

# Astro€uros

a downright untruthful affair

by

# JGH Hoppmann



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FADE IN:

001 OPENING CREDITS

Opening credits and title. Animations of the planets.  
Copyright infos. LILITH talks off screen.

LILITH (O.S.)

I'm standing beside the twelve  
stars, right at the Euro.

LILITH (O.S.)

(continuing)

And now I'm going up to the  
Olympian Gods.

002 INTERIOR - POTTERY LABORATORY - NIGHT

Zodiac cups. A person kneads clay at a pottery wheel.  
Rotating cup is painted. Cup of the disc is taken down and  
placed in the oven, pottery kiln closed. For a second we  
can see the face of CHIRON.

CHIRON

The old guy kept coming to the  
stall, talked a lot. Of the eternal  
war between the powers of light and  
the powers of darkness, which is  
said to rage since times  
immemorial.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

Some strive for money and power,  
are found everywhere in economics  
and politics, allegedly using  
astral magic to manipulate the  
masses.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

The others? Selling pottery -  
perhaps it's ridiculous.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

It is food for the soul, said the  
old guy, when he came to the stall  
one last time, many years ago. I  
don't know.

003 INTERIOR - KITCHEN - NIGHT

LILITH sits at the kitchen table, stands up, goes away.

**004 INTERIOR - FROM AIRCRAFT INTO THE NIGHT - NIGHT**

Engine noise, an ever faster expectant runway, the plane takes off. Title displays:

**AstroEuros a downright untruthful  
affair by JGH Hoppmann**

**005 INNEN/EXTERIOR - AIRPORT TEGEL - DAY**

Aircraft landing on Berlin. Lilith goes through the airport hall, looks outside for a taxi.

**006 INTERIOR - SURREALISTIC - NIGHT**

Collage to star sign Aries.

**HE**

**Aries: Desire for action, action -  
ready for conflict.**

**HE**

**(cont'd)**

**Forward, forward, forward, and  
bang! Bloody signpost! And  
onward... Forward, forward,  
forward, and bang!**

**SHE**

**Aries!**

Long animation with music (Lilith-Theme).

**007 INTERIOR - TAXI - DAY**

Lilith enters a taxi.

**CABMAN**

**(dialect)**

**Step inside, so you can look out.**

**CABMAN**

**(cont'd)**

**Where do you like to go, lovely?**

**LILITH**

**Old Potsdam road number one.**

**CABMAN**

**That's center.**

**CABMAN**

**(cont'd)**

**And center means east.**

CABMAN

(cont'd)

And full of Westerners.

LILITH

That may be the old town?

CABMAN

(cont'd)

The old town?!?

LILITH

Old roads and gas lights?

CABMAN

And what ya wanna do here?

LILITH

What I will do here?

LILITH

(cont'd)

The Mail Ministry from Bonn is now part of the Economics Department in Berlin.

Ride along Siegestsäule, Reichstag and Brandenburger Tor. Lilith looks childlike, astonished.

CABMAN

Eih. Could you move a little bit for the lady?

CABMAN

(cont'd)

She's still nervous...

A woman with an van. Rather an accident. Lilith brakes on her way: hand brake.

CABMAN

(cont'd)

Don't cling there!

The taxi driver boosts the disc down and shouts with angry face.

CABMAN

(cont'd)

Oh man, couldn't you move that shitty bus!

CABMAN

(cont'd)

If you could see the Reichstag, you  
could see it now.

CABMAN

(cont'd)

Brandenburg Gate... Reunification.

CABMAN

(cont'd)

Who lives in Berlin is a Berliner.

CABMAN

(cont'd)

One big family.

CABMAN

(cont'd)

Still homesick?

He points with his index finger towards the hand brake.  
Lilith looks, releases the hand brake. The journey  
continues.

CABMAN

(cont'd)

You should call my uncle's  
brotherinlaw's daughter.

CABMAN

(cont'd)

She's a qualified psycho maniac  
with hocus-pocus and everything!

CABMAN

(cont'd)

I myself finishes the therapy with  
full marks! First-class.

Urban traffic at Potsdamer Platz. Taxi stops in the middle  
of high-rise buildings.

CABMAN

(cont'd)

Now your romantic old village.

CABMAN

(cont'd)

Different prices 'cause Capital of  
the Reich.

CABMAN

(cont'd)

Receipt book, receipt book... Can't  
find.

CABMAN

(cont'd)

We'll make electronically: 85 Eus please.

CABMAN

(cont'd)

Good, that's right. Over there, where you want to go to.

CABMAN

(cont'd)

And go to potter at the flea market. You'll get an extra price.

CABMAN

(cont'd)

And do call uncle's brotherinlaw's astro-daughter: Astro!

**008 INTERIOR - LILITH'S APPARTEMENT - DAY**

Potsdamer Strasse no. 1. Skyline with Sony Center. Lilith draw the blinds high, looks around the the room, smiling.

**009 EXTERIOR - ARTIST FLEA MARKET - DAY**

Artist flea market, many visitors, tourists, full stalls. A painter in between. At a booth with pottery Lilith. She looks over cups with an Zodiac symbols.

CHIRON

Everything handmade. First bake, and then colour and glaze.

Lilith takes one of the cups in hand, watching him. A short, deep eye contact, irritated.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

A coffeemug for the office, perhaps?

LILITH

Very decorative. I take this one: My sign.

CHIRON

Go ahead. Every symbol has its meaning.

LILITH

Yeah, but it's also nice decoration.

She reaches a euro bill over, gets exchange money.

**CHIRON**  
(winking)  
There is power in the symbols...

**CHIRON**  
(cont'd)  
...even if you don't believe in it.

**LILITH**  
And I'll take that bookshop card  
too.

**CHIRON**  
The card you took is for the  
Christal's bookshop.

Lilith look for a long time to him, turns and ambles on.

**CHIRON**  
(winking)  
Go there and speak with the old  
man!

**010 INTERIOR - SURREALISTIC - NIGHT**

Collage with Zodiac sign Taurus.

**HE**  
Taurus

**SHE**  
Taurus. I wanna be loved by you,  
alone.

**011 EXTERIOR - ECONOMICS MINISTRY - DAY**

Situated on the square in front of the new gate a shallow pool of water we see an oblique ramp made of concrete and granite, three metres in height, dropping abruptly. Lilith with a briefcase turns over to the main entrance of the Ministry of Economy. On her wrist is a watch with the sign TAURUS.

**012 INTERIOR - ECONOMICS MINISTRY CORRIDOR - DAY**

The PERSONAL SECRETARY, a barren and cold-passionate woman in the fifties with pungent views, controlling and dominating, leads Lilith through the corridors and talking to her quickly.

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**  
Look, how nice and clean things are  
here with us.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(cont'd)

Call me Gisela, child.

LILITH

I'm Elisabeth. But my colleagues in Bonn call me Lilith.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

I know, we know everything about you.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(cont'd)

The Economics Departement, a house in two places: Bonn and Berlin.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(cont'd)

We know everyone, even the junior inspectors...

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(cont'd)

We will get along wonderfully, kiddy, Lilith.

The personal secretary opens the door to an open-plan office.

**013 INTERIOR - ECONOMICS MINISTRY - DAY**

Several middle-aged COLLEAGUES look stubborn from their desks. Silence.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

Ladies... and Gentlemen: Your new colleague!

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(cont'd, zu Lilith)

See you later, then.

The personal secretary leaves. Silence. A COLLEAGUE stands up, then the others too, very slowly.

LILITH

(cont'd)

I thought, I thought... I'd bring some cake to celebrate.

LILITH

(cont'd)

And if it's all right, some bubbly,  
too?

**KOLLEGIN A**

Aber ja doch. Schön.  
Yes, of course. Nice.

**KOLLEGIN A**

(cont'd)

Erwin, hol mal Teller. Der Kaffee  
ist schon gebrüht.  
Erwin, go get plates. Coffee is  
freshly made.

**KOLLEGIN A**

(cont'd)

Erwin, die Gabeln auch. Erwin, das  
kannst du doch, nicht wahr?  
Erwin, forks as well. Erwin,  
you'll manage, won't you?

COLLEAGUE ERWIN toddles. Also the other colleagues are on  
the move, with relaxed attitude.

**COLLEAGUE ERWIN**

If there's something for  
diabetics... You know?

**LILITH**

Yes. Look: Bought here in Berlin.  
There: Isn't it sweet?

Amid the cheerful new colleagues Lilith distributed the  
cake, take the champagne. Coercive atmosphere. General  
merriment. Lilith fetches from her bag the new Zodiac cup  
with a Capricorn symbol. Still more silence. Movement and  
faces congeal. Mr Erwin lifts the cup before his eyes,  
pushing the glasses high. Meanwhile Lilith opens the  
Lilith bittle.

**COLLEAGUE ERWIN**

(doubtfully)

Is that Capricorn?

**LILITH**

(smiling)

Yes, my sign. Isn't that fun?  
Well, just for decoration.

Behind her the red heary colleague A hastily leaves,  
irritated looking after Lilith. Mr Erwin puts down the  
cup.

**COLLEAGUE ERWIN**

Actually. We don't drink while on duty.

**KOLLEGIN C**

A bit mushy, the cake.

Lilith is still being astonished, with the open bottle of champagne in her hand.

**LILITH**

But Miss Colleague, if I might serve to you?

**KOLLEGIN D**

Sorry, please?

**KOLLEGIN C**

Miss, would you please come to the personal secretary?

**LILITH**

Yes, right.

Lilith places the bottle on the desk with full plates of cake and the bakery paper, wipes her hands and goes.

**014 INTERIOR - OFFICE PERSONAL SECRETARY - DAY**

From this hall a half-opened door leads to the boss room. The UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE with his ASTROLABIUM GALILEO GALILEI ULYSSE NARDIN wristwatch observes the scene by the side from a chair.

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

May I introduce: The Undersecretary of State. The new one.

Mutual nod, according to the hierarchy.

**UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE**

(to Lilith)

Sit down.

He takes space on the edge in semi-darkness in a chair.

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

Dear Ms. Elisabeth.

Short view to the Undersecretary of State. He nods.

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

(cont'd)

Your administrative management training is completed?

LILITH

Yes, with excellence.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

Please, just answer my questions!

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(cont'd)

One year's experience at planning  
and organisation in Bonn?

LILITH

Yes. Department 7, former Mail  
Ministry...

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(shouting)

No details!

Lilith pinches the mouth.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(cont'd)

Father died, mother remarried, no  
siblings. Raised in Bonn-Kessenich.

LILITH

(nodding)

At the foot of Venus Hill.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

Is that supposed to be funny?

LILITH

No! Bonner Talweg, Bonn Kessenich,  
where the Venus hill...

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(serious, very  
serious)

Born the first of the second...

LILITH

No!

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(looking up)

No?

LILITH

It's the old turn-around. Still  
spooking through the archives.

LILITH

(cont'd)

Not first of the second, but second  
of the first!

PERSONAL SECRETARY

Really?

LILITH

Yes.

Silence. The Undersecretary of State tightens up.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

You are... let's put it this way,  
overqualified for this job.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(cont'd)

We've found a brilliant solution.

Her left hand hurts. The young girl rubs it on the right,  
slightly shivering.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(cont'd)

Promotion into the next higher  
position. Subordinated to me and  
the Undersecretary of State.

Mr. Under Secretary of State looks with warm eyes to the  
chicken.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(cont'd)

However: You have to be quick now.  
You have to make up your mind  
immediately.

LILITH

What does that mean?

PERSONAL SECRETARY

That means here and now and today.

The Chiefsecretary places the already completed agreement  
on the table. The chick looks to the Statesecretaries  
eagle eyes.

LILITH

(hesitating, then  
with courage)

I agree. Where do I have to sign?

Lilith leans over the desk to the form.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

Here. And here. And here as well.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(cont'd)

Of course, the old contract must be terminated simultaneously. You understand?

Nod. Lilith signs this too. The Undersecretary is already disappeared.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(cont'd)

Report to the receptionist at 10am tomorrow morning. He will show you the ropes.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(cont'd)

Now go. Go already!

Lilith, the hand has been on the jack.

LILITH

(carefully smiling)

'til tomorrow!

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(surprising cold)

And child: No alcohol at work!

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(cont'd)

You could lose your job during the probation period!

Lilith remains as electrified.

LILITH

Well yes, of course, the alcohol, I understand.

LILITH

(cont'd)

But my probation period has ended long ago, the year before last in Bonn...

PERSONAL SECRETARY

Child, you forget: New job, new probation.

PERSONAL SECRETARY  
(cont'd)

And now go... Go already. Move!

015 EXTERIOR/INTERIOR - BOOKSHOP - DAY

Lilith is facing the esoteric book store. A EMPLOYEE talks to her several times before she responds. At his invitation, she goes into it, meets the OLD including MONITORING, ultimately flees out again.

EMPLOYEE

What can I do for you?

LILITH

The old... the old bookseller.

EMPLOYEE

Yes, I know. Go till the end.

THE OLD MAN

Well, I'm not a fatalist.

THE OLD MAN

(cont'd)

To me, life is like a train journey, where end point and next stop are already fixed.

THE OLD MAN

(cont'd)

What a lot of people don't realize are the many stops in between.

THE OLD MAN

(cont'd)

And at these stops you can leave.

THE OLD MAN

(cont'd)

Many people stay on their train, instead of leaving at the station and leasurely choosing a new train, that will take them to the destination of their dreams.

THE OLD MAN

(cont'd)

Many people don't know their dream destination.

THE OLD MAN

(cont'd)

They keep fluctuating between dream  
and reality.

THE OLD MAN

(cont'd)

Consequently, they feel  
uncomfortable in a monotonous job,  
in an everyday routine, in a  
frustrating relationship.

THE OLD MAN

(cont'd)

Being an astrologer, I recognize  
from the stellar constellations,  
how long my client will have to  
wait for the next train.

THE OLD MAN

(cont'd)

The actors entering our lives help  
us to experience the structures  
laid down in the horoscope and to  
remember them later as images.

THE OLD MAN

(cont'd)

From this point of view the carmic  
horoscope factors hint at the  
chosen life orientation, without  
dictating an inevitable life plan.

THE OLD MAN

(cont'd)

Exercising our free will, we can  
use the stops of the train we're on  
either to get off and take a break  
or to board another train.

016 INTERIOR - SURREALISTIC - NIGHT

Collage with Zodiac sign Gemini.

HE

Gemini: I talk, therefore I am.

SHE

Gemini! Hi?

017 INTERIOR - CONFERENCE ROOM EUROPE HAUSE - NIGHT

Three WISE EURO MEN in the semi-dark room are sitting  
around a circular table, smoking big cigars, looking at  
leaves with strange symbols, connected by colourful  
strokes, surrounded by a Zodiac. Euro-star circle. A

horoscope is situated in the middle. Silence. In the background you can see through the window the brightly Brandenburg Gate.

WISE EURO MAN #1

And she is the right one for this delicate task?

WISE EURO MAN #2

The constellation is right.

WISE EURO MAN #2

(cont'd)

A very special little stone goat, with her own explosive power.

WISE EURO MAN #3

Right then.

018 INTERIOR - SINGLE OFFICE ECONOMICS MINISTRY - DAY

Lilith in a small room at a desk. On her wrist a watch with the character GEMINI. Colleague A standing nearby, with a batch file in her arm.

KOLLEGIN A

Oh well, first day at work. Here's the economical data for the years 92 to 97.

KOLLEGIN A

(cont'd)

All figures have to be converted into Euros and listed.

KOLLEGIN A

(cont'd)

Admittedly a rather stupid job.

LILITH

First of all a very good morning, dear colleague.

LILITH

(cont'd)

But: My Computer doesn't work.

KOLLEGIN A

Das ist nicht mein Problem. Und noch einen schönen Tag  
That's not my problem. And have a nice day.

The SERVICE TECHNICIAN of the domestic technology enters. Colleague A raises the documents pile on the desk and

goes.

**SERVICE TECHNICIAN**

Morning, young lady. I heard you're having a problem?

**LILITH**

My Computer doesn't start up. No idea why...

The service technician carries the heavy monitor and PC to a wheelchair, retrieves an old typewriter.

**SERVICE TECHNICIAN**

Here, a good old German typewriter.

**SERVICE TECHNICIAN**

(cont'd)

Use carbon paper and you can get up to three copies. Hit the keys hard.

**SERVICE TECHNICIAN**

(cont'd)

And your Computer... It'll go into storage.

**LILITH**

Hold on a minute:

**LILITH**

(cont'd)

No. I have an enormous job to do here.

**LILITH**

The Undersecretary of State wants it by tomorrow...

**LILITH**

(cont'd)

Excuse me, but this typewriter... Hello?

**SERVICE TECHNICIAN**

Yes?

**LILITH**

(cont'd)

I can't work with that.

Lilith trembles, smokes a cigarette.

**SERVICE TECHNICIAN**

Young lady, this is not my problem.  
Ask the caretaker.

**SERVICE TECHNICIAN**

(cont'd)

The colleague is just coming.

The service technician leaves with full packed wheelchair out of the room. The FACILITY MANAGER enters with a ladder.

**LILITH**

What are you doing with the ladder?  
I need a new computer, not a  
ladder.

**LILITH**

(cont'd)

What are you doing up there?

The tabletop to the side, ladder placed. Above the ceiling the facility manager hooks the disguise of lighting.

**FACILITY MANAGER**

Environmental health commissioner,  
if you don't mind.

**FACILITY MANAGER**

(cont'd)

Could you please switch off the  
light?

He unlatches one of the two fluorescent tubes.

**FACILITY MANAGER**

(cont'd)

And on again.

Strange funzliges twilight. He leaves. On the doorstep he turn around again.

**LILITH**

Listen, that's all good and well,  
but...

**FACILITY MANAGER**

What, but?

**LILITH**

Here I have a mountain of work to  
be moved until tomorrow.

**LILITH**

(cont'd)

I need a computer.

FACILITY MANAGER

Colleague is on the way. Lots of people sick.

FACILITY MANAGER

(cont'd)

Sorry. Now lunch is calling, already past 11.

FACILITY MANAGER

(cont'd)

And: No smoking at the workplace, at least not at a computerised workplace.

019 INTERIOR - ECONOMICS MINISTRY - NIGHT

A CHARWOMAN cleans through the corridors. Then she pulls the plug from the wall, switches off the lights. A light from a half-open door of a small room. One can hear the clatter of a typewriter. The charwoman turns on again the hallway lighting. The charwoman looks into the room. Lilith looks. She rubs her the painful ankles. The cleaning woman shakes her head, points to the typewriter.

CHARWOMAN

Hello! Don't you have a calculator?

LILITH

Here: You can use my calculator.

CHARWOMAN

Tell me, you are taking the mickey or what?

CHARWOMAN

(cont'd)

What shall I do with a pocket calculator? Tsk. I mean a computer.

LILITH

Oh, I see!

CHARWOMAN

Or is it broken again?

LILITH

Strange, isn't it? I also have to get on without it somehow.

CHARWOMAN

Strange, weird. As if it's jinxed,  
this room is.

CHARWOMAN

(cont'd)

Everyone working here is declared  
idiot on duty at some point.

CHARWOMAN

(cont'd)

First the computer goes, then they  
sit there and stare, a right heap  
of misery, and then they're sacked.

CHARWOMAN

(cont'd)

Like on a station, this is. A  
comin' and goin'.

CHARWOMAN

(cont'd)

A new one is hardly 'ere and - gone  
again.

The Charwoman leaves. Lilith stares after her, ponders,  
then jumps.

LILITH

You! You!

LILITH

(cont'd)

Do you mean to say that everyone  
sitting in this room ends up  
getting in the sack?

CHARWOMAN

(turns cleaning her  
backto her)

Well... I don't know anything.

CHARWOMAN

(cont'd)

And I won't be drawn into anything,  
either.

She goes away, cleans with the wipers on the tiles. Lilith  
lops for a moment. Then she picks the keychain from the  
cleaning carts, quietly, very quietly.

020 INTERIOR - OFFICE UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE OF STATE - NIGHT

Lilith tiptoes along the corridor over to the office of

the personal secretary, cautiously opens the door, goes into it, switches on a small light.

The desk of the personal secretary. Right and precisely oriented books, writing pen, ruler, et cetera. Control coercion, as usual. Where is the personal file? There: the door to the Undersecretary of State. Fortunately not closed. Everything quiet outside there in the hallway? Yes. Fine.

Here it's like in a Alchemist's laboratory: Globe, planetary models, reconstructed historic frills for planet observation, an Astrolabe. And Books, books everywhere. Cigars. Must be. The young woman touches with fluttering hands the portfolios underlying the table.

**LILITH**

**(muted)**

**There. My contract.**

**LILITH**

**(cont'd)**

**What's that?**

Lilith scrolls through th file. Later on she finds a colorful chart drawing, looks up closely to it.

**LILITH**

**(cont', whispering)**

**Now look at that. That must be a horoscope... OK.**

Lilith sees a handwritten note.

**LILITH**

**(cont'd)**

**Invalid. Data incorrect. Wrong signification.**

**LILITH**

**(loud)**

**Promote and... fire!**

Lilith goes to the filing cabinets, checked everything there, finds even more chart drawings, seems to hear noises in the hallway. A creak at the door.

She looks to the corridor. The charwoman goes along the course to the toilet. Then Lilith turns back, turns the photocopier on, duplicated her personal documents and sets everything back, sneaks out and closes.

## **021 INTERIOR - CORRIDOR ECONOMICS MINISTRY - NIGHT**

The charwoman still is in the toilet. Cautious but a little bit clacking Lilith places the keys back to the

cleaning carts. The charwoman revolves around, registers the situation.

LILITH

Bye bye.

CHARWOMAN

My name's nobody. I don't know anything.

CHARWOMAN

(cont'd)

Have a good night.

Abruptly Lilith turns around. The charwoman beckons her with the cleaning cloths. Lilith looks to her.

022 INTERCUT - ASTROLINE/SONYCENTER - NIGHT

Young women's hands painting fingernails on the computer keyboard. The ringing of the phone lets the TELEPHONE OPERATOR jerk. Nail varnish drops on the twin-teddy corner of a magazine.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

(angelic)

The Astroline. A divine good evening.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

(cont'd)

What may I do for you?

LILITH (O.S.)

Elisabeth here. But my friends call me Lilith.

The telephone operator lifts her eyebrow and takes the chewing gum from her mouth. We see that she works in a large call center. In the background a MESSENGER BICYCLE COURIER in close fitting bicycle pants, delivering a shipment.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

Lilith. The Black Moon. Divine!

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

(cont'd)

And now the numbers please. The number!

The bike courier remain at their desk, smartly borrows a pen from her, something noting. His well trained parts are placed directly at her workplace. The telephone operator gets glassy eyes.

LILITH (O.S.)

Second of the first. 10am. Bonn.

LILITH (O.S.)

(cont'd)

Something must be wrong with my horoscope.

And even now this wonderful bicycle courier turns a little bit. Whether there is a rabbit's foot in his loincloth - or perhaps it's even real?

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

(cringing)

Just a moment please.

LILITH (O.S.)

(impatient)

What do you see - Money, luck, love, health, job... Job, first of all. Please!

The telephone operator takes the pen and stares, as the nice bicycle courier walks away.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

(cont'd, droning)

As a Capricorn, you are disciplined, hardworking and ambitious.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

(cont'd, gasp)

Speziell bei weiblichen Horoskopen ist der Wunsch nach einem starken - Moment - der Wunsch nach einem starken Partner...

The female horoscope usually shows the wish for strong - just a moment - for strong partner...

LILITH (O.S.)

(interrupting)

Stop! You are just reading this. I need some special advice.

Telephone operator leans back, takes the nail varnish.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

Concerning what?

LILITH (O.S.)

Something is wrong with my horoscope.

LILITH (O.S.)

And that's why I might lose my job!

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

(cranking)

Well, as I said: Especially in a female horoscope, the desire for a...

LILITH (O.S.)

Stop! I'd like to talk to the manager. I want to lodge a complaint.

The telephone operator bends close to the microphone and whispers, looking around in the call.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

(whispering, nervous)

Listen: If I'd lose my job too, that doesn't help either of us.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

(cont'd)

I'll give you a special treatment. Happy?

LILITH (O.S.)

Maybe. Find out what is so wrong with me and my birth details.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

I could you that without a horoscope.

LILITH (O.S.)

Excuse me?

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

(again cranking)

I'll find out. Takes a while.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

(cont'd)

Here's my private number, for emergencies. It'll cost extra, though.

LILITH (O.S.)

Ach, 'til tomorrow.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

(apart)

I can hardly wait.

**023 INTERIOR - SURREALISTIC - NIGHT**

Collage with Zodiac sign Cancer.

**HE**

**Cancer. Keyword: I feel...**

**SHE**

**Cancer.**

**024 INTERIOR - ECONOMICS MINISTRY - DAY**

Suddenly, the harsh voice of the personal secretary.

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

**(razor-sharp)**

**Are you dreaming, darling? Please,  
no radio at the office.**

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

**(razor-sharp)**

**And take these tacky posters off  
the wall. This is the Department of  
Economics.**

**025 EXTERIOR - ECONOMICS MINISTRY - DAY**

In the evening twilight staff leave the Economics Ministry. Lilith, also among of them, with her briefcase firmly clasping.

She wants to pass an entertaining a group of colleagues. Nobody seems to notice her. The pulk remains closed, leaves no gap.

The cleaning woman looks out from the entrance.

**KOLLEGIN B**

**Colleague, make some space on the  
career ladder.**

**KOLLEGIN**

**(cont'd)**

**Over there an ambitious workforce  
wants to take action.**

With red ears and shy lowered head Lilith goes by the group. From the shot one see Lilith alone at the ramp before the Ministry of Economy.

**026 EXTERIOR - RESTAURANT - DAY**

With depressive face Lilith sits on one of the tables of the restaurant STÄNDIGE VERTRETUNG, beside her the briefcase. Moisture eyes. A ship. The river is close. The

water too. It stinks. Loud noise from the railway bridge.  
Many people. Looking the water, with tears in her eyes.  
Beer is coming.

**OBER**

To your health.

**LILITH**

Where does this bridge lead, where  
do these people go?

**OBER**

Friedrichstraße station. Next to it  
the so called Palace of Tears.

She looks at him incredulously.

**OBER**

(cont'd)

Former GDR checkpoint, where one  
said goodbye to Western relatives.

**OBER**

(cont'd)

Behind it, the arts and crafts  
market.

**LILITH**

(arrogant)

I know... Check, please.

She drinks, hasty swallowing. Small tears. Then she pays,  
a little bit confused.

**027 EXTERIOR - ALONG THE RIVER SPREE - DAY**

Lilith hesitantly runs through the pedestrian passage,  
under the rail bridge crossing the river, closely huddling  
the briefcase. She breathes deeply in and out.

Lilith is running on the pavement to the artist's flea  
market. Tears in her eyes. She seems to seek something.  
Then she discovers Chiron pottery stand.

**028 EXTERIOR - ARTIST FLEA MARKET**

Standing in front of him she slams the cup onto the table,  
with a furious move. Crazy look in her eyes. Chiron looks  
questioningly to Lilith. She opens her mouths, struggling  
for words.

**LILITH**

There!

She slams the cup on the potter's stand.

LILITH

(cont'd)

It's your fault that I'm losing my job.

LILITH

(cont'd)

You and your silly mug!

With his blue eyes he looks astonished. He goes around to her. Many small wrinkles in his eyes angles, as if he smiles, very softly.

LILITH

(cont'd)

I'm ruined.

LILITH

(cont'd)

I don't know where should I go. I don't know, where shall I work.

His amazement is not stupid, his smile not arrogant. Lilith breathes deeply.

LILITH

(cont'd)

It's your fault that I don't know what I want!

The cup falls to the ground. She grabs him firmly - and kisses him. The tip of his tongue, the tip of his tongue, the tip of his tongue ...

**029 INTERIOR - SURREALISTIC - NIGHT**

Collage with Zodiac sign Leo.

**HE**

I'm a Leo! Now now now now, what's  
up, lovey?

**HE**

(cont'd)

First, these exciting signs of  
submission and then the jitters?

**HE**

(cont'd)

Well well well well. I guess I'll  
have to radiate on you a bit, eh?

**HE**

(cont'd)

In the long run, no one resists the  
fire of a Leo. You belong to me!

**SHE**

Leo.

**030 INTERIOR - CHIRONS BED - DAY**

Berlin tenement house from the '20s. Details of the old  
fashioned workshop like clay, shapes, broken pottery,  
furnace, etc.

In between Lilith's open briefcase with a wonderfully-red  
sheath, pottery cups and the horoscopes. Her jacket hangs  
on hooks, further back her blouse on a chair, stockings  
and skirt and slip on the corridor floor, then her wrist  
with the Zodiac sign LEO.

In the adjacent room Lilith and Chiron, both with naked  
breast, aligned sitting in bed, heated and fainted. He  
lightens her a cigarette.

**LILITH**

You are my sunshine. And yet, it's  
your fault.

Lilith looks lovingly at him. He crawls himself his naked  
chest, contemplative.

**CHIRON**

Fault? Come to the market tomorrow.  
In the afternoon.

**CHIRON**

Let's go for a little walk, okay?

**LILITH**

It's the mug's fault... isn't it?

**CHIRON**

I think you will have to fight,  
fight like... a lioness

**031 EXTERIOR - ECONOMICS MINISTRY - DAY**

Lilith enters the ministry. The charwoman smokes a cigarette at the entrance and greets friendly.

**032 INTERIOR - OPEN-PLAN OFFICE - DAY**

Lilith works devotedly at a desk in the open-plan office. She is dressed conventionally, colorless and inconspicuous. She looks gray. But in her eyes glows hatred. One of the bullying colleagues looks over, shaking with the coffee cup. Lilith hurries away.

**032a INTERIOR - TEE KITCHEN ECONOMICS MINISTRY - DAY**

Lilith gears the pot, gives fresh water into it. The cleaning woman enters and begins with the cleaning. Lilith looks, grabs the cleaning cloth and wrings it over the pot. Dirty water drips into it. Lilith spits into it, and then the charwoman too, smiling.

**032b INTERIOR - OPEN-PLAN OFFICE - DAY**

Lilith is coming to the office and looks to her beloved colleagues.

**LILITH**

Fresh coffee is the best, after  
all.

The colleagues let pour and drink with pleasure. Especially to colleague Erwin it will be very tasty.

**033 EXTERIOR - ECONOMICS MINISTRY - DAY**

The personal secretary speaks to Lilith, directly looking into the camera.

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

Are you dreaming darling?

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

(cont'd)

We know everyone even the junior  
inspectors.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(cont'd)

Are you dreaming darling? Are you  
dreaming darling?

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(cont'd)

Are you dreaming darling?

Lilith nods, stops typing.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(cont'd)

We know everyone even the junior  
inspectors.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(cont'd)

No one alcohol at the workplace.

**034 INTERIOR - CHIRONS BED - NIGHT**

Chiron and Lilith are lying in a bed, making love.  
Suddenly Chiron scares and fetches something.

CHIRON

Ouch! What's that? A crystal?

LILITH

For you.

LILITH

(cont'd)

Tell me Chiron, where do you know  
the old bookseller from?

CHIRON

Thanks. The old guy? A fleamarket  
customer with a one-day visa.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

I learned a lot from him.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

About space. And about time. The  
stars within us. Energy.

LILITH

Yes well, but it's also nice  
decoration.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

You know, it works, even if you don't believe in it.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

I don't mean newspaper horoscopes or astro-psychologists.

He turns the small crystal in his hand. Lilith listens to him with tired eyes.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

Over here we used to have soothsayers as well.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

Love, illness, death. Some were specialised, for example on the question, as to whether and when one would be allowed to leave GDR.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

You in the West have star astrologers over there. How do I make a lot of money? Will I divorce?

CHIRON

(cont'd)

Self experience. Self development. Inflated egos in an ever colder world.

CHIRON

(cont'd, looking into the distant)

After all, we're only humans - no gods.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

They all fail, these self-declared life councillors, because of their own life lies.

CHIRON

(cont'd, smoking a cigarette)

You know, Lilith, to the ancient Chinese, the world was a reflection of the sky.

CHIRON  
(cont'd, again  
smoking a cigarette)

And we humans were, just like this crystal, children of the times we were born into.

CHIRON  
(cont'd, smoking a  
cigarette)

Barely more than a lump of clay here on earth.

CHIRON  
(cont'd)

The old guy kept coming to the stall, talked a lot of the eternal war between the powers of light and the powers of darkness,

CHIRON  
(cont'd)

which is said to rage since times immemorial.

CHIRON  
(cont'd)

Some strive for money and power, are found everywhere in economics and politics,

CHIRON  
(cont'd)

allegedly using astral magic to manipulate the masses.

CHIRON  
(cont'd)

And won't rest until they have estranged all of us from ourselves, have enslaved us to commerce...

CHIRON  
(cont'd)

and are selling love and dreams and even the air to breathe.

CHIRON  
(cont'd)

The others?

CHIRON

(cont'd)

They are fighting for the preservation of nature. Nature out there and nature within us.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

I don't know what to think of it.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

Selling pottery - perhaps it's ridiculous.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

It is food for the soul, said the old guy, when he came to the stall one last time, many years ago.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

It reminded people of what they're meant to be.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

I don't know. What do you think?

Meanwhile Lilith has closed her eyes and sleeps. Chiron does not notice, continues talking.

Lilith wallows in the bed, snores quietly. Chiron stops talking. Gently he pulls the blanket over her shoulder and deletes the light.

035 INTERIOR - SURREALISTIC - NIGHT

Collage with Zodiac sign Virgo.

HE

Virgo: Order, discipline, analysis.

SHE

Virgo: One two three four five six  
seven eight nine ten -

SHE

(cont'd)

one two three four five six seven  
eight nine ten.

036 INTERIOR - CHIRON'S BED - NIGHT

Lilith wakes up scared. She looks out to the window. Urban traffic. Chiron opens the window and pours his flowers on the window sill. Lilith presents her watch with the character VIRGO.

037 INTERIOR - OFFICE personal secretary - DAY

Lilith stands upright in front of the desk of the personal secretary, who shows a cold smile. Lilith looks great in this business suit. Again the Lord Under Secretary of State is sitting in the background, observer and full ruler at the same time.

As if she only had waited for his slightly nod, the personal secretary starts speaking. Then Lilith sets all photocopied horoscopes on the desk, bends threatening to the personal secretary. Her courage is quite fragile.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

Now, show me your corrections.

LILITH

My work has been lying on your desk  
since yesterday. It's perfect.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(drohend)

Really?

LILITH

(deep breath)

Certainly.

LILITH

(deep breath)

And any imperfection is solely due to the imperfect equipment at the work place.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

Since you are so un-cooperative during the probation period, we find ourselves...

Abruptly Lilith stops this speech, tears photocopies of her kit, throws them on the desktop.

LILITH

(with all courage)

And what's this here?

Now the Lord Under Secretary of State hunkers a little bit forward.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(clanging)

Where did you get that?

LILITH

(hysterical)

There are more copies: Personnel planning with a horoscope.

LILITH

(cont'd)

If that goes to the press! A huge scandal!

LILITH

(cont'd)

I demand civil service status.

LILITH

(cont'd)

Astromobbing at Ministry! Contract only with starsign!!!

LILITH

(cont'd)

How would you like to explain that to the public?

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(into the intercom)

Störnberg, come here immediately. Right now!

Fat but smart department head STÖRNBERG enters the room, estimates Lilith body measurements. A handful movement of

the personal secretary and Störnberg moves to Lilith's side. She loses power and sits down, tired.

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

**Störnberg, there is a problem.  
Listen. Miss Elisabeth...**

The personal secretary is struggling for words. No more finger drums. The Secretary of State takes the floor.

**UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE OF STATE**

**What do you want?**

**LILITH**

**I want to keep my job.**

**LILITH**

**(cont'd)**

**I want security, employee benefits,  
pension rights, pension, I want...**

Silence. A dark cloud is on the sun. Pause.

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

**(yelling)**

**Das ist doch lächerlich. Wer soll  
Ihnen diese Unsinn glauben?  
Ludicrous. Who would believe you  
this nonsense?**

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

**(cont'd)**

**Die jahrelange  
Medikamentenbehandlung hat Ihnen  
den Verstand geraubt.  
This extended medication has  
destroyed your mind.**

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

**(cont'd)**

**Störnberg: Rückversetzung nach  
Bonn, Postministerium am Bonner  
Talweg.  
Störnberg: Transfer back to Bonn,  
former Mail Ministry at Bonner  
Talweg.**

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

**(cont'd)**

**Gegebenenfalls Beurlaubung und zur  
psychiatrischen Begutachtung. Das  
gesamte Programm.  
If necessary, leave for psychiatric  
assessment. The whole programme.**

Lilith is always less on her chair. The personal secretary takes the photocopies. Störnberg scratches his head, pumping himself like a Junebug.

**STÖRNBERG**

That'll be not so easy.

Störnberg excuses, looking also to the Under Secretary of State, who quietly knocks with the fingers on his throne.

**STÖRNBERG**

(cont'd)

The Bonn administration: The last returns, we had an enormous bureaucratic expenditure.

**STÖRNBERG**

(cont'd)

The rules for compensation of loss of salary!

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

Störnberg!

**STÖRNBERG**

Admission into psychiatry. Forms. Applications, etcetera.

**STÖRNBERG**

(cont'd)

And the responsible officer over there is currently on sick leave again.

**STÖRNBERG**

(cont'd)

It'll take time!

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

Störnberg!

**STÖRNBERG**

(excusatory)

Besides, I am fully engaged at the Press- and Information Ministry.

**STÖRNBERG**

(cont'd)

The ball on Calendar Square is demanding all my energy.

**STÖRNBERG**

And on my own...

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

Störnberg! Ludicrous!

**STÖRNBERG**

Not at all. But the current  
circumstances...

The Under Secretary of State stands up, pushes Störnberg  
to the site and goes out to his study room.

**UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE OF STATE**

Oh well. She shall have her chance.

One last look back to the personal secretary. Then softly  
the padded door of the room closes.

**UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE OF STATE**

(points to Störnberg)

And he gets his assistant.

**038 INTERIOR - SURREALISTIC - NIGHT**

Collage with Zodiac sign Libra.

**HE**

Libra: Let's dare tipping the  
scales...

**SHE**

Libra...

**039 EXTERIOR - CALENDARIUM PLACE - NIGHT**

With great steps the Under Secretary of State paces over  
the CALENDARIUM PLACE. A few words from his great speech,  
to test the round venues.

Störnberg, the chauffeur, computers men and office  
colleagues listen to his instructions: Front the lectern,  
there the big band, palm trees everywhere, buffets, VIP  
lounge for the stock brokers from overseas - and who else  
is actually announced?

His team provides information, notes on Forward to the  
personal secretary to be drafted. All in all, big gestures  
and short, tight, but concise statements.

**UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE OF STATE**

Please note für the executive  
secretary.

**UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE OF STATE**

(cont'd)

The lectern will be placed there in  
the center.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE OF STATE  
(cont'd)

To the left the Big Band.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE OF STATE  
(start singing  
spontaneously)

Granada, tierra sonada por me...

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE OF STATE  
(cont'd)

So on the right, two rows of seats  
for the VIP-lounge and the stock  
brokers from overseas.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE OF STATE  
(cont'd)

Then the palm trees, left and right  
of the buffet.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE OF STATE  
(cont'd)

And here in the centre the  
audience.

COMPUTER MAN #1

This can't work.

COMPUTER MAN #1

(cont'd)

We need at least 8 men on this  
area.

COMPUTER MAN #1

(cont'd)

And the roof is unprotected.

COMPUTER MAN #1

(cont'd)

Who's that guy there?

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE OF STATE

He's our security officer for  
today.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE

(cont'd)

Naturally we'll have additional  
employees there.

COMPUTER MAN #1

Yes, but he should be invisible.

COMPUTER MAN #1

(cont'd)

We just need reinforcement of at least two men.

COMPUTER MAN #1

(cont'd)

Inconspicuous please.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE

Störnberg, you said, three would be up there?

STÖRNBERG

Yes, that will do all right, all thoroughly checked.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE

And you've noted all for the executive secretary?

OFFICEKOLLEGIN 2

Yes.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE

Marvellous. I trust you completely, Störnberg.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE

(cont'd)

Gentlemen, you can also trust him, because I do so.

COMPUTER MAN #1

We will see.

040 INTERIOR - CONFERENCE ROOM AT EUROPE HAUSE - DAY

Three Wise Euro Men in semi-darkness, as always, their faces barely visible. Business small talk to documents on the table. Cigar smoke.

WISE EURO MAN #1

And: Will she make it?

WISE EURO MAN #3

We have problems, of course.

WISE EURO MAN #3

(cont'd)

But our contact person is in location.

WISE EURO MAN #1

There is a specific time window.

WISE EURO MAN #1

(cont'd)

Don't forget!

WISE EURO MAN #2

I admit, it may be tight.

WISE EURO MAN #2

(cont'd)

We don't know what's going on.

WISE EURO MAN #2

But we know she is the right person  
- with the correct constellation.

041 EXTERIOR/INTERIOR - MUSEUM - DAY

Early afternoon. The sun is still shining. The young woman Lilith stands with her pottery in front of a poster with the slogan "I wasn't, Adolf Hitler was it - FREE THEATER". Under the logo the image of a giant dome, tiny beside the German Reichstag.

LILITH

Do you want to go there with me?  
Looks enormous.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

That's the People's Hall.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

Planned back in the Third Reich,  
for the time after the final  
victory.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

That's where the MP's houses and  
the Chancellor's Ministry are.

Inside a museum: Chiron points to the ceiling with the Zodiac signs. Lilith turns in circles.

LILITH

(loses balance)

Hold me. I'm dizzy!

Amidst of plaster statues in the ABGUSS-SAMMLUNG ANTIKER  
PLASTIK.

LILITH

Thursday, Jeudi, Jupiter-day.

CHIRON

Jupiter, most powerful of all gods.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

And right next to him: Venus,  
goddess of love and beauty.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

Friday: Vendredi, Venus-day.

While they are talking, they are wandering among the  
statues of the planet gods.

LILITH

(etwas genervt)

Educational trip. Rather stressy.

LILITH

(cont'd)

Oh well... Where is this...  
Pantalon. Where do you want to take  
me?

Art Library: Chiron looks through the Pantheon model to  
Lilith, directly through the hole in the dome.

CHIRON

Pantheon. An old temple in Rome,  
dedicated to all planetary gods.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

That's where the emperor held  
court.

Transition to a picture of the Zodiac sign Libra in the  
coffered ceiling of the OLD MUSEUM, then down to all those  
plaster statues. Lilith and Chiron are in between, hand in  
hand. On her wrist a watch with the Zodiac sign Libra.  
Both look up to the coffered ceiling with the Zodiac sign  
images.

CHIRON

And these are the autumn signs.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

Look: Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius.

LILITH

And here's winter:

LILITH

(cont'd)

Capricorn, Aquarius and Pisces.

CHIRON

And now look all the way up, the  
opening to the sky.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

The oculum, for Sun by day and Moon  
by night.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

Exactly like the Pantheon.

She bends herself so far back that lies almost in his  
arms.

LILITH

Hold me!

Both are faced with the huge bronze sculpture of the  
warrior Amazons. Lilith stand beside of.

LILITH

And where is the People's Hall now?

Lilith and Chiron are running in the middle stripe of the  
street Unter den Linden. In the background one can see the  
silhouette of St. Hedwig's Cathedra

CHIRON

Look at the church back there, with  
the strangely round dome!

CHIRON

(cont'd)

Built like the Pantheon as well.

They go further along Unter den Linden. Lilith lighting a  
cigarette, being only moderately interested, meanwhile  
looking into the display windows of shops. And now good  
old Chiron really raises up.

CHIRON

Cosmic wisdom flows through the  
oculum directly down to the people.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

The ruler as mediator between  
heaven and earth.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

That's the ancient idea of the  
Emperor-God!

They are standing in front of the shop window of  
AUTOMOBIL-FORUM of Forum VOLKSWAGEN-AG and they look at a  
PHAETON. Now, Chiron annoyed.

LILITH

There. Look, a 'Phaeton'. Is that a  
planet god, too?

LILITH

(cont'd)

If you really love me, you'll buy  
one for me.

CHIRON

Honest, believe me: 6 Cylinders. HP  
to the YinYang.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

Window-airbags. Inlaid woodwork.  
This is really good.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

The Undersecretary drives one!

Lilith smiles seductively. Chiron is laying a step back.

CHIRON

OK: Phaeton, son of the sun-god  
Helios.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

Steered his father's solar chariot.  
Lost control.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

Sank forests and pastures. Had to  
be shot down by Jupiter's lightning  
bolts.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

Shall I really buy you this car?

LILITH

A joke, my philosopher, a joke!

LILITH

(cont'd)

Ach, why you are always so serious?

Pariser Platz. Right, the house of the European Community. Lilith and Chiron are going over to.

They do not realize that the three Wise Euro Men came from underfoot and look at them.

The charwoman, in the chic blouse and a short skirt, is in the background.

WISE EURO MAN #2

A beautiful couple, a good synastry.

#### 042 EXTERIOR - BRANDENBURG GATE

Chiron and Lilith stroll to the gate. Chiron points into the direction of the German Reichstag.

CHIRON

Look, the dome. Brightly illuminated by night.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

Now, in the evening, still people up there.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

Next to it, the Nazi's were planning the Great Hall of the People.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

Over there, where the government buildings are, right down to the Chancellor's Ministry.

LILITH

The people walking in circles through that dome:

LILITH

(cont'd)

That's how it must have been with  
the planets at the old Roman  
Pantheon!

043 INTERIOR - SURREALISTIC - NIGHT

Collage with Zodiac sign Scorpio.

HE

Scorpio: Passion, demons,  
radicalism...

SHE

Scorpio.

044 EXTERIOR - PARISER PLATZ - MAGIC HOUR

And again they are hugging and kissing.

LILITH

Listen, I want to go home. To your  
place!

LILITH

(cont'd)

Your solar chariot, you must have  
parked it somewhere here?

CHIRON

(verlegen auf einen  
Wagen zeigend)

Sorry, it's rather like a moon  
chariot actually...

LILITH

(erahndend)

No?!? Don't tell me it's this poxy  
little...

045 EXTERIOR - BRANDENBURG GATE - MAGIC HOUR

A little shitty GDR Trabant station wagon chokes itself in  
the two-rhythm, blue dust. Inside are sitting cumbersome  
driving Chiron and irritated looking Lilith in her black  
business suit.

LILITH

(mit Gewissheit)

Trabant!

046 INTERIOR - CHIRON'S FLAT - DAY

Lilith is sitting at a table with Chiron.

CHIRON

Lilith, I'll get us something  
really nice to eat.

Lilith in the hallway, looking at the boxes.

LILITH

So... But there are papers in there  
as well?

CHIRON

Papers? Ah yes, the old Nazi  
horoscopes. Yeah.

LILITH

Excuse me?

CHIRON

Only old junk. Notes from Himmler's  
astrologer.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

Star maps by Hess. Nostradamus'  
prophecies from Göring.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

I wanted to write my dissertation  
on them. Was forbidden.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

And me? I was chased from  
university.

Chiron goes shopping, Lilith checks the crates.

LILITH

(cont'd)

Hitler, Mussolini, Himmler,  
Göbbels, Heydrich, Frank,  
Bormann...

LILITH

(cont'd)

The Almighty and the providence...

LILITH

(cont'd)

Astrologer's march to concentration  
camp and death?

LILITH  
(cont'd)

Horoscope for Adolf Hitler? Born  
20th of April 1889. In Braunau.

LILITH  
(cont'd)

Göring's horoscope. Saturn, the  
great annihilator.

047 INTERIOR - ASTROLINE - NIGHT

The young telephone operator is sitting in front of the  
computer screen, an Astro newspaper beside her keyboard.  
The horoscope is weighed up. Bored she cuts the tips of her  
hair. It rings. She urged the hugging Messenger bike  
courier to the side.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR  
(Engelsstimme)

The Astroline. Good evening, how  
may I help?

LILITH  
Second of January 10 a.m. Bonn

The telephone operator hits the keys. An astrological chart  
with interpretation text occurs. She reads.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR  
With the Sun in the Moon, you are  
conservative and disciplinarian...

TELEPHONE OPERATOR  
(cont'd)  
Say, didn't we talk before?

Lilith is the pottery workshop on the phone. Chiron in the  
background.

LILITH  
(scharf)  
Indeed!

TELEPHONE OPERATOR  
Ja, ich.. hab' auch schon einiges  
für Sie herausgefunden.  
Yes, I... Hold on... Here: I found  
out quite a lot already.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR  
(cont'd)

Lilith... nennt man den äußeren  
Brennpunkt der Ellipse der Mondbahn  
um die Erde.

Lilith... name for the outer focal  
point of the Moon's elliptic path  
around the Earth.

LILITH

(genervt, sauer)

What does it say about my life?  
Money, luck, love, health...

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

(abwehrend)

Lilith, well, that's an ancient  
myth: Adam's first wife.

LILITH

OK, go on?

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

Adam's first wife, who always  
wanted to be on top, and was  
therefore cast out by the Lord.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

(cont'd)

Became a goddess of revenge. Kills  
newborns. Lives in the woods.

LILITH

Such a poppycock!

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

Lilith is interpreted as almost the  
exact counterpart to Chiron.

LILITH

Well, find out more about him,  
then.

#### 048 INTERIOR - BATHROOM TELEFONE GIRL - NIGHT

The telephone operator stands before the mirror in  
Störnberg's bathroom. His whole battery of Chen lotions,  
deodorants and After Shaves in front of the mirror is  
moved to the side. There, she now has her hair sprays.  
Störnberg comes in joyfully with fine bathrobe.

STÖRNBERG

I break the hearts of the proudest  
women...

**TELEPHONE OPERATOR**

**(cold)**

**You... I have a migraine.**

Störnberg aghast looks at her and then to his pushed water resources and Chen Chen, being pushed aside.

**TELEPHONE OPERATOR**

**(cont'd)**

**Man, that stinks!**

**TELEPHONE OPERATOR**

**(cont'd)**

**Can't you do that outside?**

A broken man hides away. The woman, now more a mistress in his realm, laughs.

**049 INTERCUT - CHIRON / ASTROLINE - DAY**

The urban railway clatters over, the old-fashioned clock on the wall ticks. We see the couple quietly in a rustic bedroom. Old house. Heating furnace, cooled in the morning. A wall clock ticking mechanically. Wooden bed. The birds. Again voice chatter from close urban railway. Re rest.

Lilith jumps out of bed, clicking away the stereotypical tone of her mobile phone, takes a shower in the bathroom, takes her wristwatch with the character SCORPIO, grabs a towel and runs along the corridor. Chiron makes lovely breakfast. He dealt with the water boiler on the stove, gas lights with a matchstick, pours the coffee directly into the cups, pouring milk in the pot Simmer, cover the table cup, cut bread, butter and cheese sets. In all, there is a rhythm. Hot water in the cup warm milk them. Soap bubbles rise. Lilith is now dressed, in the room looks out the window, the phone at the ear. He gives her a cup of coffee. Now both sit at the table in the room.

**CHIRON**

**Don't stir: Polish brew.**

**LILITH**

**Are you moving?**

She points to the boxes, the phone at her ear. He cautiously drinks his coffee, starts speaking. She nods to him, but hardly hear him, instead of listens to the phone.

**CHIRON**

**Moving gear, yeah.**

With the mobile at her ear Lilith picks a cheese bread, nods to him and listens further on into her mobile. He

talks, but in the following minutes he looks to the side and forgets that she phoned.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

The application to leave had been made.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

And then... Waiting for years.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

If it worked - indeed, if! There would be hardly any time.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

What wasn't listed and packed correctly would have to be left, would be confiscated.

Lilith points to bread, butter, cheese, stirs nervously around the coffee powder in her cup, sips on coffee, smiling from the corner of their eyes with all the rest of this world.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

Yes, and then came unification.

LILITH

Yes, and then you were free to go!

CHIRON

(ganz zu sich)

Then I didn't want to anymore.

LILITH

(cont'd)

Then unpack!

LILITH

(cont'd)

Open up a business, one of those fancy schmancy shops in the Friedrichstraße.

LILITH

(cont'd)

You'll be rich!

Lilith clicks away, puts the mobile phone in front of her

on the table, takes a big gulp of coffee and spits everything out again, the mouth full of coffee powder.

**LILITH**  
(cont'd)

Yuck! What is this stuff?!

**CHIRON**  
Polish brew, don't stirr.

**LILITH**  
You should have told me!

Lilith cleans her mouth, making herself ready to leave.

**LILITH**  
Now, these boxes here drive me mad!

Chiron keeps silent. She goes to the mirror in the hallway, looking at the map attached on the wall.

**LILITH**  
(cont'd)  
Say: On this map, where would I find Potsdamer Platz?

**CHIRON**  
Not on it - it's a GDR map.

**LILITH**  
Aha.

Lilith opens the door, goes out, turns back once again. She gives him a kiss on his cheek.

**LILITH**  
(cont'd)  
But now I'll call you Chiron.

**LILITH**  
(cont'd)  
Don't call me: I'll call you. OK?

**050 INTERIOR - SURREALISTIC - NIGHT**

Collage with Zodiac sign Sagittarius.

**HE**  
Sagittarius: High ideals, values, goals.

**SHE**  
Sagittarius. Hi, how are you? Hi!  
... Oui, merci moici.

SHE  
(cont'd)

Servus, Hi!... What was that? Oh  
no, I can't stay, I've got to catch  
a plane...

SHE  
(cont'd)

Sorry, I have to go, bye friends!

051 INTERIOR - BATHROOM - DAY

Störnberg in bathrobe in front of the mirror. A huge  
battery of Chen lotions, deodorants and After Shaves,  
which he loudly and singing wrong slaps on his cheeks.

STÖRNBERG  
I break the hearts of the proudest  
women...

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE  
(ghost voice, O.S.)  
And he gets his assistant.

STÖRNBERG  
Looking in a mirror I always think  
to myself:

STÖRNBERG  
(cont'd)  
How could it be possible, that a  
man in full is so beautiful?

051a INTERIOR - BASEMENT OF THE ECONOMICS MINISTRY - DAY

STÖRNBERG sneaks the staircase courses down to the  
elevator, where COMPUTER MAN #1 surprisingly attacks him  
with the gun. Störnberg shouts and demands from him access  
to the documents.

COMPUTER MAN #1  
Stop!

STÖRNBERG  
You'r gone mad?

COMPUTER MAN #1  
Sorry Chef, aber das ist  
Sperrgebiet hier.  
Sorry boss, but this is a secure  
area.

STÖRNBERG  
Put the piece away!

STÖRNBERG

(cont'd)

Come on, I'm waiting for the documents.

COMPUTER MAN #1

They are collected, chief.

Störnberg with the computer men, checking the documents.

STÖRNBERG

You have the files complete?

STÖRNBERG

(cont'd)

Put the piece away!

STÖRNBERG

You have the files complete?

COMPUTER MAN #1

The colleague did his job.

STÖRNBERG

Amsterdam is there too?

STÖRNBERG

(cont'd)

What shall I do with that of the shit!

STÖRNBERG

(cont'd)

I need Amsterdam and...

COMPUTER MAN #1

Yes, it's all here, boss.

COMPUTER MAN #2

Look: Allianz stock founding  
8.3.1880. Bavarian Bank 16.6.35.

COMPUTER MAN #2

(cont'd)

New York Stock Exchange 17.5.92.  
Commerzbank 17.2.

STÖRNBERG

You have Brussels?

COMPUTER MAN #2

Here: Brussels, Belgium...

STÖRNBERG

Amsterdam?

COMPUTER MAN #1

Amsterdam comes via New York, don't worry.

STÖRNBERG

(cont'd)

Ok, that's enough. And disappear from the hall.

STÖRNBERG

(cont'd)

So nobody sees you. Or else we'll get a big scandal.

STÖRNBERG

(cont'd)

Do you understand?

COMPUTER MAN #1

Yes, boss.

STÖRNBERG

And you, pack your piece away! Go now.

**051B EXTERIOR - FEDERAL PRESS OFFICE - DAY**

Lilith is standing on the long slope in front of the large, modern entrance, looks to the brown-transparent glass panes and waits. On her wrist a watch with the Zodiac sign SAGITARIUS. An elegant VW PHAETON slows sharply next to her.

STÖRNBERG

Waited long? We'll go up there in a minute.

STÖRNBERG

(cont'd)

Go ahead, count.

Störnberg points to the building, shakes hands with Lilith. Lilith notices that there is something something in his hand. She checks the coin.

LILITH

Twenty Cent.

STÖRNBERG

I mean the stars.

LILITH

Hm. That's twelve.

STÖRNBERG

Starsigns. And now feel the notches on the rim.

LILITH

Hm. That's seven.

LILITH

Planets! You have to learn a lot more about money.

Lilith checks his big car, Störnberg checks her body. Then both go on the forecourt into federal press office.

**052 INTERIOR - FEDERAL PRESS OFFICE - DAY**

Lilith and Störnberg at a computer in his office.

STÖRNBERG

The party at Calendar Square? Yes, of course I'm involved.

STÖRNBERG

(cont'd)

Yes, yes. We'll discuss that tomorrow at the briefing. Goodbye.

STÖRNBERG

(zu sich)

Brazenness.

STÖRNBERG

(cont'd, zu Lilith)

So look:

STÖRNBERG

(cont'd)

If that moon here in the seventh house plus Jupiter comes to Mars...

Störnberg and Lilith are on the large, sloping, yawning empty open area in front of the office, overlooking the waters of the Spree, in which the light of the Reichstag dome reflects. In front of the car the driver, with stone face.

Störnberg smokes cigarillo smoke, is leaning on the Phaeton. Lilith in an business costume, briefcase under her arm, tired and slightly shivery, moves from one foot to the other, then gives him her hand.

LILITH

(formal)

Well then, until tomorrow, Herr  
Störnberg.

He looks at her motionless from the distance, left hand in his pocket, on the right cigarillo, blowing cigar dust into the warm evening air. Silence. She gently put her hand back.

STÖRNBERG

Your place or mine?

He blows another cigar dust over her head.

LILITH

See you tomorrow.

STÖRNBERG

You want to go places, don't you,  
darling?

Lilith struggles. Outrage and uncertainty in her face. His left hand slightly touches her chin and raises her head. Then he looks again into the distance. A final cigar dust blowing in the direction of the Reichstag

LILITH

Yeah, yeah.... No!

LILITH

(cont'd)

I will qualify, I'll study the  
subject matter, I...

STÖRNBERG

Sweetie!

The smoldering stump crushed under his custom made shoes. He picks out handkerchief and snorts.

The driver opens the rear door of the car. Störnberg gives her a slap on her bump and enters the car behind her.

The heavy car drive away.

### 053 INTERCUT - STÖRNBERG'S LOFT / CHIRON'S FLAT - DAY

Störnberg's elegant playboy apartment is classically decorated with everything including bar, which a attractive bachelor needs for his daily live. Lilith runs with her phone out in the garden. Störnberg calls behind her.

STÖRNBERG

Sweety.

Lilith in the garden

LILITH  
(whispering into her  
mobile)

Please, don't make any scene now!

Chiron is sitting in his living room on the telephone.

LILITH  
Please, I beg you, please no scene!

In the background Störnberg is shouting.

STÖRNBERG  
Sweety!

CHIRON  
You are okay, are you?

STÖRNBERG  
(roars from behind)  
Whom are you talking to?

LILITH  
(loude to Störnberg)  
It's my mother, she always calls at  
the wrong time.

STÖRNBERG  
(roars from behind)  
But keep it short: We want to go to  
bed.

LILITH  
(leise ins Handy)  
Please understand, Chiron! Oh, you  
won't understand anyway.

CHIRON  
(resigniert)  
As your mom, I should...

LILITH  
I don't feel like joking right now.

Lilith hangs up. Chiron hangs up the receiver gently.  
Inadvertently, he comes with the sleeves of Lilith's cup.  
The cup to the side, falls down. He can no hold is:  
shards.

054 EXTERIOR - STREETS OF BERLIN - NIGHT

Chiron sweeps through the streets, comes along to a second-hand car booth. The ASPIRANT speaks at him.

ASPIRANT

What are you looking for? Special offers!

CHIRON

An used Phaeton wouldn't be bad.

ASPIRANT

Oh, a Phaeton's not available.

ASPIRANT

(cont'd)

Why do you need such a car?

CHIRON

Well, my girl friend, my almost girl friend...

CHIRON

(cont'd)

She works in the Departement of Trade and Industry.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

There people are constantly hired and fired.

ASPIRANT

In that Departement vacancies?

ASPIRANT

(cont'd)

Interesting!

CHIRON

She doesn't like my Trabant station wagon.

ASPIRANT

Look, this is a hardtop: Trabant 601 L. Rally version.

ASPIRANT

(cont'd)

Why don't you take a test drive!

CHIRON

With the hardtop on Alex...

ASPIRANT

Where's this Departement of Trade  
and Industry?

CHIRON

Over there.

ASPIRANT

Aha...

055 INTERIOR - ECONOMICS MINISTRY, CORRIDOR - DAY

The aspirant trots along the corridor, passes the small  
kitchen, where the charwoman plies.

CHARWOMAN

(lächelnd)

Hello young man! Want a good strong  
coffee?

Aspirant besides charwoman in the hallway. Aspirant sips  
coffee. Colleagues run over. Aspirant takes his glasses,  
cleans them, looks deep into the eyes of the charwoman  
then deep.

CHARWOMAN

When were you born?

ASPIRANT

A long time ago. Maybe a bit too  
long?

The charwoman sees the aspirant in her kingdom.

CHARWOMAN

Ever been in my office?!

ASPIRANT

Äh... no.

CHARWOMAN

So enter my chambre!

CHARWOMAN

(cont'd)

More to the left!

ASPIRANT

I beg your pardon.

Aspirant and charwoman. The aspirant leaves.

ASPIRANT

(cont'd)

By.

The personal secretary and Störnberg go through the courses. Störnberg passes the documents. She checks everythings quickly and skillful.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(cont'd)

How is the ball coming along?

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(cont'd)

The EU controllers are vigilant!

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(cont'd)

The capital is shy as a deer!

STÖRNBERG

What could they do?

STÖRNBERG

(cont'd)

Officially, the Euro has nothing, absolutely nothing to do with a star cult.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

Twelve stars: The symbol since 1956, since the foundation of the European Council.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

And have there ever been twelve nations? But always twelve stars.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(cont'd)

Who's got the symbol, got the power.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(cont'd)

Work discreetly, Störnberg.

Störnberg points sweating on his dossier, which is now in the hands of the personal secretary.

STÖRNBERG

Here, your applicant: Jupiter-Mercury-Square.

STÖRNBERG

(cont'd)

Such people aren't generally employed anymore.

Meanwhile, they arrive at the office of the personal secretary. The door to the room of the Under Secretary of State is half open. One can see him in the shadowy background.

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

And, is Lilith obedient?

**STÖRNBERG**

Hardly any problems.

**STÖRNBERG**

(cont'd)

There is still something independent about her, but...

The Under Secretary of State stands up smiling, puts his arm on Störnberg's sholder, comes closer.

**UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE**

My dear Störnberg, let's turn this little witch into a child. That'll eliminiate the demonic.

**UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE**

(cont'd)

She won't stay around long, anyway. This refusal...

**UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE**

(cont'd)

Actually, we could leave that to the little witch.

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

I'll take care of her.

**057 EXTERIOR - FEDERAL PRESS OFFICE - DAY**

Störnberg, Mr. Under Secretary of State and a colleague are going into the federal press office.

**STÖRNBERG**

For shure, absolutely.

**UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE**

Störnberg, I leave everything up to you!

**057a INTERIOR - FEDERAL PRESS OFFICE - DAY**

Lilith is sitting in front of the computer, assorted

documents, looking at their finger nails, use mouth spray, rub stain from her jacket. On her wrist is a watch with the Zodiac sign CAPRICORN. In a hurry Störnberg comes in with documents.

**LILITH**  
(verkrampft lächelnd)

Hello, how are you?

**STÖRNBERG**  
Still Mr. Störnberg to you.

**STÖRNBERG**  
(cont'd)  
Here, you take this on.

He gives her the session with the aspirant's application papers.

**STÖRNBERG**  
Der ASPIRANT ist ungeeignet - von der Konstellation her.  
**The applicant is unsuitable, astro-constellation-wise.**

**STÖRNBERG**  
(cont'd)  
Sprechen Sie von fachlichen Mängeln et cetera.  
**Do talk about training deficiencies et cetera.**

**STÖRNBERG**  
(cont'd)  
Ein bisschen Phantasie.  
**Some imagination.**

**STÖRNBERG**  
(cont'd)  
Das Gespräch führen Sie drüben im Bundeswirtschaftsministerium. Ab!  
**The conversation will take place over ther at the Department of Economics. Go!**

**057b EXTERIOR/INTERIOR - MINISTRY OF ECONOMICS - DAY**

Short exterior shot of the Economy Ministry.

Indoor in the office. Lilith opens the door. Her former colleagues look up.

**LILITH**  
Where is he.

KOLLEGIN A

Pardon me?

LILITH

I'm being expected.

LILITH

(cont'd)

Personnel matter from the Foreign Office.

LILITH

(cont'd)

I'm waiting!

KOLLEGIN A

Oh, I'm sorry. Please...

Lilith is running in a hurry before her colleague, looks back to her, shouting.

LILITH

A bit faster, please.

Kollegin A

(gehetzt)

Yes.

LILITH

Bring some coffee: White and sweet.

Lilith sits in front of the sympathetic aspirant. His documents are on the table. The coffee cups are drunk up. Intensely silence. Lilith stands up, looking out the window to the ramp.

ASPIRANT

I don't understand it.

Lilith turns around and looks cool to him.

ASPIRANT

(cont'd)

This doesn't make sense. There must be something else. This decision...

Lilith stands up and takes his arm.

LILITH

(cutting his words)

Come on, young man. Come on.

**058 INTERIOR - SURREALISTIC - NIGHT**

Collage with Zodiac sign Capricorn.

HE

Capricorn!

SHE

Capricorn.

HE

Ambition, discipline, tenacity.

SHE

No, errrr, no, NO!

059 INTERIOR - ECONOMICS MINISTRY, TOILET - DAY

Lilith bends from the high basin. In the mirror she sees the personal secretary coming in.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

You were great, my dear, excellent.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(cont'd)

I'm so proud of you!

LILITH

(weinend)

He was qualified.

LILITH

(cont'd)

He had all the best marks - exactly like me!

PERSONAL SECRETARY

But the wrong horoscope...

The personal secretary takes Lilith's face in her hands.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

Lilith, my child: You want to make it, don't you?

Lilith nods.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

There is one possibility for you.

Lilith looks into a mirror, makes her face cope again. The personal secretary puts a wet shaver on the washstand console in front of Lilith.

LILITH

(astonished)

My legs are already shaved.

The personal secretary comes close up, puts her hands on Lilith's neck.

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**  
(dominating)

Clean shave everywhere, please!

The personal secretary points to Lilith's armpits and between her legs, while looking rigid into Lilith's eyes.

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**  
(cont'd)

In a couple of days the Undersecretary of State will want to see you.

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**  
(cont'd)

That'll be your big chance, Lilith.

**LILITH**  
No, no, no, no...

**060 EXTERIOR - ARTIST FLEA MARKET - DAY**

It's not much going on at the flea market. With cold face Lilith points to the Zodiac sign cups.

While Chiron carefully packs one cup after the other into paper, he looks at her.

**CHIRON**  
I'm worried about you.

**LILITH**  
(trotzig)  
Stop winging.

**LILITH**  
(cont'd)  
I hate men worry about me.

Lilith takes the cups, struggling for words.

**LILITH**  
(cont'd)  
Listen, our affair...

**LILITH**  
(cont'd)  
Take care, Chiron. I'll call you.

**CHIRON**  
And when? Hey, do you hear me? And when?

She goes. He looks after her. She turns around again. Then she screams loudly:

**LILITH**

**When I want to, Chiron.**

**LILITH**

**(cont'd)**

**And I might... Never. Got it?  
Never!**

Chiron watches her, touched.

**061 INTERIOR - LILITH'S APPARTEMENT / ASTROLINE - NIGHT**

Deep in the night. Lilith's apartment now is completely decorated with astrological plunder. The Zodiac cups in a row in the designer shelves.

Everywhere are handwritten notes with astrological symbols, star charts and drawings with arrows and symbols, open books with notes on the pages. The Capricorn symbol is painted on a sheet. Furthermore, we see all kinds of plunder with astrological symbols. Lilith is tired, a flickering computer screen with an astrological chart.

The answering machine blinks. Lilith rather sleeps in front of the computer screen. She is in a bathrobe, a towel slung around her hair. The phone rings. She does not put up.

**PERSONAL SECRETARY (O.S.)**

**Darling. Tomorrow at Calendar  
Square.**

**PERSONAL SECRETARY (O.S.)**

**(cont'd)**

**He will expect you at noon.**

**PERSONAL SECRETARY (O.S.)**

**(cont'd)**

**You know what this is about.**

Lilith is tired, stands up, goes to the bathroom and takes the towel, sounding the bathrobe. Now soaping her fleece in front of the mirror. The bright light shows increasing her margins under the eyes, the red pupil. She takes the razor blade, has begun to remove the hairs. The phone rings again

**ANSWERING MACHINE (O.S.)**

**(distorted voice)**

**Lilith isn't in. Please, leave your  
message.**

Lilith cuts herself, shrugs, then runs to the phone, listens.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR (O.S.)

The Astroline, good evening.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR (O.S.)

(cont'd)

I found out something else for you.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR (O.S.)

(cont'd)

Chiron had to die...

Lilith lifts the receiver.

LILITH

(heftig)

Die?

The telephone operator scares in front of her computer screen.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

(scrip)

By Jupiter - you startled me!

Lilith sits on the chair beside the phone, rubbing her armpit dry. In one hand she holds the bloody razor blade, in the other the receiver.

LILITH

Go on, keep reading!

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

(weiter malend)

But the gods made him into a stellar constellation.

Lilith hangs up angry.

## 062 EXTERIOR - AMAZON'S STATUE - NIGHT

Lilith stumbles at the equestrian statue of a woman with double axe.

LILITH

(hysteric)

I am Lilith, the Goddess of Darkness.

LILITH

(cont'd)

'Cause it is night and I'll soon drink the blood of your children.

An archer woman shoots her arrows into the night sky.

**063 INTERIOR - CONFERENCE ROOM AT EUROPE HAUSE - DAY**

Three Astro Wise Men in a conference room in Europe at Pariser Platz, on the other side of the street Adlon Hotel and Brandenburg Gate.

Various colourful drawings on the table. Also tables. Heavy smoke. Cigarettes and cigars.

WISE EURO MAN #1

But if she doesn't make it?

WISE EURO MAN #2

(cont'd)

Her constellation is ideal.

WISE EURO MAN #2

(cont'd)

A human bomb.

WISE EURO MAN #2

(cont'd)

And in place without a fuse: A trouble maker par excellence.

WISE EURO MAN #3

Sometimes I loathe this fight with subterfuge.

WISE EURO MAN #2

But our strategy is good.

WISE EURO MAN #2

(cont'd)

The other side is betting on stock market rates, on financial power and logistics.

WISE EURO MAN #2

(cont'd)

We, however, bet on people.

WISE EURO MAN #1

If speculators start determining the Euro course,

WISE EURO MAN #1

(cont'd)

we'll have to strike The Twelve Star Project.

WISE EURO MAN #3

We don't use the opponent's means.

WISE EURO MAN #3  
(cont'd)

The European Central Bank acts professionally, neutrally and entirely rationally.

WISE EURO MAN #1  
Yes. That impression has to be preserved.

WISE EURO MAN #2  
So we agree, then.

064 INTERIOR - APPARTEMENT - NIGHT

Lilith takes two Zodiac cups, dismantles them, then takes a sip of milk, being satisfied.

LILITH  
Never. Got it? Never!

065 EXTERIOR - CALENDARIUM PLACE - DAY

In the middle of the calendarium place directly under the big sun dial, the personal secretary welcomes the somewhat shaky walking Lilith, dressed in an elegant dress costume. On her wrist a watch with the Zodiac sign AQUARIUS. She has a bag pears and cake in her hand, stuffs everything in a hurry into her mouth.

PERSONAL SECRETARY  
Hello Darling, over here.

PERSONAL SECRETARY  
(cont'd)  
Say, why do you walk like that!

LILITH  
It's only... It itches down there.

PERSONAL SECRETARY  
(streng)  
Daily shave, and then some lotion on the crotch.

PERSONAL SECRETARY  
(cont'd)  
Do you have to be taught everything?

PERSONAL SECRETARY  
(cont'd)  
And don't eat now!

**LILITH**

At the moment I'm constantly  
hungry.

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

Ja mein Gott, da werden noch ganz  
unförmig!  
Goodness, you will lose your shape  
like that!

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

(cont'd)

So. Es wird Zeit.  
It's about time.

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

(cont'd)

Es ist bereits einige Minuten nach  
zwölf.  
Already past twelve.

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

(cont'd)

Die Sonne hat die Himmelmitte  
bereits überschritten.  
The Sun is already past midheaven.

Like a lion Mama the personal secretary snips lint from  
Lilith's business costume and rubs some remaining cake  
from Lilith's mouth corners.

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

You can't make the Undersecretary  
of State wait.

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

(cont'd)

He is just rehearsing his big  
speech for the Stockbrokers Ball at  
Calendar Square.

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

(cont'd)

So, go along. You'll find him near  
Pluto.

**LILITH**

But Pluto is lightyears away!

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

Darling! Look at this: We are on  
the Sun.

The personal secretary steps the side and pointing to a

bronze plate recessed in the ground. Then her arm points a few meters further to the distance.

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

Over there Mercury, Venus, Mars and so on. All in the scale of the planetary system.

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

(cont'd)

On the edge of the park Saturn, at the porter's cottage. And in the outside area, the outer planets.

The personal secretary takes her bag away, with somehow maternal-looking movements.

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

And now go. I am proud of you.

Lilith runs along the planets. Copper plates of Venus, Mars and Jupiter. She finds the Uranus plate on the sand. Further outside surrounded with ivy and a softly singing wind bunker Neptune's plate, placed still like all the boards on a line for the giant sundial in the calendarium place. Then the way to the end. It revolves around. So far, and still Pluto's plate can not be discovered. Finally the Pluto-plate!

The black VW PHAETON service cars with a CHAUFFEUR standing beside, pointing to a dark pond. There is a figure on a bench, smoking a cigar, in a manuscript skimming. Frogs croak.

**UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE (O.S.)**

(sings an aria from  
the opera Rigoletto)

**066 EXTERIOR - TARN - DAY**

Lilith is coming closer alongside Mr. Under Secretary of State. He starts to recite.

**UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE**

(Allegro con brio)

Experience tells us...

**UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE**

(cont'd)

The astrological superstition rests enormous...

**UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE**

(cont'd)

on the dark intuition of an  
universal whole.

Without looking to the distance, he knocks next to the  
bank. Lilith sits down bravely, sweats and lets the words  
in that time. He stresses again.

**UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE**  
(Presto, ma non  
troppo)

Experience tells us, that the  
nearest stars have a defining  
influence on weather, vegetation  
and so on.

**UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE**  
(cont'd)

One may climb ever upward, step by  
step only...

Lilith relaxes, closes his eyes, nods silently to the  
following words.

**UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE**  
After all, philosophers tend to  
assume an influence only on the  
most distant.

**UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE**  
(cont'd)

Therefore, man...

The Lord Under Secretary of State is convenient, scrolls  
through the manuscript, looks briefly to the right and  
left, cleans his throat again, and then says it along:

**UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE**  
Blow me baby.

Lilith suddenly opens her eyes and stares at him confused.

**LILITH**  
That's Goethe - what you just, I  
mean.

**LILITH**  
(cont'd)

18th century. His letter to  
Schiller.

It's the first time that he looks at her directly, and she  
can hardly stand his gaze.

**UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE**  
I know, I know!

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE  
(cont'd)  
Terrible, learning it by heart.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE  
(cont'd)  
But the finance tycoons at the ball  
need motivation.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE  
(fordernd)  
Cm'on, darling.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE  
(cont'd)  
Release my tension to clear my  
head!

He opens button and zipper of his pants, touches her in  
the neck and carries her head with a slight pressure in  
the desired position. With the other hand he blithely  
holds the manuscript before the eyes and recites.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE  
(Crescendo)  
Therefore, man, intuiting himself,  
may only progress gradually...

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE  
(cont'd)  
and expand this development into  
the moral, into fortune and  
misfortune.

In fact, his voice takes on power and volume, receives  
both those cheerful swing which probably every one of us  
catches just before the climax.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE  
(Forte)  
This and similar... delusions...  
should not...

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE  
(cont'd)  
delusions...

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE  
(cont'd)  
should not even be called  
superstition.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE  
(cont'd)

They are so close to our...

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE  
(Fortissimo!!!)

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE  
(Decrescendo)

Are as accepted and acceptable...

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE  
(cont'd)

as any other belief. Aaah...

Totally relaxed he fingers from his jacket a silk handkerchief and hands it donnishly down to her. Kneeling in front of him she accepts it. But she can no hold back any longer a nausea. Swallowing she vomits a full mouth directly on his shirt, his vest, his suit, his manuscript with Goethe's word art, on everything, stares with glassy eyes to him and scurries away. The Lord Under Secretary of State is not amused. Frogs are croaking in the lake.

**067 SERIES OF SHUTS - PLANET ALLEY - DAY**

Full of horror Lilith hurriers away, dealing with the handkerchief wiping her mouth. As cautiously as she came that way, as hastily she runs back. Questioning the driver looks at her. Next she passes wind harp, galactic model and porter.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE (O.S.)  
(sings another aria  
from Rigoletto)

**068 INTERCUT - PLANET ALLEY/BATHROOM - DAY**

Arriving on calendarium place Lilith looks to the the large, gold-colour painted gigantic shadow maker of the sundial, moves forward to it.

LILITH

Astroline?

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

(cool)

Yeah, sure.

The telephone operator stands in fron of a mirror in her scrapped bathroom, equipped with a coal boiler and washing machine hose in the auburn tub, making herself her war paint. On the leash multiple costumes of a Messenger bicycle courier, whose well trained owner just takes a shower.

LILITH  
(hysterisch)

Your privter number? Listen, I'll  
give you good money.

LILITH  
(cont'd)

I'll pay you. Drop everything right  
this instance!

Parallel to that she give a massage to the bicycle  
courier. The TWIN SISTER appears off screen from the  
corridor.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR  
(cool)

200 Euro plus expenses.

TWIN SISTER (O.S.)  
What? What did I hear just now?

LILITH  
(entrüstet)

What?

In the background the bicycle courier, naked, washing  
himself. The twin sister looks around the corner and sees  
the stately Adonis.

TWIN SISTER  
Oh no, another hunky bicycle  
courier.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR  
Now it's already 300.

The bicycle courier kisses her into the neck.

TWIN SISTER  
And I never get one.

LILITH  
Okay, okay, okay. Where shall we  
meet?

The twin sister goes to her bicycle in the corridor.

TWIN SISTER  
Yes, I'm still on the way.

TWIN SISTER  
(cont'd)  
Alright, I got it: Pizzeria  
Aquarius.

**069 INTERIOR - SURREALISTIC - NIGHT**

Collage with Zodiac sign Aquarius.

**HE**

What do I look like? I look like  
the creature of tomorrow!

**SHE**

Aquarius! Harmony and  
understanding, sympathy and la la  
la la.

**070 INTERCUT - PLANET ALLEY / POTTER LABORATORY - DAY**

Lilith hangs up, runs in a hurry along the calendarium  
place, passing the personal secretary who grabs her hands.

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

What's the matter now?

But when the personal secretary sees the handkerchief in  
Lilith's hand she smiles and lets her go.

Chiron is currently standing on the circuit in front of  
his new pottery shop and tries to fix the shield "CHIRON'S  
POTTER LABORATORY". All around the shop outside are beaded  
all Zodiac cups. He sprints into the store to his old-  
fashioned telephone.

**CHIRON**

Hello?

Chiron sees from the inside that the shield plate falls  
and crashes with a loud bang, and all pottery cups are  
smashed.

**LILITH**

Chiron, you've got to help me.

**LILITH**

(cont'd)

I just left the solar system.

Chiron is standing with his phone at his shop's door and  
looks to the scrapped shield plate and pottery cups.

**CHIRON**

I am just facing the ruins of my  
existence...

**LILITH**

(cont'd)

Oooh, stop whining.

LILITH

(cont'd)

As a man, you should be able to take a refusal.

LILITH

(cont'd)

I've got good news: You may help me.

LILITH

(cont'd)

Come quickly to the Pizzeria Aquarius in the borrough of Wedding.

CHIRON

But that's in the West.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

I can't find that here on my old GDR-map...

LILITH

You, you... potter! I'll send you a taxi. OK?

CHIRON

OK, ok...

**071 INTERIOR - TAXI - DAY**

The cabman waits in his taxi. Chiron rises, keeps his old GDR East Berlin city map and a GDR tourist guide in his hand.

CHIRON

Hi there. May I come in? Then I can look outside.

CABMAN

If this friendliness continues, it might take a bad turn. I'll be shocked.

CHIRON

Just drive. I know the way.

Assembly sequence: The cabman closes his eyes. Loud cracking. Car accident. Full braking. To powerful ladies run to the taxi, with dirty gestures, demanding money for a rear-end collision accident, threatening with the police.

CHIRON

U-turn and then towards Karl-Marx-Allee.

CABMAN

(grinsend)

Ah, Karl-May-Lane. I know.

Taxi turns. Stop in front of Pizzeria. Chiron looks into his purse.

CABMAN

Over there, Pizzeria Aquarius, the Golden West! So, please: That's 80 Eus.

CHIRON

I'll give you 100 Euro. Sorry about that GDR-money.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

We'll get the police now...

CABMAN

(panisch)

Why police? Anything but!

CABMAN

(cont'd)

The ride is free.

Chiron thanks cheerful and leaves the taxi.

CHIRON

I'll give you my old GDR-map. Bye byed.

CABMAN

How decent having an useless Berlin map.

CABMAN

(cont'd)

I should retire now.

## 072 INTERIOR - PIZZERIA - DAY

Twin sister and Lilith are sitting at the table. Lilith is still crying. On her wrist a watch with the Zodiac sign CAPRICORN. Chiron enters. The ITALIAN WAITRESS brings the bill of fare.

TWIN SISTER

'Course, I'm a twin after all, twin sister.

TWIN SISTER

(cont'd)

Well, astrologically, I mean... birthwise, too, but not really, by Zodiak sign, get it?

Total incomprehension.

TWIN SISTER

Well actually, we're three, triplets, 'cause I for one count for two already. At least, I sometimes feel that way.

TWIN SISTER

Signorina, take this away, please.

The twin sister looks sharp to Chiron, raises the index finger. He beckons to the waitress.

LILITH

Yes.

Relieved and understanding, the waitress goes, carrying away the dirty handkerchief.

TWIN SISTER

Right, let me summarise. So, there is this horrible Störnberg.

TWIN SISTER

(cont'd)

And he is into, somehow, well, money- and personnel manipulation... stuff.

TWIN SISTER

(cont'd)

And all info's in secret offices in the Reichs-Aviation Ministry...

TWIN SISTER

(cont'd)

No, stop, that's now called... House of Ministries or Finance Ministry...

TWIN SISTER

(cont'd)

Anyway, secure area, so the computer hackers there can undisturbedly hack into their computers.

**TWIN SISTER**  
(cont'd)

And absolutely no way in?

**TWIN SISTER**  
(cont'd)

Except, if I get my two hundred...  
no, three hundred Euro now.

Lilith gives her the money. The twin sister hastily counts and then stows into her blouse.

**TWIN SISTER**  
(cont'd)

Right. Where was I? Oh yeah:

**TWIN SISTER**  
(cont'd)

Absolutely no way in... for nobody.  
Nobody? Except me! Well, listen up!

#### **072a EXTERIOR/INTERIOR - MINISTRY OF FINANCE - DAY**

We see the ministry of finance at Wilhelmsstraße from outside.

Then inside the twin sister sneaks via elevator in the basement of the ministry.

Ein windowless office, hidden in the basement. On the walls are horoscopes, printouts of exchange rates and lists of planetary position, linear and polar ephemeris, planet diagrams and tables. Coke cans and pizza and hamburgers-packs show that workaholics are here day and night in front of their computers. Three COMPUTER MEN, tired of sitting in front of their screens and staring into it, burned out. Knocking. The twin sister, costumed like a bicycle courier, sticks her head into the room.

**TWIN SISTER**  
(laut)  
Pizza service.

Twin sister quickly brings pizzas, makes the packs on, places the cans with beer and cola on to the table.

**TWIN SISTER**  
(cont'd)  
Regards from Störnberg.

TWIN SISTER  
(cont'd)

Who wants the Frutti di Mare?

TWIN SISTER  
(cont'd)

We also have Napoli, Tonno and Hawaii.

The computer men start smacking.

COMPUTER MAN #1  
(suspicious)

If all this is from Störnberg, what does he want from us?

TWIN SISTER  
Well...

COMPUTER MAN #1  
What does he want?

TWIN SISTER  
Yes... What would you guess?

COMPUTER MAN #3  
The special listings? Don't tell me...

The twin sister nods. With her beauty dress she looks really wonderful. She puts her bicycle courier bag open on the table.

TWIN SISTER  
But discretely, please. Quite discretely.

COMPUTER MAN #1  
That... not again.

The twin sister leaves the room, equipped with the full packed bicycle messenger courier bag.

COMPUTER MAN #2  
I don't know, guys...

COMPUTER MAN #2  
(cont'd)  
This pizza thing... I'll ring through.

**072b INTERIOR - MINISTRY OF FINANCE /STÖRNBERG'S OFFICE - DAY**

Störnberg takes off his telephone receiver, moves back and forth. Lilith in the other corner of the room watching

him, being also very nervous, chewing cough sweets. On her wrist a watch with the Zodiac sign AQUARIUS. Now the phone is ringing again.

**STÖRNBERG**

Are the Swastika files there?

**STÖRNBERG**

(cont'd)

Check it and call me back immediately.

Waiting.

**COMPUTER MAN #3**

Cant't find!

**STÖRNBERG**

Pardon. What? I'm coming.

With sloping side glance at Lilith fat Störnberg hurries out.

**072c INTERIOR/EXTERIOR - MINISTRY OF FINANCE - DAY**

The twin sister escapes from the basement, uses a lift. A suspicious looking EMPLOYEE stares at her.

Twin sister runs away from the basement, races with a bike: The computer men are trying to catch her, but she can escape.

**073 EXTERIOR - STREETS OF BERLIN - DAY**

The twin sister welcomes ANOTHER BIKE COURIER on the street. Then almost an accident by the tram rails at the roadside behind.

In an hurry Störnberg enters the Phaeton in front of the ministry of finance, shouts into his phone and then to his driver.

**STÖRNBERG**

Female bikecourier. What? Messenger.

**STÖRNBERG**

(cont'd)

Hm. Height 1.60, dark brown.

**STÖRNBERG**

(cont'd)

OK. Start driving.

At Potsdamer Platz two other bike couriers join the twin sister, support and guides her to the city.

They exchange documents from the backpacks.

The Phaethon with Störnberg and the driver slides over. At the artist flea market the bicycle couriers are saying good bye to the twin sister.

The Phaethon car slows sharply in front of the artist flea market. Störberg and his chauffeur are running through the crowd.

**STÖRNBERG**

**Stop! Quick, get out!**

**074 EXTERIOR - ARTIST FLEA MARKET / ALONG ROVER SPREE - DAY**

Chiron at his pottery stand. To a passer-by:

**CHIRON**

**Star sign mugs.**

He notices the twin sister with her bicycle, greets her. She takes her the backpack and handles it over to Chiron.

**CHIRON**

**I've got everything!**

Störnberg and his chauffeur appear.

**STÖRNBERG**

**There she is!**

Störnberg grabs the twin sister while the driver haunts the fleeing Chiron through the visitors the flea market

**STÖRNBERG**

**Catch him!**

**TWIN SISTER**

**Chiron, run, run!**

**STÖRNBERG**

**We'll meet at the car.**

**TWIN SISTER**

**My bike!**

The chauffeur and Chiron are rushing along the river Spree direction to Reichstag.

The Reichstag can be seen from the distance. In front of the assembly building, athletic chauffeur and completely exhausted Chiron eye to eye. The chauffeur grabs Chiron's backpack. Chiron stumbles and falls into the river. The driver, the messenger bag back in his hand, watches smiling to the floating of Chiron.

The driver goes to the Phaeton. A bicycle courier on the road recognizes and comes nearer. Störnberg sits next to the twin sister on the back seat of the car. The driver reaches the Messenger backpack into it and takes place behind the wheel.

Störnberg proudly holds the bag to the twin sister.

**BIKE COURIER**

Hey, baby - everything OK?

**TWIN SISTER**

A little hint: If I start screaming now, the entire courier fleet of the city will appear and beat you up.

Störnberg and chauffeur are irritated. Phaeton starts.

**TWIN SISTER**

(cont'd)

And besides, I know you. Didn't you have an affair with my migraine sister?

**TWIN SISTER**

(cont'd)

And besides of that: I'm starving.

**STÖRNBERG**

(souverän)

That is not... impossible.

**STÖRNBERG**

(cont'd)

Chauffeur!

**TWIN SISTER**

And Champagne...

**TWIN SISTER**

(cont'd)

but a really, really good one.

Störnberg and Lilith are lying in comfortable chairs, feeding one another with wine grapes and cigarettes, looking at a blinking red heart, encounter with champagne. A phone call. The answering machine starts.

**STÖRNBERG (O.S.)**

I'm busy in an important meeting at the moment.

**STÖRNBERG (O.S.)**

(cont'd)

Please leave your voice message  
after the tone. Thank you.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE (O.S.)

(cont'd)

Störnberg! I know that you're  
there.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE (O.S.)

(cont'd)

Pick up. Damn't.

075 EXTERIOR - AT RIVER IN FRONT OF GERMAN REICHSTAG - DAY

Chiron swims in the River Spree, then sits very wet on the  
wall board a ship, the assembly building in the  
background.

Lilith comes with a champagne bottle into Chiron's flat,  
Big, bright shining sunflowers in one hand, sparkling wine  
in the other hand. On her wrist a watch with the character  
PISCES. She does not notice how embarrassing this  
situation is to Chiron. She opens the champagne bottle and  
pours into a pottery bowl.

LILITH

Surprise!

She prods him slightly to the side, swinging at him over  
with the flowers into the studio.

He gives her a vase. She places the flowers into it. He  
touches her hands, puts the cups on the table, looks calm  
direct into her eyes.

CHIRON

(ernst)

The document, Lilith my love...

CHIRON

(cont'd)

The documents... The documents are  
not here.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

Come on, sit down, please.

LILITH

I can stand, thank you.

CHIRON

Lilith, my love: That twin sister,  
she...

Lilith touches the vase with the sunflowers.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

My God! The fat guy and her...

CHIRON

(cont'd)

I saw it from a distance.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

He grabbed her and probably the papers as well.

**076 INTERIOR - POTTERY LABORATORY - NIGHT**

Steam pots onto an old gas stove. Two hands filling green cabbage ribs on pottery plates, mixing in the cream gravy. The plates are on the table, also beer. Chiron sits down, reaches for a napkin.

Lilith and Chiron are eating.

LILITH

(not looking up)

Do you still have some more cucumber water?

CHIRON

(after a break)

Cucumber water? Over there.

CHIRON

(cont'd)

The Third Reich horoscopes - where are they?

LILITH

Some more cabbage?

CHIRON

Lilith, my old horoscopes! They are not in the box any more.

Lilith nods and continues eating meanwhile, with tremendous appetite.

LILITH

Will you do the kitchen later?

LILITH

(cont'd)

'Calms the nerves.

Chiron cleans the table. Lilith is already up.

077 INTERIOR - SURREALISTIC - NIGHT

Collage with Zodiac sign Pisces.

HE

Pisces. Keyword: Redemption.

SHE

Pisces.

078 EXTERIOR/INTERIOR - FEDERAL PRESS OFFICE - DAY

The twin sister leaves a Phaethon car in front of the Federal Press Office, moves elegantly to the entrance, shopping bags under her arms. Störnberg sits in his office, she enters.

TWIN SISTER

(lovely)

I have saved all the receipts.

TWIN SISTER

(cont'd)

And I've got you little card for you as well...

STÖRNBERG

Write!

TWIN SISTER

(lovely)

...and you'll get it all back immediately, right here.

She sits in front of the typewriter. He looks out the window to the Spree and dictates.

The twin sister shows her newly purchased mobile phone.

STÖRNBERG

(dictating)

Official vacancy announcement.  
Secretary of department manager.

TWIN SISTER

(looking to her  
mobile)

Look, isn't that sweet?

STÖRNBERG

(dictating)

Computer knowledge, shorthand,  
etc...

Störnberg looks astonished over to her.

**STÖRNBERG**  
(cont'd, irritated)

Tell me, what's that supposed to be?

**TWIN SISTER**  
(indignant)

Don't look at me like that.

**TWIN SISTER**  
(cont'd)

I'm busy.

**TWIN SISTER**  
(cont'd)

Besides, you're much better at that than me.

The twin sister looks arrogant from the window on the Spree and dictates. Störnberg has taken his jacket off and sweats on the typewriter.

**TWIN SISTER**  
(happy)

Mr. Störnberg's office, personal assistant speaking.

**TWIN SISTER**  
(cont'd)

No, ol' Stö will take care of it.

The twin sister puts the phone. Störnberg looks up from the type writer, fobbing his ankles.

**STÖRNBERG**

What do I do?

**TWIN SISTER**

Write! Okay:

**STÖRNBERG**  
(angry)

Hey listen, I'm not doing your mail!

Störnberg furiously shouts.

**TWIN SISTER**  
(Crawls on his chin)

Do I really have to fetch my little Messengers?

Störnberg sits down and resigns.

STÖRNBERG  
(mollifying)

No, No!

079 INTERIOR - CONFERENCE ROOM AT EUROPE HAUSE - DAY

Three elderly gentlemen, smoking cigars, in the House of Europe at Pariser Platz, fifth floor, opposite to Hotel Adlon, at the Brandenburg Gate. In the distance the silhouette of Potsdamer Platz.

WISE EURO MAN #1

More precisely, please.

WISE EURO MAN #2

Global players with huge financial capacities.

WISE EURO MAN #3

They would first have to believe in the power of the stars.

WISE EURO MAN #2

Some do.

WISE EURO MAN #1

So, you believe that on the day of this constellation, the biggest group of this speculators will be convinced not to...

WISE EURO MAN #2

Not to believe in the stars.

WISE EURO MAN #1

That's purely speculative! I demand direct intervention.

WISE EURO MAN #2

Impossible.

080 INTERIOR - OFFICE ECONOMICS MINISTRY - DAY

The Under Secretary of State holds a piece of paper in front of his chief secretaries nose. She continues brushing his suit.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE

Miss Gisela: Who actually wrote all this crapp?

PERSONAL SECRETARY

Well, to be entirely honest...

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE

Don't you tell me that I...

She struggles for air, looks at him.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE

(cont'd)

Gisela, not a word now.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE

(cont'd)

I'll have to recite this tosh  
tonight.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE

(cont'd)

Planet Ball. I can't hear that word  
any more.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE

(cont'd)

So please, don't disturb my  
concentration.

She fixes his collar. They come very close. He looks away  
concentrated, very controlled.

**081 INTERIOR - ECONOMICS MINISTRY - NIGHT**

The Under Secretary of State storms along the course.

His personal secretary hurries behind, desperately trying  
to helm him into his fine coat.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE

(in an hurry)

Probably far too late.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE

(cont'd)

Read my watch for me, Gisela. I  
don't get along with this thing.

While running he shows her his wristwatch. She raises her  
neck and tries to decipher.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(mechanic)

0 degrees 56 minutes Gemini. Moon  
void of course.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(cont'd)

Midheaven approaching Pluto.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(cont'd)

Applying conjunction of the  
Transneptunians.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE

Giesela: The time!

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(cold, mechanic)

This is the most precise horoscope  
watch in the world.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(cont'd)

Maximum deviation one year in...

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(cont'd)

That's only one second in a human  
lifetime.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE

(angry)

Gisela! But how tu read the time on  
this blasted thing?

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE

(cont'd)

I'll be late for the ball.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE

(cont'd)

Besides, I miss our - little  
afternoon snooze.

The personal secretary looks around. They are alone in  
this passage. She stops, holds him firmly, looks into an  
empty office.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(to herself)

They've all gone to the ball.

PERSONAL SECRETARY

(to him)

And when will you finally get a  
divorce?

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE

(touching her)

Right after the ball. My little  
Giselle, I swear to you.

**PERSONAL SECRETARY**

You always swear to me.

**082 INTERIOR - CONFERENCE ROOM EUROPE HOUSE - DAY**

Three Wise Euro Men at a conference table in the Europe House.

**WISE EURO MAN #3**

Relax now.

**WISE EURO MAN #1**

I'm now quite shure. You know my reservations.

**WISE EURO MAN #3**

Relax. At our age, excitement is unhealthy.

**083 INTERIOR - PHAETON CAR - DAY**

The chauffeur leaves with the car from the Economy Ministry. Störnberg with charming twin sister on the back seats.

**STÖRNBERG**

**(touches her legs)**

**I spare no costs for my new assistant.**

The driver looks hesitant to Störnberg. That man makes a gesture and the car goes to full speed. Störnberg and the twin sister are entertaining themselves the back seat. She looks at him, crawls his chest hair.

Now the driver has stopped the car and goes out. The Phaeton itself sounds now like an orgiastic bustle - loud noise from the back seat.

**084 INTERIOR - MINISTRY OF FINANCE - DAY**

A windowless office. Three computer hackers are busily hacking at their computers.

Stock exchange TV transitions in the style economic astrology.

A few seconds later.

**COMPUTER MAN #2**

Shut down all computers.  
**Shut down all computers.**

**COMPUTER MAN #3**

**OK!**

A boom and the screen implodes.

**085 EXTERIOR - CALENDARIIUM PLACE - NIGHT**

The binocular eyes of the service technician observe the area. Beside him of Mr. Under State Secretary, stepping over calendarium place. No one there, nothing. Störnberg rushes out in the wind shadow of his driver.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE  
(to himself)

Oh my God, how could that happen.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE  
(cont'd)

My neck's on the line.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE  
(cont'd)

How do I get out of this.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE  
(to Störnberg)

Oh dear, look at all that here.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE  
(cont'd)

What's happening? Nothing is prepared.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE  
(cont'd)

I depended on you.

COMPUTER MAN #1  
(cont'd)

There's no calendarium party this evening.

COMPUTER MAN #1  
(cont'd)

Brussels just cancelled.

COMPUTER MAN #1  
We had computer virus attacks all day on the stock market computers of the most important guests of our party.

COMPUTER MAN #1  
(cont'd)

And how did they get the password codes?

COMPUTER MAN #1

(cont'd)

You were the last to have them!

STÖRNBERG

Well, they've were in this  
Messenger rucksack.

STÖRNBERG

(cont'd)

Only some brown shit inside: Nazi  
horoscopes.

STÖRNBERG

(cont'd)

Probably your private hobby, or?

COMPUTER MAN #1

What sort of Nazi shit?

COMPUTER MAN #1

(cont'd)

Now listen buddy: You digged your  
own grave.

COMPUTER MAN #1

(cont'd)

Find the password codes -  
immediately.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE

Where are the documents, Störnberg?

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE

(cont'd)

You are responsible for them.

STÖRNBERG

My assistant is still at her  
hairdresser.

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE

Your assistant is at the  
hairdresser?

UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE

(cont'd)

Why isn't she here?

STÖRNBERG

Yeah, well... She's at the  
hairdresser - or, maybe...?

**STÖRNBERG**  
**(cont'd)**

Yes... The stars will sort it out.

**085a INTERIOR - SURREALISTIC - NIGHT**

The astrologers group is singing in the background.

**ASTROLOGERS GROUP**

Animation: All Zodiac digns backwards.

**086 INTERIOR - CONFERENCE ROOM EUROPE HOUSE - DAY**

Euro Wise Men #3 whiffs on his cigar, looks out to the windows for a moment, absent minded, then goes slowly to a furnished closet, takes three glasses and a fine bottle of cognac. The three Wise Euro Men are sipping on fine drinks and are looking out into the distance.

**086a EXTERIOR - IN FRONT OF THE EUROPE HOUSE - DAY**

The charwoman, aspirant in tow, hurries along the Wilhelmstrasse, brushing her blue smock from fashionable summer clothing, ranges it to the aspirant and takes a briefcase from his hand.

**CHARWOMAN**

Now cm'on young man. Time's flying.

**CHARWOMAN**

**(cont'd)**

OK: They'll get the papers.

**CHARWOMAN**

**(cont'd)**

You keep your mouth absolutely shut. I've got everything under control.

**ASPIRANT**

Good.

**CHARWOMAN**

OK.

Both turn around the corner to Pariser Platz, where the three Wise Euro Men are coming from the Euro House. The cleaning woman gives as horoscope from the briefcase to one of the Wise Euro Men, pointing to the aspirant. That man looks totally naive, not understanding anything, embarrassed cleaning his glasses. The three wise men study the horoscope and are nodding satisfied.

WISE EURO MAN #2

A formidable variation!

WISE EURO MAN #1

I think so too.

All three nod to the charwoman. The aspirant is still busy cleaning his glasses. He realizes very late, that all four persons now are looking at him.

**086b EXTERIOR/INTERIOR - AIRPORT TEGEL - DAY**

The Wise Euro Men say good bye to Lilith flying to Frankfurt/Main.

WISE EURO MAN #1

And she's the right one?

WISE EURO MAN #3

Definitely she is.

LILITH

And every thing is as we agreed?

WISE EURO MAN #1

Yes, of course.

LILITH

No new probation time?

WISE EURO MAN #3

No new probation time.

LILITH

The same pension plan I had before?

WISE EURO MAN #3

Yes, indeed.

LILITH

Pregnancy leave?

WISE EURO MAN #3

As agreed upon.

LILITH

Wonderful.

WISE EURO MAN #3

Where is our third man?

WISE EURO MAN #1

Ah, already at the location.

LILITH

And my civil service career remains too?

WISE EURO MAN #3

Of course!

TWIN SISTER (O.S.)

Störnberg must be extremely annoyed. Maybe he thinks, I'm still at the hairdresser.

WISE EURO MAN #3

You have only to believe it.

BIKE COURIER

(cont'd)

Rather the other one?

BIKE COURIER

(cont'd)

Rather the other bag.

BIKE COURIER

(cont'd)

Come on, I'll take yours and you mine.

WISE EURO MAN #1

Excuse me: Do you have the papers on you?

LILITH

I have them ready in my suit case and will take them with me to Frankfurt.

TWIN SISTER

Yes - but my sweet Messenger remains here.

**086c INTERIOR - CORRIDOR ECONOMICS MINISTRY - DAY**

From the background sips up a myopic shape, looks in the round, holding a high note. The charwoman winks at him, sips on coffee.

ASPIRANT

(cont'd)

Where could I please complete my application paper? New birth certificate.

ASPIRANT

(cont'd)

Not 7th 3th - but 3th 7th.

ASPIRANT

(cont'd)

Neither fish nor flesh, eh crab...

ASPIRANT

(cont'd)

If you know what I mean...

086d PARALLELMONTAGE - POTTERY/AIRPORT FRANKFURT - DAY

The potter just places a fresh sculpture into the oven.  
The phone rings, he hears the message.

LILITH (O.S.)

Chiron, Chiron, I'm just leaving  
earth! You wouldn't believe it.

LILITH (O.S.)

(cont'd)

Hello, hello? The connection is  
getting worse...

Chiron closes the oven. Parallel to that starts Lilith's  
plane. Then Chiron removes the burned sculpture from the  
oven. It is a small, beautifully-agile dancer girl. The  
phone rings. Trying a balancing act, he scurries to the  
phone.

CHIRON

Lilith?

Look at Lilith standing in front of the high-rise building  
of the European Central Bank in Frankfurt/Main.

LILITH

Chiron! I'm standing beside the  
twelve stars, right at the Euro.

LILITH

(cont'd)

And now I'm going up to the  
olympian gods. Come here quickly!

LILITH

(cont'd)

Oh, I'll send you a taxi. So long,  
you... potter!

Look at Chiron, the small statuette turning in his hands,  
laughing into the telephone handset.

087 END TITLES

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