

CHARACTERS

THE EMCEE – Host of the Kit Kat Club. Exudes an androgenous sexiness that is hard to resist. Mischievous, playful, and quite ornery, he always has a twinkle in his eye and a grin (sneer? smirk?) on his lips... Until he doesn't! Sexually fluid. Gets quite intensely intimate with MANY members of the cast (of all genders) including (but not limited to) kissing, groping, fondling, and thrusting. Must seduce the entire audience into loving/wanting him! German accent. Shows LOTS of skin.

SALLY BOWLES – A British cabaret singer at the Kit Kat Klub. A legend in her own mind. Thinks she's much more sophisticated, elegant, and talented than she actually is. Drinks, smokes, and takes drugs in excess to cover her insecurities. Has a larger-than-life personality. Shares intimate moments with Cliff, the Emcee, Max, and Victor. British accent. Shows some skin.

CLIFFORD BRADSHAW – An American novelist. An observer in his own story. Unsure of who he is or where he belongs, he succumbs to temptation easily in his effort to find his place in the world. He is a former lover of Bobby's, but tries desperately to cling to his affair with Sally as his doorway to "normalcy." Shares intimate moments with Sally, Ernst, and Bobby. American accent. Shows some skin.

ERNST LUDWIG – A friendly and likeable German who befriends Cliff. Sexual fluidity is hinted at when he makes a pass at Cliff, but he has bigger (secret) things in his life as he attempts to help a new political party rise to power. German accent. Shows NO skin.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER – A landlady. Has had a full life and is just trying to survive. Hardened and QUITE earthy she resists her attraction to her boarder, Herr Schultz, at first and makes herself give him up to survive in the end. Shares intimate moments with Herr Schultz. German accent. Shows NO skin.

HERR RUDOLPH SCHULTZ – A Jewish tenant of Fraulein Schneider and proprietor of a fruit shop. He uses his products to woo the shy Fraulein. Refuses to give in to growing prejudices. Does not believe the Nazis will come to power. Shares intimate moments with Fraulein Schneider. German accent with SLIGHT Jewish lilt. Shows NO skin.

FRAULEIN KOST/FRITZIE – One of Fraulein Schneider's tenants and a prostitute. Hard edged and abrasive, sees the new political party rising in Germany as a way to a better life for herself. She is also a performer at the Klub. German accent. Shares intimate moments with her sailor customers, Max, and possibly others. Shows LOTS of skin.

ROSIE, LULU, FRENCHIE, TEXAS, HELGA – **The Rest of the Kit Kat Club Girls** –The "Girls" who are the backbone of the Kit Kat Klub. Old "pros" in every sense of the word. Hardened and over it! Share intimate moments with the Emcee, the Klub Boys, and each other! A LOT!!! German accents. Show LOTS of skin.

BOBBY – One of the Kit Kat Klub Boys. Former lover of Cliff's. Delighted when he runs into Cliff and wants to start up a more serious relationship with him. Upset to be treated as an on again, off again fling instead. Shares intimate moments with Cliff, Victor, and others. German accent. Shows LOTS of skin.

VICTOR, HANS, HERMANN – **The Rest of the Kit Kat Klub Boys** –The "Boys" who serve as performers and waiters of the Klub. Share intimate moments with the Emcee, the Klub Girls, and each other! A LOT!!! German accents. Show LOTS of skin.

MAX – The owner of the Kit Kat Klub. Mustached and Gruff! Shares intimate moments with Sally and Fritzie, and maybe others. Also plays the first Customs Official. German accent. Shows some skin.

RUDY, KARL, & OTTO – Three sailors. All customers of Fraulein Kost's. (Could be doubled with Kit Kat Boys if necessary) Share intimate moments with Kost. German accent. Shows LOTS of skin.

OTHER ENSEMBLE

SCENE 1 –

(CALLBACKS ONLY!)

THE EMCEE

EMCEE

Meine Dammen und Herren, Mesdames and Messieurs, Ladies and Gentlemen... Guten abend, Bon soir, good evening! Wie geht's? Comment ca va? Do you feel good? (*He points to an audience member.*) Yeah, I bet you do! Ich bin euer confrencier, Je suis votre compere, I am your host!

Leave your trouble outside! So, life is disappointing? Forget it! In here, life is beautiful! The girls are beautiful! The boys are beautiful! Even the orchestra is beautiful! And now, presenting the Cabaret girls!

Rosie! Rosie is so named because of the color of her cheeks. (*He spans her.*) Yep, they're rosy! And just like a Rose, Rosie smells so sweet... but she will also make you bleed!

LuLu! (*The EMCEE addresses a specific audience member.*) Ooh, does LuLu make you a little loo-loo? Oh, I make you a little loo-loo? OH! You want to see me make little LuLu? Well, for a few marks you never know!!! Anything can happen! Seriously, you like LuLu? Well too bad! LuLu likes Rosie!

Frenchie! Frenchie is a like a good French croissant. She's hard and crusty on the outside, but she's warm and moist on the inside!

Texas! Yes! Texas is from America. Ooh, but she's a very cunning linguist! Show them Texas! (*She shakes her tongue at the audience.*) I guess it's true what they say, EVERYTHING is bigger in Texas and I LOVE a good YANK!!! (*The EMCEE puts his groin behind her hand and thrusts.*)

Fritzie! (*She squats.*) Oh, Fritzie, would you stop that?!? Already this week we have lost a table, two waiters, and three bottles of champagne up there like this! (*He addresses an audience member.*) You laugh, but be careful... you could be next!

And last but not least, Helga! Helga is my baby. I'm like a father to her. And when she's bad, I spank her... and she is very, very, very, very, very, very, VERY bad!

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

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

And now presenting the Cabaret Boys! Here they are... Bobby! And Victor! Or is it, Victor?! And Bobby!?... There's really only one way to tell the difference... I'll show you later... Hans! Hans knows 27 different sexual positions! Here's one now. Show them Hans! (*Hans hits a pose.*) Isn't that good? Isn't that hot? Yes, Hans knows them all and now he is ready to try them with people!!! Hermann! You know the funny thing about Hermann?... There is NOTHING funny about Hermann!!! And finally... presenting the toast of Mayfair, Fraulein Sally Bowles!

BLEIBE, RESTE, STAY!

END

SCENE 2 –

ERNST, CLIFF

ERNST
Besetzt? {**Occupied? **}

CLIFF
Nein.

ERNST
Sind die frei? {**Are they free? **}

CLIFF
Ja... Bitte.

ERNST
American?

CLIFF
I might as well wear a sign: Yankee Doodle.

ERNST
German. Berlin. Ernst Ludwig. (*They shake hands.*)

CLIFF
Clifford Bradshaw. Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Are we slowing down for the German border?

ERNST
Ja.

CLIFF
You've taken this trip before?

ERNST
Many, many times. You are a touring?

CLIFF
A tourist? Not exactly. I'm a writer... and I give English lessons. (*ERNST stands to survey the corridor, nervously.*) Care for a cigarette? Herr Ludwig?

ERNST
Ja?

CLIFF
A cigarette?

ERNST
No, danke.

CLIFF
(*Playfully*) What's in the case?

ERNST
Baubles from Paris: perfume... silk-stockings... But more than it is permitted. You understand?

CLIFF
I guess I've done a little smuggling myself.

ERNST

You are most understanding. I will thank you very much. (*He sits back down.*) You have been before to Berlin?

CLIFF

This is my first time...

ERNST

Then I will see to it that it will open its arms to you! We begin tonight – New Year's Eve – the Kit Kat Klub!

CLIFF

The what?

ERNST

This is the hottest spot in the city. Telephones on every table. Girls call you... Boys call you... You call them... Instant connections.

CLIFF

Thanks – but I've still got to find a room...

ERNST

You have no room! But this is no problem (*He hands CLIFF a card.*) I know the finest residence in all Berlin. Just tell Fraulein Schneider that Ernst Ludwig has spoken for you.

CLIFF

I can't afford the finest residence in all Berlin. I need something inexpensive.

ERNST

But this is inexpensive! Very inexpensive! She has this kind of room and that kind of room. Absolute satisfaction!

CLIFF

I don't care if it's awful – as long as it's cheap

ERNST

But this IS awful. You will love it!

CLIFF

(*Reading card.*) Fraulein Schneider.

ERNST

You see! You see! You have a new friend – Ernst Ludwig! You have a fine place to stay! And you are having perhaps even your first English pupil! (*He indicates himself.*) So welcome to Berlin, my friend. Welcome to Berlin!
(*They shake hands.*)

END

SCENE 3 –

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER, CLIFF, KOST, RUDY, HERR SCHULTZ

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

So, you see, Herr Bradshaw: all comforts! And with breakfast only one hundred marks.

CLIFF

It's very nice, Fraulein Schneider. In fact – too nice. You don't have anything cheaper?

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

... but for a friend of Herr Ludwig...

CLIFF

I've very little money.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

But you will give English lessons. And you will have many pupils. And they will pay you... and then you will pay me. Ja?

CLIFF

Fifty marks. That's my absolute limit. If you've anything else... I don't care how small -- how far from the bathroom...

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

But for a professor – this is more suitable.

CLIFF

I'm not a professor. Think of me as a starving author. What do you have for a starving author?

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

An author! A poet! You have the look!

CLIFF

A novelist

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

And you will be most famous... A novelist! It will be like years ago – when in all my rooms – persons of real quality... There is no doubt. This is your room! Here is for you to write. Come... sitz. (*He sits.*) Good? (*He nods.*) And look – your window! You can see the whole of the Nollendorfplatz! Such a desirable window for a novelist! A thousand stories directly below. Always people coming, going. You will never be bored!

CLIFF

I can still only afford fifty marks.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

This room is worth one hundred marks. More than one hundred. (*A pause. She looks at CLIFF hopefully. He shakes his head and starts for the door.*) Fifty? (*He stops and nods. She considers a moment.*) ... Sit! (*He sits.*) The telephone is in the hall. I will fetch towels...

FRAULEIN KOST

(*FRAULEIN KOST enters.*) Fraulein Schneider. There you are! There is no hot water in the bathroom! The second time this week!

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

If you will excuse me, Herr Bradshaw.

FRAULEIN KOST

So... you have finally rented this room?

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Here is Herr Clifford Bradshaw – the world-famous American novelist.

CLIFF

How do you do?

FRAULEIN KOST

Fraulein Kost. Across the hall... (*She approaches CLIFF and takes his hand.*) Please feel free -- (*she allows her robe to slip down.*) -- at any time... (*RUDY, a sailor, runs in.*)

RUDY

Fritzi – where are you? (*FRAULEIN KOST quickly rushes over to stop RUDY coming in.*)

FRAULEIN KOST

My nephew. He is visiting me. From Hamburg

RUDY

My name is Rudy, ja?

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Come! We talk outside. We are disturbing Herr Bradshaw. And take your “nephew” with you – from Hamburg! (*FRAULEIN KOST pushes RUDY out the door.*) Please accept my apologies, Herr Bradshaw. I guarantee she will not bother you again.

CLIFF

Bother me?

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

In future, I will keep her away.

CLIFF

Please don't.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

But are novelists interested in such persons?

CLIFF

Oh yes. (*There is another knock at the door.*)

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

What is it now?

HERR SCHULTZ

Fraulein Schneider – it is eleven o'clock.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Ah, Herr Schultz! Eleven o'clock already? I have been showing Herr Bradshaw his room. Herr Bradshaw – Herr Schultz, who also lives here.

CLIFF

Pleased to meet you.

HERR SCHULTZ

Honored!

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Herr Bradshaw is an American.

HERR SCHULTZ

You are an American? I have a cousin in Buffalo. Felix Tannenbaum. It is possible you know him? He has a wife – Berta...

CLIFF

I almost never get to Buffalo

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Herr Schultz is proprietor of the finest fruit-market on the Nollendorfplatz.

HERR SCHULTZ

Seville oranges. Italian! Delicious!

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

I will dress now. Herr Schultz has been kind enough to invite me to join him in a glass of schnapps for the New Year.

HERR SCHULTZ

And a little fruit.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

And – after all – why not? Otherwise, I am in bed with a hot-water bottle.

HERR SCHULTZ

Perhaps Herr Bradshaw...

CLIFF

No. Thank you.

HERR SCHULTZ

Another time! I want to wish you much mazel in the New Year.

CLIFF

Mazel?

HERR SCHULTZ

Yiddish. It means "luck"!

CLIFF

Thanks. The same to you.

HERR SCHULTZ

I come to you, Fraulein, in ten minutes – with the schnapps!

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

And the fruit!

HERR SCHULTZ

And the fruit! (*HERR SCHULTZ exits.*)

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

And now – please – anything you require – knock on my door. Anytime. Day or night. Also – welcome to Berlin! (*She exits.*)

END

SCENE 4 –

**SALLY, MAX, CLIFF,
BOBBY, VICTOR**

You can't sack me!

SALLY

I can do anything I please. I own this club.

MAX

Part-owner!

SALLY

And we ALL agree: It's a new year. Time for a new face.

MAX

A new tart you mean.

SALLY

Is that so shocking, (*mockingly*) Fraulein Bowles?

MAX

The only shocking thing is that nobody can see that I've been trying – against all odds – to give this seedy little dive a little... allure.

SALLY

Allure? Our customers hate "allure." Every time we even mop the floor, they complain.

MAX

But, darling, lots of people come here because of me.

SALLY

No one will even notice you've gone! (*He starts towards the door.*)

MAX

Max – I don't know about the laws here – but I'm sure it can't be legal to just... I mean – don't you have to give a girl a two-week notice? – Or at least a week...? (*MAX laughs.*)

SALLY

Why don't you organize a union? Go join all those Communists marching in the street! (*He exits, still chuckling.*)

MAX

But Max! Max!? (*She starts to cry but makes herself stop. She snorts some coke.*)

SALLY

(*Entering*) I'm not sure I'm in the right place...

CLIFF

Bastard! (*She throws a hairbrush at the door.*)

SALLY

Whoa!

CLIFF

Ooh... Chris!

SALLY

CLIFF

Uh, Cliff.

SALLY

Ah, Cliff. I'm sorry... Did you come for your drink?

CLIFF

Sorry?

SALLY

I promised to buy you a drink – and here you are! Is gin all right? Of course, it is. It's all I've got.

CLIFF

Gin? I guess so. Why not?

SALLY

Will you pour? (*She turns to the mirror and begins to work on her make-up.*) I only have a few minutes... (*CLIFF pours two drinks.*) Why did you say you were English?

CLIFF

I don't know, a whim. You ever had a whim?

SALLY

Constantly! I used to love pretending I was someone else – someone quite mysterious and fascinating. Until one day I grew up (*pause*) and realized I am mysterious and fascinating. I'm Sally Bowles. (*She holds out her hand. CLIFF notices the nail polish.*) Divine decadence, darling! (*She toasts.*) Happy New Year! (*They drink. She kisses him, lightly and then grabs his lapels and pulls him into a passionate kiss. She releases him.*) Are you new in Berlin?

CLIFF

I've only been here three hours.

SALLY

Three hours?! Welcome! How long are you staying?

CLIFF

I'm working on a novel. I'll say till it's finished.

SALLY

Oh, you're a novelist. How marvelous! Would I know your books?

CLIFF

It's highly unlikely. Anyway, it's book – singular.

SALLY

Was it a huge success?

CLIFF

They said it showed promise.

SALLY

Promise? How marvelous! And now you can write about what swine people are and have a huge success and make pots of money!

CLIFF

Let's talk about Sally Bowles. What part of England are you from? (*Pause.*) London? (*Pause.*) Stratford-on-Avon? (*Pause.*) Stonehenge? (*Pause.*)

SALLY

Oh, Cliff – you mustn't ever ask me questions. If I want to tell you anything, I will. Why did you come to Berlin to do your novel?

CLIFF

I'd already tried London, Paris, Rome, Venice...

SALLY

Just looking for a place to write?

CLIFF

Something to write about.

SALLY

Where are you staying?

CLIFF

(Reading from the card ERNST gave him) The Nollendorfplatz.

SALLY

(Grabbing the card from him) The Nollendorfplatz?!? I'd love to live in the Nollendorfplatz! It's so – racy! I just live upstairs here. It would be too divine to invite you up but dear Max is most terribly jealous...

CLIFF

Dear Max? Your husband?

SALLY

Oh, no! He's just the man I'm screwing... this week...! I say – am I shocking you, talking this way?

CLIFF

I say – are you trying to shock me?

SALLY

You're quite right, you know. *(The EMCEE peeks in and motions to her.)* Ooh, that's my cue. Good luck with your writing! *(She starts to leave but turns back.)* Is there really a place called Mudville?

CLIFF

Absolutely. It's in New Jersey.

SALLY

Fascinating! -- Don't forget to leave your number – Toodle-pip!

(She exits. CLIFF looks around for something to write with. He goes to the dressing table and picks up a lipstick and starts to write on the mirror when BOBBY and VICTOR enter.)

BOBBY

That was never a good color for you. Clifford, this is my... friend, Victor. He is... sharing my apartment.

VICTOR

Hello. *(He shakes CLIFF's hand and doesn't let go.)*

CLIFF

How do you do?

BOBBY

He's heard all about you.

VICTOR

All about you... (*He pulls CLIFF a little closer.*) Happy New Year!

CLIFF

Well, thank you. The same to you!

VICTOR

The Nightingale Bar?

CLIFF

The Nightingale Bar...? (*He pulls his hand away. VICTOR goes to the door.*)

BOBBY

You were there. Correct?

CLIFF

(*Hesitatingly*) Correct.

BOBBY

I knew it! I'm fabulous with... faces... I can't stay. But will you ring me?

CLIFF

(*Lying.*) Of course.

BOBBY

You better had!

VICTOR

Bobby – come! It's our cue!

BOBBY

Ja! (*VICTOR exits.*) Happy New Year, Clifford! (*He leans in to kiss CLIFF. CLIFF pushes him away and looks around, nervously.*) Come on, Clifford. You Americans are so inhibited. But this is Berlin. Relax. Loosen up. Be yourself.

(*CLIFF pauses then grabs BOBBY and pulls him in to a passionate kiss.*)

END

SCENE 5 –

ERNST, CLIFF, SCHNEIDER, SALLY

ERNST

You know what is the trouble with English? It is not like German. It is not an exact language. Either one must memorize fifty thousand words either one cannot speak it correctly.

CLIFF

Either one must memorize - -or one cannot speak...

ERNST

Aha! Either -- or... (*He makes a note in his notebook and checks his watch.*) The time is now finished.

CLIFF

I'm in no hurry.

ERNST

But the lesson is one hour. No? Another pupil is waiting.

CLIFF

What other pupil?

ERNST

No other pupil? (*CLIFF shakes his head.*) Then I make a suggestion: I have many friends. Most anxious for improving their English. I put them on to you. But, for tonight, I will telephone a lady friend. She will bring a friend for you. Elsa. She is most loving of Americans -- Gary Cooper in particular.

CLIFF

Not tonight, Ernst.

ERNST

But you have not seen this Elsa! Hot stuff – believe me! In one minute, I guarantee you are making a pass after her.

CLIFF

A pass at her.

ERNST

Aha! A pass at her!

CLIFF

I've got a date tonight. (*He indicates his typewriter.*)

ERNST

A typewriter? But what can one do with a typewriter?

CLIFF

Not very much lately.

ERNST

Then come! Perhaps you and I only! We make a large whoopee!

CLIFF

For one thing, I've got a budget, Ernst – and it only allows for a very small whoopee – unfortunately.

ERNST

Then you will be my guest!

CLIFF

Thanks, but...

ERNST

I show you the real Berlin.

CLIFF

It's very tempting...

ERNST

So, come! We will acquaint with one another. (*He comes close and strokes CLIFF's cheek.*)

CLIFF

(*He tenses up and takes ERNST's hand.*) As soon as I can afford it...

ERNST

It is difficult, you know – adjusting to the idea of a poor American. But I tell you a secret. There is no need for this poverty. Ja! If you are willing – I show you a most excellent way to supplement your income...

CLIFF

Doing what?

ERNST

Oh – by taking very brief trips – to Paris. A few days each time. Nothing more. But it will pay you well – extremely well.

(*There is a knock at the door.*)

CLIFF

Come in.

(*FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER enters.*)

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Herr Bradshaw – there is a young lady to see you! A young lady in a fur coat!

CLIFF

A young lady?

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Fraulein Bowles...

CLIFF

Bowles?! Ask her to come in. (*She exits.*)

ERNST

You are old friends... you and Fraulein Bowles? From London, perhaps... Ja?

CLIFF

From the Kit Kat Klub. Last night.

ERNST

Last night?! You are some snappy operator!

SALLY

(Entering dramatically.) Cliff, darling! *(She notices ERNST and hugs him. Fraulein Schneider steps in.)* Ernst, dearest heart! Where were you last night?

ERNST

Ah – I have such a regret. But I have already explained to Herr Bradshaw – I was delayed on business. But I promise I will come to the Klub – very soon.

SALLY

Don't you dare! I don't want anyone going near that bloody Klub ever again! *(She turns to CLIFF who is still holding the suitcase.)* Just put it anywhere, I'll unpack later.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Unpack? – But Herr Bradshaw did not mention...

SALLY

Oh, I'll just be here temporarily.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

I am sorry, but this is not possible.

SALLY

(She looks around the room.) Such a lovely room! *(Her gaze falls on FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER.)* All these wonderful old pieces. *(She "whispers" to CLIFF)* How much are you paying?

CLIFF

Fifty marks.

SALLY

(To FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER) Sixty marks.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

I cannot permit...

SALLY

Seventy?

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

It is not the money...

SALLY

Eighty -- ?

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Eighty-five.

SALLY

(Holding out her hand) Done! *(They shake.)*

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

And now – please make yourself cosy, Frau Bradshaw. *(She exits.)*

ERNST

Such a to-do! I will see you Friday for the next lesson. But I am telling you something: I think I am taking from you the wrong kind of lessons! *(He exits.)*

CLIFF

Sally – what the hell do you think you're doing?

SALLY

Would you guess I was terrified?

CLIFF

Are you?

SALLY

What if you'd thrown me out? Can you imagine how that would feel – being thrown out twice in one day?

CLIFF

You mean – dear Max?

SALLY

Dear Max. And you know whose fault it was, don't you? (*She looks at him pointedly.*) If you hadn't come to the Kit Kat Klub – and been so dreadfully attractive – and recited poetry – and forced your way into my dressing room...

CLIFF

Sally – about your staying here...

SALLY

(*She hops up.*) You know what I'd love, darling? A spot of gin.

CLIFF

Gin?

SALLY

You've got some? I mean – I think one must.

CLIFF

No, I don't have any gin.

SALLY

Oh, well – Prairie Oysters, then.

CLIFF

Prairie Oysters?

SALLY

I practically live on them. It's just raw egg whooshed around in some Worcestershire Sauce. It's heaven for a hangover.

CLIFF

I haven't got a hangover. (*SALLY takes a container of eggs out of her coat pocket.*) You carry eggs around with you?

SALLY

Of course! One never knows when one will have a desperate craving for an omelet – does one? Actually – I salvaged these from my previous digs. (*She takes a bottle of Worcestershire Sauce out of another coat pocket and two glasses from yet another.*)

CLIFF

That's quite a coat.

SALLY

It should be. It cost me all I had. Little did I realize how soon I'd be unemployed.

CLIFF

What about your job at the Klub?

SALLY

Well, that's rather complicated... You see, one of the owners of the Klub...

CLIFF

Dear Max...?

SALLY

Oh, you're divinely intuitive! I do hope I'm not going to fall madly in love with you. Are you in the theater? Or in the movie business in any way? (*CLIFF shakes his head.*) Then you're safe – more or less. Though I do believe a woman can't be a truly great actress till she's had several passionate affairs – and had her heart broken. (*She breaks the eggs for the Prairie Oysters.*) Damn. I should have let Ernst pay my cab fare. He's got all that money from Paris. (*She continues to make the Prairie Oysters as they talk.*)

CLIFF

From Paris?

SALLY

He smuggles it in for some political party.

CLIFF

Ernst is in politics?

SALLY

Oh, it's all so terribly tedious, darling... He goes to Paris about once a month and brings back pots of money.

CLIFF

He has to smuggle it in?

SALLY

It's terribly dangerous! But Ernst is resourceful. He's discovered the Customs people almost never open the bags of non-Germans. So, just before the border, he finds some innocent looking Englishman... or American.... (*She trails off as she realizes CLIFF is looking forlorn at having been duped and quickly finishes making the Prairie Oysters.*)

CLIFF

It's hard to imagine an American that gullible.

SALLY

(*She hands CLIFF his glass and clinks hers to his.*) Hals and beinbruch! It means neck and leg break. It's supposed to stop it happening. Though I doubt it does. (*She downs her Prairie Oyster.*)

CLIFF

Look – it's about time we...

SALLY

Drink!

CLIFF

(*He hesitatingly sips his drink.*) It's amazing! You know what it tastes like? Peppermint!

SALLY

Oh – you got my toothpaste glass. (*She laughs.*) I should have rinsed it. (*She takes his glass and downs it.*) Mmmm, it makes me feel terribly sensual.

CLIFF

Sally, you've got to understand...

SALLY

(*She picks up a book.*) Oh! Is this your novel?!? (*She looks at it curiously.*) It's in German!? "Mein Kampf"?

CLIFF

It's not my novel. I thought I should know something about German politics.

SALLY

Why? You're an American (*She spots his typewriter.*) Oh, a typewriter! How creative! You could be the next Dostoevsky. Will you allow me to watch you work? Gunther never would.

CLIFF

Who?

SALLY

Gunther Werner? The film director?? And guess who's going to be in his next one – "The Woman in Room 16"?

CLIFF

Are you "The Woman"?

SALLY

No... unfortunately... I play Penny, an English girl. It's a very good part... Gunther wrote it specially for me.

CLIFF

What's it about?

SALLY

I haven't the foggiest. It's in German! Listen: (*She recites with great bravura.*) "Guten tag. Ich kaiser Penny und ich bin Engländeren."

CLIFF

Very good. Nobody's ever translated it for you?

SALLY

Oh, but it's so much more fun not knowing. You know, I've never known a novelist. Oh, will you allow me to watch while you write? I promise to be incredibly quiet...

CLIFF

Look, I don't think I can work with someone else – on the premises.

SALLY

But, I'm hardly noticeable! (*He gives her a look.*) I'll go out when you're writing – take long, invigorating walks...

CLIFF

In the middle of the night? And there's another thing: I'm not a prude. (*SALLY gives him a look.*) At least I don't think I'm a prude. No – no – I've...

SALLY

Are you a homosexual in any way? (*Long pause.*) Bobby says you are.

CLIFF

Bobby?

SALLY

One of the boys at the Klub. He says he met you in London – at the Nightingale Bar...

CLIFF

The Nightingale Bar?

SALLY

Is it possible?

CLIFF

Yes... I mean no... I mean... I guess – anything's possible. I've been to lots of bars...

SALLY

And did you and Bobby have an affair?

CLIFF

Did he say that?

SALLY

He implied it.

CLIFF

I see...the fact is... yes. It's true... I say, am I shocking you, talking like this?

SALLY

Not a bit. But is it true? You're not just saying it, hoping I'll take my bag and run screaming into the night?

CLIFF

The thought HAD occurred to me. But, It's all true. However, it's not the sort of thing you necessarily go around advertising.

SALLY

I guess not. And isn't that sad! Because I think people are people. I really do, Cliff, don't you? I don't think they should have to explain anything. Or be made to apologize for anything. For example, if I paint my fingernails green, and it happens I do paint them green, well, if someone should ask me why, I say: "I think it's pretty. I think it's pretty," I reply. So, if anyone should ask about you and me one day, you have two alternatives: you can either say, "Oh, yes, it's true. We're living in delicious sin." Or you can tell them the truth and simply say:

CLIFF

Sally, I'm afraid this wouldn't work. You're much too distracting.

SALLY

Distracting? No, inspiring!

CLIFF

Sally – I just can't afford... Do you have any money?

SALLY

Yes! ... (*She searches through her bag.*) uh... Six marks!

CLIFF

Oh, God!

SALLY

Oh please, Cliff -- just for a day or two? Please!

END

SCENE 6 –

SCHNEIDER, KOST, SCHULTZ

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

That sailor! Out of my house!

FRAULEIN KOST

This sailor – dear lady – is my brother!

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Out! Out!! Out!! (*KARL flees. FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER moves center.*)

FRAULEIN KOST

(*She chases and calls after him.*) Wait! Wait! (*She turns back to FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER.*) How dare you! You think it is easy – finding a sailor? This was only my second one since New Year's. And what is it now? April!

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Your second?

FRAULEIN KOST

Ja.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Your second?!?

FRAULEIN KOST

Ja!

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Your second?!?! You think I do not know what goes on here? Sailors – all the time: in – out – in – out! God only knows what the neighbors think I am running here – a battleship? Fraulein Kost, I give you fair warning! One sailor more – I call the police!

FRAULEIN KOST

And if I cannot pay the rent?

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

(*Uh-oh! Pause. She sits.*) The rent is due each Friday – as always.

FRAULEIN KOST

No sailors. No rent. I move. (*She crosses stage left.*)

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Move? (*She stands.*)

FRAULEIN KOST

Move!

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

And what am I supposed to do with your room? Out of the blue – she tells me “I move!” Is that gratitude for you? Only last week I gave you another new mattress!

FRAULEIN KOST

All right! All right! So, I will leave the end of the week – since you insist. (*She crosses to her door up left.*)

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

I insist? You insist!

FRAULEIN KOST

(Pausing at her door.) So, what about the sailors?

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

The sailors? *(She thinks for a moment and finally turns away from FRAULEIN KOST.)*
Fraulein Kost – if you wish to continue living here, you must not let me catch you bringing
in any more sailors! You understand?

FRAULEIN KOST

Very good. So, it is the same as always. *(She goes into her room and slams the door.)*

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

No, it is not the same as always! *(She goes to FRAULEIN KOST's door and knocks on it.)* Fraulein Kost. Do you hear me? I have put my foot down. *(She knocks again.)*
Fraulein Kost! Fraulein Kost!

HERR SCHULTZ

(HERR SCHULTZ enters from his room, carrying a paper bag.) Fraulein Schneider! Good
evening!

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Oh, Herr Schultz! Such a surprise! *(She moves downstage and hurriedly pats her hair
and pinches her cheeks. Her demeanor immediately changes.)*

HERR SCHULTZ

(Following her down.) You are occupied?

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

No. No. Free as a bird. Please forgive my appearance.

HERR SCHULTZ

But it is most becoming.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Danke.

HERR SCHULTZ

I have brought you a little something from the shop.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Another little something?

HERR SCHULTZ

(He hands her the bag.) With my compliments.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

So heavy! But what can it be? Pears? *(She shakes her head.)* Last Wednesday you
brought me pears. And such pears! Apples, possibly? *(She shakes her head again, a
little giddier this time.)* Friday was apples.

HERR SCHULTZ

Ja, Ja. Friday was apples.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

So, I cannot guess...

HERR SCHULTZ

Then open!

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

(She crosses to the settee and sits. She opens the bag and peers in.) Herr Schultz! Can I believe what I see? *(HERR SCHULTZ nods proudly.)* But this is – too much to accept. So rare – so costly – so luxurious... A PINEAPPLE! For me?

HERR SCHULTZ

From me.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

But you must not bring me any more pineapples. Do you hear? It is not proper. It is a gift a young man would bring to his lady-love. it makes me blush.

HERR SCHULTZ

But there is no-one -- no-one in all of Berlin who is more deserving. If I could, I would fill your entire room with pineapples!

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

(She grabs the bag and crosses to her door.) I think I will lie down for a few moments. My head is spinning!

HERR SCHULTZ

Fraulein Schneider... good evening.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Good evening, Herr Schultz. *(She opens her bedroom door – then turns to HERR SCHULTZ.)* I am -- overwhelmed! *(She goes in and closes the door. The music ends. HERR SCHULTZ waits a moment and then goes to her door. He is about to knock when FRAULEIN KOST comes out of her room, obviously dressed to go out to do some business. He immediately drops to his knees.)*

FRAULEIN KOST

Good evening, Herr Schultz. *(She goes over to him.)*

HERR SCHULTZ

Good evening, Fraulein Kost. I am looking for – I think I dropped – a small coin – a groschen... It rolled this way.

FRAULEIN KOST

You're looking for a groschen? *(He nods.)* I'm looking for two marks. *(He shakes his head. She leaves. HERR SCHULTZ rises and gently knocks on FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER's door. The door swings open and he swiftly enters. The door closes.)*

END

SCENE 7 –

CLIFF, SALLY, ERNST

CLIFF

I got the letter... all seven pages. Are you alright...? – Sally?

SALLY

I'm just not speaking today.

CLIFF

Okay. (*He looks at the letter and a second piece of paper falls out of it.*) And here's the check!

SALLY

(*She stands and hurries over to him, grabbing the check from him.*) Hurray!!! Fifty dollars? How much is that in real money?

CLIFF

More than enough to pay the rent...

SALLY

(*Hopefully*) And dinner at the Adlon? With a bottle of champagne? Oh, Cliff! (*He gives her a look.*) A glass of champagne?

CLIFF

Alright. (*SALLY kisses him, he takes the check back, and she sits back down and takes a drink.*) Why so gloomy?

SALLY

Because we never have dinner at the Adlon anymore.

CLIFF

We never did. (*He sits and reads from the letter.*) She says she's knitting you a sweater.

SALLY

You're joking.

CLIFF

(*He reads, imitating his mother's voice*) "I've started a sweater for your friend Sally."

SALLY

You sent her my measurements?

CLIFF

The way she knits – it doesn't matter. (*SALLY barely chuckles, puts her cigarette in the ashtray, and takes another drink.*) My mother says: "Tell Sally to lay off the gin."

SALLY

She does not! (*He smiles at her and she "toasts" him as she takes another drink.*)

CLIFF

Listen to this... "I'm so excited you've finished your novel, Clifford darling." What a liar I am!

SALLY

Oh, Cliff.

CLIFF

I may not be a good novelist, but I'm a very good liar. And I write a hell of a letter.

SALLY

It's my fault – If I weren't always dragging you off to party after party...

CLIFF

But I love those parties. I like this whole town. It's so tawdry and terrible and everyone's having such a great time. (*He crosses down to the "window" and peers out.*) Like a bunch of kids playing in their room – getting wilder and wilder – and knowing any minute their parents are going to come home. (*He crosses back up.*)

SALLY

Maybe you should write about your childhood.

CLIFF

That was my first novel.

SALLY

There must be something else to write about... (*SALLY strikes a pose.*)

CLIFF

Sally Bowles?

SALLY

Of course! I told you I'd inspire you. "Les amores du Sally." But make me ravishing and sublimely seductive – so no man can resist me. Not even a rather strange, handsome young American, who allows me to share his room – and his bed – and falls desperately in love with me... (*He turns his head away from her.*) Don't worry! It's only fiction!

CLIFF

(*He sits.*) Now all I've got to do is write it.

SALLY

I wish I were less distracting.

CLIFF

It's true. Nobody could work with you around. Not Hemingway – not Tolstoy – no even Proust... (*SALLY gets up, grabs her suitcase, throws it onto the trunk and starts packing it with clothes flung about the room.*) Oh, no – Sally – I didn't mean...

SALLY

But it's time, Cliff. I've never stayed with anyone so long. One must keep mobile, mustn't one?

CLIFF

What's the matter? Got a better offer?

SALLY

Dozens. I've never stayed so long with anyone. I'm sure you've offers, too.

CLIFF

Oh, dozens. (*SALLY looks at him.*) A couple...? (*SALLY crosses her arms.*) Not one. (*He puts his cigarette in the ashtray and crosses left.*)

SALLY

Not even Bobby? (*He turns back to her.*) He phoned today, by the way. (*There is a long awkward pause. Finally, CLIFF looks away from her. She picks up her suitcase and her fur coat, and heads for the door.*)

CLIFF

Don't go.

SALLY

(She stops with her hand on the doorknob.) What?

CLIFF

Please, don't go.

SALLY

Are you serious?

CLIFF

The hell with Bobby. *(He crosses up to her.)* Maybe – I like you here. I need you. I need -- ... The truth is, Sally – when you're out all night – I can't sleep. Our little bed suddenly seems so empty. I've never felt this way before about – anyone – anyone at all.

SALLY

(She caresses his cheek.) You truly mean this?

CLIFF

More than I've ever meant anything.

SALLY

Oh, darling... *(They kiss. She puts down her suitcase and coat.)*

CLIFF

And now -- you want to tell me what's wrong?

SALLY

Nothing. Not a thing. *(She sits back down and takes a long drink from the bottle. He gives her a look.)* I'm pregnant.

CLIFF

(He crosses down to behind the trunk.) Are you sure? *(SALLY nods.)* Well – what are we going to do?

SALLY

What am I going to do? -- The usual thing, I suppose.

CLIFF

You've done it before?

SALLY

Thousands of times.

CLIFF

Don't you think you ought to check with the father?

SALLY

Why?

CLIFF

Well – to help pay for the doctor – for one thing.

SALLY

I do so hate it, Cliff. That awful doctor.

CLIFF

Then maybe...

SALLY

And – anyway – who is the father? (*She laughs.*) Could be anyone!

CLIFF

(*He laughs.*) Could be me. (*Realization dawns on him.*) Sally, it could be me.

SALLY

True.

CLIFF

And Sally – if it's mine...

SALLY

We'll never know – will we?

CLIFF

We could.

SALLY

Oh, yes! (*She rises and crosses away from him right.*) Nine months of being sick every morning. And then – the happy day! And whom does it resemble? Dear Max! A horrid little German infant – with a moustache – ordering us about.

CLIFF

I'm willing to take that chance.

SALLY

Or – perhaps – an Oriental. I seem to recall a rather hefty Malaysian...

CLIFF

(*He crosses to her.*) Sally – will you do me a favor and shut up?! Can we just be serious for a minute?

SALLY

I doubt it, Cliff.

CLIFF

This could be the best thing that ever happened to us...

SALLY

I doubt it, Cliff.

CLIFF

(*He leads her back to the trunk and sits her down on it, then sits beside her.*) Because the truth is... we're drifting – We have no focus to our lives. A baby could make all the difference. I know it would to me. I'd get a job. I'd have to. I'd stay home nights: write the novel – wash the diapers – the whole bit! Listen, Sally –

SALLY

This is totally crazy! (*She tries to stand to get away from him but he stops her.*)

CLIFF

I know! That's exactly why I thought you might go for it! Will you do one thing for me – please? At least – think about it – before you see any doctor...?

(*ERNST knocks and enters, crossing down to the left of the trunk.*)

ERNST

Clifford – Sally –

SALLY

Ernst, darling! (*She stands and crosses to hug him.*)

ERSNT

I do not wish to intrude.

SALLY

Would you like a drink, darling?

ERNST

Only if you'll join me.

SALLY

Well, just this once. (*She pours three glasses of gin.*)

CLIFF

(*Rising and crossing to ERNST.*) What's on your mind, Ernst?

ERNST

You remember – I mentioned the possibility of an occasional business trip to Paris? (*CLIFF nods.*) If you are interested, I think in the next few days... (*SALLY indicates his drink is ready, he crosses to get it.*) Thank you. (*He turns back to CLIFF.*) And I promise you are giving help to a very good cause.

CLIFF

Well, whatever it is, don't tell me, I don't want to know.

ERNST

As you wish.

CLIFF

How about going tomorrow?

ERNST

Tomorrow? But -- we are all going to that party...

CLIFF

I think I'll skip it.

ERNST

But why, Clifford?

CLIFF

Let's just say: I'm turning over a new leaf.

SALLY

Turning over a new tree.

ERSNT

And you, Sally...? You are turning over as well?

SALLY

Who knows? I mean – Cliff and I may just turn out to be the two most utterly boring people you ever met!

CLIFF

So, what would I have to do?

ERNST

It is so very simple: You go to an address I will give you – you pick up a small briefcase – you bring it back to Berlin. And I pay you seventy-five marks!

SALLY

Seventy-five marks!

ERNST

Yes, and that is only the beginning. So, you will go to Paris?

CLIFF

Absolutely. Anything for a buck. Prosit!

ERNST

Prosit!

SALLY

Prosit!

END

SCENE 8 – KOST, SCHNEIDER, SCHULTZ, SALLY

(KOST leads a SAILOR to the exit. SCHNEIDER opens her door and comes out.)

FRAULEIN KOST

All right! There is no need to say it. I know it by heart already. So – no lectures, please – about sailors. They are just lonesome, patriotic German boys... I have a duty. *(Pause. SCHULTZ comes out of SCHNEIDER's room. KOST smiles devilishly.)* Goodnight, Otto – you must be sure to come back again soon. At any time... And bring your fleet! *(OTTO gives her money.)* Go home. *(OTTO leaves.)* Ah – good evening, Fraulein Schneider. A busy evening – no? I see we are – after all – sisters under the skin.

HERR SCHULTZ

Fraulein Kost!

FRAULEIN KOST

Ja?

HERR SCHULTZ

This fine lady is not your sister! This fine lady has just honored me by consenting to give me her hand in marriage!

FRAULEIN KOST

Marriage?!

HERR SCHULTZ

Yes, we marry in – three weeks. So, a little respect for the future Frau Schultz – if you please!

FRAULEIN KOST

Ja! Ja! Sorry -- Frau Schultz? *(She quickly goes into her room.)*

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Thank you – Herr Schultz. You were – supreme.

HERR SCHULTZ

But what else could I do?

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Such a magnificent lie to preserve my reputation.

HERR SCHULTZ

But why did I say three weeks? Why not three months? Three years? This way she will find out the truth so quickly... Unless...

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Unless?

HERR SCHULTZ

Unless what?

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

You said: "Unless..."

HERR SCHULTZ

But it is foolish! I mean – after all – who would have me? An elderly widower – balding [*alt: with grey hair*] – with heartburn – and a little fruit...

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Am I such a bargain then? An unbeautiful spinster with some rooms to let.

HERR SCHULTZ

I work fourteen hours a day.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

I do my own scrubbing.

HERR SCHULTZ

My right leg bothers me.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

I have such palpitations.

HERR SCHULTZ

I am not a well man.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Am I a well woman?

HERR SCHULTZ

What are we talking about? We're alive! And what good is it – alone? So, if you would even consider – marriage...?

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

(There is a brief pause.) I will consider it.

HERR SCHULTZ

But take your time, by all means. No hurry.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

We should discuss it. We must not marry merely to humiliate Fraulein Kost.

HERR SCHULTZ

I assure you, Fraulein Schneider. This is not the case.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

But let us be honest. Had she not seen us – you would not have proposed today.

HERR SCHULTZ

Then tomorrow.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

You mean this?

HERR SCHULTZ

I had it in mind.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

It is all so impulsive.

HERR SCHULTZ

You hesitate because you have never been married. It frightens you. But believe me, it can work wonders...

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

You don't think it would be better simply to go on as before?

HERR SCHULTZ

No.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

(*A long pause.*) Herr Schultz – I have considered your proposal.

HERR SCHULTZ

So quickly?

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

I can think of no arguments against it. And so – if you still desire me – I am yours.

HERR SCHULTZ

If I desire you...? If? If?!?! (They kiss.) I must tell someone the good news! I must tell everyone! Good news! Good news! (*He pounds on his own door.*) Is anyone there? I have news! Such news!

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

But that is your own door.

SALLY

(*SALLY enters.*) What's going on?

HERR SCHULTZ

Fraulein Sally! Good news! Fraulein Schneider and I are to be married!

SALLY

Married! How wonderful!

HERR SCHULTZ

I am so happy (*He sits down.*) I never thought – never thought I would be so fortunate.

SALLY

I've got the most perfect idea! When Cliff comes back from Paris, we're giving you an engagement party!

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

For two old people? It is not suitable.

HERR SCHULTZ

What old people? I do not see any old people! But I will give the party! At my shop! And there will be music, dancing...

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

But it is foolish – this party – a waste of money!

HERR SCHULTZ

Have you ever had an engagement party?

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Of course not.

HERR SCHULTZ

And neither have I. So – I ask you – what are we waiting for? It's time!

END

SCENE 9 – SALLY, CLIFF, SCHNEIDER, SCHULTZ, KOST, RUDY, ERNST, VICTOR, BOBBY

SALLY

Darling, at last – you're here – just in time! (*They kiss.*) Was Paris divine?

CLIFF

I don't know. I didn't see much of it.

SALLY

Why...? Was there any trouble?

CLIFF

No. But I'll be glad to get rid of this. (*He sets the briefcase on the table. He embraces SALLY tightly, maybe even lifting her.*) It's so good to see you.

SALLY

(*She dramatically draws away from him.*) Spare the child!

CLIFF

Oh, my God I always forget...

SALLY

Well – of course you do! You're not mortally ill every morning.

CLIFF

Neither are you.

SALLY

Well – there's still time – Come! I can't wait to give them their present! (*She picks up the package and they go to HERR SCHULTZ and FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER.*)

HERR SCHULTZ

Herr Clifford – you are back!

CLIFF

Herr Schultz! (*They shake hands. He turns to FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER.*) Fraulein... (*He turns back to HERR SCHULTZ.*) May I? (*HERR SCHULTZ nods approval and CLIFF kisses FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER on both cheeks.*) Congratulations!

SALLY

Fraulein Schneider! Herr Schultz! This is for you – now open it, but be careful!

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

(*She opens the box and peers inside.*) Ah – Herr Schultz – look! (*She takes out a large crystal fruit bowl.*) Crystal!

SALLY

Cut crystal! It's for fruit.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Beautiful.

HERR SCHULTZ

I promise to keep it filled. As long as we live, this bowl will not be empty. (*He takes the bowl and package and takes them away as FRAULEIN KOST enters.*)

FRAULEIN KOST

Fraulein Schneider – I am welcome?

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Fraulein Kost – forgive me. It is my fault – I did not invite you. But only because I know you work in the evening.

FRAULEIN KOST

Tonight, I am free.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

(She turns to CLIFF and SALLY.) I should live so long. (Laughing, CLIFF and SALLY get drinks and go back to their table. FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER waves FRAULEIN KOST in.)

FRAULEIN KOST

And my cousins? *(She points back at the entrance.)*

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

From Hamburg? *(FRAULEIN KOST smiles and nods. FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER thinks it over a moment.)* In!

FRAULEIN KOST

My cousins! *(RUDY, OTTO, and KARL enter. They immediately head for the GIRLS to find dance partners. FRAULEIN KOST stops RUDY.)*

FRAULEIN KOST

Otto...

RUDY

Rudy!

FRAULEIN KOST

Rudy. Come! It's Fraulein Schneider's party. Why don't you dance with her?

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

No – no.

FRAULEIN KOST

Dance with her, Karl!

RUDY

Rudy! *(He goes to FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER and takes her hand.)* Oh, it will be my pleasure, Fraulein.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

But I cannot ... and you are so young ... It is out of the question ... unthinkable ... Absolutely unthinkable ... Absolutely! *(RUDY leads her into the middle of the dancers as ERNST enters, wearing a trench coat, and comes to CLIFF and SALLY.)*

ERNST

Clifford – Sally...

SALLY

Ernst!

ERNST

You have the briefcase?

CLIFF

(Sporting a bad German accent.) Baubles from Paris – Perfume – Silk stockings...?
(ERNST takes the briefcase and hands an envelope out to CLIFF, but SALLY snatches it and looks inside.)

SALLY

Seventy-five marks! It's a gift from heaven!

ERNST

And now – I must find Fraulein Schneider. If you will excuse me...? *(He walks away. CLIFF takes the envelope back from SALLY and puts it in his back pocket.)*

SALLY

Dance with me.

CLIFF

Do I have to?

SALLY

Yes! *(They join the dancers upstage, SALLY trying to get the envelope back as they dance, as ERNST finds FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER.)*

ERNST

Ah, Fraulein Schneider. I wish you much happiness.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Thank you, Herr Ludwig.

ERNST

I am sorry to be late, but there was a meeting. An important meeting.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

One does what one must.

ERNST

And now – I should very much like to meet the groom-to-be.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Herr Schultz. But where can he be? He's been having a glass of schnapps with everybody. But you will forgive if he is a little – “hoo-hoo” – you understand?

HERR SCHULTZ

(Coming up, very tipsy, with a bottle of schnapps and two glasses, he greets ERNST)
Good evening. Good evening. You will have a drink with me! *(He turns to FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER and “whispers.”)* Who is this?

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Herr Ludwig. An old friend. Herr Ludwig – Herr Schultz.

HERR SCHULTZ

And you are most welcome, Herr Ludwig. You will join me in a schnapps. *(He hands ERNST an empty glass.)* Then you must eat – there is so much food. And so many pretty girls. I will introduce you to them – except I do not know their names, so you will introduce yourself? – you will dance – Would you like another schnapps? *(ERNST laughs, enjoying HERR SCHULTZ's happiness.)*

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

You did not give him the first one yet.

HERR SCHULTZ

No? (*He attempts to pour ERNST some schnapps.*)

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Here, let me do it. (*She takes the bottle and pours a drink for ERNST.*)

ERNST

Danke.

HERR SCHULTZ

Nothing for me?

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

You have had enough.

HERR SCHULTZ

You hear? You hear? Not even married yet – and already she is in charge. And it is – pleasant. At last, someone who cares if I am foolish.

ERNST

Many, many happy years to an outstanding couple.

HERR SCHULTZ

Beautiful dancing! (*He dances off. FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER follows him. ERNST mingles with some girls. CLIFF and SALLY are still dancing as BOBBY and VICTOR appear. VICTOR comes over to SALLY*)

VICTOR

May I cut in?

SALLY

Victor! (*She stops dancing and gives him a quick kiss.*)

VICTOR

Dance?

SALLY

Of course, darling! (*They dance off together.*)

BOBBY

(*He goes over the CLIFF and tries to put his arm around him.*) Dance?

CLIFF

(*He shrugs BOBBY's arm away.*) Not right now.

BOBBY

Fick dich!

(*VICTOR grabs BOBBY and dances him away as SALLY leads CLIFF to their table and hands him his drink. ERNST is still mingling when FRAULEIN KOST approaches him.*)

FRAULEIN KOST

Herr Ludwig – remember me? Fraulein Kost? You must dance with me! Come!

ERNST

A pleasure, Fraulein. (*He goes to CLIFF.*) Clifford, bitte – will you watch the briefcase? And my coat? (*He takes off his coat, revealing a Nazi armband. CLIFF grabs his arm and stares.*) I am sorry, since you did not wish to know my politics...

CLIFF

You said it was a good cause?

ERNST

And so, it is! Our party will be the builders of the new Germany.

CLIFF

Yes. I've been reading your leader's book... Have you read it?

ERNST

Certainly!

CLIFF

Then I don't understand. I mean, that man is out of his mind. It's right there on every page...

ERNST

Clifford, this is not the time nor the place for such a discussion. Perhaps you would never understand... (*There is a long, awkward pause.*) But enough politics. What does it matter. We are friends – close friends. How you say...? Buddies! Remember? (*He kisses CLIFF and then returns to FRAULEIN KOST and they begin to dance.*) A delightful party. Herr Schultz is a most generous host. Ja?

FRAULEIN KOST

He should be. He could afford ten times as much. They have all the money – the Jews.

ERNST

(*He stops dancing*) Herr Schultz? (*She nods.*) I think – I have changed my mind. If you will excuse me, Fraulein... (*He goes to FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER.*) Fraulein Schneider – I must speak to you... You and I are old acquaintances. I have sent you many new lodgers. So let me urge you – think what you are doing... This marriage is not advisable. I cannot put it too strongly. For your own welfare...

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

What about Herr Schultz's welfare?

ERNST

He is not a German.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

He was born here.

ERNST

He is not a German! Good night. (*ERNST goes to retrieve his briefcase and coat.*) Sorry, Clifford. Good night. (*He makes for the exit hastily, but FRAULEIN KOST stops him.*)

FRAULEIN KOST

Herr Ludwig -- wait! You are not leaving so early?

ERNST

I do not find this party amusing.

FRAULEIN KOST

Ah- but it is just beginning. Come, we will make it amusing -- you and I -- ja?

END

SCENE 10 –

SCHULTZ, SCHNEIDER

HERR SCHULTZ

Fraulein Schneider – good morning.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Good morning, Her Schultz.

HERR SCHULTZ

(He offers her an apple.) New apples. Fresh off the tree. Delicious – Please...

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Perhaps later.

HERR SCHULTZ

(He sweeps a moment then stops to look at her) About the party last evening... I do not remember it too well. Was I that inebriated? Can you ever forgive me?

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

For what? A few glasses of schnapps?

HERR SCHULTZ

(He grabs her hand.) I promise you – no more drinking. On our wedding day, you will be proud of me. *(He kisses her hand.)*

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

I am already proud of you. *(She caresses his cheek then turns away from him.)* But – as far as the wedding is concerned...

HERR SCHULTZ

Yes?

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

There is a problem. A new problem.

HERR SCHULTZ

(He turns away from her.) A new problem?

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

New to me – because I had not thought about it. But at the party last night my eyes were opened.

HERR SCHULTZ

And...?

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

(After a long pause she steels herself and turns back to him.) I saw that one can no longer dismiss the Nazis. They are my friends and neighbors. And how many others are there?

HERR SCHULTZ

(He turns back to her.) Of course – many. And many are Communists – and Socialists – and Social Democrats. So, what is it? You wish to wait till the next election – and then decide?

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

(She takes a step into him.) But if the Nazis come to power...

HERR SCHULTZ

(He steps towards her.) Then you will be married to a Jew. But also, a German. A German as much as anyone.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

I need a license to rent my rooms. If they take it away...

HERR SCHULTZ

They will take away nothing! *(He pauses to calm down.)* And Fraulein Schneider – it is not always a good thing to settle for the lowest apple on the tree – the one easiest to reach. Climb up – a little way. It is worth it! Up there the apples are so much more delicious!

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

But if I fall...?

HERR SCHULTZ

I will catch you, I promise. I feel such tenderness for you. It is difficult to express. Are we too old for words like love?

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Far too old. I am no Juliet. You are no Romeo. We must be sensible.

HERR SCHULTZ

And live alone? How many meals have you eaten alone? A thousand? Five thousand?

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Twenty thousand.

HERR SCHULTZ

Then be sensible. Governments come – governments go. How much longer can we wait? *(She says nothing, looking helpless.)* Let me peel you an orange... *(He takes an orange out of his apron pocket and fumbles with it a moment.)*

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

(She takes it from him and sits.) I will do it.

(The EMCEE drops a brick between them. SCHNEIDER takes a step towards the "exit".)

HERR SCHULTZ

It is nothing! Children on their way to school. Mischievous children! Nothing more! I assure you! School children. Young – full of mischief. You understand? *(In the distance we can hear receding chanting of "Juden! Juden!")*

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

I understand. *(Barely controlling her emotions, she rushes to the fruit shop "exit" and leaves. HERR SCHULTZ looks after her in pain.)*

END

SCENE 11 –

SALLY, CLIFF, SCHNEIDER

SALLY

Cliff – did you get a job?

CLIFF

(He shakes his head and slumps into the chair.) I'll try again tomorrow.

SALLY

But there's no need! I've got the most marvelous news! Guess who was summoned to the Kit Kat Klub today?! *(She strikes a pose.)* Tada! It turns out they want me back – desperately!

CLIFF

(Sensing there's more to it than she's letting on.) Why?

SALLY

Why?!? Because... they've finally realized how valuable I am! Bobby and Victor tell me it's been deadly since I left. So – I start tonight! Isn't that heaven!

CLIFF

Heaven.

SALLY

Think of the money, Cliff. We need it so badly.

CLIFF

Not that badly.

SALLY

(She sits.) I don't understand you. Really, I don't. First you tell me you're not going to Paris for Ernst any more – even though it does seem the very easiest way in the world to make money...

CLIFF

Or the hardest. *(She looks at him blankly.)* You know, Sally, someday I've got to sit you down and read you a newspaper. You'll be amazed at what's going on.

SALLY

You mean – politics? But what has that to do with us?

CLIFF

(Harshly.) You're right. Nothing has anything to do with us. *(She rises and crosses to the door to get her coat. He softens.)* Sally – don't you understand – if you're not against all this – you're for it. Or you might as well be... *(He is interrupted by a knock at the door.)*

SALLY

Come in. *(FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER enters with the fruit bowl.)* Fraulein Schneider... *(CLIFF rises and crosses to the stage left side of the door.)*

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

I intrude?

SALLY

No. No. Come in. *(She notices the bowl.)* Is that the fruit bowl? Is something wrong with it?

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

(Shaking her head.) I cannot keep it. *(She hands the bowl to SALLY.)*

SALLY

But why?

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

An engagement present. But there is no engagement.

SALLY

What do you mean?

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

We have – reconsidered – Herr Schultz and I. *(SALLY sits and puts the bowl on the trunk.)*

CLIFF

Fraulein Schneider, you can't give up that way!

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Oh, yes, I can! That is easy to say! Easy for you! Fight! And – if you fail – what does it matter? You pack your belongings. You move to Paris. *(She crosses down right.)* And if you do not like Paris – where? It is easy for you. But if you were me...

CLIFF

Fraulein Schneider... If you marry Herr Schultz – whatever problems come up – you'll still have each other.

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

All my life I have managed for myself – and it is too old a habit to change. I have battled alone, and I have survived. There was a war – and I survived. There was a revolution – and I survived. There was an inflation – billions of marks for one loaf of bread – but I survived! And if the Nazis come – I will survive. And if the Communists come – I will still be here – renting these rooms! For, in the end, what other choice have I? This – is my world! *(She softens and crosses to the door and turns back to SALLY.)* I regret very much returning the fruit bowl. It is truly magnificent. *(She turns to CLIFF.)* I regret – everything. *(Once again barely controlling her emotions, she exits.)*

SALLY

(She rises and crosses up to CLIFF.) Oh, Cliff – how terrible. Should I speak to her?

CLIFF

What could you say?

SALLY

Oh – that it will all work itself out. Remember how she was about my staying here? *(She puts on a bad impression of FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER and crosses down right.)* "It is not possible! And I cannot consider..."

CLIFF

Shut up, Sally!

SALLY

What?

CLIFF

(He sits stage left of trunk.) It's not funny.

SALLY

Well, it seems nothing amuses you anymore. It was such fun today with Bobby and Victor. They laugh at everything. Especially the thought of you and me in a cottage at the end of a lane. They found that hysterical. (*She gets her coat.*) They're waiting for me this very minute – to rehearse my numbers. So, I really must go.

CLIFF

(*Throughout the next few lines, he decisively stands, crosses to the other side of the trunk, and cleans the typewriter off before putting it on the chair. He opens the trunk, removes the typewriter case and puts the typewriter in it.*) The fact is – you're going a lot further than the Klub.

SALLY

I am?

CLIFF

We're going home. My home... Pennsylvania.

SALLY

You're joking!

CLIFF

(*He indicates the typewriter.*) I'm going to sell this. The money should get us as far as Paris. And I'll cable home for steamship fare.

SALLY

What are you talking about?

CLIFF

We've got to leave Berlin – as soon as possible. Tomorrow!

SALLY

But we love it here!

CLIFF

Sally, wake up! The party's over! It was lots of fun – but now it's over. And what is Berlin doing now? Vomiting in the street!

SALLY

Cliff, how ugly!

CLIFF

You're damn right it's ugly! And it's going to get a lot worse. So how could we live here? How could we raise a family?

SALLY

But is America the answer? Running away... to America?

CLIFF

We're not running away. We're going home.

SALLY

Oh, certainly – that's fine for you. But what about me? My career?

CLIFF

(*He laughs.*) Your career?!? What career?!? (*She stomps her foot like a petulant child. He indicates her stomach.*) You've got a new career. (*He snaps the case shut loudly.*)

SALLY

(She comes down to stage left of the trunk.) But I can work at the Klub for several months at least. And then – in November – *(She realizes she's getting nowhere so she switches tactics.)* Oh, Cliff, I want the world for our baby – all the most elegant, expensive things...

CLIFF

We'll talk about it tomorrow – *(He picks up the case and goes to get his coat, putting him face to face with SALLY.)* on the train. *(He crosses to the door. SALLY follows him closely and stops him.)*

SALLY

Cliff -- wait! We can't just – uproot our lives – that quickly!

CLIFF

Oh, no? You give me one hour! Sit down! *(He pushes her towards the stage left chair a little harsher than necessary making her drop her coat.)* And don't move! *(She sits.)* Or, better yet – start packing! There's plenty to do. *(He watches her as she doesn't move a muscle. He then takes a coin out of his pocket, crosses and puts it on the trunk next to her.)* Here. Call the Klub. Tell them goodbye.

END

SCENE 12 –

CLIFF, SALLY, ERNST, EMCEE

CLIFF

Get your things. I'm taking you home.

SALLY

America, you mean? To live on your mummy's charity?

CLIFF

I'll get a job.

SALLY

(She laughs sardonically.) The Stock Market?!?

CLIFF

I'll find something.

SALLY

Maybe. But this is sure.

CLIFF

This? What the hell is this? You keep talking about this as if it really existed. When are you going to admit, Sally – the only way you got this job – any job – is by fucking someone! *(She slaps him.)*

SALLY

That's not true!

CLIFF

And the only way you'll get a job in New York or Paris or London is by fucking somebody else!

SALLY

Will you shut up, Cliff?

CLIFF

All this talk about your "career." My god – for once in your life – face the truth about yourself! *(There is a long tense pause. He's finally crossed that line.)*

SALLY

Maybe I will... But now don't you think it's your turn?!?!?

CLIFF

Whore!

SALLY

Queer! *(She runs off.)*

CLIFF

Sally... Sally...! *(ERNST quickly takes CLIFF by the arm and leads him down left.)*

ERNST

Clifford – will you join me for a drink?

CLIFF

Not now, Ernst.

ERNST

I have been trying to reach you at Fraulein Schneider's... but you do not answer. I have another urgent errand for you.

CLIFF

Sorry.

ERNST

This time I pay – one hundred-fifty marks.

CLIFF

The answer is no.

ERNST

But what is wrong, Clifford? You are angry with me.

CLIFF

I am?

ERNST

It is because of politics? If you were a German – you would understand these things.

CLIFF

Goodbye, Ernst.

ERNST

(Stopping him.) Wait! It is very important – this errand! I pay two hundred marks.

CLIFF

Go to hell!

ERNST

But this is most upsetting. I am your close friend, Clifford. So fond of you. I have sent you many new students.

CLIFF

Oh, sure. Your Nazi friends, to polish up their English! What an idiot I've been! *(He starts to leave but ERNST stops him.)* Take your hands off me, you damned dirty Nazi!

ERNST

Clifford! *(He sees the look in CLIFF's eyes and lets go.)* I know you need the money. So, there must be something else... It is because of that Jew at the party?

(CLIFF hits ERNST. The EMCEE enters, weaker and sicker looking than before. He can barely speak.)

EMCEE

Thank you. And now Meine Dammen und Herren – Mesdames and Messieurs – Ladies and Gentlemen – once again the Kit Kat Klub is so happy to welcome back – an old friend. I give you, the toast of Mayfair – Fraulein Sally Bowles.

END

SCENE 13 –

CLIFF, SCHULTZ, SALLY

CLIFF

Herr Schultz!

HERR SCHULTZ

Excuse me – but I have come to say goodbye. (*He sees CLIFF's face.*) Your face...?

CLIFF

It's nothing. A little accident. Where are you going?

HERR SCHULTZ

I've taken a room on the other side of the Nollendorfplatz. I think it will be easier for her. (*He looks around.*) You are leaving also? You and Fraulein Bowles?

CLIFF

We are going home. To America.

HERR SCHULTZ

America! I have sometimes thought of going there –

CLIFF

Why don't you? The way things look her –

HERR SCHULTZ

But it will pass – I promise you!

CLIFF

I hope you're right.

HERR SCHULTZ

I know I am! Because I understand the Germans... After all – what am I? A German. (*SALLY enters.*) Ah – Fraulein Sally! I have come to say goodbye... all good fortune. And I have brought a little farewell gift. (*He gives SALLY the paper bag.*) Seville oranges. Italian. Delicious. (*SALLY hugs him long and hard.*)

CLIFF

Goodbye, Herr Schultz. I wish you mazel.

HERR SCHULTZ

Mazel. That is what we all need. (*He leaves, sadly.*)

CLIFF

I've been packing. You won't be able to find a thing. We go today to Paris, remember?

SALLY

With that face?

CLIFF

I was in a little fight last night. Didn't you hear about it? You should see the other two guys... Not a mark on them. (*He looks at his watch.*) Look how late it is. It's about time to leave for the station. I've got the tickets...

SALLY

The thing is, Cliff...

CLIFF

Don't say it. Whatever it is. Let's just forget the last twelve hours. Forget what I said at the Klub. Forget you've gotten even with me staying out all night. (*He takes her hand.*) You're so cold.

SALLY

(*She crosses and sits.*) You know what I'd love? A spot of gin.

CLIFF

First thing in the morning? How about a Prairie Oyster?

SALLY

No. Gin! (*She pours herself a big drink.*)

CLIFF

That can't be good for expectant mothers... (*A thought suddenly dawns on him.*) Where's your coat? Your fur coat? Did you leave it at the Klub?

SALLY

I left it at the doctor's office.

CLIFF

Were you sick last night? Is that why you didn't come home?

SALLY

Oh, darling – you're such an innocent. Really! My one regret is I honestly believe you would have been a wonderful father. (*She lets that sink in. He crosses away from her. She goes to him.*) And, I think someday, perhaps you will be. (*She tries to lighten the mood.*) Oh yes, and I've another regret: That greedy doctor! I'm going to miss my fur coat. (*He slaps her. She crosses, sits, lights a cigarette, and takes a big slug of gin. He crosses to the wall and leans on it, ashamed.*) Isn't it funny – it always ends this way? Even when I do finally love someone quite terribly – for the first time. But it's still not – quite – enough. (*There is a long pause.*) I'd spoil it, Cliff. I'd run away with the first exciting thing that came along – or you would.

CLIFF

But that's not true. I'd never have run away from you – for any... reason – not if there was a baby...

SALLY

To hold us together, you mean? Oh, Cliff – what a terrible burden for an infant – don't you think?

CLIFF

(*He tries to argue, but she's right. He looks at his watch.*) It's time for the train, Sally – I could go tomorrow – the next day – (*She doesn't respond. He lays one of the tickets on the trunk.*) This is your ticket to Paris – if for any reason – you decide to use it... You can reach me at the American Express Office. I'll be there till Friday.

SALLY

But – the truth is, Cliff: I've always rather hated Paris.

CLIFF

Oh, Sally. (*He starts to go only stopping at the sound of her voice.*)

SALLY

Oh, Cliff! (*He turns back.*) Dedicate your book to me. (*CLIFF exits sadly.*)

END

SCENE 13 –

EMCEE, CLIFF,

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL (EMCEE)

Deutsche Grenzkontrolle. Ihren pass bitte. (*CLIFF hands him his passport. He looks at it and hands it back to CLIFF.*) I hope you have enjoyed your stay in Germany, Mr. Bradshaw. And you will return again soon.

CLIFF

It's not very likely.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL (EMCEE)

You did not find out country beautiful?

CLIFF

(*Tonelessly.*) Yes. I found it... beautiful.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL (EMCEE)

A good journey, mein herr.

CLIFF

(*CLIFF ponders a bit, then takes out a notebook and begins to write.*) There was a Cabaret and there was a Master-of-Ceremonies and there was a city called Berlin in a country called Germany and it was the end of the world...

... and I was dancing with Sally Bowles and we were both fast asleep

(*CLIFF stands, looks at the EMCEE a moment and then leaves the stage.*)

EMCEE

Meine Dammen 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 – the boys are beautiful – Even the orchestra is beautiful.

AUF WIEDER SEHN!
A BEINTOT.

END