



Scripts.com

Hai-Alarm am Muggelsee

By Leander Haußmann

Public lido, Friedrichshagen, Berlin

Mouth organ:

Guitar:

What's going on here then?
40 years earlier
Ho Chi Minh Zoo and animal supplies
Guppies?
What do you want with guppies?
Here.
This is the next big thing,
the only one of its kind!
Some sort of shark, but small.

It won't gm:

and it doesn't do anything.
There he is.
Three years later
Another three years go by
Kids, do me a favour
and look after the poor creature.
Owning a pet means
assuming responsibility.
Hawaii, 34 years later
that's today
well kind of like before,
when the hand thing happened
Damn phantom limb pain.
Where the sun always shines
and there's never a shark to be seen.
Terrible is the shark,
splendid is Hawaii
With no green card
you'll save enough on tax
To buy a houseboat big
enough for you and I
And sail once halfway
around the world.
Lonely is the hunter,
lovely is the roe
The sun that shines all day long
will sometime melt the snow
And what you said

will hurt no more
In Friedrichshagen
by Lake Mggel on the shore.
Sharks are in the water
and people are on land,
But not every hunter
gladly wears the green.
Sharks have gills,
and people have ears
And once I pledged
you eternal love.
Muddy is the Havel,
happy is the Spree
When the ship runs aground,
the cap'n's had a shot in his tea.
And what you said
will hurt no more
In Friedrichshagen
by Lake Mggel on the shore.
Shark Alarm on Lake Mggel
Where is my child?
Hold it, hold it there,
we'll take everything.
Main thing is that the battery holds.
Surf Paddle School
Inauguration Party
Ladies and gentlemen
of Friedrichshagen...
This is where he hangs around
and I'm worried sick.
Ladies and gentlemen
of Friedrichshagen...
We've come over from Kpenick.
Aren't we all Berliners?
Yes, that's right, we are all Berliners,
but Friedrichshagen is not Berlin,
just a part of Berlin,
and, as such, is Friedrichshagen.
Therefore, ontologically speaking,
the Friedrichshagener
isn't primarily a Berliner,
but more
in a secondary
and tertiary sense.

Because Friedrichshagen
actually belongs to Kpenick,
and Kpenick to Berlin.
And Friedrichshagen is to Kpenick
as Santa Monica is to Hollywood.
I'd prefer to think of it
as the Vatican is to Rome.
And therefore,
as I was saying,
Surf-paddling was invented
in Friedrichshagen
and by extension also in Kpenick
and therefore also in Berlin,
So...
I'd like to declare the Surf-Paddling
School of Friedrichshain...
Friedrichshagen,
I mean Friedrichshagen...
to mm be open!
Let me take the first paddle.
Give it some Welly, Klaus!
So what do you say about this?
Why me?
- You're the Mayor.
But it's not my hand...
What do you think?
Strong stuff!
What's with him?
- That's Klaus Dogma.
He was once the coming man
of Norwegian film.
Is he Norwegian?
- No.
No, but he took everything too
personally the hits, the ops...
Look at this crab!
Or is it a jellyfish?
Starfish?
The Friedrichshagener is seen as an
oddball, since he can't be pigeonholed.
And that's hm! he comes by his
love of life, in my opinion.
The Friedrichshagener is the
Italian of the Berliners.

Although we're more
east than south here.
It's that Mediterranean lifestyle
that makes us so easy-going.
What d'you think? This it?
Just take a look at that!
So we're off again?
Yes. Cheer off you go.
Should we look for something else?
- I wouldn't know what.
We saw that old car.
Should we take a closer look at it?
Old car? Where?
Corner of BIschestrae and
Myliusgarten.
If you must. Have a look.
So what was it,
a circular saw?
Circular saw? Underwater?
Where'd it get the electricity?
It takes 380 volts.
You won't get that underwater.
I know something about this.
I made honor films
in New York.
A circular saw gives a straight cut,
not a ragged mess like this.
D'you want this back?
Nope. Too late.
I've got the new one now.
It's a good one.
If it wasn't a circular saw,
what was it?
Whatever it was,
it's still out there, I reckon.
Perhaps now we should consider
the city's marketing point of view.
There are three possibilities
of dealing with this situation
with the city's branding in mind:
a) we issue a shark alarm
or b) we carry on as before
c) no one goes in the water
but in a positive way.

Any questions?

What I don't get is,
if we carry on as before,
what use is that to us?

You mean b)?

- Yes, b).

That's plan b) and doesn't come
into question, yet.

I like shark alarm.

That's a).

Shark alarm?

Just for my hand?

Then c).

Or d).

- d) doesn't exist.

And who are you exactly?

I am the Fish Expert
from Humboldt University.

I've been called up.

- Not by me.

No, by my wife,
but that's another story.

What I wanted to say was:

d) someone catches the carp.

- Carp? I thought it was a shark.

Carp doesn't work.

It has no traction
marketing-wise.

- It's a Bighead Carp.

They bite?

- No.

Yes, well...

the Bighead Carp
is a sociable, freshwater fish
from the carp family
that came from Asia in the '60s

Then I'm for c).

- Me too.

What was c) again?

C):

but positive!

Hooold on!

What's this nun?

Just look at you!
Is this a gay parade or what?
Got something against gays?
- Got something against gays?
What, me? Against gays?
Would I have a hand like this
if I had something against gays?
What are you doing there,
Mrs Schneider? - I'm swimming.
That's not good. Better come out.
- Why is that not good?
I'm not saying that in a bad sense,
I mean it positively!
- I've been doing this for 60 years,
Officer Mller!
- Won't you let me finish?
Do I have to be constantly interrupted?
What's that?
- Bathing's...!
I don't hear so well with
this bathing hat.
Bathing is not good!
Water isn't good for you!
Why isn't it good?
- It isn't now.
Do I have to explain everything?
- Yes please!
It's because water really
doesn't solve the problem.
What problem is that then?
- Can't a man talk in peace?
Can't a man follow a complex train
of thought to its logical conclusion?
Just how often is it not true that
the decisive thought
doesn't arrive at the exact
moment of formulation?
Gay is not only not bad, gay is good,
as I've always said.
That's it, and so it will remain,
my friend.
I just don't know why it shouldn't
also be good to be straight,
but there you go these days

you can be as gay as you want.
Hey! You there!
Pet's comer!
The skin suffers.
The skin suffers terribly.
Ask a dermatologist.
I've been doing this for 60 years,
every day,
whether Nazis or Communists.
Now look at your skin,

Mrs Schneider:

I actually wanted to get out
a while ago,
but now I'll swim a bit more.
Just for you.
Before, everyone thought
all lifeguards were gay,
just because we're so good looking,
but there you go why not,
it's all the same to me.
Can we go in the water nun?
The question is something

else completely:

Is it really
a sexual orientation, or is it...
more a state of mind,
from the Wannsee?
I've got free beer
for all of you over there!
I'm not going to be insulted by you.
My skin is super.
Do you want to see it?
Only if you come all the way
out of the water.
I'm only thinking of
what's good for you, Mrs Schneider.
- No, you're not.
You just want me out of the water.
You don't care at all about my skin!
What's up here?
Are you tired of life, young man?
I thought this was a diving board.

- You did, did you?

And where would that be? Have you read anything about diving here, Mr Active?

It doesn't say anything about not diving either.

Hal A sophist!

With a death wish!

Isn't that a bit much all at one time?

- What do you mean?

Well, he's all out of answers now, just got questions, the young hothead.

But there'll be no diving.

- And why not?

From three meters up?

Have you got any idea hm! much kinetic energy is released in that?

But it goes into the water!

Water?

It's like Russian Roulette.

Off you go now!

- What's going on?

Is something wrong with the water here in Lake Mggel?

Heat is overrated, and the cooling effect of water is just an allegation.

I'd like to have that in more detail, Hen Mller.

Dangerous? Lake Mggel?

Lake Mggel is not dangerous.

Not Lake Mggel, no.

Never.

Lake Halen is dangerous, and the Wannsee is dangerous, and Lake Lietzen is dangerous, and the Weiensee

in Weiensee is dangerous,

but here it's not dangerous,

because here we do as

the lifeguard says,

so here there is no danger.

But...

- And the lifeguard says:

up is better than down,
and on land is better than in the water.
And back there I've got
free beer for you, you hothead.
206, I've got a 52/12 near landing 13.
Who's that then?
Mrs Schneider.
The old one or the young one?
Old.
- I hope I misheard that.
Otherwise, you'll get your ears boxed.
Sorry, Mrs Schneider.
I... -
It just slipped out.
Slipped?
There's no slip on landing 13.
No, just Mrs Schneider.
If she's the old one, just leave it.
Good.
Cheerio then, Mrs Schneider!
Bye-bye, then.
I bet you want free beer!
Yes. With plenty of foam.
Yes, the white foam standing way high!
Way up high,
and you can just blow it away.
A lot of people say
foam is the best bit of the beer.
Can't you play something else?
Something romantic?
Yes.
- Foam.
What is foam?
It is the simplest thing
so hard to achieve!
So, sporty, here's your free beer.
Take your time.
And you? What are doing with that thing?
Surfing.
Surf-paddling, good idea.
Lot of people doing that now.
But you'll need a surf-paddling permit.
You can get one on Mondays and
Wednesdays between 12:30 and 13:00,

at the surf-paddling permit
issuing office directly from me!

That's now!

Yes, but first you have to qualify
for the permit over there.

What's going on here?

- Nothing. Everything as it should be.

So why is no one bathing?

- What's that got to do with you?

Do you own the lido?

- Yes.

I am the rich man of Friedrichshagen,
and that's my lido.

Ah. Well the swimmers
are drinking beer.

The surf-paddlers are still practicing,
all the kids are at
Pet's Corner.

And the diving board is closed
on account of height.

You think just because
you're the rich man of Friedrichshagen,
everything here runs to your say so.

And who are you?

- I'm Horst Jablonski.

Just putting my two cents in.

- Well mm!

Haven't you got anything better to do?

- Not really.

Then stay with me.

I'll pay you ten marks an hour.

It's euros now.

- Fine, 5 euros, then.

Whatever.

Isn't there someone here
who wants to go in the water?

It is a bathing beach, for God's sake!

Now listen well, you pathetic weeds
this is my lido,

and if no one here's going
to go in the water,

I'll shut up shop

and kick you all out.

Then a giant asshole

will come out of the sky
and cover the whole place with shit!
Right you are.
You wanted to go in, earlier?
Well, in you go then.
Shall I get you a towel
for afterwards?
No, thanks.
I'll just go on in.
Shark Alarm
on Lake Mggel
Shark Alarm
on Lake Mggel
Where was I now?
strategy-
c) No one goes in the water, but
positive, because now at the lido
Because the people at the lido
are going in the water again.
You think I have this lake so people
can stand around the edge, or what?
But I'm the mayor here!
I made my first million shovelling
shit, and now it's my tum to talk,
and you're having egg sandwiches,
or ham, or, for the adventurous,
fish-paste.
Is there cucumber on the fish-paste?
- No.
But I'll make paste
out of your cuke, my friend.
But this is the town hall,
and here I'm in charge.
Yes, but it's my town hall,
and if I say so, you'll be in charge
in the bus shelter.
As long as I'm breastfeeding
I can't eat fish-paste,
and I'll breastfeed
as long as I want.
Does anyone here have
anything against that?
I'll get this bit.
Give me the camera, it's mine, too.

- No.
It belongs to Arri!
- Exactly!
Fucking
Why are you here?
I want to see the oily doctor.
Obviously, but why?
Do you want to become a diver?
Need a permit?
No, phantom limb pain.
It's an old memento
of an unpleasant encounter.
Ouch, phantom limb pain.
And can the city doctor
do something about it?
Yes, issue a certificate, for the health
insurance. Get free prescriptions.
Ah, free prescriptions.
I've got one of those,
for ski thumb.
We found that.
It was in the lake.
At first we thought it was a jellyfish.
- Stupid. A Jellyfish.
Or a crab, we thought,
when I was holding a hand in my hand.
Hand in hand!
Or a starfish.
- Just fancy that!
I want that shark!
Shark? What shark?
Shark?
Do you see this hand?
That's the work of a shark,
and this shark is here somewhere...
Somewhere out there.
In the lake.
- Wait a moment!
And who are you?
- I am the fish expert
from Humboldt University.
Marine Biology Department.
- Marine biology! All well and good
if there were some sea,

but what if it's freshwater out there?
These are all hypotheses,
just theories.
I think that
- OK,
let me summarize:
we assume
that out there in the lake is a shark.
And we assume that said shark is large.
And we further assume
that the shark has teeth.
And if we accept that
maybe it bit off this hand,
well, what exactly, in such a case,
would you recommend? -Primarily,
we have to establish whether
- No!
Him... the one I don't know yet.
Who are you, anyway?
- I am Snake Mller.
I'm a shark hunter.
Now that's a coincidence.
I'm also called Mller. Officer Mller.
Just because someone is called Mller,
and he's a shark hunter,.. -Yes,
of course. I'm also a Mller. Right
Yes, of course.
- OK, assuming you asked me,
and assuming I was going to answer,

then I'd say:

first thing, no one should
go in the water anymore.
We'd already got that far.
And now no further.
Typical males, sitting around, talking
and no one doing anything.
But people out there
who put their trust in us,
they need us to do something!
- So what should we do?
I thought suggestion b) was best.
- Me, too.
B)!

What was suggestion b) again?

B):

Nothing to report here.

Everything normal.

Oi, Erwin, I've got something!

Really?

- Aye, didn't I just say so?

Just a tiddler.

- Ave,

but we can use it...

...to get a big one.

- Yes, boy!

This is a big one,

a very big one!

A very big one!

Hold tight, hold on!

Mr Mayor, isn't it strange

that this year's Swim! Lake Mggel!

has so few contestants?

Why strange?

Quality beats quantity.

Well, last year

there were 1,234 contestants,

and this year it's only 10.

- So?

You're avoiding the question.

Not at all.

I don't even know what the question is.

All I know is that assuming

something is... -What, then?

That something isn't quite

right at Lake Mggel

What? What's not quite right?

Nothing! Nothing isn't quite right

at Lake Mggel,

that's exactly what I'm saying!

But you just said that

- I didn't say anything,

And nothing about a shark. At least

let me finish what I was saying.

Can I print that?

- What do you mean print?

There's nothing to print!

The bit about the shark.
- There is no shark.
I never
said anything about a shark.
What's your problem?
Do you need an invitation?
No, I changed my mind.
I heard there was something
in the water -Don't talk, swim!
Whoever catches me first is the winner!
How did they do that,
Casablanca 3D, amazing!
And in colour!
They do that frame by frame.
Crazy.
Think about it, 24 frames per second,
3,600 seconds per hour,
The film lasts 102 minutes,
that's 1 hour and 42 minutes.
That makes 146,880 frames,
go figure!
All to colour in!
And when they want to put it in 3D, say
that's 1 minute
per frame's fiddling around,
then that's 2,448 hours
or 102 days.
It's really spooky, 3D.
Sometimes it feels really real, as if
they really are trying to undo your bra.
Yeah, it's amazing what
they can do these days.
A campfire, how lovely!
I wonder whose it is.
Why don't we just kick off our shoes
and sit for a while?
You're a sleep-in-his-boots kind of guy.
How did you get to be
a shark hunter anyway?
Not an interesting story.
- It is interesting.
In Hawaii, shark hunting
is a regular job,
It's like being a street cleaner here.

Why don't you tell me
how you got into city marketing?
Oh, that was a joke. I was studying
business admin, a degree course,
but after a year I thought,
Vera, you can't go on like this,
I wanted to do something
that had a future
And then I thought,
marketing, that has a future,
specially cities, which won't work
these days without marketing.
Spot on.
There's something to that.
Really.
Anyway, then something
really funny happened,
because my boyfriend said to me,
Vera, he said, look at this,
and he had a brochure,
and on the front was
a picture of the Eiffel Tower,
and there was
Paris, City of Love,
and he wanted to take me for a weekend
in the city of love,
and I thought, of course,
Paris really is a wonderful town,
and the photos were
so expressive, and...
...that's nice.
Yup. That's from James Last!
But a bit crooked.
Is that hm! they play in Hawaii?
- No.
It's because of this. This is the result
of an unpleasant encounter in Hawaii.
An amputee!
- No, Hawaii.
But...
Do you really use the little finger of
your right hand when you play guitar?
Luckily that's the only
one that isn't used.

Luckily.
It's getting cold.
I wonder whose fire this is.
No idea.
Shall I build it up?
Yes, if you can...
My place or yours?
I'm not ready yet
to go with someone.
Let's go to mine.
No, let's go in the water first.
For what?
- Naked!
OK.
How did you get that?
- For security!
It's an old Hawaiian trick.
Beer. Keeps the sharks away.
I've suddenly got the urge to dive,
but I'm scared.
I know what you mean.
Let's go down.
Yes, let's go down.
Shark Alarm
There was something watching me,
and then it bit me!
Yes, those eyes,
I think I know them!
Oh God, I was bitten,
maybe I'll bleed to death!
'Oh God, I was bitten,
maybe I'll bleed to death!'
Oh! It's you!
- 'Oh! It's me!'
Who's that then?
She bit me, the bitch.
'She bit me, the bitch. '
Where did she bite you then, the bitch?
In the foot, the bitch
I'll sue your arse, you whore.
'I'll sue your arse, you whore. '
'That's my divorced wife!'
My arse, divorced!
You were reported as dead.

I had to y to Hawaii
to identify your finger from the ring.
But that was after the divorce.
- There was no divorce.
You just went out to buy cigarettes,
and that's no official divorce.
What else could it have been?
I was a non-smoker!
The little finger?
What kind of ring was that?
That you wore on your little finger?
A too-small wedding ring obviously.
Or like a too-large penis ring.
We need to talk to you,
Snake Mller.
As you wish. Talk away.
I'd rather come on board
and talk to you inside.
What is discussed here
must remain between us.
It must not leave this cabin.
It is absolutely confidential
and must be kept completely secret.
- You mean...
we shouldn't discuss this with anyone?
- Under no circumstances.
Is that a yes or a no?
- No! Not even your own wife.
I don't have one, anyway.
- I was married once,
but as soon as the kids left home,
it was all over.
Even though they were only gone
for two hours. -We have a problem:
We wanted to carry on as we were,
but in the Swim! Lake Mggel! event,
we had only 10 contestants this year,
as opposed to 1,234 last year.
That's hardly carrying on as we were.
- Yes, that's bad.
But what has it got to do with me?
And furthermore, of the 10, only seven
crossed the finish line.
And now many people are asking:

what happened to the other three?
Well, let's have a look, shall we?
So. I've just taken these
pictures with the helicopter.
Here is the lake, and these are
the three swimmers, I believe.
Thank God -A stroke of luck.
So everything's alright then.
No, everything's not alright then.
- Why not?
This picture...
Can someone get this thing down again?
Now comes something interesting:
Namely this gray shadow here.
So? It's a shadow.
That is a shark.
- How do you know that?
I don't know it, it's a gut feeling.
- Feelings aren't enough, Snake.
Feelings aren't worth much here,
I had to learn that the hard way, Snake!
And what about me?
I had to learn it, too, you whore!
The ladies are right.
In particular Ms Baum.
Feelings have no place
in municipal politics.
Gerda, if you see this,
come back, please.
If you were right,
I could issue the shark alarm.
Do you have any proof?
- As much proof as a ring on his finger.
Leave it out with the ring will you,
you bitchy old goat!
Ms Baum, please don't
fight with that woman,
I'm not interested in her at all.
How does the shark alarm work
from the city marketing point of view?
From a city marketing point of view,
the shark alarm is as much a win-win
situation as options b) and c),
but in certain economic

areas such as water sports,
boat rentals and bathing articles,
the shark alarm is toxic,
and we should probably
anticipate claims for damages.

Let's hear what
the fish expert has to say.
It's not necessarily a shark.

In any case

- So what do you propose?

More analysis, statistics

- Ah, a working group!

How many people do you need?

- Really just me.

Because if there are... -A working
group needs at least three people,
otherwise it's not a working group.

Then I'll take...

I'll take Ms Baum.

I'd like her.

- Why me?

Because you're an attractive woman,
and you come from city marketing
and city marketing and marine expertise
complement each other in away that...

In that case I'd like to be in, too;
as a shark hunter.

As a shark hunter you're biased...

- We need a third member,
someone who can look at the position
from a historico-critical perspective.

A historian.

- female historian!

female!

And who are you, Ms...?

Mller. Gabi Mller. female historian.

You're in! From now on we'll

take option b) point 1:

Carry on as before,

but with a working group!

B) point 1:

but with a working group

City marketing stands

and falls on the competence
of the people who practise it.
There's a lot of money to be lost and
always competition with other cities.
That's stressful,
and we do it here
just for Friedrichshagen.
Just for Friedrichshagen.
Tourism is a undoubtedly
a double-edged sword.
He who wields it
will always lose in the end.
But poverty's even worse
and no town is valueless.
So close your eyes and set to,
and we do it here
just for Friedrichshagen.
Just for Friedrichshagen
OK, let's put it to a vote.
Vote?
The working group has to report first.
No, the other stuff:
About the cars, the signs
and the Greek restaurant!
Because the concession
for the Greek restaurant
will only be awarded in conjunction with
the provision of three
parking spots, of which
it's well known
that two are full of junk.
Although, in accordance with
Friedrichshagen traffic laws,
there is a No Dumping sign, in contra-
vention of those laws, erected there.
I've got to be going.
I've sorted out the
business with the sign.
What do you want here?
I thought we were done.
Daily point of order number 7:
Report of the working group.
Shark alarm.
Ah, right,

but we shouldn't just sit down again,
we need some action.

OK, listen,

I'm going down BIschestrae

and you give me

a good sequence shot, will you.

Great. A sequence shot.

From the microbiological

fish analysis index,

we have both good news and bad...

- Give me the bad first.

The lake has excessive level of shark
antibodies, which... -How excessive?

Three times.

The normal level for

shark antibodies is 17.

We have 51, but applied

to the official median value,

as defined by the Society

for Inland Water Research...

Thank you. Here!

That's fun, isn't it?

And the bad news?

That was the bad news.

There's a probability of 28 percent...

I just want the results from you.

You can leave the evaluation to me.

How does this look from

the city marketing perspective?

47 percent of the inhabitants of

Friedrichshagen believe in the shark,

28 percent believe in the Alarm,

the rest are undecided.

I'd like to tell you the good news...

Hi there, Chief!

- Hi.

Once more:

what have the people got to say?

Of the 28 percent for the

immediate Alarm,

48 percent are for paid leave, but

only 32 percent for the shark alarm.

That's not enough.

Can you combine them?

It would only be possible
on a historico-critical basis.

That would bring Ms Mller
into it, the stupid pig.

I just wanted to give the good news

- Listen to me, my good man:

Good News is when we have a shark alarm.

We have an election, soon,
and when there's an alarm, the advantage
is always with the incumbent.

That's the way it is!

So, Ms Mller!

We've discovered that in 1974
the Comecon organised a circular
exchange denominated in roubles.

What was the Comecon again?

Council

for Mutual Economic Assistance.

The Czechs had Barkas cars
which they wanted to sell to Bulgaria,
the Bulgarians had sheep's cheese,
which the Czechs didn't want.

The Czechs wanted steel,
which the Russians had,
but Cuba wanted the sheep's cheese,
so the East Germans and the Russians
Soviets!

So the East Germans delivered
birch wood to the Russians,
the Cubans got their sheep's cheese.
and so far so good.

But what do you think the East Germans
got in exchange from the Cubans?

Cigars?

- No.

Sugar?

- No.

Doctors?

- No.

White rum with lime juice and sugar?

- No.

Where have you come from?

I was just at Paul's Batteries.

For batteries.

Ball point pens?

- No.

I give up.

Moments like this are
why I became a historian!

The Cuban Pet Shark!

- What?

The Cuban Pet Shark.

Back in the day
genetic engineering was in its infancy
and test-tubes were still test-
and a sunny future
beckoned for socialism.

When the shark hatches,
it's still quite small
and the ideal size to be a pet:
it's beautiful, healthy and eats
anything; it's good-tempered and
likes to be petted.

The only problem was with its size:

What happened
to the fish-paste sandwiches?

Before there were always
fish-paste sandwiches.

In order to limit the shark's growth,
a variety of things were tried:

Chemotherapy, radiotherapy, diet,
mechanical trauma, occult practices,
gene manipulation,
Himalayan salts, everything.

In the end, a cocktail of these things
led to a certain amount of success,
at least in the case
of the saltwater shark.

The freshwater version,
the notorious series R23PO,
turned out to be a genetic time bomb.
So the deliveries to East Germany were
exclusively the saltwater version,
although the East Germans
had ordered the freshwater fish.

The Cubans hoped
this wouldn't be discovered until

they had eaten the sheep's cheese.
As it turned out..
.. a Cuban seaman, who hoped
to exchange Cuban cigars in Rostock
for an East German Harry Belafonte LP,
but couldn't get hold
of the cigars in time,
happened to be
carrying an example
of the freshwater shark's version R23PO,
which, unlike it's saltwater brethren,
was the only animal to survive,
which he exchanged for a copy of
Frank Schbel's Joyful Family Christmas
at the backdoor of the
Khlungsborn Retail Co-operative.
The fish made its way
through our Republic;
through Schwerin, Leipzig, Dresden,
Lbbenau and then down
the River Spree to Friedrichshagen,
where, as a product in the 'Ho Chi Minh'
animal supply store on BIschestr-,
where Kaiser's stands today,
it was sold by comrade Mller in 1974
to two brothers called Mller.
At that time, the shark was still small.
That's a hell of a long time ago.
Those kids must be adults now.
And called Mller.
- If they're still alive.
Maybe Snake Mller?
After all, he is called Mller.
So? I'm called Mller too.
Me, too.
- And me, too.
But you didn't grow up
in Friedrichshagen, Officer Mller.
And me neither,
I'm actually from Kpenick,
although that should remain between us.
I'm from Hirschgarten, damn it!
You!
You're called Mller.

And you're from here.
Yes, but I'm a woman.
Right.
And you're married to Snake Mller,
so I've heard.
Was! Was married!
In any case, she wasn't born Mller.
No, I was born Mller. When I married
Snake, I kept my own name.
Has Snake got a brother?
Yes, but Snake says
he changed his identity.
Very suspicious.
We should ask Snakey.
Tell me, Snake,
do you have a brother?
That's none of your business, Mayor.
You can call me Mr Mller.
- Me too!
OK, enough fooling around.
I'll ask you straight:
Snake Mller, did you, along with your
brother, at some time in the 70s,
buy a shark in a pet shop?
Why do you want to know that?
- So I can finally issue the shark alarm!
And just why would you want
to issue the shark alarm?
The people are restless.
They don't dare go in the water.
The work group is stalled.
It's time for the shark alarm,
it's our first and last possibility,
the Greatest Good,
the Alpha and Omega
of municipal politics!
Then issue it.
I've seen the shark!
Really, where?
Here in the lake.
I went down in the cage. I saw it.
And you didn't tell me about this?
- I'm telling you now.
Hm did it look?

It looked good. Healthy. And the teeth!
Was it a Cuban pet shark?
No idea.
They all look the same to me.
They all taste the same too.
Except for the Hammerhead,
that tastes different.
Then I'll put it here,
that you've seen the shark,
and I'll need your signature.
This is the order for the
shark alarm -Yes.
Sign here and here.
And here.
Then it's all official and perfect!
Yes.
Yup.
Yeah.
Y. Ja.
Yo.
Yah.
Ye-he.
Yee-hah.
So that's it.
Do you have a picture of the shark?
- Yes.
I really can't make it out from this!
- They always look like that.
Anyway, I've got the order-form now!
Photos can be faked. Order-forms not.

A):

Shark Alarm, Day 1
What now?
First we close Lake Mggel Boulevard.
Shark...
Alarm
on Lake Mggel
Slop!
Shark alarm.
Shark alarm?
What's that?
Is there free beer?
- No.

It's shark alarm.
No free beer.
This is a restricted area here.
- What's that supposed to mean?
No idea. Shark alarm. That's all.
It's like that.
Stop complaining
and just do it.
OK people
Shark alarm.
You're not allowed to be here.
This is a wall.
Hold on! You're a mime,
are you allowed to talk?
Only when there's the shark alarm.
And only when I make this movement.
See! there's a shark alarm!
Does that mean there's a shark in here,
or what? -of course.
What do you think?
Danger of death!
What are doing there?
Nowt.
Also nowt!
- Well go and nowt somewhere else.
You have to leave. Shark alarm,
the area has been evacuated!
What's going on here?
- Shark alarm. It's closed.
The whole Lake Mggel Boulevard?
Sure.
Restricted area.
Shark alarm.
But we live here.
It's closed.
Everyone evacuated.
We need clothes.
Can we go in and get some?
I'll look may for a mo.
But careful!
And be quick about it!
There's fear on the streets of
Friedrichshagen. Shark alarm.
Lake Mggel Blvd. has been evacuated,

and no one knows how this will end.
Here on BIschestrae, I'm talking
to a citizen of Friedrichshagen. Mr
Mller.

I own the lido, the brewery, the barber
all on Lake Mggel Boulevard.

I've got the boat rental,
the tram, all mine.

If it goes on like this,
then Good Night!

The voice of a simple Friedrichshagener.
And here I have the Mayor, Mr
Mller.

Everything's under control.

Here on BIschestrae it's quite safe.

Do you know what's going to happen?

The shark alarm offers opportunities and
learning experiences for the community.

Take BIschestrae:

Look what's going on here!

Its value has increased
after the shark alarm.

So we've decided to hold the
BIsche Festival tomorrow.

The BIsche Festival?

Wasn't that in May?

Then we'll have it again!

Can you do that?

- of course!

They don't have just one
Oktoberfest in Munich!

What are you doing here Ms Baum?

I don't have to justify myself.

I'm entitled to a sex life
like any healthy person.

Not the sick?

Your sex life

means nothing to me, Ms Baum,
but we've now had 12 hours of
shark alarm in Friedrichshagen
without any contribution from
the city marketing department,
you stupid whore!

What do you want with her, Snake?

She's good looking. And she really knows a lot about city marketing. Why did you come back, Snake?

- My green card expired. Since when do green cards expire?

- Mine did. It was home-made. I didn't want to see any more sharks. And you. Didn't want to see me anymore? No, on the contrary. If it was me, why did you start with her? I'm a shark hunter, Gabi. Yes. And not a specially good one, it would appear! Don't fool yourself. In the end we always get what we want. 'Don't fool yourself. In the end we always get what we want. ' 'Don't fool yourself. In the end we always get what we want. ' 'Don't fool yourself. In the end we always get what we want. ' Chief, the Rainbow Warrior has arrived. Eh? The Rainbow Warrior. Which Rainbow Warrior? The one from Greenpeace! - What do they want with us? They say it's because of the whales. The election? That's not for six weeks. Not the election, the whales! Whales? I thought it was a shark! Yes, it was a misunderstanding, they said. Chief, I've got Wannsee on the phone. They want their own shark alarm. Wannsee? The Wannsee is no lake, it's the lower intestine of the Havel. And everyone knows what's in the lower intestine. No, no! We've got the exclusive rights.

You can have a carp alarm!
If they call again, send them
the Rainbow Warrior.
Got any plans for tonight, Ms Baum?
Wannsee
Carp Alarm
Mr Mayor, under no circumstances
mention Wannsee.
Not Wannsee, not bathing trunks,
not Grunewald,
not timber auction and not Zehlendorf.
Why the hell should he mention Wannsee?
Not that. Nor Cuba, leave that out.
And apart from that tax reform,
elections, communal fees,
marine mammals,
Schnefeld, Schneberg,
Schneeweide, Upper Schneeweide,
Karlshorst, Kpenick, Hirschgarten.
Don't mention any of them.
What about Rahnsdorf?
- If you must.

Also bad:

administrative reform,
er... where to get
the best Currywurst.
The best Currywurst?
Everyone knows that. It's at..
One moment!
It's nothing!
So let's do it!
Give me your name-plate.
Ms Baum. I've got yours.
And I've got yours.
That's funny.
So swap them, you whore!
We'll take questions. Please state
the name of your newspaper.
You, over there,
with the short trousers.
Excuse me, my dear mayor.
- What's your paper, for God's sake!
Excuse me, officer,

I am Jaqueline Oublinski,
and I work for Le Figaro, Paris,
and for Le Nouvel Observateur,
but for the Observateur
I work only Saturdays and Sundays.
I'm a freelance journalist,
but in time I hope to...
- Your question, please!
My question is, do you have the
permission of Greater Berlin's mayor...
What's his name, Wowereit? Diepgen?
for the shark alarm?
Not necessary, Madame!
I don't have to get permission
from anyone,
Christ's sake!
It's our shark alarm,
it always was our shark alarm,
and it always will be
our Shark-Alarm.
Buy, buy, and Gnther Jauch,
he sits in the window and is bought,
bought, bought, Gnther Jauch,
Gnter, nice little buy, buy...
Go on, shop, shop, shop!
Waldemar Koslowski,
Gazeta Wyborcza.
My question is,
are Polish waterways affected?
No, it's not a problem.
As I understand it,
the Spree ows downstream from Cottbus
through Lake Mggel, into the Havel,
and on into the Elbe,
from where it ows into the North Sea.
No Polish waterways are affected.
From the North Sea
it's in international...
waters.
And what have you purchased?
- Shark gristle mixture.
And you bought that on the street?
And not in the pharmacy?
We have a shark alarm, and this is

the BIschestr. -Yes, that's just great.
You're all big
friends of Gnther Jauch!
Hans-Peter Boulett,
Friedrichshagen Daily Mulberry.
When will the shark alarm end?
I don't understand the question.
When will it stop, the shark alarm?
What do you mean, stop?
It's only just started.
It's a simple question:
how long will it last?
Well, yes...
to my way of thinking
Shark alarm Protocol,
shark alarm Identity,
shark alarm Confirmation...
shark alarm...
Ah, yes, here it is:
Shark alarm Cancellation:
The cancellation of a shark alarm
is possible only
under the following conditions:
a) the shark is demonstrably killed.
B) the shark is demonstrably removed
from the water,
or c) a false alarm.
And when none of those conditions
are met?
Then the shark alarm will stay in place.
Forever, or what?
- Naturally.
As I read it here, it's forever.
So it would be shark alarm forever?
- Yes.
It would be shark alarm forever.
OK, so now we can all sing the song.
Everyone has the sheets?
Hah! All waiting for me, were you?
Everyone got the lyrics?
All bought something?
Just wait till it comes onto dry land!

And now:

Friedrichshagen, Friedrichshagen
You lovely hooker, you lovely hooker
I love you more,
I love you more than Berlin.
All together now!
Friedrichshagen, Friedrichshagen
You lovely hooker, you lovely hooker
I love you more,
I love you more than Berlin.
They wanted your innocence
and your waterworks
and made you a stepchild
of Kpenick and Treptow
but what do I care, my
Friedrichshagen, Friedrichshagen
You lovely hooker, you lovely hooker
I love you more,
I love you more than Berlin.
They wanted your beauty
and your local brew
and made you a slave of Grnau
and Johannisthal
it's all the same to me, for:
Friedrichshagen, Friedrichshagen
You lovely hooker, you lovely hooker
I love you more,
I love you more than Berlin.
They wanted your beaches
and the Mggelspree
and made you a soggy
yes-man obliged
to Greater Berlin.
But to all this I have to say:
Friedrichshagen, Friedrichshagen
You lovely hooker, you lovely hooker
I love you more,
I love you more than Berlin.
I can walk!
I can walk!
- One more time!
Friedrichshagen, Friedrichshagen
You lovely hooker, you lovely hooker
Shark Alarm, Day 2
Anyone know where the shark alarm is?

- Yes. Where have you come from?
Kreuzberg and Friedrichshain, Everyone's
coming, because the shark alarm is here.
Where is it, anyway?

- It's everywhere, the shark alarm.
It's here and in BIschestrae
and in the station too.
I can't believe it!
Is it here too?

- Here most of all.
This is the restricted area,
you'll get the best
shark alarm of them all!
I'm in Friedrichshagen,
on BIschestrae, where,
for the first time, the BIsche Festival
takes place a second time in one year.
And it's a big success.
But are there dissenting voices?
I'm talking to a normal
bystander here, Ms
Mller, Gabi Mller.
Ms Mller,
what do you think of
the BIsche Festival
taking place for the second
time in one year?
I'd like to issue the
following statement:
The decision to hold BIsche Festival
for the second time in one year
was taken without my knowledge
and without my approval.
I refuse to take responsibility
for this idiocy.
It has probably something to do with the
city-marketing whore on your left!
I'll pass the question over:
Ms Baum, you are responsible
for city marketing,
what is your view
of today's events?
I have the following
statement to make:

Gabi Mller is a stupid cunt
who deserves no sympathy.
Shark Alarm, Day 3
Snake! Snake!
What's up, sweetie?
- Leave the shark alone!
Do nothing!
The shark alarm is a real winner!
The Bische Festival
will be indefinitely extended.
People are coming to Friedrichshagen
from all over!
It's the marketing, Snake, this is
how it's done! -Well, well.
Snake, leave the shark in peace.
Say it!
I know it was you, Snake
You were one of the brothers.
You can admit it. I'll never tell
on you because I love you.
Shark Alarm, Day 4
What do you think of
Friedrichshagen's shark alarm?
Crazy.
It's just crazy.
Shark Alarm, Day 5
Can you see anything?
- No.
No. Why should it be right here,
of all places?
Exactly what I've always said:
why should it be right here?
And still they've closed my lido.
What are you doing here?
This is a restricted areal
Restricted area?
Take a look at him.
Are you crazy?
What if something happens to him?
What's going to happen?
And if it does?
Why should it be right here?
I haven't seen anything.
But go away when you're done.

This is a restricted area
Shark Alarm, Day 7
Be careful now, in spite of everything
you must consider that
such a creature plays
an important role in the
ecosystems of Lake Mggel.
By making a tenor zone
at the center of the lake
it's forcing marine life
to the edges and the coral reefs
Yes, yes, but what does that
mean in practice?
First of all one has to consider
Let me ask a randomly selected
citizen of Friedrichshagen.
What do you think of all this?
- It will come onto land, and
then you'll see what use
shopping was to you!
That'll be the end of
to fucky-fucky and party-party.
Then it'll come
and come over you.
Gnther Jauch won't be any help at all
Gnther Jauch won't
be any help at all!
Shark Alarm, Day 8
So what's today's agenda, Ms Baum?
None, it's shark alarm
What? No agenda?
- No. Because of the alarm.
And what do we do next?
We need an agenda.
Here's the agenda.
If you have nothing more to say,
then just try my new Alarm Beer.
Should you be brewing at all? Lake
Mggel Boulevard is evacuated after all.
Of course! I have a special permit.
Because it's Alarm Beer.
So...
Ah! Well then
Right.

- Well in that case...

Shark Alarm, Day 10

Today's agenda?

- Item 1:

Alarm Beer...

With me are two Kreuzbergers who not only were down that road but brought...

Shark Alarm, Day 13

City marketing stands and

falls on the competence

of the people who practise it.

There's a lot of money to be lost and always competition with other cities.

That's stressful,

and we do it here

just for Friedrichshagen.

Just for Friedrichshagen.

Tourism is undoubtedly

a double-edged sword

He who wields it will

always lose in the end.

But poverty's even worse

and no town is valueless.

So close your eyes and set to,

and we do it here

just for Friedrichshagen.

Just for Friedrichshagen.

Shark Alarm, Day 17

This is day 17 of Friedrichshagen's shark alarm,

and day 16 of the Bische Festival.

This much can be said:

this isn't a good

day for the festival.

The town seems tired of the festivities and an air of uncertainty dominates.

How long will the shark alarm continue?

How long can people manage

without Lake Mggel Boulevard?

When will the shark be captured?

I'll put these questions to the

men standing next to me:

You are a diver here,

have you had a sighting of the shark?
You can't see much, you know.
Under two meters it's totally dark.
Do you think people are right
to say the shark never existed?
Well, you know, one says
this, the other says that.
I'm just a diver,
and divers have to be impartial.
Good, and mm I'll hand you back
- Hop hop hop...
Here we have a demonstration,
- The shark alarm must stop!
The citizens of Friedrichshagen...
- Free beer for all here...
against local government policies!
- Hop hop hop!
Hop hop hop, the shark alarm must stop!
Free beer for all here, hop hop hop!
The shark alarm must stop!
Snake Mller! We have to cancel
the shark alarm.
What do you mean We'?'
What's it got to do with me?
I wanted to be in the working group
and you didn't want me!
The Alarm's running out of control.
People are rebelling
they're cracking up.
I can't just cancel the shark alarm,
I have only three possibilities:
Shark dead, shark demonstrably gone,
or false alarm.
Yeah? Tough luck,
it's nothing to do with me.
You must be joking!
You're the one, you and your brother,
who bought the shark in the first place.
I have it on good authority!
You bought the shark
and put it in the lake!
Yes, but it wasn't our fault.
Our entire pocket money!
And all we wanted was a guppy to cuddle.

I know all about that.
As a kid I wanted a hamster,
and what did I get?
A recorder!
- That's bad!
Can you hear the seagulls?
Those are no gulls,
those are the enraged citizens
of Friedrichshagen.
The whole Shark-Alarm-thing
has got out of control, Snake!
Snake!
Snake!
What do you want here? -Sign the
False Alarm! or kill the shark!
I'm not going to kill any more sharks,
or at least not this one.
It's my shark,
and I'm responsible for it,
me and my brother. Mostly my brother.
Kill him, Snake!
- Who, my brother?
No, the shark!
- Kill it, Snake.
Do it for Friedrichshagen!
- Would you do that to your hamster?
They don't live so long.
They're mostly dead by puberty.
If you don't want to kill it, Snake,
at least sign the false alarm order.
I've got the form here.
You have to sign here, and here.
Snake! Don't do it!
It'll land you in jail,
It's perjury!
Snake, after everything we had together,
do you really think I'd do such a thing?
Don't listen to the whore, Snake!
They'll put you in jail. -In jail?
He's going to jail anyway!
Because of what happened!
He put the shark in the lake.
It was actually my brother's idea.
There'll be compensation

in the billions.

I'll sue your ass, Snake Mller!

Mr Mller, Mr Mller.

Me, or Snake?

Both. That's why I said it twice.

The enraged citizens want to open
the brewery vats at half past five

Why that?

Because they've heard that you
can drive off a shark with beer.

Is that true?

Don't look at me like that, Snake.

Why are looking at me that way?

You told them. It was you
who told them about the beer.

No! It was him!

People, it's not so simple
with the beer.

Yes, the shark

is one of nature's wonders,
and yes, it can smell a drop of blood
in a thousand cubic meters of water.

But driving it off with beer
is not fully tested,

and one needs a great
deal of beer for it,

because while one drop of blood
in a thousand cubic meters is enough,
with beer you need a liter
per thousand cubic metres.

Lake Mggel contains about
22 million cubic meters of water,
that makes 22 thousand liters of beer.

So that means 22 cubic metres
or 220 hectoliters of beer!

Where would you get that amount round
here? And it's not fully proven!

Hop hop hop,

the shark alarm must stop!

You stupid fish expert
with your stupid gibberish.

Can't you keep your trap shut just for
once? -What do you want?

I just can't imagine that

anyone will listen to me,
that someone might actually hear me out.
Apart from that it wasn't me that
started the beer thing! It was her!
How about beer, for example?
- Free beer!
Beer drives sharks mad,
it's age old shark hunting wisdom.
Ask the fish expert.
He knows it. He's just not saying!
Hop hop hop,
the shark alarm must stop!
I trusted you when I told you that.
And we were naked!
Naked, but not so nice to look at!
- I trusted you
with old shark hunter's lore,
and you went and told the people!
'Told, told', as if it
stopped with 'told'.
I had to persuade them and as for

the brewery:

What do we want?
- Beer!
And what does the shark want?
- Two!
And where do we get it?
- Um Ah No idea
From the Brgerbru you idiots!
The beer is free at...
Brgerbru!
Free beer...
Brgerbru!
Free beer...
Brgerbru!
Sorry, Snake,
but what else should I have done?
From the point of view of city marketing
it was the best solution!
But it's not tested!
The beer could kill
all the fish in Lake Mggel.
If the fish die, the lake dies, too.

All is not lost, Snake.
Kill the shark or OK the false alarm,
Snake, so I can give the all-clear.
The enraged citizens
are waiting for my signal.
At five-thirty if I shoot the white,
that's the all clear.
If I shoot the red,
then the beer goes in the lake.
It's up to you, Snake. -Well, if it
were me, I'd say: shoot the white.
I can only shoot the white
when the shark alarm is cancelled.
What's up?
We're already three minutes late!
OK, there's a third possibility:
I can leave and take the shark with me.
How are you going to get
the shark so quickly?
It's here.
That's crazy.
Why should it be exactly here?
It is here. I can feel it in my hand.
Because of the shark cage. They attract
sharks, everyone knows that.
As soon as a cage is the water,
the sharks come.
Don't you ever watch TV?
That sounds plausible,
but how can I be sure?
I give you my word, fish expert!
You can call me Karl-Heinz.
- But you not.
My former Christian name is secret.
I love men who have a secret.
Then love me!
Here!
I am the son of the man who sold
the shark to the Mller brothers.
I'll give the all-clear, Father!
Hold on a moment!
Have you got a permit for that weapon?
Do you need one?
- of course.

You can't shoot it
if you don't have a permit.
I don't have one either.
If I don't fire the white are
at five-thirty, the enraged citizens
will pour the beer into the lake.
Whatever! Without a permit,
you can't shoot it!
Then you must do it. -No I can't.
I don't have a permit either.
I don't have one, either.
You there!
You have a weapons permit.
You can shoot it!
No! I'm not insured for are guns.
If something goes wrong,
I'm not insured.
Because I didn't take the course.
It's my brewery.
It's my beer,
220 hectoliters, who's going
to pay me for that?
Him!
If my beer goes into the lake,
this man will blow himself to bits!
And how!
I have a permit.
That I want to see.
One moment!
Look!
I've even got two permits.
Pass the are gun!
Shit, red.
How did that happen?
- I'm sorry, that's probably my fault.
I don't understand.
Me neither.
Snake, here,
I've got another white cartridge. Quick!
Shit! Red again!
There's the foam!
There's nothing more you can do,
you losers!
Ms Baum!

Did you sabotage the cartridges?!
And defused his belt?!
Of course!
That's city marketing, Snake!
The shark alarm is dead.
We need a new alarm,
and now we have the foam alarm,
the Vera-Baum-Foam-Alarm.
That's city marketing, you twits,
city marketing!
She's gone mad.
And she looks so great!
Here comes the foam!
You all thought I was second class,
'cause I came from Mggelheim,
but I'm Vera Baum,
the one with the foam!
Everyone off my boat.
What about the shark?
It can't survive this,
the concentration is too high.
I'm going and the shark is coming
with me. Everyone off my boat!
Shoes off!
Foam, foam, foam,
dreams are foam
Snake!
Stay here, Snake,
do the foam alarm with me,
foam parties,
foam kisses, foam waffles,
foam hats, foams shirts, foamy shampoo,
building foam.
Forget the shark alarm,
that's all in the past,
the future belongs to the foam alarm!
Foam, foam, foam!
Where's your boat?
- It drifted off with the others.
How do you want to get home?
I can't go back!
I am at home.
Where shall we go?
It's all the same to me.

- Hawaii is nice at this time of year.

Do you have a green card?

- No.

Me neither,

but it's OK, as long as you
work off the books.

There goes the whore,
now she's got what she wanted!
Take me! I own a hairdresser's,
the lido and a tramline.

Take me instead, Ms Baum.

I have an office, a motor boat
and a pension entitlement.

Take me, I'm a fish expert
from Humboldt University!

I'll take the one with
the hairdresser's!

So where is your brother?

He's below decks.

Here he comes now.

Leave it out, Rdiger.