

Harry – gefangen in der Zeit

Begleitmaterialien

Episode 022 - A message under the door

Focus: Clothes and colors

Grammar: possessive determiners, question words *welcher, welche, welches*

Suddenly the course of Harry's day has changed without him having done a thing. A stranger delivers a message and then disappears. Harry takes off to find her without even pausing to read the note.

IN THE HOTEL ROOM

NARRATOR:

Harry's day has been repeating itself for days now. And if that wasn't bad enough, he is convinced that his girlfriend Julia is to blame. He thinks she's put a spell on him so that he has ended up in a time warp.

WEATHER FORECASTER:

Guten Morgen, heute ist Mittwoch, der 31. April, sieben Uhr, zuerst das Wetter.

HARRY:

Tell us something new, you stupid thing.

NARRATOR:

Your nightmare continues, Harry. And there's no rescue in sight ...

HARRY:

Be quiet, be quiet.

NARRATOR:

... at least not from Julia.

HARRY:

Hey, what's that?

NARRATOR:

Ein Zettel. Someone has pushed a note under your door.

HARRY:

That's something new, and that means ...

NARRATOR:

... that the day has changed. Without you doing a thing.

HARRY:

Halt! Halt! Warten Sie!

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NARRATOR:

Harry!

HARRY:

Ich muss Sie sprechen!

NARRATOR:

You're going out in your pajamas again!

IN THE CORRIDOR / FOYER

HARRY:

A woman.

NARRATOR:

Vorsicht! Harry!

HARRY:

It was a woman who pushed the note under my door.

NARRATOR:

Die Treppe.

HARRY:

Aua, aua, aua, au!

NARRATOR:

Oh sorry: I meant the stairs!

HOTELIER:

Kann ich Ihnen helfen?

NARRATOR:

The poor hotelier. It can't happen to him every day that a guest tumbles down the stairs and ends up lying at his feet in his pajamas.

HARRY:

He'd better get out of my sight. Where is that woman? She can't have disappeared into thin air.

HOTELIER:

Sie sind neu hier, nicht wahr?

HARRY:

Nein, Herr Strobel, ich bin nicht neu hier! Ich suche eine Frau.

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HOTELIER:

Eine Frau? Welche Frau?

NARRATOR:

Which woman, Harry? There are lots of women living here! You'll have to describe her for him. Age, appearance, clothing and so on ...

HARRY:

Sie ist 30 Jahre alt. Thirty, at the most. Sie trägt einen Mantel. Her coat was black. Black as the night! Ja, der Mantel war schwarz.

NARRATOR:

Harry, you're wrong there. It was blue - *blau*.

HARRY:

Okay, if you say so. Der Mantel war blau, nicht schwarz. Und sie trägt Sportschuhe. Trainers.

HOTELIER:

Und die Sportschuhe? Welche Farbe hatten ihre Schuhe?

HARRY:

The trainers were white. Weiß?

NARRATOR:

Harry, the hotelier is never going to find her that way! For one thing her trainers weren't trainers, they were *Stiefel*. *Stiefel* - boots. And secondly they were brown, light brown.

HARRY:

Whatever. Seine Stiefel waren braun, hellbraun?

HOTELIER:

Ach so, Sie suchen einen Mann!

HARRY:

A man? Nein nein, es war eine Frau!

NARRATOR:

Harry, you told him *seine Stiefel* - his boots, but it's a woman. You have to say her boots - *ihre Stiefel*.

HARRY:

Okay! Ihre Stiefel waren braun. Und das Haar ... ihr Haar war ... short ... es war kurz!

HOTELIER:

Dann meinen Sie vielleicht die Frau mit Schal?

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HARRY:

With a scarf? Oh ja, ja, sie hatte einen Schal. Ich glaube, ihr Schal war orange.

HOTELIER:

Orange? Tatsächlich orange?

NARRATOR:

You're color-blind, Harry. Her scarf was yellow - *gelb*.

HARRY:

My eyes are just perfect. Ihr Schal war orange.

HOTELIER:

Hier war eine Frau.

HARRY:

Wie sah die Frau aus?

HOTELIER:

Ihr Mantel war blau, ihre Stiefel hellbraun.

HARRY:

Wie alt war die Frau?

HOTELIER:

Etwa Mitte 30, aber ihr Schal war gelb.

NARRATOR:

That's just what I said: her scarf was yellow.

HARRY:

Wo ist die Frau?

HOTELIER:

Draußen. Da draußen steht sie doch.

HARRY:

Wo?

HOTELIER:

Auf der Straße. Am Taxistand.

HARRY:

She is getting into that taxi.

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IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL

HARRY:

Halt! Stopp! Stopp! Stopp! Mist! I'll never be able to follow her on foot.

NARRATOR:

Now it would be a real surprise if the taxi driver doesn't have an accident this time.

HARRY:

Yes!

NARRATOR:

I didn't know you were so fit.

HARRY:

I've got to know who this woman is. She shouldn't really exist.

NARRATOR:

Exactly like you, in fact.

AT THE ACCIDENT LOCATION

NARRATOR:

Hard luck! Pech gehabt! The woman's gone. Only the taxi driver is there and he's bewailing the loss of his wrecked taxi.

TAXI DRIVER: (DIALECT)

Mein erster Unfall. Ich hab noch nie einen Unfall gebaut.

HARRY:

Wo ist die Frau?

TAXI DRIVER:

Keine Ahnung!

HARRY:

Mist!

TAXI DRIVER:

Hat sie Ihre Kleider geklaut?

HARRY:

Wie bitte?

TAXI DRIVER:

Hat sie Ihre Kleider geklaut?

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NARRATOR:

He wants to know if the woman has stolen your clothes.

HARRY:

Wie bitte?

NARRATOR:

What did you expect? Did you think that people would take you seriously? You are after all running around in your pajamas.

HARRY:

You're right. I've made a mess of everything.

NARRATOR.

Anyway, what's on the note which she pushed under your door?

HARRY:

'Harry Walkott! Du bist nicht allein.' That means, you're not alone. 'Vertraue niemandem!'

NARRATOR:

Trust no-one.

HARRY:

'Er will dich töten!' Does it mean ...?

NARRATOR:

He wants to kill you. Clear enough, I'd say.