

**National
Theatre**

EMIL AND
THE
DETECTIVES



**BY ERICH KÄSTNER
ADAPTED BY CARL MILLER**

EMIL AND THE DETECTIVES

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Erich Kästner

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by Carl Miller

adapted from Emil und die Detektive by Erich Kästner



OBERON BOOKS
LONDON

WWW.OBERONBOOKS.COM

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This adaptation first published in 2013 by Oberon Books Ltd
521 Caledonian Road, London N7 9RH
Tel: +44 (0) 20 7607 3637 / Fax: +44 (0) 20 7607 3629
e-mail: info@oberonbooks.com
www.oberonbooks.com

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A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

PB ISBN: 978-1-78319-018-8
EPUB ISBN: 978-1-78319-517-6

Cover image, taken from the original National Theatre artwork, designed by Charlotte Wilkinson.

Printed, bound and converted
by CPI Group (UK) Ltd, Croydon, CR0 4YY.

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To Tony Graham and Rosamunde Hutt

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Characters

EMIL Tischbein	IDA Tischbein
PONY the Hat	MRS WIRTH
TOOTS	The MAN FROM THE 177 Tram
The PROFESSOR	MR SNOW
TUESDAY	MRS JAKOB a train passenger
HILDE	MRS KEUCHEN a train passenger
ARNIE Middleton Silent IRENE (or ISAAC)	HEINRICH a goat
PETZOLD	GRANDMA
GERDA	MISS ZETTEL of the City Transportation Authority
The DETECTIVES	MISS KLOSS a waitress
	MRS GANS a grumpy adult
	MR and MRS TUESDAY
	Officer WEISS
	MADAME MIMI a cabaret singer
	MRS SCHLESINGER Chief Cashier of the Kommerz Private Bank
	NEUSTADTERS and BERLINERS

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Thank you to Bijan Sheibani, the acting company and production team credited here, and the other people whose generosity and hard work have brought Emil and his story to life:

Nicholas Hytner and Sebastian Born, for commissioning the play;

the actors who took part in the initial reading, workshops and Detectives Clubs:

Marianne Adams, Suzanne Andrade, Isabella Badrock, Jason Barnett, Adrianna Bertola, Leanne Best, Anne Bird, Jack Boulter, Zach Brandman, Natasha Broomfield, Lorna Brown, Ellie Burrow, Miles Butler-Hughton, Charlie Callaghan, Hayley Carmichael, Evie Carricker, Ashley Chin, Alexander Clarke, Alexander Cobb, Maurice Cole, Pandora Colin, Seb Croft, Matt Cross, Jessica Daugirda, Paul Dodds, James Doherty, Craig Els, Robert Emms, Lino Facioli, Sam Fava, Theo Fewell, Connor Fitzgerald, Gus Fontaine, Naomi Frederick, Tom Godwin, Rudi Goodman, Tamzin Griffin, Shivum Gupta, Keyaan Hameed, Ethan Hammer, Joyce Henderson, Marsha Henry, Ed Hughes, Lucy Hutchinson, Daniel Huttleston, Kerry Ingram, Bettrys Jones, Rory Keenan, Billy Kennedy, Simon Kunz, Amanda Lawrence, Helena Lymbery, Sandy McDade, Sean McKenzie, Tim McMullan, Siobhan McSweeney, Simon Manyonda, Laura Matthews, Jess Murphy, Toby Murray, William Nye, Demi Papaminas, Alastair Parker, Daniel Patten, Robin Pearce, Johnny Peat, Bailey Pepper, Harry Polden, Felix Rubens, Justin Salinger, Nick Sampson, Vanessa Sampson, Tom Sargent, Morag Siller, Joshua Swinney, Chloe Symonds, Tony Turner, Marc Wadhvani, Dwane Walcott, Sue Wallace, Daniel Walsh, Alexander Warner, Joseph Wilkins, Simon Yadoo;

with particular thanks to Paul McCleary;

at the National Theatre: Wendy Spon, Charlotte Sutton and the Casting Department; Marianne Dicker; Anna Cole, Laura Collier, Frances du Pille,

Nick Flintoff, Rebecca Frecknall, Naomi Harvey, Pete Maxey, Sarah Jane Murray, Matthew Poxon, Vera Prole, Nastasia Tryphonos, Naomi Young and the Studio; Paula Hamilton, Alice King-Farlow, Jane Metcalfe, Jackie Tait, the Learning Department, Sophia Lovell Smith and the schools who helped recruit Detectives: Paul Crisp and City of London Academy, Heather Osborne-Beder and Lilian Baylis Technology School, Sam Tyson-Banks and Notre Dame RC School, Nikki Tate and Pimlico Academy; Ben Power, Sarah Clarke and the Literary Department; Lyn Haill, Sarah Corke, Emma Gosden, Robin Hawkes, Kate Horton, Eric Lumsden, Matthew Scott, Martin Shippen, Nick Starr and Amy-Alice Thomas; Juliane Lachenmayer of Verlag für Kindertheater; and Stefan Zollhauser for showing us Emil's Berlin;

and for their wise advice: Anupama Chandrasekhar, Tony Graham, George Grun, Caroline Jester, Kim Longinotto, James Roose-Evans, Jonathan Sheldon, and Giles Smart.

Carl Miller, November 2013

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Emil and the Detectives by Erich Kästner adapted by Carl Miller was first performed at the Olivier Theatre on 4 December 2013 with the following cast:

EMIL TISCHBEIN

Ethan Hammer
or Toby Murray
or Daniel Patten

IDA TISCHBEIN

Naomi Frederick

MRS WIRTH

Tamzin Griffin

NEUSTADTERS and BERLINERS

Jason Barnett

Peter Bray

Jonathan Coote

Jacqui Dubois

Judy Flynn

Naomi Frederick

Tamzin Griffin

Richard James-Neale

Emma Jerrold

Ella Kenion

Barbara Kirby

Tim Samuels

Sue Wallace

MR SNOW

Stuart McQuarrie

MRS JAKOB, a passenger

Ella Kenion

MRS KEUCHEN, a passenger

Judy Flynn

GRANDMA

Sue Wallace

PONY THE HAT

Jessica Daugirda

MISS ZETTEL,
of the City Transportation Authority

THE MAN FROM THE 177 TRAM

TOOTS

MISS KLOSS, a waitress

MRS GANS

THE PROFESSOR

MRS TUESDAY

MR TUESDAY

TUESDAY

HILDE

OFFICER WEISS

ARNIE MIDDLETON

SILENT IRENE/ISAAC

or Lucy Hutchinson
or Izzy Lee

Judy Flynn

Jason Barnett

Georgie Farmer
or Billy Kennedy

Emma Jerrold

Barbara Kirby

Oliver Clement
or Tom Sargent
or Daniel Walsh

Ella Kenion

Jonathan Coote

Keyaan Hameed
or Johnny Peat
or Nathaniel Smith

Serena Grant
or Demi Papaminas
or Aimee Wilmot

Tim Samuels

Mel Aigbogun
or Ibrahim Kanu
or Tahj Miles

Carys Barnes
or Damon Falck
or Zayna Hajee

PETZOLD

Reece Donn
or Gus Fontaine
or Ryan Quartley

GERDA

Ayishat Babatunde
or Evie Carricker
or Daisy Jacob

MADAME MIMI, a Cabaret Singer

Jacqui Dubois

MRS SCHLESINGER,
of the Kommerz Private Bank

Ella Kenion

MUSICIANS

Kevin Amos (*Music Director*)
Gavin Mallett (*trumpet*)
Jeff Moore (*violin/accordion*)
Nerys Richards (*cello*)
Martin Robertson (*reeds*)
Matthew Senior (*percussion*)

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The Detectives

TEAM DREW

Francesca Allen	Alexa Kennedy	Esther Memeh
Nicole Atymtayeva	Khairya Knight	Arber Merovci
Charles Bailey	Elijah Lassen	Isabelle Miller-Escaffey
Artemas Nicoll Cowley	Indigo Lassen	Sebastian Miller-Escaffey
Beatrix Nicoll Cowley	Megan Lee	Elsa Nuthall
Noa Craig	Sonia Lourenco	Jake O'Sullivan
Luke Dickinson	Sascha Lowdermilk-	Lucas Pinto
Jaime Duong	Oppenheim	Isobel Roberts
Lara Ferguson	Louella Lucas	Alex Robinson
Emily Foster	Natasha Lynch	Logan Scott-Brown
Marco Foster	Ed Lyness	Ruth Skirrow
Bradley Fraser-Brett	Grace McCarthy-Steed	Tygar Miles Smith
James Garcia	Iona-Jade McDonagh	Brittany Tandu
Shakira Giscombe	Morgan McDonagh	Emem Usanga
Ruby Greis	Isabella Maloney	Melanie Christina Vrolijk
Dani Haggerty	Eric Manaka	Oliwia Wawrzyniak
Maya Howard	Joshua Medcalf	Helena Carone Wheatley

TEAM MARPLE

Francesca Barrett	Keanu Hughes	Luca Patsalou
Arthur Clowes	Rebecca Hutton	Bluebell Paul
Sophie Coy	Alfie Keenan	Samuel Grant Reyntiens
Courtney Dennis	Jeta Konjusha	Cooper Riley
Katie Dermody-Palmer	Amina Marisa Konteh	Aurora Russell
Darcy Dixon	Dioklea Krasniqi	Lilly Ryan

Josh Dutton
Eman El-Mrabet
Millie Firkins
Calantha Gerrard
Klaidi Gjurra
Emma Olsson
Gisleskog
Blue Grosset
Theo Harper
Edward Harper-Jones
Blessing Holden
Zafra Howard

Ben Lavelle
Enesa Luta
Celine Markantonis
Nicholas Marks
Ella Marques
Ava Nixey Moore
Jarred Morriss-Buchanan
Anna O'Daly
Modeniola Osineye
Tess Pahl
Oriana Park

Naila Azizat Sadiku
Hannah Saxby
William De Sa Da Silva
Andrew Spielmann
Emily Spielmann
Aliyah Thomas
Georgia Thomas
Rose Ward
Jodie Witcher
Thomas Woodruffe

TEAM SHERLOCK

Thomas Adams
Kitty Allen
Grace Anderson
Deborah Babalola-
Davies
George Balmer
Isobel Balmer
Finn Bennett
Million Binyam
Ella Brady
Archie Broadbridge
Benjamin Brown
Georgia-Mae Caine
Josie Cater
Tallula Christie

Anne-Elise Efejuku
Marie-Antoinette Efejuku
Zara Hammon
Hal Henderson
Hannah Isaac
Megan Kellegher
Sam Kelly
Elle King
Molly Kirkham
Ava Knight
Leah Knight-Barrett
Sean McCrystal
Malachy O'Connor
Maryalice Ogunlana
Erykah Oweh

Louis Partridge
Fredrick Pearson-Tay
Joe Pike
Maya Rivers-Graham
Meena Sears
Elena Schiavo
Daisy Sneath
Molly Sneath
Keely Taverner
Ramani Thevathasan
Ebony Thomas
Sam Thomas
Harley Toth
Ottaline Wallace
Sophie Wilson

Jordan Clemens

Katherine Parker

Katherine Wilshire

Heloise Devaney-Jones

Isabella Partridge

Kristen Winrow

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CREATIVE TEAM

<i>Director</i>	Bijan Sheibani
<i>Designer</i>	Bunny Christie
<i>Lighting Designer</i>	Lucy Carter
<i>Movement Director</i>	Aline David
<i>Projection Design</i>	59 Productions
<i>Music</i>	Paul Englishby
<i>Fight Director</i>	Bret Yount
<i>Sound Designer</i>	Ian Dickinson
<i>Associate Sound Designer</i>	Peter Rice
<i>Company Voice Work</i>	Kate Godfrey & Richard Ryder
<i>Production Manager</i>	Igor
<i>Staff Directors</i>	Jesse Jones & Emily Kempson
<i>Assistant Movement Director</i>	Katie Lowe
<i>Stage Manager</i>	Gemma Tonge
<i>Deputy Stage Managers</i>	Jo Nield & Anna Cole
<i>Assistant Stage Managers</i>	Chris Booth & Laura Sully
<i>Costume Supervisor</i>	Caroline Waterman
<i>assisted by</i>	Sukie Kirk
<i>Prop Supervisor</i>	Chris Lake
<i>Project Draughting</i>	Paul Halter
<i>Digital Art</i>	Dan Radley-Bennett
<i>Deputy Production Manager</i>	Gary Pell
<i>Assistant to the Designer</i>	Verity Sadler
<i>Assistant to the Lighting Designer</i>	Daniel Haggerty
<i>Children's Casting</i>	Charlotte Sutton
<i>Adult Casting</i>	Wendy Spon & Charlotte Sutton
<i>Children's Administrator</i>	Jo Hawes

Head Chaperone
Berlin Historical Guide
Production Photographer
Assistant Producer

Denise Smith
Stefan Zollhauser
Marc Brenner
Marianne Dicker

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National Theatre

The National Theatre, where this version of *Emil and the Detectives* had its premiere in November 2013, is central to the creative life of the UK. In its three theatres on the South Bank in London it presents an eclectic mix of new plays and classics from the world repertoire, with seven or eight productions in repertory at any one time. And through an extensive programme of amplifying activities – Platform performances, backstage tours, foyer music, publications, exhibitions and outdoor events – it recognises that theatre doesn't begin and end with the rise and fall of the curtain. The National endeavours to maintain and re-energise the great traditions of the British stage and to expand the horizons of audiences and artists alike. It aspires to reflect in its repertoire the diversity of the nation's culture. It takes a particular responsibility for the creation of new work – offering at the NT Studio a space for research and development for the NT's stages and the theatre as a whole. Through its Learning programme, it invites people of all ages to discover the NT's repertoire, the skills and excitement of theatre-making, and the building itself. As the national theatre, it aims to foster the health of the wider British theatre through policies of collaboration and touring. These activities demonstrate the considerable public benefit provided by the NT, both locally and nationally. Between 20 and 26 new productions are staged each year in one of the NT's three theatres. In 2012-13, the National's total reach was 3.6 million people worldwide, through attendances on the South Bank, in the West End, on tour and through National Theatre Live, the digital broadcast of live performances to cinema screens all over the world.

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Germany, 1929.

PART ONE

*EMIL strolls home through Neustadt. He carries flowers.
A distant bell rings.*

~

IDA looks out for EMIL.

IDA: Emil?

IDA shakes her head.

IDA returns to doing MRS WIRTH's hair. MRS WIRTH is swathed in towels.

EMIL arrives home.

IDA: You'll be late for the train, Emil. Pins.

EMIL: Pins.

EMIL takes pins from IDA.

EMIL: No cornflowers in the market. I had to go all the way to Mrs Grun.

IDA: Scissors.

EMIL: Scissors. Hello, Mrs Wirth.

EMIL hands scissors to IDA.

MRS WIRTH: Mmllggbbllnn?

EMIL: What?

IDA: Emil.

EMIL: I do beg your pardon, Mrs Wirth, I didn't quite catch that.

IDA: Fresh towel.

EMIL: Fresh towel.

EMIL helps IDA change MRS WIRTH's towel. MRS WIRTH has a moment of coherence between towels.

MRS WIRTH: I said – Mmlggbbllnn!

IDA: Emil, your packing, your clothes –

EMIL: It's all ready, Mum. Nearly.

EMIL finishes packing. IDA unwraps MRS WIRTH.

MRS WIRTH: Emil is going to Berlin?

IDA: As long as he doesn't miss his train.

MRS WIRTH: A child in Berlin, Ida Tischbein!

IDA: Only for a few days. Neustadt is a bit dull for a child.

MRS WIRTH: Dull? We have the ornamental flower garden, the equestrian statue of Duke Augustus, the regional nutcracker museum – what does Berlin have?

IDA: Cars, he says.

EMIL: I'm going to see a Studebaker President, or a Commander. Two thousand, seven hundred and fifty-three vehicles cross Berlin every hour, Mrs Wirth.

MRS WIRTH: We've got a car in Neustadt, Mrs Homburg's noisy thing. Blocked the whole street outside the Crystal Salon this morning.

EMIL: Mrs Homburg went to the Crystal Salon?

IDA: Finish your packing, Emil.

MRS WIRTH: Everyone's talking about their new electronic hairdryer. We don't need contraptions like that in Neustadt.

IDA: Lots of my customers want to try it.

MRS WIRTH: Big city ways. No loyalty. I said to Chief Constable Jeschke, make them apply for a special permit if they want to plug people's hair into the electricity.

EMIL: That isn't how a dryer works, Mrs Wirth.

IDA: We don't contradict the customers, Emil.

MRS WIRTH: Whizzing, whirring – like a horror film! Even if I do decide to try the Crystal Salon, I shan't like it, Ida. That's a promise.

IDA: You're packing those old boxing gloves?

EMIL: For Pony the Hat.

MRS WIRTH: Pony the Hat? A gangster!

IDA: She's Emil's cousin.

MRS WIRTH: A girl!

EMIL: Pony is a featherweight, but I'm a light heavyweight.

IDA: And still not changed for the train.

EMIL changes his clothes.

IDA: That jacket used to be huge on him. They grow so fast.

MRS WIRTH: After Berlin, he'll have grown into a delinquent. Or a hoodlum. Or both.

IDA: Emil won't get into any trouble.

MRS WIRTH: What about the childnappers, Ida Tischbein?

IDA: Childnappers?

MRS WIRTH: The Frisco gang. Ship little kiddies to Borneo for coconuts and jewels.

IDA: Wasn't that the story of a film you saw, Emil?

MRS WIRTH: A terrible thing it was. Mr Wirth and I went three times.

EMIL: Must I wear my Sunday suit? Pony will think it's childish.

MRS WIRTH: He *is* a child. In Berlin they slice the clothes off your back with flick knives and leave you to starve in the gutter.

EMIL: That was Savages of the Street, Mrs Wirth.

MRS WIRTH: A film with nightclub scenes, if you know what I mean. Ladies singing. And not what Neustadt would consider ladies.

EMIL: Let me sweep up, Mum.

IDA: My mother is meeting Emil straight from the train in Berlin. I try to put a little aside for her every month. You know pensions now.

MRS WIRTH: By the time you've walked down the street your money's worth half what it was.

IDA: My sister does her best, but her husband may be losing his job. So it's good Emil can take what I've saved to Berlin.

MRS WIRTH: You're letting an infant travel with cash!

IDA: You can't trust the post. As for the banks –

MRS WIRTH: The banks! Those robberies in the newspapers? Cleaned out the vaults and escaped through the sewers. That's the city for you, young man. A festering sea of criminality.

EMIL: That wasn't Berlin, Mrs Wirth, it was Hanover.

MRS WIRTH: Well it wasn't Neustadt. Every police force in the nation is onto them.

IDA: I don't think Chief Constable Jeschke is likely to catch international bank robbers.

MRS WIRTH: Jeschke can't tell the Kaiser from a cart horse without his spectacles. And you've heard about this business with Duke Augustus's statue –

EMIL drops the broom.

IDA: Emil! What business with Duke Augustus's statue?

EMIL: We mustn't be late for the train. Your coat, Mrs Wirth.

EMIL helps MRS WIRTH into her coat.

MRS WIRTH: Haven't you heard? Someone drew whiskers on the Duke. Put a bucket on top and gave him a big red nose. It was the image of Chief Constable Jeschke!

IDA: Oh dear! Did you hear about that, Emil?

EMIL: We don't want to keep you, Mrs Wirth.

MRS WIRTH: Half Neustadt has had a good old laugh. But Jeschke says an attack on a symbol of authority is an attack on authority itself. Treason. He wants the culprit flogged when they find him. Flogged! And there'll be a *huge* fine.

EMIL: You have a good day, Mrs Wirth. With that hair you look better than any Berlin nightclub lady.

MRS WIRTH: Cheeky. But it's a fact.

EMIL: Mrs Ida Tischbein is the finest hairdresser in Neustadt. Tell them that at the Crystal Salon.

IDA: Emil!

MRS WIRTH: I know you haven't got a telephone, so if there is some dreadful disaster in Berlin, Emil's grandmother is to ring me and I'll come straight round, my pleasure.

MRS WIRTH pays for her appointment.

IDA: Thank you, Mrs Wirth.

MRS WIRTH: It's the least I can do since you're determined to let your child run amok in the city. Have you ever been away from home on your own, Emil?

EMIL: No, Mrs Wirth.

MRS WIRTH: Well, if they murder you in Berlin, it will be your own fault.

EMIL: Thank you, Mrs Wirth.

MRS WIRTH: Same time next week, Mrs Tischbein.

Delinquents and hoodlums!

MRS WIRTH goes.

EMIL AND IDA: 'Delinquents and hoodlums.'

IDA: But maybe you shouldn't be going all that way on your own.

EMIL: We've bought the train ticket. Pony and Grandma are expecting to meet me.

IDA puts MRS WIRTH's money into a cash box.

IDA: We're nearly three marks down! How many customers yesterday?

EMIL: Six.

IDA: Plus Chief Constable Jeschke wanting his whiskers trimmed.

EMIL: Again. You paid the milk bill this morning, remember. And the butcher.

IDA: That's right! What a relief. Now look.

EMIL is awed by the amount of money IDA takes out.

IDA: This is one hundred and forty marks. Everything I've managed to save this year. Give it to grandma as soon as you're safe inside the flat and say I'm sorry it's not more. Ask her to give two marks to Uncle Robert and Aunty Martha for your share of everything while you stay.

EMIL: They won't accept.

IDA: Then you insist. All the money is going into this envelope. Here.

IDA goes to put the envelope into EMIL's pocket.

EMIL: I can do it, Mum.

EMIL puts the envelope into his pocket. IDA pats the jacket to make sure the money does not show.

The distant bell rings.

EMIL: The train, Mrs Tischbein!

EMIL and IDA head off.

IDA: The cornflowers!

EMIL rushes back and grabs the flowers.

~

EMIL and IDA travel to the station.

A few NEUSTADTERS go about their business.

NEUSTADTERS: Have you heard? / Jeschke and the statue! / The whiskers! / The bucket! / The big red nose!

EMIL: Hurry, Mum. The station.

NEUSTADTERS: I heard it was kids. / I heard it was foreigners. / I heard it was foreign kids.

IDA: Emil? You seem worried. Is it the journey? Is it Berlin?

NEUSTADTERS: I heard it was connected with the Hanover bank robberies. / I heard it was the left-wing agitators. / I heard it was the right-wing militia. / I heard it was *artists*.

IDA: Is that Chief Constable Jeschke over there?

EMIL: The Berlin train comes in at this platform. Soon. Hurry.

~

EMIL and IDA wait at the platform.

IDA: Terrible business about Duke Augustus's statue. Who on earth –

EMIL: Look out for the train.

IDA: Don't you speak to people in Berlin the way you do to me. Mind your manners, respect your elders –

EMIL AND IDA: And all will be well.

IDA: I was a bit cross that you were late back from town. But you got these lovely flowers.

EMIL: We will have our own garden one day, Mrs Tischbein. Where you can grow all the flowers you want, I promise.

IDA: Not if that new hairdryer catches on.

EMIL: You mustn't worry about the Crystal Salon. You're the best.

IDA: Some people prefer modern things. You do, Emil.

The train approaches.

IDA: You won't sit on grandma's cornflowers? And put that suit away carefully when you arrive.

EMIL: On a hanger.

IDA: A shame we had to sell your father's clothes. Not long now and you'll have grown into them.

EMIL: I should get on the train.

IDA: You still have the money?

EMIL: See, here.

IDA: Put it away! You'll give me a heart attack. Grandma and Pony are meeting you at Friedrich Street Station. The stop after Zoo Station.

EMIL: Friedrich Street Station, Mrs Tischbein. Under the clock.

IDA: Don't get off at the wrong station, promise me.

EMIL: You promise me, Mrs Tischbein. Don't work too hard or you'll make yourself ill and I'll have to come rushing back on the express train. We can't afford that.

A whistle blows.

IDA: That cuff! I didn't repair it.

EMIL: We're holding up the train.

IDA takes out a pin. A uniformed GUARD is impatient.

IDA: It's my son, he's going to Berlin.

EMIL: Leave it, Mum.

IDA: I'll pin it for now.

EMIL: I have to go.

IDA: The flowers!

EMIL: Here.

IDA: Handkerchief?

EMIL: Mum –

IDA pushes her handkerchief into EMIL's hand.

IDA: Don't let anyone know about the money. But what's more important –

The train noise drowns IDA's voice.

EMIL: Mum everything will be fine, I promise. Goodbye.

IDA: I will always be thinking of you, Emil!

The train pulls EMIL and IDA apart until they cannot see each other any more.

~

In the train compartment are MRS JAKOB with her feet up, MRS KEUCHEN with her goat HEINRICH, and MR SNOW.

EMIL: Excuse me.

MRS JAKOB: Excuse him? What has he done?

MRS JAKOB guffaws.

MRS KEUCHEN: Child's being polite, you donkey. Squeeze in.

MRS JAKOB: Oh! My feet!

MRS KEUCHEN: Seats is for sitting.

MRS JAKOB: Got a ticket for that goat?

MRS KEUCHEN: Goats is baggage.

The train jolts. EMIL comes face to face with MR SNOW.

EMIL: I beg your pardon, sir.

MR SNOW: Good manners. A valuable asset, Emil Tischbein.

Your name is on your case. Snow. Mr Snow.

EMIL sits.

MRS JAKOB eats a bonbon from a bag.

MRS JAKOB: Mm. Got on at Neustadt?

MRS JAKOB eats another bonbon.

MRS JAKOB: Mm. That your mother?

And another.

MRS JAKOB: Mm. Pretty. Oh!

MRS JAKOB drops her next bonbon on the floor.

EMIL: Please, madam –

EMIL retrieves the bonbon.

MRS JAKOB AND MRS KEUCHEN: Aah. Good boy.

MRS JAKOB: Have it dear.

MRS KEUCHEN: He don't want it off the floor! Give it to Heinrich.

EMIL feeds the bonbon to HEINRICH.

MRS KEUCHEN: Heinrich don't mind a bit of muck.

MR SNOW grimaces.

MRS KEUCHEN: Never seen a goat before? Don't let the silly man spoil your appetite, Heinrich.

HEINRICH belches.

MRS KEUCHEN: Naughty Heinrich.

MRS JAKOB: Your mother's pretty. Hope you're a credit to her. Not like other children you hear about.

MRS JAKOB continues to work through her bag of bonbons.

MRS JAKOB: Mm. Undisciplined. Mm. Ruffians. Mm. Feral beasts.

MRS KEUCHEN: Going far?

EMIL: I'm travelling to Berlin.

MRS JAKOB AND MRS KEUCHEN: Berlin. Oh.

MR SNOW: In the city there are buildings with a hundred floors or more. They have to be fastened to the sky.

MR SNOW returns to his newspaper.

MRS KEUCHEN: Things were better in the old days.

Everything knew its place.

MRS JAKOB: The air smelled sweeter.

MRS KEUCHEN: The cows had bigger heads.

MRS JAKOB AND MRS KEUCHEN: In the old days.

MRS JAKOB: Neustadt boy. Does Chief Constable Jeschke know you?

EMIL: Chief Constable Jeschke?

MR SNOW: An interrogation? Even criminals can remain silent.

MRS JAKOB: You tell Chief Constable Jeschke that his sister's schoolfriend's cousin Mrs Jakob of Great Oak says hello. Oh! My station!

MRS KEUCHEN: It's my station too, calm down, you goose. Heinrich!

MRS JAKOB, MRS KEUCHEN and HEINRICH scramble out.

MRS JAKOB: Remember – Chief Constable Jeschke!

MRS KEUCHEN: So polite!

The train moves on.

MR SNOW opens a window.

MR SNOW: And we can breathe. Not the sort of people who made this country great, Emil Tischbein.

MR SNOW hums a tune.

The train passes through a tunnel.

MR SNOW takes out a knife.

MR SNOW: Apple?

MR SNOW slices an apple.

MR SNOW: Your mother would want you to eat healthy country food.

MR SNOW passes EMIL a slice of apple on the blade of his knife.

MR SNOW: Berlin.

EMIL: Do you live in the city, Mr Snow, sir?

MR SNOW: I operate in various metropolitan areas. In the city there is no need to be poor if you have a brain. You can leave it at the bank.

EMIL: Your brain?

MR SNOW: It's called collateral. You deposit your brain and the bank gives you – say – one thousand marks.

EMIL: One thousand marks!

MR SNOW: Lesser people can only live without their brains for a few days. They have to go back to the bank. And to redeem your brain, the bank charges one thousand, two hundred marks.

EMIL: They give you money for your brain, but to get it back you have to pay the bank even more?

MR SNOW: Finance is a complicated business.

The train passes through a tunnel.

MR SNOW: I hope you won't consider me rude, Emil Tischbein, if I shut my eyes for a while. Business has been demanding recently. Excuse me.

MR SNOW lowers his hat over his eyes.

EMIL tries to find out if MR SNOW is asleep. MR SNOW snores.

EMIL moves as far away from MR SNOW as he can.

EMIL takes out the envelope and checks the money is there. But he is still worried.

The train passes through a tunnel.

IDA: (*Remembered.*) That cuff! I'll pin it for now.

EMIL has an idea.

EMIL takes the pin from his cuff and pushes it through the envelope and the money inside. He pricks his finger.

EMIL: Ow!

EMIL checks MR SNOW has not woken up. MR SNOW snores.

EMIL pins the envelope firmly inside his jacket pocket. He realises his finger is bleeding. He sucks it. He shakes it. He wraps it in IDA's handkerchief. He holds it above his head.

MR SNOW: There is a penalty. For improper use of the Emergency Cord above your head. A large fine to punish you for sounding an unnecessary alarm. You don't want that.

EMIL buttons his jacket.

MR SNOW: Feeling a chill? Maybe you need to sleep.

EMIL: I don't think so, Mr Snow.

MR SNOW: More apple?

MR SNOW takes out his knife.

EMIL: I'm not hungry, Mr Snow.

MR SNOW: No? How fortunate, Emil Tischbein. So many people are.

MR SNOW hums his tune.

MR SNOW: What a lot of sheep in the countryside. One. Two. Three –

EMIL starts to feel sleepy.

MR SNOW: Eight, nine, ten –

EMIL struggles to stay awake.

MR SNOW: Twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven –

EMIL falls asleep.

~

The train enters an endless tunnel.

Voices emerge from the noise of the train.

MRS WIRTH: Someone drew whiskers on the duke!

NEUSTADTERS: The whiskers! / The bucket! / The big red nose!

IDA: Emil? You should be in Berlin.

MRS JAKOB: Does Chief Constable Jeschke know you?

NEUSTADTERS: The whiskers! / The bucket! / The big red nose!

EMIL: Mum! It was me. I drew on the statue.

IDA: You can't come in Emil, I had to sell the door. I couldn't wait for you to grow into it.

EMIL: The whiskers, the bucket, the red nose – it was only a joke.

MRS WIRTH: An attack on a symbol of authority is an attack on authority itself!

IDA: Is it an emergency Emil? I'll pull this cord.

EMIL: No, Mum, there's a penalty. Every police force in the country will be on to me.

IDA: You've nothing to fear as long as you've done nothing wrong Emil. You haven't done anything wrong?

EMIL: Don't pull the cord!

IDA: That cuff has come undone again. Where is the pin?

EMIL: I'm sorry!

IDA: As long as you take care of the money, Emil.

EMIL: The money?

VOICES: The money...

EMIL crashes down.

~

EMIL wakes on the floor of the empty train compartment.

EMIL: Mr Snow?

EMIL checks his pocket. The money is not there.

EMIL: The money! Mr Snow!

MR SNOW makes his way through Berlin TRAIN PASSENGERS and uniformed STATION OFFICIALS.

STATION OFFICIALS: Zoo Station! Zoo Station, Berlin.

A whistle blows. EMIL's train begins to move.

IDA: *(Remembered.)* Don't get off at the wrong station. Promise me.

EMIL grabs his case and the flowers and leaps from the moving train.

~

EMIL struggles to pursue MR SNOW through the crowd of Train Passengers and Station Officials. Crowds in Berlin follow rituals and procedures which obstruct and bewilder EMIL.

STATION OFFICIALS: This way only! / That way only! / Move! / Wait! / Wrong way!

TRAIN PASSENGERS: Watch where you're going! / Make your mind up! / This is Berlin, kid!

EMIL finally catches sight of MR SNOW and follows him out of the station.

~

EMIL emerges from the station and is engulfed by the scale and noise of the city.

EMIL sees MR SNOW cross a road.

EMIL steps into the traffic. It screams around him as he struggles to cross the road.

~

EMIL tracks MR SNOW along busy streets, dodging Berlin PEDESTRIANS.

NEWSPAPER SELLERS compete for business.

NEWSPAPER SELLERS: Coffee down five points! / Coal up half a point! / Gold markets latest!

Film star scandal! / Divorce court details! / Tonight's cabaret shows!

Hanover bank robberies! / Police still baffled! / Latest on sewer escape!

MR SNOW stops to look at the headlines on a newspaper stall carried by a war veteran and his grand-daughter HILDE.

EMIL slowly creeps closer to MR SNOW.

MR SNOW takes out his knife.

The knife catches the light.

MR SNOW cuts the end off a cigar.

EMIL keeps his distance.

A clock strikes.

EMIL: Pony and grandma!

MR SNOW looks round.

EMIL retreats.

~

GRANDMA and PONY wait under the clock at Friedrich Street Station. PONY has a bicycle.

GRANDMA: I don't like it. I don't like it at all.

PONY: Are you sure Aunty Ida said Emil would meet us straight off the Neustadt train under the clock at Friedrich Street Station?

GRANDMA: I have told you, Pony.

PONY: But we're at Friedrich Street Station and we're under the clock and the Neustadt train has been and gone. So where the heck is he?

GRANDMA: In my day, children did not question adults' instructions.

PONY rings her bicycle bell.

PONY: I need a louder bell.

GRANDMA: In my day, girls did not ride bicycles.

PONY: Maybe he doesn't recognise us. I need to attract his attention.

GRANDMA: In my day, girls did not attract the attention of boys.

PONY rings her bicycle bell harder, annoying other PASSENGERS and the uniformed STATION OFFICIALS.

PONY: Maybe we don't recognise *him*? He could have grown taller or fatter. Maybe he's *gigantic*. Or he's under the wrong clock? Or he got the wrong train? Boys can be stupid. Maybe Emil has grown *stupider* since we last saw him.

GRANDMA: Growing older makes people wiser. That is an immutable fact of nature.

PONY: Emil isn't here, grandma. *That* is an immutable fact of nature. The next train isn't for two flipping hours! We need to ring Aunty Ida and tell her Emil hasn't arrived.

GRANDMA: She doesn't have a telephone, she has to go to the neighbours'. And it would worry her.

PONY: You're right, imagine the shock. Aunty Ida would probably have a big old heart attack. Drop dead with the phone in her hand.

GRANDMA: Pony!

PONY: OK Grandma, we'll come back for the next train. But if Emil isn't on it, he'll get a goddamn piece of my mind. Ride on my handlebars.

GRANDMA: Your handlebars!

PONY: You can't be heavier than Arthur Zickler in my class.

And he's always on my handlebars.

PONY hurries GRANDMA away.

GRANDMA: I don't like it. I don't like it at all.

~

NEWSPAPER SELLERS: Latest Markets! / Latest Scandal! / Latest Crime!

MR SNOW realises HILDE is glaring at him as he reads her newspapers. He heads off.

HILDE notices EMIL following MR SNOW.

~

MR SNOW gets onto a tram – the 177.

EMIL leaps on the other end of the tram as it pulls away.

~

EMIL keeps watch, making sure that MR SNOW cannot see him, as PASSENGERS get on and off the tram between them.

EMIL has to hold tight to keep his balance as the tram moves through the streets of Berlin.

MISS ZETTEL, wearing the uniform of the City Transportation Authority, sells tickets.

MISS ZETTEL: Tickets!

EMIL realises he has no money for a ticket.

MISS ZETTEL: Tickets. Where's your ticket, sonny?

EMIL: I'm really sorry, but I don't have any money. Please –

PASSENGERS: What's that? / No ticket? / We have to pay.

MISS ZETTEL: Off!

EMIL: No!

MISS ZETTEL: No?

EMIL: I mustn't get off. You see –

PASSENGERS: The child looks shifty. / Looks foreign. / Looks you know what.

MISS ZETTEL: Then it's the police.

EMIL: The police! But my mother –

PASSENGERS: The child has something to hide. / Evading justice. / Probably got a record as long as your arm.

MAN FROM THE 177: I will pay for his ticket.

The MAN FROM THE 177 Tram steps out from the crowd.

MISS ZETTEL: The child has already committed the offence.

PASSENGERS: Unauthorised travel. / Attempting to defraud the City Transportation Authorities. / It's a youth crimewave.

MAN FROM THE 177: A child's tram fare. Is that the worst fraud in this city?

PASSENGERS: He's a liberal! / The child's a storyteller. / Con trickster. / Liar.

MAN FROM THE 177: Plenty of children in this city don't have the price of a tram fare.

PASSENGERS: He's a revolutionary!

MAN FROM THE 177: I simply remember what it was like to be a child. Here.

The MAN FROM THE 177 pays MISS ZETTEL.

EMIL: Thank you, sir. I'll pay you back, I promise. Oh!

EMIL notices MR SNOW getting off the tram. He rushes after him.

MAN FROM THE 177: Are you in some sort of trouble?

EMIL: Where can I send the money? I'm Emil Tischbein, from Neustadt.

The MAN FROM THE 177 passes EMIL his card as EMIL hurries away.

MAN FROM THE 177: I work at the City Press.

EMIL: I have to go! I'm sorry!

~

EMIL plunges after MR SNOW into streets filled with SHOPPERS, BEGGARS and ADVERTISERS.

TOOTS notices EMIL following MR SNOW.

TOOTS follows EMIL.

MISS KLOSS of Café Josty shows MR SNOW to a table.

EMIL looks for a spot to watch MR SNOW from.

TOOTS hoots.

EMIL turns round but TOOTS has hidden his hooter.

EMIL goes back to watching MR SNOW.

TOOTS winds EMIL up with his hooting.

EMIL: What are you playing at?

TOOTS: What are you playing at? One man hide and seek? Sad.

EMIL goes back to watching MR SNOW.

TOOTS: You're not from round here. Or you'd know me.

TOOTS tries to move EMIL on. EMIL pushes him away.

TOOTS: I'll box you.

EMIL: I'll box *you*. But I haven't got time.

TOOTS: 'Cos you're a yellow belly bumpkin.

EMIL moves away from TOOTS.

TOOTS: Did mummy make that outfit for you?

EMIL: Don't talk about my mother.

TOOTS: Does she know you're out on your own? Is she ashamed that she brung up a milk toast? Your poor mum.

EMIL hurls himself at TOOTS.

EMIL and TOOTS fight.

TOOTS hoots during the scuffle.

MISS KLOSS throws something at EMIL and TOOTS.

MISS KLOSS: Oi! We got respectable paying customers. I'll have the police on you!

EMIL pulls TOOTS away.

TOOTS: The police? Dunno what the G-men are like out in the wheatfields, but the Berlin buzzies are *evil*. Chuck a fella in the slammer just for walking down the road wrong. See this scar? Copper's spurs.

EMIL: I did something back home.

TOOTS: And the cops are on to you?

EMIL: Chief Constable Jeschke may suspect me.

TOOTS: You're on the run? Ace!

EMIL: I'm pursuing a thief.

TOOTS: A thief!

TOOTS hoots.

TOOTS: Who did he rob?

EMIL: Me.

TOOTS: You!

TOOTS hoots.

EMIL: One hundred and forty marks.

TOOTS: One hundred and forty marks!

TOOTS hoots.

MR SNOW looks across.

EMIL grabs TOOTS' hooter.

TOOTS: You could buy *anything* with that much money.

EMIL: My mother trusted me to give it to my grandmother.

But he stole it while I was asleep.

TOOTS: Had he hypnotised you?

EMIL: He gave me a slice of apple.

TOOTS: Must have been drugged! Did you see Doctor Mabuse? What a film!
So where is the dastardly villain?

EMIL: There.

TOOTS: There in Café Josty? With the –

TOOTS mimes MR SNOW's hat.

TOOTS: And the –

TOOTS mimes MR SNOW's moustache.

TOOTS: If he's having the dumplings – Café Josty has the munchiest
dumplings.

EMIL: Do you eat there?

TOOTS: Who has the dosh to do that?

EMIL: He does.

TOOTS: 'Cos he nicked it off you! A hundred and forty marks! You could
buy sweets for ever. Is he armed?

EMIL: I know he has a knife.

TOOTS: You can't go to the authorities on account of this Jeschke bloke –
Mind you, no one would believe a kid's word against a smart gent.

EMIL: He'd probably say I'd stolen *his* money.

TOOTS: He's stolen your money, you can't go to the police, and he's armed and dangerous. This is *ace*!

EMIL: It is?

TOOTS: It's like being at the movies. It's like being *in* the movies.

EMIL: How can I ever tell my mum?

TOOTS: A hundred and forty marks. You could buy a *motorbike*.

EMIL: Maybe – I wonder – Would you help me?

TOOTS: *Help* you? *Me* help you?

EMIL: I understand. You don't know me –

TOOTS: That would be *ace*!

EMIL: It would? You could? I would be so –

TOOTS: No speeches. Gustav. But everyone calls me Toots.

EMIL: Emil.

EMIL and TOOTS shake hands.

EMIL: Do you know Fifteen Schumann Street?

TOOTS: I know Schumann Street.

EMIL writes a message.

TOOTS: You clever? Gonna need to be. Only thing I could do at school was boxing. When I went to school. I'm fast and I'm strong. You get good marks? Is your mum pleased? She should be. You box? I'd beat you of course. Hurry up! Even Café Josty dumplings don't last long enough for an essay.

EMIL gives TOOTS the note.

EMIL: This is a message for Pony the Hat. Take these boxing gloves to show Pony you've come from me. Fifteen Schumann Street, can you remember?

TOOTS: I can remember anything as long as it's not maths or French. I like you, Emil. The other kids at my school, they looked at me as if I was – you know. Except the Professor, but his parents are communists. The Professor, yes!

TOOTS hoots.

EMIL: What is it?

TOOTS: Keep your eye on Mister Sticky Fingers. You can't rush Café Josty dumplings so we've got a bit of time. But don't look such a hick, country mouse.

TOOTS adjusts EMIL's clothing to become more 'city'.

EMIL: Are you taking your bicycle?

TOOTS: I haven't got a bicycle. Just a hooter.

EMIL: My mum can't afford to buy me one either. She says the way things are –

TOOTS: Emil, shut up. Worry about Mister Moustache – and his dumplings! Mm.

TOOTS goes.

EMIL watches MR SNOW eat.

~

TOOTS hoots up at a tenement building.

MRS GANS throws something down onto TOOTS.

MRS GANS: Kids!

TOOTS: Adults!

MRS GANS: Your noise is putting me off my dinner!

TOOTS: Your face is putting me off my dinner! Not that I've had any dinner. Dumplings...

The PROFESSOR looks out.

TOOTS: Professor! What took you so long?

PROFESSOR: I was reading.

TOOTS: Reading? Opposite Café Josty in ten minutes!

TOOTS zooms off.

~

At Café Josty, MR SNOW is getting through his plate of dumplings.

~

TOOTS comes to a posh house. He hides his hooter and tidies his hair.

MR and MRS TUESDAY (at least that is how we will know them) pass in evening dress.

TOOTS: Off somewhere nice? Is Tuesday in?

MRS TUESDAY: I beg your pardon?

TUESDAY rushes out.

TUESDAY: It's all right, ma, pa, this is my friend Toots, I mean Gustav.

MR TUESDAY looks sceptically at TOOTS.

MRS TUESDAY: Delighted to make your acquaintance, Gustav.

TOOTS: Delighted to make yours.

TOOTS sort of bows.

TUESDAY: You don't want to be late for the opera.

MRS TUESDAY: Remember your piano practice while we're out. Do you play an instrument, Gustav?

TOOTS: Oh yes.

TOOTS shows MRS TUESDAY his hooter.

MRS TUESDAY: How original. You two must play us a duet some time.

TUESDAY waves MR and MRS TUESDAY off.

TOOTS: Café Josty, five minutes. It's an adventure.

TOOTS rushes off.

TUESDAY: An adventure!

~

At Café Josty, the plate of dumplings is getting worryingly small.

Police Officer WEISS passes EMIL. EMIL tries to look innocent.

~

PONY repairs her bicycle lamp outside her building.

TOOTS arrives and hoots.

TOOTS: Which is number fifteen, fella?

PONY: Who wants to know?

TOOTS: You're a girl!

PONY: Your point is?

TOOTS: Pony the Hat! Emil wants you to –

PONY gets TOOTS in an armlock.

PONY: Emil! Where is he? Grandma! If anything has happened to Emil!

TOOTS: Hey, hey, hey! See these gloves – I'm down the line. Read this note.

TOOTS gives EMIL's note to PONY.

PONY: 'Dear Pony. This is my friend Toots.'

TOOTS: That's me. Toots.

PONY: 'We are chasing a –'

TOOTS: 'A thief.'

PONY: A thief! His handwriting is *terrible*. What else?

TOOTS: 'The adults won't understand, but you will. Don't tell grandma.'

GRANDMA has come out.

GRANDMA: Don't tell grandma what?

TOOTS: Lots of love. That's him, not me. The love bit.

GRANDMA: What is going on?

PONY: No time to explain.

GRANDMA: Is that a boy?

PONY: Better be good on handlebars, Toots.

PONY and TOOTS zoom off.

GRANDMA: I don't like it. I don't like it at all.

~

*At Café Josty there is a single dumpling left. STREET MUSICIANS beg outside.
EMIL thinks of IDA.*

~

In Neustadt IDA checks the day's takings. The radio plays.

~

At the City Press, the MAN FROM THE 177 tries to work, but wonders what happened to the boy on the tram.

~

TOOTS hoots.

TOOTS: Dreamer!

TOOTS brings PONY, the PROFESSOR and TUESDAY to EMIL outside Café Josty.

EMIL: Pony!

PONY: Emil you jellybean! Five minutes in Berlin and you're already having an adventure.

TOOTS: Emil, Pony, this is the Professor and Tuesday.

TUESDAY: And this is Count Hindenburg.

TUESDAY takes out COUNT HINDENBURG.

PONY: A mouse?

TOOTS: You brought your mouse?

PROFESSOR: Which is the perpetrator?

TOOTS: That joe swigging plonk at Café Josty.

PONY: With the –

PONY, the PROFESSOR and TUESDAY mime MR SNOW's hat.

TUESDAY: And the –

PONY, the PROFESSOR and TUESDAY mime MR SNOW's moustache.

EMIL: Mr Snow.

TOOTS: He's nicked the dough Emil's mum saved for his grandmother.

EMIL: One hundred and forty marks.

PONY, PROFESSOR AND TUESDAY: No!

TOOTS: But he'd be choking on his dumplings if he knew what he was up against. Us.

PONY: Us?

TOOTS: What?

TUESDAY: We're kids.

EMIL: He's a grown-up.

PONY: He looks like a big shot.

TUESDAY: He looks like a bank manager.

TOOTS: He's a thief.

PROFESSOR: My parents say bank managers *are* thieves.

TOOTS: No politics, Professor.

MR SNOW stands.

PONY: He's getting up!

EMIL: We have to follow him.

PROFESSOR: But then what?

~

EMIL, PONY, the PROFESSOR, TOOTS and TUESDAY follow MR SNOW through the rush hour streets.

PROFESSOR: We need a strategy.

TOOTS: We need to make sure he doesn't get away.

EMIL: We need to be less conspicuous.

PONY: Maybe someone else should carry Emil's suitcase and flowers.

TUESDAY: Can I carry Emil's suitcase and flowers?

TOOTS: No.

HILDE sells her papers.

HILDE: Coffee down five points! Film star scandal! Hanover bank robberies latest!

TOOTS: Hilde!

TOOTS takes them over to HILDE.

PROFESSOR: If you ever need to know the dollar exchange rate, the situation in Manchuria or who's making a movie, ask Hilde.

HILDE: I saw you before when that cheapskate there was reading our papers. We've got a living to make!

TOOTS: Ssh. We're on his tail.

PONY: Would you look after my cousin's suitcase?

EMIL: Careful of the cornflowers!

TOOTS: That fink lifted Emil's nan's dough.

HILDE: Count me in!

HILDE stores EMIL's case and flowers in her stall and heads off.

HILDE: Coal up half a point! Divorce court latest! Police still baffled!

BERLINERS: Taxi! / Nollendorf Square! / Potsdam Station! / Opera House!

MR SNOW hails a taxi.

PONY: He's hailing a taxi!

BERLINERS: Taxi!

PROFESSOR: Someone must take another taxi with Emil and tail the scoundrel.

TUESDAY: Can I take another taxi with Emil and tail the scoundrel?

TOOTS: No.

BERLINERS: Taxi!

PONY: I can take someone else on my bicycle.

TUESDAY: Can I go with Pony on her bicycle?

TOOTS: No.

MR SNOW gets into a taxi.

BERLINERS: Taxi!

EMIL: He's getting away!

EMIL and the PROFESSOR get into a taxi.

PROFESSOR: Follow that cab!

TOOTS: Taxi fare, Tuesday!

TUESDAY has to run to pass money to EMIL and the PROFESSOR as the taxis pull away.

PONY: All jobs are important, Tuesday!

EMIL: And thank you!

PONY and TOOTS follow the taxis on her bicycle, leaving TUESDAY alone.

TUESDAY takes out Count Hindenburg.

TUESDAY: All jobs are important, Count Hindenburg.

~

MR SNOW's taxi drives through Berlin's rush hour traffic.

EMIL, amazed by the streets and vehicles, follows with the PROFESSOR in their taxi.

PONY and TOOTS follow further behind on PONY's bicycle.

TUESDAY follows further behind, running to keep up.

PROFESSOR: He's going down Motz Street! Go round Victoria Luise Square.
Back onto Motz. Now duck!

EMIL: Duck Street?

PROFESSOR: Red light ahead.

Both taxis stop at a red light. EMIL and the PROFESSOR duck. MR SNOW turns and sees nothing. But he senses something is wrong.

The taxis pull away, leaving PONY and TOOTS (and TUESDAY) far behind.

EMIL: Is a taxi ride very expensive?

PROFESSOR: Our capital reserves are running low.

MR SNOW gets out of his taxi.

EMIL: He's pulling over!

PROFESSOR: Nollendorf Square. Stop!

EMIL and the PROFESSOR leap out of their taxi.

~

EMIL: He's crossing the square!

PROFESSOR: Keep the perpetrator in view.

EMIL and the PROFESSOR pursue MR SNOW, annoying a CROWD of adults as they push through.

ADULTS: Watch it kids! / What are you doing? / Why the hurry? / Out of the way!

Officer WEISS stops EMIL and the PROFESSOR.

WEISS: What are you kids up to?

PROFESSOR: None of your business.

EMIL: Professor!

PROFESSOR: Independent citizens have a constitutional right to free movement!

WEISS: You're not independent citizens, you're children.

ADULTS: Know your place. / Respect your elders. / Mind your manners. / Out of the way!

PONY and TOOTS arrive on PONY's bicycle.

WEISS: Riding on handlebars. That's against the law.

ADULTS: In the city on their own? / Should be doing something healthy. / Learning to sew. / Learning to fight. / Marching with a youth group. / Athletics in the park.

EMIL: Officer, we apologise.

PONY: We do?

WEISS: You're not from Berlin. I don't mind country kids, it's the city ones I can't stand. Filthy cosmopolitans.

TOOTS: Leave it Professor.

ADULTS: In our day kids knew their place. / Silent and still. / Out of the way!

OFFICER WEISS goes.

TUESDAY runs in and collapses.

TUESDAY: I ran all the way! Where's Mr Snow?

The children all look. MR SNOW has gone.

HILDE arrives.

HILDE: News update?

PONY: We've lost Mr Snow.

PROFESSOR: Which means Emil has lost his money.

HILDE: A hundred and forty marks!

TOOTS: Is your mum rich?

PONY: No, she's not rich.

TOOTS: I could –

TOOTS hoots.

PROFESSOR: Toots.

HILDE: Not now.

TUESDAY: Is Emil crying?

PONY: Come on Emil. Don't want grandma calling Neustadt.

EMIL: Mum.

In Neustadt, IDA looks out. It is getting dark.

In Berlin, street lamps start to light.

EMIL: I'll have to tell her the money is gone.

TUESDAY: Would that be very bad?

HILDE: Leave it, Tuesday.

TUESDAY: Would telling your mother be even worse than having the money stolen in the first place?

EMIL: Yes, I think it would.

TUESDAY: Then we must get the money back.

PONY: Impossible.

HILDE: No way now.

PROFESSOR: The odds are insurmountable.

TOOTS: It's totally kaput.

IDA looks out as she did at the beginning.

IDA shivers.

IDA: Emil.

PONY: Emil?

EMIL: How many children are there in this city?

CHILDREN appear throughout the city.

Poor children, rich children, girls, boys, dark-skinned children, light-skinned children, children of different religions and none, able bodied and disabled children, beggars, aristocrats, gypsies, labourers...

EMIL: Would any of them help us?

TUESDAY: Other children?

TOOTS: We can ask.

HILDE: Meet back here again in –

The PROFESSOR consults his watch.

PROFESSOR: Twenty minutes!

The other children head off.

PONY: What if your mum finds out you're missing?

EMIL: My mum.

EMIL hesitates.

IDA: You're a worrier, Ida Tischbein. He's safe, the money is safe, everything is fine. Relax.

TOOTS: Emil!

EMIL races off with the other children.

INTERVAL

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PART TWO

Night falls.

EMIL looks in wonder as lights fizz alive across the city. Neon reds and sodium yellows turn night into a kind of day.

ARNIE Middleton, Silent IRENE (or ISAAC) and PETZOLD arrive with HILDE, PONY, the PROFESSOR, TOOTS and TUESDAY.

HILDE: This is Emil.

PONY: He is the victim of a dastardly crime.

TOOTS: But he can't involve the feds on account of he's on the run from the peelers out in the sticks.

HILDE: This is Arnie Middleton.

TUESDAY: Our best poker player.

PETZOLD: Petzold.

PROFESSOR: From my building.

ARNIE: Silent Irene (or Isaac).

TOOTS: She (or he) doesn't say much.

PONY: This isn't going to be easy.

PETZOLD: Not for girls, maybe.

PROFESSOR: We need to find a perpetrator last seen heading that way twenty minutes ago.

HILDE: Who knows all the alleyways round here?

TUESDAY puts up his hand.

PROFESSOR: Petzold, Toots, Arnie – post lookouts at every junction.

HILDE: Who is good at drawing?

TUESDAY puts up his hand.

PROFESSOR: Irene (Isaac), make portraits from Emil's description of the suspect.

EMIL: Hat like this.

EMIL, HILDE, PONY, the PROFESSOR, TOOTS and TUESDAY demonstrate MR SNOW's hat.

EMIL: Moustache like this.

EMIL, HILDE, PONY, the PROFESSOR, TOOTS and TUESDAY demonstrate MR SNOW's moustache.

HILDE: Who has a telephone at home?

TUESDAY puts up his hand.

PROFESSOR: Tuesday.

TUESDAY: Yes!

HILDE: All memorise Tuesday's telephone number.

TUESDAY: B A V zero five seven nine.

DETECTIVES: B A V zero five seven nine.

HILDE: Any information, call that number and tell Tuesday.

TUESDAY: But I won't be there. No! I don't want to stay at home.

PETZOLD: Do as you're told.

PROFESSOR: We are joined in a common purpose.

HILDE: We are Detectives.

PONY: We need a password.

TOOTS: So Tuesday knows we're legit when we call.

ARNIE: Emil.

HILDE: Password Emil.

PETZOLD: This is never going to work.

PROFESSOR: Good luck Detectives!

DETECTIVES: Password Emil!

DETECTIVES spread out across the city.

~

MADAME MIMI: *Now the sun is down,
the lamps are bright.
Children are asleep
But I'm awake...*

IDA prepares to sleep in a lonely house.

The MAN FROM THE 177 drinks.

DETECTIVES show the sketches of MR SNOW to other CHILDREN – Shoeshiners, Messengers, Street Sweepers – some of whom can show the way MR SNOW went.

PETZOLD: *(Telephone.)* Password Emil! Sighting outside Metropol Theatre.

TOOTS: *(Telephone.)* Password Emil! Seen turning down Martin Luther Street.

ARNIE: *(Telephone.)* Password Emil! Suspect passed the Western stores.

HILDE tracks sightings of MR SNOW on a map.

HILDE: Here. Here. Here. He must be somewhere on Nuremburg Street.

EMIL: What's on Nuremburg Street?

HILDE: Hotels.

On Nuremburg Street, uniformed Hotel DOORMEN guard their separate hotels, each accompanied by a PAGE.

DETECTIVES work their way along the hotels trying to get information from the PAGES without the DOORMEN noticing.

TUESDAY's telephone rings.

TUESDAY: Password Emil. Hotel Eden, negative.

TUESDAY writes down the message.

TUESDAY: This is an important job, Count Hindenburg.

The telephone rings.

TUESDAY: Password Emil. Hotel Bavaria, negative.

TUESDAY sighs as he writes the message.

TUESDAY: There are a lot of hotels in Berlin.

The telephone rings.

TUESDAY: Password Emil. Hotel El Dorado – Yes!

PONY cycles up to EMIL and HILDE.

PONY: Detective Hilde! Detective Emil! Hotel El Dorado. *And we've got someone on the inside!*

~

GERDA, a chambermaid, guides EMIL, PONY, the PROFESSOR and TOOTS along a hotel corridor.

TOOTS: We've definitely got him now.

PROFESSOR: This is Gerda.

PONY: She used to go to my school.

TOOTS: And she's no fan of Mr Snow.

GERDA: Open and close doors, carry his stuff, fresh water in his bowl, not a pfennig. The richer they are, the meaner they are.

PROFESSOR: He's in Room Sixty-One.

GERDA: The spare key. But if you get caught, I'll be sacked.

PONY: Look out!

MR SNOW comes out of Room Sixty-One. EMIL, PONY, the PROFESSOR and TOOTS hide.

MR SNOW looks round, suspicious.

GERDA: Room Service, sir?

MR SNOW: I shall see if you have any acceptable dishes in your restaurant. Then no one is to disturb me until nine o'clock tomorrow morning.

GERDA: I'll call the lift for you sir. Nothing is too much trouble for the staff of the Hotel El Dorado.

MR SNOW hums his tune as he and GERDA go to the lift.

TOOTS: He's only just had something to eat!

PONY: What is that tune he's humming?

EMIL: I remember it from the train.

PONY: And can you smell something?

TOOTS: Like –

PROFESSOR: Sulphur.

EMIL: I'll go in.

TOOTS: Not on your own.

PONY: Then I'll go too.

TOOTS: But –

PONY: What?

TOOTS: In films this is the bit where the girl screams or hides.

PONY: You two stand guard.

PROFESSOR: In and out, get the money. Quick!

EMIL and PONY enter Room Sixty-One.

PONY: What do we do if the money isn't here? Emil?

EMIL: I don't want to think about that.

EMIL and PONY search the room.

PONY sniffs a bottle.

PONY: This bottle smells of sulphur. Hair dye. Why would your Mr Snow want hair dye?

EMIL: Look for an envelope. He paid with coins at Café Josty. The money could still be in the envelope.

PONY: And if it's not?

EMIL: Just look everywhere.

PONY: But if it's not here after we've looked everywhere?

The lift bell rings.

EMIL: Don't stop.

PONY: That was the lift. If Mr Snow is coming back –

EMIL: Find the money.

PONY: It's not here. It could be in his jacket pocket. We need to get out.
Now!

Footsteps approach.

A key turns in the door.

PONY: I told you.

EMIL: Hide!

EMIL and PONY rush to hide.

MR SNOW enters.

MR SNOW: No dumplings! What kind of hotel restaurant does not serve dumplings!

MR SNOW switches on the light.

He does not see EMIL and PONY. But he has a strange feeling.

MR SNOW takes off his jacket and hangs it up.

He approaches where EMIL and PONY are hiding. He is bound to discover them. He is just about to find them when –

The telephone RINGS.

MR SNOW looks at it, suspicious.

GERDA, the PROFESSOR and TOOTS crowd round a telephone elsewhere in the hotel.

TOOTS: Answer the phone, Mr Snow!

PROFESSOR: Can you keep him talking long enough for Emil and Pony to sneak out?

GERDA: I can try.

MR SNOW: Who is this?

GERDA looks to the PROFESSOR and TOOTS for inspiration. They indicate she has to say something.

GERDA: Good evening. Is that Room Sixty-One in the Hotel El Dorado, Berlin?

MR SNOW: Why do you want to know?

GERDA: Congratulations, sir.

MR SNOW: Congratulations?

GERDA: You are the winner of a large cash prize.

MR SNOW: A large cash prize. Oh.

MR SNOW settles down, allowing EMIL and PONY to creep towards the door, unseen.

GERDA: Please remain on the line while –

MR SNOW: Wait. What is this prize for?

GERDA: The prize is for – the National Moustache Awards.

MR SNOW: The National Moustache Awards?

GERDA: They're new.

PONY eases open the door. But EMIL tries to reach MR SNOW's jacket.

PONY tries to pull EMIL out, but EMIL is determined to try and get the money.

MR SNOW: I don't believe you.

EMIL and PONY freeze.

MR SNOW: How did you know I was in this room? How do you even know I have a moustache?

GERDA: Mr Snow –

MR SNOW: Who gave you that name? Who is behind you? What do you want from me!

GERDA: Er –

MR SNOW: Never contact me again. If you value your life.

MR SNOW takes out his knife.

EMIL and PONY look at MR SNOW in horror.

MR SNOW slices the telephone cord.

GERDA hears the telephone go dead.

MR SNOW tries to calm himself down.

MR SNOW roars.

In a sudden fit of violent rage, MR SNOW smashes the telephone to pieces.

EMIL and PONY run out of the room.

MR SNOW pants like a hunted beast.

EMIL, GERDA, PONY, the PROFESSOR and TOOTS flee the hotel.

~

The DETECTIVES regroup outside the hotel

TOOTS: Dumbbell!

GERDA: What if Mr Snow had used his knife on you?

TOOTS: Or Pony!

PONY: Gerda could have lost her job.

PETZOLD: And you haven't even got the money back!

PROFESSOR: I propose we focus on the positives.

PETZOLD: What positives?

GERDA: We know where Mr Snow is until tomorrow morning.

HILDE: This is a good spot for an HQ.

ARNIE: I can do alerts.

ARNIE does a seagull.

HILDE: Seagull for a sighting of Mr Snow.

TOOTS: Irene (Isaac) could play some music.

PETZOLD: Music!

PONY: Did anyone tell Tuesday what's happened?

PETZOLD: Who cares?

The DETECTIVES set up HQ and light a fire.

HILDE: We should construct a psychological profile of the suspect.

ARNIE: What do you know about Mr Snow?

PONY: He has hair dye in his room.

GERDA: He hums that tune.

EMIL, GERDA, PONY, the PROFESSOR and TOOTS hum MR SNOW's tune.

GERDA: Anything else?

TOOTS: He likes dumplings.

ARNIE: Dumplings. I'm starving.

PETZOLD: Dumplings, hair dye! You said we'd be catching a thief like in the films. Not psycho bloody blah blah.

PONY: That's not very constructive, Detective Petzold.

PETZOLD: Who gave you the right to talk to me, girl?

TOOTS: Who gave you the right to talk to her?

PONY: We need a way to steal Emil's money back.

GERDA: It's not stealing, is it?

PROFESSOR: It depends whether you're talking legally or ethically.

PETZOLD: What are you on about?

PROFESSOR: Mr Snow could charge *us* with robbery if we take the money.

HILDE: Unless we can prove it's Emil's.

PONY: It would be his word against Mr Snow's.

GERDA: And Mr Snow is a grown-up.

PROFESSOR: Which reflects an underlying social injustice –

PETZOLD: Talk, talk, talk. Someone *do* something!

ARNIE does a young sheep calling for its mother.

GERDA: What?

ARNIE: That's a young sheep calling for its mother.

HILDE: Do your buffalo, Arnie.

PETZOLD: I want *action!* A *buffalo!*

EMIL: He is good though.

GERDA: You're behaving like a bunch of kids!

ARNIE: We are a bunch of kids!

PETZOLD: The hick has lost his cash? So we get him some.

HILDE: How?

PETZOLD: This city has foreigners swarming everywhere. They take what's ours. So we'll take some back.

PROFESSOR: Detective Petzold is dismissed!

PONY: What if Petzold agrees to abide by Detectives' principles from now on?

HILDE: We can vote on it.

PETZOLD: Principles, votes? Pathetic.

PROFESSOR: Those things are what stop us being animals.

PETZOLD: Your sort are the animals.

HILDE: Say sorry, Petzold.

PETZOLD spits at the PROFESSOR.

TOOTS grabs PETZOLD.

PROFESSOR: Toots. It's not about who hits the hardest.

TOOTS releases PETZOLD.

PETZOLD: Who's with me?

No DETECTIVES join him.

PETZOLD: Plenty of others will be.

PETZOLD goes.

GERDA: I must get back to work before they miss me.

HILDE: We'll need even more Detectives when Mr Snow gets up.

ARNIE: Eyes on every street, tomorrow morning.

DETECTIVES either leave or settle down to sleep.

TOOTS: Look, Pony!

TOOTS picks up a cigar.

PONY: A cigar?

TOOTS: These cost a bomb.

PROFESSOR: You don't know where that's been.

TOOTS spits on the cigar and rubs it with his clothing. He lights the cigar from the fire.

PROFESSOR: Are you aware of the latest scientific evidence about smoking?

TOOTS: Surprisingly – No. Smoke rings, Pony.

TOOTS blows smoke rings.

PONY: He's good.

TOOTS: Try, Emil.

PROFESSOR: Smoking destroys your lungs. It affects your brain –

TOOTS: Go on!

EMIL: Professor?

PROFESSOR: I can tell you the facts, Emil. We're each responsible for our own actions.

EMIL can't decide what to do.

PONY: Give it here.

EMIL: Pony!

PONY takes a puff of the cigar. The others are astonished.

PONY starts to cough –

And cough and cough.

Finally she gets her breath back.

PONY: That – is – DISGUSTING!

PONY gets her bicycle.

TOOTS: Let's have a look at that busted lamp.

PONY: Come on, Emil.

EMIL: I'm staying out here.

PONY: Then I'll stay too.

EMIL: You can't.

TOOTS: She can.

EMIL: If Pony doesn't go home, my aunt and uncle will call the police.

HILDE: And Emil thinks he's already in trouble with the cops in Neustadt.

PONY: You are?

TOOTS: Pony, I've been in trouble with the cops loads of times.

PONY: OK. But you boys get to camp out here all night while I have to tuck up in a rotten old bed. I don't like it at all.

PONY hoots TOOTS' hooter and cycles off.

TOOTS: Pony the Hat. Wow.

HILDE: *Did* anyone tell Tuesday what happened?

~

TUESDAY sleeps at the telephone, cradling COUNT HINDENBURG.

MR and MRS TUESDAY return home.

TUESDAY: (*Murmurs.*) Password Emil.

MR and MRS TUESDAY look at each other, puzzled.

They pick TUESDAY up and take him off to bed.

~

TOOTS switches PONY's bicycle lamp on and off.

EMIL: You fixed Pony's lamp!

PROFESSOR: Toots' dad is an electrician.

TOOTS: Was. Now he just sits there. Time for kip. Give us a lullaby, Irene (Isaac).

TOOTS settles down.

Silent IRENE (ISAAC) plays.

EMIL: I've messed up everything.

PROFESSOR: Do they beat pupils at your school, Emil?

EMIL: Of course. Hands, legs, backside. Ruler and strap. Mr Schur soaks his canes before a thrashing so it hurts even more.

PROFESSOR: Beating us, threatening us, bribing us – most parents and teachers are animal tamers. They treat children like beasts. And then they're surprised at what we turn into. You should see how scared Petzold is of his dad.

EMIL: Do you think that will ever change?

Silent IRENE (ISAAC) finishes playing.

PROFESSOR: 'Night, Irene (Isaac).

EMIL: Thank you.

EMIL and the PROFESSOR look up at the stars.

PROFESSOR: If we can't get the money back, will your mother punish you really badly?

EMIL: She worked so hard for that money. She would do anything so I don't have to wear worn out clothes to school. She makes sure I can sometimes buy sweets to share. Where we live it's the poorest kids who get picked on.

PROFESSOR: It's the same in the city. Ashamed of being poor, but not of being cruel.

EMIL: It isn't only money. She says I can stay out with my friends. But I come back so she doesn't have to eat dinner on her own. You think I'm what Toots called me – a milk toast? Mummy's boy. I started boxing to stop them calling me that. Are those exactly the same stars you can see in Neustadt?

PROFESSOR: You really love each other, you and your mum.

EMIL: I suppose we do. What's going to happen if I can't get back that money?

PROFESSOR: You're a worrier, Emil Tischbein. Sleep.

The PROFESSOR settles down.

PROFESSOR: If Mr Snow hadn't stolen your money, we would never have met you.

EMIL tries to sleep.

Figures stalk the night in a nightmare chorus.

MAN FROM THE 177: Are you in some sort of trouble?

MR SNOW: ... various metropolitan areas ...

MRS WIRTH: ... delinquents and hoodlums ...

MISS KLOSS: ... have the police on you ...

MISS ZETTEL: ... already committed the offence ...

PASSENGER: ... liar ...

IDA: Be careful, Emil!

MRS WIRTH: Mrs Tischbein! Ida! Wake up!

~

IDA rushes out to find MRS WIRTH, partly in her nightclothes.

MRS WIRTH: There's been a telephone call from Berlin.

IDA: Not about Emil? Tell me it's not about Emil!

MRS WIRTH: You mustn't panic, Ida. But they don't know where he is.

IDA and PONY: Emil!

~

PONY cycles in at full speed.

PONY: They rang Neustadt! I told them not to a million times, but they did.

Some DETECTIVES wake.

TOOTS: Pony? It's still dark!

EMIL: Not my mother. They haven't told my mother I'm missing!

TOOTS: I fixed your bike lamp, Pony. Here.

PONY: Not now!

HILDE: You mustn't panic, Emil.

PROFESSOR: We have a strategy.

PONY: Eyes on every street.

PROFESSOR: More detectives will be here at dawn.

TOOTS: So can I go back to sleep?

ARNIE does a seagull.

TOOTS: Shut up, Arnie!

PROFESSOR: Seagull! Arnie's spotted Mr Snow.

GERDA rushes up.

PROFESSOR: He's trying to sneak out in the dark.

HILDE: You rattled him last night.

EMIL takes PONY's bicycle.

EMIL: Maybe this man can help us. He paid my tram fare.

EMIL gives HILDE the MAN FROM THE 177's card.

PONY: Emil!

PROFESSOR: You can't tackle him alone.

PONY: Wait!

GERDA: He's dangerous.

HILDE: The City Press?

ARNIE does another seagull. EMIL rushes away.

TOOTS: What the flip are we going to do now?

~

EMIL cycles through the deserted early morning in pursuit of MR SNOW.

Rain beats down.

MR SNOW appears and disappears in the half light.

EMIL cycles like a demon.

He gets closer –

And closer –

And then MR SNOW disappears.

EMIL lets out a great cry of frustration and despair.

And then he listens to the silence.

He can hear something – beneath the street.

He traces the sound.

He sees a sewer grate.

EMIL: The Sewers!

EMIL opens up the grate.

He takes PONY's bicycle lamp and shines it down.

PONY: (Off.) Emil!

EMIL lowers himself down –

~

Deep into the city's underground sewer system. The smell is not pleasant.

EMIL hears movement. He lights his way with PONY's lamp and pursues the noise into the unknown.

EMIL gets closer and closer to MR SNOW.

Near a ladder reaching back up to the surface, MR SNOW stops and consults a plan, trying to work out where he is.

MR SNOW catches sight of EMIL's huge distorted shadow.

EMIL hides.

MR SNOW: Who are you?

A rat scuttles.

MR SNOW jumps.

MR SNOW: What do you want from me?

EMIL adjusts his position. His shadow towers over MR SNOW, who cowers.

MR SNOW: Leave me alone!

MR SNOW's voice echoes through the vaults.

EMIL: Mr Snow –

EMIL's voice echoes through the vaults.

MR SNOW: Please, don't hurt me. Let me go and I promise, whatever you want. I'm alone in this terrible place. Have pity!

EMIL steps forward

MR SNOW: You?

EMIL: Who did you think was after you, Mr Snow?

MR SNOW: Unfortunately there are those who object to my hard work in the financial sector.

EMIL: Well, my mother works hard in the hairdressing sector. She earned that money you stole.

MR SNOW: In the financial sector, it is considered bad manners to call what we do stealing.

EMIL: In your world isn't there a difference between right and wrong?

MR SNOW: My world? What about your world Emil Tischbein? What does Chief Constable Jeschke have to say about right and wrong?

EMIL: That's different. It was a joke! I never meant –

MR SNOW: Hush, I understand. Honestly, I do. We are not so different. It's rare that I meet someone who impresses me as much as I do myself.

EMIL: I'm not like you.

MR SNOW: I had a mother. I know you have a mother. I saw her at the station, looking rather sad.

EMIL: Don't talk about her.

MR SNOW: Let us make a deal. You want this envelope from me? In return, I ask –

EMIL: What?

MR SNOW: Come and work with me. You have courage. You take risks. You're smart. It can be lonely work in the financial sector.

EMIL: Why would I ever do that?

MR SNOW: I suspect you've been brought up with the preposterous notion there are more important things in life than being rich. So let us talk about your mother instead.

EMIL: I told you –

MR SNOW: Your mother the gambler.

EMIL: What?

MR SNOW: Not on the roulette wheel, or the racetrack. But you know she stakes everything – her hopes, her dreams, her life – on a single card. On one roll of the dice. On you. Be rich, Emil Tischbein, for your mother. The work will be hard, but often exciting. I am good at what I do and I will teach you. You know this is a better offer than anything you will ever get in your dull little town.

The morning sun glints down from above, turning the sewer water golden.

EMIL: I'm not interested.

MR SNOW: Stop thinking only of yourself. Your mother. The clothes she has never had, the places she has never seen. She must have dreams – a great house, a magnificent garden, a ride on an aeroplane –

EMIL: A garden...

MR SNOW holds out the envelope.

MR SNOW: Join me and your mother will have her garden. We have a deal?

EMIL: No. Just give me the envelope.

MR SNOW: And what do I get in return?

EMIL: Nothing.

MR SNOW: That is not how business is done.

EMIL grabs for the envelope.

MR SNOW slashes EMIL with the knife.

MR SNOW: I am sorry. I thought you were smarter than this.

EMIL: When you were scared just now, you promised to do whatever I asked. You begged for mercy.

MR SNOW: But now I'm not scared. And you are nothing but a child.

MR SNOW starts to climb the ladder out of the sewer.

EMIL rushes after him.

MR SNOW kicks EMIL down.

MR SNOW races towards the surface

EMIL struggles up towards the morning.

~

DETECTIVES play in a park.

EMIL emerges from a dislodged sewer grating.

DETECTIVES: Password Emil!

Some DETECTIVES run off.

EMIL: I have to get to Mr Snow. Before –

EMIL collapses.

Some DETECTIVES rush back with TOOTS.

TOOTS: He's here! You're bleeding.

TOOTS binds EMIL's wound.

EMIL: I'm sorry Toots, he broke Pony's lamp.

EMIL tries to go after MR SNOW.

TOOTS: There's Detectives on every corner from here to the Zoo. Hilde and Pony have gone to the City Press.

EMIL: I have to find him.

TOOTS: Emil, it's too late.

EMIL: What do you mean?

IDA: Emil!

IDA arrives with ARNIE, the PROFESSOR and TUESDAY.

EMIL: Mum.

PROFESSOR: She was on the dawn express train.

TUESDAY: Your grandma made Pony tell her about HQ.

ARNIE: She insisted on coming to find you with us.

TUESDAY: Are you cross, Emil?

EMIL: Mum.

EMIL staggers into IDA's arms.

EMIL: It was – I wanted to – I –

IDA: Hush. We are going straight home to Neustadt. Thank heavens this is all over.

TOOTS: I don't reckon she suspects a thing, Emil.

IDA: Suspects what?

EMIL: Mum – Mrs Tischbein, there's no time to explain.

IDA: These children seem all right, but what on earth – Is that blood?

EMIL pulls away from IDA.

IDA: Tell me what is going on right now, Emil Tischbein.

EMIL: You shouldn't have come. They shouldn't have called you. I'm sorry but I have to go.

IDA: You are going nowhere. You are a child Emil. Don't you understand the trouble you have caused?

EMIL: It's *you* who doesn't understand.

PROFESSOR: Emil –

IDA: What did you say?

EMIL: *I have to go.*

IDA: What has happened to you here?

IDA tries to hold on to EMIL.

EMIL: Let me go. Let me go! You have to LET ME GO.

EMIL pushes IDA away and rushes off.

IDA: Emil?

ARNIE, the PROFESSOR, TOOTS and other DETECTIVES follow EMIL.

TUESDAY: I have asked my parents to bring their car to collect you, Mrs Tischbein. I am sure they will like you very much. The flowers in this part of the park are very pretty.

TUESDAY follows the others.

IDA: What happened to you?

~

MR SNOW appears.

He checks he is not being followed. He wipes his shoes.

A DETECTIVE passes MR SNOW and recognises him.

Without MR SNOW realising, the DETECTIVE signals for another DETECTIVE to join the pursuit.

Who signals another.

And another...

An ever-growing team of DETECTIVES pursues MR SNOW.

MR SNOW starts to sense that something is going on. But every time he turns round, the DETECTIVES manage to look innocent.

MR SNOW carries on. He tries changing direction, but cannot shake off the DETECTIVES.

MR SNOW approaches Officer WEISS.

MR SNOW: Officer, is there a bank nearby?

WEISS: The Commerz Private Bank on Kleist Street? That way.

MR SNOW: The police do such excellent work. Good day.

Some DETECTIVES follow MR SNOW. Others start to send a signal back to EMIL and the others that they know MR SNOW's location.

As the signal travels, MR SNOW enters the bank.

~

Inside the bank, uniformed BANK GUARDS ensure security. Bank CUSTOMERS wait in silent lines.

CUSTOMERS: Hush. / Quiet. / There is a queue. / Orderly line. / Join the queue.

MR SNOW checks he has not been followed into the bank. He joins Cashier MRS SCHLESINGER's queue.

EMIL and TUESDAY sneak in.

CUSTOMERS: Do Not Disrupt the Smooth Operation of the Bank.

~

At the City Press, NEWSPAPER PEOPLE tap, rattle and clatter.

HILDE and PONY pursue THE MAN FROM THE 177.

PONY: You helped Emil before.

HILDE: You paid his tram fare.

MAN FROM THE 177: Anyone could have done that.

PONY: But they didn't.

HILDE: *You* did.

MAN FROM THE 177: I am at work.

NEWSPAPER PEOPLE: Mr Kästner! / Your copy! / Your deadline!

HILDE: Put Emil having his money stolen in your newspaper.

PONY: On the front page.

MAN FROM THE 177: It's not big news.

HILDE: What *is* big news?

NEWSPAPER PEOPLE: Results! / Prices! / Gossip!

HILDE: Mr Snow is a thief!

PONY: Eating his dumplings and humming that tune –

PONY and HILDE hum MR SNOW's tune.

NEWSPAPER PEOPLE: Mr Kästner! / Your copy! / Your deadline!

MAN FROM THE 177: Quiet! What was that?

The MAN FROM THE 177 hushes the work around him, so that PONY and HILDE can hum the tune again.

MAN FROM THE 177: Dumplings. Of course! Which way?

NEWSPAPER PERSON: Mr Kästner!

HILDE AND PONY: This way!

HILDE and PONY lead off the MAN FROM THE 177.

~

EMIL and TUESDAY work their way closer to MR SNOW, who is nearly at the front of the queue.

TUESDAY: Do you call Pony the Hat Pony the Hat even when she's not wearing a hat? It's a romantic name. You could fall in love with a person with a name like Pony the Hat. I think Toots might have.

EMIL: Concentrate on the queue, Tuesday.

MR SNOW is almost at the front of the queue.

TUESDAY: Could a person fall in love with another person if they had the name of a day of the week? Like Tuesday for example.

MRS SCHLESINGER signals for her next customer.

MR SNOW steps forward. So does TUESDAY.

MRS SCHLESINGER: Children may not approach the counter.

MR SNOW: I wish to exchange some banknotes for gold.

MR SNOW takes out the envelope with the money.

TUESDAY: Stop! Emil?

MRS SCHLESINGER: Are these your children, sir?

MR SNOW: How dare you! Now, I am in a hurry.

EMIL: That money is stolen!

Everyone in the bank is astounded.

TUESDAY: It is.

EMIL: It was for my grandmother.

TUESDAY: It was.

EMIL: And Mr Snow stole it.

TUESDAY: He did.

MR SNOW: I am a wealthy man. Why would I rob a child? A filthy, frankly rather smelly child.

TUESDAY: You're the one that's smelly, Mr Snow!

EMIL: Tuesday –

MRS SCHLESINGER: Children may not disrupt the smooth operation of the bank. Guards! Hold them until the police arrive.

EMIL and TUESDAY struggle with the BANK GUARDS.

MR SNOW: Feral beasts. Now, these banknotes –

TUESDAY: Get off!

EMIL: Tuesday, mind your manners. We must show children are reasonable.

TUESDAY: What's the point if the adults aren't reasonable?

EMIL: Check his identity at least! He claims to be Mr Snow, but everything else he says is a lie.

MR SNOW: Throw them out!

MRS SCHLESINGER: We will need to see your papers. I apologise, sir, but under the circumstances, for a transaction of this kind...

MR SNOW: My papers. Of course. They must be back at my hotel. Excuse me

–

TUESDAY: He's getting away!

EMIL: Are none of you going to help us?

MRS SCHLESINGER: I would appreciate some respect from you children.

TUESDAY: I would appreciate some sense from you adults. He's a bloody crook!

MR SNOW slaps TUESDAY. BANK CUSTOMERS applaud.

MR SNOW: Blame the decline of discipline in our schools. Good day.

MR SNOW leaves the bank.

MRS SCHLESINGER: Next customer.

EMIL: OK Tuesday, no more being reasonable. Is Count Hindenburg with you?

TUESDAY: Password Emil, Count Hindenburg.

TUESDAY releases COUNT HINDENBURG.

BANK GUARD: A mouse!

EMIL and TUESDAY escape in the mayhem.

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Outside the bank, MR SNOW collects himself. He heads in one direction. DETECTIVES follow him. He heads in a different direction. More DETECTIVES

follow him.

DETECTIVES: *Mister Snow,
take good care
where you go,
Mister Snow.
Every kid knows what you did,
Mister Snow,
Mister Snow.*

DETECTIVES start to impede MR SNOW's progress, minimally at first, but growing more and more of an obstruction.

MR SNOW snaps when he cannot stand it any more. He grabs the smallest DETECTIVE of all and lifts her or him into the air.

MR SNOW: Who do you children think you are!

ARNIE: We are Detectives.

EMIL: Mr Snow.

EMIL emerges from the crowd of DETECTIVES.

MR SNOW looks round desperately. Every escape route is now blocked by DETECTIVES. Except –

MR SNOW leaps off the stage and into the auditorium.

GERDA: Password Emil!

ALL: Password Emil!

The DETECTIVES pursue MR SNOW throughout the stage and auditorium.

An intimidating line of UNIFORMED ADULTS forms on stage. Mr Snow rushes for their protection.

MR SNOW: The authorities, at last. I have a train to catch.

The UNIFORMED ADULTS hold the DETECTIVES back from MR SNOW.

MR SNOW: If children stop obeying adults, civilisation collapses.

MAN FROM THE 177: A popular theory in some circles, sir. Kästner, City Press.

The MAN FROM THE 177 gives MR SNOW his card.

MR SNOW: Print these hooligans' pictures in your paper. Name them and shame them.

PONY: That won't be tomorrow's front page.

HILDE: Mr Dollfuss.

ARNIE: Who?

PROFESSOR: The Hanover bank thief?

HILDE: Remember how he made his daring escapes?

GERDA: Through the sewers!

MAN FROM THE 177: The police had only two clues. The suspect was thought to have eaten a particular dish before every raid.

TOOTS: Dumplings!

MAN FROM THE 177: And he would hum a distinctive tune.

All the DETECTIVES hum MR SNOW's tune.

MR SNOW: There are photographs of this Mr Dollfuss. He has blond-hair. And no trace of a prize-winning moustache.

PONY: Your hair dye!

MR SNOW: If you want a crime to investigate, my hotel room was broken into last night.

GERDA: To get the money!

MR SNOW: Condemned out of their own mouths. The law protects respectable businessmen from public abuse.

PROFESSOR: The law protects the rich against the poor!

MR SNOW: Criminals and communists. This one is wanted by Jeschke of the Neustadt police.

The UNIFORMED ADULTS turn on EMIL.

MAN FROM THE 177: I don't believe that.

EMIL: I'm sorry, sir. I am.

TOOTS: Emil!

EMIL: I am going to tell the truth and face the consequences. It's what my mother would expect, sir. And it's what you should do, Mr Snow or Dollfuss or whoever you are. I confess. I am guilty of the Grand Duke Augustus incident.

GERDA: What incident?

ARNIE: Did you injure this Grand Duke?

TUESDAY: Did you kill him?

EMIL: I drew a moustache on his statue.

ARNIE: And?

EMIL: I gave it a red nose.

MAN FROM THE 177: I don't think that is a matter which will concern the authorities here in Berlin.

TOOTS: I should cocoa! Is drawing on a statue what they call crime where you live? That's appalling.

MR SNOW: I swear, on the life of my own dear mother, that I have an excellent alibi for the time of the robbery.

ARNIE: How do you know when it happened?

MR SNOW: I have an excellent alibi, whenever it happened. Unless the child immediately produces proof of these allegations, it is your duty to escort me to safety, then disperse this illegal demonstration using all the force at your disposal. Go on boy, prove it. No? Goodbye.

The UNIFORMED ADULTS help MR SNOW through the crowd.

ARNIE: It's so unfair!

PONY: I could weep.

EMIL: Here, Pony.

PONY: I said I *could* weep, not I *would*.

GERDA: Your handkerchief has blood on it, Emil.

EMIL: Blood! Stop him.

MAN FROM THE 177: There is nothing more you can do.

EMIL: But if I *can* prove he took the money?

PROFESSOR: Detectives!

PONY: Detectives, we need to stand up for Emil.

TOOTS: You lot too.

ARNIE: All children –

MAN FROM THE 177: And those who remember what it was like to be children.

HILDE: Stand up for justice!

TOOTS: Stand up for Emil!

GERDA: Password Emil!

Every DETECTIVE in the theatre stands and cries out.

DETECTIVES: Password Emil! Password Emil! Password Emil!

The UNIFORMED ADULTS pause escorting MR SNOW.

MR SNOW: Excuse me, my train.

EMIL: The blood on this handkerchief is from when I pricked my finger. I pinned the envelope and money inside my pocket so it would keep them safe.

TOOTS: That didn't work, did it?

EMIL: But there will be pinholes through the notes if they are mine.

MR SNOW: Pinholes? Absurd.

TOOTS and other DETECTIVES grab MR SNOW. HILDE and PONY get the envelope out of MR SNOW's pocket.

MR SNOW: How dare you go through my pockets!

HILDE: Not so nice being on the receiving end?

HILDE and the MAN FROM THE 177 examine the envelope, supervised by UNIFORMED ADULTS.

MAN FROM THE 177: This looks like a small bloodstain on the envelope.

MR SNOW: That proves nothing!

GERDA, PONY and the PROFESSOR each hold a note up to the light.

GERDA, PONY and PROFESSOR: Pinholes!

EMIL: And here's the pin that made them!

MR SNOW: That is ENOUGH!

MR SNOW struggles free.

ARNIE: What's this on my hands?

DETECTIVES who have been holding MR SNOW show their stained hands.

PONY: Hair dye!

The DETECTIVES grab MR SNOW, but he slips out of his jacket to pull away.

MR SNOW's jacket rips open. Clouds of banknotes billow out everywhere.

GERDA: Mr Snow's jacket!

ARNIE: It's stuffed with money!

HILDE: He is the Hanover bank thief!

The UNIFORMED ADULTS restrain MR SNOW and try to stop the DETECTIVES collecting the money.

The MAN FROM THE 177 gives EMIL the envelope with the money.

MAN FROM THE 177: You do know there is a reward for capturing the Hanover bank thief?

ARNIE: A reward!

GERDA: Emil?

HILDE: Where are you going?

TUESDAY: Everything is all right now.

MR SNOW: Tell your mother she was not worth a garden, Emil Tischbein.
Remember Mr Snow.

MR SNOW is taken away –

~

And IDA is with EMIL.

EMIL: Mum, Mrs Tischbein –

IDA: Don't, Emil.

EMIL: They say there's a reward.

IDA: A reward. Is that what this has been about?

EMIL: No –

IDA: All a great adventure for you. But you didn't give a thought to how I would feel.

EMIL: But –

IDA: No, Emil. Not now.

MRS WIRTH arrives with HILDE.

MRS WIRTH: Ida!

IDA: Mrs Wirth!

MRS WIRTH: Have you heard? Jeschke has decided to drop the Grand Duke's statue affair. And this young lady says I should sell my story to the Berlin newspapers.

HILDE: Exclusive! Child Crime Fighter – the Neustadt Years!

MRS WIRTH: They'll insist on photographs, so I must have my hair done. I always said things would turn out well for Emil in Berlin!

TUESDAY: Can I help give Emil's grandma the money? Can I show her Count Hindenburg? Can I not have to sit by the telephone next time there is an adventure? Please?

GERDA: Yes, Tuesday.

DETECTIVES: Yes, Yes, Yes, Tuesday!

DETECTIVES hoist up TUESDAY and COUNT HINDENBURG.

The PROFESSOR pushes the MAN FROM THE 177 forward.

PROFESSOR: Go on! Tell her she's wrong.

IDA: I beg your pardon!

MAN FROM THE 177: Your son did things which you may not have liked –

IDA: Racing around a strange city, staying out all night, risking who knows what –

PROFESSOR: But he never stopped thinking about you!

MAN FROM THE 177: Emil says the reward should be shared by all the detectives. Although he is saving up to buy an electronic hairdryer.

IDA goes to EMIL.

IDA: An electronic hairdryer?

EMIL: I wanted it to be a surprise.

IDA: I have had enough surprises. Now please give grandma that envelope.

DETECTIVES crowd round as EMIL gives GRANDMA the envelope.

HILDE: And here's your cornflowers!

GERDA: They're a bit –

ARNIE: Ruined.

GRANDMA: I don't like them. I don't like them at all. In my day –

PONY: Not again, grandma!

GRANDMA: *In my day* – I never had so much fun!

DETECTIVES: Grandma, grandma!

GRANDMA: I am not your grandma!

TOOTS: Your lamp's bust again, Pony.

GERDA: And it's been in quite a lot of sewage.

TOOTS: I could come round and fix it. If you like.

PONY: Maybe.

TOOTS: Yes!

ARNIE: Are you writing all this down, Mr Kästner?

GERDA: Our story.

TUESDAY: If it's a story for children, it should have a moral.

HILDE: Who says it's for children?

GERDA: The moral of the story is Don't Trust Anyone.

PROFESSOR: Don't Trust Some People.

IRENE / ISAAC: The moral is Don't Trust a Man with a Moustache!

ARNIE: Silent Irene (Isaac)! You spoke!

PONY: I refuse to be in a story that ends with a moral.

TOOTS: Who says you'll be in it at all?

The DETECTIVES head off, playing.

EMIL: Mum. I am sorry. Really sorry.

IDA: You're safe.

EMIL: Shall we go home now?

IDA: Would you like to play with your friends?

EMIL: Is that all right?

IDA: Yes, Emil. Off you go.

EMIL: Is this a happy ending, Mrs Tischbein?

IDA: I think it is.

EMIL gives IDA a quick kiss. He rushes to join the DETECTIVES. Just before he disappears, he turns and waves.

END

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