A Night in Berlin

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FADE IN

Two young students sit in a metro.

They stare solemnly ahead. DEAN and ROB both 19, Dean is shorter and has long jet black hair, while Rob is taller and is built like a marine.

They have two heavy packs, look unkempt and grimy with tired eyes. Soft music plays as they stare at their reflections in the metro window.

DEAN

Hey, next stop man.

ROB

OK

EXT. METRO-MIDDAY-KREUZBERG

From above Rob and Dean lean against the escalator as it takes them out of the metro.

They reach the top and stop immediately.

DEAN

Where the fuck are we, ROB?

ROB

Berlin dumbass.

DEAN

This looks like little Afghanistan to me.

AERIAL VIEW

The area looks as if they had just stepped into the Middle East. Donor Kabobs line the streets and women with headscarves walk around casually.

Men sit outside drinking tea and smoking Sheesha.

DEAN

You sure this is where our hostel is? Didn't it say good nightlife online?

CONTINUED: 2.

ROB

Yea, it did, so just help me find the hostel OK?

DEAN

Alright, I'm not complaining.

ROB

Good.

They continue to walk in silence for a little while. Rob a few steps ahead as Dean struggles to keep up.

DEAN

I'm not complaining but this place looks like it sucks.

ROB

Huh.

DEAN

What kind of fucking nightlife would locate here? Muslims must know how to party.

Rob ignores Dean and is obviously flustered as he looks down at the map. Dean lingers behind humming a cheerful tune.

Dean stares as four women in full HIJABS walk past him. Shakes his head and turns back to Rob.

DEAN

So where are we?

ROB

Damn it Dean, I'm trying to figure that out!

Rob looks around then begins walking straight with a confident stride.

DEAN

you sure you know where you're going?

ROB

Pretty sure.

DEAN

Lets ask someone.

CONTINUED: 3.

ROB

I'm pretty sure I know where I'm Going.

DEAN

A hundred percent sure?

Rob stops immediately and Dean almost runs into him. He turns around slowly to face Dean.

ROB

(Angrily)

No I'm not a hundred percent sure.

DEAN

Lets ask someone then.

ROB

Fine fucking ask someone!

INT. HOOKAH LOUNGE-2:30 PM

A man with a long white beard sits behind a smokey bar as he plays silently with his TASPEE prayer beads.

a wide array of Middle Easterners and North Africans sit puffing and chilling.

Door Swings open, Rob and Dean walk in completely out of place. Huge tourist travel packs on, with shorts and covered in sweat and grime.

Rob self consciously stays back as Dean walks up to the Bartender

All eyes are drawn on these outsiders.

DEAN

Hey, umm...excuse me sir. How are you?

The bartender gives a huge toothless grin, he is missing a few teeth and gives a friendly nod.

DEAN

We're looking for some hostel. Kuerberger? I don't know if i said that right.

The man nods again and yells across the bar at a younger boy, roughly the same age.

CONTINUED: 4.

BARTENDER

ZEESHAUN!

Zeeshaun heads over quickly, as the bartender speaks to him in quick Arabic.

Zeeshaun sticks his hand out at the two boys.

ZEESHAUN

My name is Zee.

He speaks heavily fragmented English and wears a large smile. The Bartender leans back and nods exactly the same as the previous times.

DEAN

I'm Dean and that oaf over there is Rob.

ZEE

OAF?

DEAN

Don't worry about it.

EXT KREUZBERG-MID AFTERNOON

Dean and Rob walk alongside Zee silently. Rob stares intently ahead as Dean keeps a more friendly gaze with Zee.

DEAN

So Zee you drink or smoke marijuana cigarettes?

ROB

Of course he doesn't, he's Muslim moron.

ZEE

I drink alcohol, once in couple times when...mom and dad do not know.

Dean starts laughing and pats Zee on the back, even Rob lets a smile slip.

They come up to a door on the side of a fairly rundown building. antique shop and donor kabob on either side of the inconspicuous door.

Zee stops and points to the building.

CONTINUED: 5.

ROB

This is it?

In small letters it is written KEURBERGER HOSTEL. Rob stares at it highly disappointed.

DEAN

This looks like a piece of shit.

ZEE

Do not worry, many beautiful women come in there.

DEAN

Nice, beautiful women cumming. Count me in.

ZEE

Yes, yes, much drinking and foreign people.

Dean and Rob exchange glances as Zee turns around. Rob reaches out and taps Zee on the shoulder.

ROB

Hey, thanks so much man. Look we don't have much, but take the five euros.

ZEE

No, no...I no take your money.

He merely reaches out hugs Rob and Dean, and walks away with a small wave.

Rob and Dean exchange glances as they look at the sorry door.

ROB

Here goes nothing

Rob reaches out and his finger presses the buzzer, an aggravating screech rings out.

INT: KEURBERGER HOSTEL-ROOM-EVENING

Rob and Dean lie down on bunk beds, Dean on the top bunk. Both have their eyes closed.

There are two other bunk beds with suitcases placed sloppily on them.

One of the beds has a nice guitar on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 6.

ROB

I wonder who our next roommates are going to be

DEAN

I looked through their suitcases, and they are definitely both dudes. Unfortunate.

BEAT

ROB

You went through their shit?

CUT TO

EXT KEURBERGER ROOF-BALCONY-NIGHT

Rob and Dean stand on the roof of Keurberger Hostel, acting as a hang out spot. couches, tables and other knick-knacks litter the roof.

A few people are scattered along the roof in small groups speaking in foreign languages.

A small bonfire lights the roof.

The two of them standing close to the edge of the roof look out across the view. It is a profound view, looking over a dark foreign quarter.

ROB

Haunting huh?

DEAN

The chick with the tits over there?

Rob stops and breaks his gaze away from the view to look at Dean who is preoccupied with a veloptuos women on the other side of the roof.

ROB

No asshole, the view.

DEAN

That's nice too I guess.

Dean looks back over the edge. We hear the AZAN go off in the distance.

INT. HOSTEL ROOM-NIGHT

Dean sits directly above Rob on the bunk bed. Both have their mouths slightly agape, as they stare at something intently.

A large man with a HUGE Jew-Fro, sleeps on his bed. NAKED.

He is sprawled out in spread-Eagle form across his bed.

ROB O.S

That's unbelievably disgusting.

DEAN O.S

Are you looking you sick fuck?

The door swings open and the other roommate walks in. RODRICK.

RODRICK

What the fuck!

INT. HOSTEL BAR-NIGHT

The three of them come from their room and plop themselves down. The Bartender walks over to them.

DEAN

Three shots of JAGER please.

He turns over to the Rodrick.

DEAN CONT'D

So what's your name? I'm Dean and this is Rob.

RODRICK

I am Rodrick. I am from Belgium. What about you all?

DEAN

We're from Boise, Idaho.

RODRICK

Is that close to New York?

His accent is heavy, but sweet. He is pale and skinny.

ROB

No. Not really.

The bartender pushes three shots towards them. They all hold up the shots and cheers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 8.

Each knock em back and slam them on the table.

ROB

So, what brings you to Berlin?

RODRICK

Probably the same thing that brought you, non?

The three of them laugh.

DEAN

So Rodrick. I saw a guitar on your bed, you play?

RODRICK

Oh yes, I am very good. It is how I fornicate with the woman.

EXT. ROOF-NIGHT

CLOSE UP: Guitar.

Rodrick is at the bonfire holding his guitar, with a few stragglers sitting around. A couple cute chick sit opposite him.

Dean and Rob on either side.

Rodrick clears his throat, starts strumming to the tune of COUNTRY ROAD.

RODRICK

TAKE ME HOME! COUNTRY ROAD...

Rob's attention veers off to the corner of the roof, where a young woman stands looking over the edge.

Smoke billows from her cigarette.

BEAT

ROB O.S

Ouch!

Rob is rubbing his side as Dean nudges him to catch his attention.

DEAN

Check it, let's go get more shots.

CONTINUED: 9.

ROB

No, I don't want to get drunk tonight.

DEAN

Pussy.

ROB

Well you have a drinking problem.

Dean lets out a heave and turns back to Rob.

DEAN

I don't have a problem with alcohol, just without it.

Rob shakes his head and turns his gaze from Dean back to the edge of the roof.

DEAN CONT'D

Fine, well I'm going to go get drunk, which will lead to getting laid with one of the fine women here.

Dean stocks off towards the bar.

Rob takes a deep breath, stands up and slowly starts walking toward her.

She turns and smiles at him, he returns it with an overly large-creep smile.

She laughs, takes a drag and turns back to look over the edge.

ROB

Hey, It's real...uh...pretty, huh?

WOMAN

Yea. It is.

ROB

So, what's your name?

WOMAN

ANNA. And yourself?

INT. BAR-NIGHT

Dean sits around the bar, shots lined up. A few HOT women next to him.

DEAN

(belligerent)

Shots! Shots all around!

The bartender pours them and stares at Dean menacingly. Dean is flirting with a girl.

BARTENDER

Hey, if you throw up. Make sure it's in the bathroom or outside.

Dean stops talking and turns around to face the bartender.

DEAN

Me throw up? Is that some kind of sick joke?

EXT. ROOF-NIGHT

Rob and Anna sit adjacent to each other, overlooking the dark scenery.

ANNA

So you didn't come alone, right?

ROB

Right, I'm here with my friend Dean. He's in there.

He points towards the bar, and Anna nods and lets out a chuckle.

ANNA

Same with mine.

Awkward silence fills up between them.

ROB

So, where are you from?

ANNA

Denmark and yourself?

ROB

Wow, you're from Denmark? You speak better English than 90% of Americans I bet. Hell you definitely speak better than Dean.

CONTINUED: 11.

She smiles at this and turns to him. She repeats herself.

ANNA

And where do you reside from?

ROB

Oh, me? Well...You probably won't even know it. Boise, Idaho.

He says this without much conviction. Her smile increases at this.

ANNA

Of course I know where that is! Go BSU Broncos!

His eyes become wide in shock, and a huge grin spreads over his face.

Suddenly Rodrick's voice booms in.

RODRICK O.S

SWEET HOME ALABAMA!

Both laugh and he moves in a little closer to her.

ANNA

How many days have you been in Berlin?

ROB

Just got here today, actually. Staying one more night.

ANNA

Huh, well I've been here three days, unfortunately I'm leaving tomorrow.

ROB

Where to?

ANNA

Back to Denmark, this stop ends my Euro trip.

Rob immediately deflates, this news upsets him. He merely shakes his head and continues to stare over the edge.

She notices his sudden silence.

CONTINUED: 12.

ANNA CONT'D

It's been fun, huh? This Euro Trip?

ROB

Yup, it's been tons of fun.

ANNA

And where to next good sir?

ROB

Amsterdam.

She laughs, and nods in approval.

ANNA

How did I know that was going to be a stop?

ROB

Yeah, that was Dean's no exception stop.

Dean stumbles outside, clearly drunker than a sailor. He falls down right next to Rob and Anna. Eyes closed.

ROB CONT'D

And this is Dean.

She laughs and both look down condescendingly. Dean starts speaking in slurred speech.

DEAN

Rob. Rob, this chick, girl wants my, inside her and wing man me man.

vomit spews from his mouth and he passes out completely.

ROB

Shit, we gotta help him. He may be a piece of shit, but he is my best friend.

She nods understandingly and helps Rob pick him up. They slowly start carrying him. Arm around them as they drag him towards his room.

INT. HOSTEL AREA-NIGHT

They pass through the door and start walking through the lobby, a few girls laugh at the passed out Dean.

As they carry him, a little vomit dribbles out in front of the bartender.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 13.

BARTENDER

GODDAMNIT!

INT. ROOM-NIGHT

They enter the room, and the naked man remains in the same spot. unmoved.

Anna's eyes widen in shock at this.

ROB

Don't mind him.

They lay Dean down and look across at one another. She shrugs awkwardly and he nods.

ANNA

Well, it's one in the morning. I'm...heading off, it was great meeting you.

She turns and takes a few steps towards the door. Rob is rooted to the spot watching her back.

ROB

Wait, please, wait.

She immediately spins around. As if expecting this.

ROB CONT'D

Look, you're leaving tomorrow, and I really, really like talking to you. Please, let's just hang out a little longer?

She smiles at him and nods.

INT. ANNA ROOM-MORNING

Rob snores while he sleeps. We see Anna, quietly packing her stuff with her two friends.

The two friends leave and Anna stands there staring at a sleeping Rob. She shakes her head, leans in and kisses him on the cheek.

She slowly writes something down on a piece of paper and leaves it on top of him.

She takes one more look at him and leaves silently.

INT. ROOM-NOON

Dean begins to stir and finally sits up.

DEAN

Awww....What the fuck, happened?

He looks down at the dried vomit stains on his shirt.

ROB

Guess.

Rodrick walks in and sees the two of them.

RODRICK

What a night! Huh, boys?

DEAN

Awesome.

Rodrick glances over at Rob and winks at him with a large smile.

RODRICK

So, I wasn't the only one to score underpants last night!

Dean immediately snaps to attention and leans over his top bunk to stare down at Rob.

DEAN

You scored! And I didn't! What happened last night man?

INT. TRAIN-MIDDAY

Rob and Dean sit silently across from each other in the train.

Dean is starting to nod off.

DEAN

Well Berlin was cool, huh?

ROB

Oh yeah, it was awesome.

DEAN

So you ready for Amsterdam?

CONTINUED: 15.

ROB

Yeah, yeah.

DEAN

Yeah, coffee shop....

Dean nods off and falls asleep. Within seconds, he begins to snore.

Rob pulls out the piece of paper she left him.

ROB V.O

I want you to know, I loved meeting you. You were unlike anyone else I've met on my trip. I know, I'll see you again someday. I want to thank you, for making Berlin my favorite stop along the way. Love Anna.

He sighs and places the paper down. He looks back out over the scenery rushing by, he remains motionless as he silently waits to reach the next destination in his Euro Trip.