

## **GOODBYE TO BERLIN:**

**A Cabaret** based on the book by Christopher Isherwood and adapted from texts by Christopher Isherwood, Jay Presson Allen, John Kander, Fred Ebb, John Van Druten and Joe Masteroff by Rob Jones

*The Kit Kat Klub, Berlin, 1931*

*The Gilmorehill G12 Studio, Glasgow, 2009*

### **1. Preset**

*The club is seedy and badly lit. There is a small band in the corner, tuning up, playing snippets of music, joking and jamming amongst themselves. We are welcomed by the Cabaret troupe and their EMCEE, shown to a table, fetched a drink. The atmosphere is informal and exciting. When the place is full, our servers retire to the stage. There is a drumroll.*

### **2. Willkommen**

#### **EMCEE:**

Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome!  
Fremde, etranger, stranger.  
Glücklich zu sehen, je suis enchante,  
Happy to see you, bleibe, reste, stay.

Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome  
Im Cabaret, au Cabaret, to Cabaret

*[Spoken - sample text for improvisation]*

Meine Damen und Herren, Mesdames et Messieurs,  
Ladies and Gentlemen! Guden Abend, bon soir,  
We geht's? Comment ca va? Do you feel good?  
I bet you do!  
Ich bin euer Confrecier; je suis votre compere...  
I am you host!

Und sagen

#### **ALL:**

Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome  
Im Cabaret, au Cabaret, to Cabaret

#### **EMCEE:**

*[Spoken - sample text for improvisation]*

Leave your troubles outside!  
Though life is disappointing, forget it!  
We have no troubles here! Here life is beautiful...  
The girls are beautiful...  
Even the orchestra is beautiful!

*[Instrumental]*

*[Spoken – sample text for improvisation – these references and in-jokes should all be changed to match the group performing this particular show]*

And now presenting the Cabaret Girls!  
Rosie! (Rosie is so called because of the color of her cheeks.) Lulu! (Oh, you like Lulu? Well, too bad! So does Rosie.) Frenchie! (You know I like to order Frenchie on the side. On your side Frenchie! Just kidding!) Texas! (Yes, Texas is from America! But she's a very cunning linguist!) Fritzie!  
(Oh, Fritzie, please, will you stop that!  
Already this week we have lost two waiters, a table and three bottles of champagne up there.) and Helga! (Helga is the baby. I'm just like a father to her. So when she's bad, I spank her. And she's very, very, very, very, very bad.)

Rosie, Lulu, Frenchie, Texas, Fritzie... Und Helga.  
Each and every one a virgin! You don't believe me? Well, don't take my word for it. Go ahead- try Helga!

Outside it is winter. But in here it's so hot.  
Every night we have to battle with the girls to keep them from taking off all their clothings. So don't go away. Who knows? Tonight we may lose the battle!

We are here to serve you!  
And now presenting the Kit Kat Boys:  
Here they are!  
Bobby! Victor!  
Or is it  
Victor! and Bobby...  
You know, there's really only one way to tell the difference...  
I'll show you later.  
Hans (Oh Hans, go easy on the sauerkraut!)  
Herrman (You know what's funny about Herrman?  
There's nothing funny about Herrman!)

And, finally, the toast of Mayfair, Fraulein Sally Bowles!

**ALL:**

*[Whispered, slowly louder]*  
Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome!  
Fremde, etranger, stranger.  
Gluklich zu sehen, je suis enchante,  
Happy to see you,  
Bliebe, reste, stay!  
Wir sagen  
Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome,  
Fremde, etranger, stranger.  
Gluklich zu sehen, je suis enchante,  
Happy to see you,

Bliebe, reste, stay!  
Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome  
Im Cabaret, au Cabaret, to Cabaret!

### 3. I am a Camera

**CHRISTOPHER:** A Berlin Diary. Autumn 1930.

From my window, the deep solemn massive street. Cellar-shops where the lamps burn all day, under the shadow of top-heavy balconied façades, dirty plaster frontages embossed with scroll-work and heraldic devices. The whole district is like this: street leading into street of houses like shabby monumental safes crammed with the tarnished valuables of a bankrupt middle class.

I am a camera with its shutter open, quite passive, recording, not thinking. Recording the man shaving at the window opposite and the woman in the kimono washing her hair. Some day, all of this will have to be developed, carefully printed, fixed.

At eight o'clock in the evening the house-doors will be locked. The children are having supper. The shops are shut. The electric sign is switched on over the night-bell of the little hotel on the corner, where you can hire a room by the hour. And soon the whistling will begin. Young men are calling their girls. Standing down there in the cold, they whistle up at the lighted windows of warm rooms where the beds are already turned down for the night. They want to be let in. Their signals echo down the deep hollow street, lascivious and private and sad. Because of the whistling, I do not care to stay here in the evenings. It reminds me that I am in a foreign city, alone, far from home. Sometimes I determine not to listen to it, pick up a book, try to read. But soon a call is sure to sound, so piercing, so insistent, so despairingly human, that at last I have to get up and peep through the slats of the Venetian blind to make quite sure that it is not – as I know very well it could not possibly be – for me.

### 4. Frauline Schroeder

**CHRISTOPHER:** There are two lodgers, other than me, in this flat. Next Door to me, in the big front room, is Frl. Kost. In the room opposite, overlooking the corridor, is Frl. Mayr. And behind Mayr's room, over the bathroom, at the top of a ladder, is a tiny attic which Frl. Schroeder, the landlady, refers to, for some occult reason, as

**FRL. SCHROEDER:** The Swedish Pavilion!

**CHRISTOPHER:** It is not currently let.

Frl. Kost is a blonde, florid girl with large silly blue eyes. When we meet, coming to and fro from the bathroom in our dressing gowns, she modestly avoids my glance.

One day I asked Frl. Schroeder straight out:  
What is Frl. Kost's profession?

**FRL. SCHROEDER:** Profession? Ha, ha, that's good! That's just the word for it! Oh yes, she's got a fine profession. Like this - (*with the air of doing something extremely comic, she imitates a prostitute.*) Ja, ja, Herr Issyvoo! That's how they do it!

**CHRISTOPHER:** I don't quite understand, Frl. Schroeder. Do you mean that she's a tightrope walker?

**FRL. SCHROEDER:** He, he, hee! very good indeed, Herr Issyvoo! Yes, that's right! That's it! She walks along the line for her living. That just describes her!

**CHRISTOPHER:** One evening, soon after this, I met Frl. Kost on the stairs with a Japanese. Frl. Schroeder explained to me later that he is one of her best customers. She asked her how they spend the time together when not actually in bed, for the Japanese can speak hardly any German.

**FRL. KOST:** Oh, well, we play the gramophone together, you know, and we eat chocolates, and we laugh quite alot. He's really very fond of laughing.

**CHRISTOPHER:** Frl. Mayr is a music-hall *jodlerin* - a yodeller.

**FRL. SCHROEDER:** One of the best in all of Germany!

**CHRISTOPHER:** Though I have not been to see her sing. She and Frl. Schroeder are both adept fortune-tellers and neither would dream of starting a day without consulting the omens. The chief thing they both want to know at present is: when will Frl. Mayr get another engagement. This question interests Frl. Schroeder quite as much as Frl. Mayr because Frl. Mayr is behind-hand with the rent.

When not engaged in laying cards, Frl. Mayr lectures Frl. Schroeder on her theatrical past.

**FRL. MAYR:** And the manager said to me, fritzi, heaven must have sent you here! My leading lady's fallen ill. You're to leave for copenhagen tonight. And, what's more, he wouldn't take no for an answer. 'Fritzi', he said (he always called me that) 'Fritzi, you aren't going to let an old freind down?' And so I went.

A Charming man. And so well-bred.

Familiar... but he always knew how to behave himself.

**FRL. SCHROEDER:** I suppose some of those managers must be cheeky devils?

**FRL. MAYR:** Yes, some of them... you wouldn't believe! But I could always take care of myself. Even when I was quite a slip of a girl. I'm a Bavarian, and a Bavarian never forgets an injury.

*Suddenly, they drop to the floor, giggling. Backstage, there is the sound of a commotion.*

**CHRISTOPHER:** Coming into the living room yesterday evening -

**FRL. MAYR:** SHHH!

**FRL. SHROEDER:** Hark! He's smashing all the furniture!

**FRL. MAYR:** He's beating her black and blue! Bang! Just listen to that!

**CHRISTOPHER:** But whatever's the matter?

**FRL. SCHROEDER:** [*getting up and waltzing CHRISTOPHER around excitedly*] Herr Issyvoo, Herr Issyvoo, Herr Issyvoo!

**FRL. MAYR:** Shh! Shh, they've started again.

**CHRISTOPHER:** Who?

**FRL. KOST:** Frau Glanterneck.

**CHRISTOPHER:** [*over the chaos*] Frau Glanterneck lives in the flat directly below ours. She is a galician Jewess, in itself a reason why Frl. Mayr should be her enemy: for Frl. Mayr, needless to say, is an ardent Nazi. And, quite apart from this, it seems that Frau Ganterneck and Frl. Mayr once had words on the stairs about Frl. Mayr's yodelling. Frau Ganterneck, perhaps because she is a non-aryan, said that she preferred the noises made by cats. [**FRL. MAYR shrieks with laughter**]

Frau Ganterneck, who is sixty years old and ugly as a witch, had been advertising in the paper for a husband. What was more, an applicant had appeared: A widowed butcher from Halle. He had seen Frau Ganterneck and was nevertheless prepared to marry her. Here was Frl. Mayr's chance. She sent the butcher an anonymous letter:

**FRL. MAYR:** Are you aware that she has (a) bugs in her flat (b) been arrested for fraud and released on the ground that she was insane, (c) leased out her own bedroom for immoral purposes, and (d) slept in the beds afterwards without changing the sheets.

**CHRISTOPHER:** And now the butcher had arrived to confront Frau Ganterneck over the letter.

*A another bang, a scream and a giggle.*

The row lasted over an hour.

**FRL. SHROEDER:** (*Stealing the limelight.*) Lina, my friends used to say to me, however can you? How can you bear to have strange people living in your rooms and spoiling your furniture, especially when you've got the money to be independant. And I'd always give them the same answer: My lodgers aren't lodgers. I used to say. They're my guests.

You see, Herr Issyvoo, in those days I could afford to be very particular about the sort of people who came to live here. I could pick and choose. I only took them really well educated and well connected - proper gentlefolk (like yourself, Herr Issyvoo). I had a Freiherr once, and a Rittmeister and a Professor.

Yes, Herr Issyvoo, I've got something to remember all of them by... look here, on the rug - that's where Herr Noeske was sick after his birthday party. What in the world can he have been eating to make a mess like that. He'd come to Berlin to study, you know. His parents lived in Brandenburg - a first class family; oh, I assure you! They had pots of money! Hiss herr papa was a

surgeon.

And that's where Herr Rittmeister always upset his coffee over the wallpaper. He used to sit there on the couch with his fiancée. Herr Rittmeister, I used to say to him, do please drink your coffee at the table. If you'll excuse my saying so, there's plenty of time for the other thing afterwards... But no, he would sit on the couch. And then, sure enough, when he began to get a bit excited in his feelings... over went the coffee cups! ...such a handsome gentleman.

You see those Ink-Stains on the carpet? That's where Herr Professor Koch used to shake his fountain-pen. I told him off a hundred times. In the end, I even laid sheets of blotting paper on the floor around his chair. He was so absent minded... such a dear old gentleman! And so simple. I was very fond of him.

**CHRISTOPHER:** *[Over the top]* Frä. Schroeder can go on like this, without repeating herself, by the hour. When I have been listening to her for some time, I find myself relapsing into a curious trance like state of depression. I begin to feel profoundly unhappy. Where are all these lodgers now? Where, in another ten years, shall I be, myself? Certainly not here. How many seas and frontiers shall I have to cross to reach that distant day; how far shall I have to travel, on foot, on horseback, by car, push-bike, aeroplane, steamer, train, lift, moving-staircase, and tram? How much money shall I need for that enormous journey? How much food must I gradually, wearily consume on my way? How many pairs of shoes shall I wear out? How many thousands of cigarettes shall I smoke? How many cups of tea shall I drink and how many glasses of beer? What an awful, tasteless concept! And yet - to have to die... a sudden, vague pang of apprehension grips my bowels and I have to excuse myself in order to go the lavatory.

## 5. Fritz Wendel

**CHRISTOPHER:** One afternoon, I was invited to black coffee at Fritz Wendel's flat. Fritz always invited you to 'black coffee', with emphasis on the black. He was very proud of his coffee. People used to say that it was the strongest in Berlin.

**FRITZ:** Chris!

**CHRISTOPHER:** Hullo, Fritz. How are you?

**FRITZ:** Fine.

**CHRISTOPHER:** How's business?

**FRITZ:** Business is terrible. Inflation. The Communists. The Nazis. Soon I will be with a tin cup! Or, I make a rich marriage. That at least is sensible. Or I make business soon, or, I go as a gigolo.

**CHRISTOPHER:** Either... or. Sorry. Force of habit.

**FRITZ:** Either or, I go as a gigolo. I'm speaking a lousy English just now.

Sally says maybe she'll give me a few lessons.

**CHRISTOPHER:** Who's Sally?

**FRITZ:** Oh, I forgot you don't know Sally. Too bad of me. She's an English girl, an actress: Sings at the Kit Kat Klub.

**CHRISTOPHER:** That doesn't sound much like an English girl, I must say.

**FRITZ:** Eventually, she's got some French in her. Her mother was French. Hot stuff, believe me.

**CHRISTOPHER:** Oh, Is she any good?

**FRITZ:** *Mar*-vellous. Eventually I believe I'm getting crazy about her. You will come with me perhaps? To see her tonight?

**CHRISTOPHER:** Yes. Yes I suppose so.

## 6. Mien Herr

**EMCEE:**

Mein Damen und Herren, Mesdames et Messieurs,  
Ladies and Gentlemen!

And now, the Kit Kat Klub is proud to present a very beautiful young lady. She is so beautiful, so talented so... charming, that I have only yesterday said: I want you for my wife. And she said: 'Your wife? What would she want with me?!'

**SALLY:**

You have to understand the way I am, Mein Herr.

A tiger is a tiger, not a lamb, Mein Herr.

You'll never turn the vinegar to jam, Mein Herr.

So I do...

What I do...

When I'm through...

Then I'm through...

And I'm through...

Toodle-oo!

Bye-Bye, Mein Lieber Herr.

Farewell, mein Lieber Herr.

It was a fine affair,

But now it's over.

And though I used to care,

I need the open air.

You're better off without me,

Mein Herr.

Don't dab your eye, mein Herr,

Or wonder why, Mein Herr.

I've always told you I was a rover.

You mustn't knit your brow,

You should have known by now  
You'd every cause to doubt me,  
Mein, Herr.

The continent of Europe is so wide, Mein Herr.  
Not only up and down, but side to side, Mein Herr.  
I couldn't ever cross it if I tried, Mein Herr.

So I do..  
What I can...  
Inch by inch...  
Step by step...  
Mile by mile...  
Man by man.

Bye-Bye, Mein Lieber Herr.  
Farewell, mein Lieber Herr.  
It was a fine affair,  
But now it's over.  
And though I used to care,  
I need the open air.  
You're better off without me,  
Mein Herr.

**ALL:**

Don't dab your eye, mein Herr,  
Or wonder why, Mein Herr.  
I've always told you I was a rover.  
You mustn't knit your brow,  
You should have known by now  
You'd every cause to doubt me,  
Mein, Herr.

Bye-bye, mein Lieber Herr,  
Auf wiedersehen, mein Herr.  
Es war sehr gut, mein Herr  
Und vorbei.  
Du kennst mich wohl, mein Herr,  
Ach, lebe wohl, mein Herr.  
Du sollst mich nicht mehr sehen,  
Mein Herr.

**CHORUS:**

Bye-bye, mein Lieber Herr,  
Auf wiedersehen, mein Herr.  
Es war sehr gut, mein Herr  
Und vorbei.  
Du kennst mich wohl, mein Herr,  
Ach, lebe wohl, mein Herr.  
Du sollst mich nicht mehr sehen,

**SALLY:**

And bye-bye

**ALL:**

Bye-Bye, Mein Lieber Herr;  
Farewell, mein Lieber Herr.  
It was a fine affair,  
But now it's over.  
And though I-  
Used to care,  
I need the-  
Open air.

**SALLY:**

You're better off  
Without me,  
You'll get on  
Without me  
Mein Herr

**CHORUS:**

Auf wiedersehen...  
Es war sehr gut...  
Du kennst nicht Wohl...  
Ach, lebe wohl!

Bye bye, mein herr,  
Auf wiedersehen,  
Bye bye mein Herr!

## **7. Sally Bowles**

**SALLY:** Fritz, darling, I'm so glad you came.

**FRITZ:** You were really very good.

**SALLY:** I know, isn't it fabulous?

**FRITZ:** Sally, I would like for you to meet my friend; may I introduce Mr Isherwood - Miss Bowles? Mr Isherwood is commonly known as Chris.

**CHRISTOPHER:** I'm not. Fritz is about the only person who's ever called me Chris in my life!

**SALLY:** Marvellous. Have you a cigarette, darling? I am desperate!

**CHRISTOPHER:** So, you're English?

**SALLY:** Oh God, how depressing. You're meant to think I'm an international woman of mystery. I've been working on it like mad! *(Laughs)*

**CHRISTOPHER:** Oh no, don't worry. Your cover's not blown. Fritz told me.

**SALLY:** Fritz, you rascal! Have you been telling tales on me?

**FRITZ:** I will go to fetch another bottle, I think.

**SALLY:** So, I suppose you're wondering what an good little English girl is doing working in a place like the Kit Kat Klub?

**CHRISTOPHER:** It is a rather unusual place

**SALLY:** That's me darling: unusual places, unusual love affairs. I am a most strange and extraordinary person. Now, tell me all about you. I want to hear everything.

**CHRISTOPHER:** Everything?

**SALLY:** Absolutely everything.

**CHRISTOPHER:** Well, there's nothing very dramatic to tell. Once I came down from Cambridge, I -

**SALLY:** I'm going to be a great filmstar! That is, if booze and sex don't get me first.

*Pause*

Do I shock you darling?

**CHRISTOPHER:** Not in the least.

**SALLY:** But you don't like it.

**CHRISTOPHER:** It's no business of mine.

**SALLY:** Oh, for god's sake. Don't start being English! Of course it's your business what you think.

*CHRISTOPHER laughs*

**CHRISTOPHER:** I suppose you take after your mother then?

**SALLY:** I'm sorry, darling?

**CHRISTOPHER:** I thought Fritz told me your mother was French?

**SALLY:** Oh no, of course not, what rot! Fritz is an idiot. He's always inventing things.

**CHRISTOPHER:** I noticed that her fingernails were painted emerald green, a colour unfortunately chosen, for it called attention to her hands, which were much stained by cigarette smoking and as dirty as a little girl's.

## **8. A Party for Speaking English**

**FRITZ:** Herr Isherwood?

**FRL. SHROEDER:** Nien, nien Herr Wendel. Sie können nicht hinein gehen. Herr Issyvoo erwartet heute eine Dame.

**FRITZ:** Aber ich muss mit ihm sprechen. Christopher! Christopher!

**CHRISTOPHER:** Fritz.

**FRITZ:** Frl. Schroeder says I cannot come in. She says you expect a lady.

**CHRISTOPHER:** Yes, I do, but that's alright. Come in Fritz. Do you want some coffee? One of my pupils is coming.

**FRITZ:** But yes, I would like some coffee. *Black* coffee.

**CHRISTOPHER:** Will you get us some coffee, Frl. Shroeder?

*She is off in a huff*

**FRITZ:** You remember Sally, from the club?

**CHRISTOPHER:** Yes. Who could forget?

**FRITZ:** Eventually she is coming round here this afternoon. I want that you should know each other.

**CHRISTOPHER:** Oh. I wonder what Natalia will think of her. Natalia Landauer is the pupil I am expecting.

**FRITZ:** Landauer? Of the big department store?

**CHRISTOPHER:** Mm-hmm.

**FRITZ:** But... Landauers are enormous rich Jews.

**CHRISTOPHER:** Stinking rich, It seems.

**FRITZ:** Good. I think I shall make a pass after her, if you don't mind?

**CHRISTOPHER:** *(Laughs)* What if she's fat and hideous?

**FRITZ:** *(Shrug)* Perhaps her father will take a liking for me, and give me a job. If I marry her, a partnership perhaps. I'm not prejudiced.

**FRL. SHROEDER:** Frl. Sally Bowles.

**SALLY:** Darlings!

**FRITZ:** Hullo, Sally.

**CHRISTOPHER:** Good to see you again. Could you make coffee for four, Frl. Shroeder?

**SALLY:** Oh, not for me. I'm allergic to coffee. I break out in the most sinister spots if I drink it before dinner.

**CHRISTOPHER:** Just for three, then, Frl. Shroeder.

*She leaves*

**SALLY:** Am I terribly late, Fritz darling?

**FRITZ:** No, you are beautifully on time.

**SALLY:** I thought I wasn't going to be able to come at all. I had a most frantic row with my landlady. Finally, I just said pig, and swept out. You should have heard the things she called me. I mean - well, I suppose in a way I may be a bit of a tart... I mean, in a nice way - but one doesn't like to be called that. Just because I brought a man home with me last night.

I shall have to find a new room. I don't suppose you know of any, do you?

**CHRISTOPHER:** Well, yes, as it happens. There's a room here empty.

**SALLY:** Oh? How perfectly marvellous. How much?

**CHRISTOPHER:** Er, I'm not entirely certain. I know Frl. Schroeder is very anxious to let it.

**SALLY:** What is she like? I mean, is she going to make trouble if I bring men home occasionally? I mean, it would only be very occasionally, because I do think one ought to go to the man's room, if one can. I mean, it doesn't look so much as if one was expecting it, does it?

**FRITZ:** How fat?

**CHRISTOPHER:** I'm sorry?

**FRITZ:** How fat?

**FRL. SHROEDER:** Frl Landauer!

**CHRISTOPHER:** Oh, come in. Good afternoon, Frl. Landauer.

**NATALIA:** Good afternoon.

**CHRISTOPHER:** How nice to see you again

**NATALIA:** It is nice to see you again. Ah, it is good. You have others! So, we shall make party for speaking English, yes?

**CHRISTOPHER:** Oh, well actually, my friends were just leaving...

**FRITZ:** No, no, no, I am delighted to stay Christopher.

**NATALIA:** Good, this is splendid for the practising. You will introduce me please?

**CHRISTOPHER:** Oh yes, of course. Miss Bowles, Frl. Landauer, and Mr Wendel, Frl. Landauer.

**FRITZ:** Sehr erfreut, gnadiges Fraulein.

**NATALIA:** No, no. English conversation, please.

**FRITZ:** I am so charmed, dearest miss.

*They sit.*

**FRITZ:** Last summer, when I... I... *(He gives up)*

*Long pause*

**NATALIA:** You are all healthy I hope?

**CHRISTOPHER:** Yes

**FRITZ:** Oh, yes

**NATALIA:** I have had a cold, but it is better now.

**FRITZ:** How sad! A cold from the nose is most aggravating.

**NATALIA:** This was a cold of the bosom. Not of the nose. All of the Phlegm was here.

**SALLY:** All the what?

**NATALIA:** The phlegm. That comes in the tubes.

**SALLY:** Do you mind not going on about it? I think I am going to be sick.

**CHRISTOPHER:** Er, Phlegm. PH is always pronounced F. And you don't sound the G.

**NATALIA:** Then why are they putting the G please?

**CHRISTOPHER:** Well... that's a very good question, but... rather difficult to explain.

**SALLY:** Well do try, Christopher darling.

**CHRISTOPHER:** Well... it's just there

**NATALIA:** So, Mr Professor, you do not know?

**CHRISTOPHER:** ...No

**NATALIA:** Then I am sorry: I cannot help you.

*They laugh politely. Fritz gets carried away.*

**FRITZ:** It's most amusing. Very Amusing.

*Pause*

Please, you must take a cake, dearest miss.

**NATALIA:** I am not eating between meals.

**FRITZ:** You are not eating between meals?

**SALLY:** I am eating between meals.  
Thank you. So much.

**CHRISTOPHER:** You're welcome.

**SALLY:** Oh, Fritz leibling, did I tell you? I saw a film about syphilis the other week that was too awful. I couldn't let a man touch me for almost a week. Is it true you can get it from kissing?

**FRITZ:** Oh yes. And your king, Henry the Eighth, caught it from letting cardinal Woolsey whisper in his ear.

**NATALIA:** That is not, I think, founded in fact. But from Kissing, most decidedly. And from towels. And from cups.

**SALLY:** And of course, screwing.

**NATALIA:** Screwing, please?

**SALLY:** Oh, uh - fornication

**NATALIA:** Fornication?

**SALLY:** Oh, Christopher, darling, what is the German word?

**CHRISTOPHER:** I don't remember.

**SALLY:** Oh yes...

**CHRISTOPHER:** Oh no.

**SALLY:** Bomsun!

**CHRISTOPHER:** That would be the one German word you pronounce perfectly.

**SALLY:** Well, I ought to. I spent the entire night bomsuning like mad with some ghastly old producer who promised to give me a contract.  
Oh, Frl. Schroeder? Could I have a talk with your landlady, Chris darling?

**CHRISTOPHER:** (*Defeated.*) Oh, go right ahead

## 9. So What?

### **FRL. SCHROEDER:**

You say fifty marks. I say one hundred marks, a  
difference of fifty marks-  
Why should that stand in our way?  
As long as the room's to let,  
the fifty that I will get  
is fifty more that I had yesterday,  
Ja?

When you're as old as I..  
is anyone as old as I?-  
What difference does it make?  
An offer comes, you take.

For the sun will rise  
And the moon will set  
And learn how to settle  
For what you get.  
It will all go on if we're here or not  
So who cares? So what?  
So who cares? So what?

When I was a girl,  
My summers were spent by the sea.  
So what?  
And I had a maid  
Doing all of the house-work, not me.  
So what?  
Now I scrub all the floors  
And I wash down the walls  
And I empty the chamber pot.  
If it ended that way,  
Then it ended that way,  
And I shrug and I say:  
So what?

For the sun will rise  
And the moon will set  
And learn how to settle  
For what you get.  
It will all go on if we're here or not  
So who cares? So what?  
So who cares? So what?

When I had a man,  
My figure was dumpy and fat.  
So what?  
Through all of our years  
He was so disappointed in that.  
So what?  
Now I have what he missed  
And my figure is trim,  
But he lies in a churchyard plot  
If it wasn't to be  
That he ever would see  
The uncorseted me,  
So what?

For the sun will rise  
And the moon will set  
And learn how to settle  
For what you get.  
It will all go on if we're here or not  
So who cares? So what?  
So who cares? So what?

So once I was rich  
And now all my fortune is gone,  
So what?  
And love disappeared  
And only the memory lives on,  
And so what?

If I've lived through all that  
(And I've lived through all that)  
Fifty marks doesn't mean a lot.  
If I like that you're here  
(And I like that you're here)  
Happy New Year, my dear,  
So what?

For the sun will rise  
And the moon will set  
And learn how to settle  
For what you get.  
It will all go on if we're here or not  
So who cares? So what?  
So who cares? So what?

It all goes on.  
So who cares? Who cares?  
Who cares? So what?

## **10. Sally and Chris**

**SALLY:** Of course, I'd never let love interfere with my work. Work comes before everything... But I don't believe that a woman can be a great actress who hasn't had any love-affairs -

*Chris is laughing.*

**SALLY:** What are you laughing at, Chris?

**CHRISTOPHER:** I'm not laughing.

**SALLY:** You're always laughing at me. Do you think I'm the most ghastly idiot?

**CHRISTOPHER:** No, Sally. I don't think you're an idiot at all. It's quite true. I was laughing. People often make me want to laugh at them. I don't know why.

**SALLY:** Then you do like me, Christopher darling?

**CHRISTOPHER:** Yes, of course I like you, Sally. What did you think?

**SALLY:** There's something I want to confess to you, Chris darling... I'm not sure if you'll understand or not.

**CHRISTOPHER:** Remember, I'm only a man, Sally.

**SALLY:** (*Laughs*) It's the most idiotic little thing. But somehow I'd hate if you found out without my telling you... You know, the other day, Fritz told you my mother was french?

**CHRISTOPHER:** Yes, I remember

**SALLY:** And I said he must have invented it? Well, he hadn't... You see, I told him that she was.

**CHRISTOPHER:** But why on earth did you do that?

*They both laugh*

**SALLY:** Goodness knows. I suppose I wanted to impress him.

**CHRISTOPHER:** But what is there impressive in simply having a French mother?

**SALLY:** I'm a bit mad like that sometimes, Chris. You must be patient with me.

**CHRISTOPHER:** All right, Sally. I'll be patient.

*A Silence. Chris returns to his book.*

**SALLY:** You lied about the hot water. I'm freezing! Freezing to death.

Hug me!  
...Tighter.  
Oh, Chris, don't be so literal...

*She kisses him. He doesn't respond.*

*She gets up, motions to the band to play, and writhes around to the music.*

Doesn't my body drive you wild with desire?  
Well, doesn't it?

**CHRISTOPHER:** It's a very nice body.

**SALLY:** Oh, do you really think so, darling? I suppose it does have a certain kind of... style. I mean, look, it's very flat here... Not much hips... And uh... here.

**CHRISTOPHER:** It's a little early in the day for this sort of thing isn't it?

*He motions to the band to stop the music.*

**SALLY:** Maybe you just don't sleep with girls.  
Oh! You don't.

Well listen, we're practically living together, so if you only like boys, I mean, I wouldn't dream of pestering you.

*Pause*

Well do you sleep with girls or don't you?

**CHRISTOPHER:** Sally! You don't ask questions like that.

**SALLY:** I do.

**CHRISTOPHER:** *(Shrugging)* Alright. if you insist. I do not sleep with girls. No, no, let me be absolutely accurate: I have gone through the motions of sleeping with girls exactly... three times. All of them disastrous.  
The word for my sex life now is... nil.  
Alright?

**SALLY:** Well why didn't you tell me in the first place?  
Look, Chris, you're absolutely my best friend. And friends are much harder to find than lovers. Besides, sex always screws up a friendship anyway... if you let it ...So we won't let it! Okay? Okay?

**CHRISTOPHER:** *(Good natured)* Okay, Sally.

*They shake hands, and she kisses him on the cheek and giggles. She motions to the band to start up again, and flounces out to the music.*

**CHRISTOPHER:** One day, I had been up and dressed for some time when Sally returned home. She came straight into my room, looking tired but pleased with herself.

**SALLY:** Hullo, darling, what time is it?

**CHRISTOPHER:** Nearly Lunch time.

**SALLY:** I say, is it really? How marvellous! I'm practically starving. I've had nothing for breakfast but a cup of coffee...

*Pause*

**CHRISTOPHER:** *(with inevitability)* Where have you been?

**SALLY:** But darling, I thought you knew!

**CHRISTOPHER:** I haven't the least idea.

**SALLY:** Nonsense!

**CHRISTOPHER:** Really, I haven't Sally.

**SALLY:** Oh, Christopher darling, how can you be such a liar! Why, it was obvious that you'd planned the whole thing! The way you got rid of Fritz last night - he looked so cross! Klaus and I nearly died of laughing. Have you got a cigarette Chris?

*He looks at her. She remembers.*

*Pause*

You know, I'm most terribly in love with him.

*Pause*

**CHRISTOPHER:** And is Klaus in love with you?

**SALLY:** He absolutely adores me.

Of course, Chris, I don't suppose you really understand... it's awfully hard to explain...

**CHRISTOPHER:** I'm sure it is.

After this, Sally and Klaus saw each other every day. Until about the middle of January, when Klaus left suddenly for England. Quite unexpectedly he had got an offer of a very good job, synchronising music for the films.

Sally spent her time curled up on the sofa, writing love poems she wouldn't let me see, until a letter from Klaus duly arrived.

**KLAUS:** I am so sorry, mien libeling. *(SAD SAD SAD VIOLIN)* I see now that I behaved very selfishly. I thought only of my own pleasure. But now I

realise that I must have had a bad influence on you. (It's not you, it's me)

I was invited a few nights ago to a party at the house of Lady Klein, a leader of the English aristocracy. I met there a beautiful and intelligent young English girl named Miss Gore-Eckersley. She is related to an English lord whose name I couldn't quite hear - you will probably know which one I mean. We have met twice since then and had such wonderful conversations about many things. I do not think I have ever met a girl who could understand my mind so well as she does -

**SALLY:** That's a new one on me. I never suspected the boy of having a mind at all!

## 12. Sally and Daddy

**CHRISTOPHER:** Sally soon perked up when she received a telegram from her fabled father, informing her that he would be in town for a rare flying visit. She was to meet him for lunch at his hotel, from where she would take him on a whistle-stop tour of the more father-friendly parts of Berlin. Fritz and I decided to go out. I rather upset him by insisting on visiting the Salome, which I had never seen. Fritz, as a connoisseur of night life, was most contemptuous.

**FRITZ:** It's not even genuine. The place is run for tourists.

**CHRISTOPHER:** The Salome turned out to be very expensive and even more depressing than I had imagined. The audience consisted chiefly of respectable middle-aged tradesmen and their families, exclaiming in good-humoured amazement: 'Do they really?' and 'Well I Never!'. We went out half way through the Cabaret performance. At the entrance, we met a party of American youths, very drunk, wondering whether to go in. Their leader was a small, stocky young man with an annoyingly prominent jaw.

**AMERICAN:** Say, What's on here?

**FRITZ:** Men dressed as women.

**AMERICAN:** Men dressed as *women*? As *women*, hey? Do you mean they're *queer*?

**FRITZ:** Eventually, we're all queer.

*Pause*

**AMERICAN:** You *queer*, too, hey?

**CHRISTOPHER:** Yes. Very queer Indeed.

*The Americans think about this for a moment, and then charge inside with some kind of wild college battle-cry.*

It was late when I got back home. Sally was sitting up in the dark.

How'd it go?

*No reply*

Bad?

*No reply*

Sally, what is it?

*She looks at him, gets up.*

**SALLY:** I waited at the hotel til ten. When I got back, there was this: Dear Sally. Sorry. Schedule Revised At Last Minute. Writing. Love.

**CHRISTOPHER:** Well, These things do happen. I'm sure he had a good reason

**SALLY:** Ten words. Exactly. After ten it's extra. You see, daddy thinks of these things.

If I had leprosy, there'd be a cable: Darling. Oh Dear. Sincerely Hope Nose Doesn't Fall Off. Love.

*Pause*

That Bastard. I'll show him! I'll become a big filmstar!

Poor man. He tries to love me. Perhaps even thinks he does. but the real truth... is that he just doesn't... care.

Maybe he's right. Maybe I'm not worth caring about. Maybe I am just... just... nothing.

*She cries. Chris goes to her.*

**CHRISTOPHER:** You're a perfectly marvellous girl!

**SALLY:** Oh, no.

**CHRISTOPHER:** And beautiful...

**SALLY:** Don't...

**CHRISTOPHER:** ...and talented...

**SALLY:** No, I'm not.

**CHRISTOPHER:** Yes, yes you are.

**SALLY:** Do you really think so? I mean really?

**CHRISTOPHER:** Yes. Yes I do.

**SALLY:** Oh thank you. Oh, Chris.

*He starts kissing her face. And accidentally kisses her mouth. They stop for a moment and look at each other. Then go back in.*

### **13. Maybe This Time**

**SALLY:**

Maybe this time, I'll be lucky  
Maybe this time, he'll stay  
Maybe this time  
For the first time  
Love won't hurry away

He will hold me fast  
I'll be home at last  
Not a loser anymore  
Like the last time  
And the time before

Everybody loves a winner  
So nobody loved me;  
'Lady Peaceful,' 'Lady Happy,'  
That's what I long to be  
All the odds are in my favor  
Something's bound to begin  
It's got to happen, happen sometime  
Maybe this time I'll win.

**SALLY:** Obviously, those three girls were just...

**SALLY and CHRISTOPHER:** ...the wrong three girls!

*They laugh.*

### **14. Interval**

**EMCEE:** *Interval speech adlib*

*Everybody gets another drink down them.*

### **15. Welcome Back**

**EMCEE:** *Welcome back speech adlib*

### **16. Enter Max**

**SALLY:** Gutentag.

**WASHERWOMAN:** Oh, Gutentag

**SALLY:** Bitte. er. Kan ze... er... Washe?

**MAX:** *I think you dropped this in german*

**SALLY:** What?

**MAX:** Sorry. I think you dropped this.

**SALLY:** Yes. Thank you.

Kan ze Washe... vir... Muntag... Tuestag. Tuestag?

**WASHERWOMAN:** *reply in german*

**SALLY:** Just Tuestag!

**MAX:** Excuse me miss, can I help you?

**SALLY:** I want my laundry back by tuesday.

**MAX:** *Asks in german*

**WASHERWOMAN:** *replies in german*

**MAX:** Well, that's okay.

**SALLY:** Thank you, so much.

**MAX:** Maximilian Von Huygens.

**SALLY:** Sally Bowles. Do you have a cigarette darling? I am desperate! I must have left mine at the club. - The Kit Kat Klub. Divine decadence.

**MAX:** May I Drop you somewhere? I have my car outside.

**SALLY:** Alright.

## **17. Money**

**SALLY:** Money

**EMCEE:** Money

### **EMCEE and SALLY:**

Money makes the world go around,  
the world go around, the world go around,  
Money makes the world go around,  
it makes the world go round.

A mark, a yen, a buck or a pound,  
a buck or a pound, a buck or a pound,  
Is all that makes the world go around,

that clinking clanking sound,  
Can make the world go round.

If you happen to be rich, and you feel like a night's entertainment,  
You can pay for a gay escapade.

If you happen to be rich, and alone and you need a companion,  
You can ring ting-a-ling for the maid.

If you happen to be rich and you find you are left by your lover,  
Tho you moan and you groan quite a lot,  
You can take it on the chin,

call a cab and begin to recover on your fourteen carat yacht.

Money makes the world go around,  
the world go around, the world go around,  
Money makes the world go around,  
of that we both are sure.

*(Raspberry)* On being poor.

When you haven't any coal in the stove and you freeze in the winter  
And you curse to the wind at your fate.

When you haven't any shoes on your feet and your coat's thin as paper  
And you look thirty pounds underweight,

When you go to get a word of advice from the fat little pastor,  
he will tell you to love evermore.

But when hunger comes to rap, rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat, at the window  
See how love flies out the door.

For money makes the world go around, the world go around,  
the world go around.

Money makes the world go around,  
the clinking, clanking sound

of Money, money, money, money,

Money, money, money, money,

Get a little, get a little,

Money, money, money, money,

Mark, a yen, a buck or a pound,

That clinking, clanking clunking sound

is all that makes the world go round,

It makes the world go round.

## 18. Almost Continuously

**CHRISTOPHER:** From that moment onwards with we were with him almost continuously, either separately or together. Every morning, he sent round a hired car to fetch us to the hotel where he was staying. The chauffeur always brought with him a wonderful bouquet of flowers, ordered from the most expensive flower-shop in the linden. Max had corrupted us utterly. It was understood that he was going to put up the money to launch sally upon a stage career. He often spoke of this, in a thoroughly nice way, as though it were a very trivial matter, to be settled, without fuss, between friends. But no sooner had he touched upon the subject than his attention seemed to wander off again - his thoughts were as easily distracted as those of a child.

**SALLY:** Why, darling. he's a Baron! He never even told me. Class. He must know everybody. Why, I bet you a man like that could get me into films faster than you could say 'Eric Von Straun'!

**CHRISTOPHER:** In exchange for a little infidelity?

**SALLY:** Idiot! Don't worry. I can handle him.

*The EMCEE and SALLY share a look as she hugs CHRISTOPHER.*

Trust me. Just trust me, darling.

*(Playful)* Alright, don't trust me.

### **19. Caviar for Lunch**

*CHRISTOPHER sits, waiting for MAX and SALLY in a restaurant. He waves away a waiter.*

**SALLY:** Guess who?

**MAX:** Sorry, Chris, we are late.

**SALLY:** Oh darling, we had the most glorious time!

**MAX:** We didn't stop laughing!

**SALLY:** Don't open your eyes. Don't look... Okay! isn't it fabulous? I feel just like Kate Francis.

*MAX laughs*

**SALLY:** Oh, Chris, why didn't you come? We had the best time! It was so much fun. Max really knows how to corrupt a girl.

**MAX:** I try

**SALLY:** Not only did I get this glorious pelt, I got perfume, silk stockings...

**MAX:** And you got that funny little blue hat!

**SALLY:** Gosh, who are you calling funny! I think it's divine, I love it. Oh god, we didn't get anything for Chris!

*MAX gives a look of 'aha', and takes out a cigarette case.*

**MAX:** I'm afraid I've had no to time to have it wrapped.

**SALLY:** Oh, darling, isn't that beautiful.

**CHRISTOPHER:** What on earth makes you think I'd accept that?

**MAX:** To give me pleasure.

**SALLY:** Max loves buying things!

**MAX:** Chris, you're a man of strong convictions.

*The waiter arrives*

**SALLY:** Oh, Can we have caviar again?

**MAX:** We had it for breakfast!

**SALLY:** Can we have it for lunch?

**MAX:** For lunch, for dinner, breakfast again, anything you want.

**SALLY:** Er, drei caviar, bitte.  
That's for me. What are you having?

*MAX and SALLY laugh.*

**SALLY:** You shoulda been there!

Darling, can we go to the Lady Windermere tonight? I'm dying to show off my new coat.

**CHRISTOPHER:** I could use a drink.

**MAX:** Why not. We'll make a night of it. Or why not a weekend? I have a little place out in the country.

**SALLY:** Oh, how marvellous.

**MAX:** Then it's settled. We'll leave tonight.

**CHRISTOPHER:** I dare say it'll be good to get out of Berlin. Did you see the scene outside? It was horrifying.

**MAX:** The Nazis are just a gang of stupid hooligans, but they do serve a purpose. Let them get rid of the communists, later, we'll be able to control them.

**CHRISTOPHER:** But who's we?

**MAX:** Why, Germany of course.

*They are standing by now, cracking open beers and sitting down on the front of the stage. SALLY and her fur coat are in a world of their own.*

Surely it must be a wonderful experience for you to be driving away into the night, not knowing where you are bound?

If I tell you we are going to Paris, or to Madrid, or to Moscow, then there will no longer be any mystery and you will have lost half your pleasure...

Do you know, Christopher, I quite envy you because you do not know where we are going.

**CHRISTOPHER:** That's one way of looking at it, certainly... but at any rate, I know we are not going to Moscow. We're driving in the opposite direction.

*MAX laughs*

**MAX:** You are very English sometimes, Christopher. Do you realise that, I wonder?

**CHRISTOPHER:** You bring out the English side of me, I think.

**MAX:** Am I to understand that as a compliment or a reproof?

**CHRISTOPHER:** As a compliment, of course.

*They rejoin SALLY and sit down.*

## 20. Two Ladies

*The EMCEE appears at the curtain.*

**EMCEE:** Berlin makes strange bedfellows these days. Some people have two. Some even...

### **EMCEE and GIRLS:**

Beedle dee, deedle dee, dee!  
Beedle dee, deedle dee, dee!  
Beedle dee, deedle dee, Beedle dee, deedle dee,  
Dee!

Beedle dee, dee dee dee,  
Two ladies.

Beedle dee, dee dee dee,  
Two ladies.

Beedle dee, dee dee dee,  
And I'm the only man, Ja!

Beedle dee, dee dee dee...  
I like it.

Beedle dee, dee dee dee...  
They like it.

Beedle dee, dee dee dee...  
This two for one.

Beedle dee, dee dee dee...  
Two ladies.

Beedle dee, dee dee dee...  
Two ladies.

Beedle dee, dee dee dee,

Und he's the only man  
Ja!

Beedle dee, dee dee dee...  
He likes it.  
Beedle dee, dee dee dee...  
We like it.  
Beedle dee, dee dee dee...  
This two for one.

I do the cooking...  
Und I make the bed.  
I go out working  
To earn our daily bread.  
But we've one thing in common,

He...  
She...  
And me,  
The key,  
Beedle dee, dee,  
The key,  
Beedle dee, dee, the key,  
Beedle dee, deedle dee, deedle dee, dee!

*(Double time!)*

Ooh! Aah! Ooh! Aah!

We switch partners daily  
To play as we please.  
Twosies beats onesies,  
But nothing beats threes.

I sleep in the middle,  
I'm left,  
Und I'm right,  
But there's room on the bottom  
If you drop in some night.

Beedle dee, dee dee dee...  
Two ladies.  
Beedle dee, dee dee dee...  
Two ladies.  
Beedle dee, dee dee dee,  
And he's the only man.

Ja!  
Beedle dee, dee dee dee...  
I like it,  
Beedle dee, dee dee dee...  
They like it!

Beedle dee, dee dee dee...  
This two for one.

Beedle dee, deedle dee, deedle dee,  
Deedle dee, dee!

## 21. Sally is an endearing child...

**MAX:** ...all the way through Tanzania and Uganda. More Sally? *(Drink)*  
And every now and then, the train stops in the middle of nowhere. And right there is a family of giraffes nibbling the trees. Or a herd of zebra, galloping off in a cloud of dust. And when the flamingoes come out, thousands and thousands of them, turning the whole sky pink... You'll be amazed when you see it.

**SALLY:** Mmm... Sounds absolutely exotic. Oh... Christopher darling, I don't feel well. *(Laughs)*

*Sally stumbles, drunk, and falls asleep on the floor.*

**CHRISTOPHER:** *(Drunk)* Sally! Sally! Are you quite comfortable?

**MAX:** Sally is an endearing child...But I must admit I find it peaceful when she's taking a nap!

*He looks for a cigarette. CHRISTOPHER produces the cigarette case. They smile. There is a moment.*

**MAX:** To Africa?

**CHRISTOPHER:** To Africa.

*They Kiss.*

## 22. Tomorrow Belongs to Me

**All:** *(Gradually)*

The sun on the meadow is summery warm  
The stag in the forest runs free  
But gather together to greet the storm  
Tomorrow belongs to me  
Tomorrow belongs to me

The branch of the linden is leafy and green  
The Rhine gives its gold to the sea  
But somewhere a glory awaits unseen  
Tomorrow belongs to me  
Tomorrow belongs to me

The babe in his cradle is closing his eyes  
The blossom embraces the bee  
But soon says a whisper, arise, arise

Tomorrow belongs to me  
Tomorrow belongs to me

Now Fatherland, Fatherland, show us the sign  
Your children have waited to see  
The morning will come when the world is mine  
Tomorrow belongs to me  
Tomorrow belongs to me

Tomorrow belongs  
Tomorrow belongs  
Tomorrow belongs to me!

**CHRISTOPHER:** *(To Max)* You still think you can control them?

### 23. Screw Maximillian

**SALLY:** *(Packing the props scattered around the stage into the suitcase.)* I told Frl. Schroeder we would be gone for at least two months, maybe more. She cried and cried and said she'd miss us. I think the only reason she was crying was because she knows she can't get 50 marks a month from anybody else for these pitiful little rooms. You know *(starts to sing)* Money makes the world go round the world go... where have you been? I've been packing for hours. Have some champagne darling, compliments of Max. Oh the laundry came back. It's over there on the bed. You know Chris, it occurred to me.. I know I handled Max brilliantly and all, what with the African move, I mean it would be funny wouldn't it if he asked me to become baroness von huygens of raginsburg. *(Been looking for that for months.)* I mean stranger things have happened.

*Pause*

Well I wouldn't dream of accepting him of course.

**CHRISTOPHER:** For god's sake I wish you could hear yourself sometimes. I mean really hear yourself. CHRIST! Aren't you ever going to stop deluding yourself? Hmmm? Handling Max! Behaving like some ludicrous, under-age little femme-fatale. You, you're about as fatale as an after dinner mint!

**SALLY:** Hm. Well darling we all know about your vast experience with les femmes, fatale or otherwise.

Look why don't you just come out with it; you can't stand Maximillian because he's everything that you're not. He doesn't have to give English lessons for three marks an hour, he's rich. And he knows about life, he doesn't read about it in books. He's suave, and he is divinely sexy. And he really appreciates a woman.

**CHRISTOPHER:** Oh, *screw* Maximillian!

**SALLY:** I do

*Pause*

**CHRISTOPHER:** So do I

*Pause*

**SALLY:** You two bastards.

**CHRISTOPHER:** Two... two... shouldn't that be three?!

## **24. The Fight**

*An SA man offers Christopher a paper as he tries to storm away.*

**CHRISTOPHER:** Your paper, and your party, are pure crap, sir.

*The SA man doesn't understand, quizzes him in German.*

I said DAS IST DER SHIZER

*Tears the paper up*

And so are you.

*Christopher is beaten up. The drummer in the band gets involved.*

## **25. A Very Strange and Extraordinary Baby**

*Sally is nursing Christopher back to health after his kicking.*

**SALLY:** Here (*Gives him a drink.*) I hear you took on the entire Nazi party single handed!

*CHRISTOPHER holds up two fingers.*

Only two?

*CHRISTOPHER grunts confirmation.*

Feel up to a little surprise?

*Takes out a letter.*

Here. Dear Sally and Christopher (in that order, please note) I know you will forgive me, but family affairs make it imperative for me to leave for Argentina immediately. It was fun wasn't it? Signed Maximilian. Argentina my arse. Oh, he also sent this. 300 marks, for the two of us. That's 150 each. Let's see, on an hour to hour basis that puts us about on a par with Frauline Kost! Some goldiggers aren't we?

Listen Christopher darling...

I wasn't sick.

Well, I suppose that was obvious, wasn't it?

*Laughs*

I went to the doctor's today.

*Pause*

Well aren't you going to ask?

**CHRISTOPHER:** Alright. Who's is it?

**SALLY:** I don't know! I really don't know.

**CHRISTOPHER:** Well what are you going to do?

**SALLY:** Well obviously I can't have it! The doctor I went to says He'll do it. But it's expensive. He has to bribe somebody or other for some kind of certificate or something... oh, I don't know. Well. There goes my fur coat.

*A long pause.*

**CHRISTOPHER:** I would like to marry you.

**SALLY:** Oh, darling!

*They laugh, and open drinks in celebration.*

**CHRISTOPHER:** With any luck I'll get a fellowship at Kings.

**SALLY:** Oh Marvellous. What's that?

**CHRISTOPHER:** My college at Cambridge! You'll absolutely love it there.

**SALLY:** Oh, I know I will.  
It's crazy.

**CHRISTOPHER:** What?

**SALLY:** Me. Wanting to be an actress!  
I guess babies love you automatically, don't they?

**CHRISTOPHER:** They don't have much of a choice

*They laugh*

**SALLY:** To you and the Baby!

**CHRISTOPHER:** To me and the baby.

**SALLY:** It probably is yours. But I don't suppose we'll ever know for sure.

**CHRISTOPHER:** *(shrug)* So what?

**SALLY:** You're sure... you won't mind? Honestly?

**CHRISTOPHER:** Honestly.

*They laugh*

**SALLY:** Oh, Chris.

**CHRISTOPHER:** To me and the baby

**SALLY:** to you and the baby.

To you.

**CHRISTOPHER:** Me?

**SALLY:** You.

**CHRISTOPHER:** To Me.

**Together:** And the baby!

**SALLY:** Christopher. You're a most strange and extraordinary person.

## **26. You like Miss Bowles Vairy Much?**

**CHRISTOPHER:** Today, I met Natalia for coffee, to tell her that I would soon be leaving Berlin and that she would have to find herself a new teacher. We talked, as usual, of art, music, books - carefully avoiding the personal note. We had been walking around the teirgaten for the best part of an hour, when natalia abruptly asked:

**NATALIA:** You like Miss Bowles vairy much?

**CHRISTOPHER:** Of course I do... we're going to be married, soon.

**NATALIA:** Imbecile!

**CHRISTOPHER:** We marched on for several minutes in silence.

**NATALIA:** You know, I do not like your Miss Bowles?

**CHRISTOPHER:** I know you don't.

**NATALIA:** What I think, it is not of importance?

**CHRISTOPHER:** *(Teasing)* Not in the least.

**NATALIA:** Only your miss, bowles, she is of importance?

**CHRISTOPHER:** She is of great importance.

**NATALIA:** (*Becoming angry at Chris' refusal to be serious*) Some day, you will see that I am right.

**CHRISTOPHER:** I've no doubt I shall.

Today the sun is brilliantly shining; it is quite mild and warm. I walk back to the apartment, without an overcoat or hat. The sun shines, and Hitler is master of this city.

I catch sight of my face in the mirror of a shop, and am horrified to see that I am smiling. You can't help smiling, in such beautiful weather. The trams are going up and down the Kleiststrasse, just as usual. They, and the people on the pavement, and the tea-cosy dome of the Nollendorfplatz station have an air of curious familiarity, of striking resemblance to something one remembers as normal and pleasant in the past - like a very good photograph.

No. Even now I can't altogether believe that any of this has really happened.

## 27. The Coat

*Sally returns in the morning without the fur coat she has been wearing since Max bought it for her.*

**SALLY:** Good morning darling.

*Pause*

Darling would you mind awfully seeing if there's a bit of brandy left, put an egg in it and call it breakfast. I suppose you're wondering what on earth happened to me. I'm afraid we made a night of it.

**CHRISTOPHER:** Where's your fur coat?

*Pause*

You did it, didn't you?

**SALLY:** Did what darling?

**CHRISTOPHER:** The abortion

**SALLY:** *Has no answer*

**CHRISTOPHER:** In God's name... why?

**SALLY:** One of my whims..

**CHRISTOPHER:** Is that all you can say? One of my whims. What, what right-

**SALLY:** *(Interrupting)* If you want to hit me, why don't you just hit me.

**CHRISTOPHER:** But, you wanted it, didn't you?

**SALLY:** *Has no answer*

**CHRISTOPHER:** Me... and the baby... I suppose Max Reindhart did show up at the club... or was it a friend of a friend of a friend of an assistant director who said he's try to squeeze you into the chorus line. That is of course if you, if you went to bed with him.

**SALLY:** You think that.

**CHRISTOPHER:** Yes.

**SALLY:** Well then its just as well, isn't it? For you, for everyone. Now, darling, would you be an angel and just let me get some sleep.

**CHRISTOPHER:** Tell me why you did it.

**SALLY:** What is there to say? You've said it all in one way or another.

**CHRISTOPHER:** Sally please, I, I have to know.

**SALLY:** Okay: I'm self centred, inconsiderate, and what was the third adjective, oh yes and I have this infantile fantasy that one day I'll amount to something as an actress. Oh, Chris, a dinky little cottage in Cambridge? Play pen in the bedroom, nappies on the towel rack. How soon would it be before we started hating each other? How soon would it be before I started dashing out and disgracing myself in the nearest pub. How soon would it be before you...

**CHRISTOPHER:** Before I... Say it... Go on. You might as well now.

**SALLY:** Forget it, just forget it.

**CHRISTOPHER:** I see.

*CHRISTOPHER makes to leave*

**SALLY:** Chris... Christopher... I really do love you.

**CHRISTOPHER:** Yes, yes... I think you do love me.

Are... are you alright?

**SALLY:** *Nods*

**CHRISTOPHER:** Is there any thing I can do for you?

**SALLY:** *(Laughs)* No.. *(through sobs)* I think I'll sleep a little while.

*Christopher leaves the stage.*

Oh, shit.

## 28. Goodbye to Berlin

*CHRISTOPHER returns with coat, hat and suitcase.*

**SALLY:** Magazines?

**CHRISTOPHER:** No.

**SALLY:** It's a long trip. Chocolate? No.

**CHRISTOPHER:** Well, we seem to be here.

**SALLY:** Yeah.

*Pause*

Darling, I'd love to come down onto the platform with you and wave a tiny white handkerchief etcetera, but there is that interview... It may not amount to anything but...

**Together:** you never know

*SALLY puts her hand out mock-formally, CHRISTOPHER shakes it, then stops, looking at her fingernails. They are both remembering everything.*

**CHRISTOPHER:** Shocking.

*SALLY laughs*

**SALLY:** I'll see you.

*CHRISTOPHER leaves the stage.*

## 29. Cabaret

**SALLY:**

What good is sitting alone in your room?  
Come hear the music play.  
Life is a Cabaret, old chum,  
Come to the Cabaret.

Put down the knitting,  
The book and the broom.  
Time for a holiday.  
Life is Cabaret, old chum,  
Come to the Cabaret.

Come taste the wine,  
Come hear the band.

Come blow a horn,  
Start celebrating;  
Right this way,  
Your table's waiting

No use permitting  
some prophet of doom  
To wipe every smile away.  
Life is a Cabaret, old chum,  
Come to the Cabaret!

I used to have a girlfriend  
known as Elsie  
With whom I shared  
Four sordid rooms in Chelsea

She wasn't what you'd call  
A blushing flower...  
As a matter of fact  
She rented by the hour!

The day she died the neighbours  
came to snigger:  
"Well, that's what comes  
of too much pills and liquor."

But when I saw her laid out like a Queen  
She was the happiest...corpse...  
I'd ever seen.

I think of Elsie to this very day.  
I'd remember how'd she turn to me and say:  
"What good is sitting alone in your room?  
Come hear the music play.  
Life is a Cabaret, old chum,  
Come to the Cabaret."

And as for me,  
I made up my mind up back in Chelsea,  
When I go, I'm going like Elsie.

Start by admitting  
From cradle to tomb  
Isn't that long a stay.  
Life is a Cabaret, old chum,  
Only a Cabaret, old chum,  
And I love a Cabaret!

### **30. Auf Wiedersehn (Wilkommen Reprise)**

**EMCEE:**

Mein Damen und Herren, Mesdames et Messieurs,

Ladies and Gentlemen!  
Where are your troubles now?  
Forgotten!  
I told you so.  
We have no troubles here! Here life is beautiful...  
The girls are beautiful...  
Even the orchestra is beautiful!

Auf Weidersehn...

Abianto...

*Drumroll.*