

1 BLANK SCREEN

1

The sound of the sea. A quote appears. The words come and go in waves.

"To live life to its fullest, not to anchor but to go on, that is the liberation and the freedom the sea gives." - George Dibbern

TITLE: Prologue

2 INT. ERIKA GRUNDMANN'S FRIEND'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

2

TIME: October 18, 1992

ERIKA and WALTER GRUNDMANN, both in their early fifties, sit around the dinner table with friends KIRSTEN and ALEX talking. Candles are burning low and plates have the remains of a delicious dinner.

ERIKA GRUNDMANN

So, Kirsten, how was the writing workshop? Inspiring? Did you get your money's worth?

KIRSTEN

(Danish accent, hesitantly)

Well. Yes. But you know, even though I've lived in Canada for thirty-six years, and I've written reports for work and so on, I still don't know if I'd do a better job of writing my memoir in English or in Danish ...

ERIKA GRUNDMANN

I know what you mean. I grew up in Montreal. We had half an hour of French every day in the early grades. Later I lived in Geneva for two years and became pretty fluent. Back in Canada I got an M.A. in French language and literature, taught French, did translation work - and still, if it came to writing a book, I don't think I could do

(MORE)

ERIKA GRUNDMANN (CONT'D)

justice to the language that isn't  
my mother tongue.

WALTER GRUNDMANN

Well ... on the other hand, German  
is my mother tongue, but it's been  
so long ... and now I struggle just  
to write a simple letter in my  
first language, let alone a book.

ERIKA GRUNDMANN

Maybe it's the age you are when you  
acquire a language. When and how it  
meshes with your schooling. And  
whether you're actually living the  
language you're writing in. Or I  
suppose it could just be a matter  
of being really good at learning  
languages.

ALEX

(Chuckles)

I know one!

KIRSTEN

Know one what?

ALEX

A book. Quest. Written in English  
by a German.

(Looking at Erika and  
Walter.)

It's a great read. You'll love it.

ERIKA GRUNDMANN

(Refilling the wine glasses)

We're all ears.

3 EXT. BIG SUR WOODS - TWILIGHT

3

CAMERA SLOWLY TRAVELS like wind through the woods. We  
arrive at a remote cabin that has a RADIO on that is  
REPORTING on the final bombing of Dresden, Germany by  
British and American allied forces.

4 INT. HENRY MILLER'S CABIN - SAME

4

HENRY MILLER, 54, is sitting at his desk in his Big Sur cabin's writing room surrounded by books and nature outside the windows. He turns the radio volume down. TWILIGHT SOUNDS pervade. A copy of George Dibbern's book Quest sits on the desk near an envelope and open letter. Henry gets a piece of stationery out and his pen.

CLOSE UP on Henry's STATIONERY and his hand with pen on the page. Henry writes, "April 17, 1945" then "Dear George Dibbern,".

Henry speaks directly to camera AS A TWIN IMAGE OF HIMSELF continues to write.

HENRY MILLER

(To camera)

A couple of weeks ago I had the  
great pleasure ...

CLOSE UP on Henry writing, "(and instruction) of reading your book, Quest."

HENRY MILLER (V.O)

... and instruction of reading your  
book Quest.

BACK TO twin Henry Millers.

HENRY MILLER

(To camera)

Only today I learned from your  
publishers that I might write you  
in New Zealand care of them. In  
their letter they inform me that  
you are once again a prisoner of  
war - and in the same place! How  
ironical! And how depressing.  
Imagine if Nijinsky, instead of  
dying the other day, had recovered  
and found himself in a world again  
at war!

5 INT. NEW ZEALAND INTERNMENT CAMP - DAY

5

GEORGE DIBBERN, at 56 years old, is lying on his back on his cot in the barracks where he is being held. HENRY MILLER is sitting at the end of the cot looking at George who is reading his letter.

HENRY MILLER

(To George)

The first thing I want to know is — are you all right and do you need anything? I am not rich, far from it — but if I can help you in any way, do let me know. There may be things other than money you would enjoy receiving right now. I only wish I had known sooner of your predicament. As it is, I only discovered your wonderful book the other day through a friend, George Leite, who visited you when you were laying up in port at San Francisco some time ago.

CLOSE UP on George's excited eyes as he reads.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

(Reading)

Another coincidence is this — that I lent your book immediately to a good friend here, Emil White, formerly of Chicago. He tells me that Dr. Bertel, one of your characters in the book, is a good friend and distant relative of his, and that she is now at the Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago. He adds that she is "one of the most angelic women he ever met in his life."

George smiles and reads on.

6 INT. HENRY MILLER'S CABIN - SAME

6

HENRY speaks as his twin image continues to write.

HENRY MILLER

(To camera)

One of the first things I thought  
of was to send you a book; it will  
come from the publishers, and is  
called The Power Within Us -

7 ANIMATION

7

The book THE POWER WITHIN US flies toward us and opens to  
reveal the story inside. Quickly we see the fantastic true  
story of the ill-fated 1528 expedition to Florida by the  
Spaniards who numbered 800, then 400, then 40 then 4.

HENRY MILLER (V.O)

It's about the famous Spanish  
conquistador who suffered a change  
of heart by name Cabeza de Vaca. A  
story I think which will appeal to  
you. On the Te Rapunga you didn't  
read much but the Bible, I  
remember.

CABEZA DE VACA, with the Native Americans, transforms from  
conquistador to energy healer.

8 INT. ERIKA GRUNDMANN'S FRIEND'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

8

ALEX goes to the bookshelf and brings back Quest by George  
Dibbern.

ALEX

Here! A book written by a German in  
English - and it's fabulous. The  
way he describes storms and calms  
at sea ... he's funny and  
honest ... you get his own feelings  
of freedom along with the guilt  
that sours it. In a language that's  
not his mother tongue.

KIRSTEN

Of course! I loved that book.

(Looking at Erika and  
Walter.)

Does the name George Dibbern mean  
anything to you?

ERIKA & WALTER

(Shaking their heads)

Nope.

ALEX hands the book to ERIKA. The whole world blurs around  
the sharpening image of George Dibbern's book in Erika's  
hands. She takes a drink of water.

ALEX

We read about it in a book of  
essays by Henry Miller ... you  
know: author of Tropic of Cancer,  
and Capricorn. Quest by George  
Dibbern.

KIRSTEN

Written by a guy who left his wife  
and daughters in Germany to sail to  
New Zealand, supposedly to start a  
new life there and then bring his  
family to join him. It took him  
four years - and lots of soul  
searching.

ERIKA GRUNDMANN

And did they? I mean, join him?  
After all that time? Really, how  
can a man simply up and sail away  
and leave his family behind?

KIRSTEN

Exactly.

ALEX

And yet, doesn't everyone, in some  
small way, envy a person their  
freedom or their determination to  
live as they see fit ...

WALTER GRUNDMANN

Envy? Sure, but it takes courage.  
And most people are way too chicken  
to break free, so can't stand  
anyone who does.

ALEX

Maybe it's God-fearing types who  
can't stand people who've only got  
conscience as their guide?

KIRSTEN

You'll just have to read the book.  
But it's long out of print and we  
had a heck of a time finding a copy  
to buy, so, sorry, we don't lend it  
out. But you're welcome to come  
here to read it any time.

Erika stares at the book without speaking as all the sound  
gets drowned out by the SOUND OF WAVES.

9 INT. NEW ZEALAND INTERNMENT CAMP - DAY

9

George continues to read his letter as Henry sits at his  
bedside.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(To himself)

I hope you are not reading much  
now, but writing. Your book is a  
wonderful human document, a  
spiritual more than a physical  
saga.

HENRY MILLER

(Just sittin' there)

I felt that you were a brother, and  
it's as a brother that I write you  
and pray that you are well. All  
your reflections about life, about  
war, about people, about the Bible  
impressed me deeply. So few men  
think for themselves. That's what  
made your book a feast.

10 INT. INTERVIEW - PRESENT DAY

10

ERIKA GRUNDMANN is seen in an interview scenario.

ERIKA GRUNDMANN

(To camera)

Thus began my "quest" for Quest. I started out confident that I would find a copy in one of the many used book stores in the city of Victoria where we lived at the time. In those early days when internet was not yet as pervasive as it is today, it took innumerable letters of inquiry, forays into bookshops in many cities, pleas to friends to be on the lookout - three years of persistent searching - till I located a Quest to purchase. By that time, having borrowed a copy through interlibrary loan, I was hooked on George Dibbern, and was well into the research which led to my writing his biography. I was also determined to do whatever I could to generate a reprint of the elusive book that fostered so much discussion.

11 INT. NEW ZEALAND INTERNMENT CAMP - DAY

11

George continues to read his letter as Henry sits at his bedside. There's a friend standing nearby who is now listening.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(Reading to friend)

I always wondered, of course, whether you would continue cruising about, whether you would find nothing but disillusionment whenever you put ashore. The purpose of self-liberation, which you seemed to have achieved, is to rejoin society. But how difficult - especially when it's the kind of world we now have.

12 INT. HENRY MILLER'S CABIN - LATER 12

Henry is drinking now, continuing to write.

HENRY MILLER (V.O)

The more you succeed in freeing  
yourself from passions and  
prejudices, from stupid fetishes  
and inhibitions, the less place  
there is for you in the world.  
That's how it seems.

13 INT. INTERVIEW - PRESENT DAY 13

ERIKA GRUNDMANN

(To camera)

George Dibbern has been described  
variously as a n'er do well, a  
rascal, rogue, rascalion;  
selfish, irresponsible, unable to  
settle down; a fun-loving  
adventurer and ladies' man who  
never grew up. He was also admired  
and envied as a sailor-philosopher,  
a thinker and doer, a lover of  
life, an inspiration.

14 INT. HENRY MILLER'S CABIN - EVENING 14

Henry's double continues writing.

HENRY MILLER

(To camera)

I know something of what it's all  
about, because I made a similar  
struggle all my life. The feeling  
of being cut off is agony. As you  
see from this letterhead ...

15 EXT. DRIVING SOUTH ON THE 1 - DAY 15

POV from the passenger seat driving south on Highway 1 in  
California, looking out at the ocean.

HENRY MILLER (V.O)

I am now on that California coast  
you rode through once in the car –  
midway between Monterey and St.  
Simeon – a quite isolated and  
wonderful region. The nearest to  
Tibet one can find in this country  
of bustle and hustle.

16 INT. HENRY MILLER'S CABIN - EVENING

16

Henry's at his desk.

HENRY MILLER

(To camera)

When the war ends and travel is  
resumed, I expect to return to  
Europe where I passed some ten  
years, mostly in Paris. The  
brightest place of all was Greece,  
about which I wrote a book – The  
Colossus of Maroussi. There I found  
peace – the great peace. My  
ancestors came from Germany, from  
all parts of it. I visited it in  
the twenties, but didn't care much  
for the life there even then.  
France was more to my liking. One  
felt free there.

17 INT. NEW ZEALAND INTERNMENT CAMP - DAY

17

George walks outside, with the letter in his hand, into the  
bright light and blue sky.

HENRY MILLER (V.O)

Well, enough. This is just to let  
you know how a book sometimes  
reaches out and finds warm friends  
in some unsuspected place. I shall  
send it on its way now – to the  
four quarters of the earth.

George sits on a bench, alternating between laughter and  
tears. Pacing around then collapsing again.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(Reading out loud)

You must have friends everywhere.  
 You breathe a spirit as warm and  
 large as Walt Whitman's. I salute  
 you as one of the good, honest men  
 of the earth, one we shall always  
 be proud of. Call on me if there is  
 anything you think I can do for  
 you. Your book should be translated  
 into many languages. Has it? There  
 I might really be able to help. Let  
 me know.

18 INT. HENRY MILLER'S CABIN - EVENING

18

CLOSE UP on Henry's hand writing the following:

HENRY MILLER (V.O)

A friend,

BACK TO TWIN IMAGE as Henry signs his name.

HENRY MILLER

(To camera)

Henry Miller.

19 INT. NEW ZEALAND INTERNMENT CAMP - DAY

19

GEORGE smiles and looks over the letter again as the camera  
 lifts up into the sky revealing him behind the barbed wire  
 of an internment camp in winter, June 1945.

20 EXT. POST OFFICE - MORNING

20

ERIKA receives a package from a POSTAL WORKER. As the  
 morning sun pours into the post office, Erika sits on a  
 bench and unwraps the package.

CLOSE UP on George Dibbern's book Quest.

21 BLANK SCREEN

21

A LOUD THUMP is heard.

A SECOND THUMP hits with the TITLE: "CHAPTER 1"

A THIRD THUMP brings a white screen, like a blank page.

CLOSE-UP on the FOURTH THUMP a typewriter letter hammers down onto the page, the final period on the first sentence. The page scrolls up and we pull back and see the whole line, "Grey and deep the clouds hang over the cemetery."

FEMALE (O.S.)

(Reading)

Grey and deep the clouds hang over  
the cemetery.

22 EXT. ROAD TO GRUNEWALD FOREST CEMETERY - EARLY AFTERNOON

22

The camera hovers above Friednau, a suburb of Berlin circa 1930. The bird's eye view comes near a road construction crew outside a cemetery.

CLOSE UP on the tools and human toil involved.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

Thump! ... Thump! ... Thump! ... in  
ever even rhythm we swing our  
virgins - eighty-pound rammers, so  
called because of their female  
form, iron resistance, and  
coldness.

CAMERA PULLS BACK on a SMALL CREW of workers called  
"rammers".

GEORGE, age 49 (the age he writes *Quest*), wearing simple clothes, enters from screen left in front of the moving image of the construction crew where GEORGE DIBBERN is seen working, at age 41.

GEORGE

(To camera)

All day long we wrestle with them.  
We lift them high to our chins,  
dropping them with a thump to the

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

accompanying "kchu" of our exploding breath. It is hard work, but rammers get a fraction more in wages, and we need the money. We are unemployed, relief workers, condemned to make new roads to a cemetery in a suburb of Berlin. The old roads are good enough, but the city has to employ us, and employ us so that it does not interfere with private enterprise.

MED SHOT of 41-year-old George Dibbern as he toils at his job, with a pen sticking out from his breast pocket.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

We work doggedly. The jolt of the impact seems to interrupt even thinking ...

CLOSE UP on George.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

... at best it becomes a kind of thought pizzicato.

Music accompanies the work. A LIGHTLY CHOREOGRAPHED MUSICAL NUMBER ensues with the road crew.

GEORGE DIBBERN AND THE ROAD CREW

(Singing)

Yes, let the dead ... thump! ...  
bury the dead ... thump! ... true -  
yes, we are relief workers ...  
thump! ... and dead anyway - or  
expected to die soon ... thump! ...  
how glad would this world be if it  
could only ... thump! ... get rid  
of us ... thump! ...

It begins to drizzle. Everyone continues in silence.

CLOSE UP on GEORGE with a thought in his head.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

It drizzles unceasingly, and  
neither the place nor the weather  
is any inducement to be  
overcheerful. Still, there is some  
pigheadedness left in me ...

MED SHOT of the working crew. George is whistling while we  
hear the voice over continue.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

So I accelerate the rhythm and  
accompany the dance of my virgin  
with a little ditty - perhaps not  
quite suitable for virgins. For a  
while the others follow, but soon  
Plattfuss sags, letting his heavy  
lips droop.

PLATTFUSS, a 49 year-old German, exhausted and upset.

PLATTFUSS

Put the brakes on, red Indian.

An aside to the camera from GEORGE who pokes his head in  
from screen right.

GEORGE

(To camera)

They look upon me as a wild man  
because I have been in Australia  
and New Zealand.

POV of PLATTFUSS eye-level with George.

PLATTFUSS

You're killing me. Good God, we  
can't keep a pace like that on two  
and a half potatoes a day.

KARL, an old thirty-something, enters the scene.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

Karl comes past with the water  
wagon. He carries a watch - one of  
the fortunate few.

PLATTFUSS

What time is it, midwife?

GEORGE DIBBERN

(To camera)

Karl was a Red Cross man during the War.

KARL

Noon.

PLATTFUSS

Good God! – and you still push your cart and don't tell us?

Everyone drops their tools and makes for it.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(To camera)

We leave our virgins and make for the shelter-hut. The relief women who have been weeding the graves join us.

23 EXT. CEMETERY SERVICE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

23

Tired men and women come out of the drizzle and into the service house.

24 INT. CEMETERY SERVICE HOUSE

24

Everyone finds a place to sit down, exhausted and hungry. A gossipy OLD LADY grabs OLD LADY 2 at the doorway. GEORGE tries to move politely past them.

OLD LADY

(Eagerly)

Have you seen the dead?

OLD LADY 2

There are two suicides in the cellar.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(To camera)

There is so little excitement in  
our humdrum lives that new dead are  
our only diversion.

25 INT. CEMETERY SERVICE HOUSE CELLAR

25

GEORGE, THE TWO OLD LADIES and TWO BYSTANDERS stand close  
around a FEMALE and MALE CORPSE.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

On zinc trays two young people are  
laid out.

CLOSE UP on the FEMALE CORPSE capturing details.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

She is dark with fine features and  
an ivory complexion. Death has  
given her an increased beauty. On  
her lips lies a faint smile of  
tenderness, mockery, and wisdom.  
Peacefully she lies there in her  
red blouse and black-and-white  
checkered skirt.

CLOSE UP on the MALE CORPSE capturing details.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

The boy, dressed in a blue serge  
suit, with bluish-red face and wild  
blond hair, lies on his side as in  
a cramp, his face full of fear,  
pain, and despair.

MED SHOT on both CORPSES as OLD LADY 2 strokes the boy's  
hair.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(To camera)

Both shot through the heart.

OLD LADY 2  
 (Sorrowfully)  
 So young, and this the only way.

The camera hovers above the scene.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)  
 The room is full of thoughts.

26 INT. CEMETERY SERVICE HOUSE

26

GEORGE is at the doorway of the service house and he speaks directly to camera as people continue to file in.

GEORGE DIBBERN  
 (To camera)  
 Outside, in spite of the rain, it seems to be warmer. The little rest-hut is full, but there is always room for just one more. We jam ourselves inside.

POV of GEORGE surveying the scene inside. Included in the room are the TWO OLD LADIES, PLATFUSS, BIG SANDOW, KARL, ERNST, OTTO and STENNER whom we will soon get to know.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)  
 The rusty stove in the corner seems to object to the wet wood; it smokes infernally. Those who sit near it have red faces; they cough and cry; we at the door have dribbling noses.

GEORGE DIBBERN  
 (To camera)  
 Life is indeed beautiful.

OLD LADY  
 (By the stove)  
 I don't know if those two youngsters are so badly off after all, thinking of what we still have to go through.

CLOSE UP on PLATTFUSS, looking down at his dinner pot, in which a few potatoes swim in a meager soup.

PLATTFUSS

What is to become of us?

BIG SANDOW, the Communist, hits the table with his shovel hands so that the mugs rattle.

BIG SANDOW

Bolshevism is the only hope. Knock the fat heads of Capitalists down – knock them down I say.

ERNST

(By the stove)

We were asses ever to have given up our guns.

PLATTFUSS

(Grumbling)

Yes, the Social Democrats are to blame – betraying the worker. Look at them, how they stuff themselves now, whilst we ...

OLD LADY

Everything is getting so expensive one never can make ends meet.

YOUNG FEMALE

Who can even get married?

YOUNG MALE

Why marry?

BIG SANDOW

(Shouting across)

Who is ass enough to get married and have a woman nagging and taking the money, when you can get it without marriage. In Russia no one gets married; and the State cares for the children. I tell you! – Bolshevism –

A lull.

KARL

(Can't contain himself)  
 Revolution! – Destruction of all  
 our German culture! Do you ever  
 think of that?

SANDOW breaks into the song of the "International."

BIG SANDOW

(Singing)

Arise ye workers from your  
 slumbers; Arise ye prisoners of  
 want; For reason in revolt now  
 thunders; And at last ends the age  
 of cant.

Away with all your superstitions;  
 Servile masses arise, arise; We'll  
 change henceforth the old  
 tradition; And spurn the dust to  
 win the prize.

PLATTFUSS joins in, and the women huddle together.

SANDOW, PLATTFUSS AND OTHERS

So comrades, come rally; And the  
 last fight let us face; The  
 Internationale unites the human  
 race.

No more deluded by reaction; On  
 tyrants only we'll make war; The  
 soldiers too will take strike  
 action; They'll break ranks and  
 fight no more; And if those  
 cannibals keep trying; To sacrifice  
 us to their pride; They soon shall  
 hear the bullets flying; We'll  
 shoot the generals on our own side.

Good-natured little KARL cannot be stopped any more. His  
 toothbrush mustache bristles.

KARL

You want to throw it away; knock it to pieces, instead of all standing together. A strong army and navy is what we need.

YOUNG MALE

(Jibbing)

Hurrah!

WORKER

What about the fat Jews? Let's screw their necks.

WORKER 2

What about the Treaty of Versailles?

OLD LADY 2

Think of Brest Litovsk!

WORKER 3

What has the Church done?

VOICES fall from everywhere. SANDOW bellows his song louder. KARL's blue eyes blaze, quelling some of the noise.

KARL

A strong army and navy is what we need — so that we can get order again, and the world is afraid of us.

BIG SANDOW

(Points at Karl)

Cannonfodder for the Capitalist —

GEORGE DIBBERN

(Can't help but interject)

Force, force, why always force? Can't we try for understanding — good will?

KARL

(Snarling)

"Understanding! Good will!" Haven't we been trying it for twelve years? Where did it bring us? Good will! Tell that to your grandmother – tell it to – tell it to those two young suicides!

CLOSE UP on Karl's coat.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

How worn his old military coat is, patch on patch, but how clean.

KARL

Why do you think they committed suicide, for the fun of it?

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

His hair is short and brushed; his buttons, of some dull grey material, are somehow made to shine.

KARL

What do you think? Desperation! That's what it was! And we too have to commit suicide – if we have the guts – or starve, or explode! Force is the only thing the world understands.

KARL looks disgustedly at SANDOW, who sits there dirty, in his rags and uncouth.

KARL

Bolshevism? A big army and a big navy is what we need!

GEORGE, the doppelgänger, again peeks onto screen.

GEORGE

(To camera)

Command – obedience – duty. He has not forgotten his army training.

OTTO, an old front pig, remarks.

OTTO

Life is war. And war is not the worst life. You get your food, and loot for more. You have good mates, a leader; you never need to worry, and you know your enemy, and you get him or he gets you. Then you are snuffed out. That's fair enough. Now you never know where you stand, whom you're fighting. Life is war, I tell you, and war is not ...

GEORGE DIBBERN is pacing around.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(To himself)

I believe in good will. One must try to be just.

(A little louder)

I lived amongst foreign people for years, and I know they are as good and bad as we are – just human. You, Karl, you've been brought up here, haven't seen anything else; you love this country; they love theirs. You have your national pride – and so have they. And as for me, I love all countries, and I must have outgrown all nationalism.

KARL

Well, if you don't like it here, why don't you get out again? You've been praising New Zealand often enough.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(Resigned)

I would if I hadn't a wife and children, or if I could provide for them. But what can I do?

KARL

Ach! You make me sick with your excuses. If you really meant it, you would go. What if you died tomorrow, what then? But if you do stay, be German!

BIG SANDOW

(Ready to explode)

Be German! Don't make me laugh! Go on, be patriotic, you asses. You have screws loose here.

(He points at his head.)

The 'Red International is our salvation.' 'Workers of the World, join hands.' Dictatorship of the proletariat. Then we will have everything.

GEORGE DIBBERN

Yes, destruction of all individuality – an ant heap. Are you wealthy, Sandow?

BIG SANDOW

You think I would sit here if I had eggs?

GEORGE DIBBERN

Well, what have you to give to the Communistic State? You are not wealthy, you have not learned anything, you have no love, and all that you think of is 'have'; all your talk is of Bolshevism, but what you mean is 'give me.' Like the Capitalist you condemn, you are after profit, not service.

BIG SANDOW

(Towering over all)

Shut up, you – or I'll plaster you one! You are one of those who betray the worker, you white-collar man – dagger in the back of the proletariat!

BIG SANDOW leans threateningly over the table.

GEORGE DIBBERN

Oh, always slogans.

GEORGE DIBBERN finishes his meal and wipes his mouth wearily.

GEORGE DIBBERN

I am not betraying anyone, but I cannot see it your way.

BIG SANDOW

(Clenching his fist)

Shut up, then!

Again GEORGE enters from outside of the scene and surveys.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(To camera)

Hopelessly I shrug my shoulders. I look around. There is Plattfuss, dull, narrow, big-mouthed, swinging to and fro, backing whoever gives him the most potatoes in his soup. Sandow, unskilled, lazy, revolutionary, muddled, grown up during topsy-turvy war years, with his principle of "grab for me, and to hell with the rest." And then Karl, decent, honest, prepared to make real sacrifices for his ideal of patriotism, but unable to see anything beyond his own country. And all the others, each with his little kink. How can such people ever find a solution for all, when they cannot even think clearly for themselves?

PLATTFUSS

(To George, sideways)

And how do you want to get your pot filled, red Indian?

GEORGE DIBBERN

I only know now how I don't want it filled, Plattfuss. It took me ten years to find that out.

Everyone turns to GEORGE DIBBERN.

YOUNG FEMALE

Well, what is your remedy?

GEORGE DIBBERN

I haven't got one. I don't know.

PLATTFUSS

Well, why don't you go in your bathtub of a sailboat you have at Kiel, and conquer the world?

Everyone laughs derisively as GEORGE DIBBERN and STENNER, the old Socialist, leave the hut.

27 EXT. CEMETARY SERVICE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

27

Outside the rain has subsided a bit. Everything is wet and grey with sparks of light around.

STENNER

And to think we fought for that. We should never have taken over the government before the Nationals put things right, after bogging the cart. A revolution that is too early is a lost revolution. Now we get the blame. Where is our red flag for which we fought? Where is the ideal to capture youth? One cannot rule from offices with the promise of three meals a day.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(To camera)

Stenner is one of the old fighters for Socialism, once mate of present government leaders, now found a nuisance, forgotten, unemployed. His finely chiseled face still has fire, but no more faith.

STENNER

And to think that all has been in vain, and has to be done over again. A big army, and a big navy? Bolshevism? Sheep need dogs and a shepherd, and fences, and sheep are shorn and led to slaughter. I suppose it has to be done all over again ... only I won't do it. It's up to you younger ones ...

STENNER steps down into his ditch. The camera pulls back as time advances.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

We are quiet during the afternoon, swinging an even rhythm with our virgins. How long a rainy day can be.

28 EXT. WALKING HOME - LATER

28

KARL and GEORGE DIBBERN walk home together. They are quiet. GEORGE looks at KARL and wonders.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(To camera)

We both have children, but Karl is National, and the roots he has so firmly in the ground supply him with strength and a one-track mind. I almost envy him.

The light is a dark blue. The two men break off from each other with a casual wave. George takes the last twenty yards to his home slowly.

29 INT. DIBBERN HOME - EVENING

29

GEORGE DIBBERN opens the door slowly and enters the warm glow of his home.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

I hardly say "good evening" when I enter the house, so deeply am I in thought.

FRAUKE, George's seven-year-old daughter, joyfully jumps at him from behind the door.

GEORGE DIBBERN

Oh, go away. Go on, get out of the way.

With tears in her eyes she runs upstairs. Quietly George takes his meal, while his WIFE takes the CHILDREN to bed.

GEORGE'S WIFE

You'd better go up for a minute and speak to Frauke she is still crying.

George finishes his meal.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

How unjust one can be towards children and dogs, who wait all day for the master's return, joyfully leap towards him, and only get kicked away.

30 INT. DIBBERN HOME, GIRLS' ROOM - LATER

30

The two YOUNGER CHILDREN ones are already asleep. George bends down to Frauke's bed.

GEORGE DIBBERN

I am sorry, sweetheart. Father was very bad to you, wasn't he?

Two soft arms pull George on to the pillow, and a little mouth whispers lovingly and reassuringly into his ears. And when he wants to apologize more, her little hands close his mouth, and her lips kiss his eyes. They lie quietly, head to head, until she is asleep. Gently George rises and goes down with peace in his heart.

31 INT. DIBBERN HOME - LATER

31

GEORGE'S WIFE is cleaning the dishes.

GEORGE'S WIFE

What is the matter with you tonight? What is it?

GEORGE DIBBERN

Nothing. Nothing at all.

GEORGE'S WIFE

Oh, there must be something. Why don't you tell me?

GEORGE DIBBERN

How can I tell you what I don't know? ... There were two young people - suicides ... and Germany has over six million unemployed ... and we have children - and I am of no help.

(Long pause)

Do you know an answer? I am tired. Good night.

GEORGE kisses his WIFE and walks away. Screen goes black.

32 BLANK SCREEN

32

TITLE: "CHAPTER 2"

33 INT. DIBBERN HOME, KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

33

GEORGE DIBBERN is up making breakfast for everyone. GEORGE'S WIFE comes into the kitchen and looks at him. Romantic morning light.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

The next day I do not go to work. When my wife questioningly looks at me, I lay my hand upon her shoulder, asking casually ...

GEORGE brings his WIFE a cup of tea and lays his hand on her shoulder.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(Casually)

What would you do if I were dead?

GEORGE'S WIFE

(Simply)

What could I do? Keep on as best I could and look after the children – but why the silly question?

The camera moves to above the scene capturing the couple in two separate quality of lights.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

Now serious, I look at her, as if for the last time.

CLOSE UP of GEORGE'S WIFE.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

I want to imprint her image forever into my soul;

CLOSE UPS of the various parts of GEORGE'S WIFE.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

The hair, with a little copper which the sun brings out; the clear forehead; her big warm eyes; the fine line of her nose, which gives her a keenness; her warm lips which know how to kiss so well; the resolute chin; the royal neck ...

MEDIUM SHOT of GEORGE'S WIFE with George standing behind her shoulder.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(To camera)

The motherly body that has given life to four children. That big, big heart of hers.

Camera returns to above the scene as George hugs his wife.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)  
I see it all. We both are quiet, as  
if we see a vision far off.

Back to the moment.

GEORGE'S WIFE  
(Shaking herself loose)  
What do you mean with your silly  
question?

GEORGE DIBBERN  
(Taking her hands)  
Sit down.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)  
(Whispering)  
Reluctantly she does so.

GEORGE DIBBERN  
You know all that I am going to  
tell you as well as I do, but I  
want you to listen to it carefully.

George starts to pace.

GEORGE DIBBERN  
What is our position? First - we  
have no capital. All that we had,  
as you know, went into the  
boatbuilding business, and now that  
that is dissolved, there is nothing  
left. Only the boat, but you might  
just as well say that is gone too,  
because we have borrowed money on  
it above the price a sale would  
realize, and if I sold it I would  
be still deeper in the hole. We  
have no savings. All our valuables  
have gone, have been sold one after  
another. I have no job. And I won't  
get one under present-day  
conditions, with my way of  
thinking. All that we live on is  
work relief, and that will come to  
an end in a few months' time. After

(MORE)

GEORGE DIBBERN (CONT'D)

that, the dole. And then I am better dead than alive. So I'm going. I'm dead.

GEORGE'S WIFE

(Boiling)

Oh! You want to clear out, eh? And leave me alone? With the children? And I can't get away. Bury me alive with my thirty years! Steal my youth! A beautiful picture of their father the world will give to the children.

GEORGE DIBBERN

Do you know a better way? I admit I see none. Can you show me one? A road that is my road that I can follow?

GEORGE'S WIFE

(With blazing eyes)

Your road, your way! How shall I show you your way? A fine man! What we need is food: to eat, to drink, to keep the children alive. Do you understand that? That is the first thing that every animal has to do. Do you understand that — you?

GEORGE DIBBERN

Come, be quiet. Haven't we in part reasoned it out, again and again and again? How I cannot grow roots here; how I think so differently from everyone else. Don't you often shake your head yourself, because of my strange manner? Why is anyone the way he is? I don't know. But if one from childhood has been thrown about as much as I have been, if one has lived in foreign countries so long — and you have to know this life before you can judge — then one becomes what I am.

GEORGE'S WIFE

May I be allowed to ask very humbly what you are?

GEORGE DIBBERN

What I am? Yes . . . so . . . oh, nothing, nothing at all. A waster who cannot even keep his wife and children. But in spite of it I am something. And perhaps more than you think. What? I don't know myself. But one thing I have learned in these last ten years — I am not meant to be what I am now — a relief worker, and I will rather be damned than remain one! I am on the wrong road. . . .

GEORGE'S WIFE

Rather late to learn, isn't it, with forty-one years?

GEORGE DIBBERN

Sweetheart, don't you understand that I don't want to leave you? That I love you and the children? Why not be sensible? How can we live like this? This is so far below the standard in which we were brought up. And it will get still worse. On the other hand, if I have gone your friends and relations may curse me for the time being, but they will help you, as they would do if I were dead.

GEORGE'S WIFE

Yes, throw all your responsibilities on other shoulders!

GEORGE DIBBERN

Does shouldering responsibility mean to keep on sitting quietly in the mire and sinking deeper and deeper? Now if I go — say on the

(MORE)

GEORGE DIBBERN (CONT'D)

boat — to New Zealand or Australia, there I should be able to find a hundred and one jobs, as I did before. Gunter, to whom we owe all the money we borrowed on the boat — he is willing to come. If I can get a third, who can pay in something, we can get going.

GEORGE'S WIFE

(With an impatient gesture)

Even if you could get enough money to pay the boatyard, you know how small the boat is. Do you want to have their deaths on your conscience too?

GEORGE DIBBERN

Thirty-two feet is big enough. It's been done in smaller boats. It's my last chance; my only chance. What if Gunter suddenly needed his money, so that I had to sell the boat? That might happen any day. It's now or never!

GEORGE'S WIFE

(Changing her ground)

Do you think they are all just waiting for you in New Zealand, if ever you should get there? Ten years is a long time; conditions will have changed.

GEORGE DIBBERN

Yes, but still they must be much better than here. And there is so much more room. And then there are friends. And Mother Rangī.

GEORGE'S WIFE

Natives forget quickly; out of sight, out of mind.

POV GEORGE looks at his WIFE.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

I look at my wife. Mother Rangī  
forget? How often have I spoken to  
her about this strange friendship,  
but how explain?

34 EXT. THE RANGI HOME - NEW ZEALAND - DAYTIME

34

CLOSE UP of MOTHER RANGI standing in front of her estate.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

Mother Rangī, Maori woman of middle  
age.

MED SHOT of GEORGE DIBBERN and MOTHER RANGI on the porch  
drinking, laughing and talking in bright color and light.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

I, German, young enough to be  
friends with her children; having  
to converse together in primitive  
English, a language strange to both  
of us. And still such an  
understanding between us, such an  
exchange, especially about the  
deeper things of life. She replaced  
the mother I had lost so young.  
There was between us a love, a  
special bond, always more felt than  
expressed, which I never could  
explain to anyone. Now all I can  
say is ...

35 INT. DIBBERN HOME, LIVING ROOM - LATER

35

GEORGE DIBBERN is looking out the window, his WIFE standing  
to the side.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(Deeply)

Upon Mother Rangī I can depend. She  
promised she would help if I ever  
came back. And she owns thousands  
of acres. She would give me some  
land, a house. With her help I  
could get you all out to New  
Zealand.

GEORGE'S WIFE

Why don't you write?

GEORGE DIBBERN

No, one can't write; one has to go there.

GEORGE'S WIFE

Doesn't the country of your birth hold you at all?

GEORGE DIBBERN

Spiritually, yes. But I am like a tree that has been transplanted and lived too long in the open, so that its branches have stretched out. Sweetheart, don't try to put me back into the forest again!! Outside I may be of value. Here the tree will only die, and not even be of use to the forest.

GEORGE'S WIFE

Why not change your attitude, and be of use?

GEORGE DIBBERN

Because I can't. Because I haven't risen in the good old-fashioned way of slow promotion and servility they cannot use me here.

GEORGE'S WIFE

When you are in Rome you must do as Rome does.

GEORGE DIBBERN

If these are the conditions of Rome, who the hell wants to live in Rome? What is the good of adapting myself ninety-nine times? The hundredth time, perhaps when I am tired, I am myself, as I really am, and then they rub their eyes, and call me a traitor because I have suddenly changed.

(Not to be interrupted)

Am I not ninety-nine times a hypocrite, whom they are right to mistrust? Don't I sell my soul ninety-nine times for a lousy piece of bread? And now I am a relief worker, unemployed, without any future – till the very soul is crushed within me, till I become a beast. Just cringing, afraid to lose my last bone. But I am not meant to be this. And I won't be! I'll break through – because I must!

GEORGE'S WIFE

A pity you can't use all this energy here at home!

GEORGE DIBBERN

(Continuing)

And if all should fail, then I can always come back. Perhaps then I can inspire youth. Think of it – when the Te Rapunga comes back from around the world, the little ship . . . I am no good here now. In this climate my asthma will get worse and worse the longer I stay. And all this political mess – Communism is too herdlike, and for the right wing I am not enough of a soldier. Let me ride over the hills after sheep and cattle; let me fight with wind and waves; or sit by the camp fire, and yarn and sing of that which is happy in the world, adventures, fairy tales ...

They both sit and look at each other. Silent.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

A warm light comes into the eyes of my wife. Oh, how willingly would she give me her hand and say, "Go in peace." For she understands me

(MORE)

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O) (CONT'D)  
 well. But because of the children  
 she fears she cannot do it, and so  
 again she makes herself hard.

GEORGE'S WIFE  
 Who is going to provide for the  
 children? The dole is hardly enough  
 to live on.

GEORGE DIBBERN  
 (From a mysterious place)  
 "Man does not live by bread alone."

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)  
 I am shocked to hear myself saying  
 it aloud; it sounds so smug, so  
 like a parson. But suddenly I know  
 it to be a truth.

GEORGE DIBBERN  
 (Tenderly)  
 Perhaps it is more important that  
 some day I may be an understanding  
 comrade to the children than be a  
 provider now.

GEORGE'S WIFE  
 (Bitterly)  
 A fine saint you are. Christianity  
 starts at home.

CLOSE UP on GEORGE'S face.

GEORGE DIBBERN  
 (To camera)  
 What use is it to keep on arguing?  
 My mind is made up. I am dead.

CAMERA drifts above the couple as George packs his things.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)  
 I therefore pack my things. So  
 little sense of possession have I  
 that I have always felt myself a  
 guest in my own home, and, as an  
 old sailor, I have few belongings.

GEORGE makes three piles of stuff on the bed then flips through a book, Quest of the Sun by Alain Gerbault.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(To camera)

Quickly I make three heaps – one to take along, one to leave behind, and the third to throw away. Every now and then my wife comes in on some unnecessary errand, silently looks, and goes out again. Here and there I glance into a book.

GEORGE leaves the book to the side and clicks his one small suitcase shut.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

Finally everything is packed.

36 EXT. GEORGE DIBBERN'S BEDROOM - LATER MORNING

36

CAMERA hovers above the room which glows in the warm light of morning. GEORGE DIBBERN looks through the window. During the following narrative we see the garden go backwards in time, witnessing the labor that went into creating it.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

The morning sun shines through the window. There lies our little plot of land. Four thousand square feet of sandy soil, on which I have labored and sweated and worked into a garden. It will provide all the necessary vegetables. I remember leaves swept together on the street, earth carted home from a faraway wood, stones dug out with pick and shovel. W O R K, but creative work – the only work crowned with a blessing.

GEORGE is seen again in the present moment looking out at the garden.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)  
 Yes, the garden is good, but now  
 that it is made, others can keep  
 it.

CLOSE UP on GEORGE.

GEORGE DIBBERN  
 (To camera)  
 I have to find a new garden.  
 Perhaps I am a pioneer and not a  
 settler.

GEORGE turns and paces up and down the room.

GEORGE DIBBERN  
 (To himself)  
 God, the poor animals in the zoos,  
 how they must feel! If only one  
 could burst the walls!

GEORGE lays down on his bed and closes his eyes.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)  
 Good intentions have built this  
 house, one of a modern settlement,  
 and for people who come out of the  
 slums of the big cities, out of  
 cellars and tenement houses, it  
 must be heaven. My room is ten feet  
 by six – not much compared with the  
 wide spaces I have been used to,  
 far-off horizons where there are no  
 boundaries for one's gaze.

GEORGE'S mind's eye carries him away.

37 EXT. SKY - DAYTIME

37

POV of a bird flying high through the sky.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)  
 No, I am a wild bird. Keep your  
 warm nest; you cannot hold me.

38 INT. DIBBERN HOME, KITCHEN - LATER

38

A bright ray of light falls upon the copper and the gold lacquered Russian bowl that stands on the old Frisian buffet. GEORGE begins to caress everything in the room.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

I have to ask for forgiveness. I will not be ungrateful. How many happy hours have we spent in this little room . . . with tea and baked apples. No, I will not be ungrateful. How much love and good will have been given to me by neighbors and friends, by the country doctor, who has sometimes come for miles, tramping through the snow, through night and wind, to help us. How much is one connected with it all.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(To camera)

But go I must.

GEORGE experiences a tightness of breath and opens the window. In doing so a book falls to the floor and opens. GEORGE picks it up. Everything moves slowly.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

My father's age-worn ship's Bible.

CLOSE UP on an underlined sentence of the open page: "And the spirit of God moved on the face of the waters."

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

And the spirit of God moved on the face of the waters.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(To camera)

What a ridiculous coincidence!

GEORGE DIBBERN takes his hat and leaves.

39 EXT. FIELDS OUTSIDE BERLIN - DAYTIME

39

GEORGE DIBBERN tramps through the fields towards the suburban train station. Images fly by him overlaid on what is real, illuminating what his mind is seeing.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

Once more, film-like, pictures of past years reel off before my eyes . . . two children with friends in Holland . . . my wife and one child with her mother on the Rhine . . . furniture stored . . . and I myself unemployed in Berlin. Then the attempt to get a little house, all under government control, when one had to wait one's turn. . . . What a time! . . . Till at last in the coldest winter of human remembrance we moved in. . . . Water frozen; one had to heat the snow; no fuel, children ill, no money, no food, and no work.

40 EXT. SUBURBAN TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

40

GEORGE DIBBERN shivers as he reaches the station.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(To camera)

Here's the same train in which I once circled round and round the town, just to keep warm, to sit, and not to see the misery at home, and my own uselessness. Alexanderplatz, Friedrichstrasse, Zoo. I would get out, and walk along the Kurfürstendamm.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

How these thoughts go round and round in my head. Still this is all past, gone; it is the future I want. The future?

GEORGE peeks onto screen again.

GEORGE  
How absurd I am.

GEORGE DIBBERN looks straight into the camera.

GEORGE DIBBERN  
(To camera)  
How can I go without a single  
copper in my pocket?

41 INT. GEORGE'S FANTASY SHIP - DAY

41

GEORGE DIBBERN is seen slowly falling through the air.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)  
And yet - when one jumps there must  
come a moment when one is in mid-  
air, when one is supported only by  
faith that he will land right side  
up. I have jumped; I am in mid-air.  
Something must happen.

42 EXT. SUBURBAN TRAIN STATION - DAY

42

A hand lands on GEORGE DIBBERN's shoulder. It is 30 year-  
old charismatic ALBRECHT, who is full of energy and  
positive energy.

ALBRECHT  
Hullo, Dib. Where are you off to?

GEORGE DIBBERN  
(Turning, lightly)  
Oh, it's you, Albrecht? I am on my  
way to New Zealand.

ALBRECHT  
(Laughing)  
Why don't you say to the North Pole  
or to Hell?

GEORGE DIBBERN  
Because I'm going.

ALBRECHT

(Doubtful)

Migrating?

(George shakes his head)

As sailor?

GEORGE DIBBERN

No, as captain.

ALBRECHT

What! Position?

GEORGE DIBBERN

No, with my own ship. I am going at last.

ALBRECHT

(Eager)

What, truly? You mean it? On that little yacht of yours? Will you take me?

PORTRAIT of Albrecht who is an easy kind of handsome.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

For a moment I stare at him. Strange, formerly I had vainly tried to interest him in my boat.

Back to real time.

GEORGE DIBBERN

Got any money?

ALBRECHT

Yes, I have a thousand mark. I intended to do some flying with a friend. Long distance, you know. But he doesn't seem to get going. Will you take me?

GEORGE DIBBERN

Yes.

They shake hands.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)  
Can this be real?

GEORGE DIBBERN  
(To Albrecht)  
Let's go into the Tientsin  
Restaurant and have something to  
eat. There we can talk about it at  
leisure.

43 INT. TIENTSIN RESTAURANT - LATER

43

GEORGE DIBBERN and ALBRECHT sit down to lunch at a classic  
Chinese restaurant named Tientsin.

GEORGE DIBBERN  
Now we are three. My nephew, Gunter  
Schramm, some time ago put some  
money into the boat. He will be  
mate. You'll be bosun, I, captain.  
The boat lies in dock at Kiel.  
(George goes to pull out a  
picture from his pocket.)  
Here is a photo of her -  
(He puts it back.)  
well, I showed you before. In two  
days we are off for Kiel. Agreed?  
My hands have been tied, but now  
that I have your money I can give  
orders to the boatyard to have her  
put in the water. If we get her  
ready in time, we can sail to  
Iceland, if you like, where they  
have the Thousand Years'  
Celebration, and then over to  
Greenland to America. How does that  
sound? Or would you rather sail  
through the Channel, across the Bay  
of Biscay, and via Gibraltar into  
the Mediterranean?

CROSS-FADE to lunch a little later.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

I am so anxious to hold him that I am willing to start out on any route to New Zealand. We make an estimate of necessary expenses. One thousand mark is a useful sum, but not much if debts have to be paid and a boat outfitted for an ocean cruise.

ALBRECHT

(Coming to the rescue)

I know someone whom we may interest - my sister.

GEORGE DIBBERN

Skirts? Pooh! Not much use on board. And your sister is a baroness. Surely she would not be much use for that kind of life. Still . . . we can try it for a time.

ALBRECHT

Well, then, let us meet tomorrow.

44 EXT. STREET - LATER

44

GEORGE DIBBERN is walking alone.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

I am really going. Has this really happened? I'm almost afraid of myself.

45 INT. DIBBERN HOME, BEDROOM - LATERER

45

GEORGE DIBBERN quietly enters the bedroom.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

If only I could go with joy in my heart into my wife's room, to tell her of my first success.

He creeps beside his WIFE in bed.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(Quietly)

Are you asleep, dear? Think, I have found someone with one thousand mark. Isn't that fine?

GEORGE'S WIFE is startled, and jerks up on her elbow.

GEORGE'S WIFE

Oh, it is all so wild, so unorganized! What security have you? You hardly know him.

(Sobbing and wringing her hands)

Oh, must it be? Don't you love me at all? Why not wait a little? Prepare everything well; let me help you. The ship is so small, and I cannot go with you. I cannot take the children with me, I cannot leave them . . . and oh, I cannot let you go!

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

What use is it? To go through it all again, to remind her of everything? Finally she sits there with tightly pressed lips. How I long to hold her in my arms, but it cannot be. And so I go.

(George leaves the room.)

Late, and in sorrow, sleep comes to me.

46 EXT. DIBBERN HOME - LATER

46

GEORGE DIBBERN leaves his house, closing the door quietly.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

When I wake, the golden sunlight already plays in the garden. I sneak away, away. . . . It is too hard to be at home.

GEORGE walks down the road, alone again.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)  
 Here and there I visit a friend,  
 till at last the meeting time has  
 come.

47 INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - LATER

47

GEORGE DIBBERN sits at a table with his eyes on the entrance as ALBRECHT and his sister, DOE, come in. Albrecht makes a formal introduction. DOE, is a handsome woman with simple and well-made clothing and accessories.

ALBRECHT  
 George, Doe, Doe, George.

GEORGE DIBBERN  
 Pleased to meet you.

DOE  
 Likewise.

PORTRAIT of DOE as she is.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)  
 When a commoner is about to meet a lady of rank he unconsciously associates her with beauty. I see now that Albrecht's sister is not beautiful, but her ease of manner and conversation reveal her to be a woman of the world. She shows true interest, sincerity, straightforwardness. Still, though she is young - she may be thirty or thirty-five - her outlook is molded by tradition and the past. I can see that it will not be easy to fit her into a small boat, where there will be none of the comfort and luxury she has always known. I feel that she has never obeyed, always commanded. But when she speaks of people and of animals her face often glows with a warm light; while telling tales of Java and Sumatra, where she spent the most

(MORE)

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O) (CONT'D)  
 adventurous and romantic years of  
 her life, she becomes radiant, her  
 face loses its plainness, and one  
 sees and feels only the charm that  
 goes out from a strong, warmhearted  
 personality. Thus we end our meal.

ALBRECHT

(Impatient)

I hope that you have taken each  
 other's measure by now, so that we  
 can talk about the boat.

GEORGE DIBBERN places a few photographs on the table.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(To Doe)

Te Rapunga is thirty-two meters  
 long and ...

DOE

How ever did you get your boat, and  
 why have you given her the foreign  
 name of Te Rapunga instead of a  
 good German one?

GEORGE DIBBERN

That . . . well, each of your  
 questions is a long story in  
 itself. Sometimes I think that I am  
 under a spell as far as the boat is  
 concerned. In the first place, I  
 never had any desire to have her at  
 all. The cause of it is really my  
 wife - she who now has to suffer  
 most from it.

DOE

Why your wife? Must women always be  
 blamed?

GEORGE and DOE exchange smiles.

48 EXT. NIEMEYER'S BOAT, IN THE BALTIC - FLASHBACK DAY

48

GEORGE DIBBERN standing on Gunter Niemeyer's boat in the Baltic, deeply satisfied.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

Well, it was she who persuaded me to make a trip with her cousin, my friend Gunter Niemeyer, in his little twenty-four-foot double-ender around the Baltic. I did not want to go. We were settling at that time; we had chickens, geese, and pigs, strawberries, lots of dogs, and a horse, incubator, goats, well, you know. . . . And we were expecting a child. 'How on earth can I leave you?' I asked her. I really didn't have the slightest inclination to go.

49 INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - LATER

49

They have more to drink.

GEORGE DIBBERN

You see, I was not used to yacht sailing, having sailed only in square-riggers. But she kept at it, thought it would do me good, had so many reasons that I finally gave way, really more to have rest from her arguments than anything else.

ALBRECHT

Where did you go?

GEORGE DIBBERN

We went through the Danish Islands, and along the Swedish coast as far as Finland and Russia and back again.

(Back to Doe)

Later, after selling my place because I saw no future in it, I met Niemeyer again and found he

(MORE)

GEORGE DIBBERN (CONT'D)

needed money, so I offered him some. He had established himself as boat-builder and naval architect. I went down to have a look at his plant, and there I saw the hull of a thirty-two-foot double-ender, of the same lines as the one in which we had sailed around the Baltic. I couldn't help admiring her. Niemeyer had an eye and hand for designing; there was no doubt about that. 'There is your boat,' he said to me. I laughed.

ALBRECHT

Was that the Te Rapunga?

GEORGE DIBBERN

Yes.

50 EXT. NIEMEYER'S BOAT PLANT - FLASHBACK DAY

50

GEORGE DIBBERN and NIEMEYER stand looking at the hull of Te Rapunga.

NIEMEYER

You can have her cheap.

GEORGE DIBBERN

What am I going to do with her?

NIEMEYER

Sail to the South Seas, or New Zealand.

GEORGE DIBBERN

Don't be silly. I may just as well take a bathtub.

DOE (V.O.)

(Interjecting)

Is it really so dangerous?

NIEMEYER

There is a relatively big security  
as to wave lengths. That boat  
should just about be it. She'll  
ride like a duck.

GEORGE DIBBERN

Fine. Um, did you hear about ...

NIEMEYER

You can have her cheap.

GEORGE DIBBERN looks at him.

GEORGE DIBBERN

Say, what are you driving at? I  
told you, I have no intention  
whatsoever of going to sea again. I  
have a wife and children, and I  
don't want to go. Understand?

GEORGE DIBBERN turns to go.

NIEMEYER

Pity, you will only have to buy her  
so much dearer later on. She's your  
boat.

51 INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - LATER

51

Later on into lunch.

ALBRECHT

Wasn't that strange? More  
significant still if you had known  
Niemeyer.

GEORGE DIBBERN

I had a look at the plant, and as I  
had no occupation I became his  
partner before the day was over,  
and paid money into the business.  
The first thing I did was to sell  
the hull. It angered me to look at  
her. I had to take her back at a  
loss; the man could not raise the

(MORE)

GEORGE DIBBERN (CONT'D)

money. Now still more intent on getting rid of her, I exchanged her against a smaller boat complete with motor and sails. But times were so erratic, you know – it was 1924-25 – and the buyer begged to be allowed to keep his own boat, as otherwise he would be financially ruined. So I took the hull back once more, losing again over the transaction.

DOE

(Stunned amusement)

I don't believe it.

GEORGE DIBBERN

Then I was stricken with asthma; Sunke was born; and there was no money to be earned with boats. We dissolved partnership, and after paying our bills, all that remained for me was the hull at double the price at which I could have had it on the first day. What little money I had I used to fit her out so that I might more easily sell her. No hope. And as I didn't want to give her away, I tried to make trips with paying guests around the Baltic. But the summers were too short – you know, 'nine months winter, and three months no summer'; so I thought of the Mediterranean.

ALBRECHT

That's a fine thought.

GEORGE DIBBERN

All seemed against me. I had no money, and could not raise any at first, but at last I managed to borrow enough money from Gunter for

(MORE)

GEORGE DIBBERN (CONT'D)

overhauling and running expenses. I got going, and by way of canals and up the Rhine I reached Strassburg, where I had some English students from Cambridge waiting to go with me through the Rhine and Rhone canals and down the Rhone to Marseilles. Once more fate was against it; the motor I had at that time froze. And we were stuck because sudden severe frost froze the canals, so that we in our thin wooden boat could not get further. My guests had to return and I too, without a penny, had to leave the boat in Strassburg over winter and make an inglorious home-coming. Still, in my heart I was glad, for I did not want to go.

DOE

(Genuinely interested)

What then?

GEORGE DIBBERN

Niemeyer died and it seemed then as if his spirit came over me and urged me on. I refused. I became a Ford salesman. It was the time when Ford changed from Model T to Model A, and many of the agents broke their necks. I, too, lost my job. I could have had a good position with the competitive firm; they wanted my customers. I could not do it. Hell, I did not sell cars just for the sake of money.

ALBRECHT

(Blankly)

Isn't that the reason people sell things?

GEORGE DIBBERN

Yes, perhaps, but that was not my reason. I liked the Ford idea of service and plain usefulness. I felt that a car was an article of utility whilst most people here in Germany still looked upon it as a luxury. Here I had a fighting field, a mission, a gospel.

(DOE and ALBRECHT laugh)

Yes, you can laugh, like the rest, and still it is the old Lizzy that made the roads, that made cars cheap, and made the land smaller.

ALBRECHT

(Leading him on)

Go on George.

GEORGE DIBBERN

Next, somebody persuaded me to go into the movies, but all I got out of it was compensation for having the seat burned out of my trousers and being temporarily raised to a 'position of standing.' Otherwise it failed - I had no connections - and finally I landed at Luna Park, where I had knives thrown at me and cigarettes shot out of my mouth - first the ash, then the fire, then the cigarette, bit by bit.

ALBRECHT

With your nose?

GEORGE DIBBERN

Oh, I was insured, but there again, no luck. And from there I joined the ranks of the unemployed. My boat I couldn't sell, because by now my nephew had money in it, and . . . that's as far as we are. Now you know the rest.

DOE

What a pity I did not find you in  
Luna Park. I am sorry you have had  
such a bad time.

DOE's hand goes impulsively to GEORGE DIBBERN over the  
table.

ALBRECHT

You've certainly had some ups and  
downs!

DOE

(Composing herself)  
And the name? Why the name?

GEORGE DIBBERN

The name? That is another story. I  
told you, the whole boat and all  
connected with it seems under a  
spell.

ALBRECHT

(Under a spell)  
Oooooooooooooooooooooo.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(Bluntly)  
I was run over by a truck and  
landed with concussion of the brain  
in a hospital -

ALBRECHT

Aha! Now we know. . . .

GEORGE DIBBERN

(Laughing)  
The truck threw me aside, and it  
must have been a funny sight.  
Driven by my sailor's instinct, I  
pulled myself up and climbed  
straight up the nearest lamp post,  
shouting, 'Hang on, boys, here she  
comes!'

DOE

But how do you know what happened?

GEORGE DIBBERN

The doctor in the hospital told me. And when he heard that I had been in New Zealand, he gave me a book by von Boeckmann, Vom Kulturreich des Meeres (The Cultural Realm of the Ocean). In it there is a part speaking about Polynesian mythology which I knew well from New Zealand, but which here was very ably interpreted to our German mind. You perhaps know how one has certain thoughts, but sometimes there is just a little link missing which prevents them from forming into a theory. Here I suddenly found at last what I had been looking for.

ALBRECHT

What was that?

GEORGE DIBBERN

It set my mind in a clear direction, although I did not know at that time where it would lead me. The whole book inspired me, and in it my wife and I found the name of the boat.

ALBRECHT

Te Rapunga.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(Simply to Doe)

The old Polynesians did not start with, 'In the beginning God created heaven and earth.' That was far too concrete for them, too matter-of-fact for their philosophical minds. They went back eighteen steps into the abstract. 'Te Rapunga' is the third word of the eighteen. It stands after 'Te Kore,' the

(MORE)

GEORGE DIBBERN (CONT'D)

nothing, and 'Te Po,' the night.  
 'Te Po,' the night, is threefold:  
 matter, time, and space. It also  
 means that creation took place in  
 the night, that we cannot fathom  
 it; but out of a mating of time and  
 space 'Te Rapunga' is born.  
 Literally, 'Te Rapunga' means 'The  
 Dark Sun.'

DOE

The Dark Sun.

GEORGE DIBBERN

You might say that it is the  
 beginning of the very first dawn,  
 the indication of dawn after the  
 dark night, its duration not yet  
 having been conceived. This change,  
 this dawning before the dawn, I too  
 had noticed at sea. The Polynesians  
 often have more than one meaning  
 for a word, and in a spiritual  
 sense you may also translate 'Te  
 Rapunga' as 'longing.' The boat  
 never had another name. Perhaps,  
 intuitively, I wanted to have  
 something in common with everybody.  
 We all know longing.

ALBRECHT laughs and raises his glass.

ALBRECHT

To longing.

They clink and drink.

DOE

Here here.

GEORGE DIBBERN

Perhaps, with the launching of the  
 boat my life really started. Still  
 dark as the first dawn, but with a  
 promise of light. Even when I tried

(MORE)

GEORGE DIBBERN (CONT'D)

hardest to sell her I had a feeling  
against it. Otherwise I might have  
sold her for a song.

(Wistfully)

Who knows all fine threads the  
fates spin? Perhaps one day we may  
lift the veil and know the 'why.'

The evening is late. The camera lifts up above the action  
slowly.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

Albrecht and his sister both seem  
to have found confidence in me, and  
although it will be anything but  
easy - and only I know how hard,  
with all the difficulties I can  
foresee in the future - I believe  
that I can manage to fit them into  
a small boat with Gunter and  
myself.

They each shake each other's hands.

GEORGE DIBBERN

So we shake hands upon a friendship  
and our enterprise.

52 INT. DIBBERN HOME, LIVING ROOM - LATE

52

GEORGE DIBBERN enters the house, his WIFE is sitting on the  
couch. He approaches her tenderly.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

When I get home, my wife is waiting  
on my couch. We cannot find the  
right words. We hold each other's  
hands, but when I want to caress  
her hair then she pulls back her  
head. How my arms want to embrace  
her. How I inwardly hear her  
calling me, but is it not hypocrisy  
to speak about love when I have to  
wound her so deeply? I am afraid.  
Afraid of new battles over old  
ground.

(To camera)

If only people could accept facts and then make the most of the last moments. But no, and so we sit alongside each other. How difficult it is!

GEORGE doppelgänger enters from screen left and speaks directly to the audience as the sad scene plays out silently behind.

GEORGE

(To camera)

All tradition tells me I should stay, and I have to fight against that also. Ten years we have been married. We have had joy together and we have had sorrow. Much anger – we are both fire – and much, much love. Perhaps two, perhaps three years will elapse before I see her again – a long time. And the future is so dark, so uncertain. What cannot happen in such a space? And still, how quickly the days pass.

CLOSE UP on GEORGE'S WIFE.

GEORGE'S WIFE

You are shiftless. You have neither soil nor home. Perhaps a curse is on you. What is to be done?

(Tired, she shrugs her shoulders.)

Rest- less, homeless, unstable, and to you I have given my youth, and have given children.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

With drawn lips, looking straight ahead, she drags herself out of the room.

GEORGE'S WIFE leaves him alone in the room.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(To camera)

I sit as in a death chamber,  
waiting for my last hour. Unstable!  
Cursed. Children! What do I know?  
Well, let it be a curse! I will  
bear it. And the children? If they  
are sound, then life will keep  
them. That I believe. And homeless?  
Might that not be my calling? A  
mission? If it is so, then may I  
prove my worth. . . .

53 EXT. DIBBERN HOME, OUTSIDE - LATER

53

GEORGE DIBBERN walks outside of the house.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

A great sobbing seems to go through  
the house. Is that one of the  
conditions? That I have to hear it  
and cannot help?

GEORGE DIBBERN peers up at the stars.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

Of what value are prayers? Will  
they be heard? Until the morning I  
hear the hours strike.

A distant church bell strikes three.

54 INT. DIBBERN HOME, GEORGE'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING

54

The CHILDREN'S VOICES sound from above. GEORGE DIBBERN sits  
on his bed.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(To camera)

Soon they will be down. The last  
morning. How I will miss them! How  
much. How I love them, and I will  
not see them.

FRAUKE, the eldest, who is seven, comes into the room and  
looks at GEORGE DIBBERN with big dark eyes.

FRAUKE

Daddy, are you really sailing away?

FRAUKE sits down on the edge of the bed.

GEORGE DIBBERN

Yes, dear.

She snuggles close up.

FRAUKE

How far is it to where you are going?

GEORGE DIBBERN

Very far, dear.

Now the other two come down. First ELKE, the middle one. Very gently, and with a smile upon her lips, she caresses George's face and purrs tenderly.

ELKE

(Kissing him)

Daddy, dear.

FRAUKE

Elke, Daddy is sailing far away in the Te Rapunga. Oh, I wish I could sail with him.

ELKE hardly listens to her sister, but she puts her arm around GEORGE DIBBERN as a mother around her child, and coos like a pigeon.

ELKE

My little daddy – darling, don't you be afraid.

FRAUKE

(with glowing, scornful eyes)

Rubbish, Father is not afraid!

ELKE

(Her head on George)

You'll come back again, the boat won't sink, and I will always love you.

GEORGE DIBBERN shoots into the air as somebody tickles his ribs.

ELKE

Sunke!

The sound sucks out of the room as we see, like a whirlwind, with green eyes and flying blonde hair, SUNKE riding upon George. This is too much for the other two, who speedily join in. After the pileup everything shifts.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

Soon I pick up my bones from the floor. Always it is Elke who caresses me, growling at the youngest one when she is too wild. I don't know how the day passes.

Time fluctuates and bends. GEORGE DIBBERN wanders about the house as family members appear and vanish.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

Again and again my eyes and hands caress what I love. It is a real dying. Again and again I try to impress upon my soul their dear images, never to forget them. I want to speak, give advice, but cannot find the words. For who can warn them against all the possibilities?

GEORGE DIBBERN kneels in prayer.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(To camera)

I give them in trust to their guardian angels . . . I am dead.

55 INT. DIBBERN HOME, LIVING ROOM - LATER

55

GEORGE DIBBERN walks into the living room where his WIFE and DAUGHTERS are. They don't notice him there.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(To camera)

I am glad that I have always tried to make the children independent and self-reliant. I feel that they cannot be bribed, that they are balanced, that they are natural, and that they have warm hearts. All have daily shared the household worries and joys. My wife and I never have had secrets from them, and we never have made believe.

56 INT. DIBBERN HOME, GIRLS' BEDROOM - LATER

56

GEORGE DIBBERN stands in the doorway to the girls' bedroom as they are preparing to go to sleep.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(To camera)

We always have been a little team, comrades. They have understanding for human frailties and weaknesses, and their little hearts are always ready to forgive and to help.

CLOSE UP on GEORGE DIBBERN's face.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(To camera)

Are not our children greater than we? That we may grow through them?

GEORGE'S WIFE enters the bedroom and kisses her daughters each good night.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(To camera)

Always my wife and I have found new strength in standing by their bedsides. Life's strong stream flowed over to us when we looked upon their little faces, pink with sleep, and listened to their quiet breathing. No, for the children I have no fear - they will create for

(MORE)

GEORGE DIBBERN (CONT'D)  
 themselves their own way. With  
 their warm hearts and their faith  
 they will never go under.

GEORGE'S WIFE leaves the room and GEORGE DIBBERN follows.

57 INT. DIBBERN HOUSE, BATHROOM - LATER

57

In the bathroom GEORGE DIBBERN looks closely at his wife as  
 she goes through her own bedtime ritual.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(To camera)

My main worry is my wife. She is  
 afraid, so much afraid of the  
 "tomorrow." She needs security,  
 protection - which I hardly ever  
 have given her, and of which I now  
 take the last vestige away. How  
 hard it is for her to be left with  
 these small children and not a  
 penny except the dole, and she  
 herself not strong! What am I  
 doing? How much rudeness and  
 impudence will confront her. They  
 always attack a defenseless woman.  
 And she will have to listen to all  
 that people say about me. It is not  
 easy to defend when one secretly  
 attacks oneself, yet one must  
 defend what one loves. How I would  
 like to make it easier for her, go  
 through certain businesses with  
 her, advise her, but I am afraid.  
 Afraid that other things will have  
 to be fought over again.

Once again GEORGE DIBBERN finds himself kneeling outside of  
 the bathroom.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(To camera)

Once one believed in prayer: one  
 was a small child. Today I am a  
 grownup. Then, quickly and

(MORE)

GEORGE DIBBERN (CONT'D)  
secretly, out of love for wife and  
children, for a few minutes I  
become a child.

GEORGE DIBBERN  
(To God)  
See that my children are safe.

58 INT. DIBBERN HOME, DINING ROOM TABLE - LATER

58

The family sits down to the dinner table.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)  
What a hard day it is, but  
everything comes to an end  
sometime. We have our last meal  
together. The hangman is already  
standing around the corner.

59 INT. DIBBERN HOME, BATH - LATER

59

GEORGE DIBBERN is in the bathroom with the three girls as  
they are in their bath.

GEORGE DIBBERN  
(To camera)  
I bathe the children and tell them  
stories of New Zealand, about Maui,  
how he fished New Zealand out of  
the sea; about the coming of the  
Maori canoes, Tainui, Tokumaru,  
Arawa, Takitumu; of Paikea, the  
Chief, and Tamatea Ariki, the  
priest or "tohunga" of "Takitumu."  
His was the tribe, the Ngati Poro,  
to which Mother Rangī belongs.

The GIRLS play and laugh.

GEORGE DIBBERN  
(To the girls)  
Out of love for my brown friends, I  
have given to each of you a Maori  
name beside a German one. First,  
your brother who died young, the

(MORE)

GEORGE DIBBERN (CONT'D)  
 names of Jens Rangi, which means  
 "Heaven," or "Clearness." You  
 Frauke, we gave the name Frauke  
 Wahine, which means "Woman," or, in  
 this combination, "Womanly Woman."  
 Elke Mata, you are next with a name  
 which means "Doe-Eye". And our baby  
 is called Sunke Tai, meaning "Ocean  
 of Sun."

FRAUKE  
 (Not amused)  
 Womanly woman.

ELKE huffs a bit.

SUNKE  
 Sun ocean.

GEORGE DIBBERN  
 Look well after our little Mother  
 and be good comrades to her. I  
 depend upon you.

GEORGE DIBBERN chokes on his tears.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)  
 Fancy calling upon these little  
 ones to help. They are only seven,  
 five and a half, and four.

60 INT. DIBBERN HOME, GIRLS' ROOM - LATER

60

The GIRLS are drying off and getting into their night  
 sleeping gowns. Three times two arms try to hold GEORGE  
 DIBBERN, kissing him.

FRAUKE  
 I am your good comrade; you can go.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)  
 As her first child she sends me  
 into the world.

ELKE  
 (Warmly with love)  
 Daddy, my darling.

GEORGE DIBBERN bends down to ELKE. Then SUNKE jumps on to his back. All sentimentality has flown. Quickly GEORGE DIBBERN catches her and throws her into her little cot, giving her a kiss, which she answers by blowing into his mouth.

GEORGE DIBBERN  
 (To Sunke)  
 Little cheeky imp.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)  
 Then I tear myself away, for it is  
 time.

61 INT. DIBBERN HOME, LIVING ROOM - LATER

61

GEORGE DIBBERN goes into the living room and sits beside his WIFE, silently.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)  
 I would like to tell my wife some  
 stories, but we are too grown-up -  
 it is beyond our dignity and mood,  
 so we say nothing.

62 EXT. TRAIN STATION - SAME EVENING

62

At the train station GEORGE DIBBERN and his WIFE meet ALBRECHT, who is all excitement.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)  
 My wife and I try to smile at each  
 other. Our throats ache, our hearts  
 bleed; the eyes of my wife scream,  
 her mouth trembles, and only by  
 being of steel can one stand  
 upright. No soft words does one  
 dare to say, no caress does one  
 dare to give, out of fear that one  
 might start an avalanche. At last I  
 have to say something.

GEORGE DIBBERN

Cheer up, sweetheart, a duck  
doesn't drown.

It wins a ghastly smile. And still the train doesn't go.  
Albrecht buzzes around.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

(Sigh)

The executioner-conductor comes.  
Soon it will be all over. The  
children at home are my only hope.  
They will help where the road is  
closed to me. I can do nothing  
more. ... My wife's hand is cold in  
mine, so cold.

GEORGE'S WIFE

(Lips trembling)

My little boy ... Little Father ...

GEORGE DIBBERN

Little Mother.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

No more do I dare say, out of fear  
that she might fall.

GEORGE DIBBERN gets on the train, the engine pulls, it  
moves. Once, twice, GEORGE DIBBERN sees his WIFE's great  
serious eyes. At last she stands all alone at the end of  
the platform.

GEORGE DIBBERN (V.O)

My heart cries, "Stop! Stop the  
train, and let me back - back-"  
"Outward you're bound; don't look  
around. Outward you're bound; don't  
look around," the rails sing.

George clutches the leather strap of the window.

63 INT. TRAIN - LATER

63

A few times little suburban stations swish past. Albrecht has fallen asleep beside George who looks directly at us.

GEORGE DIBBERN

(To camera)

The train rushes into the dark night and into a dark future. And suddenly I feel as if I am the Flying Dutchman, and have been permitted to rest a little while on shore, that perhaps the pure souls of my children one day might redeem me; perhaps I have to live out a curse, learn a task, fulfill a mission; and through them it is once possible for me to come into contact with human hearts. One thing is sure; I go into the night, homeless.

The train rushes into darkness.