





R. MOURGE
RACINE
LE 21 AVRIL 1899

24.1.2/24

APRIL

Sun	01	
Mon	02	Travel main unit Blythe -L.A. Small unit shoots Airplane air-to-air, ground-to-air & SFX
Tue	03	Main unit travels L.A. - Munich Small unit shoots airplane stuff
Wed	04	Small unit travels Blythe - L.A. and proceeds to N.Y.
Thu	05	Small unit shoots P.O.V. stuff N.Y.
Fri	06	Small unit shoots P.O.V. stuff Evening: Small unit flies N.Y. - Munich
Sat	07	Turnaround for small unit
Sun	08	
Mon	09	Prep Munich
Tue	10	Interior Airplane
Wed	11	Interior Airplane
Thu	12	Interior Airplane
Fri	13	GOOD FRIDAY
Sat	14	REST
Sun	15	EASTER SUNDAY
Mon	16	EASTER MONDAY (German holiday)
Tue	17	Town Hall / River
Wed	18	Alpine Meadow / Chalet
Thu	19	Café Zurich / Swiss Country Road Press opportunity Munich Lighting Ship Cabin Ocean Liner: Cabin Faber / Cabin Sabeth
Fri	20	Travel Munich - Paris
Sat	21	
Sun	22	
Mon	23	Prep Paris / Press opportunity Paris
Tue	24	Louvre
Wed	25	Tuilleries / Bistro
Thu	26	Unesco
Fri	27	Pont des Arts / Apartment Guillaume / Paris Street
Sat	28	Citroen NIGHT / INT: Studio shoot
Sun	29	
Mon	30	Travel & shoot Citroen Road DAY/EXT in Vezélay

JUNE

Fri 01 Travel to Italy
Sat 02 Recce & prep Rome and Perugia
Sun 03

Mon 04 Prep Italy
Tue 05 ROME: Museo Nazionale
Wed 06 ROME: Villa Adriana
Thu 07 ROME: Villa Adriana
Fri 08 Travel to Perugia & shoot Umbria road
Sat 09 ORVIETO: Cathedral / Italian Church /
Hotel Palazzo

Sun 10

Mon 11 PERUGIA: Piazza del Duomo / Square
w/trattoria / Rome Street
Tue 12 PERUGIA: 2nd Trattoria
Wed 13 Turnaround
Thu 14 ORVIETO: Rome Hotel
Fri 15 Travel Perugia - Munich

MAY

Tue	01	HOLIDAY
Wed	02	Citroen Road: NIGHT / EXT
Thu	03	Avignon Hotel Room
Fri	04	Leftovers & Travel Vezélay - Nice
Sat	05	Continued Travel & shoot Citroen: Riviera
Sun	06	
Mon	07	Boarding Ship
Tue	08	Ocean Liner
Wed	09	Ocean Liner
Thu	10	Ocean Liner
Fri	11	Ocean Liner
Sat	12	Ocean Liner / Leftovers
Sun	13	Prep and shoot Harbor N.Y. & LeHavre
Mon	14	REST
Tue	15	Turnaround & prep Greece
Wed	16	Engine Room / Archeological Institute
Thu	17	Athens Street & Hanna's Apartment
Fri	18	Hanna's Apartment
Sat	19	Athnes Airport / Athens Square w/truck
Sun	20	
Mon	21	Leftovers Hanna's Apartment & Athens hospital
Tue	22	Athens Hospital
Wed	23	Athens Hospital
Thu	24	Ocean Liner: Dance lounge
Fri	25	Ocean Liner: Dining room and bar
Sat	26	Athens Street and Athens Square w/truck
Sun	27	
Mon	28	Travel to beach & shoot Countryside / Hill / Fig Tree
Tue	29	Beach / Sea / Road w/Cart and Truck
Wed	30	Citroen Ferryboat / Coffeeshop / Road w/Sign 2nd Unit steal shot at Korinthos Pillars
Thu	31	Leftovers

LAST CALL

FOR

PASSENGER FABER

A SCREENPLAY

BY

RUDY WURLITZER
VOLKER SCHLÖNDORFF

BASED ON THE NOVEL - HOMO FABER

BY

MAX FRISCH

3rd DRAFT

FEBRUARY 7th, 1990

ACT I

THE DESERT

only: M. ZEIS
 K. SCHWARTZBURG
 ✓ S. SHEPARD
 D. KIRCHLEITNER
 T. LIND
 ✓ V. SCHLÖNDORF
 K. EISEMANN
 K. YUSIAKE

1) EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY TO NIGHT
 L - R

Arr to Arr
 3 4 90

A four engine Super-Constellation flies through the night, it's dimly lit passenger section outlined by flashing wing tail lights.

ANGLE THROUGH THE WINDOW

C.W. FABER.

TYPEWRITER: CARACAS
 + 1st F.B. HERE!
 ←

2) INT. AIRPLANE, CABIN/TOILET - NIGHT

27-1

Where a man - WALTER FABER - gets up, stepping over the portly passenger sleeping next to him on the aisle seat - HERBERT HENKE.

Faber slowly makes his way past rows of sleeping passengers. The plane is crowded and both from the decor and the look of the passengers, the PERIOD is clearly defined: 1959

The sign over the door reads VACANT. Pushing it open, he disturbs the Stewardess - CHARLENE - as she looks in the mirror puckering her lips to put on fresh lipstick.

FABER
 Sorry. It says 'vacant'.

dialogue see
 new-dialogue-page

He leans through the door.

CHARLENE
 It was. I mean, it is...
 (laughing)
 Why do we keep bumping into each other, anyway?

FABER
 Well, it was you who insisted I be on this flight.

CHARLENE
 It's my job.

FABER
 (Smiling)
 That's right

DIALOGUE SCENE 2

FABER

Sorry. It says 'vacant'.

CHARLENE

It was. I mean, it is...
It's funny, we keep bumping into each other.

FABER

Wasn't it you who dragged me on this plane?

CHARLENE

It's my job.

FABER

Sorry, I've been having some bad luck in bathrooms lately.

CHARLENE

What do you mean?

FABER

I don't know what happened exactly. I wound up on the floor. Something is going on with my eyes.

CHARLENE

They look okay to me.
Don't tell me you're afraid of flying.

FABER

No. I fly all over the place, just like you.

CHARLENE

You must have an interesting job then.

FABER

Right, I just spent three months in the jungle.
It feels like I never left.

INT CARACAS AIRPORT. TICKET COUNTER. - DAY
(Long Beach)

Faber checks in his baggage. The sign above the counter reads:
CARACAS - NEW YORK.

INT CARACAS AIRPORT. WAITING LOUNGE - DAY
(Long Beach)

He enters the waiting lounge, sitting next to a European Businessman -
Herbert -, last seen sitting next to him on the plane.

Herbert looks at Faber, as if trying to place him.

HERBERT
(With a German accent)
You look familiar. Have we met?

Faber looks at him, shaking his head.

FABER
No.

HERBERT
Perhaps it was in Caracas. The cocktail
reception at the Chamber of Commerce.

FABER
No, I don't go to cocktail parties.

HERBERT
You seem so familiar. Of course, being a
salesman I see so many people these days.

Herbert hand him his business card

HERBERT
Here's my card.

FABER
(reading the card)
Herbert Hencke? Are you Swiss or German?

HERBERT
German.

FABER (V.O.)
I didn't catch his name right away. I hadn't
slept the night before and I was dead
tired.

140 DC
120 Dinner
60 B-fast
300 plane
620

FABER
I didn't know it was you that was
looking for me.

DISSOLVE TO:

8) INT. CARACAS AIRPORT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY
(Long Beach)

Faber walks into the men's room.

RAZOR in front of mirror

LOUDSPEAKER
Attention please. Attention please.
Flight 684 for Guatemala and Mexico
City is ready for departure.

He is seized by a dizzy-spell,

he manages to go into a stall to hide.

9) INT. CARACAS AIRPORT WAITING ROOM - DAY
(Blythe)

Passengers embark, Super Connie. Charlene is checking.

10) INT. CARACAS AIRPORT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

INT.

An INDIAN CLEANING LADY sees a foot sticking out of a stall.
She knocks. Then opens the door with a key.

ANGLE ON FABER: looking up at the cleaning lady's broad
impassive face.

CLEANING LADY
Senor.... Senor.

FABER
Que' paso?

She laughs as if it's the funniest thing she's ever heard.

CLEANING LADY
No se, Senor.... I don't know.

Over the

LOUDSPEAKER
PASSENGER FABER... PASSENGER FABER ...
LAST CALL FOR PASSENGER FABER...

Faber gets to his hands and knees, shaking his head. The
cleaning lady leans down and looks at his boarding
pass in his jacket.

CLEANING LADY
Usted, Senor?

No. FABER (standing up)

He walks over to the sink, splashes water on his face.
He looks in the mirror, *where RAZOR is still missing*

LOUDSPEAKER
PASSENGER FABER ... PASSENGER
FABER ... THIS IS OUR FINAL CALL -

He sits down on a chair.

11) EXT. CARACAS AIRPORT - DAY

BLITHE
Outside the window ~~he can see~~ the wing of a plane as it taxis to the runway.
Last time. embark, Charles looks around. / 1431

12) INT. CARACAS AIRPORT/MEN'S ROOM - DAY

LA
The CLEANING LADY hands FABER a glass of water. He tries to give her money but she refuses it.

CLEANING LADY
No, no. I'm glad you are alive.
Big trouble for me if you are dead.
FABER
might be simpler in the long run.

13) EXT. CARACAS AIRPORT - DAY

(Through the window) the Super-Constellation starts its engines. Faber waits until the engines roar. (o.s.)

14) INT. CARACAS AIRPORT/MEN'S ROOM - DAY

L.B.
Faber drinks the water, He goes outside.

Schnitzens his tie

15) INT. CARACAS AIRPORT WAITING LOUNGE - DAY

L.B.
Faber walks up the stairs from the men's room. As he turns towards the waiting lounge, he stops transfixed, as Charlene hurries towards him.

COOPER!

huge empty hall - he goes to pick up his briefcase.

TYPEWRITER

1 HOUR LATER

108) EXT. PONT DES ARTS - DAY

Sabeth stops as they come to a busy intersection.

SABETH

And of course, I'll stop in Saint Tropez. I know some crazy people there, we'll go to the beach, dance, you know, it will be one of those summers ...

FABER

Well, good luck.

SABETH

Do you think we shall meet again?

FABER

Maybe I should buy you lunch.

She puts her arms around him and hugs him.

SABETH

Oh, great! I'm starving. ~~Paris is so expensive.~~

~~At least I had my baguette, and baguette is not expensive.~~

109) INT. BISTRO - DAY

Faber and Sabeth eat in a cheap Bistro. Faber watches her as she devours her meal.

SABETH

This is so great! I love Paris again. I really hadn't had a good meal in two days. ~~Paris is so expensive.~~

The waiter brings the check.

FABER

More wine?

She shakes her head.

SABETH

Can I have coffee?

FABER

Sure. ~~The waiter is too things I wish for you. First what you don't like here, second that you never~~

He pours another glass. He looks at his watch.

FABER

~~I just remembered.~~ ^{you know} I have a meeting at six thirty. This damn conference I've got myself involved in.

He stands up and puts some money on the table.

Said me a telegram,
or just a postcard of Algiers
so I know you made it

~~see FABER~~
I hope we ~~meet~~ again...
(pause)

If not, I wish you all the best.

She looks up at him, ingenuous, grateful.

~~W. Faber~~
SABETH
Do you think I could just sit here and have
another coffee? I've got plenty of time.
~~I love to watch the people walk by.~~

first that you don't
believe to Rome
and second that you
will never be an Italian
hostess.

FABER
(smiling)

Sure.

He puts another ten francs on the table.

Goodbye. FABER

Bye. SABETH

He leaves. She watches him. *c.v. Sabeth.*

110) EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF BISTRO - DAY *from back c.v. front.*

Outside, Faber stops and looks back at Sabeth through the window.

turns and
She is looking the other way and doesn't see him.

Suddenly he turns and goes back inside the restaurant.

111) INT. BISTRO - DAY

Faber sits down *next to* ~~opposite~~ Sabeth.

She looks up, suprised and pleased.

FABER *How about if I*
~~I thought I might~~ rent a car and drive
you to Rome.

SABETH
(incredulous)
You're kidding? What about your conference?

FABER
They don't really need me.

She pauses and looks at him, suddenly serious.

Ad SABETH *if she do get evidence for the Hotel.*
I'll have to tell Kurt.

It is Faber's turn to be incredulous.

FABER *seriously*
Do you ~~really~~ mean you'd come?

He looks at her, she is in love.

112) INT. CITROEN. COUNTRY ROAD. FRANCE - DAY

Faber sits behind the wheel of a Citroen, Sabeth beside him, their eyes on the road as they drive past farms and through green rolling hills.

She reads from the Guide Michelin, noting various cathedrals and historical points of interest they will be passing on their way south.

113) EXT. ROAD - DAY

The Citroen with Faber and Sabeth passing by.

A C T VI

114) INT. CITROEN, COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Faber and Sabeth ride in silence through the long shadows of late afternoon.

She lays her head back on the seat and closes her eyes.

SABETH
I can't call you Walter.

FABER
Why not?

SABETH
It makes me think of teachers and uncles and people like that.

FABER
You can call me anything you like.

SABETH
Good. Then I'm going to call you Walrus.

FABER
That makes me think of an old Grandfather.

SABETH
Then I guess I'll just have to call you
Faber. It's a good name for you anyhow.
- You know, what it means in Latin....

FABER
Not a clue.

** The forger of his own fate.*
SABETH
~~The blacksmith, the maker, the one who shapes~~
~~his own life.~~ *man* *the forger of his destiny/fate*
She takes his hand, looks at the lines, kisses it + closes the hand.
FABER: Ah, that's me all right. The man who shapes his own life.

115) EXT. CITROEN. SMALL TOWN - EVENING

The sun has almost gone down as Faber and Sabeth ride through a small town.

116) INT./EXT. CITROEN. ROAD - ^{EVE} NIGHT

It is night. Faber drives, Sabeth leaning her head on his shoulder.

Lights and a horn from a passing car makes Sabeth sit up. She yawns and stretches.

SABETH
Where are we?

She looks at Faber. He is leaning over the wheel, having trouble seeing the road.

Once again he's seized by vertigo.

SABETH
Are you all right?

FABER
My eyes must be tired. Can you drive?

SABETH
I'm just learning. I haven't taken my test yet.

The car swerves, almost going off the road.

SABETH
Maybe we should stop.

FABER
Avignon is not that far away.
Anyway, there's no place to stay here.

He shuts his eyes, then opens them.

The moon is unusually bright.

He slows down, as if driving in a heavy fog. As they go around a curve, he almost loses control of the car again. Sabeth is concerned.

FABER
I'm just tired. I'm okay.

But then his vision fails again and he is forced to go even slower as the car headlights become hazy and dim.

Sabeth puts her hand on his and gently helps him steer.

SABETH
I'll be your eyes.

FABER
Good.

SABETH
You handle the gas and brakes.

She eases herself closer to him, so that she is almost on his lap.

He closes his eyes and lets her slowly steer the car through the night. Then he looks at her, enjoying her enjoyment.

117) INT./EXT. CITROEN. ROAD - NIGHT

Faber and Sabeth drive even more slowly, travelling no more than thirty miles an hour as Sabeth steers and gives him directions.

SABETH
You can go faster now ... Keep it there.

A truck comes towards them.

SABETH
Slower.

Faber takes his foot off the gas, slowing the car. He sits in a daze, ~~as if overcome by forces he understand or control.~~

Sabeth, on the other hand, is totally at one with the adventure of steering the car, of having Faber surrender his vision to her.

She has never before felt such an intimacy.

It is a duet as Sabeth directs Faber, her hands over his, leaning her body over the wheel, whispering for him to go faster and then to slow down ... then to go faster again.

SABETH

Faster ... A little more ... No, slow again Walter ... Put on the brakes a little, that's right, we are coming around a curve ... Now you are on a flat stretch. You can go faster ... even faster...

(screams)

Walter, the brakes!

A truck races towards them, blowing his horn, headlights on, they avoid the collision by a few inches.

118) EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The car slowly comes to a halt at the edge of a field.

Faber and Sabeth sit without moving. There are no lights, no sign of any life.

Sabeth comes up to him.

She kisses him as if for the first time.

*EXT. HOTEL * CAR DRIVES UP, THEY GET OUT.*

119) INT. AVIGNON HOTEL / LOBBY - NIGHT

Faber checks in at the desk. Sabeth stands next to him. Not quite knowing whether he is to ask for a single or double room.

CLERK

Two rooms. Miss Piper and a Mr. Faber.

1990

P.03

Handwritten notes on a small piece of paper, including a circular stamp or drawing.