

SCREENPLAY

The Hippunks

HOW DID I END UP WITH THESE PARENTS?



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THE STORY

1) INT., APARTMENT OF THE HIPPONKS, AFTERNOON

OPENING AND
CAMERA MOVEMENT
AND BACKGROUND
MUSIC:

A chaotic social housing apartment.
From Living room via bedroom to
children's room accompanied by the music
of the Sex Pistols, *God save the Queen*.

Living room: On the couch lies a sleeping and snoring punk, Rocco, his head sticking out to protect his mohawk. He's wearing a dog collar and several piercings through his earlobes with safety pins, a studded leather jacket, and urine-stained underwear. In front of him is a table covered with punk relics: beer cans, both full and empty, an overflowing ashtray, and next to it, cigarette butts stubbed out. Above, on the wall, hangs a crooked poster of The Exploited, a painted anarchy symbol with the caption NO FUTURE, and a stained, tattered British flag.

Bedroom: A hippie woman, Luna, lies fully clothed in bed. Large marijuana plants grow on the windowsills. Incense sticks smolder on the nightstand, next to a water pipe, tobacco, lighters, and a large pile of marijuana. There's also an open bag of gummy bears, a dildo, and many batteries next to a large porcelain Buddha.

Children's room: Clean and tidy, with neatly arranged furniture and belongings. Posters of Taylor Swift, Justin Bieber, and Albert Einstein sticking out his tongue adorn the wall. A wall of shelves holds hundreds of books and five trophies. On the desk in front of a light-filled window are textbooks, notebooks, pens, a laptop, and open books on thermodynamics and quantum physics, as well as the latest issue of Der Spiegel.

CAMERA STOP
AND
MACRO SHOT:

On the desk, a framed photograph
showing a cheerful girl holding up
a first place winner's certificate.

2) EXT., SCHOOL, ENTRANCE AREA, DAY

We hear the school bell. Shortly afterwards, the entrance door opens and many children come out. Among these children is Mathilda. Mathilda leaves the schoolyard together with her best friend Anna.

MATHILDA (V.O.)
(calmly, objectively)
There are children who come home from
school wondering what they'll have for
dinner. When I come home, I wonder: are
my parents still alive? - I'm Mathilda,
I'm 12 years old, and this is my story.

ANNA

Are you coming over to my house? Then we can play some more. Besides, my parents would like to meet you. They always want to know who my friends are.

MATHILDA

(embarrassed)

I'd love to, but I have to go home. My parents are getting up soon. I need to have lunch ready. Besides, I'm always worried they might hurt themselves.

ANNA

You have strange parents. Don't they work at all?

MATHILDA

Sometimes. My mother works at a... uh... tool shop. And my father - well, he sometimes works on himself. - But we can chat later on WhatsApp.

ANNA

Yes, that would be great. Maybe we can do something tomorrow.

MATHILDA

The headmaster asked me to grade the physics exams for the graduating class - I can earn some extra pocket money that way. But it won't be long before we do something. - I promise!

ANNA

Yes, I'm really looking forward to it.

3) INT., STAIRCASE, IN FRONT OF THE MAILBOXES, DAY

Mathilda opens the mailbox and takes out a blue envelope. She opens the letter:

3.1) CUT TO:

We see the letter, which is from the Child Protection Services.

MATHILDA (O.S.)

A visit from the Child Protection
Services office on June 12th. - That's
in a week! Oh, this will end badly! -
They'll definitely put me in a
children's home.

4) INT., STAIRCASE, APARTMENT DOOR, DAY

Mathilda opens the door. A loud crash can already be heard from
the hallway. Mathilda sighs and enters the apartment.

5) INT., APARTMENT, HALLWAY, DAY

Mathilda closes the apartment door and puts down her schoolbag.

Rocco, the punk father, is lying half in a laundry basket, half on
the floor. His mohawk is perfectly styled.

ROCCO

(cursing)

Damn it! Who put that damn laundry
basket here?

MATHILDA (V.O.)

This is my father, Rocco. His real name
is Raymond, but he hates being called
that. Father lives the punk era of the
70s. His idols are Johnny Rotten, Sid
Vicious, and Richard Hell. He couldn't
care less that the reign of terror of
the punk movement is long over and that
he's just a poor imitation of Beavis
and Butt-Head.

MATHILDA

(calmly)

Dad, the laundry basket has been here
ever since the social services office
assigned us this apartment.

Rocco stands up and leans against the wall. Mathilda sees his
yellow underwear and just shakes her head.

ROCCO

I should remember that.

MATHILDA

Can you at least remember the last time
you changed your underwear?

ROCCO

(looks down at himself)
The underwea... why is that?

Mathilda rolls her eyes and heads towards the kitchen.

6) INT., APARTMENT, KITCHEN, DAY - SHORTLY AFTERWARDS

MATHILDA

Where is Mom?

ROCCO (O.S.)

Who?

MATHILDA

Your wife, Luna!

ROCCO (O.S.)

Oh, she's still asleep.

7) EXT., CARIBBEAN BEACH, EARLY EVENING - DREAM SEQUENCE

Luna and Woman2 are lying on two sun loungers, drinking sangria through straws. They are wearing sunglasses and swimsuits. They are looking out to sea and watching the sunset.

A stunningly handsome and muscular Adonis approaches Luna and kneels before her unwashed feet. Then he begins to lick each toe with relish.

Luna smiles happily. Woman2 watches, fascinated.

When Adonis has laid down all 10 toes, Luna takes 9 €100 notes out of her bra and hands them to Adonis.

LUNA

(with a slightly arrogant
gesture)
This is for my little sweet tooth.

The Adonis counts, then looks somewhat grim.

Luna reaches into her bra again, pulls out another 100€ note and hands it to Adonis.

LUNA
(laughing)
Sorry. The last bill was stuck to my
tits.

The Adonis smiles, folds the wad of cash, and tucks it into his
tight swimming trunks. Then he steps out of the frame.

WOMAN2
What was that?

LUNA
They'll do anything for money here. And
when I say anything...
(winking)
...I really mean that!

WOMAN2
I'm going crazy, I have to try that
sometime.

LUNA
But not tonight, I've already booked
him. He can earn another €500.00.

WOMAN2
What does he have to lick for that?

Luna smiles mischievously.

WOMAN2
No... yes... I'm going crazy!

LUNA
That's right! - And once again I'm
unwashed.

Both women are laughing like crazy.

8) CUT TO BLACK

We hear a dull thud.

9) INT., APARTMENT, BEDROOM, DAY

Luna is lying on the floor next to the bed, annoyed.

LUNA

Damn, damn, the Adonis wasn't finished yet.

MATHILDA (O.S.)

(on the other side of the
bedroom door)

Mommy, Mommy... dinner is ready!

LUNA

I'll be right there, darling!

MATHILDA (V.O.)

This is my mom, Luna. She also lives in the past. Her world: the hippie movement of the 70s. Woodstock, marijuana, Janis Joplin, Joan Baez, and Melanie Safka. She was also enthusiastic about Buddhism, Hinduism, and nudism. - That my parents, from completely different worlds, found each other is, in itself, unlikely. But since I exist...

10) INT., APARTMENT, KITCHEN, DAY

Rocco and Luna, who is holding her heavy head, are sitting at the kitchen table.

Mathilda sits down and peels potatoes. She looks at her parents and assesses who might be able to help her.

MATHILDA

Dad, can you help me with the potatoes?

ROCCO

Potatoes? Ask your mother, or just leave them out.

MATHILDA

Hmm, you're not much help.

Mathilda stands at the stove and cooks a lentil stew. Then she adds the potatoes.

MATHILDA

Feeding time is in half an hour. Mom, you can put the plates out.

LUNA

(without opening his eyes)

Never mind, sweetheart. Mommy isn't hungry. I just need some aspirin and a coffee.

ROCCO

What's going on? Have Miss Kamasutra's batteries run out again?

LUNA

Keep your mouth shut!

11) INT., APARTMENT, KITCHEN, DAY - SHORTLY AFTERWARDS

Mathilda sits between her parents as if they were two species who just happen to be in the same cosmos. Mathilda spoons up her lentil stew, Rocco drinks a can of beer, and Luna sips her hot coffee.

Mathilda looked at her parents sternly and thoughtfully. Then it burst out of her:

MATHILDA

(imperative)

Mother, Father, we need to talk. This can't go on like this!

Rocco chokes on his beer. Luna opens one eye.

ROCCO

What why?

MATHILDA

(places the letter on the table)

The child protection services want to visit us.

Luna sighs, as if it were a request for Mathilda to do the thinking for her.

Rocco takes the opened letter and reads it.

LUNA

You know the rule:

MATHILDA, LUNA, ROCCO

Whoever opens a letter must deal with the consequences!

ROCCO
(to Mathilda)
So, you'll take care of it.

MATHILDA
Hello! I am the child, you are the
parents.

A short pause. Both parents nod slowly, as if this were an
unexpected realization.

MATHILDA
So: For one week, we have to pretend
that you are... normal parents, caring
and interested in my upbringing.

Rocco and Luna look at each other – a look that says: We're
screwed.

ROCCO
Daughter, go bravely to the kiosk and
get 3 cans of beer for Dad.

MATHILDA (V.O.)
When Rocco calls me daughter and asks
me to buy three cans of beer, it means
my parents are about to have another
argument.

MATHILDA
Will you give me money?

ROCCO
Can you lend me something?

MATHILDA
I don't even get pocket money.

ROCCO
Look in the living room, there should
still be a few empty bottles lying
around.

Mathilda leaves the room. No sooner is the door closed than Rocco
starts clattering about.

ROCCO
Now we're in this mess. I told you,
kids are nothing but trouble!

LUNA

Yes, the first time in 12 years.
Besides, I told you back then that you
should use a condom. But no, that fussy
little thing wanted to have fun without
a raincoat - why aren't you a little
like my Bhagwan?!

ROCCO

That long-haired Gandhi from your
therapy group? - Are you sleeping with
him?

(makes a dismissive hand
gesture)

Whatever. I don't feel like doing hard
work anyway. Conceiving Mathilda was
worse than a double shift in a quarry!
She's your daughter now. So you should
contact Child Protective Services.

LUNA

What do you mean, my daughter? I just
carried your drunken sperm? I even had
to do a headstand afterwards to get
your lazy sperm moving.

ROCCO

I was drunk... My sperm were drunk!

LUNA

You're a fucking wimp! My dildos are
made of a completely different stuff.

ROCCO

Then your battery-operated friends can
talk to the child protection services!

12) EXT., KIOSK, LUNCH - OTHERWISE

Mathilda stands at the kiosk and hands a bag of returnable bottles
through the customer window. The owner takes the bag.

MATHILDA

Is that enough for 3 cans of beer?

OWNER

Sure. - Another tense atmosphere at
home?

MATHILDA

No. We had visitors.

OWNER
(drawn out, doubtful)
Okay... visitor.

The owner hands out 3 cans of beer.

OWNER (CONTINUED)
Say hi to Rocco for me and tell him he
should settle his debts.

Mathilda puts the three cans of beer in her bag and walks away,
ashamed.

13) INT., APARTMENT, KITCHEN, DAY - SHORTLY AFTERWARDS

Mathilda returns to the kitchen. She senses the tension that has
built up during her absence.

MATHILDA
Here's your beer. Now make up, or I'll
file for divorce for you!

ROCCO
I need a beer now.

Rocco opens a can of beer and gulps down the contents in one go.
Some of it spills over his mouth. Then he crushes the can and lets
out a burp.

LUNA
Rocco, you're a pig!

14) INT., APARTMENT, KITCHEN, EVENING - A LITTLE LATER

Mathilda sits at the table doing her homework. Luna bakes a cake,
garnished with coconut blossom sugar, chia seeds, quinoa, and
plenty of marijuana. Meanwhile, Rocco tattoos the word "HATE" on
the backs of his fingers.

Mathilda looked at her parents with a certain skepticism. Then she
jotted something down.

LUNA
What are you writing there?

MATHILDA
Homework.

LUNA

I can certainly help you with that.

MATHILDA

This is for math class, set theory.

LUNA

Baking cakes also has something to do with set theory.

ROCCO

The amount of marijuana you add!

LUNA

Mathilda, tell your father he's an idiot.

ROCCO

Mathilda, tell your mother that I need to speak to her when she's sober.

Annoyed, Mathilda folds up her notebooks and books and stands up.

MATHILDA

This is unbearable! You should all get therapy!

Mathilda leaves the kitchen.

LUNA

Have you noticed that Mathilda has been irritable lately?

ROCCO

(without interrupting the
tattooing process)

No, I didn't notice that.

LUNA

She is at a difficult age now.

ROCCO

Oh, come on, Mathilda is still just a little baby.

15) INT., CLASSROOM, MORNINGS

The mathematics teacher stands at the board and writes down the following problem, which she then reads aloud:

MATHEMATICS TEACHER

I'm giving you the following math puzzle as homework: On an island, there are two shepherds, Alfonso and Benvenuto. Alfonso says to Benvenuto, "If you give me two sheep, I'll have twice as many sheep as you." Benvenuto says to Alfonso, "If you give me two sheep, I'll have the same number of sheep as you." Now your task: Calculate how many sheep Alfonso has and how many Benvenuto has.

As she recites the riddle, she notices that her best student is not fully focused, which is completely unlike her.

The school bell rings. The students rush out of the classroom with shouts of joy. The math teacher stops Mathilda.

MATHEMATICS TEACHER

Mathilda, please wait. I need to talk to you.

When the last student is outside, the math teacher gets down to business.

MATHEMATICS TEACHER

Mathilda, what's wrong? I've noticed that something's bothering you. Is the task too difficult for you?

MATHILDA

(shaking his head)

No. That's child's play. Alfonso has 14 sheep and Benvenuto has 10.

MATHEMATICS TEACHER

Exactly! I'm impressed. - But I'm also worried. What's going on, huh?

MATHILDA

I read Oscar Wilde's The Picture of Dorian Gray. And I feel as if I've made a pact with the devil, only instead of gaining eternal youth, I gain a...

MATHEMATICS TEACHER

...a highly developed intellect.

MATHILDA

Yes - you understand me.

MATHEMATICS TEACHER

And the pact with the devil... I suppose that's the bond with your parents.

MATHILDA

Yes, yes. I'm their daughter, and I keep asking myself: How did I end up with these parents? And now the child welfare services have contacted me. And I already know it's going to end in disaster.

MATHEMATICS TEACHER

Well, I don't know what to advise either. I do have a daughter your age, but I think my husband and I are quite decent parents.

MATHILDA

May I ask you for something unusual?

MATHEMATICS TEACHER

Of course!

MATHILDA

May I give them a really tight squeeze?

MATHEMATICS TEACHER

Yes, I request it.

The math teacher and Mathilda hugged each other tightly. When they let go, the math teacher wiped a small tear from Mathilda's eye.

MATHEMATICS TEACHER

You need to learn to love and respect your parents. - Mathilda, you are very special, not despite, but because you have such eccentric parents.

MATHILDA

(laughs and wipes away
another tear)

Yes, but how does that help me?

MATHEMATICS TEACHER

Do you know who from the child protection services will be coming to see you?

MATHILDA

All I know is that her name is Mrs. Blackwood.

MATHEMATICS TEACHER

Harriet Blackwood from the Camden Town,
London, child protection services?!

MATHILDA

Do you know them?

MATHEMATICS TEACHER

I should think so. Maybe I can help you
after all. - Have you ever thought
about educating your parents?

MATHILDA

(smiles shyly)

Raising... me... my parents?

MATHEMATICS TEACHER

Let's develop a plan...

16) INT., APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM, EVENING

Mathilda stands in front of a flipchart. On it is a hand-drawn
table titled "Project: Normal Family." Below are three columns:
"Current State - Target State - Action Required." Next to it,
Mathilda has mounted her smartphone on a tripod to document the
progress on video. She plans to publish the result on YouTube
later.

Rocco and Luna sit on the sofa like two students who already know
they are going to fail.

MATHILDA

(points with a pointer)

Okay. We'll start with the basics.

Point one: Hygiene - you stink!

Rocco raises his hand.

ROCCO

Is that optional?

Mathilda blinks slowly. Very slowly.

MATHILDA

No, Dad. Hygiene is never optional.

Luna also raises her hand.

LUNA

I only take a bath when the moon is in
Aquarius.

MATHILDA
(without looking up)
The moon is in Capricorn today. Time
for a shower!

Luna sighs.

17) INT., APARTMENT, BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Rocco stands in front of the mirror, examining his mohawk. He holds a brush in his hand as if it were an alien tool.

ROCCO
(to oneself)
Okay... brushing. How bad can that be?

He puts the brush to his head, and it immediately gets stuck in his hair.

ROCCO
Ahhh! Damn it!

Mathilda stands in the doorway, jotting something down on her clipboard.

MATHILDA
(quiet)
Dad, how much hairspray have you used
on your face in the last few days?

ROCCO
(can't get the brush out of
his hair)
'A lot.'

MATHILDA
From now on, you will wash your hair
once a week!

Rocco leans against the sink and looks sternly at Mathilda.

18) INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM - SHORTLY AFTERWARDS

Luna sits cross-legged on the bed, surrounded by crystals and incense sticks.

MATHILDA
Mam...!

LUNA

(annoyed)

Yes, honey. I'm already doing it.

MATHILDA

It's almost 8 PM. I need my 8 hours of sleep to be the best in school again tomorrow.

LUNA

Oh, little one, why are you so conservative... that's not how I raised you.

MATHILDA

You didn't raise me at all. You didn't even change my diapers. I had to do it myself.

LUNA

I raised you to be independent from an early age.

MATHILDA

I would gladly have done without that in exchange for caring parents. Can't you be like a normal mother?

LUNA

But honey, didn't I always make sure you had enough chocolate? I even taught you how to roll joints!

MATHILDA

I hate chocolate! Besides, all you ever thought about was that if you ever end up in a coma, I should roll you these joints.

LUNA

You're so different from me. Me at your age... well, I'd rather tell you that later, when you have a boyfriend... uh, a boyfriend.

MATHILDA

As if I would associate with idiots!

Rocco enters the bedroom. His hairbrush is still stuck in his mohawk. He's holding a can of beer and drinking from it.

Luna and Mathilda look at Rocco and laugh heartily.

ROCCO

What is it? Why are you laughing?

19) INT., APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mathilda is standing in front of the flipchart again. Rocco and Luna are sitting next to each other, both slightly disheveled, but at least washed.

MATHILDA

Okay. Point two: communication. When the child protection services is there, you don't say anything about...

(reads from the list)

...Rebellion, cosmic energies, beer breakfast, Kamasutra, drugs, binge drinking, punk, beer, conspiracies, chakras, free love, everything that began "back then at Woodstock", and especially not about government, religion and politics.

ROCCO

There's not much left, is there?

MATHILDA

The weather.

Luna is bored. She starts to roll a joint. Mathilda goes to her mother and knocks the half-finished joint out of her hand.

LUNA

Yeah, tell me...

MATHILDA

No damn marijuana!

(turns to Rocco)

And no beer - no drugs at all!

ROCCO

(panicked)

Should I stay sober?

Rocco and Luna look at each other. They both seem as if Mathilda has taken away their life force.

20) INT., APARTMENT, BEDROOM - OVERFLOW

Mathilda hands Rocco a newly purchased shirt, which he should try on as a trial.

ROCCO
I'm not wearing that.

MATHILDA
You will!

Mathilda moves towards the hallway.

Rocco reluctantly puts on the shirt, but he has some problems with it.

ROCCO
Some joker sewed the buttons on the inside.

Rocco takes his shirt off again.

ROCCO (CONTINUED)
(to Luna, who is in the
living room)
Luna, where is my other shirt?

LUNA (O.S.)
You only have 2!

ROCCO
Yes, but where is the good one with
Iggy Pop on it?

LUNA (O.S.)
In the trash can!

ROCCO
Can you take it out and iron it?

LUNA (O.S.)
Mathilda forbade that. Besides, we
don't have an iron.

ROCCO
(to oneself)
Shit too.

21) INT., APARTMENT, HALLWAY/ BEDROOM/ LIVING ROOM/ BATHROOM, DAY

Mathilda takes out her smartphone and logs into Instagram.

MATHILDA

(whispering)

Hey everyone. Operation Parents continues. I'm standing here outside the bedroom where my dad is having a fight with a shirt. I'm going to quietly go in now.

To Mathilda's disappointment, Rocco is no longer in the bedroom.

Mathilda is now standing in front of the living room.

21.1) CUT TO:

From the perspective of the Instagram viewer, we see Mathilda open the living room door and Luna appears. Tears and sobs fill the living room with litter. She is bent under the table, pulling out piles of trash.

We see Luna, bent over, from behind and thus see her tramp stamp.

MATHILDA

(whispering)

This is my mother, Luna...

LUNA

(sob)

Mathilda, is that you?

MATHILDA

Yes, Mom.

LUNA

(sobbing)

That you demand that of me. I clean like an ordinary housewife. If my Bhagwan finds out... Mathilda, I will never forgive you.

MATHILDA

Mommy, where is Daddy?

LUNA

Who?

MATHILDA

Rocco, the punk.

LUNA

Oh, that's the one who cleans the toilet.

MATHILDA

(filming himself)

Let's go there. Could be interesting.

We see Mathilda walk from the living room into the bathroom. Rocco is wearing high rubber gloves, rubber boots, and a German army gas mask. Bent over, Rocco is poking around in the toilet with a plunger. Mathilda films his hairy buttocks.

When Rocco notices that Mathilda is present, he stops what he is doing and pulls up his gas mask.

21.2) RETURN:

Mathilda interrupts the broadcast via Instagram.

MATHILDA

Dad, can we have a father-daughter talk?

ROCCO

Oh, Mathilda, I don't know anything about that. You should ask your mother. I only know that there's some kind of cork for it...

MATHILDA

No, that's not what I mean. I've already learned about menstruation via Wikipedia.

ROCCO

(relieved)

Thank goodness! Phew, my heart sank. Why do you always have to scare me?

MATHILDA

Dad, why are you and Mom so different? Why did you become a punk, so far removed from normal fathers?

Rocco sits on the edge of the bathtub. He holds the plunger like a scepter.

ROCCO

Good question. I didn't want to end up like my parents. I wanted to be different, to shock the establishment – and I have no desire for hard work. My life is a good life because I've fulfilled my potential.

MATHILDA

But Grandma and Grandpa have been dead
for a long time. Perhaps you could
become a little more - how should I put
it - conventional.

ROCCO

(makes a dismissive hand gesture)
Never.

Rocco pulls his gas mask back over his face and pokes around in
the toilet with the plunger.

MATHILDA

Are you completely indifferent to the
fact that I should be ashamed of you? A
washed-up, mid-forties punk who can't
do anything except crush beer cans.

ROCCO

(through the gas mask)
Want to see a dead rat?

MATHILDA

No, I'd rather not.

22) ASSEMBLY

- Luna sobs while washing dishes and cries while drying them. She's clumsy about it, or rather, she's really messing it up. Mathilda sees this but shakes her head and looks away.
- Rocco is vacuuming – and struggling with the cable like a snake.
- Luna wipes away dust so thick that she has to cough.
- Rocco takes several large bags of returnable bottles and cans out of the house. When he returns, he's pleased to find a wad of cash in his hand. Mathilda stands before him and demands the money. Reluctantly, he hands it over. Mathilda puts it in a kitchen tin labeled "Household Money." Then she points to the overflowing trash cans.
- Rocco, carrying a rather heavy load, takes out the trash and stumbles in the stairwell. He bumps his forehead slightly.
- Luna collapses onto the couch, exhausted, and smiles desperately. Rocco collapses into an armchair, exhausted. He grabs a can of beer. Mathilda takes the can back from Rocco and sends him and Luna to bed as if they were small children.

23) INT., APARTMENT, KITCHEN, EVENING

Mathilda and Rocco are sitting at the table. Mathilda is sorting bills. Rocco is embroidering studs into his punk jacket.

MATHILDA

Electricity... Water...

(reads another letter)

Final reminder, then debt collection.

ROCCO

Those greedy capitalist pigs! The fact that they dare to threaten us with debt collection proceedings is an absolute outrage.

MATHILDA

Can we pay?

ROCCO

Pah! Then I'd have to work.

MATHILDA

That would be useful. I also need a new winter jacket.

ROCCO

Why? It's summer.

Mathilda

This might shock you, but it won't stay this way.

ROCCO

Oh, just wear two sweaters in winter.

Mathilda nods seriously. She places the reminder on a separate pile: "Important things".

Luna arrives. She has cherry-red eyes and smiles absently.

Rocco and Mathilda understand that Luna is currently in a different sphere.

LUNA

Wow, there are my little children!

ROCCO

(annoyed)

Where did you get the money for your... your herbs? Your daughter needs a second sweater.

MATHILDA
Winter jacket!

LUNA
Oh, you and your little insignificant
problems.

Luna opens a drawer and takes out three bars of chocolate. On the table, she discovers a flyer for an Indian bongo festival and a voucher for vegan incense sticks.

LUNA
I'll be right back...

Luna disappears into the bedroom with her loot.

ROCCO
Oh damn!

Rocco is so stupid that he accidentally riveted his punk jacket to his trousers.

24) EXT., BETWEEN THE SOCIAL CENTERS, DAY

Rocco and ten punk friends are occupying a playground. A jukebox is blasting "Should I Stay or Should I Go?" by The Clash. They're drinking copious amounts of canned beer. When children approach, they are rudely chased away.

PUNK1
Get lost, you shitty kids!

Then a plump mother stomps up.

MOTHER
Outrageous! This is a playground, not a
burial ground for antisocial scum!

PUNK2
Antisocial scum? Where are they
supposed to be?

Punk3 splashes the mother with beer. There is malicious laughter.

ROCCO
Go home, piss-carnation.

A man in a suit and tie approaches and wants to help the mother.

Meanwhile, Rocco lights a cigarette and smokes it casually.

MAN

Are they being harassed by this scum?

PUNK2

Who's scum here? – Come on Rocco, knock that tie-wearing fool out of his suit!

PUNK1

Yes, Rocco, finish off that slick monkey.

Rocco flicks his cigarette towards the man.

ROCCO

Go get a job, you fucking bum! Our cigarettes and beer won't pay for themselves.

MAN

If it were up to me, you'd all end up in a labor camp.

The man and the mother leave. Rocco and 10 punks laugh maliciously after them.

Luna approaches not far from the playground with 3 hippie women, without realizing that Rocco is there.

Luna and the two hippie women giggle constantly, still a little high from the last therapy session.

HIPPIE WOMAN1

Not so fast, ladies! The Hare Krishna orgy was quite intense; I can barely move my legs.

HIPPIE WOMAN2

Wait, let's take another route. There, punks!

LUNA

Don't worry, girls. Punks who grunt don't bite.

HIPPIE WOMAN3

They look disgusting. They stink of pee. Besides, they never pull their pants down when they poop.

They giggle again.

LUNA
(still giggling)
How is that supposed to work?

HIPPIE WOMAN2
(to Luna)
Look at the one with the nose ring.
(points at Rocco)
He looks really sinister. Definitely a
Rapist of women.

The punks see the hippie women approaching. They're already joking about it.

PUNK1
Look at these chicks.
(to Rocco)
Which one of them would you sleep with?

ROCCO
(points to Luna's friend)
The blonde one. The others probably
have a blow weak.

PUNK1
Blow weak?

Rocco makes a clear gesture for oral sex. When Punk1 understands this, he and Rocco giggle like little children.

When the hippie women and the punks are level, Rocco and Luna look at each other.

LUNA
Rocco.

ROCCO
Luna.

LUNA
Is Mathilda already home?

ROCCO
No idea.

The women continue walking.

HIPPIE WOMAN2
You associate with such a dirty punk?

LUNA

Not with the whole punk, just the lower part. And only if it itches particularly badly.

The women are laughing gleefully.

PUNK2

Rocco, I'm shocked. - Are there no decent punk sluts left?

ROCCO

I've been banging my way through the whole district. She somehow got caught in the middle.

25) EXT., BUILDING ENTRANCE, DAY

Rocco and Luna meet again in front of the house.

LUNA

That wasn't nice, that you'd rather sleep with my girlfriend than with me.

ROCCO

Oh, don't take it so seriously. You're my real punk slut.

LUNA

Oh Rocco, you know what a girl wants to hear.

ROCCO

I know. - And punks pull their pants down before they shit.

The front door is opened from the inside. Out come the neighbors, a Gothic couple pushing a black stroller with Satanic symbols on the sides.

GOTHIC WOMAN

Look at our neighbors, that stoned hippie whore...

GOTHIC MAN

...and the perpetually drunk anarcho-punk.

Rocco immediately strikes back. A punch to the nose of the gothic man. He staggers backward. When he recovers, his nose is bleeding.

ROCCO

(angry)
Nobody says "ALWAYS" to me! -
Especially not Satanist freaks like you
two.

GOTHIC WOMAN
You subhumans! Ruin and eternal
purgatory will befall you!

ROCCO
(makes an aggressive fist
movement)
WILL?! - I'm allergic to that too!

LUNA
Peace, brothers. We don't want to
fight.

GOTHIC MAN
(to Gothic woman)
Come, let's go. The Prince of Darkness
doesn't like to wait.

ROCCO
Yeah, piss off. And let the Prince of
Darkness give you a blowjob!

LUNA
Rocco, let it go. I almost feel sorry
for these deluded devil worshippers. -
And their child will never be able to
lead a normal life.

ROCCO
Yes, you're right. They're really sick
people. - I'll continue throwing our
trash onto their balcony.

Luna and Rocco laugh and enter the stairwell.

26) INT., STAIRCASE, DAY

LUNA
Rocco, I have to work again tonight. My
shift starts at 8:00 PM.

ROCCO
That's okay. But don't bring more work
home with you.

LUNA

Only if there's a nice big one among them.

27) INT., SEX SHOP, NIGHT

Luna sits behind the counter, sorting some items in the display case. There are very few customers.

A regular customer comes in, James, the brothel plumber. James works at the Big One brothel, responsible for all kinds of minor repairs.

JAMES

Hey, Luna

LUNA

Hey, James. Another big shopping trip today?

JAMES

Not only that. Here are 3 dildos that broke prematurely.

James places the three devices on the table. Luna looks at them.

LUNA

What are you doing with all this?
That's two dozen you've gone through this month.

James

Don't ask me, ask the whores.

LUNA

I think I'll come by and demonstrate the proper, i.e., spiritual, use to the commercial users.

JAMES

No, forget it. Otherwise the prostitutes will be out of work.

James leans his forearms on the table between CDs and lubricant.

JAMES (CONTINUED)

Hey Luna, are you still married?

LUNA

Yes why?

JAMES

Well, you're a great woman! And I'm the best plumber in town, I lay the longest pipes - if you know what I mean.

LUNA

(laughs)

Did a porn film go to your head?

JAMES

No, really...

LUNA

Firstly, I'm married to a brutal punk, and secondly, you would only survive a Luna ride as an invalid.

28) INT., APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM, DAY

Mathilda stands in front of her parents, arms folded. She studies Rocco, who is wearing a clean shirt. So she doesn't notice at first that Luna is wearing a hat made of aluminum foil.

MATHILDA

So, the child protection services is coming today. You know what...

(deliberately looks at Luna)

What's the point of that?

LUNA

I feel completely different. Perhaps it's due to radiation from the government or from extraterrestrials.

MATHILDA

Did you smoke marijuana again?

LUNA

Our Bhagwan said at the last spiritual gathering that they want to control us through radiation.

ROCCO

You mean gangbang in front of the TV?

LUNA

That was spiritual fusion at the highest level.

ROCCO

As long as the level of discourse isn't higher than his mattress, I'm happy to believe it.

MATHILDA

That's enough!

The doorbell can be heard.

MATHILDA

(frightened)

Too early. Much too early.

Mathilda takes the tinfoil hat off Luna's head and then heads towards the front door.

29) INT., APARTMENT, HALLWAY, DAY

Mathilda opens the apartment door. Behind it stands Mrs. Blackwood, stiff as a ruler, with a file folder.

MRS. BLACKWOOD

Good day. child protection services. I'm here because of...

(looks at her clipboard)

Mathilda Hippunk here. - Is that you?

MATHILDA

(forced smile)

Yes, please come in. My caring parents are in the living room.

Mrs. Blackwood raises an eyebrow.

30) INT., APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM, Day

Mathilda leads Mrs. Blackwood in. Rocco and Luna are sitting on the sofa—stiff as two mannequins trying to appear human.

MRS. IRONBIT

(examining)

Good day. I am Ms. Blackwood from the Camden Town child protection services.

Rocco gets up and greets Mrs. Blackwood with an embarrassing hand kiss.

ROCCO
(overly polite)
I am delighted, Mrs. Blackhood.

Mathilda closes her eyes deeply, hoping she is in a bad dream.

MRS. BLACKWOOD
Black-wood.

ROCCO
Sorry, that's what I meant.

Mrs. Blackwood sits opposite Rocco and Luna with a notepad, as if they were contestants on a game show. Mathilda sits down between her parents.

MRS. BLACKWOOD
I'll get straight to the point: I'm here today to assess your ability to raise a child. Some general goals include fostering independence, social skills, moral development, cognitive abilities, and psychological and emotional stability. - How would you formulate your parenting goals?

Rocco and Luna look at each other. A dangerous silence.

LUNA
(thinking hard)
Uh... yeah, that thing about social media, that's about right.

MRS. BLACKWOOD
Social skills - Is that all there is to it?

ROCCO
No, we are constantly working on it.

MRS. BLACKWOOD
Where to?

Mathilda feels compelled to explain.

MATHILDA

What my parents intend to say is that my upbringing is an ongoing task: fostering my moral development – as they have already put it – my cognitive abilities, as well as my psychological and emotional stability. And – if I may add a personal note – they have succeeded in doing so convincingly.

MRS. BLACKWOOD

(after a few seconds of amazement)

I am truly impressed! You are a remarkable young lady!

MATHILDA

Thanks to the care of my mom and dad, who are constantly interested in my upbringing.

(Mathilda, Luna and Rocco grin sweatily, unnaturally)

Mrs. Blackwood is taking notes, glancing alternately at Mathilda, Rocco and Luna.

MRS. BLACKWOOD

Mr. Hippie, what is your current profession?

ROCCO

I, uh... well, how should I explain this...

MATHILDA

My dad manages a music band.

ROCCO

Yes, that's right.

MRS. BLACKWOOD

(unbelieving)

So, a brass band. – And you, Ms. Hippie, what do you do for a living?

LUNA

I work in a...

MATHILDA

...tool shop. My mom sells tools: drills, chisels, planes and that sort of thing.

MRS. BLACKWOOD

I've often seen parents answer their children's questions to make sure they don't say anything wrong. But I've never seen a child answer their parents' questions. - That speaks for itself, and I'll let it slide.

Mrs. Blackwood leafs through her documents.

MRS. BLACKWOOD (CONTINUED)

It says here that there were complaints about...

(reads)

...“excessive music volume”, “unusual smells” and “blocked sewage pipes”.

ROCCO

That's probably what the Goth crowd said. You can't believe those Satanists; they're thoroughly hateful people.

MRS. BLACKWOOD

So, no excessively loud punk music was played here?

ROCCO

Well, it has happened before.

MRS. BLACKWOOD

How often?

ROCCO

Once or twice...

MRS. BLACKWOOD

In the year?

ROCCO

During the day.

MRS. BLACKWOOD

Oh...

(makes some notes, looking sternly at Rocco)

And the unusual smells, sweet and oriental?

LUNA

These are spices we use for our baking. And the clogged drain has happened a

couple of times because we had to dispose of the spices quickly.

MRS. BLACKWOOD

I see. I understand...

(makes further notes)

I'm going to take a look at the apartment now.

Mathilda freezes. Rocco and Luna do too – but for completely different reasons.

MATHILDA

(pressed)

Of course. Follow me.

Mathilda goes first. Mrs. Blackwood follows. Rocco and Luna stay behind.

ROCCO

(whispers)

We are so incredibly disappointed.

LUNA

Not if we truly believe in harmony...

ROCCO

Luna, now is not the time for this Bhagwan nonsense.

31) INT., APARTMENT, HALLWAY, DAY - OTHERWISE

Mathilda leads Mrs. Blackwood through the hallway.

MRS. BLACKWOOD

(examining)

Please point out any special features.

MATHILDA

(tense)

We have no special features.

32) INT., APARTMENT, KITCHEN, DAY - MOMENTS LATER

The kitchen is surprisingly clean and tidy. A light scent of lavender hangs in the air.

Ms. Blackwood sniffs.

MRS. BLACKWOOD
It smells... aromatic.

MATHILDA
Lavender scent - the cleaner. We place
great value on cleanliness.

Mrs. Blackwood is writing something down. Mathilda tries to read it discreetly – in vain.

33) INT., APARTMENT, BATH, DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mrs. Blackwood takes a quick look inside. Everything is neat and clean.

Mrs. Blackwood sniffs the scent of lavender again.

34) INT., APARTMENT, BEDROOM, DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mrs. Blackwood enters the room. Mathilda holds her breath.

The room is also tidy – except for tiny details: the imprints of potted plants can be seen on the windowsill.

Mrs. Blackwood is writing something down again. Mathilda tries to decipher the handwriting – no chance.

35) INT., APARTMENT, STORAGE ROOM, DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mrs. Blackwood opens the door. A box falls out. Dildos, gags, handcuffs, a whip, and an enema pump tumble out.

Mathilda freezes.

Another box labeled "DO NOT OPEN (SERIOUSLY!)" is about to fall. Luna manages to catch it just in time.

MRS. BLACKWOOD
Interesting... decoration.

LUNA
(in addition)
These are chakra harmonizers.

MATHILDA
(pressed)
Mom says...

(thinks feverishly)
...that these are components of a work of
art.

LUNA
(surprised)
Oh, yes, art! Art also creates... joy.

Mathilda subtly steps on Luna's foot.

LUNA (CONTINUED)
Joy in the... Rama Krishna sense.

Mrs. Blackwood is jotting something down again. And her notes are
extensive, as she keeps glancing back at the "works of art".

MRS. BLACKWOOD
Now I want to see your room, Mathilda.

36) INT., APARTMENT, MATHILDAS ROOM, DAY - CONTINUED

Even as Mrs. Blackwood enters the room, she is surprised.

MRS. BLACKWOOD
That's quite a small library - have you
read all those books?

MATHILDA
Most of them, yes. I especially like
English and German poetry.

MRS. BLACKWOOD
(examines the book spines
closely)
It seems to me you also like scientific
publications. - And then all the
trophies and awards - I'm impressed.

Mrs. Blackwood jots something down and then closes her notebook.

MRS. BLACKWOOD
I've seen enough. We'll discuss the
results in the living room.

37) INT., APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM, DAY - CONTINUED

Mrs. Blackwood is sitting on the sofa again, her legs crossed, her
notepad on her lap. Mathilda stands like a lawyer in front of
Rocco and Luna, who are also sitting on the couch.

MRS. BLACKWOOD

Well. I've formed an opinion.

MATHILDA

And?

MRS. BLACKWOOD

All in all, I was left with a satisfactory impression. But to be honest, there are... some oddities.

MATHILDA

(slightly disappointed)

Which would be?

MRS. BLACKWOOD

I think I'm being deceived. On the one hand, an extremely intelligent child, on the other hand, parents who couldn't even raise a hamster.

ROCCO

What do you mean, hamster?

Mathilda steps on Rocco's foot.

MRS. BLACKWOOD

But...

(Everyone holds their breath)

...I've also seen that Mathilda is safe here. She's well-groomed, well-nourished, and her academic performance is far above average...

(looks at the parents)

...and emotionally stable despite everything.

Mrs. Blackwood stands up.

MRS. BLACKWOOD (CONTINUED)

I will schedule a follow-up appointment in two weeks.

38) INT., APARTMENT, HALLWAY, DAY - SHORTLY AFTERWARDS

Mrs. Blackwood puts on her coat.

MRS. BLACKWOOD

(to Mathilda)

You are a remarkable young lady.

Mathilda smiles genuinely for the first time.

MATHILDA

I know.

MRS. BLACKWOOD

Mathilda, do your parents hit you or threaten you?

MATHILDA

(astonished)

No.

MRS. BLACKWOOD

Are they giving you drugs or forcing you to drink alcohol?

MATHILDA

No.

39) INT., APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM DOOR, DAY - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Luna and Rocco are listening at the door.

ROCCO

What are they talking about?

LUNA

Shhh. I don't understand everything,
but I think it didn't turn out so well.

40) INT., APARTMENT, HALLWAY, DAY - CONTINUED

MRS. BLACKWOOD

(whispering)

Are you absolutely sure? Are you voluntarily among these... Neanderthals?

MATHILDA

(quiet)

But yes, of course. They are my parents and certainly not Neanderthals.

Mrs. Blackwood nodded, opened the door, and left. Mathilda then breathed a sigh of relief.

41) INT., APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM DOOR, DAY - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Luna sneaks back and sits down on the sofa. Rocco moves towards the bathroom.

42) INT., APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM, DAY - SHORTLY AFTERWARDS

Mathilda comes back into the living room. Luna is holding a joint, which she has just lit. She takes a deep drag.

We hear the toilet flushing from the bathroom. Shortly afterwards, Rocco returns to the living room with a can of beer.

Rocco collapses listlessly onto the sofa next to Luna. Luna puts her tinfoil hat back on. Mathilda stands there, no less exhausted.

Mathilda needs a few seconds to gather new strength for what is inevitable.

ROCCO

I'm done. I've never been so exhausted.
Not even after an Iggy Pop concert.

LUNA

I was also fired. This is unhealthy.

MATHILDA

We need to take a much more radical approach! Mother, Father, you must change radically - become conservative and bourgeois. Mom, you will transform into a caring housewife. Dad, you will find a job and perform it conscientiously.

LUNA

(in parallel with Rocco)

Have you gone mad, you little brat? I'm not going to abandon the principles I've upheld for 41 years and become an ordinary housewife.

ROCCO

(parallel with Luna)

And I certainly won't go to work and let those damn capitalists exploit me. They can be glad I'm accepting state benefits instead of terrorizing that lot.

MATHILDA

We have no other choice; don't you want me to go into a home? - Consider this as if it were a play and you are the actors. I will teach you everything you need to know to get through this.

LUNA

Mathilda, sweetheart, a nursing home isn't so bad at all. You'll make lots of new friends there.

ROCCO

Yes, they will take care of you there, you'll get three hot meals a day...

MATHILDA

(half crying, half angry)

You are truly awful! One would think I was conceived out of pure malice and born of despair. - I am bitterly disappointed in you!

Rocco and Luna want to hug Mathilda. But Mathilda pulls away.

MATHILDA

(violent)

No.

Mathilda leaves the living room crying.

43) INT., APARTMENT, DOOR TO CHILDREN'S ROOM, DAY - SHORTLY AFTERWARDS

Mathilda runs to her room. The door is pushed open and slammed shut from the inside.

After 3 seconds, the door is opened a crack. Mathilda hangs a "Do Not Disturb" sign on the outside of the door handle and closes it again.

44) INT., APARTMENT, CHILDREN'S ROOM, DAY - SHORTLY AFTERWARDS

Mathilda throws herself onto the bed. She weeps bitterly into her pillow.

45) INT., APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM, DAY - SHORTLY AFTERWARDS

Rocco and Luna are left behind. Uncertain. And for the first time, truly at a loss.

Luna takes Rocco's hand. Doubt is visible in both her and Rocco's eyes.

LUNA

Rocco, did we do the right thing? Are we incapable of being proper parents?

ROCCO

(pats her hand)

Although Mathilda is only 11 years old...

LUNA

12...

ROCCO

Even though she's only 12 years old, we owe her a lot! Do you remember how she filled out our welfare applications? Or how she always went to parent-teacher conferences as a substitute?

LUNA

Or how she always made sure we had something to eat. She even does our laundry! And how she remembers our weddings and birthdays, surprising us with little gifts and saying it's from you or me.

ROCCO

Oh Luna, we are not good parents. We are so busy fulfilling our own egos that we have no sense for the needs of other people. - We are truly pathetic!

LUNA

Rocco, it's time to give something back to our daughter.

46) INT., APARTMENT, CHILDREN'S ROOM, DAY - SHORTLY AFTERWARDS

The door opens almost shyly. Luna comes in and sees Mathilda crying. She sits down next to Mathilda on the edge of the bed.

LUNA

Mathilda, darling. Your dad and I would like to talk to you.

MATHILDA

(sobbing)

Leave me alone. I'm so disappointed in you.

LUNA

Sweetheart, even though we are not the parents you wished for or deserved, we still love you.

MATHILDA

Mom, I can't always look after you. In a few years I'll be an adult, a physicist, or prime minister - then I won't be able to be there for you anymore.

LUNA

I know, my darling. - I spoke with Dad, we will grant your wish to become a commoner.

Mathilda turns around and straightens up. Her puffy eyes begin to shine.

MATHILDA

(sniff)

Would you do that for me?

Rocco joins us.

LUNA

But only until the child protection services has confirmed your continued stay with us.

ROCCO

And after that, we want to be ourselves again - drinking beer, beating up cops, and vomiting wherever we want.

MATHILDA

Oh Mom, Dad, I love you - even if I have to scold you from time to time.

All three embrace.

47) INT., APARTMENT, HALLWAY, MORNING

Rocco and Luna wait patiently, ready to go out – like two parents who are about to become parents for the first time.

Mathilda comes out of the children's room and throws her schoolbag over her shoulder. When she sees Rocco and Luna, she is surprised.

MATHILDA

What is it, what do you have?

ROCCO

We'll take you to school.

MATHILDA

Is this a joke? You didn't even accompany me to my first day of school.

LUNA

But now we want it.

ROCCO

We want to prove to you that we can be good parents.

Mathilda nods in agreement, but has a very uneasy feeling.

48) EXT., SCHOOLYARD, MORNING

A few meters from the schoolyard, Mathilda wants to say goodbye to her parents. But Rocco and Luna are undeterred and accompany Mathilda to the school.

As soon as they entered the schoolyard, the other parents began to whisper. Their children were laughing at the punk and the hippie woman.

Mathilda would most like to sink into the ground, all the way down to the center of the earth.

To make matters worse, Mathilda's friend, Anna, also arrives.

ANNA

(disbelieving and amazed)

Are those your parents, or should I call the police?

MATHILDA

(whispering)

It's okay.

Luna noticed this and wants to be friendly.

LUNA

You must be Anna. Mathilda has already told me a lot about you.

(to Mathilda)

Mathilda, why don't you ask your friend to visit us sometime - after school, for example?

(winking and quietly)

Everything is clean here now.

MATHILDA

Oh, uh... I don't know...

ANNA

Of course. My parents would also love to meet Mathilda.

ROCCO

Great. See you soon then. - And now off to class before you're late.

Feeling terribly ashamed, Mathilda enters the school next to Anna. When Mathilda turns around, she sees other children laughing loudly. They are also throwing small stones and sticks at Rocco and Luna, and even a buttered bread roll flies towards Rocco.

MATHILDA

(to Anna)

That's not a good idea.

ANNA

Absolutely. I want us to become best friends.

49) INT., APARTMENT, DINING ROOM, DAY

Mathilda is invited to Anna's parents' house for dinner. Anna's father is an engineer, and her mother speaks with an Italian accent.

ANNA'S FATHER

Mathilda - I hope we can call you by your first name...

MATHILDA

Yes, please do.

Anna's mother takes the plates one by one and places food on them. But before eating, everyone holds hands to say prayer.

Mathilda is surprised, as she is not familiar with this ritual from home.

ANNA'S MOTHER
Come, give me your hand.

Mathilda uncertainly closes the circle to Anna and Anna's mother.

ANNA'S FATHER
Mathilda, would you like to say grace?

MATHILDA
(uncertain)
I... uh... I...

ANNA'S MOTHER
Okay, Mathilda. Anna, do you speak?

ANNA
Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest and
bless what you have given us. Amen.

ALL
Amen.

ANNA'S FATHER
Anna has told us so much about you. We
just wanted to meet you in person.

ANNA'S MOTHER
After all, you're Anna's best friend.

The parents smiled awkwardly.

MATHILDA
The pleasure is all mine.
(to Anna's mother)
Sei italiano, immagino di essere di
Bologna, giusto?!
(*You're from Italy, I'm guessing
Bologna?!*)

ANNA'S MOTHER
(surprised)
Yes, that's right, how do you know
that? And how do you speak Italian
so well?

MATHILDA
School trip to Rome. Some basic
concepts stuck with me.

ANNA'S MOTHER

And that I come from Bologna?

MATHILDA

They speak the refined Bologna dialect.

ANNA'S FATHER

I must say: We were expecting an
upstanding young lady, but...

ANNA'S MOTHER

Paul...!

ANNA'S FATHER

Anna said you're good at physics. Do
you know the second law of
thermodynamics?

ANNA

(annoyed)

Please, no more questions. We want to
eat now.

ANNA'S MOTHER

You're right, Annachen. After dinner
you can go to your room and play some
games.

(to Mathilda)

You're still playing, right?

MATHILDA

Yes, of course. I'm only 12.

50) INT., APARTMENT, CHILDREN'S ROOM, DAY - SHORTLY AFTERWARDS

ANNA

You must excuse my parents. They're
always nosy.

MATHILDA

It's okay. I wish my parents would be
interested in what I do.

ANNA

I'm looking forward to meeting your
parents sometime!

MATHILDA

I just hope you'll still want to be
friends with me afterwards.

ANNA

Why, surely!

MATHILDA

My parents are... special. They might scare you. - Let's play something, something clever.

ANNA

Let's tell each other a chain story.

MATHILDA

Chain story?

ANNA

Yes, it's very simple: Each of us takes a turn telling a sentence that has to make a story together. - I'll start: I'm coming home from school.

MATHILDA

From my room, I'm making contact with an extraterrestrial civilization...

ANNA

No, no, no... a simple story that takes place in real life.

MATHILDA

But... okay. Just a minute, I've got it: I'm looking forward to seeing my parents and having lunch together.

ANNA

We have Mom's favorite food, spaghetti carbonara, and chocolate pudding for dessert.

MATHILDA

The father, who has just come home, is wearing one sock inside out and has a lipstick mark on his pink shirt collar.

ANNA

(looks at Mathilda
skeptically)

On the table is a vase with fresh flowers that Father bought for Mother.

MATHILDA

Mother has disheveled hair and a hickey on her neck.

ANNA

Mathilda, what's the meaning of this?

MATHILDA

I'll try to be gentle with you...

At this point, Anna's mother enters.

ANNA'S MOTHER

Children, I have cookies for you and a glass of orange juice for each of you.

Anna is shocked when she sees the hickey on her mother's neck.

51) INT., APARTMENT, HALLWAY, DAY - SHORTLY AFTERWARDS

MATHILDA

It was a pleasure to meet her.

ANNA'S MOTHER

How did you like your time with us?

MATHILDA

(to Anna's father)

It is the tendency of everything to return to the chaotic primordial state.

ANNA'S FATHER

(surprised)

...I'm sorry, what?

MATHILDA

Entropy! - They asked about the second law of thermodynamics.

ANNA'S FATHER

(ashamed)

Yeah right...

52) EXT., CEMETERY, TWILIGHT

Mathilda, Luna, and Rocco walk cautiously along the paths. Rocco is looking for something. Luna puts on a tinfoil hat.

MATHILDA

What are we doing at the cemetery at this hour?

LUNA

It couldn't be done any earlier. The timeline has to be harmonious.

ROCCO

Are you afraid of zombies?

MATHILDA

I'm just worried about catching a cold here.

ROCCO

I want to show you something about why Luna and I are the way we are. - Here it is!

Mathilda, Luna and Rocco stand in front of a gravestone with the inscription: Here lie REGINA HIPUNK and DR. ING. IAN HIPUNK.

ROCCO

Grandma and Grandpa are buried here. My mother died during my birth, and my father, Helmut, had a doctorate in engineering. You inherited your scientific talent from Grandpa. Just three days after Grandpa retired, he died of a heart attack. - I didn't want to end up like that. Toiling away without getting anything out of life.

MATHILDA

I knew it. I inherited Grandpa's genius.

(to Luna)

And what else?

LUNA

Let's find my mother's grave.

Fog is rolling in. Cats and mice now rule the property.

LUNA

Your Grandma Margaret lies here.

MATHILDA

And what became of her?

LUNA

She was a fighter for self-determination, equality, and alternative family rights.

MATHILDA

Self-determination, equality... Wow, I'm impressed. Hence my unwavering will to fight against all injustice.

LUNA

She fought for recognition as a single-person family for unmarried and childless mothers, fathers, and orphaned children. Then she was violated by a priest. As a result, she was anthropomorphized...

MATHILDA

Anthropophobic...

LUNA

In any case, she became afraid of everyone. Eventually, she was admitted to a psychiatric hospital, where she remained until her death.

MATHILDA

I understand what you're trying to tell me. But now we should go.

53) INT., APARTMENT, KITCHEN, DAY

Anna is visiting the Hippunks. They are sitting at the lunch table. Mathilda, who cooked, serves ravioli.

ANNA

Ravioli. I haven't eaten anything like that in a long time - actually, never.

MATHILDA

Excuse me, we lead a modest life.

ANNA

That's alright. Jesus also lived modestly.

ROCCO

Is Jesus here too?

(when he realizes it's just
a metaphor)

Come on girls, dig in! Something this delicious is a rare treat.

Rocco starts eating as if it were an eating contest.

Before the others can pick up their cutlery, Anna grabs Mathilda and Luna's hands.

ANNA

Come, O Lord, be our guest and bless
what you have bestowed upon us.

ANNA, MATHILDA

Amen.

LUNA

Svaha.

ROCCO

Oh... uh... poor things.

ANNA

(to Luna)

Svaha? – Are you a Buddhist?

LUNA

Yes, for many years now.

ANNA

My mom says that hippies are also
people who must be tolerated.

MATHILDA

We are already cultured, just in an
alternative way.

ANNA

Dad says that punks are work-shy scum
who live a good life at the expense of
hard-working society.

ROCCO

So, he says that...

MATHILDA

He certainly didn't do that...

ROCCO

Daughter...

(to Anna)

As you can see, we live in a palace and
serve you caviar and champagne.

ANNA

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to upset you.

ROCCO

I think I'll have to talk to your dad.

LUNA

(quietly to Anna)

Does your dad sometimes say ALWAYS or
WILL?

MATHILDA

Come on Anna, let's go to my room.

Anna became frightened and is relieved that Mathilda helps her out of her predicament.

54) INT., APARTMENT, MATHILDAS ROOM, DAY

MATHILDA

You have to excuse my dad. He's not
always like this.

ANNA

I was really scared.

55) INT., HAIR SALON, DAY

There is only one customer in the Turkish salon. He is getting the finishing touches to his shave.

The door opens and Rocco enters. He immediately draws everyone's attention, as if the hairdresser and guest were expecting racist trouble.

BARBER

(whispering to the guest)

Yusuf, kardeşlerimi, kuzenlerimi and
arkadaşlarımı getir. Hemen buraya
gelsinler. Bu adam bela kokuyor!
(*Yusuf, get my brothers, my cousins,
and my friends. They should come here
immediately. This guy smells like
trouble!*)

ROCCO

Good day, uh... is this a hair salon?

BARBER

In any case, this isn't a haunted
house. That's why we don't have any
jobs available!

ROCCO

Sorry, I just thought...
(wants to leave again)

BARBER

What do you wish for?

ROCCO

Well, uh... can they turn me into a
normal person?

The hairdresser and the guest laugh themselves silly and can't stop.

Rocco turns away disappointed, already holding the door handle in his hand.

BARBER

Wait... are you serious? No joke?

Rocco nods in agreement.

BARBER (CONTINUED)

Hmm, let's see...
(looks at Rocco carefully
from front to back)
How bourgeois?

ROCCO

Convincingly bourgeois.

BARBER

A real challenge! - Sit down - but
don't touch anything.

55.1) MONTAGE

- Rocco's hair is washed, dyed black, and cut.
- Rocco is getting a shave.
- Rocco has cotton swabs soaked in hot wax inserted into his nostrils and ear canals.
- Meanwhile, Rocco's eyebrows are plucked and straightened.
- Rocco has the cotton swabs ripped out of his hair one after the other. He screams like crazy each time. The hairdresser and the customer, on the other hand, are having a great time and laughing nonstop.

55.2) RETURN

We see Rocco's shoulder from a slightly oblique angle behind him as he stands at the checkout and takes crumpled banknotes out of his trouser pocket.

BARBER

(laughing)

No, it's on the house. The last time I
had this much fun was at my mother-in-
law's funeral.
(laughs again)

56) EXT., IN FRONT OF THE HAIR SALON, DAY

The door opens and out comes a handsome, middle-class Rocco. He
pauses for a moment, taking in the world around him. Then he sets
off, heading towards the subway tunnel.

The door opens and the hairdresser and the guest come out. They
watch Rocco leave.

GUEST

Achmed, bir mucize gerçekleştirdin. Bir
Neandertali Alman vatandaşına
dönüştürdün.
(Achmed, you have performed a miracle.
You have transformed a Neanderthal into
a English citizen.)

57) MONTAGE

- Luna and Rocco hold their hands out wide. Reluctantly, Mathilda places banknotes into them.
- Luna visits a beauty salon. She gets a stylish haircut and her fingernails are done. Finally, her legs and back are waxed with hot wax. What remains is a pile of wax strips covered in clumps of hair.
- Rocco is looking for work. He is turned down one after the other by a greengrocer, dishwasher, street sweeper, and window cleaner.
- Luna attends a cooking class at the adult education center. The cooking instructor is exasperated by her cooking skills. When she tastes the food Luna has prepared, she vomits.
- Rocco applies for a job at a funeral home. As a suitability test, he has to transfer a body from the dressing table into the coffin. While doing so, he discreetly searches the body for valuables. He passes. Rocco gets the job and a smart black suit as his uniform. Rocco is now an undertaker.

58) CUT TO BLACK

A doorbell can be heard.

59) INT., APARTMENT, HALLWAY, DAY

Mathilda opens the apartment door.

Mrs. Blackwood and Mr. Graves are standing in front of them. They look tense.

MRS. BLACKWOOD

Hello Mathilda. May we come in?

Mathilda nods. She immediately senses that something is not as expected.

60) INT., APARTMENT, KITCHEN, DAY - CONTINUED

The kitchen is in impeccable condition.

Mrs. Blackwood and Mr. Graves enter. Rocco and Luna stand up—both nervous, but trying to appear polite.

MRS. BLACKWOOD

This is Mr. Graves. Mr. Graves is a family counselor and is here at my request.

ROCCO

Is that necessary?

MR. GRAVES

I think it's for Mathilda's sake.

Everyone sits down at the kitchen table. Mrs. Blackwood and Mr. Graves lay out their documents.

LUNA

Would you like tea or coffee?

Mrs. Blackwood and Mr. Graves declined with thanks.

Mr. Graves opens the folder.

MR. GRAVES

Mathilda... I would like to talk to you about your academic performance.

Mathilda turns pale.

MATHILDA

Did I do something wrong?

MR. GRAVES

No, no, quite the opposite. - You're only 12 years old?

Mathilda nods in agreement.

MR. GRAVES (CONTINUED)

Your achievements, especially in the natural sciences, are exceptional, not to say outstanding.

He looks at Rocco and Luna. They smile uncertainly.

ROCCO

But...?

Mr. Graves hesitates. He doesn't want to offend anyone. But he wants to present the situation from his perspective.

MR. GRAVES

Well, in consultation with the child protection services, we believe that Mathilda's home situation could hinder her further development.

Silence.

Rocco and Luna look as if the ground has been pulled out from under their feet.

MATHILDA

(pressed)

I'm top of my class, even top of the school. I'm never late. I always do my homework, and always more than required.

MR. GRAVES

And you can still improve a lot. But we wonder if you're taking on too much responsibility.

MATHILDA

What responsibility?

Mr. Graves looks at her. Gently. Sadly.

MRS. BLACKWOOD

The responsibility... for your parents.

Rocco and Luna look at each other. For the first time, they seem genuinely embarrassed.

MR. GRAVES

We know how strong you are. But no one should be the adult in the house at twelve years old.

MRS. BLACKWOOD

You deserve a home where you can be a child.

Mathilda is dismayed.

LUNA

(I lose my temper)

Mathilda isn't the adult. She's just well-organized.

ROCCO

To show up here and declare ourselves to be unparents is insulting.

MRS. BLACKWOOD

But that is not our intention at all.

MR. GRAVES

There is a boarding school for gifted children near Munich. Mathilda would receive further support there.

LUNA

Tell me one thing, do they have the right to take our daughter away?

Mrs. Blackwood and Mr. Graves exchange a brief glance.

MRS. BLACKWOOD

Well, the only criterion is the child's welfare. That is undoubtedly the case here. The parents' welfare is irrelevant.

ROCCO

In other words, they can't take our daughter away?!

MR. GRAVES

That is the legal situation.

LUNA

Then we give Mathilda the freedom to decide for herself whether she wants to attend boarding school.

Mathilda unexpectedly finds herself the focus of four pairs of eyes. She thinks for a moment, then makes her decision.

MATHILDA

Ms. Blackwood, Mr. Graves, you forget
that the social environment
significantly contributes to
development. The current one is the
cause of the result that stands before
you in the person of Mathilda.

MR. GRAVES

Um... yeah...
(whispering to Mrs. Blackwood)
Did you understand that?

MRS. BLACKWOOD

(drawn out)
I think so...

ROCCO

What our daughter is trying to tell
them is to piss off!

LUNA

Yes, they won't get Mathilda. She
belongs to their family, to us!

61) INT., APARTMENT, HALLWAY, DAY

Mathilda, Mrs. Blackwood, and Mr. Graves are standing at the
apartment door. Mathilda opens the door.

MATHILDA

Thank you for everything.

MRS. BLACKWOOD

You're welcome. That's what we're here
for.

Mrs. Blackwood and Mr. Graves leave. The door clicks shut.

62) Int., school, teachers' office, day

Mathilda, her math teacher, Mrs. Blackwood and Mr. Graves are
sitting together in the teachers' room.

MATHEMATICS TEACHER

Now, Mathilda, tell us. How successful is our plan?

MATHILDA

The plan seems to be working.

MR. GRAVES

I hope we were convincing?

MATHILDA

I think so. Her performances had the desired effect. My parents were genuinely interested in my well-being.

MRS. BLACKWOOD

Should we increase the pressure with another visit?

MATHILDA

Not for now. I don't want to overwhelm them. They should gradually get used to being parents.

MATHEMATICS TEACHER

Mathilda, there's another topic we want to talk to you about...

MATHILDA

That doesn't sound good.

MATHEMATICS TEACHER

Quite the opposite: You're in 6th grade now. Have you ever thought about skipping a few grades?

MATHILDA

Admittedly, the lessons bore me a bit...

MATHEMATICS TEACHER

You could easily skip straight to 12th grade next school year and get your high school diploma - right here at our school.

MR. GRAVES

We support that.

Mrs. Blackwood nods in agreement.

Mathilda considers the idea and sympathizes with it.

63) INT., THERAPY APARTMENT, EVENING

A portrait of Abhay Charan Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada hangs on the wall. Buddha statues, flowers, and incense complete the scene.

Mantra songs of the Gaudiya Vaishnava play from a record player. Twenty disheveled women wearing tinfoil hats and their Bhagwan, a English hobbyist and part-time Bhagwan, dance half-naked, waving transparent saffron-colored cloths to the rhythm of the hypnotic music.

SONG OF ALL

Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna,
Krishna Krishna, Hare Hare.
Hare Rama, Hare Rama, Rama Rama,
Hare Hare.

The dances become ever wilder, ever more hypnotic, ever more exhausting.

Luna bursts into this situation. At first, she is ignored, not recognized because she is dressed in a bourgeois style. Then Bhagwan approaches Luna.

BHAGWAN

(gay behavior)
Lulu-Belle, you're late.
(looks her up and down)
I'm shocked! Where's your tinfoil hat
and your saffron-colored robe?

LUNA

Venerable Bhagwan, I won't be able to
come as often anymore. I now have a
daughter.

BHAGWAN

(frightened)
But... I was always careful.

LUNA

My daughter is 12. I have neglected her
so far, but now I need to take better
care of her.

BHAGWAN

Oh, come on. Come, take off your
clothes and surrender yourself to the
love of Abhay Charan Bhaktivedanta
Swami Prabhupada.

LUNA

No, no more orgies.

BHAGWAN

But Lulu-Belle, you were always the hott... uh... most talented Rati in our community.

LUNA

That's it for the casual sex. I'm over 40 and I don't have the same nimble thighs and yearning hips I used to.

BHAGWAN

You're not wearing your tinfoil hat. That's not your opinion; you're being manipulated by the secret service and aliens. These are dark forces that want to make you compliant and force you into obedience.

(now whispering)

Lulu-Belle, do you at least have something for my whistle?

Luna shakes her head.

BHAGWAN (CONTINUED)

(claps hands)

Listen up, children! Luna has gone astray. She no longer belongs to our community.

64) Int., apartment, kitchen, evening

Luna sits at the kitchen table and cries.

From the hallway we hear that someone has entered the apartment.

MATHILDA (O.S.)

Mommy? Mom-my?

Mathilda enters the kitchen and sees Luna sitting there in despair. Mathilda suspects something terrible.

MATHILDA

Mom, what's wrong? Is Dad dead?

LUNA

No, darling. I've simply given up my previously happy life. - The price for my daughter's happiness is high.

MATHILDA

Oh, Mom. I love you! - Do you know
where Dad is?

LUNA

It's Saturday, and he's at the punk
disco with his buddies, you know...
what's it called again... High Vis.

MATHILDA

Let's go to him!

LUNA

Going to a punk disco? - That could get
unpleasant.

65) INT., DISCO, EVENING

The song "Ever Fallen in Love" by the punk band *Buzzcocks* blares
from the speakers.

The disco is packed with a motley crew. We see a cross-section of
all sorts of punk styles: street punks; mohawk punks; spiked
punks; and then the extremes with piercings and tattoos. They're
all drinking beer and snorting amphetamines.

Rocco comes into view. He is surrounded by 2 women wearing spikes
and three punk friends.

SPIKES1

Rocco, up for some fucking?

ROCCO

No, leave it open.

Spike1 points to Spike2's breasts.

SPIKES1

Look at these punk tits! If that
doesn't turn you on...

Rocco looks bored, as if his mind is elsewhere. Punk1, who is
standing next to Rocco, intervenes.

PUNK1

(to Spikes1)

Get lost, or I'll tell your three
children.

Punk2 laughs hyenally and grabs the tits, but gets punched in the
face by Spikes1.

SPIKES1

Hands off, you bum! We want Rocco's
hammer cock!

SPIKES 2

Want to watch us lick each other's
pussies? You can even join in!

ROCCO

I said no! Besides, I'm married. -
Since yesterday, that means something
to me.

(to the bar tipper)
A mineral!

PUNK1

Mineral water? Do they have that here?

Punk3, who is also standing next to Rocco, is currently snorting a
line.

PUNK3

(euphoric)
Wow, what a fabric!
(look at Spikes1&2)
I could fuck all four of you right now,
at the same time.

SPIKES1

With you? Pah!

SPIKES 2

Ask your little dick buddy here if
he'll fuck you in the knee!

Punk1&2 laugh like children. Spikes1&2 leave.

PUNK1

Rocco, what's wrong with you? I don't
recognize you at all - you've been
banging every bitch you've ever had!

PUNK3

(shows Rocco a small bag of
powder)
Yeah Rocco, take a line first. Then
you'll get an erection again.

ROCCO

This all disgusts me so much. Punk is
dead, we're dead. Random sex with
random women, drug-fueled highs, and

the occasional cop fight aren't what
life is all about.

PUNK2

What would the alternative be? Getting
up in the morning, going to work,
coming home in the evening, having
dinner, sleeping with your wife, going
to sleep. And then getting up again in
the morning... for 45 years, day in, day
out... Then a pension that's less than
the pocket money you got as a kid. No
way, I'm not up for that.

ROCCO

(loud)

Is that so? We don't know this other
life!

PUNK2

Man, Rocco, we are outsiders, existing
on the margins of society. We live
anarchism.

ROCCO

No, it's an anachronism. No
development, only stagnation.

(looks towards the dance floor)

And this silly pogo-going...

PUNK1

Silly? That's our culture.

ROCCO

This is a dance for spastic people with
Tourette syndrome!

PUNK2

Say that again and you'll get a few
punches in the face!

ROCCO

Watch out, someone like you I'll roll
up in a cigarette!

PUNK2

Rocco, calm down. We will always be
punks!

ROCCO

(roars)

What are you saying? WILL and ALWAYS!

Fists are already flying.

Because the other punks mistake this for slam dancing, a brutal version of pogoing, everyone starts hitting each other while dancing. A mass brawl ensues.

66) EXT., ENTRANCE TO THE DISCO, EVENING

Luna and Mathilda arrive at the disco. There are police and emergency vehicles everywhere, with flashing blue lights. Many punks are standing against the wall with their hands raised. Police officers are searching each and every punk.

MATHILDA

Do you see Dad anywhere?

LUNA

Yes, there by the ambulance.

Luna and Mathilda run towards the ambulance. The police officers do not stop them.

Rocco is standing by the ambulance. He has a bleeding laceration on his head. He is being treated by a paramedic who is putting a bandage on him.

LUNA

Rocco, Rocco, what has happened?

Rocco

Oh, nothing more. Just a minor disagreement...

PARAMEDIC

...With 40 injured. And now they should be sensible. The wound needs stitches.

Rocco pulls Luna and Mathilda towards him and hugs them tightly.

MATHILDA

Dad, come home.

ROCCO

Mathilda, Luna, you are the dearest thing I have.

67) INT., APARTMENT, KITCHEN, EVENING

On the kitchen table lie bandages, both bloody and fresh, a flashlight, scissors, and a sewing kit, next to a bottle of vodka. Luna soaks a cloth with vodka and wipes the cut on Rocco's cheek clean. As Luna winds the sewing needle, Rocco drinks from the bottle.

ROCCO

I hope you know what you're doing?

LUNA

Trust me. I completed a solid apprenticeship as a seamstress. You don't forget that.

ROCCO

Honestly? - I didn't know that. I'm discovering a whole new side to you!

LUNA

Mathilda, sweetheart, shine the flashlight. - Now stay still and grit your teeth.

Mathilda takes the flashlight and illuminates the area of the cheek. Luna makes the first stitches.

ROCCO

Ow, ow, ow.

LUNA

Don't be such a drama queen, you're a tough punk.

ROCCO

Luna, I haven't always been good to you. Marriage to me certainly won't be easy.

LUNA

I would be lying if I said I hadn't promised myself more.

ROCCO

When was the last time I told you I love you?

Luna takes the flashlight from Mathilda. Mathilda understands, nods slightly to Luna, and then silently withdraws.

LUNA

Only once. That was at our first candlelit dinner, when you came to me with a bouquet of flowers from the gas station and a case of beer, wanting to have a quickie.

They laugh. Then Luna finishes the seam with a knot.

ROCCO

Yes, that's right. I was so drunk that I went into the wrong apartment. - I actually wanted to bang the punk whore upstairs.

They laugh heartily.

LUNA

While I was enjoying the visitation of a wild bull, the punk plum is still waiting for you.

They laugh heartily.

Rocco takes the hand mirror and examines the work.

ROCCO

My face is a bit disheveled, but the stitches look okay.

LUNA

You look really hot with that scar.

ROCCO

And you look like a real lady without your slob clothes.

Rocco pulls Luna onto his lap. They kiss passionately.

LUNA

Do you fancy doing the bull for me again?

ROCCO

(hesitantly)

Do you know that I'm notorious in the punk scene as a ramming artist with a hammer cock?!

LUNA

You scoundrel! You always tell me you have back problems.

ROCCO

Oh no, who always has a headache?!

LUNA

But only if our Bhagwan had held an Indian orgy the day before, in which I was allowed to participate... uh... had to.

ROCCO

You had headaches every day.

Luna smiles shyly.

ROCCO

Oh, let's do some coke. - Maybe we should start our marriage over again. I've made a lot of mistakes, far too many.

LUNA

Not just you. Let's start anew, without all the mistakes and lies.

68) INT., APARTMENT, CHILDREN'S ROOM, LATE EVENING

Mathilda is lying in bed and suddenly wakes up. When she hears lovey-dovey giggles and bed squeaks coming from the bedroom, she is relieved.

Mathilda gets up, goes to the chest of drawers and takes earplugs out of a drawer.

MATHILDA

(to oneself)

The plan worked.

She puts in her earplugs and lies down again, satisfied.

69) INT., APARTMENT, CHILDREN'S ROOM, MORNING

Mathilda gets up. Sleepily, she leaves the children's room.

70) INT., APARTMENT, HALLWAY, MORNING - SHORTLY AFTERWARDS

Mathilda hears cheerful laughter coming from the kitchen.

71) INT., APARTMENT, KITCHEN, MORNING - SHORTLY AFTERWARDS

Luna and Rocco are neatly dressed and playfully interacting. A healthy and substantial breakfast is laid out on the table.

Mathilda rubbed her eyes. Had she never experienced such a harmonious and loving scene before?

ROCCO

There's our favorite! - Good morning,
Mathilda.

LUNA

Please sit down. Would you like a cup
of hot chocolate?

Mathilda nods in agreement, sits down and observes very closely what is happening around her.

Luna hands Mathilda the cup of chocolate. Then, as she walks past Rocco, she gives him a kiss, much to his delight.

MATHILDA

Mom, Dad, what's wrong? We've never had
a cup of chocolate before, I've never
seen you happy, or affectionate. Are
you... are you in love?

Luna smiles and gives Mathilda a kiss on the cheek.

ROCCO

(to Luna)
Will you tell her?

LUNA

No you!

ROCCO

Mathilda, we talked things out last
night and decided to start over as a
family.

MATHILDA

(pushes Luna)
I wanted this so badly.

LUNA

Darling, Dad has something for you - a
surprise.

MATHILDA

A surprise?

Rocco goes outside briefly and comes back with a new and stylish winter jacket.

ROCCO
For you, my love.

MATHILDA
(tears come)
Oh Dad, thank you for remembering.
Thank you, thank you, thank you.

Mathilda puts on the jacket and is thrilled.

ROCCO
Your mother chose her. She was paid for
through honest work - I did some
overtime in a cemetery.

72) INT., SCHOOL AUDITORIUM, MORNINGS

At Mathilda's school, the best students are honored, as they are every year. In addition to parents and students, the local press and the entire teaching staff are also present.

Rocco and Luna are attending for the first time, not as troublemakers, but as proud parents. Rocco is wearing his smart black funeral suit with a black tie. Luna has a ladylike hairstyle and is wearing a blue blazer.

Rocco and Luna meet Anna's parents.

ANNA'S FATHER
Ah, there's the Hippunks. I've already
learned a lot about their daughter
Mathilda. But she's in competition with
Anna. We made sure she got the best
possible education.

ANNA'S MOTHER
We hired private tutors in addition to
the school and are sure that our Anna
will receive the most awards.

LUNA
That would surprise us greatly.
Mathilda doesn't need a private tutor.

ROCCO

(stands aggressively in
front of Anna's father)

And we say this to them, lazy good-for-nothings!

LUNA

And I advise you not to utter any
sentences containing WILL and
ALWAYS right now.

ANNA'S MOTHER

(to Anna's father)

Come on, let's go.

SCHOOL DIRECTOR

Dear parents, dear students, esteemed
colleagues. As every year, we are once
again selecting the best student in
mathematics, physics, chemistry,
computer science, German, English,
Latin, and sports. But this year, we
are also recognizing the best student
in all of Camden Town, London.

Now the respective subject teachers come forward. The mathematics
teacher, who devised the plan with Mathilda, steps up to the
microphone.

MATHEMATICS TEACHER

In mathematics, Mathilda Hippunk wins -
as expected! She achieved a perfect
score of 1.0 again this time. -
Applause for Mathilda!

Mathilda enters the podium to applause.

MATHEMATICS TEACHER

(presents a certificate)

Congratulations, Mathilda.

MATHILDA

(quiet)

Thank you very much. And thank you for
everything else!

MATHEMATICS TEACHER

(quiet)

The plan was devised together. You
carried it out entirely on your own.

Luna and Rocco rise from the benches, then many others do too and
applaud.

ROCCO
(extremely proud)
This is our daughter!

LUNA
(calls to Mathilda)
Mathilda, we are so proud of you!

72.1) MONTAGE

- The physics teacher hands Mathilda the winner's certificate.
- The chemistry teacher hands Mathilda the winner's certificate.
- The computer science teacher hands Mathilda the winner's certificate.
- The German teacher hands over the winner's certificate to a classmate.
- The English teacher hands over the winner's certificate to a classmate.
- The Latin teacher hands Mathilda the winner's certificate.
- The sports teacher hands Anna the winner's certificate.

72.2) RETURN

Now the school principal is back on the podium.

SCHOOL DIRECTOR
Now, for the first time, I would like
to call upon the best student in all of
Berlin-Brandenburg.
(pulls out an envelope)
Inside this envelope is the name of a
person I don't know.

First Luna calls out a name, then Rocco, then the whole audience:

ALL
Mathilda! Mathilda! Mathilda!

SCHOOL DIRECTOR
(opens the envelope, pulls
out a certificate)
I am extremely proud to announce that
Mathilda Hippunk is the top student in
all of Camden Town!
(stormy applause)
Mathilda, please come forward again.
You know the way perfectly well.

Mathilda runs onto the stage beaming with joy and is presented
with the certificate.

SCHOOL DIRECTOR

My heartfelt congratulations. I never doubted for a moment that you would be the winner.

MATHILDA

Thank you.

Off to the side, we see Anna's parents arguing terribly.

SCHOOL DIRECTOR

Mathilda, since your performance in all subjects is outstanding, you will skip some grades and be taught in the final year of A-level class next year.

MATHILDA

The A-level class?! That means a lot to me.

SCHOOL DIRECTOR

A few words to your fans?

The auditorium falls completely silent. Nobody says a word. There's a cough somewhere. Then everyone's attention is focused on Mathilda.

MATHILDA

I would like to thank all the teachers who have supported me. And a very special thank you to my parents, Luna and... Raymond - I love you all so much! You haven't always made it easy for me, but that's what has made me who I am today.

We see Luna and Rocco wiping the tears from their eyes.

MATHILDA (CONTINUED)

I owe it to you that I am allowed to stand here and have received this award. - Please come join me on stage.

Luna and Rocco enter the stage to thunderous applause. They embrace Mathilda. Then they hold Mathilda's hands up in the air. Flashbulbs go off.

EPILOGUE

73) EXT., UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON - PLACE 1, MORNINGS

Mathilda is now about 18 years old.

Mathilda is sitting outside on a bench in the sunshine, typing something on her laptop. A fellow student, Max (18), approaches her and starts talking to her.

MAX

Hi! Um... you're Mathilda?

Mathilda looks at her fellow student in surprise. She holds her hand over her eyes because the sun is shining behind him and she can't see him completely.

MATHILDA

Yes, I am...

MAX

(points to the bank)

May I?

MATHILDA

Yes gladly.

MAX

(sits down at a respectful distance)

My name is Maximilian. But you can call me Max, like everyone else here.

MATHILDA

Okay... Max.

For a moment, they both just stood there in silence.

MATHILDA (CONTINUED)

Chemistry, right?

MAX

Engineering. And you, physics?

MATHILDA

How do you know?

MAX

You're the talk of the campus. Are you currently writing your dissertation?

MATHILDA

That's finished. No, I'm writing my biography and my curriculum vitae.

MAX

Wow, that's amazing. A biography at your age. What will the book be titled?

MATHILDA

How did I end up with these parents?

MAX

That sounds interesting. May I read it when it's finished?

MATHILDA

That, uh... I don't know. It's very personal.

MAX

Sorry, I shouldn't have asked that, you hardly know me. May I buy you a coffee here in the cafeteria?

MATHILDA

(pleasantly surprised)
Coffee... Is this... a date?

MAX

No. This is a common and socially accepted neutral conventional formulation for the consumption of a stimulant.

MATHILDA

A socially accepted, neutral formulation of convention? - Too bad, I thought it was a date.

MAX

(relieved)
Then it's a date.

MATHILDA

Sure.

74) EXT., FREE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN - PLACE 2, MORNINGS

MATHILDA

I've never seen you here before. - I'm
sure I would have noticed you - I mean,
I never forget a face.

MAX

Well, I'm rarely on campus this early
as I am today.

MATHILDA

What do you do in your free time?

MAX

I am the leader of a metal band, heavy
metal!

Max wants to impress: He plays an air guitar, imitates *Smoke on the Water* by Deep Purple and performs intense headbanging.

Mathilda lets out a loud and prolonged scream of despair. We see her mouth, raised to the sky and screaming. The image recedes from her; we see the campus, the university, the city of London, Europe, and the globe.

75) FINAL PANEL

A neutral female voice, warm and conciliatory, reads the on-screen text.

"The Hippies - How Did I End up with these parents?" A story about courage. About mistakes. About new beginnings. And about how family sometimes arises where you least expect it. Family is not what begins perfectly, but what remains after it begins as chaos.

This film is for all children, Those who think they have to be perfect. You are enough. Now. Here. Just as you are.

For all parents, don't be afraid of failing. You are allowed to learn. You are allowed to grow. You are allowed to start over at any time and do better.

For all families, who are still searching for their path. Sometimes it doesn't lead straight ahead. But it does lead.

Mathilda Hippunk has shown us that strength doesn't have to be loud.

END

CLOSING CREDITS

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