

LOST IN BERLIN

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. PACIFIC PUBLISHING WAREHOUSE - FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

JILL STEINER, early 20s, places books from a wall of shelves onto a cart. The steady NOISE of conveyer belts and forklifts HUM-DRUM in the background.

A book catches her attention. Didion's The Year of Magical Thinking. She picks it up and reads the back.

Her manager, KEVIN, catches her in the act.

KEVIN  
Is that what I pay you for? To  
stand around and read?

JILL  
No.

Jill places the book back on the cart.

KEVIN  
So, we're clear?

JILL  
Yes, sorry. Won't happen again.

KEVIN  
Good. Because there won't be a  
warning next time.

Kevin moves along in search of his next victim. Once out of sight, Jill picks the book back up and finishes reading the back cover.

EXT. FREMONT HILL - DAY

Drizzling rain. Jill pants up a torturous Seattle hill on her road bike, wearing a bright, green rain jacket. Slowly, but steadily, she makes progress. Cars whiz by, splashing her.

EXT. YELLOW HOUSE - SUNSET

Sweeping views of the Olympic Mountains from here. Jill grabs the mail from the front door mailbox, face hot red, and goes inside, parking her bike in the glass-encased mud room.

INT. YELLOW HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jill sifts through the mail. A credit card offer. A student loan bill. An REI outdoor sports catalog. A flyer from the University of Washington. A bundled up copy of the New York Times.

She grabs the newspaper, flops down on the couch and flips to the "Travel" section.

EXT. UW STADIUM - DAY

Jill and her best friend LISA, early 20s, are at a college football game. They could be twins. Pretty nerds with long-brown hair and glasses. The Huskies are losing.

LISA  
Why are we here again?

JILL  
I'm supposed to cover an "action-packed" event.

Lisa takes a big bite out of her hot dog.

The quarterback scores a touchdown. The crowd goes wild. Beer from the rowdy row behind spills all over them. They grimace at one other.

LISA  
I hate sports.

JILL  
Me too.

INT. ODDFELLOWS CAFE - DAY

Jill and Lisa have brunch at their favorite cafe.

JILL  
Maybe I could be a music journalist?

LISA  
(chewing)  
Oh yeah?

JILL  
Like for The Rolling Stones. Or, Spin magazine.

LISA  
Like in Almost Famous!

JILL  
That would be so cool!

LISA  
Did you know Matt's on tour right now?

JILL  
Matt's in a band now?!

LISA  
No, he's still doing photography. But he's on tour with some band and doing publicity for all their shows.

JILL  
Why does everyone else get to do cool stuff?

INT. JILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lisa enters and knocks on the open door frame.

LISA  
Knock knock.

JILL  
You know you don't have to do that.

LISA  
I just like saying it. How's the writing?

JILL  
It's going okay. Everyone says, write what you know. But, what do I really know?

EXT. OLYMPIC SCULPTURE PARK - DAY

Jill sits under a metal arch, in a red mesh chair, amid art installations and view of the Puget Sound. She writes in her small, leather-bound notebook.

JILL  
(V.O.)  
"The Olympic Mountains appear as ghosts, faint shadows to the west."  
(MORE)

JILL (CONT'D)

A hazy shade of islands stretches across the horizon, shaggy backs and forested curves known as the San Juans.

Blood-orange steel juts upward against the white-blue sky.

Float planes roar overheard. Sailboats head nowhere. A fluffy, glittering bride tiptoes down the gravelly path before me.

The bald head of Easter-Island-scale stares onward. Its eyes and ears, watching, listening, day in and day out.

I close my eyes and disappear into the scenery."

INT. UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON - PROFESSOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Jill pays her PROFESSOR a visit. A messy office with books and piles of paper.

PROFESSOR

I understand your financial concerns, Jill. But, you have to weigh the benefits.

JILL

But, look at Kerouac. Dickens. Faulkner. They did pretty well for themselves without a degree.

PROFESSOR

They're also some of the greatest writers of all time. What you're getting here is mentorship. A community of like-minded peers. A structured environment to help you learn and grow.

JILL

But, how will I repay my student loans on a journalist's salary? I can't even afford the interest.

PROFESSOR

Where there's a will, there's a way.

JILL  
Easier said than done.

PROFESSOR  
All I'm saying is, don't rush this  
decision. You may regret it later.

EXT. YELLOW HOUSE - DAY

The door bell RINGS. Jill opens to ANDRE, 50s, their  
landlord. A kind Dutch man.

ANDRE  
Good afternoon. Is Lisa around by  
chance?

JILL  
She's out getting groceries. She  
must've spaced you were coming  
today.

ANDRE  
All right. I'll be out back if she  
comes looking for me.

JILL  
Do you need any help? I could use a  
break.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

The garden is a huge expanse of bushes and flowers on a  
sloped hill that wraps around the house. Jill is sweaty.  
Wearing garden gloves and wielding a pair of giant scissors,  
fighting a rhododendron. Andre tends to the rose bushes.

JILL  
Why does everyone say gardening is  
fun?

Andre, also out of breath, forehead glistening, is delighted.

ANDRE  
Sometimes it feels good to just dig  
down and get your hands dirty. You  
know what they say. Nothing good  
ever comes easy.

Andre smells a fragrant yellow rose, inhaling it deeply.

ANDRE (CONT'D)  
But, I find that the rewards of the  
labor are worth it.

Jill buries her nose deep in the rhododendron. She smells nothing.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Lisa's car pulls up. She steps out.

LISA  
(shouting from street)  
Andre, I'm so sorry. I forgot!

ANDRE  
(shouting from garden)  
There's still plenty that needs  
doing if you want to join us.

Jill sees her chance to escape.

JILL  
Hey girl! You need help unloading?

Jill dumps the gloves and scissors. Rushes up the hill to the car.

INT. YELLOW HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jill chugs a glass of water. Unpacks the groceries and starts putting them away. The fridge is plastered with travel postcards from far-off places.

INT. TOWN HALL MEETING - NIGHT

A panel of 5 council members sit on stage, discussing pressing issues of the day. Time has come for the public forum section. Citizens step up to a mic to air their concerns. Jill sits in the back, taking notes.

CITIZEN #1  
The lack of a bike lane on Madison  
continues to be a giant hazard for  
cyclists! I almost got run over by  
a truck the other day. Do you want  
this kind of blood on your hands?

## CITIZEN #2

The homeless encampments in Denny Park are a threat to our children's safety. My girls have to walk through there on the way to school every day!

## CITIZEN #3

The Third Avenue bus route is littered with crack pipes. When is the city going to clean up downtown?

## CITIZEN #4

Rents are skyrocketing, and you're giving corporations tax breaks left and right. What about us? Ordinary people? How are we supposed to get by?

## INT. TOWN HALL MEETING - NIGHT

Jill's dozed off. A council member pounds his gavel.

## COUNCIL MEMBER

Meeting adjourned!

Jill jerks up. Drool on her face. She looks at her legal pad. She missed the last half of the meeting and her notes are smeared.

## INT. YELLOW HOUSE - JILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jill edits the city council article. Pages are strewn across the floor. She highlights and cuts passages without remorse.

She knocks over a cup of tea in her fervor, and they spill all over everything. She tries to save the pages.

## INT. FERRY RIDE - DAY

Jill takes the ferry to Orcas Island. Beautiful wooded islands out the window. She's reading Hemingway's memoir A Moveable Feast. A pesky fly threatens to destroy her peace.

## HEMINGWAY

(V.O.)

"You expected to be sad in the fall.

(MORE)



## HEMINGWAY (CONT'D)

Part of you died each year when the leaves fell from the trees and their branches were bare against the wind and the cold, wintery light. But you knew there would always be the spring, as you knew the river would flow again after it was frozen. When the cold rains kept on and killed the spring, it was as though a young person died for no reason."

## EXT. ORCAS ISLAND - FAMILY FARM - DAY

A large patch of land, with a red barn, horse stables, and several fenced-off areas teeming with animals. Chickens, pigs, goats etc.. Squat in the center, the family restaurant, and across from it - the family house.

## INT. FARM HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM

The washer and dryer spin in circles. MARIE, Jill's mother, 50s, dark-haired, separates clothes by color. Marie looks tired. She was beautiful once, but life has worn her down. Jill sits on the machine, watching.

## MARIE

That kind of wishful thinking only gets people in trouble.

## JILL

But, let's say, you won a million dollars. What would you do?

## MARIE

Why, I don't know. I'd ... buy myself a new winter coat.

## JILL

You'd get one new coat?

## MARIE

What do you want me to say?

## JILL

Get a whole new wardrobe! Go on a trip to Greece! Buy a new car! Something!

MARIE

I don't know what you expect from me. Some of us have to be practical.

JILL

It's just a game, Mom. It's not like you have to do any of those things.

MARIE

I've never been very good at games. I always lose.

JILL

That's because you don't play to win.

MARIE

No, it's because I'm unlucky.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Jill, and her younger cousin SUSY, blonde, exercise the horses. The mares plod through the forest, knowing the way.

JILL

I could be a travel writer.

SUSY

But, you don't travel.

JILL

I would if I had the money. I mean imagine if someone sent me somewhere on an assignment!

SUSY

Where would you go?

JILL

Maybe like Africa. Or Australia! Or South America!

SUSY

But, those are all so far away.

JILL

Where would you go?

SUSY

I don't know. I like it here. California, maybe?

EXT. ELLIOTT BAY BOOKS - AUTHOR READING - NIGHT

We watch from outside, peering through the giant glass window. A packed room. Author CHERYL STRAYED finishes an excerpt from her memoir Wild.

INT. ELLIOTT BAY BOOKS - AUTHOR READING - CONTINUOUS

A moderator at the pulpit picks audience questions. Jill stands up.

JILL  
I loved your book!

CHERYL  
That's very kind.

JILL  
I guess my question is, were you scared at all? You know, to be out there by yourself?

CHERYL  
Some people have said it was foolish of me to go alone. But, I think that's because I'm a woman. The way I see it, I didn't really have a choice. It was just something I had to do. You know?

EXT. ODDFELLOWS CAFE - NIGHT

Jill and Lisa sip cocktails, heads buzzing. Partly from the literary stimulation, but mostly from the booze.

JILL  
I wish I had the guts to do something like that.

LISA  
I know! Even just a small part of the trail.

JILL  
I don't just mean the PCT.

LISA  
We should totally go on a backpacking trip after college.

Jill takes another sip.

JILL  
I might not go back next  
semester...

LISA  
What?! Are you serious?

Lisa slams her glass down.

JILL  
I'm in so-o-o much debt already.

LISA  
But, how are you going to find a  
job without a degree?!

JILL  
Stacy didn't finish school. She  
just moved to New York.

LISA  
That's so different. They only care  
how well you audition.

JILL  
So? It's kind of the same with  
writing. Everyone just wants to see  
your portfolio. I mean, what am I  
really learning that I can't read  
in a book?

LISA  
But, who will I go to class with?

INT. JILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jill gets a Facebook message from SABINE, late 20s, German.  
Accompanied by several photos. Sabine on a river raft with a  
group of friends. Sabine on top of Teufelsberg, a giant  
abandoned spy tower. Sabine dancing at a music festival.

SABINE  
(V.O.)  
Hey girl! You should really come to  
Berlin. It's amazing! I think you'd  
love it here. You always said you  
wanted to live in Europe some day,  
remember? My old roommate is  
subletting her flat next fall for  
next to nothing. It could be all  
yours!

INT. PACIFIC PUBLISHING WAREHOUSE - DAY

Jill grabs select books from a conveyer belt and packs them into boxes. Her manager is on his usual prowl.

KEVIN  
You see Tim over there.

Jill looks over at Tim, Kevin's golden boy.

JILL  
Uh-huh.

KEVIN  
You see his stack of boxes.

JILL  
Yes, I do.

KEVIN  
His stack is twice as high as yours. Can you explain that to me?

JILL  
Maybe, his shift started before mine?

KEVIN  
You wanna make it to the end of the week?

JILL  
Of course.

KEVIN  
Then, pick up the pace.

Kevin turns around. Jill clicks her heels and salutes his back. Jill's co-worker, next to her, laughs. They both roll their eyes.

EXT. FREMONT HILL - DAY

Jill cruises down Fremont Hill, listening to music. She nears the bottom at top speed, when a parked car suddenly flings its door open. BAM!

She hits the car door full on and flips over the handlebars, hitting her head against the pavement.

The driver jumps out to see if she's okay. She's passed out and bleeding. Panicked, he calls an ambulance.

The pool of blood grows bigger.

EXT. FREMONT HILL - DAY

Two EMTs load Jill onto a stretcher, and into the back of an ambulance. She's unconscious. Head wrapped in gauze. SIRENS BLARE as they pull away.

The bike lays mangled on the roadside.

INT. SWEDISH HOSPITAL - DAY

Jill's in a coma. Tubes and machines emit steady, beeping noises. Flowers and cards adorn a nearby table. Marie holds Jill's hand.

MARIE

(worried, soothing)

Jilly-Bean. Can you hear me? Please come back to us.

(a beat)

Look, Uncle Bill and Susy got you these flowers. They're coming to see you this weekend. But, someone's gotta feed the animals. You know how it is.

(a beat)

Your stepfather's got his work cut out for him fixing that roof. It still leaks every time it rains. As if we don't get enough of that around here...

A doctor enters.

DOCTOR

Any news?

MARIE

I've been talking to her, like you said. Please tell me she's going to be okay.

DOCTOR

I don't want to make any false promises Mrs. Steiner.

Marie strokes Jill's forehead and tears up.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

There's a lot we still don't know about the brain.

(MORE)

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

But, people do recover from these types of accidents. And, we're keeping a close eye on her.

Marie grabs Jill's hand and clutches it tightly.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

There's not much you can do for her now. I suggest you go home and get some rest. We'll call you if anything happens.

MARIE

I'm not going anywhere until my baby wakes up.

DOCTOR

Suit yourself. There are blankets in the closet. I'll be back to check on her in the morning.

INT. SWEDISH HOSPITAL - WEEKS LATER - DAY

Jill is awake. Watching "Eat, Pray, Love." News headlines scroll along the bottom of the screen: "Borders Books Shuttters Its Doors. Does e-publishing mean the end of print?"

Marie enters.

MARIE

You got a postcard from Sabine.

JILL

Ooooooh! I wonder where it's from?

Marie hands it to her. A beautiful Portuguese landscape.

JILL (CONT'D)

(excited, reading)

Sounds like she's at a music festival.

EXT. SWEDISH HOSPITAL GROUNDS - DAY

Jill and Susy walk the grounds. Jill drags her leg. Susy holds her up for support.

JILL

You think I'll ever walk like a normal human again?

SUSY

In no time. I'll never forget that  
day down by the river. You were  
always a survivor.

FLASHBACK - EXT. RIVER - MOVING - DAY

YOUNG JILL and YOUNG SUSY gallop along a fast-flowing river. A fox runs out of the forest and spooks the horses. The chestnut mare rears up, bucking Jill into the river. Susy stops her white pony in its tracks.

Jill is quickly pulled downstream toward large boulders. At the last minute, she barely manages to grab an overhanging tree branch and scrambles up the rocky river bank. Sopping wet, pants torn, she climbs out.

The mare chews grass, as though nothing happened. Susy is in shock.

EXT. SWEDISH HOSPITAL GROUNDS - BACK TO PRESENT

JILL

That was different. I was like  
twelve.

SUSY

Yeah, but, I got so scared after  
that time Stella bucked me off.  
And, you were back on the trail the  
next day.

JILL

I wish you hadn't stopped. Riding  
with Mom was such a bore. She never  
let me go off-trail.

INT. JILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jill watches a TED Talk in bed. "Rewards of Risk Taking." The video freezes. She restarts it. It happens several more times. She gives up and gets up to scan her bookshelf instead.

A section of books from her German coursework. German Expressionism 1910-1930. Bauhaus in Review. Voices of the Third Reich: An Oral History. Guenther Grass' The Tin Drum. Thomas Mann's Tonio Kroeger. Heinrich Boell's The Lost Honour of Katharina Blum. German History: WWI - Present.

She grabs the oral history and starts to read it.



EXT. STABLES - FURY'S STALL - DAY

Jill feeds carrots to her favorite, FURY, a black mare.

JILL  
You're getting old, my lady. I  
think I see some gray on your  
forehead.

Fury exhales and pushes her nose into Jill's hands.

JILL (CONT'D)  
Those are all the carrots I've got.

Fury starts to chew off the silver buttons on Jill's jacket instead.

JILL (CONT'D)  
You wanna hear a secret?  
(a beat)  
I might be moving to Berlin.  
(a beat)  
Don't tell anyone, okay?

Jill strokes her neck.

JILL (CONT'D)  
I'll take you out for a ride before  
I leave, but I've gotta go see  
grandma first.

INT. FARM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jill and her grandmother, HELEN, early 90s, drink tea in a cozy, farm-style house. They're good pals.

HELEN  
I think your mother has it out for  
me. She treats me like a captive.

JILL  
Let's hatch an escape plan. Where  
do you want to go?

HELEN  
Out of this old house.

JILL  
But, you love the farm.

HELEN

I've lived here my whole life. And, who knows how many good years I have left.

JILL

Don't say things like that.

HELEN

You should know better than anyone by now. Every day could be our last. And, I still want to see some of this world before I go.

JILL

Did you and grandpa ever travel?

HELEN

We often talked about it, but there was never a good time. We had to tend to the animals, and then, we had the kids. And then, your grandpa got sick.

JILL

I'm sorry Grammie. Maybe you and Susy and I could all go on a roadtrip together?

HELEN

That would be marvelous. I've always wanted to see the Redwoods.

JILL

We should do it! I can drive.

HELEN

We'll have to sneak out in the middle of the night. If your mother gets a whiff of it, we're dead. I swear that woman's got eyes and ears like an eagle.

Marie enters.

MARIE

What are you two gabbing on about?

HELEN

Oh nothing, Jilly-Bean was telling me that she's feeling much better.

MARIE

Yes, and we're all glad for it.  
Jill, can you come help me. One of  
the goats got his head stuck in the  
fence, and I can't get him out.

JILL

I'll be right there.

Marie exits. Jill gives her grandmother a kiss.

JILL (CONT'D)

It's our secret.

INT. "THE STRANGER" OFFICES - DAY

Jill has an interview at an alternative weekly newspaper.

JILL

I wrote for my high school  
newspaper. And, I'm writing for my  
college newspaper. And, I've  
recently started my own blog.

STAFF WRITER

You're still in school?

JILL

Kind of. But, I'd like to find a  
job.

STAFF WRITER

We don't hire students for staff  
positions. I think what you're  
looking for is an internship. We do  
have a summer internship program.  
It's unpaid. But, it's very  
competitive.

JILL

But, I'd really prefer to find a  
real job. You know, hit my nose to  
the grindstone. Learn from the  
pros.

STAFF WRITER

Do you have any other clips? From a  
professional publication?

JILL

I've pitched stories to several  
magazines. And, I'm still waiting  
to hear back.

(MORE)

JILL (CONT'D)

And, I'm working on some stories right now. But, it's very promising.

STAFF WRITER

Mhmmmmmm.

Jill knows she's not getting the job.

JILL

I'd really love to work here. I read The Stranger every week. It's such a great paper. I love the social commentary, and I really think I could learn a lot here and contribute my own voice.

STAFF WRITER

It's just, we don't really hire inexperienced writers.

JILL

But, how am I supposed to get experience if no one will hire me without it?

INT. PACIFIC PUBLISHING CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

Jill has another job interview.

EDITOR

We do get referrals from our factory floor managers every once in a blue moon, of young talent that shows promise.

JILL

I'd love the opportunity to show my dedication to the company.

EDITOR

Who do you report to now?

JILL

Kevin Teeger.

EDITOR

If you'd like, I can have a chat with him about your performance history and potential thus far. Would that suit you?

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Jill and her Mom pick up restaurant supplies.

MARIE

Why don't you apply for one of the local papers?

JILL

And report on gardening contests, and small-time break-ins? No, thank you.

MARIE

You've got to start somewhere, Jill.

JILL

I don't even think the Gazette has an arts and culture section.

INT. SAFEWAY - COIN MACHINE - NIGHT

Jill dumps her piggy bank into on a coin counting machine. It makes a tremendous amount of noise, then amounts to \$122, and deducts a \$15 fee.

JILL

What a rip off.

INT. YELLOW HOUSE - JILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jill tears through her closet in a frenzy. She stares at her finest things all gathered in a giant heap. Vestiges from a former life. Black symphony slacks. Theater costumes. Prom dresses.

EXT. PHINNEY RIDGE - CONSIGNMENT STORE - DAY

Jill dumps her collected belongings on the counter.

JILL

I'd like to sell these.

SHOP CLERK

Let me see. We don't really take evening wear or non-brand name items.

JILL  
I've only worn them all once.  
They're in great condition!

SHOP CLERK  
(unimpressed)  
I'll call you when I'm done sifting  
through these.

Jill peruses the store. She puts on a sequin jacket, a hat  
and does a rock star pose in front of the mirror.

EXT. PHINNEY RIDGE - CONSIGNMENT STORE - DAY

SHOP CLERK  
(over the loudspeaker)  
Jill to the front please.

Jill hurriedly places the try-on items back. Nearly knocks  
over the hat stand in the process. Returns to the front, hair  
static. The shop clerk has set aside 3 items.

JILL  
That's all you're taking?

SHOP CLERK  
Yes. You can have the rest back.  
Or, we can recycle them for you?

JILL  
(pointing to the 3 items)  
How much are they worth?

SHOP CLERK  
Everything is explained on this  
sheet.  
(slides a piece of paper)  
You get a percentage if they sell.  
If they don't, you can pick them  
back up, or like I said. We'll  
recycle them for you. For the items  
that do sell, we'll send you a  
check in 6-8 weeks.

JILL  
But, I'm leaving in less than a  
month.

SHOP CLERK  
Maybe try Ebay instead.  
(to next customer)  
Next in line!

Jill grabs the giant heap and stuffs it back in her bag.

INT. ORCAS ISLAND - CAR - MOVING - DAY

Jill and Marie in a small sedan. Marie drives.

MOM

I don't know why you insist on  
wasting your college education.

JILL

I just don't see the point. I mean  
\$60,000 for a piece of paper. It  
seems insane.

MOM

I would've given anything to be in  
your shoes. You know, I went to  
college for a few semesters. But, I  
had to quit when Pop's got sick.

JILL

I didn't know that.

MOM

Well, there's a lot you don't know,  
Jill. But, Brian and I have  
sacrificed a lot to send you to  
school.

JILL

I'm really thankful for you helping  
me out. But, wouldn't it be a whole  
lot cheaper for me to just get a  
library card?

MOM

I really don't know where you come  
up with this stuff.

INT. YELLOW HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jill rummages through cabinets.

LISA

What are you doing?

JILL

I'm having a yard sale this  
weekend! You wanna come?

LISA  
Jay and I are going to the  
Mariner's game.

JILL  
Come on, please come. It's in the  
morning.

EXT. YELLOW HOUSE - YARD SALE - DAY

The front lawn is filled with CDs, magazines, sporting goods,  
camping gear, kitchen appliances, clothes, furniture etc.

LISA  
Are you selling all this?

JILL  
Andre said he's been trying to get  
rid of it for years! I'm helping  
declutter.

Lisa notices a giant "FOR SALE" sign on Jill's Honda-CRV.

LISA  
Oh my god, are you selling your  
car?!

JILL  
Sad day, right? A woman is picking  
it up later.

LISA  
How are you gonna get around?

JILL  
By bus. It won't be for long  
anyway.

LISA  
So, you're really going through  
with this, huh?

JILL  
Yeah.

LISA  
I kinda thought...

JILL  
(teasing)  
That I'd stay in Seattle forever  
and we'd grow old together?



LISA

Obviously that. I thought maybe this was just another one of your crazy ideas that doesn't pan out.

JILL

Thanks for the vote of confidence, Lisa.

LISA

No, no, that came out all wrong. I'm happy for you. It's just, we've always waxed poetic about all the things we want to do. But we never actually do any of them.

JILL

That's exactly the problem! Why don't you come with me? We could explore Europe together! It would be so much fun!

LISA

It sounds like a dream. But, I have to finish school. And, what about Jason? He'd never forgive me for leaving.

JILL

He could come too! You should at least visit. We could go to Paris or London or something. Wherever you want!

LISA

How am I going to survive without you here?!

They both realize their lives are about to drastically change, without the other in it. A big hug.

An odd-ball yard saler approaches, holding a juicer.

YARD SALER

How much for this?

They both start to giggle. A joke only they understand.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON - PROFESSOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Jill meets up with her professor for a final visit.

PROFESSOR

Just promise me, you won't quit. It would be a waste of your talent.

JILL

I promise.

PROFESSOR

Can I give you one last piece of advice?

JILL

Of course, anything.

PROFESSOR

Commit yourself to a regular writing practice. Set aside time every day and guard it as your most precious resource.

JILL

That's easy. I'll have so much time to write once I'm out of school. And, I'll finally get to write about anything I want.

PROFESSOR

I wish you the best, really, I do. But, life has a funny way of getting in the way of our dreams. All I can say is, defend yours as best as you can, because no one else will.

JILL

Thanks for everything Professor Milstead. I really will miss your class and advice.

PROFESSOR

Don't be a stranger, Jill. My door is always open.

INT. POST ALLEY - THE PINK DOOR - NIGHT

Jill and her Mom dine at a classy Italian restaurant. Trapeze artists unfurl from the ceiling in the background. A quartet PLAYS MUSIC on a small stage in the corner.

JILL

I'm not abandoning you Mom.

MARIE

Who's going to help me take care of  
grandma?

JILL

I don't know. Brian, Uncle Bill.  
You've been doing it just fine for  
years.

MARIE

What if we have to put her in a  
nursing home?

JILL

You always do that.

MARIE

I always do what?

JILL

Whenever I want to do something  
with my life, you make me feel like  
I'm not doing enough for the  
family.

MARIE

That's not true.

JILL

It's so true. Remember that NOLS  
program I wanted to do over the  
summer? But, no, you couldn't spare  
me. Or, when I wanted to join the  
Peace Corps? You said it was too  
dangerous. Even when I moved to  
school, you had a fit because it  
was too far away.

MARIE

That's rich Jill.

JILL

I'm tired of not doing things  
because it doesn't suit you. It's  
my life.

MARIE

Your life... And, who's been  
watching over you every step of the  
way?

JILL

It's not like I got in that accident on purpose. It wasn't my fault!

MARIE

That's beside the point. I understand you want to experience something. But, why do you have to move to Berlin?

JILL

I thought you'd be happy for me. You were the one who wanted me to study languages. Now, I can finally practice. Plus, you loved Sabine when she stayed with us.

MARIE

I wanted you to expand your mind. Not move to Europe!

JILL

I don't want to get stuck on the farm for the rest of my life like everybody else.

MARIE

Yes, God forbid, you follow in your family's footsteps.

JILL

I don't know how else to explain it. It's just something I have to do right now.

The waiter comes, carrying two plates.

WAITER

Good evening ladies. I have the parmesan gnocchi and the mushroom ravioli.

JILL

The gnocchi's mine.

The waiter sets down both plates accordingly.

MARIE

This isn't what I ordered.

INT. JILL'S ROOM - DAY

Jill's room is empty. Her entire life now fits into a backpack and two suitcases. She takes one last look around and takes a deep breath. This is it.

INT. YELLOW HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jill attempts to drag the suitcases down the stairs. One plummets down head-first, landing in a giant thud. The second won't budge.

INT. BRITISH AIRWAYS PLANE - DAY

Jill is wedged between a BUSINESS MAN and an ELDERLY WOMAN. Jill reads Kerouac's On the Road. The business man reads The Power of Habit.

ELDERLY WOMAN

It's nice to see young people still reading these days.

JILL

I have my grandmother to thank for that.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Maybe the younger generation isn't doomed after all.

JILL

(hesitant)

I want to be a writer. It kind of goes with the territory.

Jill's never told this to a stranger. It feels good to say it loud.

BUSINESS MAN

(chiming in)

My wife's a writer.

Jill immediately regrets it. Now, she's an imposter in a world of "real" writers.

JILL

That's so cool. What does she write?

BUSINESS MAN

She's a feature editor for the Times.

JILL

Wow! It must be so amazing to work there!

BUSINESS MAN

I suppose so. But, it's a tough business. Don't know if you've heard, but newspapers aren't exactly selling like hot cakes these days.

She was expecting a fairy tale. This isn't it.

BUSINESS MAN (CONT'D)

(passes his business card)

Here's my card if you ever need any advice.

She looks at it. It's for a Financial Consulting firm.

EXT. BERLIN - SCHOENEFELD AIRPORT - DAY

Jill steps outside and takes her first good look at Berlin. She's made it! She can't believe she's really here. She sets her bags down and takes a deep breath. Her new life awaits.

EXT. BERLIN - SCHOENEFELD AIRPORT - DAY

Jill tries to wave down a cab. A uniformed man signals to her.

UNIFORMED MAN

(in German; subtitled)

To the back of the line.

He points behind her. 20 people in what must be a cab line. She awkwardly rolls her two oversized suitcases to the back. Death stares all around.

INT. S-BAHN TRAIN - MOVING - DAY

The S-Bahn runs high above ground, winding through the city like a silver worm. Jill stares out the window, admiring the view. East Side Gallery, Warschauer Bridge, Alexander TV Tower. It's breathtaking.

An INSPECTOR walks through the train checking tickets. She hands him hers.

INSPECTOR  
(in German; subtitled)  
This isn't validated.

Her German is rusty. The idea of using it seems terrifying  
all of a sudden.

JILL  
(in German; subtitled)  
I'm sorry, I don't understand.

INSPECTOR  
(in German; subtitled)  
Please follow me.

EXT. U-BAHN TRAIN PLATFORM - WARSCHAUERSTRASSE - CONTINUOUS

Jill and the Inspector stand on the platform. The doors shut.  
The train keeps moving. He types into a handheld device.

JILL  
(in German; subtitled)  
This is the A Zone, no?

INSPECTOR  
(in German; subtitled)  
Name please?

JILL  
(in German; subtitled)  
I'm sorry, I just arrived yesterday  
and...

INSPECTOR  
(in German; subtitled)  
Name please?

JILL  
Jill. Jill Steiner.

INSPECTOR  
(in German; subtitled)  
Address?

JILL  
Frankfurter Allee 83.

He waits for the machine to print out a small piece of paper.  
It takes forever.

JILL (CONT'D)  
(trying to charm, in  
German; subtitled)  
(MORE)

JILL (CONT'D)  
Maybe you could let me off with a  
warning just this one time?

INSPECTOR  
(unsympathetic, in German;  
subtitled)  
I hope this serves as a reminder  
next time Frau Steiner. Welcome to  
Berlin.

Jill looks at the ticket. A 60 euro fee. Excellent start. The  
Inspector walks off. People pass by without giving her any  
notice.

Embarrassed, she stuffs the ticket in her pocket and goes in  
search of a validation station.

INT. FRIEDRICHSHAIN - JILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jill captures first impressions in a small notebook. Ink-  
stained hands, sprawled out on the wooden floor. Her studio  
apartment is tiny, but perfect. High stucco ceilings.  
Original windows with golden handles. A balcony with a view.  
And, it's all hers.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Jill buys a bottle of wine.

CASHIER  
(thick Turkish accent)  
You American?

JILL  
(smiling brightly)  
What gave it away?

He grins at her, mocking her smile.

CASHIER  
Always smiling for no reason.

JILL  
(caught off-guard)  
Maybe, I'm just happy.

CASHIER  
Or, maybe you are not thinking so  
much.



JILL  
I was just being friendly. My  
mistake!

Jill pays with the correct change and walks out.

CASHIER  
Good day.

JILL  
It's been a real pleasure.

EXT. JILL'S BALCONY - NIGHT

Jill sips wine on the 6th floor balcony. Enjoys the view. People enter and exit the U-Bahn below. Traffic whizzes by the majestic, cream-colored row of government buildings. The TV Tower at Alexanderplatz is visible to the right, sitting at the center of it all.

EXT. FRANKFURTER ALLEE - DAY

Jill passes the Karl-Marx bookstore, wearing her travel backpack. It's laundry day. She spots a "Free Box" outside one of the buildings.

Finds a used copy of Isherwood's Goodbye to Berlin. Score!

INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

Jill reads her newfound book Goodbye to Berlin. The drier stops. Her clothes are still damp. She only has bills left.

JILL  
(in poor German;  
subtitled)  
Excuse me, do you have any change?

LAUNDROMAT GUY  
(dismissive in German;  
subtitled)  
Try the machine.

JILL  
(in poor German;  
subtitled)  
I did, it's broken.

The guy shrugs, not his problem. Jill stuffs the damp clothes back into her bag. Now, they'll smell.

EXT. SCHLACHTENSEE - DAY

Jill and SABINE, beautiful, blonde, lie stretched out in the sun, hidden by trees. A mixed crowd sunbathes along the shoreline. People swim. Sabine is fully nude. Jill is topless. Eyes closed.

JILL

You could never do this back home.

SABINE

You can buy a gun at the grocery store, but God forbid you show your breasts in public.

JILL

For that, they'll arrest you.

The girls laugh. Some teenage boys swim by and splash water at them.

SABINE

(in German; subtitled)

Hey! Piss off!!

Jill covers herself instinctively. Sabine wastes little time, and throws a stick at them.

TEENAGE BOY

(in German; subtitled)

Hey hey, calm down ladies. It was a joke.

SABINE

(in German; subtitled)

Move along and go bother some other girls. We're not interested.

INT. PRENZLAUER BERG - CLARE'S APARTMENT - DAY

A beautiful, artsy, two-bedroom. CLARE, early 30s, British, leads a writing workshop. An international group of writers are gathered around a table, Jill among them. Copies of Clare's book "Night and Day" fill a small bookshelf. The group readies to leave, packing notebooks into bags etc.

CLARE

Any last announcements before I release you back out into the wild?

CAROLINA, late-20s, red-head, Australian, speaks up.

CAROLINA

Real quick. I'm hosting a new open mic at Keith Bar on Thursdays. It's my friend's bar. Slots are first come, first serve. And, we've got plenty of openings right now. Would be great to see you all there!

JILL

What'd you say it's called?

CAROLINA

(hands her a flyer)

The event is "Speak Easy." The place is Keith Bar, near Tempelhof. You know the old airport? You should come. It's a great way to meet people.

INT. SCHILLERPROMENADE - KEITH BAR - "SPEAK EASY"- NIGHT

A dim, candle-lit bar with dark furniture and multiple rooms. Writers, poets, musicians, spoken word artists abound.

MARCO, late 20s, German, tall, handsome, singer-songwriter, performs an acoustic song on stage.

MARCO

(singing, in German;  
subtitled)

*We move between worlds  
From one room to the next  
We move between words  
From one thought to the rest*

*How did we get here?  
And where will we go?*

Marco and Jill meet eyes. She smiles shyly.

*We move between worlds  
From one room to the next  
We move between words  
From one thought to the rest*

*How did we get here?  
And where will we go?*

EXT. KEITH BAR - SIDEWALK - MIDNIGHT

Jill and Marco linger outside.

MARCO

Caro is great, right?

JILL

I'm so glad she invited me!  
(a beat)  
I loved your song by the way.

MARCO

(playing it cool)  
Thanks. I wrote it earlier.

JILL

Like today?

MARCO

Yeah, I like writing on the train.  
It's a good way to pass the time.

JILL

I could never do that. But, I'm too  
embarrassed to share my work with  
anyone.

MARCO

It's not so bad. You just have to  
get used to it. Listen, I'm sorry,  
my train's about to leave.

JILL

(getting the hint, checks  
her watch)  
Oh yeah, mine too.

MARCO

I'd love to invite you for a proper  
date sometime. I could show you  
around Berlin, if you want?

JILL

(surprised)  
Sure, yes, I'd love that.

MARCO

Great. I'll get your number from  
Caro. I have to run!

Marco gives Jill a quick hug and runs away.

MARCO (CONT'D)

(shouting)  
I'll call you!

JILL  
(giddy)  
Great!  
(checks her watch)  
Shoot!

Jill runs in the opposite direction.

INT. U-BAHN STATION BODDINSTRASSE - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Out of breath. Jill slips inside the train car.

ANNOUNCER  
(V.O.)  
Doors closing.

INT. U-BAHN TRAIN CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

ANNOUNCER  
(V.O.)  
Next stop. Leine Strasse.

Jill checks the map inside the train car. The doors open and close.

JILL  
Shit!

She's going in the wrong direction.

ANNOUNCER  
(V.O.)  
Last stop. Hermannstrasse. End  
Station. Please exit.

Jill gets off. The last train on the opposite side has left already. Now she gets to walk home twice as far.

EXT. REICHENBERGERSTRASSE - THE CELLAR - DAY

Jill's wearing an apron, jeans and a white t-shirt. Wooden tables span the sidewalk. She struggles to carry a giant bench. ANNA, late 20s, Australian, puts condiments and silverware on the tables, wearing the same outfit.

A band of hooligan teenagers on bicycles fly-by, whistling. They almost run Jill over.

JILL  
Hey, watch it!

ANNA

You want a piece of this?!

JILL

What a bunch of jerks.

ANNA

Word of advice. If you want to  
live, don't stand in the bike lane.  
The young ones take no prisoners.

INT. DAS HOTEL - MARIANNENSTRASSE - NIGHT

Jill hangs with her co-workers after work. A vintage chic cocktail bar. Dried flowers and candles everywhere. A giant fire hazard. The place is tiny, but packed. CANYON, mid-20s, American and VICTORIA, mid-20s, French, sip gin and tonics. Anna and Jill dance. A DJ spins records from above.

EXT. BERLINER DOM - LIGHTS FESTIVAL - NIGHT

Jill and Marco on a date. Huddled close, they gaze at the mesmerizing light display, set against historic buildings in the central district. They stare up at Berliner Dom, a giant cathedral, awash in colors. Jill smiles at Marco. He bends down and kisses her. She couldn't be happier.

INT. THE CELLAR - CLOSING TIME - NIGHT

Jill and Victoria close up shop. Benches stacked on tables. Floor glistening. Mop leaned against the corner.

VICTORIA

You want any of this bread? I'm  
gonna dump it otherwise.

JILL

Dump it, are you crazy?

VICTORIA

I can't eat it no more. I don't  
want to even look at it.

JILL

I'll take some home. I haven't had  
dinner yet.

Victoria passes to the back through a small swing door. Metal trays clang. She re-emerges with a bag.

VICTORIA

Here you go. I need to scrub trays still. But then, I'm done. You want to grab a drink after?

JILL

I'm still recovering from last night.

VICTORIA

Ah yes, I understand that. See you tomorrow then. Next time, maybe.

EXT. URBANSTRASSE - MOVING - NIGHT

Jill rides her bike, a black, Dutch three-gear. The bike path is poorly lit and riddled with pot holes. The bag swings around wildly. She sees a homeless man up ahead, huddled in a sleeping bag. She leaves him the bread.

INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jill writes an email. Her first submission to The Times. Sights set high.

JILL

(V.O.)

"Thank you for considering my submission to the New York Time's Modern Love column....."

Hits send. Mission accomplished.

EXT. MAYBACHUFER - TURKISH MARKET - DAY

Jill and Marco stroll through the weekend food and craft market. Mostly Turkish vendors selling fruit & vegetables. Some fabric & household goods, leatherwares, tea, spices etc.

MARCO

Have you ever tried Ayran?

JILL

Doesn't ring a bell.

MARCO

It's a yogurt drink. I think you'd like it.

JILL

Sure, I'll try anything once.

MARCO  
 (to vendor, in German;  
 subtitled)  
 Two Ayran please.

The vendor hands them two plastic cups. Jill peels open the lid.

JILL  
 Ooooh, it's salty!

INT. BERGHAIN - NIGHT CLUB - 2AM

Berghain is legend. Enormous, stark, industrial. Deafening, hard-core techno fills the first floor. Everyone is in a trance.

ANNA  
 (yelling)  
 Do you like it?

JILL  
 (yelling)  
 What?

ANNA  
 (screaming)  
 ARE YOU HAVING FUN?

JILL  
 (screaming)  
 I CAN'T HEAR YOU!

Anna throws Jill a thumbs up. She throws her hands up. Yes.

INT. BERGHAIN - CLUB BATHROOM - 3AM

Jill enters the bathroom. A row of stalls on one side, and a giant silver trough on the other. She opens a stall door and sees a couple doing coke.

WOMAN  
 (in German; subtitled)  
 What are you staring at?

Shocked, Jill slams the door shut. Finds an empty stall.

INT. RINGBAHN TRAIN - MOVING - DAY

Jill's asleep, head against Anna's shoulder. Anna stares out the window, dead-eyed, eyeliner smeared.



They reek of smoke and alcohol. The train, a hodge-podge of morning commuters and late-night partyers. Everyone looks grim.

MONTAGE - ANNA AND JILL HAVE FUN IN BERLIN

EXT. ON THE STREET - DAY

Anna and Jill ride bikes through the streets of Berlin. They pass cathedrals, cafes, parks, monuments.

INT. URBAN SPREE - NIGHT

Anna and Jill check out cool street art in a museum.

EXT. THE CANAL - SPREE RIVER - DUSK

Anna and Jill sit along the canal, watching boats float by, smoking a joint.

EXT. TURKISH RESTAURANT - DAY

Anna and Jill eat Doener sandwiches at a Turkish fast food restaurant.

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

Anna and Jill dance on a bus bench, singing obnoxiously into empty beer bottles.

INT. WARSCHAUERSTRASSE - TATTOO & PIERCING PARLOR - DAY

Anna and Jill wait in back. Past glass counters and giant jewelry displays.

JILL

I can't believe you talked me into this.

ANNA

Maybe, I should get my clit done instead.

JILL

Please tell me you're joking.

ANNA

Or, my nipples?

JILL

Stop! It hurts me just to think  
about it.

ANNA

I bet it feels kind of good.

The PIERCER approaches. He snaps his gloves on, in a perverse  
way. Grabs a needle from the metal tray.

PIERCER

Who wants to go first?

INT. TATOO & PIERCING PARLOR - DAY

Jill and Anna sit like happy little children. Anna has a ring  
in her septum. Jill has a side stud.

PIERCER

Clean the wound at least twice a  
day with a salt water rinse to keep  
it from getting infected.

ANNA

When do we get to switch it out for  
the real deal?

PIERCER

In about 1-2 months. The better you  
take care of it, the faster it will  
heal.

INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marco strums his guitar in bed. Jill types on her laptop.

JILL

(V.O.)

At 3am, on a cool summer night, I  
return from Mauer Park. The  
tourists have gone and Mitte  
belongs only to me now. I pass the  
bridge behind Berliner Dom and wind  
through Museum Island, headed  
toward the Gate. I see history  
wrapped in blankets of golden  
light, resting for another night.

(MORE)

JILL (CONT'D)

As I ride on, the city unravels itself before my eyes in myriad ways./ On Frankfurter Allee, I slice through a promenade of yellow-and-cream - leaving a procession of tall buildings, tiered like royal wedding cakes in my wake. I snake through a row of camper vans on Lilienthalstrasse, past giant soccer fields where no one ever seems to play. / At a biker's pace, the gaudy and the beautiful, the uninspired and the imaginative blend into one, living side by side in my mind. A conversation floats from a balcony. A techno beat escapes from a basement window. A rat scurries across the library lawn./ When I cross the river, a fragrant wall of lilacs hits my nose - almost home...

MARCO

How's the story coming along?

JILL

Oh, I'm working on my blog right now.

MARCO

I thought you just started that collection?

JILL

I am. This is just a side project. Everybody wants you to have a built-in audience these days.

MARCO

Maybe you could try a novel?

JILL

Maybe you could try an album?

MARCO

What's with the hostility? This isn't a contest.

JILL

Sorry, I didn't mean it that way. I'm just... I think I just have a headache.

MARCO

I can think of something that'll  
make you feel better.

Marco sets his guitar against the wall, and closes the lid on  
Jill's laptop.

JILL

What are you doing?

Marco starts to kiss Jill, and moves her laptop to the  
nightstand.

JILL (CONT'D)

No, Marco, please, I haven't  
written hardly anything, and...

Marco kisses Jill again, and then slides underneath the  
covers and gives her head her until she comes.

INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

Jill is stained with batter, stirring a giant bowl. Measuring  
cups and bowls everywhere. A giant mess. Marco enters,  
disheveled, still half-asleep.

MARCO

What are you doing? It looks like a  
bomb exploded in here.

JILL

I'm baking a cake, for Anna.

MARCO

Oh yeah, the birthday party. Is  
that tonight?

JILL

Your coming, right?

MARCO

I wanted to try out some new songs  
tonight.

JILL

Why don't you swing by after?

MARCO

I told Peter I'd have drinks with  
him.

JILL

You see Peter all the time. Don't  
you wanna meet my friends?

MARCO  
Won't you have fun without me?

JILL  
I wanted you to meet them. And, I  
thought it might be nice if they  
met you.

MARCO  
Oh, you did, did you?

Marco kisses Jill's neck.

MARCO (CONT'D)  
Mmmm. Pineapple.

Jill faces Marco, and gets batter on his nose. He lifts her onto the kitchen counter and wraps her legs around him. They make out passionately. Things get heated, and Jill accidentally knocks the batter bowl off the counter. It flips upside-down onto the floor, spilling everywhere.

JILL  
No!

Marco leans down and tries to cup the batter back into the bowl with his hands, even though there's clearly no chance of saving it.

MARCO  
I've got it. I've got it.

JILL  
No, no, no. Damn it.

Jill crouches down next to him.

MARCO  
Five second rule.

JILL  
Forget it babe, it's ruined.

They look each other in the eye, then continue making out on the kitchen floor. What else is there to do.

EXT. BRANDENBURGER TOR - TOTEN HOSEN CONCERT - NIGHT

Thousands of fans are gathered in front of Brandenburger Tor. Die Toten Hosen, a famous German punk band, plays one of their greatest hits "Days Like These".

The singer and crowd go wild. Sabine screams along. Jill is just high on adrenaline.

CAMPINO  
(in German; subtitled)

*On days like these, you wish for  
infinity  
On days like these, we still have  
everlasting time*

*In this night of nights that  
promises us so much  
We're experiencing the best, no end  
is in sight*

*No end in sight  
No end in sight  
No end in sight*

*On days like these, you wish for  
infinity  
On days like these, we still have  
everlasting time*

*In this night of nights that  
promises us so much  
We're experiencing the best, no end  
is in sight*

*We're experiencing the best, and no  
end is in sight  
No end in sight*

INT. U-BAHN - MOVING - NIGHT

Jill reads Rilke's Young Letters to a Poet.

RILKE  
(V.O.)

*"What goes on in your innermost  
being is worth all your love. This  
is what you must work on however  
you can, and not waste too much  
time and energy on clarifying your  
attitude to other people."*

An Inspector comes through the wagon. She shows her ticket.  
He nods. It's validated this time.

INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jill enters, wearing a long winter coat and vintage boots.  
She stuffs a giant wad of cash into her tip jar.

Pours herself a glass of wine, and settles down on the love  
seat with her laptop. An email from The Times!

NYT EDITOR

(V.O.)

"Dear Mrs. Steiner,  
Thank you for sending your writing  
to Modern Love. Although I don't  
find your essay right for our  
needs, I'm grateful for the  
opportunity to consider it..."

Her first proper rejection letter. Not great, but something.

EXT. EAST SIDE GALLERY - DAY

Jill and Sabine walk along East Side Gallery.

JILL

Can you imagine what it must've  
been like? All those people,  
suddenly free? I bet it was wild.

FLASHBACK - EXT. BRANDENBURGER GATE - FALL OF THE BERLIN WALL  
- 1989

DAVID HASSELHOFF, the singer/actor, sings in front of a crowd  
of thousands in a tacky, lit-up leather jacket to commemorate  
this momentous historical moment.

DAVID HASSELHOFF

(singing)

*One morning in June  
Some twenty years ago  
I was born a rich man's son  
I had everything that money could  
buy  
But freedom I had none*

*I've been looking for freedom  
I've been looking so long  
I've been looking for freedom  
Still the search goes on*

*I've been looking for freedom  
Since I left my home town  
I've been looking for freedom  
Still it can't be found...*

EXT. EAST SIDE GALLERY - BACK TO PRESENT (A BIT LATER)

JILL  
Next week! Holy shit.

SABINE  
I know. I should've told you  
sooner.

JILL  
How long will you be gone?

SABINE  
Six months, maybe more.

JILL  
(stunned)  
You're not coming back for  
Christmas?

SABINE  
Not if they offer me the job after.

JILL  
(worried)  
That's amazing. I'm so happy for  
you.

SABINE  
I know I said I'd be here for you  
if you ever needed anything. But,  
you can still call me anytime.  
Seriously. And, I'll give you  
Aurelie's contact.

JILL  
(unconvincing)  
Don't worry. I'll be fine.

SABINE  
And, Madrid isn't so far. You  
should visit once I'm settled.

JILL  
Totally. I'd love to see more of  
Europe.

EXT. EAST SIDE GALLERY - DAY

Jill watches Sabine walk away. She suddenly feels very alone. She stares at the Wall in front of her. A painted car bursting out. People start to crowd around, pushing her out of the way.



INT. KEITH BAR - "SPEAK EASY" - NIGHT

Jill and Carolina convene before the open mic starts.

JILL  
Can you put me on the list?

CAROLINA  
I never thought I'd see the day.

JILL  
Don't tempt me.

Carolina jots down Jill's name.

CAROLINA  
Nope. You, my friend, are  
officially on the list. This is  
what I call the point of no return.

JILL  
So comforting, thanks Caro.

INT. KEITH BAR - "SPEAK EASY" - NIGHT

Marco wraps up his song.

MARCO  
(singing, in German;  
subtitled)  
*Falls into the sky*  
*Falls into the sky*  
*Falls into the sky*  
*Until he falls into the sky-y-y-y-y*

The audience applauds.

INT. KEITH BAR - "SPEAK EASY" - NIGHT

Sophia, a fellow writer, recites some of her travel prose.

SOPHIA

(reciting)

"arriving on a rainy November  
night, i wander lost through  
labyrinth streets, and stumble upon  
an opera singer who sustains my  
soul

in a shop window, glittering masks  
pile up on top of each other  
like a massacre of dolls

pigeons squat on raised walkways in  
the square

venice is sinking, and with it, the  
old world drowns"

Light applause.

"luxury cars fill the casino  
parking lot

we dip into the mediterranean sea  
and walk past creamy gelato in  
watercolor palettes

the houses on the hill are stacked  
on top of each other like sardines  
poised toward the marina

further south, a coastline of  
gravel beaches moves to the tune of  
a seaside pianist"  
(a beat)  
Thank you.

More applause. Caro steps back up to the mic.

CAROLINA

Another round of applause for  
Sophia please. Next up, we've got  
another first timer. Although  
you've probably seen her around.  
Jill, you're up.

Jill sits in the back, perspiring.

CAROLINA (CONT'D)

(peering into the dark)

Jill? Has anyone seen her?

Marco nudges her.

MARCO  
(whispers)  
Babe, you're up.

JILL  
I can't do it.

MARCO  
Just go. It's not as bad as you  
think.

Caro checks her list.

CAROLINA  
Maybe she's out front. Next up  
then, we've got...

Jill stands up.

JILL  
I'm here.

CAROLINA  
There you are. A warm round of  
applause for Jill everyone.

Jill goes to the front and adjusts the mic.

JILL  
(nervous)  
Can you guys hear me?

POET  
Louder.

JILL  
(swallows)  
Like Caro said, this is my first  
time, so go easy on me. I've been  
working on this story for a little  
while. It just got rejected  
actually...

AUDIENCE  
Boooooo!

JILL  
(relieved)  
You haven't heard it yet.

The audience laughs.

JILL (CONT'D)

(voice shaking)

Here goes.

(reading)

"He sets his cup down and checks my reaction. I smile, waiting for the punch line.

'It's done,' he says.

'I had no choice.'

This is my cue to leave. My one and only chance to avoid imminent disaster. But, instead, I take another sip of chai.

He hums the sequence of spices into my ear night after night. We watch the vegetables cook down into a colorful mass and inhale mouthfuls of dahl, huddled next to each other, warm bodies on a sofa, as if everything is still okay.

"You don't even know her,' I hear myself repeat, one hundred times. 'You'll never understand,' he retorts, one hundred times more.

We are a broken record in sync.

When I watch his car pull away for the airport, rain soaks me to the bone. I feel hollow and disoriented. I'm lost, even though I've been here before..."

INT. KEITH BAR - SPEAK EASY - NIGHT

The audience claps and whistles. Jill stumbles to her seat, experiencing vertigo. Marco gives her a kiss.

MARCO

You were wonderful.

Jill notices the woman next to her crying. A visceral reaction to something she wrote! A small triumph. She feels re-invigorated.

WOMAN

(sniffling)

Was that a true story? It was so sad.

JILL  
 (surprised, consoling)  
 Oh, thank you. It's okay. It was a  
 long time ago.

Carolina is back at the mic.

CAROLINA  
 That wraps it up everyone. A quick  
 reminder that the new edition of  
 "Berlin Notebook" just came out.  
 Find me after to buy a copy. I'll  
 be in the back all night!

EXT. MARIANNENPLATZ - OUTDOOR CINEMA - NIGHT

Jill and Anna watch an outdoor screening of B-Movie: Lust and Sound in West Berlin.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 "During the 80s, West-Berlin was a  
 city in a state of emergency, a  
 creative melting pot for pop  
 culture, masterminding amateurs,  
 and potential global superstars.  
 West Berlin was unpredictable.  
 Before the Iron Curtain fell,  
 Berlin was a walled-in island, full  
 of artists, hedonists, and  
 squatters, all living on the edge  
 of life. It was never about long-  
 term success, it was about living  
 for the moment of the thrill, the  
 here and now. West Berlin was the  
 THE place to be. The days were  
 short and the nights were long,  
 endlessly long."

ANNA  
 (whispers)  
 Not much has changed, eh?

JILL  
 (whispers)  
 I think we've progressed into the  
 90s.

MOVIE GOER  
 (in German; subtitled)  
 Quiet in front.

Anna flips the guy off. Jill crouches down, embarrassed.

EXT. BERGMANNKIEZ - DAY

Jill and Anna walk through the neighborhood.

JILL

That's a swingers club? How can you tell?

ANNA

You can just tell. My husband and I...I guess I should say my ex, used to go in Melbourne. Though, they were much fancier. Invitation only sorta thing.

JILL

You were married??

ANNA

That's the surprising bit? Ha! Technically, I still am. We're separated. Divorce is expensive. Never do it.

JILL

Get married or divorced? I feel like I don't even know you right now.

EXT. KIT KAT CLUB - APOCALYSPSE PARTY - NIGHT

Jill, Anna, Victoria and Canyon wait in line, dressed in sexy, black, ripped clothing for "Apocalypse Night."

CANYON

Are you sure we're gonna get in?

ANNA

I know the door guy.

JILL

I'm freezing.

CANYON

You want my jacket?

JILL

Thanks, I'm okay.

VICTORIA

Why is this taking so long? Did you bring any E for later?

ANNA  
I have some.

CANYON  
I'd be down tonight.

ANNA  
I thought you didn't do synthetics.

CANYON  
I dabble every now and again.

ANNA  
What about you, Jill?

JILL  
I'm lost.

ANNA  
Do I have to spell everything out  
for you?

CANYON  
Don't worry, Jill. We'll do it  
together. It'll be fun.

JILL  
What if I get sick or freak out or  
something?

They step up to the front. The BOUNCER nods the girls in.  
Canyon gets held up.

BOUNCER  
(in German; subtitled)  
Not like that.

CANYON  
(in German; subtitled)  
It's totally apocalyptic, man.

BOUNCER  
(in German; subtitled)  
Take off the shirt.

CANYON  
(in German; subtitled)  
My shirt? But, I ripped it, see?

BOUNCER  
(in German; subtitled)  
And, the pants.

CANYON  
(in German; subtitled)  
The pants??

BOUNCER  
(in German; subtitled)  
You want in or not?

INT. KIT KAT CLUB - CHECK-IN AREA - CONTINUOUS

Canyon joins the girls inside. Stripped down to underwear and a studded punk necklace.

ANNA  
What the hell happened to you?

CANYON  
(exasperated)  
He made me take everything off!

The girls laugh and check their bags. The coat checkers are wearing BDSM gear.

INT. KIT KAT CLUB - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They enter. Half-naked people in leather outfits perform various sex acts in the open. ELECTRONIC MUSIC BLASTS from several rooms.

ANNA  
Follow me!

INT. KIT KAT CLUB - POOL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A pool with a leather swing and a rope on either end sits in the middle of the room. A few people hang in the pool. Most mill around the edge.

INT. KIT KAT CLUB - POOL ROOM - NIGHT

Jill, Anna, Canyon, Victoria dance and sweat. They're in another dimension. Anna dances with Victoria. Canyon dances with Jill. Everyone makes out.

INT. KIT KAT CLUB - POOL ROOM - NIGHT

Anna, Canyon and Victoria are already in the pool. Jill is on the swing, now topless.



JILL  
Here I come!

She lands in the water, splashing some people on the side.

CLUB GOER  
(in German; subtitled)  
Take it easy!

Jill sinks toward the bottom. Canyon dives after her. She laughs as they come up for air. Jill leans back, and floats, staring up at the ceiling. Pure bliss. The room spins.

EXT. THE CELLAR - DAY

Jill, Anna, Canyon and Victoria set up tables outside. Everyone looks hungover. Jill looks like death.

JILL  
(muttering)  
Never again. Never again.

VICTORIA  
What?

JILL  
I'm never doing that again.

VICTORIA  
Sometimes, we must pay for the price.

JILL  
I can't remember anything.

VICTORIA  
You jump in the pool. And then, you, eh, make out with Canyon.

JILL  
What?! No. I would definitely remember that!

CANYON  
We were all pretty fucked up.

JILL  
What am I gonna tell Marco?!

ANNA  
Don't tell him anything. You were high.

VICTORIA

Yes yes, we were all making out.  
Not just you.

JILL

Why did you guys let me do that?!

ANNA

You were having the time of your  
life last night. You should be  
thanking us.

EXT. BERMGANNKIEZ - CEMETERY - DAY

Strong winds HOWL through the streets. Jill passes a  
cemetery. A giant branch SNAPS. Threatens to crush her. Then,  
PLUMMETS DOWN on the other side instead.

She pulls her jacket on tighter and picks up the pace.

EXT. VOLKSPARK FRIEDRICHSHAIN - DAY

Jill and Marco wander through the park, holding hands.

EXT. VOLKSPARK FRIEDRICHSHAIN - FOUNTAIN - DAY

They linger in front of the fairy tale fountain. Jill finally  
confesses.

MARCO

I knew you had a thing for Canyon.

JILL

That's not true.

MARCO

Yes, it is. You guys were flirting  
all night at that party at Anna's.

JILL

How would you know? You didn't even  
show up until the end. He's just a  
friend Marco. It didn't mean  
anything. I promise! I don't even  
really know what happened.

MARCO

That's reassuring.

JILL

No, I just mean...

MARCO

You don't even know?

JILL

We were just having fun. I swear it didn't mean anything.

MARCO

I guess we have pretty different definitions of fun!

JILL

Please, don't be mad. I'm so so sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you.

MARCO

That's nice Jill. But, you still did it.

JILL

I promise it won't happen again. I'll make it up to you. I'll cook you a nice dinner. I'll take you out. Anything you want!

MARCO

Maybe, this is for the best. Things haven't really been working out between us for a while.

JILL

What? What are you talking about? No. Everything is great between us.

MARCO

If that's how you feel. Then, maybe you've just been too wrapped up in yourself to notice.

JILL

(more desperate)

Marco, please. You're not being fair. I'm just trying to be honest with you.

MARCO

You shouldn't have to try Jill. How can you be honest when you don't even know what you did?

JILL

It was a mistake! A minor slip-up. I'm sorry!

MARCO  
I don't need this in my life right  
now.

Marco walks away.

JILL  
(yelling)  
Marco, you're overreacting.

Jill chases after him. She grabs his arm.

JILL (CONT'D)  
Please don't go.

Marco turns around one last time.

MARCO  
Don't make this harder than it has  
to be.

He runs across the street. Jill tries to chase after him, but  
gets stuck behind a wall of traffic.

JILL  
(shouting)  
Let's just talk about this!

Marco disappears. Jill returns to the fountain. She kicks  
some stones around, then cries on the bench.

INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jill on the phone to her mother. INTERCUT WITH:

INT. FARM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marie on the other end of the line.

MARIE  
Something must've happened.

JILL  
I don't wanna talk about it, Mom.

MARIE  
You're the one who called me.

JILL  
How's Grammie?

A moment of silence.

MARIE  
She's not doing great.

JILL  
What happened? What do you mean?

MARIE  
There's no easy way to say this.  
But, your grandmother has dementia.

Jill is gutted.

MARIE (CONT'D)  
Jill? Are you there?

JILL  
What does that mean?

MARIE  
They've only just diagnosed her.

JILL  
Please let me talk to her.

MARIE  
Don't be silly. It's almost  
midnight here.

JILL  
Please, just for a minute.

MARIE  
I'm not going to wake her up. She's  
sound asleep.

JILL  
What exactly did the doctors tell  
you?

MARIE  
(hearing steps)  
Oh, I think I woke up your stepdad.  
Listen, honey, I gotta go.

JILL  
Wait!

Marie's already hung up the phone.

EXT. MADRID - SABINE'S APARTMENT - ROOFTOP - SUNSET

Jill and Sabine sit on the rooftop, drinking coffee,  
overlooking Lavapies in the golden sunlight.

JILL  
This view is incredible.

SABINE  
I could die here.

JILL  
Me too. It's amazing.

EXT. MADRID - MUSEO DEL PRADO - DAY

Jill and Sabine contemplate the darkness of Goya's "Black Paintings." An artist at the end of his rope.

EXT. MADRID - PLAZA MAYOR - CAFE - DAY

A giant market square. Jill and Sabine enter a cafe. Above the entry: "Hemingway did not write here." Jill gets the joke.

INT. THE CELLAR - STAFF MEETING - DAY

SEBASTIAN, the restaurant owner, has called a meeting for his employees.

ANNA  
A warning would've been nice.

VICTORIA  
Yes, and my landlord jus' upped our rent.

SEBASTIAN  
I'm sorry, guys. But, we have no say in this. Construction starts in two weeks.

CANYON  
This is a huge bummer, man.

JILL  
What are we supposed to do now?

SEBASTIAN  
I suggest you start looking for new jobs immediately.

ANNA  
This blows.

INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jill counts the money in her tip jar. It's paltry.

INT. KEITH BAR - "SPEAK EASY" - NIGHT

Another open mic night. GEORGE is up at the mic.

GEORGE

(reading)

"There were three of them, huddled on the street corner. The two fat ones were both wearing short-sleeved polo shirts. One red, the other blue. It wasn't quite summer yet. The third one, skinny, donned a maroon track suit. Their smoke wafted in through my bedroom window, carrying their voices along with it. They spoke excitedly, loud enough for the whole street to hear. But, I couldn't understand a word of it. Turkish or Arabic maybe?

The teenage boys two doors down sat on fold-out chairs and blew apple and cinnamon smoke from a silver hookah, watching cars and girls go by. Their mothers washed windows and fed the children, while their fathers drank tea and bet on cards in sidewalk cafes, trying to forget their miserable lives..."

INT. KEITH BAR - "SPEAK EASY" - NIGHT

MICHELLE performs a spoken word piece.

MICHELLE

(reciting)

"Loneliness in excess

Brits and Australians  
Germans and Romanians  
Italians and Swedes  
I've had them all

Bees and metallic flies  
and plants that die  
Lots of wine

(MORE)

and too little whiskey

Where is inspiration?  
Where is love that will last?

Tempelhof and tango  
My teacher says  
I never look my partners in the eye

Black pants, black shoes  
Black everything  
Including the dirt  
underneath my nails --  
and the lines beneath my eyes

Short-term rent  
Short-term friend

A class here  
A group there  
Nothing ever lasts

Moldy basements  
Tattered books

Humidity creeps into my armpits  
It's too fucking hot

Dog shit  
Bullshit  
The streets smell foul

My cloves ran out  
Everybody rolls their own

The bathroom line  
winds around the corner  
Everyone is waiting --  
for what?"

INT. KEITH BAR - "SPEAK EASY" - NIGHT

Jill reads from her journal. She's getting more used to this.

JILL

(reading)

"I used to think that everything I  
wanted in life would come true. I  
thought that I would find love and  
travel the world. I thought that I  
would figure out the thing I'm good  
at and do it well..."



Jill catches a glimpse of Marco, his arm around another woman.

JILL (CONT'D)  
 "As time goes on, I'm not so sure anymore. But maybe, there's a kind of beauty in not knowing. Or so, I tell myself."

INT. KEITH BAR - "SPEAK EASY" - NIGHT

Sophia nears the end of her piece, wrapping up the night.

POET #2  
 (reading)  
 "...countless hours pass in a timeless place  
  
 at last, pieces of my heart melt away under the merciless heat of my idealist visions."  
 (beat)  
 Thank you.

The audience applauds.

MONTAGE - THE REJECTION LETTERS

- Jill gets a rejection letter from GRANTA.

EDITOR  
 (V.O.)  
 Thank you for your recent submission "The Land of Fire and Ice". We regret to inform you that your short story does not fit within the editorial scope of our magazine.

- Jill gets a rejection letter from Glimmer Train.

EDITOR #2  
 (V.O.)  
 Unfortunately, we do not publish material of this nature. We wish you the best of luck in your future writing endeavors.

- Jill gets a rejection letter from Zoetrope.

EDITOR #3

(V.O.)

Thank you for your recent submission "The Wreckage of Our Past". Unfortunately, we cannot accept....

- Jill gets a rejection letter from Threepenny Review.

JILL

Who made you the gatekeepers anyway?

- Jill gets a rejection letter from The Iowa Review.

JILL (CONT'D)

I'm sure you're sorry, very, very sorry.

- Jill gets a rejection letter from Ploughshares.

JILL (CONT'D)

You wouldn't recognize a decent piece of writing if it bit you in the face!

EXT. FRIEDRICHSHAIN - DAY

Job hunt. Jill drops off her resume at every cafe, restaurant and bakery with an open door.

EXT. HOLOCAUST MEMORIAL - DAY

A labyrinth of stone blocks in memoriam. Tourists takes selfies. One of them, walking backwards to take a video, nearly runs Jill over in the process.

JILL

Excuse you.

TOURIST

(turns, immediately outraged)

Excuse me?

JILL

Do you think that's appropriate?

TOURIST

Who are you to tell me what to do? You're not from here, judging by that accent.

JILL  
Watch where you're going next time.

Jill walks away, then turns for a last dig.

JILL (CONT'D)  
And, show a little respect for the dead.

INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jill looks through old photos of her and Lisa having fun in Seattle. She's homesick.

INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jill's on the phone to her grandmother. INTERCUT WITH:

INT. FARM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Helen on the other end of the line.

HELEN  
Who is this?

JILL  
It's me grandma, Jill.

HELEN  
Jill?

JILL  
Your granddaughter.

HELEN  
(searching her memory)  
Jill...

JILL  
It's okay grandma. How are you?

HELEN  
(calling to Marie)  
Marie, who have you got me talking to?

JILL  
(trying not to be upset)  
Grandma, how are you feeling? Are you going for your daily walks?

HELEN  
Jill, is it you?

JILL  
(triumphant)  
Yes, grandma, it's me.

There's a long pause. Jill's mom gets on the phone.

MOM  
I'm sorry honey, she wandered off.

JILL  
(upset)  
She doesn't even know who I am!

MOM  
You just caught her on a bad day.

JILL  
Tell grandma that...

Marie's already hung up to chase grandma down.

JILL (CONT'D)  
...I love her.

Jill fights back tears.

INT. LEMONANDIER - COCKTAIL BAR - DAY

Jill has an interview.

MANAGER  
We can offer you three weekday shifts to start. If you do well, you can pick up more shifts on the weekends.

JILL  
That's great. I have a lot of experience. I'd love to work on the weekends.

MANAGER  
I understand. But, we start everybody off this way.

JILL  
I see. I can work as many shifts as you need. I'm happy to pick up anything.

MANAGER

We'll start you on Monday. Shift starts at 4. Dress code is black. Otherwise, wear what you like.

INT. LEMONANDIER - NIGHT

It's Monday, a slow night. Jill serves cocktails to a nearly empty room.

INT. CAFE SCHOEN - 6AM

Jill sorts pretzels into a glass case. Her second job. The hours suck, but she needs the money.

INT. CAFE SCHOEN - 8AM

The cafe is packed. Jill is a one woman barista, cashier, server, busser and dishwasher rolled into one. Pure chaos. Customers are impatient and unhappy.

INT. DAS HOTEL - MARIANNENSTRASSE - NIGHT

The old work crew, minus Anna, meet up at their usual spot.

JILL

And, no one tips!

VICTORIA

I don't like my new restaurant either.

JILL

(to Canyon)

You're awfully quiet tonight.

VICTORIA

Yes, Canyon. How is your new gig? Do you like it?

CANYON

I haven't found anything yet.

VICTORIA

Still? How are you surviving?

CANYON

My dad's helping me out.

JILL  
Must be nice.

CANYON  
I guess. He thinks money can solve everything.

INT. DAS HOTEL - MARIANNENSTRASSE - NIGHT

Jill can't find her purse.

VICTORIA  
Are you sure you brought it here, with you?

JILL  
Yeah, I bought the first round, remember?

Canyon holds up a dark brown purse.

CANYON  
This it?

VICTORIA  
No, that is mine.

Victoria grabs her bag out of his hands.

JILL  
I had everything in there!

VICTORIA  
(to bartender)  
Did you see a person with Jill's bag, maybe?

CECILI  
Maybe, ask Frank? He's watching the door tonight. But, it's Kotti, so...

CECILI shrugs, pointing to all the signs: "Beware Pickpockets."

EXT. PLATZ DER LUFTBRUECKE - "LOST AND FOUND" - DAY

A walk-up at the end of a long marble corridor. Jill picks up her wallet. It's empty, save for her ID and a photo of Helen.

JILL  
 (in German; subtitled)  
 There was no bag? Or phone? Or  
 anything?

GOVT OFFICIAL  
 (in German; subtitled)  
 Just the wallet.

JILL  
 (attempting a joke, in  
 German; subtitled)  
 At least they didn't take  
 everything, right?

No reaction or signs of human life.

GOVT OFFICIAL  
 (in German; subtitled)  
 That'll be 20 euros.

JILL  
 (in German; subtitled)  
 No one told me that when I called.  
 (checking the wallet)  
 They took all my cards.

GOVT OFFICIAL  
 (in German; subtitled)  
 Then, you'll have to come back.

The official reaches for the wallet. Jill slams a 5 Euro bill  
 from her pocket on the counter. Makes a run for it.

GOVT OFFICIAL (CONT'D)  
 (in German; subtitled)  
 Hey, stop!!

The official chases after her, but Jill is already street  
 side.

EXT. MEHRINGDAMM - CONTINUOUS

Jill ducks behind a bush. She checks if the official is still  
 on her tail. She's in the clear. A sigh of relief.

Then, she notices a man peeing into that same bush.

JILL  
 (in German; subtitled)  
 Hey, careful!

MAN  
(in German; subtitled)  
What the hell are you doing!

JILL  
(in German; subtitled)  
Me? What are you doing?!

MAN  
(in German; subtitled)  
What does it look like I'm doing?

JILL  
(confrontational, in  
German; subtitled)  
Have you heard of bathrooms?

MAN  
(in German; subtitled)  
Can't a man pee in peace anymore!

EXT. MEHRINGDAMM - CONTINUOUS - MOVING

Jill hurries down Mehringdamm.

JILL  
(muttering to herself)  
This fucking city.

INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jill tosses and turns. Her mattress leaves much to be desired. A thin, double on the floor.

INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jill enters and sees a blinking light on her machine.

LISA  
(V.O.)  
Jill! Is this you? Your Mom gave me  
this number. I have some exciting  
news. Call me!

INT. CAFE SCHOEN - DAY

Customers stand waiting. Dishes piled up. Tables dirty. Pretzel case half-empty. Espresso machine blinking. Jill is nowhere to be found.



EXT. CAFE SCHOEN - CONTINUOUS

Jill smokes a cigarette out back. The only place to escape the madness.

INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jill sorts the mail. RENT OVERDUE in big red German letters.

EXT. ATM MACHINE - DAY

Jill tries to get money out. She's overdrawn on her account. More red letters and numbers.

INT. JILL'S APARTMENT

Jill on the phone to her mother, doing dishes.

MOM

Why don't you just come home, Jill?  
Haven't you had enough?

JILL

I haven't done what I came here to do.

MOM

Is this about the writing again?  
Your dream to be the next JK  
Rowling?

JILL

JK Rowling? What? No. I haven't even read Harry Potter. Just forget it, Mom. I knew you wouldn't understand.

MOM

Don't be short with me, Jill.

JILL

Are you going to help me or not?

MOM

This is the last time. We're not made of money.

JILL

It's just until they issue my new credit card.

EXT. FUSION FESTIVAL - MAIN STAGE - NIGHT

Art installations and glowing spheres dot the landscape. Anna and Jill dance their hearts out.

EXT. FUSION FESTIVAL - DIRT PATH - DAY

Anna and Jill on a dirt path. Throngs of people pass by.

JILL

But, don't you think it's just so depressing?

ANNA

I can't listen to this self-pitying bullshit anymore.

JILL

Self-pitying?

ANNA

Why don't you just leave if you don't like it?

JILL

Berlin? Or the festival?

ANNA

Both. Your bad energy is bringing me down.

JILL

Bad energy?

(a beat)

Do you know how many times I've had to listen to you complain? My God. Every stand-up performance. Every break-up with Tristan. I mean, Jesus. I can't even begin to count the times...

ANNA

I'm going back to the tent.

JILL

Are you kidding me? The set starts in 10 minutes!

ANNA

So go. No one's stopping you.

JILL

This is the whole reason we  
volunteered!

ANNA

I need a break from...whatever this  
is. I'll catch up with you later.

JILL

This is soooo typical. It's your  
way or the highway. But, the second  
I need something, you suddenly  
disappear.

ANNA

No one forced you to come here!

JILL

I'm so sick of this. We only ever  
do what you want. I'm not your dog,  
you know!

ANNA

So don't! I don't need you, or  
anyone else anyway!

Anna storms off.

JILL

You're such a fucking hypocrite!

Anna turns around.

ANNA

Go cry on someone else's shoulder,  
Jill. I can't hear another word of  
it!

Anna storms off.

JILL

Marco was right. You are a terrible  
friend.  
(a beat)  
Fuck you Anna!

ANNA

(turns around)  
Fuck you too, Jill!

Jill storms off in the opposite direction.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

It's quiet, peaceful here. Jill walks past tombstones, flowers, old-growth trees. Fresh air amidst the pollution.

Then, a crack in the asphalt. Jill trips and LANDS HARD. Brushes herself off. Her hand hurts.

INT. VIVANTES HOSPITAL - RADIOLOGY - NIGHT

The doctor points to the X-rays.

DOCTOR

(in German; subtitled)

It's fractured in two places. See here. We'll have to put a binding on it.

JILL

(worried; in German; subtitled)

Is that really necessary?

DOCTOR

(in German; subtitled)

Only if you want to use your hand again.

INT. LEMONANDIER - NIGHT

A wobbly tray of martinis. Jill struggles to hold on with her finger wrapped in metal. Shakily, she sets the drinks down on a table.

INT. LEMONANDIER - NIGHT

A loud crash. Cocktails spill. Broken glass everywhere. Jill's tray on the floor. Customers caught in the cross-fire.

INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A middle finger hunting and pecking letters on a keyboard to write something. The other one still wrapped in metal.

JILL

(V.O.)

"How can I know who I am, when I am always in the process of becoming."

It's painstaking. Her hand hurts. She gives up.

INT. ENGLISH THEATER BERLIN - AUTHOR READING - NIGHT

ARIEL LEVY reads from her book "The Rules Do Not Apply".

ARIEL

"Until recently, I lived in a world where lost things could always be replaced. But it has been made overwhelmingly clear to me now that anything you think is yours by right can vanish, and what you can do about that is nothing at all."

INT. ENGLISH THEATER BERLIN - AUTHOR READING - NIGHT

The Q&A portion. Jill's had way too much to drink.

JILL

How did you know you were good enough?

ARIEL

What do you mean?

JILL

I mean, you're obviously not the next, great American author. But, someone thought you were good. Good enough at least.

MODERATOR

I'm sorry Ariel. Don't answer that. Can we get another question from the audience please?

Jill refuses to sit down, more bold and belligerent now.

JILL

Someone must've believed in you? Who was it?

MODERATOR

Security please!

JILL

(on a rampage)

I mean, here you are with your publishing deal, parading all over Europe on some fancy book tour. But, what if this book actually sucks? Who's to say really? What's good? What's bad?

(MORE)

JILL (CONT'D)  
Maybe this is just complete  
garbage. A total waste of  
everyone's time.

A security guard grabs Jill by the arm.

SECURITY  
(in German; subtitled)  
Time to go.

JILL  
Don't touch me! This is the part  
where I'm allowed to ask questions!

EXT. ENGLISH THEATER BERLIN - CONTINUOUS

Out front now. The security guard sets Jill down.

SECURITY  
(in German; subtitled)  
I suggest you leave the property  
immediately.

JILL  
You're all the fucking same!

SECURITY GUARD  
(on his walkie talkie, in  
German; subtitled)  
Can I get back-up please?

Jill retreats like an animal, teeth barred.

JILL  
Look! I'm going. I'm gone already.  
Pretend I was never here. Pretend I  
don't exist. That's what everyone  
else does!

Jill flips the guy off. Then runs, stumbling drunk.

INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - 5AM

Jill's alarm goes off. She hits snooze.

INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - 6AM

Jill's phone rings. Goes to voicemail.

BAKER  
 (V.O., in German;  
 subtitled)  
 Jill, you're late. You're on the  
 schedule for today. Call me.

INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - 7AM

Jill's phone rings. Again, goes to voicemail.

BAKER  
 (V.O., in German;  
 subtitled)  
 Jill? Are you coming in today?  
 Fabian is pissed. Call me.

INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - 10AM

Jill listens to the messages and stares at the ceiling. She's  
 numb to caring.

INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - WEEKS LATER - DAY

Jill hasn't left the apartment. Dirty dishes in the sink.  
 Dirty clothes. Empty wine and beer bottles. Trash everywhere.

There's a KNOCK on the door.

VICTORIA  
 (V.O.)  
 Jill, are you home?  
 (a beat)  
 I know you're in there. Open up.

JILL  
 (pretending)  
 Who is it?

VICTORIA  
 It's Vic.

JILL  
 Please go away.

VICTORIA  
 I'll only stay a minute. I brought  
 you some food.

JILL  
 (lying)  
 I have the flu.

VICTORIA  
(sets the food down)  
I'm leaving it outside your door.  
Plug your machine back in. Or, I'm  
coming back.

EXT. VIKTORIA PARK - DAY

A hilly park with a monument of the Belle Alliance, a waterfall and the city stretched out in front. View from the top. Jill and Victoria walk together.

VICTORIA  
Have you talked to Anna?

JILL  
No. I haven't heard from her since  
Fusion.

VICTORIA  
Have you been talking to anyone?

JILL  
(lying)  
I've been busy with work.

VICTORIA  
Look, I, uh, I have some bad news.  
(a beat)  
Canyon...I don't know how to say  
this.

JILL  
What is it? Did something happen?

VICTORIA  
(starts to cry)  
He... He's... He died.

JILL  
(shocked to the core)  
What? No.

VICTORIA  
I thought maybe Anna told you  
already.

JILL  
What happened?!

VICTORIA  
I don't know exactly. His dad found  
him. They... I don't know.



Jill says nothing.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)  
There's a service for him next  
week. Anna and I will go. You  
should come too, if you want.

Jill is still processing. Victoria gives Jill a long, tight hug.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, Jill. I know, it's so,  
so awful.

JILL  
Thanks for telling me, Vic. I need  
to... I've gotta go.

They embrace again. Jill walks off, tears silently streaming down her face. She pulls up her hood, so no one can see her.

EXT. TEMPELHOF - MOVING - DAY

Jill gets caught in a wild rainstorm, crossing Tempelhof, when her bike stops in its tracks. She looks down. A large chard of broken beer glass sticks out of the front tire.

JILL  
(shouting at the sky)  
Why???

She throws the bike down and stomps home in the torrent without it.

INT. BERGHAIN - NIGHT CLUB

Jill dances at the club. The only way to feel anything. Nothing matters anymore.

INT. BERGHAIN - CLUB BATHROOM

Jill opens an empty stall. Then, another one. Then, a third stall. She finds a GUY doing lines and stares him down.

GUY  
You want in or out?

INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - 3AM

Jill and the guy have sex in Jill's bed.

INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Jill, disheveled, makes herself coffee. The guy's left already. The answering machine blinks. She hits play.

MARIE (V.O.)

(worried)

Jill, it's me. Call me as soon as  
you get this.

As the message plays, Jill notices her laptop is missing from its usual spot. She searches the studio. Calmly, then frantically. It's gone. And with it, all of her writing!

She sees the tip jar out of the corner of her eye. Also, empty! The guy has robbed her. In a manic rage now, she grabs the jar and hurls it against the wall. It makes a LOUD THUD upon impact, then SHATTERS, leaving a giant hole in the wall.

She plays the message again.

MARIE

Jill, it's me. Call me as soon as  
you get this.

INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Jill sets her coffee cup on the ledge. She leans forward, pushing against the banister. The cup slips off and plummets 6 stories, SHATTERING on the ground. It almost hits someone.

PEDESTRIAN

(looking up)

Are you insane?!

Maybe she is. Who knows anymore.

EXT. FUNERAL - GRASS FIELD - DAY

Drizzling rain. A large crowd in black raincoats stand in the grass. A black casket, topped with calla lilies, is being lowered into the ground. It's unclear whose funeral it is.

INT. FARM HOUSE - JILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jill in bed. Underneath a quilted blanket, surrounded by wooden walls. She's home. Still unable to sleep.

EXT. FARM RESTAURANT - OUT BACK - NIGHT

Jill throws the trash out. MIKEY, a cook, an old high school flame, smokes a cigarette out back.

MIKEY  
Want a drag?

JILL  
No, thanks.

MIKEY  
It's good to have you back.

JILL  
Yeah, you too. I mean, to see you.

She turns to go back inside.

MIKEY  
Hey, a couple of us are getting together later for drinks. You wanna join?

JILL  
(an excuse)  
I can't. I've got the AM shift.

MIKE  
Another time, then.

JILL  
Yeah, another time.  
(a beat)  
Don't catch a cold out here.

INT. FARM RESTAURANT - BREAKFAST LOUNGE - MORNING

Jill carries a coffee pot, serving locals and guests.

JILL  
Another warm-up, Henry?

HENRY  
You know it.

Jill refills his cup. He's reading the local paper.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
Why don't you write something for the Gazette? They could use some young blood over there.

JILL  
Nah, I'm done with all that.

HENRY  
Well, if you ever change your mind,  
you've got one faithful reader  
right here.

JILL  
(touched)  
Thanks Henry. You need anything  
else?

EXT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

Jill holds the ladder steady, while BRIAN, Jill's stepfather,  
patches several new holes in the roof.

INT. FARM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jill naps on the couch, finally asleep. Uncle Bill enters.

UNCLE BILL  
Jill, hon, you awake?

He tries to gently wake her up. She grunts.

UNCLE BILL (CONT'D)  
We're heading to the attic now. You  
want to join us?

JILL  
(grouchy)  
No.

UNCLE BILL  
All right, come up when you're  
ready. You know where to find us.

INT. FARM HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY

An attic full of old boxes. Marie, Uncle Bill, Susy and Jill  
inspect Helen's things.

MOM  
Oh my lord, I remember this. Jill,  
you have to see this picture.

JILL  
I'm okay, thanks.

MOM  
You're in a mood today.

JILL  
I'm just tired.

MOM  
We waited for you to go through  
these. I thought you might want  
some of these things.

Jill sees an Underwood typewriter in one of the boxes.

MOM (CONT'D)  
She would've wanted you to have  
that.

JILL  
(tearing up)  
I can't do this right now.

Jill turns to exit.

MOM  
Where are you going?

JILL  
For a ride.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Jill and Fury walk through the forest toward a clearing. It's  
dense, but Fury knows the way. Jill ducks to avoid branches.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (MONTHS LATER)

Jill sets a giant jar, stuffed to the brim with various  
dollar bill denominations on the table. Marie knits a tiny  
sweater.

JILL  
Ta da.

MARIE  
What's this?

JILL  
Payback.

MARIE  
Oh honey. Wait until you've got  
some more saved up.

JILL

I feel bad enough for borrowing from you already. Please just take it.

MARIE

I know it hasn't been easy for you. But, everyone's so happy you're back. Come over here and give me a hug.

Jill gives her mother a half-hearted hug.

MARIE (CONT'D)

How are you feeling?

JILL

I'm fine, Mom.

MARIE

If you ever wanna talk, you know I'm here for you, right?

JILL

(changing the subject)

Who are you knitting that for?

MARIE

It's a present.

JILL

For Lisa?

MARIE

You should call her. I'm surprised you girls haven't gotten together.

JILL

I will. I just haven't felt like going to the city.

INT. FARM HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY

Jill examines the boxes and starts looking through Helen's things at last. She finds her grandmother's old jewelry, books, photos etc.

FLASHBACK - INT. FARM HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

A YOUNGER HELEN, reads Black Beauty to young Jill and young Susy in bed. They're huddled under blankets, rapt with attention.

YOUNGER HELEN

"My troubles are all over, and I am at home; and often before I am quite awake, I fancy I am still in the orchard at Birtwick, standing with my friends under the apple trees."

INT. FARM HOUSE - KITCHEN - BACK TO PRESENT

Jill storms in. A stack of letters in hand. Marie stirs a boiling pot of spaghetti.

JILL

What are these?

MARIE

I don't know. What are they?

JILL

I found them in grandma's boxes!

MARIE

Well go ahead and open one.

JILL

They're postmarked from Germany?!

MARIE

Those must be Pops' letters from the war. I was looking all over for those.

INT. FARM HOUSE - JILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jill under the covers with a flashlight. Reading her grandpa CARL's letters. A non-fiction feast.

YOUNG CARL

(V.O.)

"My dearest Helen,

We've been stuck outside of Aachen for nearly 18 days. It's freezing cold and the weather will soon turn for the worse. Hot meals are hard to come by, but my uniform keeps me dry.

I no longer fear for my life, which cannot be said for some of the others.

(MORE)

YOUNG CARL (CONT'D)

My leg is healing, but there is never any knowing what tomorrow will bring.

I cannot wait for this war to be over. My greatest wish is to come home and lie next to you. I think of you every day.

Yours forever, Carl."

INT. FARM HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Family dinner. The adults reminisce.

JILL

How old was he?

MARIE

Let's see. Your grandma must've been 16, and Pop was 18 or 19 when they met.

UNCLE BILL

He got shipped off shortly after. But, I always say, he was one of the lucky ones -- he got to come home.

MARIE

After that, Ma and Pop got a small piece of land and slaved away day and night to turn this place into what it is now.

UNCLE BILL

They basically built this whole property with their own bare hands.

MARIE

It's amazing, it's all still standing.

BRIAN

It's standing all right, but we've gotta do something about that roof. At the rate we're patching, there won't be any shingles left.

SUSY

Can someone pass the potatoes please?



UNCLE BILL  
(passing the potatoes)  
I'll talk to Larry again. Maybe we  
can get a better deal.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Reinvigorated by her grandfather's letters, Jill dusts off the old desk by the window and places her grandmother's Underwood typewriter on it. She feeds the paper and types a few letters. The machine gets stuck.

INT. TYPEWRITER REPAIR SHOP - DAY

Jill picks up the typewriter from the repair shop.

HENRY  
The release lever was broken. I  
also switched out the ribbon and a  
few of the keys. But, she's up and  
running now. As good as new.

JILL  
You're a Godsend!

HENRY  
My pleasure. Laurie and I plan to  
stop by the restaurant tonight. Are  
you working?

JILL  
Yes, just ask for me. I'll hook you  
up with some free dessert.

INT. FARM RESTAURANT - MAIN DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The dining room is packed. A lively, jovial atmosphere.

LAURIE  
We sure did miss you.

JILL  
I missed you too. Did Harry tell  
you, he fixed my grandma's old  
typewriter?

LAURE  
Rest her soul. She was a wonderful  
woman that Helen.

HARRY

You should've seen this Underwood  
Laurie. Real fine craftsmanship.  
They don't make 'em like that  
anymore.

LAURIE

Nothin's made to last these days.

HARRY

Ain't that the truth.

INT. FARM RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jill finishes her closing duties. Mikey wraps up in the  
kitchen.

MIKEY

You coming out tonight?

JILL

I've got another early morning  
tomorrow.

MIKEY

What happened to you? The Jill I  
remember loved going out.

JILL

I guess, I don't see the appeal  
anymore.

MIKEY

We could go dancing.

JILL

(laughs)

You mean at the Underground?

MIKEY

Yeah, that was our spot! Remember?

JILL

Of course, I remember. But, we were  
like 16.

MIKEY

(flirty)

I bet you've still got those moves.

JILL

(smiling)

Forget it.

INT. ATTIC - 5AM

Still dark outside. Jill types away feverishly on the Underwood. It's a racket. She's typed up a stack of pages, before dawn.

The rooster crows. Her queue to feed the animals.

Jill grabs the last sheet out of the typewriter, and slides it back into position. It makes a delightful ding!

She's on a roll.

MONTAGE - EXT. FARM HOUSE GROUNDS

Jill feeds the animals.

EXT. CHICKEN COOP

Jill collects eggs from the chicken coop.

EXT. GOAT Paddock

Jill feeds the goats.

EXT. PIG PEN

Jill fills the troughs for the pigs.

EXT. STABLES

Jill rakes the hay in the horse stalls.

EXT. STABLES - CONTINUOUS

Jill reaches Fury's stall and feeds her carrots, per usual.

JILL

The best for last. What do you say  
we got to our favorite spot later?

Fury softly exhales.

JILL (CONT'D)

I thought you'd like that.

EXT. THE RIVER - DAY

Jill and Fury trot along the river. It's a beautiful, sunny day. A fox runs out of the forest. Almost like 15 years ago.

Fury rears up. But, Jill hangs on this time. She grabs Fury's mane and stands tall in the stirrups.

JILL  
Woah! Woah! Lady. It's okay. Woah!

Fury bolts forward, galloping at top speed. Jill wraps her thighs tightly around her.

Finally, the mare exhausts herself and comes to a halt. Jill strokes her neck.

JILL (CONT'D)  
You've certainly got your mother's blood in you.

EXT. YELLOW HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY

Lisa looks like she's ready to pop any moment.

JILL  
Is it painful?

LISA  
I'm just swollen and exhausted all the time.

JILL  
I really hope it's a girl.

LISA  
I think it might be! Don't tell Jay.

JILL  
I still can't believe you're having a baby!

LISA  
Me neither.  
(a beat)  
I'm sorry I couldn't come to the funeral.

JILL  
Don't be. I felt like a zombie all day anyway. I'm not even sure I was really there.

INT. FARM RESTAURANT - MAIN DINING ROOM - DAY

Jill serves breakfast to the local crowd.

JILL  
How's the omelet?

HENRY  
Best one since yesterday.

Jill refills Henry's coffee. He's reading the Gazette, like always.

JILL  
Anything good in there today?

HENRY  
Not really. But, I like to keep up.

JILL  
Guess what?

A questioning look from Henry.

JILL (CONT'D)  
Flip to the back.

He does. And, there it is. A full-page story in the "Local History" section. Headline: "The Winter Soldier." Byline Jill Steiner.

HENRY  
I thought you'd given up?!

JILL  
It's a woman's prerogative to  
changer her mind, isn't it?

HENRY  
(too excited)  
I'm reading it right now!

JILL  
(laughs)  
I'll leave you to it.

INT. ATTIC - 5AM - MONTHS LATER

Another early morning, typing on the Underwood. Jill hasn't missed a day. The pace, more relaxed and leisurely now. A giant stack of typed pages next to her.

The rooster crows. Her queue to tend to the day's business.

INT. JILL'S ROOM - DAY

Marie enters.

MARIE  
You got some mail.

Marie hands Jill an envelope. From Pacific Publishing! Jill looks up, stunned.

MARIE (CONT'D)  
Aren't you going to open it?

JILL  
I need a minute.

Jill takes a deep breath. Slits open the envelope.

MARIE  
Well, what does it say?

JILL  
(a beat)  
They're going to...

MARIE  
They're going to what?

JILL  
(in disbelief)  
They loved my proposal.

MARIE  
That's wonderful news!

JILL  
(still reading)  
I can't believe this! It says here,  
they're going to pay me an advance!

MARIE  
Congratulations, honey! I'm so  
proud of you. I knew you could do  
it.

Her mother's approval at last. Jill didn't realize until now how much she needed to hear those words. They hug.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

Loud hammering noises. Ladders and men in overalls. They're getting a new roof with the money from the advance.

UNCLE BILL  
Just in time for the rainy season.

BRIAN  
We couldn't have done it without  
your help, Jill.

JILL  
I'm just happy we won't get rained  
on anymore.

UNCLE BILL  
Let's celebrate tonight!

BRIAN  
Where should we go?

JILL  
Why don't we stay here, and have a  
bonfire? Like old times.

BRIAN  
I'll tell your Mom.

UNCLE BILL  
I'll tell Susy.

JILL  
I'll tell Mikey.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - NIGHT

Family, friends, guests. Everyone is gathered around a giant, crackling bon fire. Flames jutting up against a clear night sky.

Jill looks around. She hasn't felt this happy in a long time. There's no place on earth, she'd rather be right now.

For what it's worth, this is where's she from. This is where she belongs. These are her people.

**THREE YEARS LATER**

EXT. ODDFELLOWS CAFE - DAY

Back in Seattle. It's a familiar scene. Jill drinks coffee. Watches passersby. Scribbles in the last, blank copy of "Berlin Notebook."

EXT. ELLIOTT BAY BOOKS - DAY

The bookstore next door. We remember it from the beginning. A chalkboard outside: "Author Reading Tonight - Jill Steiner - Two Worlds Apart - 7pm." Freshly-printed copies of Jill's novel take up the bulk of the window display. An image of a soldier and a woman embracing on the front cover.

EXT. ELLIOTT BAY BOOKS - NIGHT

We peer inside, through the glass window. Jill reads an excerpt from her novel. It's a full house. Strangers and friendly faces alike. Marie, Uncle Bill, Brian, Susy, Mikey, Lisa, LISA'S CHILD, JAY, Henry, Laurie and Andre are all there. Even her former Professor made it.

INT. PACIFIC PUBLISHING WAREHOUSE - FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

We recognize Kevin, walking the factory floor. A bit worse for the wear, but still drunk on menial power.

The maze of conveyer belts move steadily along. When, something catches his eye. A familiar face.

He picks up the book, and turns to read the back. A career first.

EDITOR

(V.O.)

"Jill Steiner's debut novel follows the heart-wrenching story of an American war hero and the love of his life. Set during the political and economic turmoil of the 1940s, we are swept from the windy shores of the Pacific Northwest to the trenches of war-torn Germany. A captivating account of love and loss..."

KEVIN

(to himself)

Well, I'll be damned.

EXT. CALIFORNIA COAST LINE - MOVING - DAY

A small SUV cruises along Hwy 1. Windows down. MUSIC ON FULL BLAST. Sun high in the sky. Sweeping views of Big Sur and the California coast line. It's pure magic.



EXT. REDWOOD NATIONAL FOREST - DAY

A dome of majestic, old-growth trees. Nature's own cathedral.

Jill and Susy reach their destination. The Founder's Tree, the tallest and oldest sequoia of them all.

Susy sets up a camera. Jill takes out a photo of Helen. The same one from the lost wallet, but enlarged. Susy runs into focus.

SUSY

This one's for you Grammie.

JILL

Smile!

The shutter goes off. They all look happy.

FADE OUT.

THE END