAT
Mom! I am 24 for gods sake!

RICHARD
Shh, calm down, Kitty Kat. Your
mother is worried you might slip
into alcoholism, that's all.

Kat giggles. Marie sighs.

35 EXT UNIVERSITY PARKING LOT BERLIN

35

A giant advertising for an ice cream with a beach scene and
a young woman.

Kat stands in the door and looks out at the advertising on
the opposite side of the street. Drizzling rain and grey.
Passersby with umbrellas. Kat quirks her shoulder shivery.
Richard steps outside with the same movement of his
shoulders.

Kat looks over her shoulder to Richard.

KAT
Wouldn't it be cool to be able to
jump right into it, like in that
TV commercial?

Richard pats her shoulder.

RICHARD
Don't try.

Kat smiles and cuffs him in the side.

KAT
Well, very well done, Dad! I am
completely taken in by your -

She steps forward and raises her index finger playfully.

KAT (CONT'D)
- false promises.

She loses her smile and seems quite desperate.

KAT (CONT'D)
Do you take me with you to
Tunisia?

Richard sighs at her big eyes.

RICHARD

Oh, Kat...

KAT

It's okay, I wasn't serious
anyway.

KAT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(whispers) Of course I was...

He tousles her hair. Marie joins them and gives Richard a
mocking glance.

MARIE

What? And cramp your father's
style?

Kat sends Marie a most hostile glance while Richard stays
silent.

KAT

Mom - shut up, will you?

She speeds off to the car. Richard and Marie follow her
slowly.

RICHARD

Don't you just love family
reunions?

Marie sends him a hostile glance.

MARIE

Yes I do. Define family, Richard.

She walks off as well toward Kat waiting at the car talking
on her phone.

36

INT CAR LATER

36

Kat in the back seat looking out the window, daydreaming,
looking at the city streaming by. The city looks grey.
Marie driving, Richard in the passenger seat. Marie looks
back at Kat.

MARIE

Are you sure you don't want to
have lunch with us?

Kat dreamily looks back up front.

KAT

I have heaps to do for school.

Richard turns around interested.

RICHARD

What are you working on at the moment?

KAT

Oh, just some architecture.

KAT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(whispers) House after house
after bloody house...an ocean of
them...

She drifts off and looks out into the grey passing in front of the window.

MARIE

Kat has been accepted to show her work in an exhibition.

Kat looks forwards again, surprised. Richard smiles at her proudly.

RICHARD

Well done, that should keep you out of mischief!

He winks jolly.

KAT

Mum, just what was Grandma up to, at my age?

Marie looks into the rear mirror.

MARIE

She was in Samoa.

Richard grins.

RICHARD

Prying on little girls.

MARIE

She was asking about her grandmother not her father.

Marie sends him a hostile glance. Kat doesn't notice. She looks impressed.

KAT

Wow. Samoa.

MARIE

Where she was very lonely and quite unhappy.

Kat looks surprised.

KAT

Really? From what Klein said, it sounded like she didn't have time to be lonely or unhappy...

MARIE

Well, you can believe me when I say she was. (beat) We all were.

KAT

Is that why you stopped doing field trips?

They stop at a red light. Marie turns around.

MARIE

It wouldn't have been good for you. You needed a stable environment to grow up in.

Kat looks sceptical.

KAT

Did I? Grandma didn't give up her life when you were born, did she?

Marie drives on with a start.

MARIE

She had different priorities.

KAT

But wasn't that everything you talked about today? How you became part of this big family and -

Richard interrupts.

RICHARD

Mom was making a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

MARIE

I most certainly was not.

RICHARD

Marie! How often did you tell me how you felt dumped at friends when she was at one of her countless conferences.

Kat looks heavenward "here we go again" and then focuses intently on her phone.

MARIE

Richard-

RICHARD
 Marie, admit it! You're in
 denial, she even had the nerve to
 shoo you away from her deathbed!

MARIE
 Richard!

She is very agitated now. Kat frowns, she can't ignore the moment.

KAT
 What do you mean?

MARIE
 It's nothing, Kat, It's the drink
 talking.

She looks at him angrily. Richard sighs and leans back in his seat.

KAT
 Did she really shoo you away?

Marie shakes her head.

MARIE
 No. It was different.

KAT
 In what way?

Richard needles Marie.

RICHARD
 It was the morphine talking...

MARIE
 Well it was.

RICHARD
 Then why did you go?

Marie doesn't answer. A hostile silence.

Kat waits a moment for a further explanation.

37

INT TRAIN STATION

37

POV Young Kat: trying to keep up with Marie's pace, who has her on her hand dragging her along the platform.

YOUNG KAT
 Mami, not so fast!

Marie doesn't look back.

MARIE
C'mon, Katerina, we're already
late!

Her voice sounds tearful. Strained, Kat starts crying.

38 INT CAR

38

Marie looks pensive, hurt. Kat, observing her, still waits for an explanation. Realizing there is none, she sinks back annoyed and looks out of the window again.

KAT
Fine. We don't have to talk about
it.

Marie looks at her in the rear mirror but doesn't answer. Kat's hand plays around with a piece of paper in her pocket. It is the prescription from before.

39 EXT KAT'S APT - LATER

39

Boxhagener Platz, Berlin-Friedrichshain. Old apartment buildings, cafés and small shops in their basements, surrounding a square with a small park.

Marie's car pulls up alongside the kerb. Kat alights, gets out of the car. Richard lowers the passenger's window. Kat leans in through the window.

MARIE
Are you sure you don't want to
come with us?

KAT
Really - Mom...

Marie resigns.

MARIE
Okay.

Kat kisses Richard on both cheeks.

MARIE (CONT'D)
Why don't you come over for
dinner sometime?

KAT
Sure.

RICHARD
We'll have a look over your
portfolio, eh?

Kat gives a strained smile.

40 EXT KAT'S HOUSE - DAY

40

KAT

Bye!

The car drives away. Kat waves shortly and turns around.

41 EXT KAT'S HOUSE

41

Kat walks to the entrance. JULIA (24), curly hair, outfit deliberately scruffy, steps out of the shadow.

JULIA

Flash car!

Kat startles and squeaks.

KAT

Are you nuts?

JULIA

Sorry. There was nobody home,
so...

She laughs. Imitates Kat's squeak.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Like a guinea pig!

Kat playfully cuffs her.

KAT

There should be rat traps for
people like you! (Beat) I'll just
get my camera.

She opens the front door and steps inside. Julia follows.

42 INT KAT'S APT

42

Kat grabs the digital SLR and checks battery and settings.
Julia observes her.

JULIA

Oh, you're not going to flaunt
that big thing? It's too
conspicuous.

Kat doesn't look up.

KAT

It's also best suited for the
job.

JULIA
 Ah. (beat) I made some really
 good photos of my cousin the
 other day. You should see them.

Kat doesn't look very interested. She rummages through her
 drawer for the right bag.

KAT
 Uh-uh.

Julia looks over to Richard's poster for Prada.

JULIA
 Nothing like this of course. I
 wouldn't wanna do that, anyway.
 Too commercial.

Kat's mouth twitches ever so slightly as she swallows her
 words. Julia notices it anyway.

JULIA (CONT'D)
 What?

KAT
 Nothing. I'm ready.

Julia's expression lightens up.

JULIA
 Let's go shopping then!

43 EXT SUPERMARKET BERLIN - DAY 43

EASY LISTENING SHOPPING MUSIC

A small SPAR supermarket in the basement of an old
 apartment building.

44 EXT SUPERMARKET - SMALL LANE AROUND THE CORNER - DAY 44

Kat arrives with Julia. They meet AXEL (25) and PAUL (23),
 already waiting in a small lane around the corner of the
 supermarket. All wear hoodies.

KAT
 Hey!

She smiles at the guys. Axel's expression alights at the
 sight of Kat. He takes a step towards her and lifts his arm
 slightly, smiling, but stops in his movement when Kat turns
 her attention to her camera, checking it.

JULIA
 Ready?

Kat nods.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Okay! Let's go!

45 INT SUPERMARKET BERLIN

45

EASY LISTENING MUSIC CONTINUES FROM THE LOUDSPEAKER.

In the old fashioned concave mirror: three figures entering the supermarket one after the other.

Kat, in a hoodie, walks through lanes of shelves right to the back of the supermarket.

She gets her camera out of a shoulder bag.

The cashier girl sits bored looking at her nails.

Julia is filling a big bag that has an imprint of a Saint, San Precario as the bottom line says, on it, with expensive food out of the shelves, hardly looking over her shoulder.

Paul follows her pasting posters on shelves and walls with statements like "unjustified enrichment through price increases, and "15% of Berlin lives in poverty".

Kat's digital SLR noiselessly documents this.

Axel in another lane sprays skulls on products from Nestle yoghurt to washing powder.

His spray can runs out of paint.

HE SHAKES IT.

The sound makes the cashier girl sit up and prick up her ears.

Kat and the others, too, are on stand-by.

Kat looks into the mirror again and sees the girl standing up and walking into the direction of the noise.

KAT
I'm out of here!

Julia has barely time to nod, before the cashier girl starts screaming bewildered.

CASHIER GIRL
Herr Schmidt!

Kat starts running.

A door in the back of the shop opens and the manager storms outside, trying to grab Kat and just missing her by an inch.

As she runs outside, she bumps into a Polynesian girl just entering the supermarket: PENEI (23).

Their eyes meet.

KAT

Sorry!

She hurries outside.

Penei looks after her.

The other 3 hurry to the exit, howling excited.

JULIA

Eat the rich!

Kat, already outside, turns around and takes pictures of them running, followed by the manager. He runs after Julia, grabs her arm, and for a second it seems she is caught, as he tears down her hat revealing her locks. She starts screaming, lifts a leg and kicks his shin. He lets go, tearing a piece of her T-shirt sleeve, grimacing in pain. She storms outside, shouting triumphal.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Down with consumer capitalism!

46 EXT. BERLIN STREET CONTINUOUS

46

The four, strip off their hoods and hats and laugh euphorically, running along the street and around the corner into a small park.

The people walking by hardly look up.

47 EXT PARK CONTINUOUS

47

Kat looks at the pictures on the small screen. Laughter and merriment amongst the others.

JULIA

Cool, that was so cool!

She rubs her arm and examines her torn tee-shirt.

JULIA (CONT'D)

But look what the grabby bastard did...

AXEL

That was too close for comfort.

JULIA
 Yeah, but did you see how I
 kicked his shin? He ripped my
 favourite shirt, the asshole!

She shows the others the hole in her sleeve. Paul and Axel
 look impressed.

Julia pulls out a bottle of champagne out of one of her
 "Shopping bags".

JULIA (CONT'D)
 Hey, I know we said we'd give it
 all away, but I reckon we deserve
 a cut.

Kat eyes the bottle of champagne.

KAT
 You do what you like. But give
 mine to the ones in need. Like,
 I'm sure they need cheap
 champagne in their daily struggle
 to survive.

Julia looks peeved.

JULIA
 What's your problem? Isn't it as
 good as mummy and daddy's?

KAT
 I thought the idea was to feed
 the hungry...?

JULIA
 Hell's bells, lighten up! I got
 one bottle to toast our success?

Paul breaks the impasse.

PAUL
 Yeah, I say, let's celebrate!

All eyes on Kat. She cynically shrugs her shoulders with a
 small smile.

KAT
 Alright. Let's get fucked up.

Julia beams.

The group sits in Kat's room drinking. Music on the stereo.
 Kat on her computer uploading the photos.

JULIA

The Spaniards will be gobsmacked!

She smiles smugly.

PAUL

Who?

JULIA

Our colleagues in Spain?
Remember? We are international!
We are gonna get the fuckers
where-ever!

She raises a fist. Kat turns around in her chair and smiles amused.

KAT

Hear, hear!

JULIA

But they have seen nothing yet.

She leans forward excited.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Next week, we'll hit H and M!

AXEL

Are you nuts? They have security
cameras all over the place!

JULIA

So we do something more subtle.

KAT

Like what?

JULIA

We could make stickers that say:
"I was made in a sweatshop"

PAUL

Great!

Kat shakes her head.

KAT

Yeah, great.

She looks at Paul's Nike shoes. Paul notices and looks embarrassed. Kat scrutinizes Julia.

KAT (CONT'D)

So, where do you go shopping
then?

Julia makes a dismissive wave with her hand.

JULIA

Well, I don't have much of a choice, do I? Unless I spend my days knitting that is!

KAT

That's crap. Everyone has a choice.

JULIA

You might, but most of us don't have the pocket-money to buy handmade in Italy, Kat!

Kat frowns.

KAT

(sharp)What's your point?

JULIA

My point is, that consumerism subjugates me-

Her eyes point to Richard's poster.

JULIA (CONT'D)

-and sucks!

She raises her shoulders and arms with red cheeks. Kat leans back in her chair, puffed up. Paul nods at Julia's words.

PAUL

Prost! I'll drink to that!

Kat leans forward to Julia.

KAT

My father is not an oppressor!

Julia smiles smugly.

JULIA

You said the word Kat - I wasn't even thinking of it.

She turns and cheers at Paul. Kat looks over at Axel who remained silent throughout the discussion. He rolls his eyes emphatically. Kat doesn't smile back. She looks over at the plastic bags filled with luxurious groceries over in the corner.

An OLD LADY (70) walks her little dog along the grass verge of the square. The dog squats down and takes a shit.

The lady walks on but startles in her walk when she hears a loud voice out of a megaphone.

JULIA (V.O.)

Hey!

The lady looks around searching.

JULIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Hey you! I saw that!

The lady looks embarrassed now.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Be a good girl and pick that up,
will you?

The last words are barely audible because she laughs so hard.

The lady waves her hand furiously now.

OLD LADY

You drunk bums! I'll call the
police!

50

INT KAT'S APT LATER

50

POV Kat: looking through a camera lens

Julia and Paul, lying on their bellies on the balcony, roll around with wild laughter. Kat zooms through her camera onto Julia's face, red with laughter.

Empty beer bottles all over the place and a half empty whisky bottle on the couch table.

Axel studies the bookshelf behind it and gets out a photograph album Kat puts the camera away. Axel skims through the pages.

AXEL

Where's this?

Kat walks over to him.

KAT

Samoa. Photographs of my Grandma,
or rather ones she took.

She takes the book out of his hands and they both look together. On the page the photo of Anna and the Samoan girl from the opening sequence. Axel appears to enjoy Kat's close physical proximity.

AXEL

Ah, this is the famous Grandma!

Kat looks up briefly and smiles.

KAT
Yeah - it was
her anniversary today.

AXEL
Yes, I read something about
that... didn't she write a dirty
book?

KAT
Yeees - no, not quite.

Axel ponders.

AXEL
Something about a paradise on
earth, and then, after her death,
some other guy said that it was
all a hoax and Samoans were all
criminals and rapists. (beat) Any
insider knowledge?

Kat smiles embarrassed.

KAT
No, I don't know very much about
it. (mutters) I don't know very
much about her at all, actually.

Axel shrugs his shoulders.

AXEL
Who does? My Grandma had always
told us the same three stories
about the war and how it was
insane, and then after she died,
we found that collector's album
with the Führer's pictures in it.

Kat looks up.

KAT
Really?

AXEL
I have it at home, it's scary
stuff! You should have a look at
it!

He grins. Kat ponders.

KAT (V.O.)
 (whispers) Mom was funny when I
 asked her about Grandma...god,
 she gets on my nerves when she is
 like that... always the victim...

Julia stumbles in with the megaphone and sports a Bono
 imitation of U2's "elevation".

JULIA (V.O.)
 Hello Hello!

The two look disturbed.

KAT
 Can you keep that down please?

Julia puts the megaphone down, giggling.

51 INT KAT'S BEDROOM NEXT MORNING

51

Kat, lying in bed in front of the paradise wallpaper, is
 just opening her eyes. The same empty look on her face. A
 half-empty beer bottle on the bedside table.

A ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS

Kat blinks, then sits up with a start. The sound stops.
 Kat's eyes fall upon Axel who lies beside her, sleepy,
 grabbing her, kissing her waist, then turning around again.
 She looks indecisively at him.

She quietly gets up, climbs over him out of bed.

She stumbles over a book lying open on the floor. It is the
 photography book of Anna's field trips. Kat picks it up,
 looks at the picture of Anna and Mai again. Then puts it
 carefully down onto the desk and walks out of the room.

52 INT LETTE VEREIN CLASSROOM - LATER

52

Inside Kat's photography school, the prestigious Lette
 Verein in Berlin Schöneberg.

After class. Kat walks over to the lecturer, DOMINIK (42)
 at the front. He looks up and smiles at her.

KAT
 Hi Dominik, can I have a word
 with you about my pictures for
 the exhibition?

DOMINIK
 Sure thing! What are you thinking
 of showing?

KAT
I'm not sure yet. Maybe those
city scenes that I took.

She opens her portfolio and lays out some photos on the
table. The city scenes we have seen on her bedroom wall.

Dominik shakes his head doubtfully.

DOMINIK
To be honest, I'm not too sure
what those photos are saying.

Kat looks discouraged.

DOMINIK (CONT'D)
They're technically good, but
somehow - dead.

He takes Kat's portfolio out her hands and looks at one of
the pictures. He nods, assured.

DOMINIK (CONT'D)
I'm not feeling anything.

Kat nods in despair. He looks up at her.

DOMINIK (CONT'D)
Get in closer! Find the
contradictions in them!

Kat looks confused.

KAT
But... it's a house?

Dominik raises his arms.

DOMINIK
Exactly! It's only a house!

He gives a meaningful glance at a dumbstruck Kat and grabs
his bag.

He leaves. Kat ponders.

Kat comes up the stairs of the train station Unter den
Linden and walks towards the library. The setting sun lets
the light reflect from the metallized windows.

Kat enters the library.

54 INT LIBRARY LATER

54

People reading in the library.

Kat, sitting on a desk with a pile of books in front of her, is absorbed in her reading. The books on her table are Anna's own works as well as biographies about her, one written by Marie. MARIE EULBERG EMBRACING ALL LIFE: ANNA KÖNIG. Another one reads PATRICK EDWARDS ANNA KÖNIG AND SAMOA: EMBRACING A MYTH

Kat skims through a book, and comes across the photograph showing old Anna, already ill, sitting behind her desk.

KAT (V.O.)
(whispers) that must have been
just before she went to
hospital...

She strokes the picture with a finger and looks out at the setting sun.

55 INT HOSPITAL ROOM [FLASHBACK - 1987] DUSK

55

THE DISTANT SOUND OF A TRAIN.

A passing train that glints gold in the rays of the setting sun behind the window. Kat, sitting on Marie's lap, looks fascinated at it, then back at Anna, lying sick and fragile looking in a hospital bed, surrounded by a sea of flowers.

Anna follows her glance.

ANNA
Isn't it wonderful?
(to Kat)
Look, sweetie, the sun is making
little mirrors sparkling on the
river. See it?

YOUNG KAT
Yes, I can see it!

Young Kat gets off the bed and walks over to the big window, pressing her face against it.

Anna clears her throat, tries to sit up, but can only do it with the help of Marie. Kat is watching them a little anxiously.

YOUNG KAT (CONT'D)
Nana-

ANNA
Yes, sweetie?

YOUNG KAT

Where does the sun go after it
went down?

ANNA

It goes to sleep, love.

YOUNG KAT

In a bed?

Anna smiles whimsically.

ANNA

Maybe.

YOUNG KAT

Does it have a big featherbed
like Mother Holle?

ANNA

Maybe it has. Maybe it shakes it
like Mother Holle but instead of
snow, there is stardust
sprinkling all over the sky that
forms the stars that shine for
you at night.

Marie looks adoringly at Anna while Kat listens with open
mouth.

YOUNG KAT

Really?

MARIE

Do you want to draw Grandma a
picture of it?

She gets a scrapbook and pencil out of her handbag and
hands it to Kat who sits down on the floor and starts
drawing. Both women look at her for a moment.

56 INT HOSPITAL ROOM [FLASHBACK] CONTINUED KAT'S INNER WORLD 56

Young Kat diligently drawing.

The adult's conversation as a faint soup with single words
sticking out of it.

Young Kat looks out of the window into the setting sun,
squinting her eyes. In the bright light, she can see an
old, brown-skinned, Samoan-looking woman dressed in a
lavalava in bright colours, looking down sleepily at the
city with bright yellow eyes. The woman yawns.

ANNA (V.O.)

In Samoa...integrate children
more into essential things like
death... never occurred...witness
pain and suffering...Kat...

Young Kat looks up hearing her name.

The two women look into each other's eyes for a long
moment.

MARIE

She wants to be here, you know.

ANNA

I suppose so.

Young Kat looks down again and starts to draw a bed. She
looks out the window and sees the woman again, shaking her
featherbed. Stars falling out and appear faint on the
horizon. The woman yawns again, stretches, and lies down on
the bed appearing behind her. She snuggles into the
featherbed, then closes her eyes. The sky gets dark, and the
stars light up, sparkling.

57

INT LIBRARY - LATER

57

Black and white photography of traditional Samoa. Everybody
in white after church, the traditional tattoo, outrigger
canoes etc.

Kat looks at photographs in a photography book and opens it
on the spot. On the other end of the isle, on the window
side: Penei. Kat doesn't notice her at first as she turns
the pages.

Kat feels a presence and looks up from her book. Penei
stands very close and eyes her curiously. Kat squints at
the figure standing in the bright light blending her. When
she recognizes Penei, she startles and instinctively takes
a step backwards. Penei smiles.

PENEI

Hi.

KAT

Hi.

Kat recognizes Penei as the girl from the supermarket and
quickly looks down, half turning.

Penei gets a book out of the shelf, smiles once more and
walks off. Kat looks after her.

58 EXT PLATFORM TRAIN 58

Kat stands on the platform. A train arrives.

59 INT TRAIN 59

Kat sits in an open 4-seat compartment. The train is still standing. The door signals go off - in jumps Penei.

Kat mechanically slides down in her seat - but Penei doesn't notice Kat anyway. She sits down some metres away in a long row facing sideways, so Kat can see her profile.

Kat observes her.

60 INT TRAIN 10 MIN LATER 60

The train drives into a station. Penei stands up and gets out. Kat looks after her, then, at the last moment, gets up, too.

61 EXT PLATFORM DAWN 61

Kat follows Penei down the steps and crossing a street.

KAT (V.O.)
(whispers) What am I doing? What
am I gonna do next? Talk to her?
What am I gonna say? Hi, I just
followed you?

Penei walks into a bar. Kat hesitates and waits outside.

62 EXT STREET OUTSIDE BAR 62

POV KAT: Penei walks to the bartender, greets him, gets behind the bar and vanishes in a back room.

An almost empty bar.

KAT (V.O.)
(whispers) That's it, I turned
into a stalker...

A moment later, Penei reappears wearing an apron. She laughs with the bartender.

Kat ducks away and walks off.

63

INT KAT'S APT LATER THAT EVENING

63

The front door opens and in comes Kat, walking into the kitchen. She stops at the sight of Axel still sitting on the sofa. He smokes a cigarette and grins at her.

AXEL

Hey!

KAT

Hey!

She sits down beside him and takes his cigarette from him. Puffs. Both look straight ahead.

AXEL

How was school?

KAT

Thrilling.

Axel turns his head to Kat and is now very close. He smiles.

AXEL

I thought I'd wait for you.

Kat hands him back the cigarette and smiles.

KAT

I see.

AXEL

Do you mind?

Kat shrugs her shoulders. She gets up and opens the fridge. Axel follows and hugs her from behind. Kisses her neck. She serves herself some orange juice and turns around.

KAT

It's just that I had a pretty full-on day, that's all.

Axel lets go of her.

AXEL

Oh. Sorry. I'll leave you alone then.

Kat sips her orange juice and looks up.

KAT

Would you mind?

She smiles excusing. Axel looks disappointed but hides it with a smile. He puts on his jacket and opens the door.

AXEL
That's okay. If you're tired.

Kat nods. Axel steps into the stairwell. He strokes her head and looks infatuated.

AXEL (CONT'D)
And what if you had a monster
under your bed? Who's going to
protect you?

Kat smiles without answering. Axel gives up. He gives her a little kiss.

AXEL (CONT'D)
Bye. Sweet dreams!

KAT
Bye!

64 INT KAT'S APT BEDROOM LATER 64

Kat lies alone in her bed with a little lamp on, dreaming with open eyes.

65 EXT. BAR (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT 65

Penei behind the counter, busy.

KAT (V.O.)
(whispers) Why do I meet her
twice?

Penei looks straight into the camera with a small smile.

66 INT KAT'S APT BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 66

Kat shakes her head as if she wanted to shake the thought away.

She then gets a book from a pile on her bedside drawer. The inscription reads LETTERS. ANNA KÖNIG.

Kat starts skimming through the pages, reading a passage here and there.

ANNA (V.O.)
10th of March, 1925. Dear
Professor, arrived safe and well
in Apia. Warm welcome. Started
Samoan lessons immediately. More
soon.

Kat lies down on her back, turning the page. In the background the beach wallpaper.

KAT (V.O.)
 11th of March 1925. My dear
 Isabel,

Kat frowns.

KAT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (whispers) Isabel...

She turns the book and looks at the jacket. Shrugs her
 shoulders, continues reading.

ANNA (V.O.)
 I am here, finally - my happiness
 to stand on solid ground was
 dampened by the fact that nobody
 picked me up at the wharf and my
 first long longed for German
 conversation proved to be more an
 interrogation than anything else.

67 EXT SAMOA APIA HARBOUR (FLASHBACK 1925) - DAY 67

The harbour of Apia. Ships, palmtrees, a very provincial
 looking capital with the white clocktower. The vessel lies
 in the harbour, passengers leaving the boat.

68 EXT SAMOA APIA HARBOUR (FLASHBACK 1925)- LATER 68

YOUNG ANNA (23) stands amidst the hustle and bustle of the
 harbour - alone, her big suitcase beside her. She seems to
 wait for someone who's not coming, looks expectantly at
 passers-by who smile back, but don't stop to greet her.
 Anna looks at her watch.

69 1925 EXT SAMOA APIA HARBOUR (FLASHBACK 1925) - LATER 69

The scenery has gotten considerably quieter. Anna is still
 standing on the same spot as before. She looks at her watch
 again, sighs, picks up her suitcase, and walks up the
 street, sweating in the heat.

70 1925 INT APIA SAMOA HOTEL (FLASHBACK 1925) - LATER 70

Anna sits on the edge of a queen size bed in a big colonial
 style hotel room, the window to the left wide open. Anna
 looks exhausted, sweat stains on her dress, her face also
 covered in sweat. She breathes deeply.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

Anna sits up.

ANNA

Come in!

In comes MRS. PETERS(46), German, slightly obese, good-humoured woman, elegantly dressed.

PETERS

Miss König!

Anna gets up.

ANNA

Mrs. Peters?

Peters moves towards Anna and hugs her.

PETERS

Miss König, I am so sorry I am late!

71 INT APIA SAMOA DINING ROOM PETERS (FLASHBACK 1925) - NIGHT 71

A young Samoan girl, SILEI (17), same actress as Penei, in a servant's uniform refills Anna's water glass. Anna looks up and their eyes meet. They smile. Anna eats a spoonful of the soup that's in front of her. Looks up.

ANNA

The soup is wonderful!

Miss Peters smiles at her. Anna, Peters, her husband GEORG (52) and two other guests(45+), sit on a long table in a "grand" colonial dining room. Festive lights, expensive furniture. Throughout the whole conversation, the Silei/Penei stays in the room refilling glasses or waiting for orders in the background.

PETERS

Oh thank you, dear! They can't do much, but they sure can cook! Although I really miss a good sausage, I have to say!

Silei/Penei refills Georg's water glass.

Anna can see him touching her knee under the table without batting an eyelid.

GEORG

How are things back home?

Anna shrugs her shoulders.

ANNA

Maybe times are settling down really and truly this time - who knows.

She looks skeptical. Georg scratches his head in thought.

GEORG

Maybe this is the time to go home
- even more since we are not
really welcomed here anymore.
Even though we were by far the
better colonisers.

PETERS

The British can't chase us away
though - this is our home! We
have a right to be here!

GUEST 1 bends forward curiously.

GUEST 1

So what brings you here, Miss
König? Research, I believe?

Anna sits up.

ANNA

Yes, I am here to research Samoan
adolescents for signs of "storm
and stress". We have to prove
those fatalists wrong that claim
that our heritage determines our
nature.

Guest 2 raises an eyebrow.

GUEST 2

And why shouldn't it, Miss König?

ANNA

Because it is not our heritage or
our race that determines us -
it's our environment! At least,
this is what I believe, and this
is what professor Goldstein
believes.

Guest 2 sends a meaningful glance over to the host when
hearing the Jewish name. Anna doesn't notice.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Storm and stress during
adolescence is believed to be a
natural development in the
process of character building. If
I can prove that in this culture,
storm and stress are non-
existent, we can end this
discriminating nonsense once and
for all.

The hosts glance at each other with raised eyebrows.

PETERS

Why did you come to Samoa though?

Anna looks confident.

ANNA

The population is small, and it's a primitive culture, not too hard to see through. I should have results in a reasonable time.

Silei/Penei, refilling a guests wineglass, looks over at Anna, unnoticed by her.

GEORG

So how long are you going to stay?

ANNA

Not longer than a year. I want to be back in Europe next summer.

GUEST 1

Can you speak Samoan?

ANNA

No - but I'm a very quick learner.

Georg raises his wineglass.

GEORG

Well then - to your success!

Everybody raises their glass and toasts Anna.

ANNA

Thank you.

She takes a little too deep swig, then smiles.

A ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

72

INT KAT'S APT BEDROOM NEXT MORNING

72

KAT'S ALARM.

Kat lies on her back in bed. The bed lies adjacent to the window. She opens her eyes, and stares at the ceiling. She drops her head to look upside down out of the window into the trees outside.

73 EXT CEMETERY DAY 73

Kat, her camera shouldered, walks through lanes of similar looking graves, looking out for Anna's grave.

74 EXT CEMETERY DAY 74

Kat stands in front of Anna's grave. The inscription on the very simple stone says ANNA KÖNIG 1905-1987. A small photo of old Anna, smiling wisely. Nothing else.

KAT (V.O.)
(whispers) There you are...

She looks at the grave, then notices several fresh flower arrangements.

KAT (CONT'D)
Wow.

Kat takes a picture of the grave, then sits down beside it.

75 INT KAT'S APT BEDROOM AFTERNOON 75

Kat is again lying in bed. The afternoon sun shines into the room and draws patterns of the leaves on her face.

THE ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

This time it is her phone.

She doesn't answer until the 10th time.

KAT
Hello?

RICHARD (V.O.)
How's my little master
photographer?

KAT
Daddy!

She smiles, now animated again.

KAT (CONT'D)
Still pissed off because you
didn't take her with you! How is
the desert?

RICHARD
Sandy.

KAT
Oh c'mon!

RICHARD (V.O.)
 Well, we were caught in a
 sandstorm today, we had to
 postpone the shoot. That's why I
 call. I won't make it to the
 exhibition, sorry.

Kat swallows her disappointment.

KAT
 That's okay. (beat) How was the
 storm?

RICHARD (V.O.)
 It was actually quite impressive.
 The sable sky, the sough of the
 wind... The camels remained so
 stoic, but the models were
 panicking.

While Richard is talking, Kat looks over at the photographs
 of the Stalinbauten above her bed, scratching her face
 thoughtfully.

She gets up, stands with wobbly feet on the mattress and
 zooms into a window of the building in the picture.

KAT
 (absent)
 Really?

She tears the pictures one after another from the wall and
 throws them on the floor.

76

INT HOTEL ROOM TUNISIA

76

Richard lies in bed bare-breasted with the phone on his
 ear. A ray of light shines through the closed curtains.

RICHARD
 Yeah, what a shame. Some of them
 looked really beautiful, panic-
 stricken...

He laughs quietly.

KAT (V.O.)
 (mockingly outraged): Dad!
 Feasting on the sorrow of others!

He smiles at her reaction.

RICHARD
 You know what I mean! This...

77

INT KAT'S BEDROOM

77

KAT

Truth?

Richard sighs.

RICHARD (V.O.)

I guess so.

Kat looks at Richard's poster on the wall.

KAT

Since when are you looking for
that?

She smiles ironically.

RICHARD (V.O.)

Always, Kat.

Kat looks pensively at the poster.

A NOISE AT THE OTHER END; SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE TURNING IN
BED, A LITTLE MOAN.Kat presses the receiver against her ear, listening
attentively.

KAT

What was that?

RICHARD

Uh? Nothing, the wind. (beat)
How's your work going?

Kat kneels down on the bed again.

KAT

Maybe I should become a war
photographer, what do you think?
Do something meaningful.

Richard laughs at the other end of the phone.

RICHARD (V.O.)

Are you serious? Are you having a
creative block or what?Kat sinks down on the bed again and sighs, scratching her
face.

KAT

Hmmm. The exhibition. I don't
know what to do for it.

RICHARD (V.O.)
Any ideas? (beat) Hey, why don't
you do something about those
activists you told me about?

KAT
Julia?

Richard laughs.

RICHARD (V.O.)
Yep, the spare time activists.
Have they done anything yet or
are they just talking?

Kat ponders.

KAT
Hmm. I thought about doing
something about Grandma.

RICHARD (V.O.)
Grandma? Why? What do you want to
do about her?

KAT
I am not sure.

RICHARD (V.O.)
There has been more than enough
said about Grandma don't you
think?

KAT
Not that I knew anything about
it.

RICHARD (V.O.)
What do you want to know?

KAT
Why was Mom so upset the other
day?

Richard sighs.

RICHARD (V.O.)
Why don't you ask her?

Richard still in the same position. Beside him in the bed:
an unknown woman of whom we only see the back, sleeping. On
the bedside drawer sits his photo equipment.

He hangs up, slides down in bed, and looks over at the sleeping woman. She turns around, still sleeping: it is Mareike.

79 INT KAT'S APT - CONTINUOUS 79

Kat turns around and turns on the TV with the remote. A still picture of Julia and the others storming out the supermarket appears on the screen.

Kat looks at it thoughtfully.

A ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

80 INT SAMOA 1925 SCHOOL FALE (FLASHBACK 1925) - DAY 80

Animate freeze frame image.

A lot of curious Samoan faces: the students sitting on the floor on mats with crossed legs.

The look at Anna who stands at the front next to the TEACHER (30), who silently explains to them who Anna is and what she intends to do.

TEACHER TALKING IN SAMOAN.

Anna can't understand any of it and just smiles. The teenagers smile back.

The teacher points out one girls after another. They all smile at Anna. Amongst them: MAI (17) and Silei/Penei. Silei/Penei gives her an exceptionally wide smile.

A ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

81 EXT STREET NIGHT 81

Kat walks along the same street she has followed Penei on.

82 INT BAR WHERE PENEI WORKS - NIGHT 82

83 Julia sits alone on a table in the sparsely populated bar, 83 seemingly not feeling very comfortable.

Outside Kat walks towards the bar with an excited face. She peeks inside through the window. No Penei. A slightly disappointed look.

She enters and sits down on Julia's table.

KAT

Hey!

JULIA
Why on earth did you want to meet
here?

Kat looks around.

KAT
Why not?

Julia leans forward sneering.

JULIA
Fancy! Have you had a look at the
prices yet?

Kat frowns.

She looks at the menu and raises her eyebrows.

KAT
S'okay, I'll shout. (beat)

She resolutely closes the menu.

KAT (CONT'D)
Anyway, I had a second look at
the pictures and I think I might
use them for an exhibition - if
you're all okay with it.

Julia leans forward excitedly.

JULIA
But not our faces eh?

Kat rummages around in her bag and gets out a portfolio,
opens it.

KAT
Don't worry, I'm not that stupid.

She shows Julia the picture - the same she was looking at
before. Julia, Axel and Paul fleeing the supermarket. Their
faces are masked with big sunglasses that are retouched
into the picture. Paul wears a fashionable hat and new
Nike's in camouflage, Axel an expensive but sporty watch
and Julia a T-shirt with a peace dove and an anorak, all
photoshopped into the picture. In the background an unreal
paradisiacal sunset, white doves.

KAT (CONT'D)
-I like it.

Julia looks aghast.

JULIA
But - what's that?

KAT

You think it is too silly? I was thinking about that whole H and M argument that we had. You know, where do revolutionists buy their clothes? There might be a whole market out there!

She looks expectantly at Julia who turns red.

JULIA

You're taking the piss...

Kat grins.

KAT

Don't take everything so seriously!

Julia's expression hardens.

JULIA

Are you kidding me? I don't know squat about you, but yes, I am taking this thing very seriously!

Kat looks "here we go again".

KAT

And little self-indulgent...

Julia raises her voice.

JULIA

What? We risk our necks and you think it's all a bloody joke?

Kat leans forward to murmur cynically.

KAT

And what about yourself? Are you simply a feel good Robin fuckin Hood of Kreuzberg?
I thought you were too good to be fuckin true.

Kat shrugs her shoulders. Julia gets to her feet and heads for the door.

KAT (CONT'D)

You forgotten the photos?

Julia stops, looks defensive for a second, finally spits.

Peni comes out from the back and witnesses the scene.

JULIA

You can shove them...

PENEI
(mutters) woow...

Julia exits. Kat sits alone, nervously scratching her face, oblivious to Penei's presence.

She looks up and notices Penei who smiles emphatically at her.

Penei walks up to her.

PENEI (CONT'D)
Hey!

Kat startles.

PENEI (CONT'D)
Had a little cat fight there?

She peeps at the photographs still on the table. Then looks up.

PENEI (CONT'D)
Hey, I think I know you. You were
at the library yesterday! (beat)
and I know those people.

She points at the picture.

PENEI (CONT'D)
I think they were robbing the
supermarket.

Kat blushes.

KAT
Na, we - they were protesting.

PENEI
What's wrong with the
supermarket?

Kat sighs.

KAT
It's too expensive.

Penei gives a little laugh.

PENEI
Well, good on them! (beat)
Are you going to Samoa or
something? I saw you looking at
pictures!

The bartender intervenes.

BARTENDER

God, Penei, give the poor girl a rest!

PENEI

Of course, sorry - would you like something to drink?

KAT

Vodka Tonic?

Penei blinks at her.

PENEI

Just a sec!

She walks over to the bar. Over her shoulder:

PENEI (CONT'D)

Come sit at the bar!

Kat smiles.

KAT

Okay!

83

INT BAR LITTLE LATER

83

Kat sits at the bar now, her drink in front of her. Penei behind the bar polishes glasses.

KAT

What did you do at the library?

Penei shrugs her shoulders and smiles a big smile.

PENEI

I was homesick. Happens every once in a blue moon.

KAT

So you are from Samoa.

Penei raises her eyebrows.

PENEI

Yahaa! Duh!

She playfully swings her tea towel after Kat. Kat smiles amused.

KAT

So how come you're here?

PENEI

Long story. (beat) I'd rather you tell me what you were doing there. Let me guess: you're one of these (mocking) anthropologist students.

KAT

I'm not, my grandmother - (beat) she lived there for a while and told me stories about it.

PENEI

Oh yeah? (beat) A lot of foreigners coming through the place telling stories - don't believe any of them though.

She ponders.

PENEI (CONT'D)

They don't have a clue.

Kat raises her eyebrows questioningly.

Penei points with her index finger at her.

PENEI (CONT'D)

Especially not that König lady. I saw you reading her.

She snorts scornfully.

PENEI (CONT'D)

She really didn't have a clue.

Kat looks dismayed.

KAT

What makes you say that?

PENEI

(cynical) Well, she thought it was paradise and everybody happy? How would she know what's going on in our heads?

KAT

The girls told her?

Again the scornful snort.

PENEI

Believe me. They wouldn't.

Kat looks at her thoughtfully.

Pause. Kat takes a deep swig of her drink and almost finishes it.

PENEI (CONT'D)
Fast drinker, eh?

A GUY, RALF (35+) sitting on the other end of the bar observing them intrudes.

RALF
Can I buy you another one?

Kat wants to reject, but he is faster.

RALF (CONT'D)
Another one of those, please!

Kat smiles strained, Penei amused.

PENEI
In a minute!

She winks at Kat and walks off.

84 INT BAR LATER 84

Kat watches Penei making drinks and joking with the guests.

85 EXT FALE SAMOA (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT 85

Penei and other girls, dressed in traditional tapa cloth, sitting in a circle in a fale, giggling.

86 INT BAR CONTINUOUS 86

The guy from before now sits next to Kat on the bar.

RALF
...anyway, I saved the project
last minute!

He waits for appraisal. Kat tries to smile approvingly.

He leans forward.

RALF (CONT'D)
You should show me your
portfolio, I am sure I can manage
something for you. We always need
photographers.

KAT
What do you think of that?

She shows him the photo of Julia and the others.

Ralf looks at it and chuckles.

RALF

Haha, funny, you show this bloody punk scum the ropes!

Kat pulls the picture out of his hands.

KAT

What are you talking about? These are real people - my friends!

Ralf frowns.

RALF

Doesn't look like it...

KAT

Why not?

RALF

Well, you're obviously taking the piss. Besides, you look like a nice girl, you wouldn't do things like that...

He smiles smugly.

KAT

Well, they sure have a better agenda than you ever will!

Ralf looks surprised.

RALF

Hey!

KAT

At least these guys have ideals! You're just sucking up to me to get into my pants...you don't even like the picture. And if you like it, I hate it. It's shit!

She crumples the picture in her hands.

Penei behind the bar, suppresses a laugh.

KAT (CONT'D)

Screw you!

The guy sits up, aghast.

RALF

WHAT? You bitch!

He gets up and grabs his jacket.

RALF (CONT'D)
I don't need this. (beat) I just
wanted to be friendly and this is
what you get?
(mutters)
Psycho-bitch!

He turns to leave.

Kat looks tense and grins half aghast, half amused. She
nervously scratches her face again.

KAT
Fuck off, slimeball!

She turns around to an open-mouthed Penei.

The guy storms off.

Penei starts laughing.

PENEI
Wow! That's what I call a hammer
on the head! You're a trouble
magnet, eh?

She cracks up. Kat relaxes but looks embarrassed.

KAT
Looks like it, I'm sorry...

PENEI
Serves him right, the creep. He
was all over you!

She looks appalled and pensive. Shakes herself.

Then gets a bottle of Schnapps out the shelf behind her,
and two shot glasses.

PENEI (CONT'D)
You need a drink!

She fills the glasses.

PENEI (CONT'D)
Let's drink to forget.

KAT
Forget what? Him? He's already
forgotten!

PENEI
(mutters) Him and all the other
scum. (beat) To the healing power
of time then!

She raises her glass. Kat does, too.

KAT

I'm Kat.

PENEI

Penei.

They smile at each other and cheer.

They drink.

BARTENDER (V.O.)

Penei!

PENEI

Coming!

She takes the glasses, smiles and walks off.

87

INT BAR LATER

87

Kat gets up and walks over to where Penei stands behind the bar mixing a drink.

KAT

I better go.

Penei looks up.

PENEI

Okay. It was nice talking to you.

She smiles at Kat. Kat smiles back shyly.

KAT

Take care.

She hesitates for a moment, but then turns to go. She's almost at the door, when Penei calls after her.

PENEI

Hey!

Kat turns around. Penei walks up to her.

KAT

Yes?

Penei seems shy all of a sudden.

PENEI

I'll give you my number. We should hang out sometimes.

Kat smiles thrilled.

KAT

Oh! Okay!

88 INT KAT'S BEDROOM NEXT MORNING

88

Kat asleep in her bed. The bright sun shining in her eyes. She wakes up with a crumpled face. Lies motionless for a second. Rolls around and moans with a headache. Looks at the alarm clock on the bedside drawer. 11:15. She grabs a print-out of a timetable.

12-2: composition, Krüger.

She lets go of it, the paper floats to the ground.

89 INT KAT'S BEDROOM NEXT MORNING LATER

89

Kat gets up and stumbles into the kitchen.

The empty bottles from the day before still on the kitchen table. She fills a glass with water and drinks greedily. Puts the glass down and holds her head. Gets a Polaroid camera from the kitchen table and photographs her battered face.

She shakes the picture, then looks at the picture of her crumpled face, not believing that it is actually her.

She walks over to a little mirror on the wall and looks at herself. She finds a red spot on her face and fingers it. Looks at the picture.

She gets a pen and writes something on the rim underneath. She puts it on the fridge with a magnet.

The picture of her crumpled face. The writing says BEAUTIFUL.

90 INT KITCHEN

90

The espresso percolator on the stove is boiling and spitting.

Kat's face. She lies on the sofa in the kitchen on her back, looking towards the stove with the window behind it.

The stove and window upside down.

THE NOISE OF FLATTERING WINGS.

A lost seagull has landed on the windowsill, screeching.

Kat freezes in her movements and looks at the bird that looks back at her curiously. Kat gropes for her camera on the kitchen table without looking away from the bird that still observes her.

Her hand sweeps a spoon from the table that falls down on the floor tinkling.

The bird hops up startled.

KAT
(under her breath) Shit!

The bird calms down again. Kat sits up and grabs the camera from the table.

When she turns back around, the gull has vanished without a sound.

Kat rushes to the window and looks out.

A ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

91 INT SAMOA 1925 ANNA'S ROOM - DAY

91

A seagull flying away, screeching.

Anna stands in the door shooin' her away.

She turns around to a bunch of girls, amongst them Silei/Penei and Mai, observing her amused, giggling.

MAI
Are you afraid of birds, Miss Anna?

ANNA
No - I just don't want them in my house!

Mai turns to the other girls and talks Samoan.

MAI
Anna's scared of rats and birds!

The girls laugh.

Anna looks uncomfortable.

Mai turns to Anna again.

MAI (CONT'D)
Do you not have animals in Germany? We have lots of animals in Samoa.

Anna smiles.

ANNA
Oh, in Germany there are animals you would dream of... but now, let's talk about the boys.

The girls look at each other.

ANNA (CONT'D)
What do you think of boys?

Giggling again.

MOA
They annoy us...

-ANOTHER GIRL
At night, they come around and
yell at us when we sit together.

SILEI/PENEI
We make fun of them...

ANNA
Do you want to kiss them?

The girls look at each other and giggle. No answer.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Are you in love with them?

Giggling. The girls switch to Samoan again.

MAI
I know you are, Moa!

MOA
Shut up, you-

The girls laugh.

MAI
I know his name, Moa!

MOA
Shut up!

A GIRL
Ta - vi-

MAI
Ta!

The girls crack up laughing.

Anna looks frustrated.

A ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

Kat, dressed in jeans and the same jacket as last night, is ready to go out. She searches her jacket for her keys, and finds Penei's number, looks at it, and puts it back.

Out of habit, she picks up her camera and slings it over her shoulder.

93 EXT MARKET CANAL BERLIN KREUZBERG

93

Kat walks along the canal through the Turkish market in Kreuzberg. Balls of cloth, herbs, vegetables, women with headscarves talking Turkish, kids.

KAT (V.O.)

Hey!

PENEI (V.O.)

(surprised happy)

Hey!

Kat buys some baklava from a stand, walks through the stands to an outside table of a bar at the canal. Orders a coffee. Gets the phone out of her pocket. Puts it on the table.

PENEI (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'm glad you called...

94 EXT CAFE CANAL

94

Kat sits on the table with a coffee, playing with her phone.

Axel walks towards her and greets her with a kiss. Sits down.

AXEL

Hey!

KAT

Hey.

AXEL

I'm glad you called.

Kat smiles strained. He looks at her.

AXEL (CONT'D)

You look a little pale today.

He gets a streak of her hair and puts it behind her ear.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Everything okay? What's that?

He points at the red dry spot on Kat's face.

Kat hides it with her hand.

KAT
It's nothing, I've had a big
night, that's all.

Axel looks jealous.

AXEL
With whom?

KAT
Alone -

Axel raises his eyebrows in disbelief.

KAT (CONT'D)
-Nobody you know.

Axel looks peeved.

AXEL
Soo - you had a fall out with
Julia?

Kat is nonchalant.

KAT
Something like that.

AXEL
You wanna talk about it?

KAT
Not really, no.

AXEL
You sure wound her up...

KAT
She wound herself up. (beat)
Revolutionary! Hah! She's just a
fucking hypocrite.

AXEL
Isn't everyone?

KAT
No?

AXEL
You're dreaming...

KAT
Am I?

AXEL
Name one who isn't...

KAT
My grandmother.

AXEL
I thought she was an academic...

KAT
And a revolutionary. (beat) She
lived her life the way she
wanted, and stuff everyone else.

AXEL
I'll bet you don't really know
the first thing about her...

Kat doesn't answer.

HER PHONE VIBRATES WITH AN INCOMING CALL.

Kat picks it up and smiles. Axel looks pissed off.

AXEL (CONT'D)
Who is that?

Kat doesn't look up, still smiling, answers.

KAT
Ah, nobody. A friend. [beat] Hi!

Axel looks rejected. Kat murmurs into phone.

KAT (CONT'D)
Ah... nothing much.(beat) Sure!
What time?

Kat looks at her watch.

95 EXT KINDERGARTEN BERLIN - DAY

95

A kindergarten courtyard. Children playing.

Beyond the perimeter fence Kat has spotted a bird perched
in a tree. She focuses her camera.

Penei enters the playground from a building inside the
compound. IOSUA (2) comes running towards Penei.

IOSUA
Mama!

He runs into her arms. She holds him tight, happy.

Kat photographs the moment from a distance.

96

EXT BUS STOP BERLIN DAY

96

Penei holds Iosua in her arms. Kat looks at the child, then at Penei. Smiles at her a little insecure.

KAT

So you're a Mom.

PENEI

Yes. A single one, too.

Squeezes Iosua in her arms. Gives Kat a provocative smile.

PENEI (CONT'D)

(imitating the sassy Berlin slang:) Any problems with that?

Kat giggles due to Penei's imitation. Then looks her straight in the eyes.

KAT

Na, not at all. That's cool.

They smile at each other.

97

INT PENEI'S APT DAY

97

Penei opens the door to her apartment, Iosua on her hip.

PENEI

Come in. I just grab some stuff.

They walk through a dim hallway into the living room.

PENEI (CONT'D)

(over her shoulder)

You want a drink?

She walks into an adjacent room.

KAT

I'm fine, thanks.

IOSUA BABBLING HAPPILY IN THE ADJACENT ROOM.

Kat looks around the apartment. A big glass facade with the adjoining balcony gives a breathtaking view on the wide streets of Frankfurter Allee below. A round dining table and, further to the left, a couch in front of it. On the window sill as well as on the wall pictures of Jesus and the virgin Mary. A cross above the door to the hallway.

On the dining table: A book called *Bitter Sweet: Indigenous Women in the Pacific*. Kat picks it up, skims through it.

She stops at a page that reads *Civilized Girl*. Jully Makini

KAT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 "Cheap perfume/Six inch heels/
 skin tight pants/civilized girl".

Penei comes back into the room, Iosua on her arm.

Kat closes the book.

PENEI
 Ready!

98

INT ELEVATOR

98

Iosua's face looking up. He is curiously observing Kat.

Kat smiles at him somewhat insecure.

Penei's hand strokes Iosua's hair. He hugs her leg.

Kat looks at Penei.

KAT
 You're Christian?

Penei smiles ironically.

PENEI
 Yes, and a good one, too.

Her mouth twitches.

PENEI (CONT'D)
 He was an immaculate conception.

Kat giggles. Their eyes meet. Kat averts her eyes, then looks up again into Penei's dark smiling eyes. She smiles again.

99

EXT PENEI'S APT BLOCK BERLIN - DAY

99

Penei, Kat and Iosua leave the multi-storey apt.-building and step out into a concrete courtyard, surrounded by same-style buildings, a playground in the middle. Iosua runs towards the sandpit and joins a group of children. Penei waves to the accompanying women casually, then she and Kat sit down on the edge of the sandpit.

THE FAINT ROAR OF A NEARBY ROAD.

KAT
 How long have you been in Berlin now?

Penei brushes her hair out of her face.

PENEI

Three years? Wow, it seems like forever.

KAT

So Iosua was born here?

PENEI

Yes. He's a real Berliner!

She looks proud.

KAT

Do you like it?

PENEI

Berlin? Sure! I mean-

She looks around the rather sad scenery.

PENEI (CONT'D)

Look at this (giggles) beautiful sandpit, amidst forests of architectural masterpieces...splendour!

Kat understands the game.

KAT

A tropical breeze...

PENEI

And no dog shit in the sandpit today, yay!

Pause.

THE ROARING OF THE ROAD RESEMBLES THE ROAR OF THE SURF.

KAT

Don't you miss the sea?

Penei looks gloomy.

PENEI

No, I'm okay. I like lakes, they are calm - peaceful...

Kat scrutinizes Penei thoughtfully. For a moment it is silent.

100 EXT PLAYGROUND - CONTINUOUS

100

THE ROARING OF THE ROAD RESEMBLES THE ROAR OF THE SURF.

One of the boys climbs a lonely meager tree and shouts triumphantly.

HIS SHOUT ECHOES THROUGH THE YARD.

KAT

I imagine this couldn't be any
more different from your home...

Penei loses her fragility.

PENEI

And that's a very good thing! I
was very lucky to be out of -
fucking Samoa!

Kat looks questioning.

KAT

How come?

PENEI

Ah, I didn't leave on very good
terms.

Kat can't help smiling ironically.

KAT

Oh really?

Penei grins now, too.

PENEI

Yeah.

It looks as if she is about to say something, and Kat looks
at her attentively - but then she doesn't.

Kat looks over to Iosua in the sandpit, when Penei plucks
up courage and starts speaking very fast.

PENEI (CONT'D)

I was - knocked up by some loser.
(beat) And the local code of
conduct is (beat) Why am I
telling you this, you wouldn't
understand.

Kat grins sympathetically.

KAT

Try!

Penei shrugs her shoulders.

PENEI

Let's just say I believed there
were better life options than the
Samoan way.

KAT
So - you ran away?

Penei nods.

PENEI
More or less.

She gives Kat a provocative and somewhat guilty look, awaiting her reaction. Despite her tensed jaws, her dark eyes look fragile. Kat doesn't look shocked, but impressed.

KAT
Wow. (beat) What about your parents?

PENEI
What about them?

Her eyes are unfathomable to Kat who looks across to little Iosua looking admiringly at an older boy on the monkey bars.

KAT
Wouldn't they help...with Iosua?

Penei has her eyes fixed on Iosua.

PENEI
He's better off here. He'll get an education. A real one. No smacking around the head and all that bullshit respect thing.

Kat observes her without intruding. Penei wakes from her brooding and looks resolute.

PENEI (CONT'D)
Na - Germany's cool. (beat) It's nothing like I imagined it to be - not like on TV! - but it's cool.

Kat looks at Penei pondering.

101 INT SAMOA FALE PENEI (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

101

At least two families sitting in a dark fale gathered around the TV.

On the screen: an advertising for a margarine. A white family, mother, father, daughter, son, sitting around a round table, eating bread with margarine, smiling with very white teeth.

102 EXT SANDPIT - CONTINUOUS 102

Penei turns to Kat with an mischievous smile.

PENEI
Watch this:
(shouts)
Lunch is ready!

The older kids on the courtyard look around bemused at the sound of her echo searching for Moms in the windows. Several windows open and people shout complaints.

Kat cracks up laughing.

TENANT
Ruhe! Es ist Mittagszeit!
(Silence! It's noon!)

The girls laughing.

KAT
(still laughing)
I know! Don't you think that's scary?

Her expression gets serious.

KAT (CONT'D)
I do.

ROAR OF TRAFFIC SOUNDS LIKE ROAR OF SURF.

103 INT KAT'S BEDROOM NEXT MORNING 103

Kat lies on the bed, the wallpaper in the background.
THE TV.

105 COMMENTATOR (V.O.) 105
...Rama, the family margarine!

104 EXT PLAYGROUND (FLASHBACK) - DAY 104

Penei in profile talking, but we can't actually hear what she's saying. She turns her head and looks towards an invisible Kat, giggling.

PENEI GIGGLING, ECHO.

Penei looks attentively, listening, then smiles coquettish.

Penei poses into the camera, purses her lips, blushes, looks down, bursts out laughing.

PENEI LAUGHING. THE CLICK OF A CAMERA.

Penei turns her head and looks upwards.

105 EXT PLAYGROUND (FLASHBACK CONTINUED) - DAY 105

Freeze frame.

A BOY (6) on top of a barren tree, laughing down in front of a grey sky.

106 INT KAT'S BEDROOM CONTINUOUS 106

Kat still lying in the same position, blinking her eyes.

108 THE TV. 108

ROAR OF TRAFFIC BECOMES ROAR OF SURF.

107 EXT SAMOA BEACH (FLASHBACK) - DAY 107

A Samoan boy, AMANI (18) on the top of a coconut tree, smiling down.

Penei sitting at its trunk, looking up, smiling, giggling. She is dressed in tapa cloth like Anna on the photo.

108 INT KAT'S BEDROOM CONTINUOUS 108

Kat blinks again. Then sits up, swinging her legs around. She gets up and out of bed. Walks off.

109 INT ART GALLERY - DAY 109

René Magritte's *LOVERS*. Portrait of a couple, both faces wrapped with white cloth. Although their posture shows that they are close to each other, they remain absolute strangers for the onlooker.

Kat and Marie stand in front of the painting, both drawn to it for different reasons. They look at each other with a shy smile. Walk on through the big empty hall, their footsteps echoing.

KAT
Mom...Who's Isabel?

Marie seems lost in thought.

MARIE
Isabel?

KAT
Grandma wrote letters to her?

Marie looks up, alarmed.

MARIE
How do you know about the
letters?

Kat looks up and frowns.

MARIE (CONT'D)
Oh. The book. (beat). That's
Isabel Best. Her close friend.

Kat looks at her curiously.

110 INT ART SHOP GALLERY 110

Kat buys a poster. Marie waits for her.

They walk out together.

111 INT MARIE'S CAR 111

Marie drives through a grey Berlin.

KAT
Do you think everything she said
was true?

MARIE
What do you mean?

KAT
About the girls? Do you think
their society was really that
liberal?

MARIE
Oh you haven't been reading that
blessed book by Edwards?

KAT
Why not? Surely he has a point?

Marie appears firm.

MARIE
Complete and utter nonsense. The
guy is a guttersnipe.

Kat eyes Marie curiously.

KAT

But he's only questioning how she was influenced by those around her. I mean, he found a complete different society-

MARIE

More than forty years later! And he didn't even have the guts to discuss his findings with her! He had to wait until after her death to spit on her grave!

Kat is surprised by Marie's uproar.

KAT

Mom!

MARIE

Sorry Kat, but talking about this guy infuriates me. Your grandmother might have been naive, but she was a pioneer, whereas his only ambition was to destroy her reputation.

She looks at Kat.

MARIE (CONT'D)

I hope you get this.

Kat looks impressed.

112 INT MARIE'S HOUSE LIVINGROOM - DUSK

112

Marie turns on a reading lamp, and opens a drawer in a big wall system full of books.

Kat sits on the designer couch, her poster roll still in her hand, eyeing her curiously, as Marie gets out photo album after photo album, and a bunch of neatly folded letters.

A white cat approaches silently and jumps on Kat's lap, looking at her with a sphinx-like glance.

She puts the roll down to the floor and pats it.

KAT

What are these?

MARIE

Ah, nothing, old letters.

She quickly puts them back in. Walks over with an old looking album in her hands and sits down next to Kat.

MARIE (CONT'D)
These might be interesting.
They're from Samoa.

KAT
Thanks.

Pause. Marie pats the cat on Kat's lap.

Kat opens the album and looks at the first page. Then looks up again.

KAT (CONT'D)
I've met this girl from Samoa.

Marie looks interested.

MARIE
Oh? Living in Berlin?

KAT
She ran away...

Marie raises an eyebrow.

MARIE
From Samoa? Why?

Kat smiles cynically.

KAT
She was a bad Christian and fell pregnant.

Marie sighs.

MARIE
Did she not have a family?

KAT
They're why she left.

Kat shrugs her shoulders.

KAT (CONT'D)
I don't know Mom, I don't want to be disrespectful, but Nana's account seems so removed from reality.

MARIE
How do you mean?

KAT

She makes it sound as if it was
all smiling fishermen and couples
sneaking into the shadows of the
palm trees...

Marie smiles.

MARIE

She was very young at the time.

Kat frowns, retorts.

KAT

She was my age!

Marie shrugs not wanting an argument.

KAT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Maybe she thought if only she
believed in a perfect society, it
would come true...

KAT (CONT'D)

But then part of me thinks why
should it matter if it wasn't
all a 100% true. What she finally
achieved was to change our point
of view.

MARIE

Except that it would have been
academically irresponsible.

KAT

So you don't believe that,
sometimes, the end justifies the
means.

MARIE

Certainly not! Besides, that's
not what happened!

KAT

So what did happen?

MARIE

Kat, one could make a lot of
speculations. The truth is, no
one knows what really happened.

Kat sighs frustrated. Marie looks at her questioningly.

MARIE (CONT'D)

What is it?

KAT

You're not no one. I'm talking to
and asking you what you think...

MARIE

And I've just told you. I don't
know.

KAT

But she was your mother?

MARIE

Which is why it was never spoken
about.

KAT

Oh for God's sake, Mom! This
is...just so typical!
You *never* say what you're really
thinking.

(scoffing)

I mean, we might actually share
things.

She gets up.

KAT (CONT'D)

I better go. (beat) Or is there
anything else you don't want to
show me?

She picks up her handbag. Marie looks at her surprised.

MARIE

Kat, that's unfair. There's no
sense in being upset because you
didn't get the story you wanted.

KAT

It's not that, Mom. (beat)
I'm not one of your students,
okay? So don't brush me off like
one.

Marie looks blank.

MARIE

Your grandmother was a very
complex person, sweetie-

KAT

Yes, obviously too complex for
me!

Kat moves into the hallway. Marie follows her.

113 INT HALLWAY CONTINUOUS

113

Kat rummages around to find her jacket.

MARIE

What is it Kat? What is all this emotional turmoil about?

She scrutinizes her.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Is it about this girl?

Kat looks up and blushes.

KAT

Mom! No!

She finally finds her jacket and has problems closing the zipper.

KAT (CONT'D)

That's so typical. We talk about you and suddenly everything is my problem.

MARIE

Do you like her, Kat?

Kat opens the door and storms out.

114 INT MARIE'S HOUSE MINUTES LATER

114

Marie stands in the hallway with an astounded and hurt look on her face. She then turns around and walks back into the living room, looks at the table. Unsure what to do, she picks up the phone and dials.

Audio: Tooting of the telephone

RICHARD (V.O.)

Hi, you have reached the mailbox of Richard Eulberg. Sorry -

Marie hangs up frustrated. She looks around the empty room helplessly.

Marie walks over to the drawer and opens it. She gets the bunch of letters out and looks at it.

They are addressed to Isabel.

115 INT BERLIN UNDERGROUND TRAIN STATION

115

Kat stands on a half empty platform, her hands in her pockets. The train arrives.

116 INT MARIE'S HOUSE LIVINGROOM 116

Marie gets a letter out of its envelope and starts reading.
She sinks down to sit on the floor.

ANNA (V.O.)
My dear Isabel,

117 INT TRAIN 117

119 Kat sits down, a confused look on her face. She looks 119
around at the other passengers. Then sinks back in her
seat.

The train moves off.

ANNA (V.O.)
Three long weeks without a word
from you.
My room is filled with Samoans
most times of the day, but that
doesn't mean I've come any
further in my work...
all that senseless chatter eats
into my head, and all I want is
to be alone, but then, when
they're gone, I'm so alone...

Kat's face mirrored in the window.

118 INT TRAIN - CONTINUOUS 118

ANNA (V.O.)
I am so lonely.

Kat looks around the half-filled wagon. No one speaks. She
looks out the window again.

ANNA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I can't stop dreaming of Berlin,
of us. Do you remember that day,
when I picked you up at your
apartment, and we walked along
Kurfürstendamm?

The train drives into train station Kurfürstendamm. The
train comes to a halt, and Kat gets up and exits the train.

ANNA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You were so beautiful that day
that it took my breath away. We
walked arm in arm, and I noticed
all the looks you got that you
were oblivious to.

119 EXT KURFÜRSTENDAMM 2007 NIGHT

119

Kat exits the underground on Ku'damm and walks along the street that is glittering with lights and billboards.

Kat stops in front of a big shop display at Kaufhaus Wertheim. A television wall showing "Berlin in the Golden Twenties". A picture of the very department store, lively cafés, illuminated theaters.

Kat turns around and walks on, seemingly without a destination. She passes the ruin of the Gedächtniskirche and finally stops at a one of the cheap Pizza/café places around Bahnhof Zoo (trainstation). She sits down at a plastic table outside.

ANNA (V.O.)

We met Hedda and Louise in a café, Louise had just come back from the Baltic Sea, and told us summer tales; you laughed and your whole face glowed. We decided at a whim to take the train out to the lakes because it was such a beautiful day.

120 EXT CAFÉ KU'DAMM MINUTES LATER:

120

Kat still sits at the table, shoppers with plastic bags and travellers walking by. She moves a glass of coke around on the table, as she looks at the scenery.

ANNA (V.O.)

(whispers) But this is just my dream. What does reality look like for you these days? What has changed? What are you doing?

A ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

Kat's phone. She picks it up. The display says AXEL.

Kat puts it back on the table unanswered.

ANNA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(whispers) Do you still love me?

Then, out of a whim, stands up and walks towards the train station.

121 INT S-BAHN BERLIN 2007 NIGHT

121

Kat sits in an S-Bahn in an empty 4 people compartment. A small family comes in, FATHER (25), MOTHER (23), CHILD (2).

THE CHILD CRYING HARD

Mother and father, young, but worn out looking, ignore the crying and sit down opposite Kat. They do not talk. The kid holds on to the seat beside Kat, still crying with bowed head. Kat looks at the child with empathy, then looks at the hard faces of the parents, looks back, kind of helpless. The train stops. Kat gets up and leaving the train, turns her head around once more. The doors close.

122 INT TRAIN CONTINUOUS

122

The father picks up the kid and sits the child down on a seat, wiping the child's nose.

FATHER

Stop crying, René. It's only chocolate. (mumbling under his breath): I told you, this supernanny-shit doesn't work!

MOTHER

It will! You just have to be firm!

123 EXT APT BLOCK PENEI NIGHT

123

ANNA (V.O.)

(whispers) I do. I love you -

Kat stands in the courtyard of Penei's house looking up into the illuminated windows.

124 INT HOUSE MARIE RICHARD

124

ANNA (V.O.)

- always.

Marie still sits on the floor, the letter in her hand.

THE DOOR BANGING.

She looks up, puts the letter back into the envelope, and gets up.

Richard stands in the door-frame smiling.

RICHARD

Hi love! I'm back!

MARIE

Did you see that I called?

RICHARD

Did you?

Marie looks up annoyed. Richard walks over and bends down to give her a kiss. She laughs uneasy about that gesture.

MARIE
How do I deserve this?

RICHARD
Just so.

Marie smiles mockingly.

MARIE
Just so, I understand -

Richard hugs her from behind.

MARIE (CONT'D)
Did your little girlfriend not
have time for you today?

Richard's face falls down in a mixture of guilt and astonishment. He lets go of her immediately. Marie closes her eyes.

RICHARD
Marie, I -

MARIE
Don't bother, Richard. I've heard
it all before.

A certain amount of regret on Marie's face as he turns around and leaves.

MARIE (CONT'D)
Fine! Run away! It's not that I'm
not used to you being not here!

THE FRONT DOOR slams close.

Marie swallows.

125 EXT APT BLOCK PENEI - NIGHT

125

Kat still stands in the courtyard of Penei's house looking up.

She walks up to the front door unsure if she should ring or not, when a YOUNG COUPLE (20) approaches from the other side of the door. They exit, and hold the door open for Kat. She smiles thankfully and slips inside. She pushes the button for the lift and looks up at the display.

126 INT APT BLOCK PENEI - NIGHT

126

Kat knocks at the door of Penei's apartment.

Audio: footsteps on the other side of the door coming closer. Someone takes up the intercom.

PENEI (V.O.)
Hello?

KAT
Penei, it's me.

PENEI (V.O.)
Who?

KAT
Kat!

PENEI (V.O.)
Oh.

Penei opens the door, only to the width of a chink though. Her head fills out that chink.

PENEI (CONT'D)
Hey, Kat - what are you doing here?

Kat's cheeks are red, she stammers.

KAT
I, I was in the area - are you busy?

PENEI
Sort of.

THE TOILET FLUSH.

Kat looks curious but takes a step back.

JUERGEN (45) appears in the frame behind Penei.

JUERGEN
Oh, hi!

Penei opens the door with a little sigh and smiles.

She wears a loosely tied lavalava and a tee-shirt.

PENEI
Juergen, this is my friend Kat,
Kat, this is Juergen, my husband.

Juergen smiles friendly and gives Kat a firm handshake.

Kat's smile, alighted at the word "friend", becomes fixed at the word "husband"

JUERGEN
 Nice to meet you!
 (beat) Come in!

He gestures Kat in. The three of them stand in the hallway, Kat and Penei looking very uneasy.

Juergen looks at both expectantly. An awkward silence.

JUERGEN (CONT'D)
 Well, I gotta get going. We are
 good, are we?

Penei nods.

JUERGEN (CONT'D)
 Bye, Kat, nice to meet you.

KAT
 Bye.

Juergen bends down and gives Penei a kiss on the cheek.

JUERGEN
 See you Friday. Call me if you
 need anything.

PENEI
 Okay.

He leaves.

The girls look at each other for a moment.

Then Penei walks into the living room.

Over her shoulder:

PENEI (CONT'D)
 Want a glass of wine?

127 INT LIVING ROOM PENEI'S APT - CONTINUOUS

127

KAT
 You're married?

Penei gets out a bottle of wine of the drawer and looks at Kat with a question mark. Kat shakes her head. Penei serves herself and sits down.

PENEI
 Separated.

She smiles insecure. Kat is confused.

KAT
 How old is Jürgen?

PENEI

45.

She takes a sip of wine. Kat sips too, the surprise has taken her breath away. She mouths more than she speaks.

KAT

Wow!

Penei gets defensive.

PENEI

The situation was a little difficult, okay? (beat) I had to get away, he was the only way I could get off the island. I - - look I understand if this is too weird for you.

KAT

No, no, I'm just trying to understand -

PENEI

He's a really nice guy, you know. (beat) He's the luckiest break in my life.

PENEI (CONT'D)

So, that's me, what about you?

KAT

How do you mean?

PENEI

To what do I owe the pleasure?

Kat blushes.

KAT

Oh - it's nothing.

Penei raises an eyebrow.

KAT (CONT'D)

Just a thought. (beat) I wondered...If you'd be my model for my next photography project.

PENEI

Oh?

KAT

It's for an exhibition. I'd like to make a portrait of you.

Penei smiles shy and flattered.

PENEI
Oh...(beat) Why me?

Kat shakes her head slightly.

KAT
I find you very interesting.

Penei blushes.

PENEI
Oh, right...

Penei looks out the window into the dark, then looks back at Kat, eyes a twinkle, alluring.

128 INT STAIRWELL PENEI APT LATER 128

Kat in the stairwell, Penei in the door. They hug each other and say good-bye. Kat gets into the elevator. The door closes.

INT ELEVATOR CONTINUOUS

Kat in the elevator.

129 EXT SAMOA OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE - DAY 129

Bird's eye view: branches with leaves, the ground about two metres underneath.

Penei, in a lavalava and Tee-Shirt, stands on the branch of a tree, holding on to the trunk. Her face is tear-stained.

She jumps.

130 EXT. SAMOA OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS 130

On the ground: Penei lies curled up on the floor, breathing heavily.

She gets up, and starts climbing the tree again.

131 EXT. SAMOA OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS 131

Penei in the branch again. Still crying.

She jumps.

132 EXT. SAMOA OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE - LATER

132

Penei on the branch again.

A CRACKLING NOISE.

Penei looks down.

Juergen is standing under the tree and looks up at her questioningly.

133 INT STAIRWELL KAT'S APT LATER

133

Kat walks up the stairs, lost in thought. She looks up and slightly annoyed when she sees Axel in front of her door scribbling something on a piece of paper.

KAT

Hi!

Axel turns around and smiles when he sees her.

AXEL

Oh hi! Cool, I do get hold of you at last!

Kat doesn't answer his smile.

KAT

Are you stalking me or something?

Axel laughs.

AXEL

What? No, I was just in the area, and I thought I'd stop by.

Kat sighs annoyed.

Axel frowns.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Sorry Kat, I don't want to-

KAT

Well you turn up here at night without notice -

Axel raises his voice. His tone is of concern.

AXEL

-you just seemed a little lost the other day -

Kat sighs.

AXEL (CONT'D)
And you didn't answer my text
messages so I thought I'd stop
by, see if you're okay.

KAT
Look, I'm sorry I didn't reply to
your text messages but -
(beat)what is this, I mean, I
really don't have to defend
myself here. It's not as if we
had a relationship going on.

Axel looks offended.

AXEL
What do we have, in your eyes?

KAT
Look I really don't want to get
involved, okay?

Axel swallows. Silence.

AXEL
Why are you calling me then?

Kat gets defensive.

KAT
I just don't want to, ok? Why are
you so pushy? Ambushing me in the
stairwell-

AXEL
I'm not ambushing you-

KAT
Just leave me alone okay? Get a
life!

AXEL
Okay, that's it. You want me to
fuck off? I'll fuck off then.

KAT
Okay. No problem!

Axel walks down the stairs. His voice echoes through the
stairwell.

AXEL (V.O.)
You know what your problem is?
You don't know who you are yet.

Kat unlocks her door. Enters. She shuts the door on Axel
who finally retreats.

134 INT KAT'S APT NEXT DAY 134

Kat gets her photography equipment together, camera, tripod, different lenses and puts it in a big bag, humming quietly.

135 INT STAIRWELL PENEI'S APT 135

Kat rings the door bell. Penei opens.

PENEI

Hi!

KAT

Ready?

136 INT PENEI'S APT BATHROOM - LATER 136

Penei's reflection in the bathroom mirror as she removes her make-up. She concentrates.

Kat stands behind her.

KAT

Why do you remove your make-up?

PENEI

Too slutty for the occasion.

Kat raises her eyebrows in disbelief.

KAT

What?

She looks at herself.

KAT (CONT'D)

Shall I remove mine as well then?

Penei turns around.

KAT (CONT'D)

Na, you're okay. You're a palagi.
You're lost anyway.

She turns back around again with an elfish smile at Kat's shocked face.

PENEI

I'm kidding, Kat! You'll be fine.

Kat half relaxes.

KAT

Do you ever wear your hair open?

Penei touches her plaited hair.

PENEI

Na.

KAT

Too slutty?

Kat giggles.

PENEI

Hey!

She turns around and cuffs Kat in the side playfully.

PENEI (CONT'D)

Don't laugh about me!

She turns around and looks at her reflection again.

PENEI (CONT'D)

They're ugly anyway. Frizzy and short.

She opens her plait, just to put her hair up again in a bun.

PENEI (CONT'D)

They have to grow back again.
They used to be this long.

She turns around and points at her hips.

KAT

Wow! And then? You cut it off?

PENEI

Shaved it off.

She strokes over her head smiling fragile.

KAT

Bald? Were you a Punk or something?

Penei laughs out cynically.

PENEI

Haha! Penei the Punk! (beat) No,
I didn't shave it off myself.

She turns around again. The girls eyes meet only in the mirror.

KAT

Who did?

PENEI

My father.

Kat's eyes smile at first until she discovers that Penei is quite serious. She looks uncomprehending.

KAT

What?

PENEI

Well, what was he supposed to do - after all, I had been a bit of a naughty girl, hadn't I!

Her wide smile doesn't mask her sad eyes.

A ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

137 EXT FALE SAMOAN VILLAGE 1925 - NIGHT

137

A bunch of teenage girls sitting in an open fale in a circle. Amongst them: Penei/Silei. They are all leaning forward listening to MOA (17).

MOA

"Don't turn around when a man calls for you. Never show yourself to a man."

The girls giggle.

MOA (CONT'D)

"Don't bring shame into my house. Don't turn your head if a man calls out for you. Just keep walking, don't look back", her auntie said.

Unnoticed by the girls, a group of teenage boys, amongst them AMANI (17), is sneaking up to the fale in the dark. One boy, TAVITA (18), calls out.

TAVITA

Hey Moa!

Moa, startled, rushes her hand around, as do many other girls. Both boys and girls laugh in unison about poor Moa, turning around with red cheeks.

TAVITA (CONT'D)

Oh Moa, you are the most beautiful of them all! Can I rest my head on your lap?

Boys and girls giggle. Moa has got herself together and sits up proud and straight.

MOA

Oh Tavita, if only you were as handsome as Tigilau, but unfortunately you are as ugly as sin, so shut up and leave us alone!

More giggling from the girls. Not leaving their places on the mat, they look outside at the boys curiously.

Penei's/Silei's glance falls on Amani. He smiles at her suggestively. She blushes and looks away back to Moa.

TAVITA

Oh Moa...

Falls on his knees theatrically. Moa can't hide that she's flattered. Penei/Silei looks amused.

TAVITA (CONT'D)

Don't punish me - my love is true!

The guys start roaring with laughter. Moa looks annoyed. Penei/Silei gazes at Amani again. Their eyes meet, this time for longer.

Mai, next to her, disrupts the moment.

MAI

(teasing) You know, Moa, in the story, Manuoleuma was forgiven because Tigilau truly loved her...

Moa blushes. More laughter.

TAVITA

Oh Mai, you know how the story goes! Come down and play with me!

Mai gets up.

MAI

Catch me if you can!

She jumps down the stairs of the fale and starts running around it, followed Tavita who tries to catch her, unsuccessfully. She reaches the steps again, runs up, laughing. Everybody laughs and cheers, except for Moa who tries to hide her jealousy.

MOA

(to herself) Slut...

Penei/Silei gets up and walks over to Moa.

PENEI/SILEI
I have to go home.

Moa nods distracted. Penei/Silei steps down the stairs and turns to leave in an overall tumult. Amani looks at her. They eyes lock. She smiles and makes a hardly noticeable movement of her head. Then leaves.

Amani looks around. In the meantime, the boys have started to throw small stones at the girls in the fale. Howling and scolding. Amani sneaks off into the darkness after Penei/Silei.

138 EXT SAMOA VERANDA OF ANNA'S HOUSE - SAME TIME 138

Anna, sitting in the dark, watches the scene from a distance, a note book in her hand.

139 INT PENEI'S APT BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 139

THE ROARING OF THE SURF TURNS INTO THE FLUSH OF THE TOILET.

Kat stares at her reflection in the bathroom mirror. She is now alone.

She opens the mirror cabinet and grabs a cotton pad.

Her eyes fall upon a medication on the top shelf: the inscription reads *Fluctin*.

Kat looks at it while fingering in her pocket.

She gets the crumpled prescription out and unfolds it.

It is for the very same antidepressant.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

PENEI
Kat, are you ready? Jürgen is here!

Kat startles.

KAT
Yep, just a sec!

She closes the door of the cabinet; her reflection again.

140 INT JÜRGEN'S CAR LATER 140

Kat sits in the passenger seat next to Jürgen, Penei with Iosua in the back.

JÜRGEN

So, that's great that you have
the chance to take pictures
today! It sure will be very
interesting!

Kat looks slightly nervous.

KAT

So are there any behaviour rules
I should know of, don't sneeze,
don't show your feet or anything?

Penei grins.

PENEI

Na. They are easy going, very
nice people. Nothing to be afraid
of.

Kat looks worried.

KAT

Any moment where I shouldn't take
pictures?

PENEI

That's up to your judgment.

KAT

Oh my god...

Jürgen pats her shoulder. Penei smiles elfishly.

PENEI

Don't be nervous, they were very
happy that a - professional
photographer is going to capture
this very important day in their
life...

She bursts out laughing at Kat's panic-stricken face.

PENEI (CONT'D)

Ha! Look at you!

KAT

I just don't wanna do anything
wrong, you know -

She looks out the window.

141 INT SINIVA'S APT

141

SINIVA(34), a tall, curvy Samoan woman with huge breasts
greet the girls in a friendly manner.

SINIVA
Hello! Welcome!

She strokes Penei's hair and squeezes Kat's hand affectionately, then picks up Iosua and cuddles him.

142 INT SINIVA'S APT CONTINUOUS 142

The girls step into a light and friendly living room with a mixture of traditional Samoan and modern European style furniture: a long dining table with chairs, Samoan mats on the floor surrounded by armchairs. Plastic flowers in a vase on a couch table, pictures of saints mixed with family photographs on the wall.

In the room: Siniva and HER GERMAN HUSBAND(40), their 4 children: a BABY BOY, 2 GIRLS(5 and 7), and a teenage boy, LOFI(16), his long hair hanging down his back in a plait, glancing shyly at the girls.

Another MIXED COUPLE (30+), she German, he Samoan, with TWO SMALL KIDS, and an ELDER (55+) GERMAN couple, Siniva's neighbours. Everybody greets Penei and Kat, the children are peacefully playing on the floor, the oldest girls taking care of the younger children.

143 INT SINIVA'S APT LATER 143

SINIVA
Thank you all so much for coming -
It is Lealofi's 16th birthday
today, and according to
tradition, we are going to cut
his hair for the first time to
mark his transition from child-
into manhood.

Kat looks at Lofi who sits on a chair facing the guests, an empty basket in front of him. He looks down embarrassed.

144 INT SINIVA'S APT LATER 144

Siniva stands on the same spot murmuring a prayer in Samoan. The other Samoans join in. Kat looks at Penei who has her head bowed down, then at Lofi, with red cheeks in his chair, then at the children, Iosua amongst them.

145 INT SINIVA'S APT LATER 145

Siniva goes over to Lofi and cuts a piece of his plait off. She strokes his head and looks touched. Lofi looks both embarrassed and proud. Little by little, all the guests pass by his chair, cut a piece of his plait and put a note in the basket to his feet.

Kat takes pictures.

Penei comes back and elbows her in the side.

PENEI

Now you!

Kat nods.

PENEI (CONT'D)

(whispers) Don't cut too much off!

Kat looks at Penei who grins elfishly.

She gets up and walks over to Lofi. She takes the scissors from the table and cuts through his thick hair. Then leaves a 20 Euro note in the basket. Sits down again. Penei smiles at her.

Siniva gets up again and takes the scissors for a second time.

SINIVA

This is for uncle Sione, who can't be here today with us...

She cuts another piece off.

SINIVA (CONT'D)

And this is for auntie Fauakafe who can't be here..

Another piece goes. Siniva's eyes fill with tears and she has difficulties speaking.

SINIVA (CONT'D)

And this is for your grandfather, God bless him...

She starts crying. Kat looks fascinated at her, then over to Penei. Penei, not noticing her glance, has her eyes filled with tears, her hands gripping her long skirt, anxiously trying not to cry. Kat's glance softens, then turns away quickly so as not to disturb her.

146

INT SINIVA'S APT LATER

146

Everybody sits around the big dining table, now filled with food, eating and chatting. Lofi, flanked by his parents, gets his hair tousled by his Dad. Lofi smiles proudly as his own hand feels his short hair.

147 INT SINIVA'S APT LATER

147

In the stairwell: Penei, Juergen with the sleeping Iosua on his arm, and Kat. In the door-frame: Siniva, an arm around Lofi.

SINIVA

Bye!

PENEI KAT JUERGEN

Bye!

Atmo: someone playing a guitar in the lounge, people singing.

148 INT JUERGEN'S CAR LATER

148

Penei sits in the back seat next to Iosua sleeping in his baby seat. Kat in the passenger seat next to Juergen. She gets out her phone and turns it back on. Juergen starts the car and turns his head around to Penei.

Audio: the message tone of Kat's phone.

JUERGEN

So, where to? Home?

Penei shrugs her shoulders and looks at Kat.

Kat looks up from her phone to Penei.

KAT

Wanna go to a party?

149 INT APT HOUSEPARTY LATER

149

Kat and Penei walk through an open door into the hallway of an apartment packed with people age 20-30. Loud music coming out of one of the rooms. People standing in groups on the wall and chatting. Kat greets a couple she knows and introduces them to Penei. They shake hands. The girls walk further into the back room with the sound system. The music gets even louder. Some people dancing, some sitting on the couch.

Kat looks around.

KAT

(almost screaming)

Want a drink?

Penei gives a thumbs up and follows Kat back through the room. As they worm their way through the crowd, a party guest, TIM (26), notices Penei. She gives him a flirtatious smile as she passes.

150 INT KITCHEN LATER

150

The girls talk to another guy, JAN (25) who holds a bottle of Schnapps.

JAN
Have you ever had this?

PENEI
Bring it on!

The guy pours the schnapps into shot glasses. They cheer and drink. The girls pull faces.

PENEI (CONT'D)
Yuk! (beat) give me another one!

Kat giggles, the guy rejoices over his seemingly easy conquest. He pours them another drink. Turns to Penei.

JAN
Cheers!

Penei laughs at Kat.

PENEI
Cheers!

JAN
Na na, you have to look into my eyes when you say cheers.

Penei burst out laughing.

PENEI
Ok. Why?

JAN
Yes, otherwise: seven years bad sex, that's the rule.

Penei raises an eyebrow.

PENEI
Rule.

JAN
Yes, that's a German tradition.
Look into each others eyes.

He moves his fingers back and forth from his eyes to hers.

JAN (CONT'D)
Where are you from?

PENEI
Samoa.

JAN
Samoa! A pearl of the Pacific!

He raises his glass. Penei smiles amused. They drink.

151 INT KITCHEN LATER 151

The girls cheer at each other looking into each other's eyes.

152 INT BACK ROOM CONTINUOUS 152

MUSIC FROM THE STEREO.

Kat and Penei dance together with some other people in the back room. They look into each other's eyes, smiling.

Kat raises her hand and opens Penei's hair. Penei lowers her gaze as Kat runs her fingers through her hair. They have stopped dancing.

KAT
They're not ugly at all.

Penei smiles. Now she touches Kat's hair.

They kiss each other.

153 INT KAT'S APT BEDROOM LATER NIGHT 153

The two girls lying in the dark in Kat's bed kissing each other.

154 INT KAT'S BEDROOM DAWN 154

The first sunlight shines through the curtains. Kat opens her eyes - and looks at Penei, still sleeping. Kat smiles. She resists to touch her face. She passes with her hand over Penei's hair without touching it.

A ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

155 INT FALE SAMOA - DAY 155

Penei sobbing hard, sitting on a chair. Her FATHER (45) sitting behind her shaving her head with an angry face. Streaks of dark hair falling onto the floor.

156 INT KAT'S BEDROOM CONTINUOUS 156

Kat shudders lightly. Her hand touches Penei's hair. Penei wakes up and looks at her.

Kat looks caught at first but relaxes when Penei smiles at her. Now it's Penei reaching out and touching Kat's face. You can almost hear their hearts beating.

PENEI

What's up?

Kat shakes her head and smiles.

KAT

Nothing.

They kiss and stay in embrace.

Penei sits up.

PENEI

What's the time? I have to pick up Iosua.

KAT

What have you guys planned for the day?

157 INT MARIE'S HOUSE LATER

157

Kat opens the door and walks in, Penei and Iosua following.

The cat appears and slips through the door behind them.

Penei looks around curiously and impressed, while Kat feeds the cat miaowing impatiently.

PENEI

Wow. Where is everybody?

KAT

Mom is at a conference in Rome,
Dad - I don't know.

She picks up the car keys from a bowl on a drawer.

KAT (CONT'D)

Let's go!

158 INT CAR - LATER

158

Penei turns her back rest of her leather seat back with the automatic sensor.

And up again.

PENEI

Wow! Flash!

Kat, driving, smiles at her.

PENEI (CONT'D)
Where are we going?

Kat grins.

KAT
Surprise!

PENEI
Ah c'mon!

KAT
Na! It's a surprise!

Penei plays around with the stereo until she finds a song she likes.

Penei hums along. She starts singing.

PENEI
On the road again...how does that
song go? It's good to be on the
road again...

Kat smiles over at her.

Penei laughs and starts aping.

PENEI (CONT'D)
(sings)
I don't know where we're going
'cause Kat won't tell me, it's a
surprise, but it's good to go!

Kat laughs.

KAT
(sings)
The journey is the reward, my
dear...

PENEI
(sings)
Oh yes that's true, you're so
full of wisdom my dear..

Kat laughs. She gets the crumpled prescription out of the pocket of her jacket and throws it out the open window.

PENEI (CONT'D)
What was that?

KAT
Oh, nothing. (beat) You're really
good for me, do you know that?

She smiles over at Penei. Penei smiles back, then leans forward.

PENEI
I see, so good it makes you throw
rubbish around, eh? Polluter!

She grins.

Kat playfully cuffs her in the side.

159 INT CAR - LATER 159

The Autobahn. Kat takes the exit.

160 EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER DAY 160

The Mercedes drives onto a parking lot at the beach.

Sand dunes.

THE ROARING OF THE SURF.

161 INT CAR - CONTINUOUS 161

Penei looks excited at Kat.

She opens the door.

162 EXT. BEACH BALTIC SEA - CONTINUOUS 162

A ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

Iosua runs happily cheering over the sand. The sea in the background.

Kat and Penei stand next to each other looking at it.

Penei turns her head to Kat, smiling wearily.

PENEI
Thank you.

Kat smiles happy. Penei runs after Iosua.

163 EXT BEACH LATER 163

Penei and Iosua down at the sea, running away from the waves breaking on the beach.

164 EXT BEACH LATER 164

POV Kat:

Penei looking pensive at the sea.

She sits down in the sand, Iosua in her lap, sleeping.

KAT SITTING DOWN BESIDE HER.

Penei smiles, but looks sad.

165 INT. CAR - LATER - DUSK 165

Iosua in his baby seat sleeping.

Kat drives onto the Autobahn.

Silence.

PENEI
Why did you do that?

Kat looks surprised.

KAT
Because I wanted to.

Silence.

KAT (CONT'D)
Do you think you'll ever go back?

PENEI
(assertive)No.

Pause. Penei turns to Kat.

PENEI (CONT'D)
Why do you like me?

Kat is again surprised.

KAT
Because you're special.

PENEI JENNY
Special how?

KAT (V.O.)
(whispers) different.

KAT (CONT'D)
Beautiful. Strong. Independent.

Penei shakes her head in disagreement.

PENEI
You don't know me.

KAT
Not yet.

Silence.

PENEI
Shouldn't you have a boyfriend?

Kat shakes her head.

KAT
No. That's over.

PENEI
Why?

Now Kat is assertive.

KAT
We didn't fit together.

PENEI
Uh. (beat) And you think we do?
(beat) So, where do you think
this is going?

KAT
I don't know-

KAT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(whispers) do I have to?

PENEI
Exactly.

Kat turns her head toward Penei, worried.

KAT
What's up with you?

Penei sighs.

PENEI
I seem exotic and mysterious to
you, but I'm just another -
fucked-up girl. (beat) Mom. I
have responsibilities.

Kat looks confused.

KAT
What are you afraid of?

PENEI
Nothing! (beat) I'm just not up
for adventures, okay?

Kat ponders what to say.

KAT
Me neither-

KAT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(whispers) Liar! You can't wait!

Penei frowns. Kat breathes out audibly.

KAT (CONT'D)
What about you and Jürgen? I
suppose you're only good friends
now?

PENEI
That's different.

KAT
Oh yeah? (beat) I see.

She drives on in silence.

166 EXT PENEI'S APT - NIGHT 166

The Mercedes stands in front of the apartment block.

A last strip of red sun on the horizon.

Penei gets out of the car, and takes Iosua.

167 INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS 167

Penei shuts the door and leaves.

Kat looks after her, scratching another dry spot on her
neck.

A ROARING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

168 EXT. SAMOA OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT 168

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING IN THE DARK.

We see Penei from behind, running.

SUPPRESSED LAUGHTER.

A hand reaches out and grabs her shoulder.

She stops and turns around to face her pursuer, smiling.

It is Amani.

He pulls her close and starts kissing her passionately, feeling her up.

He pulls her shirt over her head.

She pushes him away, looks infatuated.

PENEI
(whispers) Amani...

He kisses her neck and shoulders. She closes her eyes.

AMANI
(mutters) Yes...

She pushes him away again. Peers into his eyes.

PENEI
Do you love me?

Amani smiles at her.

AMANI
Yes -

He kisses her again.

AMANI (CONT'D)
I do, I do...

169 INT CAR - LATER 169

Kat driving alone.

170 EXT MARIE'S HOUSE LATER - NIGHT 170

The car drives into Marie's driveway.

171 INT MARIE'S HOUSE LIVINGROOM 171

Kat stands indecisively in the dark livingroom.

The cat rubs against Kat's legs, awaiting food.

Kat bends down to pick it up, but the cat jumps off her arms again and runs off.

Kat sits down on the couch and turns on a lamp.

She sees her poster on the ground and unrolls it.

It is a print of Magritte's *Reproduction Prohibited*, a self portrait of the artist standing facing a mirror. The only thing the mirror mirrors though is again the artist's back.

Kat stares at it.

Then gets up resolutely and walks over to the drawer.

She opens it and, after some rummaging, finds the letters.

She takes one out of its envelope and starts reading.

Anna (V.O.)
Dear Isabel, my love, could it be
I had a breakthrough today? Could
it be I can come home, to you?

A ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

172 EXT. SAMOA CANOE (FLASHBACK 1925)- DAY

172

A ROLLING WAVE.

The open sea.

Anna sits at the one side of a canoe gliding through the sea.

She looks unhappy.

Behind her in the distance the island.

On the other side of the canoe facing her: Mai and Silei/Penei.

They look conspiratorial at each other and giggle.

Anna sighs.

Silei/Penei leans forward.

SILEI
Anna!

Anna turns her head absent-minded.

ANNA
Hmm?

Mai leans forward, too.

Anna follows their movement instinctively.

SILEI
(whispers) We have a secret to
tell you...

173 INT MARIE'S HOUSE LIVINGROOM - LATER

173

A ROLLING WAVE - KAT'S PHONE.

Kat looks up, a pile of unfolded letters around her, and answers the phone.

KAT

Hello.

HEAVY BREATHING.

KAT (CONT'D)

Hello?

PENEI (V.O.)

Kat it's me.

Kat smiles.

KAT

Penei! (beat) Are you crying?

SOBBING.

PENEI (V.O.)

I am - so sorry about before.

Kat looks worried.

KAT

That's okay, no need to cry,
sweetie! (beat) Are you alright?
Do you want me to come over?

174 INT PENEI'S APT LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

174

The girls sit facing each other on the couch. An almost empty wine bottle on the couch table, only one glass.

Penei's face is puffed up from crying.

PENEI

I shouldn't be drinking. (Beat)
It's just...the sea...I know you
only wanted to be nice...

She starts crying again. Kat helplessly strokes her arm.

PENEI (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I made all these accusations,
when all you've ever been is open
and honest to me.

Kat swallows and avoids eye contact.

PENEI (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 It's a little hard for me to
 trust people since...but I trust
 you...

She starts crying again.

KAT
 What is it?

A ROARING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

175 EXT. SAMOA OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT 175

A ROARING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

FOOTSTEPS RUNNING IN THE DARK.

We see Penei from behind, running.

SUPPRESSED LAUGHTER.

A hand reaches out and grabs her shoulder.

She stops and turns around to face her pursuer, smiling.

It is Amani.

He pulls her close and starts kissing her passionately,
 feeling her up.

He pulls her shirt over her head.

She pushes him away, looks infatuated.

He pulls her close again, this time a little rougher.

Starts kissing her again.

PENEI
 (whispers) Amani...

Amani lightly puts his hand over her mouth.

AMANI
 Shhh...

He puts the index finger of his other hand in front of his
 mouth.

Penei's eyes start worrying now.

Amani leaves his hand over her mouth while he moves the
 other between her legs.

Penei starts panicking. She pushes him away.

She runs a few steps before an angry Amani catches her.

He throws her on the ground.

The two wrestle silently for a few moments before Amani wins.

He enters her.

Penei starts weeping.

Amani covers her mouth as he moves.

PENEI'S SCREAMS ARE DROWNED BY THE ROARING SURF.

176 INT PENEI'S APT BEDROOM - LATER NIGHT 176

Kat lies on her back on Penei's bed, Penei is cuddled up to her in an embryo position.

Kat stares at the ceiling.

177 INT PENEI'S APT BEDROOM NEXT MORNING - DAWN 177

Kat and Penei lie both on their backs in Penei's bed, their hands linked behind their heads.

While Penei sleeps, Kat is wide awake.

She looks worried.

178 INT BERLIN HUMBOLDT UNIVERSITY IN FRONT OF PROF GOLDSTEIN'S OFFICE (FLASHBACK 1925)- DAY 178

Anna is pacing up and down in front of Goldstein's office waiting to be asked in, her face pale and panic-stricken. Isabel is sitting in a corner in an armchair watching her.

Anna looks at the ground and mumbles to herself.

ANNA

Oh my God, oh my God, what have I
done...failure and deception...

She stops and looks at Isabel with tear-filled eyes.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I have deceived him - all of
you...

She starts pacing again.

ISABEL

Anna, calm down! I don't know
what you're talking about!

Anna stops again, links her arms as if to embrace herself, opens her mouth, then closes it again, throwing her head back. She starts pacing again, when the heavy oak door behind her opens and GOLDSTEIN (58) looks out.

GOLDSTEIN
Miss König! Please come in!

A last lost look from Anna to Isabel, who smiles encouraging. Then Anna follows Goldstein into the room with bowed head.

179 INT PENEI'S APT BEDROOM - DAWN 179

Kat startles slightly. She scratches her face.

180 INT PENEI'S APT BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 180

Kat stands in front of the mirror observing the red blemishes on her face. Scratches one again.

KAT (V.O.)
(whispers) Look at me...All this falsehood crawling through my body erupting on my face... What did you do, you stupid, stupid girl - what else could I have done, not keep it a secret...never get close to her...what do I want from her, what do I really want from her? What do I do now?

Kat's head turns around.

181 INT PENEI'S APT HALLWAY - LATER 181

Kat, now fully dressed, opens the entrance door to the bright staircase.

She hesitates for a moment.

Then walks out and closes the door behind her.

A ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

182 INT BERLIN HUMBOLDT UNIVERSITY IN FRONT OF PROF GOLDSTEIN'S OFFICE (FLASHBACK 1925) - LATER 182

A door opens and Goldstein and Anna shake hands in the doorframe.

ANNA
Thank you very much, professor.

Goldstein smiles benevolently.

GOLDSTEIN

I have to thank you. Good work!

Goldstein nods towards Isabel and closes the door again.

Anna rushes towards Isabel with a beaming smile and hugs her with a little cheer.

A ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

183 INT PENEI'S APT BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

183

THE CLAP OF THE FRONT DOOR.

Penei opens her eyes. She looks towards the empty other half of the bed.

Strokes the linen, still tired, somehow resigned.

Her eyes fall upon a note on the bedside table.

She reaches out and takes it, starts reading.

KAT (V.O.)

Dear Penei,

184 EXT. STREET BERLIN - LATER

184

Kat wanders aimlessly through the streets.

KAT (V.O.)

You were right, I don't know you,
I never will. I was wrong and
dishonest, (whispers) like her,
and now I am running away...life
is not shareable and
incomplete...all I will ever
grasp is segment after segment,
trying to cement it in a picture,
to tell all the others that this-
is-it...who do I think I am? Why
do I do that? What do I do now?

Kat looks up.

She stands in front of Richard's photostudio.

His car is parked in front.

KAT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(whispers) Dad...

185 EXT. RICHARD'S PHOTOSTUDIO - DAY

185

Kat knocks on the door.

The door opens.

A surprised and somewhat embarrassed Richard in the door,
only in shirt and boxer shorts.

RICHARD
((loud))
Kat! (beat) Come in!

Kat steps inside.

186 INT PHOTOSTUDIO

186

Kat follows Richard into the main room.

KAT
Did you sleep here? (beat) Oh!

She sees Mareike sitting on the couch, fully dressed, but
dishevelled looking.

Mareike grins uneasy. Straightens herself.

MAREIKE
Hi Kat! When the cat's away...

Kat looks cold.

KAT
(sarcastic) I see you guys are
working.

She turns to leave. Richard follows her.

He catches her at the open door.

RICHARD
Kat- don't get anything wrong
here.

He looks worried. Kat shakes her head.

KAT
Dad. It's nothing new to me.

She leaves. Richard looks after her.

MARIE (V.O.)
Kat! I saw you found the letters.

187 EXT STREET BERLIN - CONTINUOUS

187

Kat walks along a busy street, lights, traffic, she is oblivious to all of it.

KAT (V.O.)
Why didn't you want me to read
them?

MARIE (V.O.)
I'm sorry. I found them myself.
They were Grandma's secret.
Isabel was Grandma's secret.

KAT (V.O.)
Why all these secrets?

188 INT HOTEL ROOM ROME

188

KAT (V.O.)
Why do you stay with Dad if you
know he cheats on you?

Marie lies alone on a made hotel bed.

MARIE (V.O.)
(sighs)
Because I love him.

KAT (V.O.)
(sobs)
Why are you always so mean to him
then?

189 INT KAT'S APT

189

Photos of Penei.

One of Penei and Iosua. Iosua on the swing in movement, Penei on the side just having pushed him, both smiling and colourful, Penei dressed in a lavalava. They both stand in stark contrast to the greyish blue background of the apartment block.

KAT (V.O.)
(whispers) Like birds...

Her hand crumples the photo to a ball and throws it on the ground.

Another photo of Penei. She lies on the beach at the Baltic sea, close to the water in an embryo position, looking at it with big dark eyes.

KAT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (whispers) I should have known
 better...

Another photo: Penei in her apartment, sitting on the couch, the windowsill filled with pictures of Saints. She is bare-breasted and smiling promising, nurturing, in an island of warm light around her. In the background: the Frankfurter Allee by night, the cold looking Stalinbauten, the vast streets, illuminated by car lights that form a tail in the timed exposure.

KAT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (whispers)...but how could I have
 known..how it feels like to be
 like you...what does it feel
 like?

INT PENEI'S APT BEDROOM - LATER

Penei lays the letter aside. She sits up and gets a book from inside her bedside drawer.

It is Anna's book.

Penei smiles slightly as she skims through the pages.

She stops at the picture of Anna and Mai.

A ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

190 INT HALL MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

190

The photo of Anna with Mai that we have seen multiple times before.

Old Anna looks drawn into it, an unfathomable little smile on her face.

She stands in the huge hall of the museum, young Kat at her hand.

After a long moment, she finally retreats from the picture and they walk towards a display of a village in the Tropics.

A ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

191 INT. BOOKSHOP (FLASHBACK 1925) BERLIN - DAY

191

PEOPLE TALKING IN THE BACKGROUND.

The photograph of Anna and Mai again.

It hangs on a wall in a small bookshop.

On the display in the middle of the room: copies of Anna's book.

Anna König: Teenagers in Paradise.

On the book cover: a romantic beach scene.

Anna picks up the book.

PHOTOGRAPHER
A photo please, Miss König! The
happy academic couple!

Anna looks up, smiling.

She holds up a book.

YOUNG JASON (26), her husband, appears on her side and lays his arm around her.

Isabel, nearly indistinguishable, in the background.

FreezeFrame.

A ROLLING WAVE BREAKS AND EBBS.

192 INT KAT'S APT BATHROOM 192

A ROLLING WAVE IS DROWNED BY THE RUNNING TAP.

Kat's reflection in the bathroom mirror.

RICHARD (V.O.)
(echo)
Stop messing around, Kat!

Kat tries to smile at her own reflection. Covers part of her mirrored face with one hand.

Half her face. Her eyes. Her nose. Her mouth. Her ears.

THE MUTED SOUND OF WATER.

193 INT KAT'S APT BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 193

Kat from behind standing in front of the mirror.

The running tap fills the bathtub.

194 INT KAT'S APT - LATER 194

THE RUNNING TAP MIXES WITH THE ROLLING WAVE.

Kat stands in front of the wallpaper, looking at it.

She starts tearing it down.

195 INT KAT'S APT BATHROOM - LATER 195

KAT (V.O.)
(whispers) What if that's all
there is...what if I won't know?

Kat stands naked in front of the bathtub. She lifts a leg and steps into the tub water.

196 INT KAT'S APT BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 196

Kat lies in the bathtub.

She dives under.

UNDER WATER.

197 INT GALLERY BERLIN - NIGHT 197

A small gallery. Photos in the background on the walls. Guests pulling ahead with wine glasses in their hands.

The programme laid out on the table says Young Artists Part 4: Katerina Eulberg: Spaces between us.

An elder couple looks pensive at a photograph.

It shows a neatly arranged bathroom, lots of frangipanis in vases, mirrors everywhere. The floor is flooded with water. A woman, Kat, lying on the bathroom floor on her belly. We can only see her back. Her left hand holds on to the side of the bathtub, her head disappears in the tub.

A second one shows Kat's face underwater. Her eyes are open and her right arm is reaching out for something. It is a snowdome. Inside it: a palm tree in front of a concrete apartment building: Penei's house. Under the palm tree a head stone. Snowflakes. Ray of lights shine through the water that mirrors the bathroom from before.

Under water: Kat is now completely submerged, floating on her back. The snowdome above her, her hand still reaching out. In a timed exposure her body is in focus, whereas her head is blurred in movement.

A sequence of under water portraits of Kat. She is smiling, looking angry, sad, pensive, loving, laughing, dreamy and so on. The subtitles contradict the mood of the picture. A subtitle under her smiling face says sad, under the laughing face, confused, under the angry one, kidding, under the sad one, pretending, under the loving one, uncertain, under the pensive one, dreaming, under the dreamy one, thinking.

Again the bathroom, floor flooded with water. Kat sits with legs stretched out in the bathtub. Her head is enclosed in a giant snowdome. The palm tree from before grows through her head and sticks out of her ear. A miniature Anna shakes out the duvets from a window in Penei's house and it snows on Kat's head.

Kat now sits on the edge of the bathtub, the snowdome, now empty, around her head like a giant bubble. The photo is coated and creates an optical illusion. Depending from which angle you look at it, Kat's face morphs into Marie's face, then into Anna's face.

The couple looks at each other, then moves on.

198

INT GALLERY LATER

198

A smiling Dominik walks over to a tired but calm looking Kat. The spots on her face have disappeared.

DOMINIK

Kat!

KAT

Hi Dominik. I'm glad you came.

DOMINIK

Congratulations. I knew you would come up with something good.

Kat smiles. Her head turns to the entrance.

Marie and Richard walk in together.

KAT

Excuse me.

She walks over to them and they meet in the middle of the room.

KAT (CONT'D)

Hi Mom, hi Dad.

They both hug her, one after the other.

RICHARD

I'm so proud of you. This is the beginning of something great!

Kat smiles.

KAT

Maybe.

199 EXT. GALLERY - NIGHT 199

Kat steps out of the gallery with a glass of champagne in her hand, alone.

THE SOUND OF A PLANE.

Kat looks up in the sky at an airplane flying over.

200 EXT AIRPORT APIA SAMOA - DAWN 200

Exterior view airport.

We see Kat talking with a cab driver then getting into the cab.

201 INT CAB 201

Kat sits in the back of the cab that drives along the shoreline.

A breathtaking sunrise dips the horizon behind the palm trees into an orange and pink light.

THE WARM ROARING OF THE SURF DROWNING THE FAINT SOUNDING
RADIO AND THE CABDRIVERS VOICE.

We see the cabdriver talking, but can't hear him.

Kat in the back smiles looking out the window.

As the cab trundles along the street they pass STUDENTS TAGI(14), FEAGAI (17), LANI (17) in school uniforms walking alongside the road to school.

They smile and wave at an astonished Kat.

Kat waves back.

CABDRIVER
You like, beautiful Samoa?

Kat nods, smiles, and sits back.

202 EXT ROAD SAMOA - CONTINUOUS 202

The girls wave after the cab and then walk on, talking in Samoan.

Bye Bye Palagi... TAGI

FEAGAI
...enjoy your holiday...

FEAGAI LANI
 ..in beautiful Samoa!

The two older girls laugh.

FEAGAI LANI (CONT'D)
 See the Fia Fia...

She mockingly dances some steps.

Lani sneers.

LANI
 Get some tan on your white
 precious precious Palagi butt...

Tagi giggles nervously.

LANI (CONT'D)
 Did you see her skin?

FEAGAI
 So pale...

TAGI
 Oil of Olay!

FEAGAI
 She creams it everyday...

Imitates someone creaming their face.

Tagi speaks out what the other girls think.

TAGI
 She was beautiful.

She looks dreamily after the cab.

The other girls fall quiet.

TAGI (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (whispers) I wonder...

Feagai slightly smacks her over the head.

FEAGAI
 Stop dreaming, Tagi rugrat!

Tagi rubs her head, walks on.

TAGI
 No, I'm not!

The girls walk on as their voices fade out.

On the other side of the street: the sea.

VOICES OF GIRLS ARE DROWNED BY THE ROARING SOUND OF THE
SURF.

UP THEME AND END TITLES