

**Even the foxes...**

(Excerpts from a script for a feature film)

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1 INT. A PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE -- DAY  
(DOCTOR, SEAN)

1

A man lying on the couch. He is about 30 years old, handsome and well dressed, but he seems exhausted. He's talking to the psychologist, but we don't see the doctor. Never. We see him up to the neck, his hands, but never his face. He's sitting in a chair on one side of the room.

DOCTOR (OFF)

So, why don't you tell me a little about yourself.

SEAN

Alright. My name's Sean. Sean Finnigan. Well, Sean *Ian* Finnigan, but nobody really calls me that. I'm 31 years old, I live in Berlin. That's Berlin, Germany, just in case you were wondering...

DOCTOR

And what brings you here today?

SEAN

See now, that's a funny question since... I'm not really here.

DOCTOR

Then I am apparently suffering from very vivid hallucinations.

(to himself)

Maybe I should go see a doctor...

SEAN

That hurts on so many levels, it's not even funny. Which it was not. Funny... Anyway, it's quite the opposite, really, meaning, since this is all just a fantasy of mine, you could say that I'm here since I'm all here is. Probably. But... I'm not really here... Does that make me sound crazy?

DOCTOR

Don't worry. It's the couch. It does that to people.

Sean stares at him.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

So, you're not really here. Where are you then?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

**SEAN**

At the bar.

2 **INT. A RESTAURANT/BAR -- NIGHT**  
(SEAN)

2

We are in a restaurant/bar. It's not crowded, but close. SEAN is sitting on a stool at the bar. In front of him are a whiskey bottle and a half filled glass. He's looking at himself in the bar mirror. He looks drunk.

**SEAN**

Hey there, Handsome.

**SEAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Drunk and talking to myself.

3 **INT. A PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE -- DAY**  
(DOCTOR, SEAN)

3

Back on the couch.

**DOCTOR**

And what are you doing in that bar?

**SEAN**

It's my anniversary.

**DOCTOR**

Congratulations.

**SEAN**

Not really.

**DOCTOR**

Why?

**SEAN**

It's not that kind of anniversary. Not one I want to be congratulated for, the happy, send-me-flowers kind, I mean.

**DOCTOR**

Then why are you celebrating?

**SEAN**

(hesitates)

.... Good question.

**DOCTOR**

Are you alone in that bar?

4 INT. A RESTAURANT/BAR -- DAY  
(SEAN, DOCTOR, TOMMY)

4

We are back with Sean at the bar. He looks around.

SEAN (V.O.)

I'm alone at the bar, but no,  
there's always people. It's a nice  
enough place, caters mostly to  
Brits or Americans. Which, in turn,  
attracts a lot of German women.  
It's a good spot to pick up girls.  
Used to be, anyway.

DOCTOR (V.O.)

And you, did you come with anyone?

SEAN (V.O.)

Yeah. Kind of. And just for the  
record, I didn't want to come.  
They dragged me here by sheer force  
of will.

We now see three men in their thirties, two singing next  
to the piano in a corner of the room. They are obviously  
drunk and definitely enjoying themselves. Maybe a little  
too much. They are singing - quite good - to Dean Martin's  
"It's Amore", performed by a little Chinese lady on the  
piano. One is just sitting on a chair in a boozed sleep.

We freeze on the three.

SEAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They're my friends. "Friends" in a  
very general sense. But that's  
what they call themselves. My  
Friends.

We continue to roll, coming to a freeze on the leftmost of  
them, TOMMY. TOMMY is a little overweight and sweating,  
showing the stains under his arms.

SEAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The big one's Tommy, Thomas  
Hunziger. Does ...something, I  
always forget.

We pan over to the next one, all the way on the right.  
This one is PAUL. He's unremarkable, standing there in his  
two piece suit, holding the microphone with his mouth open.

SEAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Pauly's real name is... well  
unpronounceable. For me at least.  
And probably every other American,  
too. Which is why we call him Pauly.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

**SEAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

German... talk about a strange language.

5 **INT. A PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE -- DAY**  
(DOCTOR, SEAN)

5

Back on the couch.

**DOCTOR**

You do not speak German?

**SEAN**

No.

**DOCTOR**

You live in Germany, but you do not speak the language?

**SEAN**

Of course I do.... No, wait. I don't. Uhm... Sieg Heil! Schnell, Schnell!

He smiles.

**DOCTOR**

You do not speak the language.

**SEAN**

Make it sound like a bad thing, why don't you? No, I don't, and I never needed to. So why bother? Besides, there's something about being an American that does appeal to German women on a very sensual level... They're so eager to-

**DOCTOR**

Let's get back to your friends.

**SEAN**

Right. My "Friends". In "quotation marks".

6 **INT. A RESTAURANT/BAR -- NIGHT**  
(SEAN, ELVIS, WOMAN1)

6

We are back in the freeze on PAUL.

**SEAN (V.O.)**

Pauly's a nice guy. Does something with computers. Which only halfway justifies his questionable appearance, but he is what he is.

(CONTINUED)

We pan over to the third one, ELVIS, the sleeping one. ELVIS is completely bald. On his head is a candle, held there by some dripped-on wax, burning away. His face is full of cigarette butts, which have been stuck on his many face piercings. ELVIS himself is oblivious to all of this.

**SEAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Elvis - they call him that for his hair - he's one of us. Americans, I mean. He did learn German, however, and come to think of it, I'm not sure if that doesn't void his citizenship. Still, he's my best friend.... And he can't hold his liquor...

The scene continues, singing and all.

**SEAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Yes, what a jolly bunch they are. Don't get me wrong, I do like them. But we don't see each other much. Even before what happened. They're all doing serious time. In serious relationships. And, for some obscure reason I have yet to determine, their girlfriends don't really like me. They think of me as a bad influence.

Back to SEAN at the bar. He's playing with a coin, letting it flip across his knuckles. A beautiful WOMAN (WOMAN1) in her mid-twenties comes to the bar, standing right next to him to order a drink.

We hear the opening chords of Jimi Hendrix's "Foxy Lady".

SEAN looks her over. He drops the coin. Without thinking about it, she bends down and retrieves it, letting Sean check out her figure. Nice. She gives it back to him.

**SEAN (CONT'D)**

(smiling)

Thank you.... You kinda broke my concentration, there.

The WOMAN looks at him, recognition flashing in her eyes. Then she starts to smile.

**WOMAN1**

Do you want to ask me something?

SEAN is a little confused.

**SEAN**

Uh... like?

(CONTINUED)

**WOMAN1**

Like...

(mimics Sean)

"Did it hurt?"

(mimics herself)

"Did what hurt?"

(mimics Sean)

"When you fell down from heaven,  
Beautiful."

Then she starts to laugh raucously, takes her drink, and goes away. Still laughing. SEAN slumps over, disappointed.

**SEAN (V.O.)**

Sorry about that. I should know better by now, but some habits are hard to break... And I am pretty drunk.

7 **INT. A PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE -- DAY**  
(DOCTOR, SEAN)

7

Back on the couch.

**DOCTOR**

Why do you think she said that?

**SEAN**

Well, that would be the reason I'm-

**DOCTOR**

Here?

**SEAN**

... I'm *talking* to you. Nice try, Doc.

**DOCTOR**

Let us dwell on that for a moment. Or rather, since this is your fantasy, why am I here?

**SEAN**

Beats talking to myself at the bar, doesn't it? And besides, if this was a movie, right now, I should be talking to my shrink.

**DOCTOR**

If your life were a movie?

(CONTINUED)

**SEAN**

Yup. I mean, that's what it is,  
really.

(thinking)

Well, without the cuts. The time  
jumps. Retakes. Rehearsals.  
Stunt doubles. Pity, really...  
And you're directing, acting, and  
watching at the same time, which I  
guess isn't really that much like  
a movie at all, when you think  
about it...

(eager)

But, you see, now we're getting  
somewhere. Because you're not the  
first person to comment on this.

(CONTINUED)