

# Herb Neufeld and the case of WALTER SCHWARTZ

by

**Ulla Thomsen**

## Cast List

Herb Neufeld.... a private detective  
Franz Habicht... a Police detective  
Fiorella..... Herb Neufelds Partner  
Paula Schwartz.. nice, but dented, possibly  
an ex-hooker

### Minor Players:

Mandy Elmbacher. rather stupid  
Paula Schwartz' servant  
Mangran..... unpleasant, rich  
Man in Mannheim overblown and unpleasant  
Computer..... cold and metallic, feminine  
Stiefel..... a lowlife  
Hauck..... a wierd dwarf  
Braun...  
Moses..... Southern American  
Waitress..  
Clerk in Police Office  
Girl in restaurant

### V.O:

Call me Herb. Everybody else does. Herb Neufeld actually, but what's a name between friends...for some time now I've lived in a crummy first floor apartment in the Grosse Mantelgasse - thats in the-lets face it-scenic town of Heidelberg...you know... fourteenth century: lapped by the gentle waters of the Neckar River, charming, laid-back, a town with style (naturally, I quote all the tourist literature ) ...crowned by the unforgettable Schloss Heidleberg....the famous Philosophers Walk....green nountains....

You're right...Heidleberg is what we call *BEQUEM*..very comfortable... and lets face it too... in my line there's not an awful lot to do in such an ideal place where people spend more of their time studying at the university or doing more intimate sports, or for all I know, playing with swords and getting scars on their cheeks, than wasting time killing each other..... but todaymind you was an exception, hah!

Well, anyway, once upon a day I was in the Untergrabengasse... you know it, don't you.. in my left hand a bottle of that excellent Schloss bier they brew here, in the other a camera with a Zoom lens. Yup, you got it! that's the most of my trade.. what we call..ehm.. Matrimonial discord... and there I was, doing my little bit to pay the rent: actually, sitting on the topmost storey of a fire escape in the spring sun, helping myself to the beer and occasionally involving myself in an eyeful of what that Raven haired beauty and her student boyfriend were up to only 20 metres away in the....uhm... privacy of his room. Oh, I should explain.. its not my pleasure to watch others perform: but for my couple of hundred marks a day I have to make time for such....things. Enough of this, dear listener...let me let you in on what then transpired ( its more interesting.)

### FX:

Well, I yawned, and stretched, in my little eyrie up

there, and prepared to make my weary way home. Final click of camera.  
Home, I should tell you is the floor above my office.  
Well, I called in and my partner, Fiorella, scowled at me, so I creaked up the wooden staircase ( surely ancient wood is dangerous, isn't it ) and lay down for a nap.

There was a silence. Well I thought there was...I thought I had slept.....

FX: door knocked:

Paula: Mr Neufeld...Mr Neufeld....!

Herb: ....uhm...who is it?

FX: opens door:

Herb: ( surprised ) Mrs Schwartz..!..

Paula: You must recognise me from your photographs....

Herb: I haven't....

Paula: had time to develop them yet eh.?..

Herb: I should make it clear that I am retained by Mr  
(gulp) Schwartz..

Paula: look at this Mr Neufeld

V.O:

I was looking at a bunch of one hundred euro notes:  
now, when you owe the electricity company 87 euros and the Gasboard 129 euros not to mention the 'phone and the rent!, you'll maybe see that just one little blue one hundred euro note goes a long way towards paying those bills... know what I mean?

Herb: well... step in Mrs Schwartz...perhaps I can tempt  
you to a Schnapps....

Paula: coffee...

Herb: I'll put the machine on...

Paula: look, it's quite urgent

Herb: my goodness, its already 7 o'clock...

Paula: look...you're running out of time....

Herb: what?

Paula: its Mr Sch..my ex-husband....

Herb: ex?

Paula: didn't you know.. he's dead.!..

Herb: my God! ( recoils )

Paula: you'd better sit down..

Herb: ..I thought I was..!

Paula: is it my imagination or do I see that you can see  
your meal ticket disappearing in the distance...

Herb: That's probably an adequate analysis

Paula: well, this money is to cover your expenses...I  
don't need a receipt...keep it all.. and don't  
bother to develop the film...

Herb: its probably irrelevant now.....

Paula: Goodbye Mr Neufeld

Herb: ..uhm..goodbye Mrs..Schwartz..

V.O:

I counted the money...9000 euros.. Schwartz only owed  
me 750 , but Paula Schwartz obviously felt the relief of rich widowhood.  
The coffee machine was by now full, so I drank a cup or two and went out for a  
Jugoslavian meal at the *Snecken- Loch*...and let's face it, I was a bit dumb, and  
drank too much, much too much.....

FX:

Phone rings

WE ALSO HEAR A METALLIC PING. WE WILL HEAR THE SAME PING THROUGHOUT THE STORY  
WHERE INDICATED.

Herb: ouch..who..what time is it...

Franz: early enough Herb Neufeld!

Herb: who..who is that?

Franz: Lieutenant Habicht of the criminal Police  
Office.....

Herb: Oh him! no need to be formal Franz

Franz: are you awake Neufeld? I've got something to show  
you.... be at the morgue in 25 minutes....

FADE TO: Mortuary:

Franz: you look as if a client slugged you....

Herb: I'm beginning to feel as if a client had been  
shot!..

Franz: not a bad try..( aside ) O.K...look (drawer slides)...but not right  
exactly....

Herb: (recoils): Oh no!...my hangover!

Franz: and this gives me a bloody hangover!....let me show  
you the things here.....a watch..Patek-Phillipe, apparently smashed at  
6.52....a Colt 7,62....still new.... Croc wallet with 3500 euros...two  
visiting cards, and a membership card for Sheperds Lounge... you know, opposite  
the Heiliggeist Kirche ...interesting address book with the names of two  
hookers....one in Mannheim, one here...ah...and YOUR  
telephone number...we found it in the glove

compartment of his Merc.....

Herb: aha...

Franz: no...ah...ah....you knew our friend well then?....

Herb: O.K. he was my client ....matrimonial.....

Franz: I know- we've found transcripts....

Herb: don't tell me he made transcripts?

Franz: don't ask me why...they were like word processor  
printouts and he hasn't got a word processor in his  
house...but he was a rich and powerful man,  
Schwartz... arms, canned food from South America, a  
few forged paintings.....otherwise a perfectly  
normal businessman.....I expect that's why you  
attracted him...excuse me.....amll time, easy to sit  
on... you know....

Herb: I know... I see... I thought transcriptions would  
fall into his 'normal' category.....

Franz: ah...that's life....

V.O:

the actions of a man like Schwartz always irritate  
me: I felt no readiness to give much further  
information until I knew more.....

Franz: ...and you were working for him... any results....

Herb: nothing so far...

Franz: any ideas on the murder? ...strangling can be a  
messy business.. like that ...it was not an expert  
job.....

Herb: Oh, I forget...what was the.....

Franz: Ladies stocking...odd that...

Herb: I'm going home and have a bit of shuteye...

Franz: nightmares, you mean!....Oh Herb...have you still  
got that gun?

Herb: don't worry, I've got a permit, Franz...

Franz: then I'll see you again, if you come up with  
anything...your operators permit expires soon  
doesn't it?

Herb: you have the subtlety of touch of gorilla with a  
toothache, Franz....

Franz: we both have important things to hand, Herb...

Herb: I'll keep you informed, Franz, Heidelberg is a  
small place....

V.O:

I left Franz Habicht's office with the sensation of an itch at the back of my head...it could have been my thinning hair...it could have been a friendly flea or it could have been the fact that I was set to chase a murderer who may well have known me: but who I had no inkling of. There was only one thing that I knew that I knew for sure...if Schwartz was strangled and his watch smashed at 6.52 pm... then how did Paula Schwartz know he was dead at 7 pm? First I went home and checked the clock and my watch against the telephone clock. Both not more than a minute out. I pondered on the problem: the police had found Schwartz at 8.57 pm in Bosseldorn, 3 kilometres away, according to the transcript Habicht had given me: no, it was not possible for Paula Schwartz to have made the trip: unless she had a helicopter: and just over an hour before I had seen her with the student: it looked like they were going to be busy for some time yet when I left and I'd timed my report 30 minutes in abeyance at 5.45 pm and that gave her 67 minutes, to dress, clear out of the house, find her car, drive to Bosseldorn, strangle her husband and drive to me.

Herb : (thinking): let me see: Bosseldorn in heavy traffic: say 15 minutes: yes...lots of time....and how did she know about me?

FX:

Footsteps on Gravel:

V.O:

There were many questions that demanded an answer. I had to find out for one thing, just why Paula Schwartz had come to me when she did....

FX:

Metallic Ping:

Herb: Mrs. Schwartz?

Lackey: one moment...

V.O:

I looked around and took in the scenery; it certainly was interesting: Schwartz had evidently not felt comfortable driving just one Mercedes: he had a collection of them: the driveway was positively crowded. The Hall was crowded too, but not with plastic ducks flying across flowered skies: no, it was the sort of sight that would bring a block to the throat and a tear to the eye of any poor struggling art collector with only a couple of million to spare: it was almost a squeeze to spot the forgery: from where I stood I could see a Braque, a Matisse, several...well why bore you...and what looked like a Maillol sculpture: one of those naked girls who show you what naked girls never seem to want to show me: naturally I was... transfixed.....

Paula: Ah, Mr Neufeld....you seem rather taken up with something...it's the bronze....rather a healthy sort of girl, isn't she? I find her rather plain..let me show you the one of myself over the sofa...

V.O:

over the sofa was perhaps the way, or the place that I would put it, but if I told you that I knew Paula Schwartz better, much better, but perhaps not quite in the biblical sense after seeing that picture, you would see what I mean...it was nice...but not bound to make one...comfortable....

Paula: do you like art....Mr Neufeld.?.....

Herb: well, I know what I like, Mrs Schwartz....

Paula: what was it you came about exactly....Mr Neufeld?

Herb: ah...there were a few small things Mrs Schwartz...  
irregularities that I ...saw....

Paula: about my husband's death...

Herb: yes....

Paula: yes...well ask away...drink...?

Herb: please...yes...the time you came to see me....

Paula: it was just before 7, wasn't it.....

Herb: you'll excuse me...but your husband died 3  
kilometres away....just a few minutes earlier.....

Paula: no, no, that cannot be true....you see, mr Neufeld,  
I heard of his death when I phoned the house here and Emily, ( she's my  
maid ) had been told by the doctor who attended the police...on the phone.....

Herb: You're saying that the whole time sequence was  
bunged up like that...that leaves almost no time for the murderer to  
escape....if he or she did...

Paula: if it was a she Mr Neufeld it was not me.....I was  
still in bed with Bruno....

Herb: ah, Bruno...

Paula: he corroborates my story

Herb: uhm...yes, from Grabengasse to Mantelgasse is only  
a couple of minutes...

Paula: perhaps you should turn your suspicions elsewhere,  
Mr Neufeld...

Herb: ...I'm sorry to disturb you in your grief Mrs  
Schwartz..

Paula: there's no grief over Schwartz, Mr Neufeld...you  
don't know the half of the story of Mr Schwartz... here, let me refresh  
your drink!

Herb: of course...

Paula: and be sure to visit me again in a couple of  
days...I promise to tell you more...

V.O:

I left Paula Schwartz having forgotten to ask half  
the questions I had meant to, but with a further appointment two days  
later...first to the drivers licence records to check some things:

Police Clerk:

funny, I didn't realise he lived in U11 at

Mannheim as well as in Heidelberg....

Herb: where was that?

Clerk: Ull, you know, back of Neckarmann near the  
Planken...

FADE TO:

FX Bar sounds on the street:

Waitress: what do you want?

Herb: a Weizenbier... and some help ( crinkles money )

Waitress: That sounds like the intro of some cheap detective  
novel-

Herb: do you know a Walter Schwartz? about 50? lived over  
there

Waitress: Schwartz? him...who doesn't, around this end of  
town...ask half the bar owners around here and they'd turn grey...he runs  
quite a lot of the girls around here...from a distance though...you only know  
that if you've been around here for as long as I have....! Weizenbier, was  
it....

Herb: no..no thanks....keep the money...

FADE TO: Restaurant BG:

Girls voice: Schwartz...glad to hear he's left us for  
good...pain in the butt...took 75 % of everything I made around  
here...American Dollars and all,...no respecter of a girls rights in such  
matters...

Herb: so he ran the deals around here?

Girl: he ran the dealers that ran the deals.....wouldn't  
get his toe in the ink...though he helped himself when he felt  
inclined...he was a creep...if I was you I'd leave him murdered!

V.O:

Having dredged up the immediate past of Walter  
Schwartz, I had narrowed the field of suspects down to about 200 hookers,  
probably 25 pimps and a small rabble of people who simply thought he looked  
better with several bullets in him...in fact I was about as close to the  
solution of the mystery as I am to you.....when...

FX:

Herb trips over another person and they both fall down:

Man: Oh, blast.....you oaf, can't you look where you're  
going....

Herb: I'm terribly sorry....excuse me but does that  
briefcase have a Walter Schwartz and Company monogram on it?

Man: what if it does....look, I've torn my new  
suit...only this morning I said to my tailor, Willi, if this mohair so  
much as gets a tobacco stain on it it'll be ruined, and now....who is going to  
pay for this, you wretch.....

Herb: ..it's that Walter Schwartz is dead!.

Man: Dead....dead...I don't know what you're talking about I....I...lets forget this incident, I'm willing to walk away and ignore the whole thing, just....

Herb: so you knew him!

Man: only very slightly....look, lets talk in that bar...I have my reputation as a council member to look out for and I can't risk any trouble right here in the Centre of Mannheim.....

FADE TO:

FX Bar:

Herb: so you have something to tell me...

Man well, its like this.....I was indebted for a favour.....I hesitate to say an honest favour....that was done by Walter....Schwartz...

Herb and what was the nature of that favour....

Man (laughs nervously): oh....that....a small problem....a personal problem...you know.....

Herb and Walter Schwartz helped you out....

Man yes...you could say that....

Herb (guessing): a woman, wasn't it?..

Man how did you know.....! ( reacts ) another drink barman...look, keep you voice down.....for a man in my position....people know me....

Herb a street girl...

man oh my God! My wife would....kill me if she new...look, I'll tell you but its off the record...it was a street...girl...she was pregnant...well actually she lived in a flat...

Herb your pied-a terre?...where do you live?

Man Oh, Frankenthaler...but this must not get out....

Herb another drink? Barman..two more of these please...

Man you're a respectable kind of man.....

Herb more just kind of....

Man well, I respect you you see...yours is a position....

Herb Now I think I'll have a Schnapps....

Man ..no let me...another Schnapps...no two, Peter...look, be reasonable...

Herb explain a thing or two then...cigarette?

man what...no...no...eh, it was like this..I...she..no I k-kept her here in Mannheim..

Herb you met her through Schwartz....

Man eh...yes..I met her with him..she's a beautiful girl...

Herb then Walter arranged...to move her somewhere within easy reach...daytimes?

Man ...yes....that was it...how did you know?....

Herb and Schwartz?...

Man that louse Schwartz got me all screwed up over her..umm...photographs....my wife....then she needed nice things - she said that they were for my benefit .....then she needed a 'little runaround' then she.....

Herb I've heard of this sort of thing....

Man it must be common in your line....( exasperated ) what more is there to say....then she was getting very..eh...expensive and demanding;...and Walter...Schwartz said he'd arrange for her to be moved....

Herb and....

Man ..and she was..moved..to Hamburg, I believe...

Herb you mean to tell me you suddenly took no further interest.....

Man how could I...though Hilde was sweet..well I began to know the score....

Herb no sign of her anymore...

Man Walter said....that that would be that.....I paid her.....expenses actually...

Herb how much?

Man it was 14500 marks.....

Herb as expensive as half a car...

Man or a good secondhand one.....but I thought it was over until I passed the bar outside Walters flat yesterday and they told me....

Herb .....awful, wasn't it...

Man what I've been through these past months is a lot more awful, believe me...and now I begin to see that it could just be another of his manipulations..he was a rat, Schwartz...I could just as well meet Hilde around the Luisenpark next week as in Hamburg...she probably lives with another of his acquaintances somewhere like Neckarau!....

Herb you'd better stay out of Mannheim bars for a year or two.....

Man yes...and when they've buried him I'm going to dance on his grave

FADE TO:FX Phone ringing: PING:

Herb ( half asleep ): yes!

Franz I've got a problem for you.....

Herb do you only ring on after midnight, or is it something to do with keeping the 'phone bills down?:

Franz sorry, I'm on night duty....

Herb what is it then.....

Franz lets talk.....

Herb in the morning...I'll meet you at the Schon Ecke at 11 for breakfast.....no, make it 12.....

PING:

FADE TO: FX Schon Ecke bar, BG sounds of staff setting up:

Franz its like this...

Herb it always is...Franz..

Franz this is not official...it's personal...now listen to me!

Herb I'm not a juggler...two balls in the air at one time tax a tired brain...

Franz especially after a few Schnapps...sorry couldn't resist that one...( chuckles )

Herb O.K. Franz...buy me a drink first...I haven't had one for ten minutes...

Franz two white wines please.....tell me, what are you rates.....

Herb ah...the mystery deepens.....500 a day plus expenses....

Franz I didn't realise I was so expensive.....I'll give you 150....

Herb sonofabitch.....375

Franz done!

Herb ah, the wine, so cool on a hot morning...

Franz it's serious...my relative....

Herb of which you have only one....

Franz correct...

Herb ...and....

Franz things have not been harmonious for some time.. you

know what I mean...?..I really think she's being unfaithful...thats the long and short of it...

Herb you're a detective...sort it out yourself...

Franz well, the ticklish part is that she is senior in the police to me....

Herb ( gags ): I didn't know she was in the Force...!

Franz when I married her she had terrific references from the Rio Police....did you know she was Brazilian...?

Herb no...oh no!

Franz Oh, yes! And now hse's overtaken me, and naturally keeps a wary eye upon me....

Herb sort of handcuffed to the kitchen sink!...

Franz don't joke...it's serious!

Herb oh Franz...I always thought you were a simple quasi-military legman...not a ....

Franz keep your comments to yourself, Neufeld!

Herb ( smirks): sorry sir!

Franz will you take the case Herbert?

Herb for a friend ....and also I could use the money...but I'll have to slot it in with whatever comes up in the Schwartz case....

Franz that! Oh my god, if Filomena ( my wife ) can get her hands on the culprit she promises to beat him up severely!..and I bet she will too....( shivers )

Herb ...so you're still talking...

Franz she gave me the case personally.....

Herb oh, Franz! ( laughs )

Franz cut the cackle...remember, you work for me Neufeld!

FADE TO: FX: Herbs Office:

Herb can you look around after his wife, Fiorella?

Fiorella no..no..no! You know I won't handle smut! I, also, have a passing regard for my operators licence, Herbert Neufeld...and further 375 a day is hardly worth spitting at!

Herb I'll make it 400 just for you...Oh, and the case can go under my name....

Fiorella at 400 you just make a deal!

Herb what am I getting myself into, Fiorella.....

Fior have another coffee Herb, and shut up for a moment.

Herb ...I can see you're thinking...

Fior it shows sometimes...its just occurred to me that it'll be a simple job to trace her movements....if we can get to her diary we can trace the lot.....I need a photocopy of the last few weeks for frequency checks, and I'm away....

V.O: Now,dear listener, let me explain the mess. Me, that is H.Neufeld of HD, is now giving away more than he's receiving, for the same job. No, I refuse to comment further. You can work that out. Well, anyway as we all know, my friend ( and I say that WITHOUT PREDUJICE, as they're fond of saying in legal circles ) Habicht is up shit creek without a paddle with his he-man of a wife: by all accounts a power-mad Brazilian who would have not only my guts for garters if she ever beats Habicht into "telling all" as they say ( which wouldn't be difficult let me tell you but also...where was I..Uh! ah yes...Paula Schwartz. Are you clear? Am I clear? No? Well listen on then.....I've always had a nose, and an ear, for money: unfortunately thats all I ever get to know about most of it, the smell of new notes and the sound of them being given away...but there was something interesting about Walter's setup: if it was only the inside leg measurement of a young, loaded and grief stricken widow who needs guidance in things financial...I laid low for a day. Actually I listened to AFN and tried to improve my English pronunciation: I also waited around for the muse, maybe he had blown a gasket 3 months ago and I'd left it until I had the money...God, why do I tell such

lies!...actually the electricity people had the money, and had given me back the lights...good of them. But the car? that's another story!.....

Paula Ah, Mr Neufeld....out meeting...what progress have you made?

Herb we're pursuing valuable connections, Mrs Schwartz..

Paula ah, good...perhaps you don't need my interest then, Mr Neufeld..

Herb all information is valuable, Mrs Schwartz...do you have an angle

Paula let me show you something I didn't want the police to see, Mr Neufeld, naturally you realise that as long as I retain you you do what I say...oh and by the way I wish to retain you from this moment!

Herb your wish, as they say....is my command...

Paula ah, good, Mr Neufeld.....let me show you.....

FX SHUFFLES PHOTOS:

Paula something from the family album Mr Neufeld...

Herb I don't see..

Paula no, this way round, Mr Neufeld.....

Herb I don't believe...Ah! Finally...

Paula take a good look, Mr Neufeld....memorise the odd arm, the left foot....you know...perhaps on your travels for me you'll see one of them, hopefully attached to its owner.....

Herb can I have a drink?

Paula Whisky?...I see you have a rather delicate digestion....I found those in my husbands room....didn't think he was into black mail, did you ! .. perhaps thats how the Schwartz empire grew so quickly!

Herb I could ask you an awkward question or two, Mrs Schwartz

Paula save them...look, heres his little black book...most of the pages are missing but a couple of interesting ones remain....

Herb umm...( turns pages )

V.O: I turned the pages: I saw the address of someone not a million miles, as they say, from the federal justice office though our Paula wouldn't know just from the numbers ...and several hotel telephone numbers..now the case was getting distinctly hot as well as blurred.

Herb very interesting...

Paula another Brandy.....

Herb thank you.

Paula believe it or not I see a powerful mind working in that battered brow, Mr Neufeld...

Herb (drinking): ah..ah..

Paula found anything?....

Herb Only your left hand on my leg!.....

Paula My goodness, so it is!

Herb I'll have liftoff anytime now...

Paula Ah...I knew you had it in you Mr Neufeld.....

Herb could I ask a favour?

Paula ask away Mr Neufeld.....

Herb do you have a record by Count Basie....

Paula I believe there is one...

Herb could I hear it..it helps me ..think....

Paula what an unusual man you are...( rummages \_) but I think I have it here...here...

Herb lovely...

Paula here, I'll put it on and leave you to think....

Herb thank you....

V.O: I thought...the music was bewitching...but Mr Muse was not at all in evidence....( music ) But the Brandy.....

FX: TELEPHONE:

Herb yes...Paula ...yes, who is that..a moment please ( calls ) Paula!

Paula yes

Herb oh..I', sorry, not thinking...the telephone Mrs

Schwartz...Mandy Elmbacher I think she was...  
Paula ah...hello...Mandy....yes...nice idea...the dirty  
rat..no,not to worry I can take care of that....see you around 11.30.  
Till later Mandy...bye.  
( to Herb ) that was someone you should meet, Mr Neufeld..perhaps you'd  
accompany me later...  
Herb it would be my pleasure, Mrs Schwartz...  
Paula you never know, Mr Neufeld, you never know!.....  
FADE TO: FX Restaurant BG:  
Mandy I was telling him he'd better keep a low profile...  
Herb ( slightly tipsy ): Schwartz? is that my Brandy?....  
Mandy yes..him, Walter bloody Schwartz...but he insisted  
on at least 60% of the take..you know...I mean I'm in a tough line with  
all the leather and rubber and stuff, sometimes I smell like a tyre factory for  
a week...I..Umm nice steak Paula... and then the all in wrestling, one insisted  
I was covered with mud...pervert...I said to him...  
Paula Mandy covers the light entertainment end of the  
market Mr Neufeld...  
Herb ah..amusing, yes...  
Mandy what do you do then Mr...?  
Herb call me Herb.. its easier..  
Mandy funny name Herb?  
Herb Yes I like to think of myself as... Yes, I'm sort  
of...  
Paula Chaffeur....  
Herb chaffeur...have a drink on me...  
Mandy gone up in the world ( titter ) eh, Paula baby?  
Paula my driving can be ...erratic....  
Mandy ho ho!  
Paula tell us what he was up to then, Mandy...  
Mandy ah, yes....wanted 60% of the action: so I said to  
him...your friend might have been a big financial pundit...but he didn't  
expect to pay a girl much...so then he said...if you don't do me any favours  
I'll take the lot and then he smiles all cold and storms out. I mean,  
Paula...where does that leave me....!  
Paula what do you think Herb?  
Herb ( still tipsy ): I'm doing my sums, but I never learnt  
these at school...like frequency times volume times percentage...(  
laughter )  
Paula nice thinking....equals take home...  
Herb do what?  
Paula take me home...  
Mandy like that Paula!....I used to say....look I'm shaken  
but not stirred , so what do you expect..!....  
FX: they climb in to car and drive off:  
Paula take the indirect route back to Heidelberg, will you  
Herbert...  
Herb ( abstracted ): sure...  
FX: Later:  
Paula what a beautiful moon.....stop here a moment...  
Herb sure...look there are some things that occur to  
me...  
Paula clever how they build these drinks cabinets into the  
back of the driving seats...( clink clink ) prosit!"  
Herb thanks..your health....somethings I've thought  
about....forgive me for being less than subtle, but do I sense an  
originally...ehm.. Professional... connection between your late husband and  
yourself...  
Paula you WILL let these things bother you...  
Herb the.. ummmm....  
Paula mmm...the what

Herb the mmm..really Mrs Schwartz don't you think that....

Paula what the hell, Mr Neufeld...

Herb ( shaken ): I really think we ...you should pull yourself together Mrs Schwartz...

Paula but Herb, the atmosphere...the moon....

Herb Mrs Schwartz...mmm...no listen...I'd better take you home...you're destroying my professional...what ever its called...

Paula Okay, then drive me home, Mr Neufeld...

Herb I didn't want to compromise myself Mrs Schwartz.....

Paula have another drink and lets get back then

FX Telephone: Herb is asleep:

PING:

Franz is that you, Herb? say yes, will you.....

Herb I've nothing new to tell you...just that report...

Franz I've something to tell you!...

Herb what is it...

Franz something I've had to sit on for days....

Herb clues?

Franz prints.....but THREE lots...on the door...the window...the watchface..all unidentified....two female one male..

Herb anything else?

Franz Oh...worse...much worse...the Fingerprint man who submitted the reports....dead..not even enough time to verify his own reports...but we've three sets of unidentified prints....on Schwartz' account...

Herb that's impossible!

Franz I know it is, but its happened

Herb I know...Oh My God! my head!....

Franz What do you think I should do ?.you loafer!...

Herb me? go ask your old lady!

Franz she's so tough she'll probably break my neck.....oh no... and I'm supposed to be in charge of this investigation.....she'll murder me or something....

Herb well, if its that bad...cover up then, until something comes up...someone must've done the fingerprint man in...

Franz its worse and worse...he poisoned himself in the lab, with our own police poison...! But how?!.....

Herb I just can't credit the goings on over at Police HQ.....the question is.....

Franz I tell you the whole affair is out of control!

Herb relax Franz...things could be worse...I think...at least you didn't personally snuff the lot of them...( suddenly doubting ) did you?..

Franz don't be stupid....theres some maniac behind all this and its wearing me down, Herbert..at least I know its not you....

Herb I'm usually too far gone...

Franz no, its trust I have in you....real friendship and.....

Herb Oh ...that!...try and think backwards along the line...who possibly could have access to all those people?

Franz The chancellor? the president?....

Herb start down the list...but just remember they were getting a drubbing in Washington that time last week.

Franz ah,yes...a list...I'll draw up a suspect list.....thanks for clearing my head.....I'll get back to you...Oh by the way, what report.....

Herb what what report?

Franz you mentioned a report...when you answered...

Herb what day is it?

Franz Wednesday morning I think....

Herb It'll be Friday, sorry, I can only pull myself together to write on a Friday...

Franz since when did you write reports?

Herb since Fridays became paydays, remember?..goodnight!..

FX DROPS PHONE: PING.

Fade to:

V.O. there was nothing for it, and when I say that I say it in the absolute sense...there was absolutely nothing doing for it, but to boldly strike out ( I quote - and it could be a famous writer but is more likely to be a line from an ad. on the motorway, or the side of a tram ) and get over my gumboots into something as yet unexplored: my next stop was that little nook called Shepherds Lounge, right in a comfortable corner you'd know it if you saw it in the Hauptstrasse., Naturally,, I sat myself in one of the angles of the bar and watched the television for a few moments..and inexplicable story about an American hoodlum all mixed up with a beautiful woman in the African jungles, lots of stock footage of alligators and wild elephants showing their tusks...and then my mind shifting to Walter Schwartz and his golden bridging, when.....

Moses ( black voice ): hi.....watcha doin' fellah...

Herb trying to get your eye and order a drink, Moses..

Moses whats yores fellah....

Herb can you think of something a little unusual?

Moses ah do a wunnerful coconut bamboo dream, but it'll cost yer 20 marks...

Herb is it that good?

Moses Nope

Herb then I'll have a banana Bols and milk please...

Moses stomach gettin atcha fellah...

Herb more the expense account... ahm...you know a fellow about 50, gold bridging, looks like this photo?

Moses oh, him.....oh yeah, here all the time, always drank sasparillas with his lady friend.....

Herb Sasparillas?.....lady friend?

Moses you lookin' for someone?

Herb An acquaintance of mine.....he's gone though....

Moses dead...gone?

Herb ah hah.....

Moses natural?

Herb Nope!

Moses holy smoke! holy snooker! right off the perch!.....

Herb I'm a friend of his wife...looking to see what I can dig up.....

Moses she comes here all the time, but I ain't seed her for a week.....

Herb how did she look?

moses tall, quite suntanned, big shouldres. Looked like she was back from a holiday....

Herb did you overhear what they talked about?

Moses only one time ....TV cameras and recording machines...houses....somethin' to do with cars and some friend of theirs that needed a permit for somethin'.....that was all...never really listened....

Herb what did she drink...

moses funny thing...normally just milk....

Herb thanks Moses, keep the change...

FADE TO: FX walking down main street:

Herb .....O.K. Fiorella.....so you've been on this job for three days and there's nothing to report yet?.....

Fiorella nope....she hardly left the office....and her appointment book was solid....hardly time for a

leak.....

Herb suspicious!

Fiorella suspicious!....no need to be, she must be a real nose to the grindstone type....you know soem of us women really do work our butts off!

Herb get back to Franz Habicht and ask him what got the wind up him then.....there must be something!

Fiorella by the way, you owe me 600 so far..

Herb here, take my shirt as well..

FX money:

Fiorella ( laughs ) no, thats tomorrow! I don't want to spoil my fun!

Herb timing is all, isn't it.. ciao, Fi-Fi

Fiorella Ciao honeybunch.

FX: PHONE: PING:-

Herb Mrs Schwartz?.....one thing.....

Paula Moment.....yes..

PHONE FX:

Herb was there something that you know your husband was looking out for...a favour for a friend...a new car...something to do with video gear?

Paula video.....video..... he mentioned video...he was going to spend some nimey on video stuff...and as for cars, he had a new one everytime he changed girlfriends...as for permits...I've no idea...could it be to do with travelling...?

Herb have you checked his passport?

Paula I haven't seen it for a long time...thought maybe it was in his bag in the car....

Herb I'll get back to you...

Paula why not, Mr Neufeld!....

Herb oh, one thing, what's the bank account like? have you had it checked...

Paula oh, don't you worry your little grizzled head over that Mr Neufeld...every mark is in the right place!

Herb No, I mean, where would the money for all those items come from....?

Paula I'll have to show you next time you're here!..

Herb ....oh.....righto! Bye!.....

FX: Clicks receiver on phone: PING:

V.O. video recorders? Permits? Cars? All fairly large expenditures...and no apparent reason for them all....houses?...could refer to his contacts with prostitutes, or even to the property business, which I knew he was probably involved with, with all that spare cash washing about....

FX: DIALS PHONE: PING:

Franz Habicht! What is it!.....

Herb a question...was Schwartz' passport found?

Franz .....a new one.....but we never found it...probably torn up...why?

Herb just a passing thought...has he got anything to do with houses....

Franz he owned a couple in Mannheim...just found that out...looks like they're rented out ot expensive ladies.....

Herb gottit. One other thing, he was onto video for some reason, yet he obly had the normal domestic recorder at his place, that was all...any advance on that....

Franz well, you know how that links with the ladies of the night: but I'll look into it for you...anything on you know who....?....

Herb clean as a cats arse

Franz ( looses cool ) I blasted knew it! She knows, that what it is....

Herb no she doesn't!...look, relax...okay...

Franz ( down ) I'll be on traffic soon, probably parking meters....

Herb at least they're healthy, Franz!

FX: PHONE CLICKS:PING

Dials:

FX: PING: Click click click click ( phone getting crossed line ...):

Braun ...yes Mrs Schwartz...Walter wants a Book of Beauty 1834...with original engravings, that part of the package....

Paula how much is that?...I'll have to tell him...

Braun ..um...we agreed on....12000 Marks for the 1834 edition, together with a further 12 for the Egyptian....

Paula it'll take me a while to get to Hannover...could you give me a couple of days?

Braun naturally I shall keep them here in my shop...

Paula ...if they're important to his collection I really should buy them while he's away in South America....

Braun of course, thats very accomodating of you, Mrs Schwartz!

Paula I like to think his arrangements are safe with me Mr Braun...

FX: CLICK, RING: PING:

Paula hello?

Herb Mrs Schwartz..

Paula oh, I just put the receiver down...

Herb busy morning..?...

Paula just speaking with a friend...

Herb it was....did you know Schwartz had houses in Mannheim?....

Paula not a thing....did I ever tell you you had nice hands?

Herb umm.. later!.....( rings off )

FX PHONE RINGS: PING:

Herb oh....Franz..

Franz yeah...look I'm busy....will it keep?

Herb yes but...

Franz another stiff!...shot...one Mandy Elmbacher....see you later, bye....

Fade to: FX walking along Hauptststrasse meets with Fiorella:

Herb hey, Fiorella, we can't....

Fior something about meeting....

Herb Fiorella...why do you spend so much time shopping?

Fior it helps me to think, Herb old buddy,

Herb think about Mandy Elkmbacher with a bullet in her brain Fiorella old girl..?..

Fior didn't you tell me something about her yesterday evening!....

Herb yes, I was trying to get an angle on her, Franz told me...

Fior that means someone was watching.!..

Herb gives you a feeling in the small of your back, doesn't it!

Fior puts me off my food, and I was going to make Massimo such a nice tortellini tonight!

Herb you and your foriegn food, give me a side of wildboar and a few nuts anytime! (humourous)Ciao Fiorella.

FX: Fade to: Herb in his office.

V.O. I went back to the office and made another batch of

coffee, I had the overall feeling that it could be a long night. I locked the outer door and picked up an old copy of Die Zeit in the ante-room and turned the pages. As usual, nothing happened, like I thought it would not. After a few minutes I fell asleep. The warm smell of the coffee turned to caramel and fumes rose from the machine. Time had passed: thick smoke poured from the machine...I awoke gasping....

Herb erk...the coffee...solid..blast

V.O.(continued:) by this time I sat in the office in my swingback chair.

Heidelberg is beautiful by night...down by the side of the Neckar two lovers kissed...the water flowed deep blue under the sodium lamps of the empty side roads...the Old Bridge looked quaint and quiet over the silken water...a barge rolled slightly and chugged away through the arches...very little stirred..then the phone rang....

FX: PING:

Franz Franz...look, more ridiculous information! ...you

won't believe this but Mandy Elmbacher was shot in the back of the head with Walter Schwartz' 7.62 Automatic...and of course now its missing.! I don't know if its night duty which has worn my nerves down or....

Herb Franz, there must be some very simple explanation to

the whole thing...theres a pattern developing though I don't exactly....

Franz just remember to wear a crash helmet, a flack jacket

and a steel collar whenever you go out for a stroll Herb!...blast it, I've even got a pinging in my ears, must make an appointment to see Doctor Schmidt.. Oh, I'd better get back....

FX: Rings off:

V.O: I went through my list: Colt 7.62 auto: arms

trader, the occasional forged painting, food canner, Pimp, property owner.... Schwartz was so disparate in his actions that it was impossible to detect his motives for almost anything...and multiplied the amount of potential enemies that he had, hugely.... The next morning I 'phoned Paula Schwartz:

FX: Dialling: PING:

Herb Mrs Schwartz...?

Paula yes

Herb another question..

Paula yes

Herb your husband's business in arms..what was it...

Paula I didn't have much to do with it and he kept it to himself, but he had a whole cabinet of assorted scrap iron in the cellar...its probably there still....take a look...

FX: Schwartz' cellar:

Herb this looks like an AK 47..

Paula umm...

Herb Industria Foerro....Brasiliero...and this one...its

like the Colt 7.62 your husband had..but this label says ah....Industria Foerro Bras.....

Paula you mean he was an agent for this company?

Herb looks to me as if they were heavily into forging

other peoples weapons....Oh no, that complicates things enormously....are you telling me the police didn't want to see this lot?

Paula they never asked....

Herb stupid of me, he must have a permit...they must have

known this at least in outline...OK, don't tell anyone thats all....

V.O: I went to the central police office and checked

through the records: Schwartz definately had a clean permit there, for dealing in small arms as long as he only imported specimens in small quantities and observed all the usual rules...so much for that: Then there was the suspicion of forgery in paintings: Schwartz had never sold a forgery as anything else but an un-ascribed work. He was clean on that account...his canned food interest was not mentioned, as normal business was obviously of no interest, but there was a mention of imported beef, over which there had been some burocratic business several years earlier. He had married Paula Lotz on

June 20th, 18 months before...that was where the trail petered out....Walter Schwartz was to all intents and purposes a perfectly ordinary citizen....I went back to the office and counted the bills as they arrived through the door for a day or two....Fiorella went shopping, and charged me another 400 marks....then.....

FX Phone rings: PINGS:

Mangran hello....I should perhaps introduce myself...Ferdinand Mangran

Herb ...yes...Herbert Neufeld...

Mangran your name, you will excuse me...was given me through a friend of mine in Hannover...

Herb ah yes..

Mangran ...who asked me to enquire with you about the events relating to the death of your former client...one Walter Schwartz....

Herb ...it would be better if we talked..I think....

Mangran right....I live in Weinheim...Trappenstrasse 46..

V.O: Weinheim is a rather salubrious suburb of Heidleberg. Trappenstrasse is an elegant and small cul-de-sac in a quiet corner of Weinheim. No 16, in common with all the other houses was a spreading and comfortable would-be French-Empire residence. I cleaned my shoes on the back of my trousers and rang the doorbell. Somewhere in the pile, a large and muscular bell tolled out a slow song...the door buzzed and clicked...I entered,,not without a certain trepidation: the acres of polished boards stretched out in front and disappeared in the shadows of the evening...a voice was suddenly at my elbow....

Hauck Mr Neufeld?

Herb ( surprised ) ouch!yes...

Hauck I'm the butler, Hauck..this way , please...

V.O: I should explain before you write me off as a creep, that Hauck was about 125 cms high, and rose on tiptoe to about the level of the hole in the sleeve of my jacket!....

Mangran ah, Mr Neufeld...nice to meet you.

Herb hello, Mr Mangran.

Mangran perhaps you would like a drink?

Herb certainly, anything thank you.

Mangran perhaps I should explain as I intimated, Mr Neufeld.

Herb that could be helpful.

Mangran you see, I need some real professional help in the matter...ummm..Walter was like a brother to me...and well, I take a personal interest in the finding of his murderer: you could say it was for personal motives, but it is natural also for the reason that our mutual business had brought us into a certain situation where I also feel somewhat threatened ( for which reason I can only tell you that I am not clear ) by his murder...I would thus like you to begin to act on my behalf....what are your rates?

Herb 550 Marks a day plus expenses...but let me tell you first that I seek explanations to several questions, Mr Mangran, the first...

Mangran ah...the drinks...

Herb ( FX ) ...the first of which is, what business were you associated with?

Mangran ah...a good question. You see, Mr Neufeld, my interests range wide. But Walter and I mostly shared the canning and importation of Beef...its a huge business in total, and we have about 25% of the market. Brazilian beef you know, is better than our rival's product...

Herb and video equipment...

Mangran not important in this connection....where did you here that from?

Herb it was only a hunch...

Mangran ah, good!

Herb and your friend in Hannover?

Mangran ah, a Mr Braun..but that does not particularly

concern you Mr Neufeld...he had good reports of you..

Mangran        yes, our business in Brazil was growing...too bad  
                 Walter well not see the end of it...

Herb        you must have some contacts you can pass on to me,  
                 Mr Mangran..there must be a common element you see,...eh...between the  
business in Brazil, canning and whatever, and other business....and perhaps that  
would point up the area for me to investigate...

Mangran        ah yes Mr Neufeld...let me give you this pointer...a  
                 man called Stiefel, in Mannheim. He is the only person who I ever met  
through Walter and who knew us both. Not a particularly sulubrious man, I would  
say a low life: lives in U,11: dealt with his cars...that is the sum of my  
useful knowledge...

FX Street in Mannheim:

V.O:    U,11 in Mannheim, is in case you haven't guessed  
                 already, an address in Mannheim. In the 17 Hundreds Mannheim was designed  
as a sort of Garden state by an idealist: as far as I can gather he forgot to  
give the streets any names and simply appended an alphabet one way, and, Dios de  
Dios, numbers the other. Quelle imagination. So U,11, is a block...somewhere  
in the middle..but really Mannheim had more to it than that, clubs, bars, lots  
of shops and restaurants; a very rich German town in the tradition of wealth:  
and all rich towns have their low-lives: Steifel was one of them: I found him  
sitting in a rather plush apartment above the bar where I had taken a schnapps  
eight days before, for all the world lost, now that his master was gone...a  
rather sad sight...

FX:    BG:

Steifel        how did you find me?

Herb        not to worry about that..what was it you did for  
                 Schwartz?

Steifel        fixed things that needed fixing...Cars...locks...

Herb        girls?

Steifel        no, never touched one of his girls..wouldn't get  
                 involved in that....Schwartz was touchy about his girls!

Herb        tell me, in confidence..what did you really fix for  
                 Schwartz? ( he rustles paper money )

Steifel        OK. When I see the colour of your money my mind  
                 changes: but lets walk..

FX Street:

Steifel        I fixed contacts too....for a few thousand I'll tell  
                 you an address that might whet your appetite..its a girl in the police  
central office in Hannover...

Herb        what does she do?

Steifel        she fixes things too!

Herb        people....

Steifel        facts...she can change facts like.....( searches)  
                 ...like I suddenly decide to have a drink on you!....

Herb        have a seat...

Steifel        thanks....( calls ) Fraulein...two schnapps and two  
                 beers please...

Herb        Ah! the comforts of alcohol...

Steifel ( introvertedly ) and when she hits a button the  
                 nature of reality changes!....

Herb        I know what you mean....friends in high places can  
                 have their advantages...

Steifel ( after a beat )        so what will you offer me for  
                 this girls number?

Herb        five hundred?

Steifel        we have our livings to make! Be reasonable! I charge that for the  
right address of a pretty hooker!

Herb        thousand?

Steifel        and I've a car to service...know what a 450 Merc

costs to service? when I have the money, you have the number... ten thousand

Herb I'll bring it for you tomorrow....

Steifel I just want to warn you, that this number is for information only...if you pass it on you'll have problems drawing your disability pension, and you'll find it impossible to get the plastic legs you'll need...if they don't blow you away first!....

Herb what do I have to say...promise?

Steifel I think I can accept your word Mr Neufeld:

FX: telephone: PING

Herb I think we have the person we've been looking for Mrs Schwartz..

Paula how expensive does it come?

Herb very expensive, for the access it will cost around 15 000 marks...

Paula every time I talk to you the price rises!...

Herb just so long its not your blood pressure, Mrs Schwartz!...

Paula let me think about it Mr Neufeld!

FX: Click: he redials: PING

Hauck yes?

Herb Mr Mangran please ...Mr Neufeld...

Mangran yes?

Herb Neufeld....I have the address of someone....is this a secure line Mr Mangran?

Margran how much will it be..

Herb they want 20 000 for the right access....

Mangran will I be able to use it Mr Neufeld?

Herb As you're buying, Mr Mangran....I would say so....

Mangran Pick the money up in the morning, Mr Neufeld...and give me more details then too....

V.O: suddenly I had the feeling that I was being manipulated, Mangran had changed his tune enough for me to sense that he more that a charitable interest; Paula Schwartz suddenly started to back down, and I knew that I was getting ever so close to the centre of it all: how, for example did Braun know me, and what was Braun the book dealer doing talkilng to Mangran the arms and beef dealer, when Mangran had hardly a book in his mansion apart from his ledgers? Later that day I met Fiorella at the office. Or should I say she met me: she was waiting for me as I entered the office, sweating though the weather was rather cool: she gave a great sigh of relief as I entered the door and took my Beretta from under the desk and placed it by the phone....

Fior Oh, thank goodness its you...this business is getting too hot for me!

Herb what happened?

Fior Mrs Habicht, should I say Inspector Frau Habicht, was run down in the Goetheplatz this morning.!

Herb what!...where is she?

Fior she's been spirited away to the police hospital somewhere...its got something to do with this case!...I know it in my bones!"...

Herb what about the car?..

Fior unidentified!..got clean away!...

Herb Franz?

Fior Doesn't know whether to cheer or to moan....

Herb and!....

Fior and, if you go upstairs, tread carefully, your room was turned over this morning while I was out having a fit over Habicht...

V.O: I went to my room. Whoever did it was an

artist...an action painter....I figured that it wouldn't take more than a month to put right...I tried....I revised my estimate to three months...whoever it was they hadn't been trying to steal my money, that was for sure, in fact they were trying to steal the floor boards and the plaster work but had obviously realised that their truck wasn't sufficient or large enough for the removal work in hand....

Herb maybe they'll be back for the paint, theres still a lot a resourceful person can chip off with a razor blade....

Fior speaking as the junior partner in our business, I think we're getting in way over our heads!

Herb ...somewhere in the back of my mind I'm sure you're right!...at some point its got to be a fit up!

FX: Office background:

Franz ...a fit up eh? Listen, I'm a professional at this job, what d'you mean a fitup? I know these situations we use the most sophisticated methods you can imagine computers, computer models....

Herb I won't tell you what I don't know about computers...

Franz don't embarass me, Herb, I spent three bloody months at central police college learning about every which-way to use a computer...simulations...models...drop-outs...

Herb where was that?

Franz Hannover, of course ....nice beer, and the girls: but that was before...

Herb Mrs....

Franz (down) right....yes....oh!...Mama Mia!

Herb by the way,, thats 850 you still owe me....

Franz friendship! friendship! here I go safeguarding your permit and.....

Herb I'll pay you the million AFTER you pay me the 800.....remember Ceasars Wife!

Franz Ceasar's wife!...Even Franz Habicht knows where his wife is now! Even Franz Habicht! Heres your lousy cash!

Herb time for a beer....

Franz after paying you so much you owe me a meal as well...

Herb you're already overweight Franz....anyway, its indecent to celebrate while your wifes laid up in hospital:

V.O: Early the next day I picked up the money Mangran

proffered and took the AEG tram to Mannheim. I arrived after lunch and gave Stiefel his share, he bought me a bratwurst and a beer, tooped it with a Bretzel and a coffee and gave me a slip of paper with a number with a Hannover prefix, in pencil. He made off to spend his ill-gotten gains, probably on hamburgers and ethyl-alcohol, and I retraced my steps....that took me clear to evening: I entered the office , turned the coffee machine on, and dialled the number:

FX: PING:

Computer Voice: This is Lassie. the Late Access Service

System Information Exchange: welcome to our system. Please leave your number and we will get back to you. Speak after the tone....

V.O: A computer called lassie...! the mind reeled!....

I had a quick drink to steady my nerves....then....

FX Phone: PING

Lassies cool dry automatic voice spilled from the receiver:

FX: " please leave your address and name which will be verified by our system: we will check your credentials in depth before you are placed on our subscription list and an account codot and random access number is issued for your use."

FX Metallic Ping:

Herb ( to himself ) ....My GOD...thats it...I', beginning to

understand now that thats where its all coming from....a central Information Computer controlling access and tracing....controlling the complexion of almost everything that relies upon central communication....

FX: Metallic Ping:

FX: Phone Rings:

Herb Neufeld.....

Franz Herb...been trying to reach you all day...more mayhem...

Herb what?

Franz another STIFF...this time in Weinheim...

Herb I'M onto something very big Franz.

Franz ...no idea why, but the back of my neck itched when I heard the name...

Herb Mangran?

Franz How...? How do you know? Are you Psychic...?

Herb I've got the link Franz...but I'll only tell you in the street..meet me in the Hauptstrasse....

Franz oh for goodness sake be serious.. is this a bad detective movie?

Herb do what I say Franz....I'm deadly serious...

Franz You must be mad...no, I must be mad....I've just come on duty at 8 o'clock.....I've had no sleep all day, and now I'm sloping off for a quiet chat?!....Oh, O.K!...outside Sheperds Lounge in 15 minutes.....

FX Street sounds:

Franz what is this then...the CIA the KGB..?

Herb don't ask me exactly...have you heard a metallic sound on your phone recently....

Franz thats called tinnetus...you know?!....a thing wrong with your ear?...it goes Ping Ping!...

Herb but I'm not kidding....I mean...have you heard it...

Franz look...its all these modern electronic

'phones...they're all the same...no reason to foam at the mouth,,,, as far as I can remember my phone always pings... always hads isnce I got married and moved into my new...( gulp ) flat....( slowly ) my new flat?!....

Herb this is in confidence now...don't repeat this to a soul...

Franz Oh Alright, alright then.....

Herb have there been any unexplained murders recently,,,,, I mean ones that you couldn't link...?

Franz we always get unlinked things...

Herb tell me then....

Franz I'm not supposed to shoot my mouth off...

Herb in confidence...

Franz OK...( beat ) its the usua; though...a dead hooker in Mannheim last night...pimp in Mannheim this evening..

Herb name?

Franz ..umm Stein...no- Stiefel I think it was....

Herb but I spoke to Stiefel this morning!...

Franz you what?!....

Herb I bought him a drink!...and paid him 20 000!....

Franz 20 000!...my God!....now I need a drink too...

Herb and I've found the trace....

Franz trace...what trace?...what trace?

Herb the damn trace is the bloody phone...I paid him for a telephone number!!....

Franz whose phone? for goodness sake!

Herb all our phones!...that's the catch

Franz you're cracking up, love...here sit down and.....

Herb let me explain....

Franz listen, you drag me out for!....

Herb they're listening in.....

Franz impossible...government agents always do it...its highly organised...let me tell you there are three rings and three establishments here...and you need dozens of pieces of paper...green forms.. pink forms...ohh...my God the paperwork...

Herb but thats the link...there's the Frankfurt Link...the Hamburg circuit and the....

Herb I know that!...I mean what coordinates it?

Franz eh? What link...electronic links you mean?

Herb want a schnapps?... ( to bar person ) two schnapps please....

Franz and two small beers...

Herb what link, you say...? Can't you see....It's the computer....

Franz impossible! No, the Central Computer in Hannover!

Herb of course...

Franz impossible..fairy stories!..

Herb shall I continue?

Franz the computer..which computer?

Herb we'll come to that later...the computer is instructed to monitor certain set numbers, and when the key numbers are struck and dialled and link with other numbers which are in the memory..right?

Franz possible..

Herb ..But you know Franz,,,,the computer can make it easy, if you have access to it, if you know the way, ...to get permits, building regulation passed by the back door...by monitoring communilcations....right? ...passports approved...all that official kind of stuff..!

Franz paranoia! Impossible...they use coded keywords...but keywords, codes, logic drop outs, access nets...if they can be coded in can also be coded out...you know that most programmers leave an access key for themselves sol that the back door is always open to them..and that is what makes the whole system fallible...thats my point...

Franz not on, Herb...no Deal! ( laughs ) Ha Ha Ha ( nervously )

Herb but if you had back door access to a system? you could obvioulsy operate from the heart of the system!...

Franz no way of getting there Herb! The security around the central system must have cut outs at every step or else any experienced software analyst would be able to get to it.....

Herb there is a way...

Franz Impossible

Herb I'll explain when I've gathered more information...

Franz and I'll find you a good trick-eyelist through my home-computer!

Herb thats a deal.....( to barperson ) two more beers please....

FX: Door bell rings:

Herb Mrs Schwartz?...Mr Neufeld...

Lackey come in please...

Herb Thanks

Paula Ah, Mr Neufeld...

Herb I've a question I need answering..it could be important.

Paula I've got some new music I'd like you to hear...come into the lounge...a drink....

Herb whisky sour will do very nicely...

Paula just for an hour I want you to relax and listen to my records...

Herb a whisky sour will help, I'm sure...

FX Music Swells:

Fade to: Sounds of birds singing: Herb is waking up in Paula's bedroom.

Herb ouch! My throat...

Paula you'll agree it was a very relaxing evening..

Herb I still haven't asked you that question..

Paula hope it was something nice...

Herb ever heard of LASSIE

Paula only in the movies....she was nice though...

Herb never, through Schwartz?..

Paula no, not a bean, he never bothered to tell me about his big deals...

Herb I need some breakfast..

Paula you can have whatever you want, Sailor...

Fade to: Herbs Office:

Herb dialling PING:

Herb Paula?...yes..how are you..yes a little soon, isn't it..the thing is I forgot to ask you....did your husband have any suspicious letters or calls....you heard a machine-voice once...what did it say...Oh I see, yes he snatched it from you...on his personal phone...and do you get electronic sort of pings on your line?...not noticed...yes...good...you did see a form for payment to what? Late Access Systems Informatics...Exchan...yeah..thats all you know? actually thats all I need to know...bye.....

PUTS PHONE DOWN:

Fiorella got something?..

Herb something thats almost too hot to handle....I'm trying to get it across to Franz Habicht that I think that his blessed central computer in Hannover is linked to ALL out numbers and is tapping them for its own pleasure...but he's not interested...what we need is for something to shake the perm from his hairsyle....but what?

Fior a sudden shower..?..

Herb preferably freezing cold!

Fior you got this in the post this morning...by the way..looks like a bill....

Herb lets see..thanks...

V.O: so now you see it, don't you?! O.K. you don't? Let me explain: Have a brandy ( FX clink )..I'll have one too. Well its like this. Someone somewhere had started a sort of covert network for information: somehow they'd built it into the system at the very inception of the idea: now their programme covered all the agencies like planning and....well you know ....food import....arms.... and with electronic telephones I figured that they'd worked out ways of tracing and recording key numbers and conversations...this way they could control information flow. The ultimate problem however was that when people got too big for their own boots for some reason, the computer was threatened: I didn't know why: but it seemed to have the telephone number of a reliable assasin to help defend itself. I wondered if he'd been paid by giro through the post! Or maybe the police central computer! Impossible....rediculous.....My God! and then - an anonymous little bill with the neat computer preforations, folds and paper. Postmarked Hannover. I slit the gummed fold and the letter fell open: It read:

FX: COLD ELECTRONIC VOICE:

"Dear Client,

LASSIE is glad to have you among her very small circle of friends: for small fees we will do things for you that other companies just cannot; naturally we do not have an adres, and your payment will have to be made through PostGiro to the accout number printed on the form. You will see also that this form bears the amount to be paid. There can be no deviation from this amount. Both amounts and account numbers will change continuously; this is to avoid any administrative problems for us. Any electronic equipment used on our lines of any sort will cause LASSIE to be automatically shut off. You will also note that the number you used last time has been changed on this form, telephone numbers are also constantly changed and in the case that you do not use your access numbers for some time, will be 'phoned direct to you by the computer.

Never try to contact LASSIE by any means other than by phone as this could cause you extreme hardship if our security is put at risk. The ink on this paper will fade immediately on contact to strong light eg that of a copier. You will find if you glance up the page that this message has already faded beyond recognition. This is a normal process and is for your protection."

There was no signature or Identifying marks. I sat at my desk for a few minutes, puzzling over the enormous effects that LASSIE could have. The Giro payment slip fell to the floor, it alone had not faded: the standard payment was 1200 Marks for starters - that left me in a quandary as to whether I should pay or not. The phone company won: I decided to fall late on my first payment! Dios de Dio!

FX: PHONE PING:

Franz Herb! She's gone! There's no trace of her...!

Think she's skipped it with her fancy man! HA HA HA HA!

Herb but how?

Franz theres no trace of the car, ambulance, hospital and she's done a bunk! Taken her documents: The accident must have been a put up job and now its done!!

Herb eh?

Franz ( shouts ) that means....I'm free...Free as a bird...!

Herb shush, the whole office is watching you....

Franz I don't care....she's off my back....gone!

Herb It ties in Franz....LASSIE...the power seekers...the bent businessmen...the net of prostitutes and half-legal buildings and....the Computer....and your wife....

Franz ( stops ) what?

Herb that was the missin link...why Schwartz and your wife were liquidated....the food permits and HER Identity papers...

Franz probably forged?

Herb theres huge money in guns and food....power...investment done so governments don't get tax revenue!

Franz ( chokes ) what? Me? Franz Habicht Cuckolded by a ...a..bloody computer.!? Oh my God!....No...no.no.no.no.no.no.....

Herb it was her....she arranged the whole thing together with someone who's very likely skipped it ages ago....I think they must have known the computer access in Hannover!..got themselves through the back door using Telexes and hyped telephone calls known the original contacts and forgeries!..not difficult if you know the systems thoroughly...

Franz cripes! You're bloody right! It's a pain I get in my leg....

Herb what! You mean you're human!

Franz A pain I get in my leg when I know things are right!!....

Herb The modern technological cop eh!.....anyway I think she rubbed out Schwartz because.....probably he was getting her involved in small stuff....

Franz ( groan ) small stuff!

Herb ...street crime, small time prostitution....getting her into a risk area...when she was involved in the big stuff...snuffed Mandy because she knew too much about Schwartz, and was prepare to spill the beans to anyone who'd tip her a couple of thousand marks.....and she did Mangran in because he knew her and maybe could be an umbilical to trace her back into South America!

Franz there was someone called Braun.....you said..!

Herb Oh, Braun....I don't think he ever existed!....I think he was Mangran or his Butler Hauck....

Franz Hauck! I'll put out a call to pick him up....

Herb I'll bet he's about 6000 Miles away now, but you can try....

Franz ( aside ) Sergeant....come over here in a minute...I

