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Guter Junge

By Karl-Heinz Käfer

1

A young man enters a taxi,
and starts the tour.
Then he sees a youngster behind the taxi,
speeding up to 130 km per hour.

The man states:

immediately 'pussy'.
But I have four kids at home.
So could you please be more careful?
You've four kids driving on a taxi at home?
And you are telling me to be more careful?
That's enough, Dieter, okay?
Is this okay?
Clear first the rubbish
from the rear seats.
Understood Chef.
How did the shift go?
How is your son doing?
Have you made a decision?
Yes!
Guter Junge (Aka: Good Boy)
This stuff was still in her car.
Not a lot has changed.
It's almost ten years since I
was here for the last time.
It was not because of Rita.
Where is he?
You still have your cave here?
Thanks.
Enjoy your meal.
I'm sorry about your mum.
How about a Hamburger like
those boys over there?
Yes?
Sorry. That's not going.
Ain't got the time now.
Can't you manage it on your own?
Damned... Yeah, okay. See you soon. Bye.
I have to go. Have to drive another tour.
These are yours now.
You know the way.
Oh. That light!
I am always getting ten years older.

The boy is sleeping.
I will have a look.
Locked.
Hey, Sven.
Let's toast to our new life.
Hey, come!
Sven!
He's not talking with me any more.
Nah. What did you expect
after all these years?
That he immediately hugs you?
That would be the least, wouldn't it?
Achim. I did not cook.
But look how I am laying down.
You. Tell me honestly.
What do you think?
Can you imagine me as 'father'?
Yes.
I think you would be a wonderful father.
I'm afraid I'm a little out of experience.
You were never...
You know. We need first a
bigger apartment. Big.
Us?
Yes!
Eva is moving out her super apartment.
Really great.
We are now with the three of us.
You always had style.
I even can count till four.
Hallo.
Where is he?
He?
Do you mean your father?
He's just gone, already driving.
Are you also living here?
Would it be so bad?
Chronic lack of sleep?
Mmmm.
Should the little one not sleep through?
Come on, Dieter. Let it be.
Two taxi drivers are talking to each other.
Says the one to the other.
I'm at the bottom.

Are you lucky. With me,
water has reached my neck.
I think it is a good one.
Okay. Here comes the freight.
Where do you want to go?
Us?
Are there others?
We're going to the cinema.
Come on. I take you along for a while.
Come. Hurry up.
I've asthma.
Ah. I understand.
Sven says I could
nevertheless become an actor.
I got talent, isn't it, Sven?
So. Don't tell me that
Sven is your manager.
I have tutored him a little.
Why can't I come any longer?
I don't object.
You have to talk with Sven.
And with your parents of course.
Well. My mother doesn't care anyway.
She likes it when I am not around.
He also have no father.
Don't you have friends?
I mean. Of your own age?
What are you doing all day long?
Except going to the movies
or hanging in front of your computer?
I had friends, but I forced to move.
At first, I had jobs during studying.
And then you came and had suddenly
to feed a family.
In those days, I bought my first own taxi.
There stood 630.000 km. on the meter.
Sven. Inspecting your inheritance?
If your dad continues making debts,
there will be nothing left to inherit.
Na, Na, Na. We're not arrived there.
But it is close.
Do you want to overtake the shop?
Hey! The boy is great at school.
No need for become a taxi driver.

A good job for a student who quits.
So, start the engine on 'D'.
Release the brakes.
Hey! Stop, stop, stop!
Almost!
I said, just a little bit.
And now reverse. Release slowly
the brakes, with feeling.
Excellent.
But your father is obvious right.
One never learns enough.
Dads are always right.
Did you know that?
Yeah.
Before I forget it.
At Saturday we have a party at our home.
I would be glad if you come also.
Don't let yourself holding back.
No. Never.
My son is just eleven,
but I got a daughter of your age.
Excuse me.
Won't be long.
As she leaned over the reeling, comma...
Yes?
She became dizzy
One comes home, expects no trouble,
and detects a real housewife
Must be a shock for you...
Could you also put my slippers here?
Of course. Did Rita do this all the time?
What are you looking?
How is it that I am looking then?
So comical...
You're nuts.
Stop.
Stop.
Don't let me disturb yo...
Where were we?
'Dizzy'.
In fact, his name is Rolf,
but I call him Rollmops.
Just for myself of course.
I don't like him very much.

Sometimes, he arrives at weekends.
Help yourself..
Thanks.
If he is present, they
mostly lying in bed to fuck.
If you know what I mean.
Do we know?
No. I got no idea.
Sven. Doesn't it taste?
Could you not put off once
that horrible headset?
At least during meals?
Sven! Hello. I am talking to you...
Damned!
Anyway. 'Rollmops' wants her
to move in at his place.
But I ain't going to such a
place, bet my ass for it.
When is your mother picking you up?
But could I not sleep over at Sven?
Yeah. But I don't know if your mother...
She is fine with it.
Well, I am not.
I don't want that he stays here.
Why not?
Because!
New perfume?
It was a gift of you...
I thought you did not like it?
The moon looked down over his
deck of clouds at the fragrance.
Dumb ass.
How lucky to be loved and lucky love...
or something like that.
Or something like that.
Yeah.
Tell me.
Do you know that your
son is shaving himself?
It's obvious. He will be eighteen soon.
- I mean everywhere. The legs.
- The arm pits, the pubic hair.
All are doing that nowadays.
How do you know anyway?

He forgot to lock the door.

Sure.

We will getting along with each other.

The same like we two are getting along.

We are making progress.

The way you are screaming at him.

That's almost normal.

He is a young lad. The
juices are streaming.

He is jacking off too. Really.

'If you know what I mean.'

He's jacking off like a world champion.

We got a dramatic rise in
the use of paper tissues.

I got the feeling there is
something wrong with him.

Julia. Cut it out.

Maybe he is gay.

The boy has recently lost his mother.

That's his trouble.

White man steps into a taxi and wants to have
a gorgeous mansion with a swimming pool.

Then he says 'super' and leads the pastor to a
hut, with a straw bed and things like that.

Man, Dieter. Think about the kids.

Come on. It's a normal joke.

I already knew this joke.

Really?

But the pastor complains:

'You are mixing things up.

All my life I preached and
worked in the house of God...

'Yeah', he said.

'But they all feel asleep
during your service,
and prayed then in the taxi.'

I already knew this joke.

Oh, mum!

Your daughter is really cute.

What did you do to get such two cute kids?

I just followed my image.

Steak? Sausage?

Sausage. But small, and
a large one for Achim.

Jennifer has acquired an apprenticeship at a solicitor.
Really? Super!
We are all so proud? Are we not, my 'chicken'?
Leave the kid alone.
I have just told about the apprenticeship.
By the way. Where is Sven?
Leaving you there rotting.
I don't mind.
Oh no. This is a boys choir and I don't like it. Such a shit.
Have you ever sung in a choir?
Everything okay?
Yeah.
Man. Will someone turn on some good music.
Careful Roland. It's my favourite disc.
Achim. Your boy has taste.
Sven, Lukas. Turn it somewhat down.
If Doris would not work too...
and only with my salary...
We could not even afford the house.
But at least you get paid every month.
Listen to the big entrepreneur.
Have you ever been at my house?
You had to support all of them ..
It will never be cheaper.
A temporary residence.
Nacked bulbs at the ceiling.
Everybody should be blessed according his personality.
Hey Kordula.
You got nothing to drink.
Do you want another beer?
No thanks. I'm not allowed.
Jennifer. Look if there is any juice left in the cellar.
Sven. Come and help her.
Where did you left your 'prince', Kordula?
'Prince'?
Have you ever met an African who isn't a 'prince'?
Gaston had to work.
So. When is the time?

If everything goes well,
the end of November.
And how about you two. Do you want it too?
Aah... We are working on it.
Old man can't rush.
Man, Dieter. You are such a pain the ass.
Leave my colleague. He is absolutely right.
Yeah. You're really a terrible old man.
Just think. When the kid finishes school,
I will be sixty, over sixty.
As if kids always has to finish school.
What would a kid with such an old father?
But there is nothing sadder
than childless couples.
You don't have to tell me
about the joy of father ship.
I am currently fully enjoying to be a
father. Sorry. WE are enjoying it.
No problem.
You can't ask for more.
One may dancing.
Okay, okay.
I plead guilty.
What's the charge?
I have tonight extremely enjoyed myself.
Sven?
Did not you notice how much shit
you are talking, as the night progress?
Why. I did not miscounted.
Forty-four plus eighteen, nineteen.
Such a child has to be made first.
My God.
The paranoia you develop when
somebody comes close to you.
When you should take some responsibility.
You have never taken responsibility
in your entire life, never.
I am working on it just now.
Did you ever loved somebody?
I don't think you are capable to.
Yeah, yeah, yeah. Here it comes.
My inability to love.
I had to endure this for many years,
but still I am sought.

I can't hear it anymore.
Stop the car. I want to get out.
You are completely drunk.
Shut up!
Julia!
Julia!
Julia.
Don't make such a drama
and come to your senses.
I am sorry. Yeah. I am excusing myself.
Take your hands off me. You asshole.
Also a beer?
Okay.
Did you know that drunk people
only knows one sentence.
No.
That's a fact. All evening long
Only one sentence.
Maybe life is only one sentence.
Cheers!!
You know.
There exist long and short sentences.
But with those long sentences.
One got such a feeling of freedom.
Do you understand what I mean?
I have in the meantime studied philosophy.
Enough of reconciling the character.
Why don't you search another one?
Julia?
This Jennifer...
This little blond. She falls for you.
Did not you notice it?
Just like me, isn't it?
When the women like you,
they have already lost.
Am I not right?
Here, here and here. Dirt everywhere.
Don't you notice? You must see it.
Finish it. I want today on the road.
I don't understand why Kordula
lured himself in with him.
There's a system behind it.
These men are glued to the bible.
They just follow the bible.

Work, reproduce and make
earth your kingdom.
Becomes time that we are going today.
Shall I greet Doris. It was
a nice evening, isn't it?
Yeah. We have amused ourselves.
This is from my wife. Julia have it.
Blouses?
Dress.
Heilwater. She wants another child.
Something sensible.
Leave me alone with that shit.
If it was so easy. Passion is waiting.
Yeah?
I have to talk with you.
I hear you.
When I was in your shoes,
I would shut the door.
Tell him what he had done with you.
Open your mouth.
Tell what he has done with you.
Come and sit down.
Sven.
Come back to home.
Why? I am doing homework.
You are coming home, right now!
Open it.
Where is it?
I want see that fucking
video tape, right now.
Good!
Open it!
A casting agency is looking for actors.
Do you want to join?
I guess so. What have I to do?
Introduce yourself first. What's your name?
My name is... uuhh... Patrick and... yeah..
Can you make a happy face?
Okay.
Can you make a sad face.
Just imagine that somebody has died.
If my father had died?
Yes. For example.
Okay.

So?
Super.
Cold, cold, cold, cold.
Warmer.
You getting warmer. Rather hot.
I have seen you.
Do you open the door?
In a moment.
Maybe you know a magic word.
Breaking.
Cool, isn't it.
Completely.
And that is your office?
Yeah. That's my agency desk.
Cool.
To be safe.
Oohh.
Do you want to see my ass?
But not showing to anybody, he?
Can you kiss?
You disgusting asshole.
Sven! Sven. Wake up! Wake up!
Sven! Spit it out!
Yeah. Again.
Everything will be alright.
You are familiar with fairy tales?
Then you know what the dumb-ass,
the donkey, told the other
Everything is better than Death.
Darkness is everywhere.
'For rent'
Is this everything?
It is extinguishing.
It's not so fast extinguishing.
I have never done something
he did not like.
Are you serious?
When you love someone...
you can't hurt him.
Who love who here?
You don't have a clue about love.
It got nothing to do with love.
It is disabuse.
Sexual disabuse.

They could lock you up for it.
At some closed institution or jail.
Maybe it is better this way.
Sven!
Would you throw away your entire
life for such as stupid thing?
Hey....Son.
We will get it right.
Promise me that you will not
meet that Patrick anymore.
Do you promise me that?
His mother will report you if she
sees the two of you together.
Fortunately, he did not
tell her everything.
So... no playing grounds anymore.
And no place where little
boys are wandering.
No more school?
You would like that, isn't it?
Internet is also taboo.
Ta ta ta ta.
Nah? How do I look?
Julia. You look marvelous.
It fits you very well.
Am I interrupting?
What's happened?
Did he have a fight?
Did you beat him?
What's going on?
I think it's better if we don't see
each other for a while.
Are you kidding me?
I have these cloths...
It is too many for me.
I need a little distance.
You need distance?
Well...
I am unbeatable in that.
Is the boy the reason?
Am I an obstacle for you as a father?
There is something wrong with him.
I am not blind.
What's wrong with Sven?

I have seen the notebooks.
Achim. That's sick.
I want you to leave now.
Have you noticed how he is looking at kids?
Everything okay?
They think my father is a millionaire.
Everyday picking me up
from school with a taxi.
Your father... The unknown being.
Mama also had such Christoph medal.
Is that so?
This is presumed to be 'Venetian Red'?
It's on the label.
To me it looks like pink.
Pig pink I would say.
Hey. I did not mean it that way.
You got no idea how many houses
I already have renovated.
And none of them really completed.
Who said that?
Mum.
Your mother.
With her.. Everything had to be perfect.
Every pillow and blanket had
to be at his its own place.
Papa!
Papa?
That has to be a slip of the tongue.
Yeah. It just popped out.
Sure it was some nice?
Yes. That's right.
Don't push to much on the same place
or you will peel it away.
Oh. It's already happened.
What do you want for your birthday?
Nothing.
You're becoming eighteen.
One has to celebrate it.
Yeah... That I becoming eighteen.
I wish also that you becomes eighteen.
I, your dad, wants you becoming eighteen.
And I got the better arguments at my side.
What is this about?
It stinks in my room of paint.

But not fuzzing in bed, okay?
But I have to inhale your smoke.
You...
When I was a little boy.
I had a friend.
He was of my age.
Nine or ten years.
I admired him.
And always when I was thinking of him
my heart made another beat.
I often had to think of him.
Not what you are thinking now.
It was platonic.
I thought he was great.
I even remember the name of
the street where he lived.
Brabanter Strasze.
Admit. You had felt in love with him.
Ah. Bullshit.
It was just something between kids.
Afterward. We just went
like normal kids our way.
You consider yourself 'normal'?
It's not funny.
Have you ever been involved with girls?
Why are you saying now?
Outside.
Beautiful girls are wandering
around everywhere.
Everywhere I look.
Yeah.. Shortly you are
drooling out of your mouth.
Did you have already with that Timmy...?
What do I do with her?
Going to the cinema. Holding hands.
Show her your brief mark collection.
Come on. You know what I mean.
Did you brush your teeth?
Yeah.
Fingernails cut?
Yeah.
Washed your dick?
Who is the adult here?
There she is.

She must be home at twelve o'clock.
Can you drive her?
I'll see what I can do. Go now.
In Holland, there exists now
a party for child molesters.
They participate in the elections.
At us. Our children are better protected.
Am I right?
Of course.
What's the topic?
About the defend of the
Christian worldview.
You think it is funny? Hey Dieter?
For you, everything is a joke.
I've ever informed myself.
Although nobody at this
table wants to hear it.
Sexuality got something to
do with transfer of life.
It only happens between man and woman.
On behalf of progress.
Like a nice boy at the lap.

I tell you:

only looks at my son...
I would personally rip off his balls.
Yeah?
Julia. You must not call me anymore.
I' m going outside.
What with those church phrases?
No. I don't write down anything.
Maybe you need a therapist.
In any case we don't.
Damn it, Julia. I don't want it now.
'This man seduces little boys.'
As I see you the two of you has
amused yourselves wonderful.
Is everything okay?
Did he something to you?
Come. I bring you home.
Everything is... disgusting.
You must fall in love with her...
then... it does not matter anymore.
I am already in love.

Do you think I'm not
capable falling in love?
That's nonsense.
Yeah. That's exactly what you think.
According to you I am not capable to feel.
No...
I only wanted to say that sex without
love... one must not be able to.
For nobody.
I think you just don't
want to understand me.
Good.
Then explain it to me.
This is my most beloved one.
I loved to take him into my arms.
Sven. That's enough.
I love kids like Patrick.
Sometimes I imagine how I caress him.
And kissing him.
Stop with it.
How I kiss his entire body.
Damned. You have to stop with it.
I can't hear that shit anymore.
I have much love in my heart.
'This man seduces little boys'
Why don't you ask me?
When I had the feeling, I
had you to ask something.
I could not live a day longer with you.
Yes. I have understood.
This child molester. They think
all children are the same.
I'm hearing you.
I know you are here.
I can't take care of everything.
But who else? Who else would do it?
Who is the chef here?
I have accidentally met Julia.
Accidentally?
You can't treat her like that, man!
If the boy has problems...
Listen. The boy is my son.
And when he has problems, it is my problem.
Do you understand?

Evidently 'No'.
Oh. Shit.
Man! Achim! We know each other for such a long time.
We can talk about everything.
About what you wanna talk with me?
You regard me like an idiot.
You regard us all for idiots.
Alfe. Please. I got an appointment at the bank.
I have to concentrate.
Why do you think I wear this shit suit?
That you have to attend a funeral.
Yeah. Could be.
Probably spreading. Don't come to near.
What does this mean?
The best is that you lock me up.
Did something happen?
Sven?
Nothing.
For what reason this shit?
It's better so.
What does it mean: 'It's better so?'
Can't I let you walk around freely?
Is that what you mean?
That something is not happening again.
Only you decide if something happens.
Sven. I can't lock you up life-time in this house.
That's not a life.
It's my life. Anyway. What do you know about it?
In any case, I will not lock you up.
Here. Let others do it, when it does not work anymore.
I will not lock up my son!
Understood?
Taxi arrives at some petrol station.
Four penguins are sitting in the rear in their safety belts.
The owner of the petrol station sees them, wonders and ask:
'What do you want to do with those pinquins?'

The driver says:

'Just take them to the zoo',
the petrol servant says.
'Good idea', the taxi driver responds.
The next day, he again arrives
at the petrol station.
Again at the backs seat pinguins, wearing
sunglasses... and the servant...
Everybody is laughing.
Here comes the freight.
I want to the hotel, please.
How are you doing?
And Sven?
Have you talked to this therapist?
No.
Why don't you let yourself at least
be advised? There are possibilities.
So that he will be marked?
Beware. A pedophile. Parents,
put your children away?
No. That not something is
happening like with Patrick.
What has happened with Patrick?
There are possibilities. I have informed.
They say...
I know exactly what they are saying.

They say:

always a pedophile.'
So. Want do they want?
What if they really could help him?
So that he did not impose
harm on those kids.
That when a kid smiles to him.
He not immediately thinks
that he wants sex from him.
Man, Achim.
He can learn to deal with
his sexual fantasies.
What do you think I am doing?
Day and night I help him to deal with it.
That's a full time job.
I don't understand you.

Really, you don't?
I will not let take away the boy for a
second time from me.
Is that so hard to understand?
And.. how much do I have to pay?
A gift.
Can I come in?
Wait.
Yet?
Still one moment.
You can come in now.
Happy Birthday to you. Happy Birthday
to you. Happy Birthday sweet Sven.
Congratulations with your
fourteenth birthday.
Is something wrong?
Fourteen, sixteen, seventeen...
Seventeenth anniversary.
Wrong too.
With you, one can get confused.
You have drunk?
I have cheered with the numerous guests.
Hey!
Don't you know anymore how this is done?
I make you a gift.
You are standing in front of me.
And you say with glimmering

childish eyes:

Your eyes has shined more in former days.
Nah. Unwrap it.
Digital. With everything included.
Unwrap it.
You have to try it out. It does not bite.
What do you wish to prove with it?
You want to make a statement with it.
You... wants to proves something to me.
Understood?
'How does he looks like?'
'Red Shirt. Just like a
child abuser looks.'
'Are you at the location Roter Straszze?'
'He goes to Juha's Park,
just in front of me.'

'Now he is at Heidelberger. Hurry up.'
Where is he?
He can't get out from here.
Achim!
Get up.
Turn around.
You will turn around.
Achim!
Stop it!
Now you acting completely foolish.
You are like a junkie.
Quite so false and lost.
Never trust a junkie.
We celebrated our farewell.
Patrick is moving away. We
celebrated our farewell.
The chambermaid with arrive soon.
Cleaning.
I have sold the business.
Otherwise it would be torn at the end.
Becker has taken over the load.
Did not he tell you anything?
Me as entrepreneur...
Probably, I'm not the right guy for it.
I love you.
We need our freedom.
Do you understand?
Now I'm back...
where I started fifteen years ago.
A newcomer.
I'm almost forty.
You have to made a decision.
Achim...
Sven?
Tell me your name again.
Leon... Dering
And how old are you?
In September I'm becoming eleven.
Can you make a happy face?
Uuuhh...
Can you already kiss?
Like in real?
Show me.
Kiss the hand.

What has happened?
You were here with a boy, isn't it?
Where is he?
Sven. I asked you something.
Where is the boy?
Ran away.
Come. Let's go home.
What are you doing Sven.
What are you doing?
What do you think of a journey?
A long travel.
Just the two of us.
With a taxi.
With a taxi...
to India.
Shortly after I finished high school...
I hit the road.
With comrades we bought an old VW-bus.
But it was rather quick over.
The engine failed.
But of course, that's not happening to us.
From Greece, over the Bosphorus..
Via Turkey, Iran...
Afghanistan...
Pakistan...
to India.
To?
That's where the last wild tigers live?
Good Evening. Criminal Investigation,
police-officer Hartmann.
Does Mr. Sven Maas live here?
One moment please.
Sven?
Sven!
I call you when I'm done.
Is alright.
'Visitor 1151'
Thanks.