

*By William Dubiak*



**Danzig**  
An Original Screenplay

"DANZIG"

Screenplay by  
William Dubiak

- A Story of WWII -

[Note: Revised Draft]

FADE IN:

EXT. A VILLA ON LAKE GENEVA IN SWITZERLAND - DAY

Establish a lovely old villa with a gated entrance on a storybook lake in Switzerland. On the gate is a sign with the words 'Le Vieux Perdu' and in the drive way are several pedestrian, that is rather ordinary-looking automobiles with German, and French license plates and a white van with a large telescoping antenna on top.

INT. Living room of Le Vieux Perdu -- DAY

A film crew is setting up to film an interview for a movie.

A technician, a young man in his early 20s, is showing his elderly subject, Lise Bauer, a staid old dame how he's going to film her with a digital camera.

Scott Brooks, a middle-aged man in his 50s, knows his aunt, and is finding it all to be very amusing from his vantage point in the wings.

LISE

Which button are you going to push again?

TECHNICIAN

We're already filming you Ms. Bauer. All you have to do is start talking.

LISE

Now wait a minute. I'm gonna look stupid. Cut. Cut.

TECHNICIAN

No, you won't, I promise. I can edit all of that out on the computer.

LISE

Well, you're not leaving here until you do. I was an actress, you know, I've been doing this for many years. And you're sure you won't run out of film?

TECHNICIAN

Nope, it's digital, and it has a brand new memory card. You can talk for six hours.

LISE

Now I forgot what I was going to say.

SCOTT

(leaning in)

Tell them about grandma and grandpa. That's the part that the world wants to hear about.

LISE

Oh, that's right. Thank you, dear. Here goes:

I was born in Germany in 1935. My parents were Erich and Isabel Dorn. I don't remember very much about them, they sent my older sister Karen and me off to Switzerland when I was only five years old. Karen and I were taken in by a nice family named the Bauers, who raised us as their own, right here in this very house. Of course, it wasn't always this nice. We had it renovated in the 70s, after all the big to-do that I'm going to tell you about.

Karen and I were both lucky to have gotten out of Germany when we did. I hardly remember the war at all, to tell the truth, and afterwards I went to the university in Bern, and studied acting, and Karen married an American Army officer by the name of Joe Brooks, and she went to live in America. I didn't like him much, he had been married once before, and already had a son from a previous marriage, Joe Jr. Joe was killed in Korea not long after Scott was born in 1951, and Karen adopted Joe Jr. for her own.

I didn't see her for a long time after that, I was too busy taking acting lessons, and piano lessons, and learning how to dance, and auditioning for parts in Bern, and Munich, and one time I flew to Paris to read for a Jean-Luc Godard movie. I never was much of an actress, not by Hollywood or even Paris standards, but I had a funny laugh, and nice legs, and post-war German audiences loved me.

But what I really want to tell you about is what happened when I went to visit my sister in the United States for the first time in 1963. I remember it so vividly now, because I went there to make a Hollywood film, based on a collection of Heinrich Boll stories 'Adam and the Train.' His writings were becoming more popular around the world, he won the Nobel Prize some years later, you know, and they wanted me to play the part of the trashy Hungarian girl.

EXT. RAMONA SCHOOL DAY

Establish a small suburban grammar school.

On screen it reads: 'Southern California - 1963'

INT. MR. B'S SIXTH GRADE HISTORY CLASS - DAY

The shades are drawn over the windows, and the lights are out in the classroom. In the middle of the room a film projector spews out a white beam of light.

SOUND of a film projector clattering away.

A film is being shown on a screen attached to the top of the chalkboard at the front of the class. It is a documentary film about Adolf Hitler and the Third Reich.

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN

Hitler enters the Chancellery building in Berlin, where he is greeted one by one by the other major leaders of the Third Reich. There's Goering, and Goebbels, and Himmler, among others. They all grin and flourish animatedly with their hands, obviously in an attempt to curry the Fuehrer's favor.

Behind Hitler, nodding his head quietly, stands a heavy-set man with a large head, built like a stevedore, and wearing a

rather drab brown cap and the military uniform of the Brown-shirts, the SA of the Nazi party.

MR. B

(over the Narrator's voice)

These are the names you will need to remember for the test. Adolf Hitler, the Fuehrer or leader and his second in command, Hermann Goering; Josef Goebbels the Propaganda Minister, and Heinrich Himmler, who was the head of the secret police. They were the leaders and the most powerful men in Nazi Germany.

The film runs out, we learn it's a Coronet Film.

The projector turns off, and the lights come on in the room all at once.

MR. B. walks briskly to the front of the class and gives a tug on the bottom of the screen, and the screen retracts upward, disappearing into the cylindrical metal tube at the top of the chalkboard.

Mr. B. is a tall man in his early forties, with a receding hairline. The sleeves of his dress-shirt are rolled up, and his tie is loosened, and he is sweating profusely.

As he comes back around the desk, we see on the chalkboard behind him, scrawled in large letters, the words: 'D-DAY - JUNE 6, 1944' with some barely legible notes beneath it about Utah and Omaha Beach.

Mr. B. leans back against the desk.

MR. B

Did everybody get all those names?

LENORA GRAVIS, a pretty but bookish girl, raises her hand at the front of the class.

LENNY

Who was the man standing behind Hitler?

MR. B

That was Hitler's personal secretary, Martin Bormann. He wasn't that important, so there won't be any questions about him on the test. (pause) Are there any more questions about the movie or World War II? Good, test on Monday.

MR. B. turns and looks hopefully up at the big white-faced clock on the wall. The HANDS OF THE CLOCK show one minute before 3.

MR. B

Well, we still have a minute before the bell rings. Take a good look around and make sure that you have everything, because there's a PTA meeting this afternoon, and the room will be locked up for the week-end.

The BELL RINGS and the children get suddenly quiet and straight in their seats.

MR. B

(continued)

All right everyone, have a fun weekend.

MR. B takes the long way around behind his desk and sits down. He opens one of the deep drawers at the bottom of the desk and takes out a stack of test papers, and begins correcting the top paper.

THE CHILDREN begin to exit the classroom, slowed and compressed by the narrow doorway, but rapidly expanding and accelerating outward into the fresh air like exhaust gases impatient to leave the nozzle of a rocket.

MR. B makes a no-look grab, and quickly catches SCOTT by the shirt, before he too blasts off.

MR. B

(continued)

Scott, hey don't go yet, I need to talk to you about something. Clean the blackboard for me, will you, while I finish these up?

SCOTT walks slowly around behind the teacher's desk, and takes up one of the erasers from the tray and begins erasing the board. When the classroom has emptied, MR. B swivels his chair around, stands up and takes up another eraser and begins to erase the board above the boy.

MR. B

I, uh, wanted to talk to you about summer school.

SCOTT

Sure. What about it?

MR. B

I didn't see your name on the sign-up sheet.

SCOTT

No, I didn't sign up 'cause I'm gonna be busy. My aunt is coming over from Switzerland this summer. She's an actress, and mom wants me to show her around and stuff.

MR. B

Really, how exciting. Have you been to any of her movies?

SCOTT

We went to see one once, that mom thought I'd like, but it was in German with sub-titles, and everything was dark. Mom cried all through it though, especially at the end when she killed herself. Mom said she was upset because she was in love with a German soldier in the war but he didn't come back.

MR. B

(sympathetically)

Well, maybe you'll like it when you're older.

SCOTT

Yeah.

MR. B

Have you decided on a topic for the next assignment?

SCOTT

Not yet.

MR. B

You better hurry, there's not much time left. That photo you showed me of your grandmother looked interesting. Have you learned any more about her?

SCOTT

No, mom doesn't remember anything about her or my grandpa. They sent her away to Switzerland when she was a little girl and she missed the whole war.

MR. B

(taking eraser from the boy's hand)

She was darn lucky to get out of there when she did, before the bombing raids began.

SCOTT

Yeah, that's what she says too.

MR. B

Well, I don't want to keep you from all your fun; that's really all I wanted, oh, and to give you this book to read.

MR. B's enthusiasm trails off a little as he digs a small book out from beneath one of the piles on his desktop, and hands it over to Scott.

Scott takes one look at the title, and hands it back.

SCOTT

You want me to read a girl's diary?

MR. B

Your mom and I talked about it at the last PTA meeting, and well, she thinks it'll give you some perspective about the war that you need. (reassuringly) Honest, have I ever steered you wrong?

SCOTT  
(takes the book)  
No, I guess not.

MR. B  
  
Oh, by the way, what was the name of that movie that your aunt was in? I think I'd like to see it.

SCOTT  
  
I'm not sure what the name of the movie was. My aunt's name is Lise Bauer though. Mom said she uses her real name, not a made-up one like some actors.

MR. B  
  
You mean, a stage name.

SCOTT  
  
Yeah, that's what it is. She's going to Hollywood in a couple of days to try out for an American movie, and then she's going to stay with us for a while. Mom says she's very pretty and she's a really good skater too; that's why we're going ice-skating this afternoon, so mom can practice.

EXT. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA - DAY

SOUND of a loud, four cylinder motor.

ON THE STREET MOVING

with a mustard-colored VW KARMANN GHIA as it drives down a suburban city street on a hot June day, past tract homes besieged by bare-backed boys in cut-off jeans, and little girls in bathing suits and zoris.

In one yard, two boys in swimming trunks, their skin brown as berries, fight over a garden hose, while a third boy is sliding on a Slip n Slide.

Some bigger boys, playing wiffle baseball in the street, step reluctantly, and some downright defiantly, aside to let the

car pass.

Several of the homes have inflatable swimming pools set up on the front lawn, and all have bicycles parked this way and that.

For one block, a little girl in pig tails, races on roller skates to keep up with the VW.

KAREN  
(o.s. barely heard over the engine-  
noise)  
Scotty, would you roll up your  
window please? Danny is getting  
blown out back there.

The SOUND OF THE MOTOR diminishes, and we hear on the RADIO Bobby Darin singing "Mack the Knife."

The SOUND OF THE RADIO gets louder, as the VW moves out onto a main highway.

INT. KAREN'S VW - DAY

The driver, KAREN BROOKS is a very pretty mom, in her thirties, with a slender figure and darkish hair.

Her son SCOTT BROOKS is a typical 12 year old boy dressed in a t-shirt, jeans and tennis shoes, and sporting an L.A. DODGER BALLCAP.

DANNY DI MARCO, a smaller but stockier boy with dark hair and glasses, sits politely in the back.

KAREN  
  
Do you guys know where this song  
came from? Danny, do you know?

DANNY  
(leaning forward between the seats)  
No, Ma'am.

KAREN  
  
It's from a famous German play  
called The Threepenny Opera by  
Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill.  
Well, it's not really a play, or an  
opera either, it's, well it's about  
this criminal gang-leader who calls  
himself Mackie Messer. That means  
Mack the Knife in German.

SCOTT  
(cutting her short)

Mom, you promised no shop-talk, if we let you come.

KAREN

Sorry, I thought you guys would be interested.

SCOTT

We're not.

SCOTT takes command of the radio and the sounds of Bobby Darin are cut short, replaced by the SOUND OF STATIC, as he is channel searching.

ON THE RADIO

HONK! HONK! Dave Hull here Hulla-balloo-ers, bringing you all the Top 40 Hits on KRLA radio. And now here's I WANNA HOLD YOU HAND by the Beatles!

KAREN rolls her window down and The SOUND OF THE MOTOR abruptly gets louder again, all but drowning out the Beatles.

SCOTT

Mom, that's just childish. You made me roll my window up, now you're rolling yours down. (pause) This is Danny's favorite song, you know.

KAREN

(rolling up the window most of the way)  
Danny, do you really like *The Buggs*?

DANNY

(chuckles)  
They're OK.

KAREN

(concernedly)  
Is the wind still bothering you back there, dear?

DANNY

No ma'am, I'm fine.

KAREN

Well, we're here already anyway.

The VW turns off the main road into a drive-way, and drives through the parking lot of TACO JOE'S, a taco stand, into a narrow alley-way with a sign that reads EXIT ONLY, punctuated by two closely-spaced speed bumps.

SCOTT

(o.s.)

Mom, you can't turn in here. It's the (bump) exit.

KAREN

(o.s.)

I do it all the (bump) time.

SOUND OF A HORN HONKING.

A STATION WAGON swerves suddenly out of the way, narrowly avoiding a collision with THE VW at the narrowest spot.

KAREN

(o.s.)

Jerks like that shouldn't be allowed to drive.

SCOTT

(o.s.)

You're telling me.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF THE SUB-ZERO ICE SKATING ARENA - DAY

The KARMANN-GHIA pulls into a parking space near the front of the skating rink. Practically before the car comes to a complete stop, the passenger door swings open and SCOTT jumps out.

SCOTT pulls back the seat for DANNY to squeeze himself out of the back.

Together the boys race off toward the entrance of the building, a large plain white-brick warehouse with a very commanding sign on the side that reads ICE SKATING.

KAREN stands up on the running-board of the car, shading her eyes from the sun with her left hand.

KAREN

(yelling)

Hey, wait up you guys!

KAREN gets hurriedly down from the car, and reaches for the lever to pop open the front boot.

Lifting the little trunk-lid, she takes out a well-worn pair of ICE SKATES, tied together at the laces, and throws them over her shoulder. Slamming down the lid, she hurries after the boys.

INT. SUB-ZERO ARENA - DAY

KAREN is sitting on a wooden bench near the ice, tearing into a \$5 roll of dimes. SCRATCHY SOUND of an old GERMAN WALTZ playing over the loudspeaker, competing with the chatter of people skating and the RINGING of PIN-BALL MACHINES in the background.

She smiles at a man who nearly executes a SIT-SPIN maneuver in the center of the ice.

SCOTT and DANNY, both now wearing sharp-bladed HOCKEY SKATES, glide over and step adroitly from the ice, and CLOMP over to where KAREN is sitting on the bench with ONE SKATE ON, AND ONE SKATE STILL IN HER HAND.

SCOTT

(out of breath)

Mom, did you get the change?

KAREN

(reaching for one of the little stacks of coins on the railing)

Yes, I did. Here's two dollars and fifty cents worth of dimes for each of you, but go easy on it, 'cause I wanna skate and I don't want to hear any whining.

DANNY

(looking a little flushed)

Thanks, Mrs. Brooks.

KAREN

You're welcome, Danny. (*Lays a hand on his forehead*) Honey, maybe you boys should sit down and rest a few minutes.

SCOTT grabs his stack of coins before this can become an issue.

SCOTT

C'mon Danny.

DANNY

(shrugs)

Gotta go. Thanks for the dough.

KAREN shakes her head, checks the laces on her skates, stands up and stomps a few times to make her pant-legs even.

KAREN  
(loud enough to be heard)  
Make way for Sonja Henie.

PULL BACK to show KAREN stepping quickly onto the ice, and gliding smoothly off.

STAY WITH KAREN as she skates nimbly around several less proficient SKATERS.

KAREN, now in the clear, performs a little fancy cross-over foot-work, skates backwards for a bit, then forwards again, then plants her left skate and leaps into a daring DOUBLE-AXLE.

INT. GAME AREA AT THE ARENA - DAY

SCOTT and DANNY are playing a fast game of FUSSBALL against TWO BOYS, who are moving the levers with great agility.

BOY1  
Hey, Ronnie. Hit the ball to four-eyes. He can't hit shit.

DANNY  
Who are you calling four-eyes?

DANNY spins hard on the handle and slams in a point.

BOY2  
Hey, watch it, that's another point for them.

THE BOYS begin to play again, feverishly turning the poles. The tiny players on the ends of the poles spin like propeller blades. Sweat begins to drip from the faces of BOY1 and BOY2.

SCOTT and DANNY press the attack relentlessly.

DANNY  
Way to go Scott. Another score, all right.

BOY1  
(angrily)  
Ronnie, you moron, I'll kick your ass if we lose the next one.

Suddenly, there is a SCREAM followed by a general COMMOTION from the direction of the ice. Many of the SKATERS are moving over to one spot, forming a CIRCLE around a PRONE FIGURE, who

is writhing in pain on the ice.

DANNY  
What was that?

SCOTT  
I don't know. Let's go look.

BOY1  
(pointing out the obvious)  
Hey, the game's not over.

THE BOYS run around the rink to gain a better vantage point.

BOY1  
(continued)  
You guys didn't beat us!

INT. SUB-ZERO ARENA - DAY

KAREN is sitting up on the ice, clutching her RIGHT LEG. TEARS are streaming down her CHEEKS, and she is obviously suffering great pain.

DANNY  
Hey, Scott, it's your mom. She's hurt bad.

SCOTT is already skating out onto the ice.

EXT. SIDE OF THE BROOKS' HOME

In the yard next door, the neighbor MR. GRAVIS is peacefully watering the lawn.

DANNY moves along the side of the house, keeping close to the wall and low all the way. A PAIR OF BINOCULARS dangles from his neck, bouncing around as he runs, and he is clutching a small INSTAMATIC CAMERA like it's for dear life.

INT. SCOTT'S BEDROOM - DAY

SCOTT sits at his desk holding an earphone to his ear, poking at the buttons on a portable recorder, listening to a tape-recording that he made earlier.

An unmistakably SECRET KNOCK is heard at the door, and DANNY comes in out of breath, and very excited.

SCOTT  
(pulling the earphone jack)  
Danny, listen to this.

As the tape continues to play, KAREN's voice is heard talking on the phone to the grocer about her order. SCOTT turns down the volume.

SCOTT

(continued)

I don't want my mom to hear.  
(listens for a beat) Did you get  
the pictures?

DANNY

Yeah, I have the camera right here.

SCOTT

(opening the camera and extracting  
the film)

Do you think it's ok to send the  
Nazi hunter the film like this?

DANNY

(on the same page)

Yeah, they develop their own  
pictures all the time.

SCOTT

I guess that's all we need then. I  
couldn't find any more of mom's old  
war photos to send, like we put in  
the last letter, but I got her  
fingerprints, to show them that we  
know how to take them. And I wrote  
a secret message in invisible ink.  
(holds up a seemingly blank sheet)  
See? Here's the code I used, (shows  
Danny a paper he's prepared with  
all the letters of the alphabet,  
and a number beside each letter) I  
better put that in too, or they may  
not be able to decipher it.

DANNY

That's a good idea.

SCOTT puts everything into a large envelope, and licks the  
flap with his TONGUE, and presses it tightly together.

SCOTT

I'll put it in the mailbox tomorrow morning.

DANNY

(seriously)

I'll watch it from my room with the binoculars, and make sure no spies get to it before the mailman.

SCOTT

Go ahead and keep them. Just don't break them or Joe will be mad.

INT. HALLWAY OF THE BROOKS' HOME

The BRASS KNOB on the door turns, and the FRONT DOOR creaks slowly open.

A SHADOWY FIGURE sneaks into the house and moves slowly toward the stairs.

MR. ROGERS, a large honey-colored Golden Retriever runs by the open door, and jumps on the INTRUDER at the foot of the stairs, nearly knocking him down.

ANOTHER ANGLE

SCOTT pets MR. ROGERS.

SCOTT

(whispering ever so softly)

Shhh. Be quiet boy.

KAREN

(o.s.)

Who's out there? (pause) Scott is that you?

SCOTT

Yeah, mom. I'm just going upstairs for some things. I'm not really back yet.

KAREN

(o.s. firmly)

Hold it hot-foot. I need you in here right now.

SCOTT

Can't it wait 'til later?

KAREN

(o.s.)

No, this is important. Hurry up.

SCOTT

(disgusted at himself)

Oh, all right. I'm coming.

INT. DEN

KAREN BROOKS is typing at a large desk.

Her CAST-ENCASED RIGHT LEG rests to one side on an OTTOMAN.

SCOTT tromps in.

KAREN

Oh, honey, thank God you're home.  
Hurry over here and scratch my foot  
will you? It's driving me up the  
wall.

SCOTT

Is that what was so important?

KAREN

(in total denial)

No, that's not what was so  
important. (pause) But pleeeeee  
hurry.

SCOTT sits down hard beside her leg on the ottoman, and begins  
to scratch the BARE FOOT protruding from the end of the cast.

KAREN hands him a long plastic spoon.

KAREN

Oh, oh, that feels soooo goood.  
You know, you're racking up a lot  
of points here, boy.

KAREN

(continued)

What's that in your pocket? Is that  
a letter, or are you just glad to  
see me?

SCOTT  
(guardedly)  
No, it's mine. But it's a secret.

KAREN  
  
Oh, secret.

SCOTT  
  
I sent another letter to Simon  
Wiesbaden, the Nazi hunter.

KAREN  
(taking a sip from her Coke)  
Why, did you see one?

SCOTT  
  
No. I just like him.

KAREN  
(interested)  
So, what did he say?

SCOTT  
(sheepishly)  
Nothing yet, my letter came back.

KAREN  
(looks at the envelope)  
Insufficient postage? So put some  
more stamps on, and send it again.

SCOTT  
  
I don't have any more.

KAREN  
  
Give it here. I'll send it for you.  
It can't be any more than a package  
to your Aunt Lise in Bern. (feels  
the lumpy roll of film) What did  
you put in here, anyway?

SCOTT  
  
Just a lot of secret stuff.

KAREN

Oh, secret again. Sorry. (tousles his hair) What are you and Danny gonna do tomorrow.

SCOTT

We want to go see The Great Escape with Steve McQueen.

KAREN

Oh, honey, that's too far. It's all the way in Hollywood. Joe's not going to want to drive you there, and I can't drive. It's costing me twenty bucks just to get him to pick up Aunt Lise at the train station, and that's not near as far. Can't you and Danny wait for my leg to get better? (takes up a newspaper, that she's already conveniently opened to the Movies section) Besides, look at all the wonderful movies playing right here in Norwalk. Oh, oh look, here's one with Jerry Lewis as the Nutty Professor, you love him!

SCOTT

(dropping her foot like a hot potato)

I hate him!

KAREN

(winces in pain)

Ooh (pause) Well, how about Fellini? They raved about him at Cannes.

SCOTT

(standing up, the negotiation is over)

Mom, if you don't want to ask Joe, just forget it.

PULL BACK to reveal JOE BROOKS leaning in at the DOORWAY.

KAREN

(unaware of Joe's presence)  
 All right, listen. Maybe, if I ask him nicely, he'll drop you guys off at the movie when he goes downtown to pick up your aunt Lise. I can't make any promises, but I'll ask Joe.

JOE

Ask Joe what?

EXT. THE HOLOCAUST CENTER, VIENNA, AUSTRIA - DAY

Establish.

INT. LOBBY VIKTOR DANZIG'S OFFICE - DAY

MARISA JANNING, secretary to Viktor Danzig, is very small and thin, with dark hair and dark eyes, she's a Holocaust survivor. She is pretty, but only incidentally, and not because she works at it. She is seated at her DESK, having at the Monday morning MAIL, using an ornamental SS DAGGER as a LETTER OPENER. She is building TWO PILES on the desk, one much smaller than the other. She opens each ENVELOPE, scans the contents, writes an entry into her MAIL LOG, then staples each letter and envelope together before depositing it in the appropriate pile.

The PHONE on her desk RINGS. Marisa takes a long sip from her coffee cup, sets it down and answers the phone.

MARISA

Herr Danzig's office..Oh, good morning Simon. (listens) No, isn't he over there yet? (listens) Yes sir, I'll tell him, but I'm sure you'll see him before I do.

Marisa hangs up the phone, scribbles something quickly on her NOTEPAD, and doodles a little scowling face next to the notation, admires her work for a second and returns to the MOUNTAIN OF MAIL.

The DOOR opens and VIKTOR DANZIG enters, looking a little haggard and somewhat older than his 35 years. He's built like a coal-miner, with large and strong hands, and it's plain that the nose on his face has been broken more than once.

MARISA

Viktor, Simon just called. I thought you were going straight to the meeting over there this morning.

VIKTOR

I needed a cup of coffee, and my electric is out again.

MARISA

(taking one last sip)  
Here dear, you can have mine.

VIKTOR

Umhhh. Thanks hon. Anything important here?

MARISA

(indicating the stack of mail)  
A lot of mail. Most of it is the usual - you're a Jew-pig this-or-that, and we want you dead. You think Aryans would be a little more imaginative. Oh and a lady in New York City thinks her husband is a Nazi, because he "sieg heiled" in his sleep.

VIKTOR

(nods)

Well, you know what they say about old habits. Better add him to the list.

MARISA

Oh my, here's one addressed to the Nazi Hunter, Vienna, Austria. (puts her hand to her cheek and smiles)  
The address is printed, and it's in pencil.

VIKTOR

If it's something for Simon, I'll take it with me.

MARISA

No, you won't. You'll just throw it away. Don't you realize what a hero you and Simon are to these little boys? I'm going to answer the child. (defensively) But don't worry, I'll do it during my break.

Marisa opens a drawer and carefully lays the letter inside.

MARISA

(continued)

Not during working hours, of course.

DANZIG

Isn't it addressed to Simon?

MARISA

Nope, it's addressed to the Nazi Hunter. (points with her pencil at the address label) You're a Nazi Hunter too. (mutters) Just not a very good one.

Marisa slams the desk drawer shut, closing the subject.

MARISA

(continued, smiles victoriously)

Say hello to Sonja for me.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING ON RUDOLFSPLATZ NO 7, VIENNA - DAY

Establish the offices of the famed Nazi Hunter - Simon Wiesbaden..

EXT. SIMON WIESBADEN'S OFFICE - DAY

VIKTOR rings the DOORBELL, beside a white door that reads: "DOKUMENTATIONSZENTRUM." and steps back several paces to let himself be observed.

INT. LOBBY OF WIESBADEN'S OFFICE - DAY

SONJA, a pretty red-head is sitting at her desk, watching VIKTOR'S image on a TV MONITOR, mounted on a wall by the door.

SONJA hits a BUTTON at her desk, and the DOOR unlatches.

INT. SIMON WIESBADEN'S OFFICE - DAY

SOUND of Sonja's LAUGHTER (o.s.) as VIKTOR DANZIG enters to

find the office full of Simon's best operatives.

Two WOMEN are seated in the only chairs, but several other people are standing in various positions around the DESK.

VIKTOR collects himself as he scans the people in the room, which, judging by all the different ethnicities, constitutes a pretty good cross-section of the U.N. General Assembly. He nods, acknowledging HANNAH ULRICH, and AARON MARKOWICZ, who are conversing together animatedly, and shakes hands with NIGEL GREEN, an old friend and a very fit-looking man despite his age.

SIMON WIESBADEN, a big, slightly hunched, balding man, in his mid fifties, dressed in a well-worn TWEED JACKET, steps out from behind the DESK, and hands VIKTOR a THICK BOOKLET.

SIMON

Viktor, browse through that, and we'll get started. (motioning)  
Close the door, would you?

VIKTOR pushes the DOOR closed, and finds a vacant spot by the WALL, next to a middle-aged NUN. He smiles at her, and begins to peruse the contents of the BOOKLET.

SIMON

(continued)

Meine Damen und meine Herren,  
ladies and gentlemen. We have  
rested on our laurels long enough.  
Now that Herr Adolf Eichmann has  
been apprehended and the Israelis  
have tried and (coughs) executed  
him, it's time we had a new client.  
(pause) Senor Arias, tells me he  
has some good news for us from  
South America.

Viktor looks over as ALEXANDER ARIAS, a small, rather swarthy man with a thick black moustache, moves to the desk, waits for SIMON to step back, and then begins reading from a prepared FOLDER already open on the desk. He takes a PHOTOGRAPH off the top of the file, and holds it for a few seconds in several directions for all to see.

It is a PHOTOGRAPH of MANFRED KRIEGK and several other middle-aged businessmen, all with closely-cropped haircuts, sipping coffee at a sidewalk cafe. He passes it to Simon, who passes it off.

ARIAS

This photograph was taken several weeks ago in Hohenau, in Paraguay. We try to keep tabs on everyone in the German community there. The place is, as you say, crawling with SS and ex party members. It is of course, an impossible task. They control the local governments, and the police do everything they can to make life very difficult for our agents.

SIMON

He's being modest. They do a splendid job.

ARIAS

(somewhat inflated)

I'm sure you're all aware of the recent story transmitted by all the wire services about a press attache at the Spanish embassy in London, who claims that he boarded a German submarine in Madrid in May 1945, and sailed to Argentina with Martin Bormann.

VIKTOR

Martin Bormann?? (paging quickly ahead in his proffer) Simon, we're not going to go through that again.

SIMON

Viktor, just listen, for now.

ARIAS

We think one of the men in the picture is Richard Bormann, Martin Bormann's younger brother.

VIKTOR

Martin Bormann is dead, Simon, but there's still plenty of perfectly good Nazis right here in Europe who aren't. Need I remind everybody of a friendly little group called ODESSA?

VIKTOR surveys the room, and sees a lot of skeptical faces.

VIKTOR

(continued)

They're not fiction, folks. They're more than just a name; they have a lot of very important and powerful people who support them, and protect them. They call themselves the Organisation der Ehemaligen SS Angehoerigen, but they're not just a bunch of retired prison-camp guards. They are real, real as rats and they're still good at the evil that they do. (rubs his shoulder) I know that for a fact.

The NUN looks at him, unimpressed.

VIKTOR

(continued, somewhat apologetic)

Look, Martin Bormann will get what's coming to him in the next life. (turning toward the nun) I'm sure the sister will back me up on this.

ARIAS

(at a loss)

Simon, shall I continue?

SIMON

Please do, Senor Arias.

INT. SIMON WIESBADEN'S OFFICE

VIKTOR, exiled to the space behind the open door, waits silently as the OTHERS shuffle out of Simon's office.

SIMON

Viktor, take a little walk with me, will you?

SIMON opens his top DESK DRAWER and takes out a heavy black metal 45 caliber pistol, which he puts into the pocket of his JACKET.

SIMON

(indicating the now bulging pocket  
ashamedly)

I hate guns, but I get all these threats.

EXT. A PLAYGROUND - DAY

VIKTOR and SIMON walk slowly over to a PARK BENCH, and sit down. Nearby, a NANNY is teasing TWO CHILDREN on the grass, and a YOUNG COUPLE is sitting together on the SWINGS, holding hands, moving together in unison.

SIMON

It's nice here, now.

VIKTOR

It's nice anywhere, without typhus.

SIMON

We can't forget the war, not even for a minute, can we. Not 'til every last Nazi has been tried and punished.

VIKTOR

Even then, I won't forget.

SIMON

That's the big difference between you and me, Viktor. I blame the Nazis for the war, but you seem to blame life itself, or God.

VIKTOR

He's got some explaining to do, don't you think?

SIMON

I don't think so, but I'm an old man - what do I know? You're still young, maybe you should be angry. But let's don't argue just now.

VIKTOR

What, then?

SIMON

We've made a lot of progress since the end of the war. We've brought a lot of war criminals to justice, you and me. But the Americans, and the British, even the Russians, don't want to be bothered by us any more. The West Germans are taking over now. They've established their own center, and it won't be long before they give up too. We'll never catch all of the Nazis and we're rapidly running out of time. (with unexpected conviction) But we must catch the big ones.

VIKTOR

Simon...

SIMON

Let me finish. We're only just now beginning to understand the inner workings of the Third Reich. From 1942 until the very end, Martin Bormann was the de facto man in charge. He was the man responsible for the actions taken in the latter days of the Third Reich, when they committed the worst atrocities of all. And he committed them for the most despicable of all motives, not for hatred or even greed, not even to satisfy his boundless lust for power, but for the sake of efficiency. The death camps ran day and night because they could.

VIKTOR

(sarcastically)

He was a very bad man, I agree.

SIMON

(chuckles)

Maybe it's just the Jew in me, but I've always believed that the money would be the key. Bormann controlled the money, and ruled the Nazi Party, and the party owned everything in Germany and the occupied territories. Everything that belonged to the Party was in his name, even Hitler's private estate in Berchtesgaden, did you know that? The SS was the largest organization in the Third Reich, but even Himmler, the head of the SS had to ask Bormann when he needed money. (shakes his head) Now isn't that ironic? And a lot of that money is still unaccounted for, millions upon millions of dollars in gold and valuables, looted from the occupied countries and stolen from concentration camp victims, have never been recovered. And Bormann is the only major Nazi leader that got away. That's a coincidence. (shakes his head) and I don't believe in coincidence.

VIKTOR

Nor do I. But you, yourself, have said that Martin Bormann is dead. An eyewitness in Berlin, what's his name, Hitler's chauffeur...

SIMON

Kempka, Erich Kempka.

VIKTOR

Kempka, that's right. He testified at Nuremberg that he saw Bormann blown up by a direct hit from a Russian cannon. You can't get any deader than that.

SIMON

Yes, and Arthur Axmann, the beloved leader of the Hitler Youth, swore he saw him lying under a railroad bridge, with no sign of any wounds, but equally dead. Somebody is lying here. They're both Nazis, so I assume they both are.

VIKTOR

Do you think he's on a plantation in South America, roaming the Pampas on horseback, posing as a gaucho?

Simon's face is impassive.

VIKTOR

(continued)

You do. You believe these stories, don't you?

SIMON

I believe the world has grossly underestimated Martin Bormann, and I believe it would be a terrible crime to let him get away with what he's done. (pauses) That's why I held this back from the others; I want you to look into it personally.

Simon reaches inside his suit coat, and pulls a photograph from the inside pocket. He looks at it momentarily, and hands it to Viktor.

SIMON

(continued)

I have learned from a very reliable source in East Berlin, that the man on the right is being released by the Soviets any day now. His name is Erich Dorn, and he's as tough as nails, tougher maybe. The KGB has had him in Lubyanka Prison for 18 years, and they've got nothing out of him.

VIKTOR

Maybe he doesn't know anything.

SIMON

He was one of the last men out of Hitler's bunker in Berlin, he knows plenty. American Army Intelligence is prepared to take custody of him at the Checkpoint, so you won't get first crack at him, but I've arranged for you to talk to him in a couple days. And don't ask me how I know this, or how it was arranged. Just be there.

VIKTOR

All right, but what do we know about him?

SIMON

So far, just what's in the photo.

VIKTOR

How do we even know he was in the bunker at all?

SIMON

Hannah Reitsch, the illustrious test pilot. She blurted out his name during her interrogation by US Army Intelligence. She denied it later, but I've read the transcript, and though she was pretty hysterical at the time, it came through loud and clear.

VIKTOR

(studying the photo)

That isn't much to go on. I'll give this to Marisa, and see if she can come up with anything. Have I mentioned how amazing she is?

SIMON

Many times. By the way, when are you going to marry her?

INT. LOBBY OF VIKTOR DANZIG'S OFFICE - DAY

Marisa picks up the METAL COFFEEPOT from the hot-plate and refills her cup.

VIKTOR storms back into the office.

VIKTOR

Make me a cup of coffee, and put something strong in it. Make it a double something. And order us some dinner, whatever you want. And then bring me everything we have on Erich Dorn...that's D-O-R-N. (stops at the door to his office, and turns around.) Any questions?

MARISA

Huh?

VIKTOR

Dorn, dear, his name is Erich Dorn.

MARISA

Is that all you have?

Viktor takes the photo from his suit pocket, and hands it to her.

VIKTOR

Just this. (pause) He's the one on the right.

MARISA

He would have to be.

VIKTOR

Huh?

MARISA

(just smiles)

Because the other man is Erich Koch, the Gauleiter of Danzig.

INT. VIKTOR DANZIG'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Viktor and Marisa have been poring over photos, document files and films all night long and they're beat. Marisa sits in Viktor's chair, with her shoes off, a strand of hair dangling in her eyes that she can't muster the strength to brush aside. There's a FILM PROJECTOR directly in front of her, its lamp, still LIT is focused on a white sheet of BUTCHER PAPER stuck to the back of the closed door and the end of the tape is still spinning and making a FLAPPING SOUND on the take-up reel. Another piece of the same paper is spread open on the desk off to the side, with an empty salad carton and the last remains of a sandwich.

VIKTOR

Is there any more?

MARISA

(reaching for the last piece)

No, I just ate the last of it.

VIKTOR

(flipping through a folder)

No, honey, are there any more films to look at?

MARISA

(wiping her mouth with a napkin)

Just one. It's a propaganda piece from 1943 - a newsreel, I think. Barney said it contains a little footage of Koch at a museum opening at the Koenigsberg Castle in East Prussia.

VIKTOR

(his sarcasm showing)

Sounds exciting. But I guess we should look at it, you never know.

Marisa takes up the little film can, and pries it open with her fingernails and takes out the reel of film. She stops the spinning wheel and pulls the old film off, and threads the new one onto the projector, and flips the switch on the side to start it playing.

MARISA

It's your turn to get the light.

The room goes dark, lit only by the image on the screen, and the BEAM OF LIGHT from the projector. Viktor's shadow moves across the screen as he makes his way back to his chair.

OVER THE SHOULDER

Marisa watches the newsreel play out. Her shadow partially blocks what is ON SCREEN. It's typical propaganda footage of a gala evening celebrating the Fuehrer's birthday and the opening of a newly restored art museum in Koenigsberg in wartime East Prussia, and she's seen it before.

We clearly hear the VOICE of the GERMAN ANNOUNCER. You don't have to speak German to understand the names of the dignitaries at this party: Hitler, Bormann, Himmler, Goebbels, Goering, et al.

MARISA

(turning down the volume)

Ugh, that announcer gives me the creeps. (turns the volume off, and begins to narrate herself) It's a gala evening, the guests are all arriving in their Mercedes Benz limousines for the Fuehrer's birthday, and a lovely night it is here at the Koenigsberg Art Museum. Everybody who is anybody in the world of tasteless, Nazi art is here. Goering the murderous art fancier is here of course, as is the butcher Himmler and his lovely mistress Greta.

VIKTOR

(sensing she's losing it)

We got those two, honey.

MARISA

(pouts)

I still hate them. But here's the moment the world has been waiting for, the Fuehrer's arrival with Erich Koch, mayor of Koenigsberg and personal friend, and his lovely little whore du jour. If she were my sister, I would have shot her.

VIKTOR

And then the Nazis would have hung you or cut off your pretty head at the guillotine.

Viktor reaches over and puts his arm around her, and she kisses his hand.

MARISA

The guillotine, blech! Well Koch is still alive. I hope the Russians hang him too.

Marisa's voice trails off before she can complete her thought, and suddenly she jerks up in her seat, throwing Viktor's arm off.

MARISA

(continued, excitedly)

There he is, there he is.

VIKTOR

Who, Erich Koch?

MARISA

(practically screaming now)

No, it's our guy. Play it back, play it back.

MARISA stands up, and puts on her shoes, as if guests had just arrived, and walks around behind VIKTOR, puts her arms around him and holds him tight as he works to rewind the tape, and start it up again.

MARISA

(continued)

There Viktor, right there. Stop! The man standing in front of Hitler's portrait with the pretty blonde on his arm. It's him, it's Erich Dorn. (biting her thumbnail, her eyes taking it all in, every minute detail) He's a Captain in the Waffen SS, and see the markings on his sleeve? That's the Nordland division insignia. They were in Poland just before the end of the war, and were annihilated at Danzig. That was a primary evacuation point, and many Germans got trapped there, and a lot of booty went out the back door.

VIKTOR

That explains why the Soviets  
wanted him. But who is the girl?

MARISA  
(stating a fact)  
She's his wife, of course.

VIKTOR  
  
Where do you see that?

MARISA  
(giving him such a look)  
I can tell. And she's really pretty  
too, and somehow very familiar.  
(pause) No wait, I do know her.  
(starts to hit Viktor on the back,  
repeatedly) I know her, I know her.  
(now screaming) Viktor, I know her!

VIKTOR  
(attempting to calm her)  
All right, honey. All right.

MARISA  
(shaking her head)  
No, Viktor you don't understand. I  
saw her in a photo today, I'm sure  
it was her, it was inside the  
letter from that little boy from  
California. It's right out there in  
my desk!!

Marisa suddenly runs from the room.

SOUND of MARISA'S JOYFUL SCREAM coming from the outer office.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

ON THE FREEWAY MOVING

A bright orange 55 CHEVY BEL-AIR races westbound in the fast  
lane on the SANTA MONICA FREEWAY approaching the HARBOR  
FREEWAY interchange. The CHEVY slides quickly over to the far  
right lane, and exits onto the 110 southbound.

INT. CHEVY - DAY

J.P. is kicked-back comfortably behind the wheel, his LEFT

ELBOW protruding out the window. His dark hair is thick with pomade, and the blue jeans and tee-shirt with one sleeve wrapped around a pack of cigarettes complete the 'Marlon Brando' look he is going for. JOE is sitting in the shotgun position, equally cool. SCOTT and DANNY, wide-eyed in the backseat are wearing SPORT SHIRTS and SLACKS, and both have their hair neatly slicked down with Brylcream..

SCOTT

(on his knees, looking back out the rear window)  
Hey, this ain't the right turn-off. We were supposed to stay on the 10 to La (struggling with the pronunciation) Cien-a-ga..

JOE

(calmly)

Relax, dude. The movie doesn't start for another hour. We're gonna caruuuuuise the boulevard.

SCOTT

Yeah, well don't forget you gotta get Aunt Lise too.

JP

Don't worry kid, we got it all figured out. We'll ditch you two at the movie, get the old lady and take her to her hotel, and then maybe we'll pick you up later at the theater.

SCOTT

You better not go home without us, or mom will be mad.

JOE

We'll say we left you with Aunt Lise at the Beverly Wilshire hotel. Ha ha ha.

EXT. UNION STATION - DAY

We see the facade of the busy railroad nexus in Los Angeles, Spanish in architecture, that was built in the thirties.

The orange 55 CHEVY BEL-AIR turns into the parking lot, and comes to a stop in one of the spaces in front of the old facade entrance.

JP and JOE get out of the car, and hurry toward the high-vaulted entrance. Evidently they are a little late for the train.

INT. UNION STATION - DAY

The station is still bustling and busy as the stragglers from the last passenger train, loaded down with luggage, hurry down the main aisle to the few remaining cabs in the taxi-stand outside, while others met by friends or relatives saunter more casually back to the parking lot and their parked cars.

LISE BAUER sits alone on one of the worn leather-covered seats in a section next to the main aisle, studying her lines in a MOVIE SCRIPT that is open on her lap. Her appearance suggests that today she might be playing a typical AMERICAN TEENAGER, and quite ably, and without betraying the 30 year old actress that she is. Her natural BLONDE HAIR, rather drab compared to that of Sandra Dee, is pulled back in a pony-tail, and she's wearing pedal pushers and flats and a cotton blouse that's rolled at the sleeves and tied at the waist.

When JOE and JP walk past LISE, she looks up and closes the script and puts it in her BAG. She's used to being met at the station.

LISE

(pursing her lips, and adopting a sexy French accent for this first encounter)

Hey guys.

JP

(turning around, to behold his lucky day)

Hey yourself.

JOE spots an INFORMATION DESK in the distance.

JOE

(distractedly)

Oh, hi. I'll be right back, I'm gonna see if my aunt's train has arrived yet.

JOE walks off down the aisle, but JP isn't about to pass up the opportunity to meet this beautiful and quite forward French girl.

JP sits down in the chair next to LISE.

JP

(leaning waaay over)  
Mmm, you smell pretty. Is that  
French perfume you're wearing?

LISE

Thank you, yes it is, it's Chanel  
No. 5, but doesn't your friend need  
your help?

JP

Nope, he is looking for his aunt.  
I'm all yours, babe.

LISE

What does she look like? I've been  
already waiting here quite a long  
time, maybe I saw her.

JP

I don't know. I've never seen her  
myself. She's Swiss, from  
Switzerland, and she's kind of  
short, I think.

LISE

(playing along)  
Oh, such a beautiful country. I  
have been there many times.

JP

(lying)  
Yeah, me too.

LISE

Oh, did you learn any of the  
languages while you were there?  
They speak several, you know.

JP

Just a little Swiss, but I've  
forgotten most of it. You know what  
they say in Switzerland, if you  
don't use it, you lose it.

LISE

(folding her hands)

Yes, I have heard that said many times. I am from Switzerland too.

JP

Really, what part?

LISE

I am from the western part near Geneva. Have you heard of that city? They speak French there, you know. But I work in Bern, where mostly German is spoken.

JP

Yeah? I've been there. We go to the other part in the middle, where they mostly speak Swiss. (wants to change the subject) So what brings you to the good old USA?

LISE

I've come to the good old USA, as you say, to visit my sister, Karen Brooks, do you know her?

JP

(bubbling)

Sure, Mrs. Brooks, hey that's Joe's mom. Oh, man, don't tell me you're Joe's aunt Lise. No way.

EXT. UNION STATION PARKING LOT - DAY

JOE is trying to fit all of Lise's LUGGAGE into the trunk of JP's car. He takes one piece out, and tries it a different way, then another, until they are all back out on the curb.

JOE

Aunt Lise, I'm really sorry I didn't recognize you right off. I didn't expect you to be so young or pretty, I mean, well you know what I mean.

Lise has discarded her French accent, and now speaks nearly perfect English.

LISE

It's ok, Joe. I know I have a baby face, but I can look old too, if I have to. (looks around) But where is my other nephew, Scott?

JOE

Oh, we took him and JP's little brother to the Fox Wilshire Theater, to see The Great Escape.

LISE

Oh, I wanted to see him. Don't tell him, because I want to surprise him, but I brought him some props from my last (makes a face) war movie.

JOE

He'll flip out over that. He's got all kinds of books in his room about that stuff, and even a mannequin that he dresses up and calls Wolfgang.

LISE

I hope he likes them. So where is this theater, is it far?

JOE

No, it's just down the street from the hotel, where you'll be staying.

LISE

Oh, dear.

JOE

What's the matter?

LISE

I'm afraid that hotel will be very expensive, if I have to stay there very long. And I'm not even sure if I'll get the job.

JOE

Well, don't worry about that. You can stay with us. Hey, are you hungry?

LISE

Zhay Pee offered to take me for a hamburger and french fries.

JOE

Sure, we could do that. Do you like french fries.

LISE

(shakes her head)

I love them, but they don't love me. (nudges him) Well, what are we waiting for? Let's go.

EXT. BORDER CHECKPOINT IN WEST BERLIN, GERMANY - DAY

The Checkpoint, normally a busy place with cars moving in and out in either direction, and pedestrians walking into and out of the eastern zone, is unusually quiet.

By the wooden guard shack, a plain-clothesman smoking a cigarette, looks nervously at his watch, and drops the butt to the ground and steps on it. This is it boys.

A guard at the gate BLOWS his whistle several times at an unmarked vehicle approaching the checkpoint from the eastern zone.

Several men in plain-clothes come out of the guard shack. This is the car they've been expecting.

The vehicle stops short of the border, in the neutral zone, and just sits.

When the back door opens, the first passenger to step out is an impassive looking KGB man, who's apparently tethered to something inside.

Standing by the back door, the KGB man looks nervously around.

With a little prodding, the man on the other end of the tether steps out, and moves away at arms length, but no further. He's an old man, wearing a cheap but rather newish looking gray suit, and we see now that he is handcuffed to the KGB man.

The KGB man hurriedly removes the cuffs from the old man, gets back in the vehicle, and the vehicle circles around him, and

drives back the way it came.

The old man stands there for a brief moment watching the car, turns to the west, his head and spirits raising a little as he feels the cool wind on his face, then rather gingerly he starts to limp toward the checkpoint.

At the checkpoint, the two plain-clothes men stop him and begin to question him. The third man, the boss, hangs back.

1ST PLAIN-CLOTHES MAN

May we see your papers?

OLD MAN

I don't have any papers.

1ST PLAIN-CLOTHES MAN

In that case, you'll have to come with us.

OLD MAN

As you wish.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The two plain-clothes men lead the old man to a waiting car, and drive off.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

Viktor Danzig and Marisa sit at a table, not far from the checkpoint, observing the prisoner transfer across the way.

The unmarked car swings around, pulls up beside them momentarily. The old man sitting in the middle of the back seat between the two plain-clothes men, seems not to notice them at all.

When the car has gone, an American Army officer, sitting at the next table with his back to them, pulls back his chair and joins them.

MAJOR BARNSWELL

Is that him?

VIKTOR

Yes, he's much older now, but that's Erich Dorn.

MARISA

He looks like he's been through hell.

VIKTOR

Don't feel sorry for him.

MARISA

I'm just making an observation.

MAJOR BARNSWELL

I'll call you if we get anything out of him.

VIKTOR

You won't. I've seen his kind many times before. If you try your drugs on him, he'll die before he'll tell you anything useful.

MAJOR BARNSWELL

What other choice is there?

VIKTOR

Let us have him right now.

MAJOR BARNSWELL

What makes you think you'll do any better?

VIKTOR

(winks at Marisa)

Just a hunch.

MAJOR BARNSWELL

Would you care to share?

VIKTOR

(pats Marisa on the knee)

Let's just wait and see what happens.

INT. A CELL-BLOCK IN A US ARMY STOCKADE IN WEST GERMANY - DAY

A no nonsense MP peers through the view slot in the door of Erich Dorn's cell. The prisoner is under constant watch 24 hours a day.

SOUND of a KEY turning in the lock of the door at the end of the corridor.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The cell block is brightly lit, nearly blinding, by a line of bulbs housed in protective metal cages. The door at the end of the windowless corridor opens, and a second MP, an officer leads Viktor and Marisa to the only occupied cell in the whole block, the one where Erich Dorn is being held.

INT. ERICH DORN'S CELL - DAY

The tiny room is equally bright. Erich Dorn lays on his bunk, his hands clasped behind his neck. There is little else to do but stare up at the ceiling. There is a wooden chair pulled up against the bed, with an empty tin plate and a cup sitting on the seat.

SOUND of a KEY turning in the lock.

The second MP steps in and looks carefully around. He takes up the cup and plate, and returns the chair to the small wooden table. Only after clearing the cell does he allow Viktor and Marisa to come in.

2ND MP

Prisoner, you have visitors.

VIKTOR

Please could you remove the guard from the door too?

2ND MP

Sorry Sir, the prisoner is to be observed at all times, those are my orders and there are no exceptions.

MARISA

Thank you, Captain. You've been very kind. We'll call you when we're ready to leave.

When the door first opens, Dorn continues to lie there, quietly gazing up at the new shadows moving on the ceiling. As soon as he hears Marisa's voice, he gets up somewhat slowly and painfully, and stands beside his bunk and bows gallantly.

There is the slightest SOUND of his heels clicking. Old habits do indeed die slowly.

VIKTOR

I'm Viktor Danzig, and this young woman is Miss Janning.

Marisa offers up her hand, exposing a line of tattooed numbers on her arm. Dorn takes her hand to kiss it, but stops short when he sees those numbers.

MARISA

(matter of factly)

I got that in Ravensbruck. Very chic, don't you think? Oh, you've heard of the place.

Erich doesn't flinch, neither does Marisa.

ERICH

(acquiescing, nods knowingly)

Yes, I have.

Dorn lets go her hand, and sits back down on the edge of his bunk.

ERICH

(continued)

(waving his hand about the cell)

Why don't we all sit down? I apologize for the lack of accommodations.

Viktor pulls the chair out for Marisa, and motions for her to take it. She sits down in the chair and crosses her legs. He presses his hands firmly on the top of the table, and, convinced that it will support his weight, turns and leans back against it.

Despite having practiced over and over for this meeting, Viktor is still unsure exactly how to begin.

Thankfully Marisa gets the ball rolling for him.

MARISA

Herr Hauptmann, (catching herself)  
I mean, Herr Sturmbannfuehrer, we wish to talk to you about the war.  
(coughs, politely covers her mouth)  
You see we know who you are, and that you were a Captain in the SS.

ERICH

Well, you know as much as the Russians already then. But I'm afraid I was a soldier and I don't know anything about the treatment of the Jews (indicating Marisa's arm) or the camps, that would be of any use to you, except what I have learned from my captors since the end of the war.

MARISA

(forging ahead)

I don't doubt your word, Herr Captain, but that's not what we've come to discuss.

VIKTOR

(cutting in)

Look here, whether you were in the SS or the Waffen SS, is entirely irrelevant to us now. We're not here to talk about war crimes. What can you tell us about Martin Bormann?

ERICH

Ahh, Reichsleiter Bormann. Well, if I may be equally blunt, what exactly do you think I know?

MARISA

We think you helped him escape. And we think you might know where he is now.

ERICH

Ahh, so you think Bormann is alive.

VIKTOR

Isn't that why the Soviets kept you for so long in Lubyanka prison?

ERICH

The KGB didn't share their feelings with me.

VIKTOR

We saw you speaking with Bormann at the unveiling of the Amber Room, after it was moved to the Koenigsberg museum. Do you recall that evening? You seemed very friendly with him.

ERICH

He gave me a medal. But like I told the Russians for so many years, and I'm telling you now, I don't know what happened to him or the Russian treasures.

MARISA

We think you do know, and if you do, we're willing to make a trade.

Dorn is surprised; he didn't expect to be getting offers from anyone so pretty, at least not this early in the interrogation.

ERICH

What on earth can you offer me?

VIKTOR

Your life, for one thing. And your freedom.

Dorn begins to laugh.

ERICH

If I even had an inkling about Bormann's whereabouts, how long do you think my life would be?

VIKTOR

Not long perhaps, ordinarily, but with a new identity.

ERICH

Please, I'm old and tired, and completely out of the loop, and I can't help you. I just don't know anything.

Viktor stands up and goes to the door, and turns his back, blocking out the observing MPs view of Marisa.

Marisa and Viktor have evidently prepared for this moment to play their ace in the hole. As soon as Viktor reaches the door, Marisa takes the envelope from her purse, pours out a photo into her hand and holds it up for Dorn to see.

MARISA

(barely just a whisper)

Do you recognize this woman?

(pauses) She was with you that night in Koenigsberg.

ERICH

I, I've never seen her before.

MARISA

She's your wife, isn't she?

Dorn, unable to help himself, begins to reach for the photo, but Marisa looks toward the door, then looks him back, reminding him that they are being watched, and carefully puts the photo away.

ERICH

Where did you get that?

MARISA

(holding the letter up)

A young boy sent it to us, from America. Your grandson, perhaps? He doesn't even know you are alive, does he? That's quite sad.

ERICH

(regaining his composure)

No, you're wrong. My wife and I had no children.

MARISA

That's good, because if you did, they'd be in great danger, wouldn't they?

INT. ERICH DORN'S CELL - DAY (OR IS IT NIGHT?)

Dorn stands at the door of his cell, listening to the SOUND of the FOOTSTEPS of the guard who has just been relieved, receding down the long corridor, and feeling the eyes of the

new guard like a stranger staring in at him. Despite all his long years of captivity, he has never felt lonelier or more isolated from life than he does at this moment.

He moves slowly back to his bunk, and sits for a moment on the edge of the bed, his hands turned white from the cold. He grabs the wool blanket from the foot of the bed, drapes it over his shoulders, and looks grimly about. For the first time in 17 years he feels the immense outside world pressing in on him, and his cell is getting smaller and smaller and smaller.

EXT. MUNICH AIRPORT - DAY

Manfried Kriegk walks out of the airport carrying a small attache case in one hand, and an overnight bag in the other.

He stands at the curb for a moment, in his white suit with his grey hair and his darkly tanned face, a quiet killer silently planning a killing in a familiar place, like an Italian film director making a movie in his home town.

When a large black Mercedes pulls up beside him, he reaches into his coat pocket for a pair of sunglasses and puts them on.

Without waiting for the driver, who has already opened the door on his side of the car, he opens the passenger door, and drops the overnight bag into the back seat, then gets in, keeping the attache case on his lap.

The driver, a large man with a crew-cut and huge hands, has a large scar etched into the back of his head just below the crown.

Kriegk says something unintelligible to the man in German.

BRUNO

Ja wohl, Kommandant.

INT. VIKTOR DANZIG'S FLAT - NIGHT

It's a dingy little room with a dusty pre-war sofa and matching chair, a piano without a bench that hasn't been played in a long time, and rather drab curtains. It's a room that hasn't felt the touch of a woman since the end of the war. The room is somber and dark, save for the light issuing through the door from the bedroom.

INT. VIKTOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marisa sits before a vanity on the piano bench from the other room, wearing a pair of Viktor's pajamas, brushing out her long, thick black hair with a brush. She doesn't think she is beautiful, and doesn't like to see herself in the mirror, but

she loves Viktor and feels safe with him and thinks her hair is her best feature. She stops and takes up the photo, and puts it down again. Something has been troubling her about it all evening, and she just can't shake it out of her mind.

Viktor who had been lying in bed looking at her, raises up on one elbow.

VIKTOR  
(pleading)  
Marisa, dear. Come to bed.

MARISA  
(smiles at his impatience)  
I'm almost done.

Marisa takes one last look at the photo. What is it about that thing that keeps calling to her?

VIKTOR  
  
What did you tell your mother about tonight?

MARISA  
  
I told her I was working late, and that I was going to spend the night with you.

VIKTOR  
  
What did she say to that?

MARISA  
  
Nothing, really. She likes you, you know. (turning to him) She asked me again when we were going to be married.

Viktor rolls onto his back, wrestling with the pillow, but finally just sits up and stuffs it behind him. He reaches for the pack of LUCKY'S and a box of matches on the night-stand, puts one of the cigarettes in his mouth, and lights it.

MARISA  
(continued)  
There's something not right about that photograph.

VIKTOR  
(extinguishing the match with a flick of the wrist)

It's a typical war photo of a pretty girl in uniform, the kind you send your boyfriend or your husband on the front, just before the Dear John letter. When Barney gets their records from Alexandria we'll know more about both of them.

MARISA

I hope so.

Viktor gets out of bed, and walks over and puts his arms around her.

VIKTOR

This guy got to you, didn't he?

MARISA

A little bit maybe.

VIKTOR

(addressing her and the photo in the mirror)

Well, don't beat yourself to death over it, they weren't all killers, you know. He could even be telling us the truth. And his wife could have been practically anything - a secretary or a radio-operator. The old woman who lives on the first floor climbed telephone poles for the Wehrmacht and strung transmission lines, and she wore a fancy uniform like that. (pause) C'mon turn out the light, and let's go to sleep.

Viktor takes the photo away from her with one hand, and the brush with the other, disarming her of all distractions, and reaches around to place them on the vanity, but in the process accidentally drops the photo on the floor.

The photograph lands on the hardwood floor reverse side up.

There are several series of numbers stamped on the back.

INSERT PHOTO

## ## ##  
## ## ##

BACK TO SCENE

MARISA

Perhaps, but this woman's uniform is very nicely tailored. It's an officer's uniform, that I've never seen before, and I thought I saw them all. It's almost like that of Hannah Reitsch the famous test-pilot, or her sister who was the head of the Women's Naval Auxiliary. I'd almost bet this girl was in their league, or had some talent or area of expertise that earned her that fancy uniform.

Marisa picks the photo up from the floor and places it on the vanity and turns out the light leaving the room in total darkness.

SOUND of the bed squeaking as Marisa and Viktor are getting comfortable and into position.

SOUND of Viktor getting romantic with Marisa.

SOUND of Marisa beginning to respond to whatever Viktor is doing.

MARISA

(moaning)

Mmmmm. what do you make of those numbers on the back?

VIKTOR

Ummm? (going with it) Just batch numbers put on when they were developed. You know how efficient Germans are. Mmmmm.

MARISA

On a photograph maybe, but not on a picture postcard like this one. That's where you write your message.

VIKTOR

Hey, what are you doing?

When the light snaps on Marisa is sitting full upright in bed.

Viktor shields his eyes as if from the light of a million

suns.

MARISA

Viktor, if you buried something  
somewhere, how would you find it  
again?

VIKTOR

(still blinking)

I'd mark it on a map, I suppose.  
Why?

MARISA

What if you didn't have a map and  
(anticipating his reply) and there  
were no landmarks you could depend  
on being there later.

Viktor sits up, and begins to reach for another cigarette.

MARISA

Don't smoke another just now,  
Viktor. And humor me, please?  
(sidling over to him and kissing  
him) Well?

VIKTOR

Well, if it were dark out, even  
over water you could use the stars,  
like sailors do out at sea. You  
would measure the angle of the  
North Star with a sextant, to get  
your latitude, that's pretty  
simple. But you'd have to take  
several more sightings on 3 or 4  
other stars to calculate the  
longitude. The math is pretty  
complicated because the position of  
the stars keeps changing, but  
taking the sightings would be easy  
enough I suppose.

MARISA

(she's heard enough to be satisfied)

And you could you do it in your  
head, right? The math could be done  
later, by a mathematician say, or  
an astronomer?

VIKTOR

If you had a good memory, but you'd need more numbers than that.

MARISA

Yeah, more numbers.

Marisa reaches behind her, and turns out the light over the bed.

VIKTOR

(a little confused)

What was that all about?

MARISA

Nothing, I was just thinking out loud.

VIKTOR

Well, Erich Dorn is too smart to put anything of importance on a postcard and mail it.

MARISA

Yes, except this one somehow got all the way to California without a postmark.

INT. VIKTOR DANZIG'S OFFICE - DAY

Marisa is back at her desk, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. The door opens and Major Barnswell comes in carrying a briefcase.

MAJOR BARNSWELL

Hey, hot po-tat-ah. Is your lover around?

MARISA

(blushing, oh my God!)

No, he's on a trip, and what have you heard?

Barney perches on the corner of her desk, and opens the case on his knee.

MAJOR BARNSWELL

A lot. We had Viktor's place bugged last night. (he laughs) And it's written all over your face. But here I have something for you. (takes out two file folders and tosses them on the desk) Now before I let you kiss me, (pauses to see her gut reaction before proceeding) tell me, how'd you know the guy had a wife?

Marisa sits with her arms crossed, her emotions going from angry, to appeased, all the way to flattered in a matter of seconds.

MARISA

Just women's intuition.

MAJOR BARNSWELL

Well, it payed off for you this time, you were right.

Marisa takes the files, and can't wait to get at them. She thumbs over the tabs quickly, looking for the juicy one.

Major Barnswell just watches her in amazement.

MARISA

(laying open the file before her, and licking her chops)

Hmmm, Isabel Dorn. Naval Auxiliary - Clerk. Her maiden name is Isabel Marqueza? That's an odd name for a German, don't you think?

MAJOR BARNSWELL

(leaning across the desk)

German slash Brazilian. Her mother was German, traveled quite a bit in her youth and married a Brazilian businessman - coffee I believe. They lived back and forth, summers in Germany, and winters in Brazil, or vise-versa, that sort of thing. After they divorced, she stayed in Germany. They had just the one little girl. And they sent her to school in Switzerland, where she learned to ski and shoot, and do all the other things that little girls do, and she trained for the Olympic games in the biathlon. She and Erich competed in Europe in several competitions in the same event - that's probably where she met him.

MARISA

What happened to her?

MAJOR BARNSWELL

She died in '45.

MARISA

(paging back and forth)

What about children?

MAJOR BARNSWELL

(helping her find the page)

Ehhh, she and Dorn had several.

MARISA

(firmly)

I knew it.

MAJOR BARNSWELL

But they all died. The first was a girl in 1933, and then a little boy was born in 1936, but he died of pneumonia before he was a year old. That's why she didn't compete in the Olympics that year for Germany. The two girls, Karen and Liselotte were both killed in Switzerland in 1941, in an automobile accident. The oldest was 10 years old at the time, and the little one was only 5.

MARISA

And I take it the death certificates were all legitimately recorded?

MAJOR BARSWELL

Yeah, it was a bad accident, car ran off the road, witnesses saw it burst into flames. Why all the interest in the kids?

MARISA

We thought it might be a way to get to him, you know, if he had children or grand-children.

MAJOR BARNSWELL

Well, there's a lot of other very interesting stuff there, especially in 'his' file. The man was a regular Otto Skorzeny, it seems - a real go-to guy in the pinch.

Major Barnswell looks at his watch, and sees it is getting late.

MAJOR BARNSWELL  
(continued)

You can have those for a couple of days, but don't let them get away from you okay? And don't make more than one copy for yourselves, ha - a lot of it is still very classified, and I'm going way out on a limb just to let you look at it.

MARISA

Oh, thank you Barney you're a dear.

MAJOR BARNSWELL

Yeah, well. Oh, by the way, what did the two of you say to him the other day? (shakes his head) After you left he started climbing the walls, and we had to sedate him. I'm having him transferred down here to the Army Hospital, so I can keep an eye on him. I don't trust him up there in Berlin, he knows it too well.

MARISA

(somewhat surprised)

Oh, the poor man. And after all he's been through.

MAJOR BARNSWELL

So, you had nothing to do with setting him off?

MARISA

(shaking her head)

No, we just asked him a few questions about the movie. Your guard heard the entire interview.

MAJOR BARNSWELL

Yeah, well, it doesn't matter, we got nothin' on the guy. We're probably gonna cut him loose pretty soon anyway. Cripes, if it hadn't been for the Russians thinking he knew something, he'd have been hanged after the war along with all the other SS members, but it's too late to try him now. Besides, the guy's a real hero.

MARISA

Really?

MAJOR BARNSWELL

(points at the other file)

Yeah, you'll read all about it in there, but don't expect to see it in the morning TageBlatt.

Holding the thick files to her chest, Marisa can barely contain her excitement.

MARISA

Well, I know what I'll be reading tonight.

MAJOR BARNSWELL

Yeah, nothing like curling up by the crackling fire with a good adventure story.

MARISA

Oh, Barney, how did Isabel Dorn die, do you know?

MAJOR BARNSWELL

She was on that cruise liner that was sunk in the Baltic Sea by a Russian submarine, you read about it, it was in all the papers, the Wilhelm Gustloff? The German Propaganda Ministry tried to make a big deal out of it at the time, wanted the Captain charged for a war-crime because so many people had died, and several hundred of them were innocent schoolgirls. The Russians claimed it was a good kill, that the Germans were using it as a training facility for U boat crews, and most of the passengers on board were military personnel. They also hinted that the Germans were trying to smuggle out some of the treasures they had stolen from the Soviet Union, including the amber room. After the war, they sent down a team of divers, but all they found were holes cut in the hull, and a lot of bones - poachers had beaten them to everything of value.

MARISA

What happened to the Captain of the submarine?

MAJOR BARNSWELL

Oh, you know the Russkies, they pinned a medal on his chest and made a national hero out of him, and two years later when all the dust was settled, they sent him to a Gulag in Siberia.

Barney gets up, and pats his belly.

MAJOR BARNSWELL  
(continued)

Well 'M', tell double-oh-7 that I stopped by. Where is Viktor anyway?

MARISA

He went to California. I should be hearing from him pretty soon.

EXT. OVERHEAD SHOT

An airliner throttles back its massive jet engines, and begins to descend through a heavy cloud cover.

INT. AIRCRAFT - DAY

Viktor sits by the window looking out at what appears to be a solid gray matte of clouds. Suddenly the clouds slide up, replaced by the brownish rectangular mapped landscape of Los Angeles, as if somebody had changed slides in a projector, and he plainly sees the cars moving from the freeway into the international airport and realizes they are already on final approach to the runway.

SOUND of the plane's wheels skidding on the runway, followed shortly by the stewardess' instructions over the intercom:

STEWARDESS

Ladies and gentlemen, please remain seated until the aircraft comes to a complete stop. All passengers should disembark the aircraft through the forward exit. Thank you for flying Pan American World Airways.

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

It's a typically gloomy June morning in LA.

A Pan-Am Boeing 707 jet airliner, with the distinctive blue-ball clearly visible on the tail, is now safely on the ground at the busy airport and taxiing toward the Pan-Am ramp.

INT. PAN-AM TERMINAL AT LAX

Two pretty stewardesses stand by the door as passengers one by one depart the plane and begin the long walk to the baggage area.

Viktor appears at the door with his one little suitcase, and says something to one of the stewardesses, eliciting a smile and a playful tug on his tie.

INT. PAN-AM BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA - DAY

Viktor hurries toward the taxi stand outside, past the other passengers in the baggage area who are pulling their luggage from the turn-about, or just standing around in various stages of impatience watching the conveyor.

EXT. TAXI-STAND - DAY

Viktor shows a piece of paper to one of the cabbies standing by the orange-ish Checker-Cab at the head of the line. We can

read his lips: Can you take me there? The driver nods excitedly - it's a 25 dollar fare.

INT. BROOKS' HOME - KAREN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Karen stands on crutches in her bathrobe, with her right leg still encased in a full cast all the way to the hip. She's wearing a fuzzy bedroom slipper on the left foot. On the bed before her are laid out everything she will need for her bath - a fluffy pink towel and a wash-cloth, a new, unwrapped bar of Lifebuoy soap, a green tube of Prell shampoo, Scott's rolled up tube of Ipana toothpaste and a toothbrush and baby powder. She knows she is only going to have one shot at this, and doesn't want to forget anything.

She packs her toiletries into the large brown plastic trash bag she selected for the occasion, wraps the end of the bag around her hand, and leaning on her crutches, clumps out of the room.

INT. BROOKS' HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

SOUND of the shower hissing away, and Karen singing a medley of nothing in particular.

The camera moves like an intruder into the steam-filled bathroom, where the mirror is fogged completely and visibility is in fact practically zero.

As the steam clears, Karen's shadow is safely inside the curtain, but her casted leg covered by the plastic bag to protect it from the water, is extending uncomfortably outside.

SOUND of the bar of soap hitting the floor of the shower.

KAREN  
(o.s.)

Dammit, not again.

SOUND of Karen straining and groaning, followed immediately by a great sigh of relief.

SOUND of the doorbell ringing.

EXT. BROOKS' HOME - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Viktor Danzig presses the button again, but isn't sure if the doorbell is working, so he opens the screen door and knocks on the wooden front door for good measure.

The door opens, but just a narrow sliver.

KAREN  
(o.s.)

Who is it?

VIKTOR

I'm from the Jewish Relocation  
Center in Vienna. May I speak with  
Mr. or Mrs. Brooks please?

KAREN

(o.s.)

I'm sorry, I'm not dressed, and I  
really don't want to be bothered to  
buy anything right now.

VIKTOR

(pleading)

But, if you would just let me  
explain.

The door slams in Viktor's face.

Viktor stands for a moment, trying to figure out his next  
course of action, and has nearly decided to try knocking  
again, when Scott rides up on his bicycle and jumps off,  
carelessly dropping the bike on the lawn.

SCOTT

Hey.

Viktor turns around and steps down from the porch, scratching  
his head.

VIKTOR

Do you live here?

SCOTT

Yes.

VIKTOR

You wouldn't by any chance be Scott  
Brooks, would you?

SCOTT

(on his guard)

Uh-huh.

Viktor puts out his hand, offering a manly shake.

VIKTOR

Well, I'm sure glad to meet you.  
I'm Viktor Danzig. I work with  
Simon Wiesbaden in Vienna, Austria.  
(pause) You sent him a letter  
several weeks ago?

SCOTT  
(excitedly)  
Oh man, you're a Nazi hunter. I  
knew you'd come.

VIKTOR  
(confusedly)  
Ummm, you did?

SCOTT  
  
Sure, we, my friend Danny and I,  
can help you find Nazis.

VIKTOR  
  
Well, that's not exactly why I'm  
here. (looks around uncomfortably)  
I wanted to talk to your mother or  
father first, about something you  
sent us, but the young girl inside  
just now (points back to the door)  
she slammed the door on me before I  
could explain that I'm not selling  
anything.

Scott moves past Viktor, and charges for the front door.

SCOTT  
  
Oh, that's my mom. My dad's dead.  
C'mon in, I'll get her for you but  
she doesn't know half as much as I  
do about Nazis.

Karen stands peeking out the front window in her bathrobe, her  
hair wet and dripping a stream of water. Her face shows a very  
concerned expression. At the sound of the door-knob turning,  
she remembers her dignity and lets go the window curtain.

INT. BROOKS' HOME - DEN - NIGHT

Scott is asleep upstairs. It's late now, and all the lights  
are out.

Karen sits alone at her desk, with a half-filled glass  
directly in front of her, and a half-empty bottle of cherry  
brandy nearby.

Headlights from a car pulling into the driveway, paint shadows across her face.

She chokes down what's in the glass and immediately fills it up again.

SOUND OF THE DOOR opening and closing, in the other room.

Joe comes in and stands at the open door.

JOE

Mom?

No answer. Karen just stares fixedly past him.

Joe sees the bottle of brandy on the desk.

JOE

(continued)

Mom, what's wrong?

KAREN

Oh, Joe, Nothing's wrong, except for everything. Besides, I'm not your mother. How could I be the mother of an 18 year old boy? I'm barely old enough to be Scott's mom.

Karen is starting to feel the booze, and feigns a deep interest in her glass, holding it before her, examining it from several different angles.

JOE

Sure you are. I know you're not my real mom, but you're the only one I've ever known. And you and dad were happy, weren't you? I thought you were. Hey, did I do something wrong?

Joe sees it's going to take a while, and begins unbuttoning his Pendleton jacket.

KAREN

Oh, it's not you, Joe. It's me and Lise. You know how I told you we had been adopted, well I never told you or Scott the whole story. I never thought it mattered, but my parents were Germans. I barely remember them myself, and Lise was only four or five, just a baby really.

JOE

So why does it matter now? You're an American citizen, and dad knew all about it, didn't he?

KAREN

Yes, your father knew everything. He even tried to find my mom and dad before we were married; he had a buddy who had stayed in the Army, who did investigative work, but he couldn't find any record of them. It's like they just fell off the earth after the war. Well, now it seems my father might still be alive. A man was released by the Russians the other day, and Mr. Danzig, that's the man who came to the house today, well he thinks the man might be my father. I'm so scared. What am I going to do?

JOE

Somebody came to the house?

KAREN

Oh, it's not what you think. I'm not in any trouble, at least I don't think so. He was from the Jewish Relocation Center. Scotty sent them one of those dusty old photographs of my mother, and evidently someone recognized it.

JOE

Won't you be happy to see him?

KAREN

This man was in the SS. That's why they're not releasing him right away. Oh Joe, they did such horrible things. And you know how Scott reads so much about that damn war, this is just going to kill him. So, in a way, you're lucky I'm not your mom.

Joe sits down beside her, and begins to massage her neck, but she pulls away.

KAREN

(continued)

Don't Joe, please. Just go on up to bed. I'll be all right in the morning.

Catching herself, she kisses him on the forehead, and shooshes him off.

Joe starts to leave albeit reluctantly.

KAREN

Oh Joe? I have to go to Hollywood tomorrow to see Lise, and I'll need a ride, so stick around the house, will you? I already talked to her on the phone - she said she'll be at the studio all day.

JOE

Sure, mom.

Joe leaves the room, somewhat bewildered.

Karen sits alone, staring into the darkness before her, and the long forgotten past rises up to meet her gaze.

MONTAGE - PRE-WAR GERMANY IN THE SPRING

1) Looking past the Victory Monument down the broad avenue to the Brandenburg Gate in the distance.

2) A young Erich Dorn drives an open Mercedes convertible through the German countryside. He puts his arm around his little girl, Karen, while Isabel stares melancholily out the window at the passing farms.

3) An excursion boat on the Rhine. Erich and Isabel stand at the rail of the boat with little Karen between them. Isabel is holding a baby in her arms. Karen laughs and tosses a garland of flowers into the water.

INT. ERICH AND ISABEL'S FLAT IN BERLIN - DAY

Isabel puts flowers on the table, while Erich listens intently to the radio.

ERICH

If there's war, I'll have to go.  
You know that.

ISABEL

Maybe there won't be one.

KAREN

Is there going to be a war mommy?  
I'm scared.

ISABEL

If there is Liebchen, we'll all go  
back to Switzerland, where it's  
safe. You and me, and Lise.

KAREN

(affirmatively)  
And daddy too.

Isabel holds her tightly, kissing her face all over.

MONTAGE - NEWSREEL FOOTAGE OF THE GERMAN ATTACKS IN EUROPE

1) A squadron of Stukas dive on a village, dropping their deadly, explosive bombs, leaving the village a smoking ruin. A sign still standing says - Warzawa - 40 km.

2) German troops kick aside barriers at the border, and others stand knee-deep in the mud, pushing their heavy equipment.

3) German paratroopers exit a 3 engine JU-52 aircraft, and float gently down to a Norwegian town, where the forested hills nearby are still dotted with unmelted patches of winter snow.

4) German warplanes roar over Rotterdam.

5) Tanks roll along a French road toward Paris on a lovely spring day.

EXT. BERLIN CAFE 1940 - DAY

A boy in a brown, Hitler-Youth uniform is hawking newspapers to people on the street. There is an air of excitement

pervading the city. Erich, wearing the uniform of an SS Lieutenant, and Isabel in a dress somewhat out of fashion, sit together at a table sipping coffee, while Karen and Lise in matching gray overcoats are playfully eating candy.

Erich gets up and buys a paper from the boy, and begins to read it on the way back to the table.

Nearby a group of people with yellow stars clumsily stitched on their coats, sweep refuse off the street.

A harsh voice from a loudspeaker on the corner barks out the news of the surrender of Paris, announcing that the noose is slowly tightening around the remaining British troops at Dunkirk.

ERICH

It's nearly over now, dear. The war is over. We've won. The French have surrendered, and the British will too before long.

Isabel looks furtively about her.

ISABEL

Says who, our illustrious Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels? The British won't rest until they stop Hitler, and then there'll be hell to pay. And you know we're going to attack Russia when the time is right. Germany always attacks Russia.

Erich smiles because he knows she's right.

She looks over at the people sweeping the street.

ISABEL

(continued, looks about)

And what we are doing to the Jews is unforgivable. I've had it, I'm taking the girls with me to Switzerland, and this time I'm gonna leave them there. It's not good for them here anymore. I'll be there on assignment for an entire month and I'm going to do this. (pause) When I get the girls settled with a good family, I'll come back, and I'll make up a good lie. I'll say they both died in an accident, and I'll have papers to prove it. The best money can buy.

ERICH

What if they won't let you cross  
over with them this time?

Isabel nervously lights a cigarette.

ISABEL

Why? They never have in the past. I  
still have my Swiss citizenship.

ERICH

But they're both German. The Nazis  
are getting sticky about that.

ISABEL

I'll drown them before I'll let the  
Nazis take them away from me.

Erich leans over, and kisses her and whispers in her ear.

ERICH

Now don't talk like that. Just be  
careful.

Erich sits back upright.

ERICH

(continued)

Why even come back at all? I mean,  
why don't you just stay in  
Switzerland with them?

ISABEL

(staring intently into his eyes)  
Because I love you. (flips her  
ashes on the ground) You know that.  
And if I don't come back, the  
Gestapo will suspect that you knew  
about it, and they'll come after  
you. Besides, what if Hitler  
invades Switzerland too? No this  
way, it works out best for all of  
us. What the Gestapo doesn't know,  
won't hurt them.

Erich clinks their coffee cups together in a toast.

ERICH

In that case, here's to us!

INT. ANHALTER BAHNHOF - BERLIN - NIGHT

It is raining very hard at the train station. Farther south there will surely be snow.

It's a carefree, wonderful time, as evidenced in the faces of the soldiers and pretty girls that pass by dragging their rucksacks and lugging their skis, boots and poles. This is where they will catch the train south to Munich and the Bavarian Alps, to the resort at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, site of the 1936 winter Olympics.

Isabel and the girls appear amidst the bustling crowd on the platform. She stops and puts her suitcase down, to glance at her wristwatch.

The conductor calls out 'All aboard, train leaving in three minutes.'

Isabel hustles the girls up the steps into the train car, but doesn't board the train herself. Rain pours down on her broad hat, but she doesn't seem to notice.

Suddenly Erich appears.

ERICH

I thought I was going to miss you.  
Where's my girls?

KAREN

They're on board already. If you  
hurry you can kiss them both good-  
bye.

Erich leaps up the little stairs, taking broad double-steps. When he reaches the landing he stops and pulls two objects, one from each pocket.

Karen and Lise wait politely as little manikin dolls, bundled in their great coats, scarves thrown nonchalantly about their shoulders.

Erich throws his arms about his two little girls and kisses them repeatedly, and slips something into each of their pockets.

Out in the station, raindrops continue to pour down and the train whistle blows.

As the train chugs slowly out of the station, an air raid siren goes off. It's the first bombing raid on Berlin.

INT. BROOKS' HOME - DEN - NIGHT

Rain is beating down outside on the window behind Karen's desk.

Karen hops over to the window on one foot, and steadying herself with one hand on the desk, pulls the curtain aside to peer out at the unexpected summer storm.

CLOSE ON

Her face reflected in the rain-streaked window.

As if a portal to the past has suddenly and violently torn open, it is now little Karen staring out the train window, watching the figure of her father waving from the platform, watching as he is swallowed up by the all engulfing dark night.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Viktor is sitting on the edge of the bed, turning the channel selector on the portable black and white television set, and stops channeling when he happens upon a rerun of McHale's Navy.

The phone on the night-stand rings, and he answers it quickly. He's been trying to get through all night.

OPERATOR

(o.s.)

I'm sorry Sir, but there's still no overseas lines available to put through your call to Vienna, Austria. Would you like me to try again later?

VIKTOR

No, thank you operator. It's very late there now.

INT. US ARMY HOSPITAL, VIENNA - NIGHT

A military Doctor is making his evening rounds. He unlocks the door at the end of the corridor and enters the high security section of the hospital.

The Doctor walks past a nurse pushing a metal cart filled with bottles and syringes, and goes into one of the rooms, and finds, to his chagrin, that the room is no longer occupied.

DOCTOR

Nurse, where is the patient that was in this room?

## NURSE

I don't know Doctor, I just came on duty a little while ago.

The nurse, fervently begins to page through the sheets on her clipboard hoping that it's not her mistake.

## DOCTOR

Never mind that. Alert Security that the prisoner Dorn is not in his room, and may already have escaped.

The nurse runs to the nearest phone, at the end of the corridor and begins to dial.

## EXT. VIKTOR DANZIG'S OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

A shadowy figure makes his way through the darkness, and ducks into an entryway to a small office building at the end of the block.

The headlights of a passing police car sweep past the entrance.

He flattens himself against the wall, narrowly avoiding detection. The lights move past him.

The figure enters the lobby of the building, which is dark and empty this time of night. The figure, now seen to be Erich Dorn pulls a cigarette lighter from his pocket and ignites the flame, using it's light to look momentarily about the lobby.

He spots the information directory in a glass case near the stairs, and walks over to it.

The lighter has become too hot in his hands, so he extinguishes it, and wipes the hot metal case on his coat sleeve, before lighting it again.

CLOSE ON an entry in the directory that reads: 'Viktor Danzig - 202'

Erich snaps the lid down with conviction, and gripping the handrail, begins to ascend the stairs in the dark.

## INT. VIKTOR DANZIG'S OFFICE - LOBBY - NIGHT

Marisa has stayed too late at her desk, poring over the documents that Major Barnswell provided her.

Afraid that she might have missed Viktor's call from California, she picks up the phone and begins to dial, but

decides against it, puts it back down right away.

MARISA  
 (mutters to herself)  
 He probably isn't even there yet.

She pieces the files back together, and aligns them neatly on the desk, and then takes them up, and held close to her bosom like a dear diary, carries them into Viktor's office.

INT. VIKTOR DANZIG'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Marisa kneels down to put the files in the safe, a small metal cabinet bolted to the floor.

SOUND of the door opening and shutting in the outer office.

MARISA  
 Barney, is that you? I'll be right there.

She stands up and walks toward the door, turns out the light and backs out, pulling the door behind her.

MARISA  
 (continued)

I was just putting away the

INT. VIKTOR DANZIG'S OFFICE - LOBBY - NIGHT

A large hand grabs her from behind, covering her mouth and stifling any attempt she might make to scream.

Marisa kicks at the man's shins, and digs the heel of one of her high-heels into his instep, but he only laughs. Bruno is very strong, picking her up easily off the floor, and chuckling harder the more she kicks and flails her arms.

Bruno walks Marisa toward the desk, like a boy lugging a small struggling animal, where another man, Manfred Kriegk is seated, waiting for her.

MANFRED KRIEGK  
 Put her across the desk, Bruno.

Marisa kicks and scratches at Bruno like a wildcat, but he isn't having any of it. He stands her up firmly, as if burying a post into the ground, and slaps her with a huge, heavy hand very hard across the face, knocking her senseless, and quieting her completely for the time being. He's done this once or twice before.

Lifting her from the ground, Bruno literally throws her onto the front of the desk.

Kriegk, still seated at the desk, grabs her hands and pulls her roughly to him.

Marisa stares at Kriegk, dumb-founded, a thin trickle of blood issuing from the corner of her mouth.

MANFRED KRIEGK

Well, what have we here?

He tears at the thin sleeve of her dress, exposing the tattoo on her fore-arm.

MANFRED KRIEGK

(continued)

See, Bruno. I told you she was a Jew, but not one of our Jews. Our Jews had much better manners than Miss Janning.

Her head slowly clearing, Marisa searches the man's face, and doesn't like what she sees one bit.

MARISA

(looking up)

Who are you? Odessa?

MANFRED KRIEGK

Do you hear that Bruno? The little Jewess wants to know who we are, so she can open a new case-file on us.

He pinches her chin, and gently slaps her cheek.

MANFRED KRIEGK

(continued)

Well, first we're going to ask you some questions about Hauptsturmfuehrer Dorn.

MARISA

I- I can't tell you anything.

MANFRED KRIEGK

Oh, you'll tell us everything we want to know. Before the night is over, you'll be begging us to listen. Bruno is very persuasive. I have to warn you, his methods are a little crude and old-fashioned, but effective nonetheless. Show her, Bruno.

Bruno unbuckles the wide leather strap girding his big belly, pulls it sharply from his pants, and folds it carefully in half.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE VIKTOR DANZIG'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Erich Dorn sneaks silently along the dark corridor, and stumbles nearly trips over Major Barnswell, lying unconscious just outside the door of one of the offices.

The door to the office is closed, but the steady rhythmic beating sound of an air conditioning unit, regular as a mechanical press, emanates from within, muffled by the closed door.

Straddling the motionless body beneath him, Erich begins to pat the man down hoping for a knife at least, feeling first inside the empty holster beneath his coat, then at the back of his trousers, and finally as a last hope down his legs where he finds a 38 caliber pistol his assailants overlooked, strapped to his ankle.

The gun is not familiar to him, but he's a soldier. Holding it in the flat of his hand, he examines it the way a blind man might, feeling and pulling, and finally the cylinder flies out and he checks it for bullets, then carefully and quietly snaps it back into place.

His body pressed tightly against the wall, Erich reaches for the door knob, and slowly, ever so slowly turns it.

INT. VIKTOR DANZIG'S OFFICE - LOBBY - NIGHT

Bruno and Kriegk drag Marisa from the bathroom back into the outer office. She is barely conscious from the drubbing they gave her, and her hair is drenched and dripping wet; her thin dress clings to her frame. Her broken and ravaged body still holds vainly to life, but her spirit died the moment she talked.

Laying her back across the desk, Kriegk pulls hard on Marisa's arms, feeling her grip tighten involuntarily now in anticipation of the next stroke of the belt. Kriegk is savouring this victory, having mastered the fine art of alternately administering, and withholding punishment.

Bruno waits, staring down dumbly at the girl, emotionless as a force of nature.

MANFRED KRIEGK

Did you hear that?

Kriegk lets go of Marisa's hands, and her already frail body sinks limply to the table. Bruno wipes the sweat from his forehead.

BRUNO

No, nothing.

MANFRED KRIEGK

I thought I heard a noise. Maybe the American is coming-to already.

BRUNO

I shot him with enough heroin to dope a horse. It's probably just a cat or a mouse.

MANFRED KRIEGK

Well go take a look, and bring his body in here in case anybody does come nosing around. Besides, we got what we wanted out of her.

BRUNO

Ja wohl, Kommandant.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE VIKTOR DANZIG'S OFFICE - DAY

Major Barnswell, still lying on the floor in the corridor, is slowly coming around. He sits up and attempts to shake the cobwebs out of his head.

Barney struggles to get to his feet. He stands for a moment, shaky, unsteady, and the door to Viktor's office seems just a blur.

Barney staggers toward the door, that has been left slightly ajar, and pushes it all the way open and stumbles into the office, and can't believe what his eyes are beholding. The outer office is a crime-scene, littered with broken bits of furniture. The office floor is bathed in blood, with one very large trail of blood the width of a wide-body, leading to the bathroom, and another that disappears into Viktor's office.

Following the trail to the little bathroom, Barney steps carefully around the slippery puddles of blood. Pushing the door aside, he leans in and sees the body of a huge man with his face blown away, stuffed into the bathtub.

Barney takes a handkerchief from his pocket, and holds it to his mouth, and dry heaves into it several times. Suddenly it occurs to him, where is Marisa? He looks about frantically now, and remembering the other trail, he steels himself for what he's about to find in Viktor's office.

INT. VIKTOR DANZIG'S OFFICE - DAY

The room is a shambles of what it was. The desk is broken, and loose leafs of blood-soaked paper, litter the office. The window is open, but the casement around the upraised portion is broken as if someone elected to go through it rather than open it the rest of the way.

In the dark well by the wall, Marisa lies on the sofa-bed, with a man's coat thrown haphazardly over her legs and back.

Major Barnswell sits down on the bed beside her, and carefully lifts the coat to look beneath, then immediately puts it back down, feels tenderly for the pulse at her wrist and gently, ever so gently takes her by the hand.

EXT. UNIVERSAL PICTURES FRONT GATE - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Karen's yellow Karmann-Ghia pulls up to the front gate of the movie studio.

The handsome, well-tanned guard, not recognizing the car or Joe and Karen inside, sidles out of the guard-shack. He is probably a much better actor than he is a security guard.

GUARD

Can I help you folks?

KAREN

I'm here to see my sister, Lise Bauer. She's inside somewhere.

GUARD

(checks the list)

Lise Bauer, Lise Bauer. Yep, she's on the list. Pull over to Visitor Parking there on the right, and I'll call her and let her know she has guests.

The guard indicates an empty strip of parking spaces in front of a long building, and picks up the phone and dials.

EXT. UNIVERSAL PICTURES VISITOR PARKING - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

The guard comes over to the Karmann-Ghia, and leans rakishly in on Karen at the passenger window.

GUARD

Excuse me, folks. Miss Bauer said to tell you that she'll be waiting for you in front of Studio 10, where she's doing some post-production sound dubbing for one of her pictures. You won't be able to drive over there, but you can park in the lot right behind you.

The guard notices the caste on Karen's leg.

GUARD  
(continued)

Ma'm, would you like me to get a wheelchair for you? It's a long walk over to the soundstages.

KAREN

Yes, thank you. That would be great.

EXT. STAGE 10 - DAY

Lise stands before a rather drab building, casually dressed, smoking a cigarette. It's the first break she's had all morning. When she sees Karen in the wheelchair being pushed by Joe, she quickly drops the cigarette on the ground, and extinguishes it beneath her shoe.

For the first time in her life Lise doesn't know what to say or how to act. It's been so long since she's seen her sister. Still some distance away, Karen makes the first move, extending both of her arms in an open invitation.

Lise, unable to contain herself any longer, takes off like a little guided missile. She runs over and they kiss and hug.

KAREN  
(kissing Lise many times on both cheeks)  
Oh my dear, my dear little Schwester. You're so beautiful. Look how beautiful she is, Joe. How long has it been?

LISE

Nearly fifteen years. Come here Joe, and let me kiss you too. It's good to see you again.

Joe takes his kiss like a man, looking around sheepishly and shuffling his feet. Family reunions are not his thing, and he knows his mom and Lise need to be alone anyway.

JOE

I'm gonna take a walk, so go ahead  
and talk all you want about me.

LISE

(hands on hips)

Well, take all the time you like,  
because we're going to talk and  
talk and talk. But if you see Rock  
Hudson, give him my phone number.

Lise watches good-naturedly as Joe walks off, but when she  
looks back at Karen, Karen has a rather serious expression on  
her face.

LISE

Did I say something wrong?

KAREN

Oh no honey, it's just what I have  
to tell you is pretty important.  
You might want to sit down.

LISE

I know, I know. I shouldn't be  
smoking because of my asthma.

KAREN

Oh no, honey it's not that,  
(looking down with furrowed brow)  
though it is very bad for you. It's  
about our father. Our German  
father.

LISE

Our what?

KAREN

(looking around)

Isn't there somewhere we can get a  
drink? I really need a drink.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Karen's yellow VW Karmann-Ghia races southbound on the I-5.

SOUND of Karen and Lise singing German showtunes in German,  
and giggling.

INT. KAREN'S VW - NIGHT

Joe is driving at night for the first time, and he's trying desperately to keep his eyes glued to the tail-lights of the Semi truck in front of him.

Karen and Lise are both drunk. They're drinking from paper cups, and passing a bottle of Coca-cola back and forth that evidently contains more than just Coke.

Joe looks over at his mom, but only takes his eyes off the road for a split second. He's especially worried because he doesn't have a driver's license, only a learner's permit and the licensed driver in the car with him is several sheets to the wind.

Lise is lying carefree on her back in the back-seat with one leg up, her head against the rear armrest. She keeps playing with the shoe on her elevated leg, dangling the little flat on her big toe, and pulling it off, and mischievously reading the effect she's having on Joe, whose face she can see in the rear-view mirror.

LISE

I have really cute feet, don't you think, Joe?

JOE

Hmm? I don't know. What?

LISE

(giggles)

What shall we sing next?

Lise sits up, apparently still the life of this party, has a thought, and leans forward between Joe and Karen, turning her head first to one, and then the other.

LISE

(continued)

Did you know, I was in the Threepenny Opera in Dusseldorf?

At the sound of the word Dusseldorf she puts her hand over her mouth, as if she said a bad word, and begins to laugh.

JOE

Yes, you said that already, several times.

KAREN

(takes a gulp from the bottle)

Dussel-dorg is my favorite German city.

LISE  
(laughs)  
She said Dussel-dorg, Ha Ha Ha.

JOE  
Why, does that mean something funny  
in German?

LISE  
(giving it not much thought)  
No.

LISE  
(continued)  
Oh. (perking up) Did I tell you  
that I dated Elvis when he was in  
Germany?

KAREN  
Elvis who?

JOE  
You dated Elvis Presley, the  
singer? No way.

LISE  
Yes, I did. Chancellor Adenauer  
introduced us.

JOE  
What was he like?

LISE  
(shaking her head)  
Oh, he was very old.

JOE  
Not Adenauer, I mean Elvis. What  
was Elvis like?

LISE  
Oh, he was very handsome. He took  
me for a ride around the army base  
in his tank. He told me he wanted  
to make love to me, but I told him,  
No, tanks.

Lise downs the last little bit from her cup, burps, and giggles again.

She rummages around inside her purse, and pulls out a tiny bottle of Jack Daniels.

LISE

Oh dear, I'm afraid this is the last one from my trip.

EXT. BROOKS' HOME - NIGHT

Karen's Karmann-Ghia pulls into the driveway.

Lise is now singing the Seerauber Jenny song from Threepenny Opera, or as much as she can remember of it.

LISE

(singing)

Und das Schiff mit acht Segeln  
Und mit funfzig Kanonen.

Joe gets out of the car and hurries to the front door to unlock it. Lise follows him onto the porch, at least several Segeln to the wind.

Rocking side to side, Lise politely waits for Joe to open the door.

Joe lays open the door, and guides Lise through the doorway.

He returns to the car, leans in and looks over at his mom, who is passed out in the front passenger seat.

Joe runs back into the house, past Lise who, is still just standing obliviously inside the door, confused by the strange surroundings. He comes running out to the car seconds later with a blanket and a pillow, and throws the blanket onto Karen and tucks it around her, jamming the pillow beneath her head.

INT. BROOKS' HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Karen is standing at the stove, turning bacon in a frying pan, while Lise stands beside her speaking to someone on the kitchen phone, a princess model attached to the wall nearby.

Lise reaches over and takes a piece of bacon from the plate, and begins to nibble at it.

LISE

Mmmm. Yes, Gretchen darling, I'm still here. What's that?

She leans over to whisper into Karen's ear.

LISE

(whispers)

It's the maid. Somebody broke into my apartment in Bern. (into the phone) No, dear I can't come home yet. I will be at least another week at the studio, and I still haven't had a chance to visit with my sister. (pause) Gretchen, I can't come home right now. And if that's all that's missing, there's really no need. You can take care of it. (pause) Just tell the nice policeman that I am in California and I don't know when I'll be home. (pause) Yes, good-bye dear.

Lise hangs up the phone, and sits down at the table, and pours a cup of coffee from the electric percolator.

LISE

That woman drives me crazy. Thank God I only have to deal with her three days a week. She said that nothing was missing that she could tell, but my little office was ransacked, and all of the drawers containing my personal papers were turned upside down and scattered about. The police think the thieves were looking for money or bonds maybe.

KAREN

Has this ever happened before?

LISE

No, why? Do you think it has something to do with our papa being released by the Russians? (gasping) You don't think it was him!

KAREN

No, it couldn't have been father, I don't think. Mr. Danzig said he was still being detained, and didn't know when or if he would be released. He was asking if I had any other photos though. He said they might be important. I told him there were some others, but I wasn't sure where they are. I wanted to talk to you first. Do you still have those old photos that Mama Bauer gave us?

LISE

Those old things? I haven't seen them since we were little girls. I've only had this apartment for a couple years, so I guess they must still be in mama's place in Geneva, by the lake, but that's been boarded up since mama died. I didn't have the heart to sell it, you know. I always thought that one day we would fix it up together, and you guys would all come and stay, and the boys could fish or just sail around the lake in papa's old boat. You know, papa Bauer. That sounds funny to have to call him that now, he's always been just papa to me.

KAREN

You 'were' only five years old, you know, when we left Germany. I'm surprised you even remember our real mother and father at all.

LISE

I don't remember them, really. Just little bits, here and there, and they are all mixed up with stories you and mama Bauer told me. So why do I feel like I do?

Lise swipes a tear from the corner of her eye, but another appears immediately to take its place, and then another.

Karen wipes her hands on her apron, and pulls a chair up beside her sister and sits down, and Lise finds her big sister's shoulder to cry on.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Viktor comes out of the bathroom in his shorts and undershirt, and wipes the last of the shaving cream from his face with a towel. He sits down by the night-stand and dials '0' to get the operator, and starts tearing the wrapper off a new toothbrush.

OPERATOR

(o.s.)

Operator, may I help you?

VIKTOR

Yes, operator, I've been trying for two days now to call my office in Vienna, Austria. Can you help me?

OPERATOR

(o.s.)

Please hold, while I connect you with the overseas operator. (pause) Overseas operator, where are you calling, please?

VIKTOR

Vienna, Austria.

OVERSEAS OPERATOR

(o.s.)

Number please?

VIKTOR

The number is 555160 and the area-code is 0-1.

Viktor waits, chomping down on the bristles of his toothbrush, listening to the operator dial and re-dial the number.

OVERSEAS OPERATOR

(o.s.)

That number is not answering, Sir. Shall I try to ring it again?

VIKTOR

No, operator. Try this number instead, would you? 555287.

Viktor waits again, while she dials the new number.

INT. SIMON WIESBADEN'S OFFICE- SAME TIME

Sonja sits at her desk on pins and needles, trying her best to keep busy. When the phone rings she practically jumps at it.

SONJA

Jewish Documentation Center, Sonja speaking.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

VIKTOR

Sonja, this is Viktor. I've been trying to get through to Marisa for two days.

SONJA

Viktor, where are you now?

VIKTOR

Why, I'm in California, didn't she tell you?

SONJA

I'm afraid I have some bad news about Marisa. She has been hurt. Some men broke into your office two nights ago, and gave her a beating.

VIKTOR

(stoically holding back his fear and anger)

How bad is it?

SONJA

(her voice beginning to crack)  
They nearly killed her, Viktor. Simon's been at the hospital with her all day. He said he'd let me know if there's any change.

VIKTOR

Any change from what, what aren't you telling me?

SONJA

She-she's still unconscious. The poor thing, it was horrible what they did to her.

Sonja breaks down and begins to cry, dropping the phone to the desktop.

VIKTOR

Sonja? Sonja, are you still there?

EXT. FRANZ JOSEF HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Simon Wiesbaden and Major Barnswell come out of the hospital together. The Major places his hand on Simon's shoulder, and gives him a reassuring pat, and they shake hands before parting ways. Simon trods off, feeling the weight of the world on his back a little more than he was before.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Erich Dorn standing in a dark recess to the side of the front entrance, has been waiting for the coast to clear. He steps out, and without hesitation, walks with his head down briskly up the front steps and into the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is bathed in darkness. The door opens and quickly closes, a thin sliver of light slides quickly over the contour of the bed and just as quickly erases itself, a curtain flutters momentarily.

Erich Dorn, only now discernable in the darkness, pulls a chair up to the bed and sits down beside Marisa, who is lying on her back with her arms at her sides, a sheet tucked neatly around her slender form. She's breathing regularly, but her face is gray and impassive.

ERICH

Hello, Miss Janning. I've been trying to get to you all day, but I didn't want your friends to see me. I'm sorry for what they did to you, for everything.

He reaches over and brushes her cheek, to swipe away a bit of lint, by way of an excuse to touch her.

INT. VIKTOR DANZIG'S OFFICE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Erich Dorn sneaks silently along the dark corridor, and stumbles nearly trips over Major Barnswell, lying unconscious just outside the door of one of the offices.

ERICH  
(voice-over)

The night all this happened, I was coming to tell you that I wanted to make a deal, but when I got to the door and saw that man lying there, well, you know what happened after that.

Erich, his hand frozen on the knob, gives the door one quick shove and rushes into the office lobby. He sees Marisa lying on the table with Bruno and Kriegk bent over her.

INT. VIKTOR DANZIG'S OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT

Erich looks quickly at Kriegk, then shoots Bruno several times point-blank, each time knocking him backwards a little but the giant doesn't go down.

Kriegk reaches for a gun beneath his coat, but Erich lunges at him, slams his wrist onto the table with the butt of his pistol, and then lays him out cold with a forearm across the throat.

ERICH

(voice-over)

It was pretty touch and go there for a while. I thought the big man had broken my arm, and it took all I had to kill him.

Bruno shoves Erich into the wall and is on him.

Erich and Bruno struggle for the gun, bouncing all over the room, pin-balling off the desks and walls, finally crashing through the bathroom door.

The gun goes off, and Erich gets slowly to his feet, favoring one arm. Bruno is left in a heap in the bathtub.

ERICH

(voice-over)

But he can't hurt you now. I'm sorry I didn't get the other one too, but I recognized him, and he shouldn't be hard to find. And he won't get far with the bullet I put in him.

Erich staggers to the doorway, just in time to see Kriegk up on his feet and running into the inner office.

Erich shouts 'Kriegk,' and chases after him, disappearing into the darkness of the office.

INT. VIKTOR DANZIG'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Kriegk is struggling desperately to get the window up, but it's stuck. Erich dives at him and together they crash through the second story window.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Erich gets up, wrenching his hands, as if he's wrestling with himself, uncertain whether to continue. He walks over to the window and pulls the curtain aside, and looks out on the dark city. It's not the same world he knew, he knows that.

ERICH

His name is Manfred Kriegk, and he is a sadistic killer. He spent some time in the death camps. He was Koch's henchman at the end of the war, and he's been waiting for me all these years.

Erich turns around, he's come to a decision.

ERICH

(continued)

If you were awake, I'd tell you everything, but I wouldn't even know where to begin. (smiles) You were right about Isabel. She was my wife. And we had two lovely little girls before the war broke out. Isabel took them to Switzerland, because she hated the Nazis and what Hitler was doing to Germany. It was very hard for her to give them up, it killed her in fact. I just didn't realize it until it was too late. But I supported her decision, and it's because of her they're still alive somewhere today. At least there's that. And I want to see them so badly now.

He looks for reassurance from Marisa, but he might as well be talking to the walls.

The walls are very good listeners.

EXT. A STREET IN BERLIN - WINTER 1940 - DAY

A rakishly debonair young SS LIEUTENANT ERICH DORN looks out the back window of a Berlin City cab proceeding down a busy street in Berlin's bustling business section. The street is unfamiliar to him, and he is having to search all the signs for a shop he's only seen once before.

ERICH  
(voice-over)

The day she left with the girls, I was late getting to the station, and nearly missed saying good-bye to them. I wanted to get them each a little cameo or a cross to remember us, but I didn't know where I could find them in Berlin. I remembered a little pawn shop, with a Star of David on the door, and I wanted the cab driver to take me there, but I couldn't tell him why.

Erich suddenly sees the shop he's looking for, and points out the window.

ERICH

Driver, that pawn shop. Is that a Jew store? Stop here.

EXT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

Erich peers in the window of the pawnshop, with his hands cupped around his eyes to see past the sun's glare.

Inside, the store owner, a little old man wearing a threadbare coat with a cloth star of david over the pocket, is bent humbly over one of the unbroken glass cases, looking through a magnifying glass, performing a delicate repair on a piece of jewelry with a soldering tool.

ERICH  
(voice-over)

Of course, it was forbidden for an SS officer to patronize such a place. I didn't know what to do, or if I could even trust the cab driver not to report me, but when I looked in the window, and saw the old man working inside, I had an idea.

Erich knocks several times on the window.

ERICH

You, inside, old man. Yes you, come out here at once.

Erich turns his back to the window, and looks sharply at several passersby. A young woman, in a fashionable civilian suit, quickens her pace and steps off the curb to avoid him.

The old man comes out the door, and walks slowly over to Erich, confused and frightened as to what this SS Officer wants with him.

ERICH

(voice-over)

He stood there frightened and dumbfounded, while I upbraided him and cuffed him several times for some made-up reason, and then I dragged him by the scruff back inside.

Erich drags the old man over to the window, and forces him to look over there.

ERICH

What is that shit? Do you see it there? I guessed you might be blind, but are you also stupid? Get inside, and fix that display right now.

Erich cuffs the frightened old Jew on the back of the head, and drags him back into the store by the collar of his coat.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Erich stands at the open window.

ERICH

I took him to the back, and apologized to him, and told him what I was looking for, and handed him a fistful of Marks, it could have been a million, I didn't care. I don't even know how much I gave him. Sure enough he had just what I wanted. When I got to the station, I put one in each of my little girls' pockets.

Erich laughs, and nervously lights a cigarette. He takes a long drag and blows the smoke out the open window.

ERICH

(continued)

I hoped that would be the last I'd see of them, that Isabel would just stay in Switzerland with the girls, but she came back. She was always coming back to me.

EXT. RUSSIA 1941 - DAY

A group of German soldiers are headed up to the front. They throw their weapons and backpacks into an Opel truck, but nobody climbs in. Some are nervously smoking cigarettes, others are more jovial and laughing.

ERICH

(voice-over)

When we attacked Russia, I was in command of a reconnaissance platoon and a great bunch of men they were. We were moving very fast and meeting little resistance, and the Russians just kept falling back.

The same nervous boys are now a battle-tested platoon, moving in a tactical formation through a grassy field in Russia.

ERICH

(voice-over)

One day one of the men reported seeing a large, beautiful building on the horizon.

The soldat in the lead gives the signal to stop, and Erich runs in a crouch quickly forward to his position, his MP 42 machine pistol ready if he needs it.

ERICH

Hans, what is wrong? Did you see something?

HANS

Look, over there!

ERICH

(voice-over)

We didn't know it right then, but we were already on the outskirts of Leningrad, and what we were seeing was the famous Tsar's Summer Palace at Ekaterinburg.

In the distance they see the Summer Palace rising majestically as Camelot.

INT. SUMMER PALACE AT TSARSKOYE SELO - RUSSIA 1941 - DAY

The platoon enters the palace, through the front entrance and the men's eyes appear glazed over as they try to take it all in. They look this way and that, there is so much to see and to touch.

ERICH

(voice-over)

Well, I warned them, no looting and no defecating in the drawers of the furniture, and they obeyed me this time. We were all in awe and amazement at the beauty and grandeur of the place.

In what appears to be a main hall, there are many huge crates stamped with familiar names - Renoir, Fragonard, Da Vinci, and many others have Russian labels that include the word "KOMHATA" meaning "Room," for the room in which they were displayed.

ERICH

(voice-over)

Most of the valuables had already been packed into boxes and taken downstairs by the Russians. We had come upon them so fast that they didn't have time to haul them away.

Erich nearly comes out of his skin, and guns come up to the ready, when an old man with a long beard, steps out from behind one of the crates.

One of the men mutters something in colloquial German, perhaps a joke about how the old man looks like Tolstoy.

ERICH

(voice-over)

A caretaker had stayed behind to look after the place - I told my men not to harm him, that he might be useful to us. They began calling him Tolstoy, saying 'Hey, Tolstoy, come here' and he followed them into every room they searched saying 'Nikovo, nikovo nyet zdyes'but they ignored him.

The soldiers appear small and insignificant, as they search upstairs through the great halls and rooms of the palace for Russian soldiers, the old caretaker tagging along behind them like a little watch-dog.

INT. AMBER ROOM - DAY

One by one, the men file past the door, peeking inside, but not entering. It's the famed amber room. Some of the walls are covered with paper, but not completely. The entire room is bathed in a delicate orange light, and the uncovered portions of the walls are filled with gold, and fine amber carvings.

ERICH

(v.o)

Except for that one room, the amber room.

EXT. SUMMER PALACE TSARSKOE SELO - RUSSIA 1941 - DAY

A column of trucks pulls onto the pristine grounds of the palace, and makes its way up the long drive to the front entrance.

ERICH

(voice-over)

Of course when the big-shots in Berlin heard about what we had captured, they ordered in a special team of SS to put a guard around it, and sent curators to catalog everything, and prepare the treasures for shipment back to the Reich.

SS men pile out of the trucks, and begin taking up positions around the grounds.

The old caretaker, tottering on a crooked wooden cane, steps out of the way just in time to avoid the SS men with machine guns that rush past him. Frustrated and helpless he can only watch.

Erich and his men pile into one of the trucks, and as the truck pulls away, Erich sees the old man digging in the ground with a pick, over by the trees, while two SS men stand over him cajoling one another and laughing.

One of the SS men takes out his pistol, and shoots the old man matter-of-factly, and kicks the body into the hole.

ERICH

(voice-over)

They shot the old caretaker the day we left.

EXT. AN AIRFIELD IN PRUSSIA NEAR KOENIGSBERG - 1942 - DAY

A 3-engine JU-52 aircraft with special markings and a SWASTIKA on the tail, lands on a grassy airstrip outside Koenigberg and taxis toward one of the hangars.

The local GAULEITER ERICH KOCH, two Generals, and other officers and civilian officials, men who in their daily lives wield the power of life and death over a cowed and fearful populace, scurry this way and that to get into parade formation.

Behind them, standing rigidly at attention, is a disciplined detail of SS officers and men.

At the head of this group of soldiers stands CAPTAIN MANFRED KRIEGK, but only for this occasion. Beside him is their true leader, LIEUTENANT ERICH DORN.

ERICH

(voice-over)

We became heroes practically overnight, that's how we came to be at the unveiling of the amber room at the Koenigsberg castle. We were told that the Fuehrer wanted to thank us personally, and he and his entourage would be flying into the airfield there, and we were ordered to put on our best dress uniforms.

When the plane has come to a halt, the Fuehrer himself, ADOLF HITLER exits the back of the plane to salutes and shouts of 'Sieg Heil' and is greeted by KOCH and the two Generals.

Following Hitler is the real ruler of Germany, MARTIN BORMANN, a rotund and officious looking man with a bald head.

Bormann looks on as Hitler chats with Koch and the generals.

Bormann looks at his watch, says something to Hitler, the leader remonstrates briefly about it, but finally nods, and Koch and the generals lead him to a waiting staff car.

As the staff car with the German leader pulls away, Bormann struts down and over to the line of SS men, and stops in front of Erich.

Manfred Kriegk steps forward briskly, with an upraised arm.

MANFRED KRIEGK

Heil Hitler.

BORMANN

Yes, Heil Hitler, Kriegk.

The Reichsleiter gives Kriegk but a passing glance and he gets no further than that, as Bormann turns to Erich.

BORMANN

(continued)

So Lieutenant Dorn, that's quite a treasure you've captured for the Reich. The Fuehrer wants to thank you personally, this evening.

ERICH

Thank you, Herr Reichsleiter, my men and I are deeply honored.

BORMANN

So, what do you think? Will we be in Moscow by September?

ERICH

I hope so, Herr Reichsleiter, but

BORMANN

But what? The Wehrmacht is invincible, the German people are invincible.

ERICH

(speaking his mind)

Up to now the Russians have just been retreating, but one day soon, they'll stand and fight and..

BORMANN

And then what?

ERICH

And then all hell is going to freeze over.

BORMANN

Ha ha ha ha ha. Well, Kriegk, what do you say to that? Not much, eh? Oh by the way, young man, I brought you a little something in anticipation of those cold days ahead. You see, you and I have a lot in common, more than you know, perhaps.

Bormann signals to his aide, who is standing at the door of the plane, and then as if to make a big show, snaps his fingers loudly.

ERICH

(voice-over)

When Isabel stepped off Hitler's plane that day, I didn't know what to think.

Isabel Dorn, sporting a new and fashionably tailored field-gray uniform of the Women's Naval Auxiliary, appears at the door, and steps lightly from the Fuehrer's plane. At the top of the ladder she turns sideways, and strikes a Betty Boop pose, with her hands on her knees, and gets a special salute from the men of the platoon.

BORMANN

(v.o.)

She's a great little secretary, that one, doesn't mind working overtime, if you know what I mean.

EXT. EAST PRUSSIA - 1945 - DAY

Russian troops enter a small Prussian village on the border, and begin ransacking shops and homes, dragging the men and boys into the street to be killed, and taking the girls elsewhere to be raped.

A sign at the edge of town says Nemmersdorf.

ERICH

(voice-over)

The next day, Isabel went back to Berlin, and my unit returned to the front. It's hard to fathom it all now - the days all seem to run together into one. It got very cold in Russia that year. Moscow didn't fall, and neither did Leningrad, and we lost more than a million men at Stalingrad. After Stalingrad every day became a lifetime, and we were retreating all the time. We were cut-off in Danzig when the Russians crossed the Oder River and started their last big push to Berlin. Our troops and civilians were retreating in a panic, and the air was filled with stories of brutal rapes and killings.

Now a Captain, Erich Dorn marches with his platoon of weary battle-hardened men down a frozen winter road in East Prussia. The road is littered with abandoned trucks and equipment.

A worn-out and beaten group of men trudge slowly past Erich's platoon, unable or unwilling to even meet the eyes of their comrades, and Erich grabs the first officer he sees by the collar. The young Lieutenant points east, and just shakes his head. He's not going back there.

ERICH

(voice-over)

I remember stopping an officer who was running away from the battle. I told him to get hold of himself, and report what he had seen - he said there were too many tanks to count. I should have shot him on the spot but I couldn't waste the bullet, so I let him go, and we went the other way.

Erich pulls his Luger pistol from his holster, and quickly reholsters it, and lets go the young man.

As the squad moves out, the young officer just stands there watching them.

LATER

The platoon has marched nearly all day, and they are dog-tired, but still they don't complain. They're too tired even for that.

Erich walks beside his grizzled old Sergeant, and the old man points to something up ahead. Erich indicates for the men to take a break, but it even hurts to lie down.

ERICH

(voice-over)

We came to a spot where the main road into Danzig wound through a narrow pass, where I knew the Russian tanks would have to go single file and we could ambush them. I ordered my men to dig in on both sides, and our snipers set up on the hillsides overlooking the pass to kill any of their infantry that might be protecting the tanks.

Erich points to either side of the road, and the men hurriedly begin digging in with their entrenching shovels.

ERICH

(voice-over)

We found two anti-tank guns that were still operable, whose crews hadn't deserted. I knew that if my men could sap the lead tank, those guns would finish the job.

A crew of men begin pushing a heavy anti-tank gun up one side of the hill. On the other side of the ravine, another crew is laying camouflage net and branches to hide their big gun.

ERICH

(voice-over)

When they came, we were ready for them.

A sniper sits atop the ridge polishing the lens of his rifle scope, puts the scope up to his eye, and sights assuredly down the distant road.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

His face saddened with remorse and painted with deep shadows, Erich just looks very old, and very tired.

ERICH

I was so proud of my men that day. I wanted to recommend every one of them for an Iron Cross, but we weren't fighting for medals any more. And we weren't fighting for Germany either. We were fighting, I think, just to stay out of hell for one more day. (turning to Marisa) But you know more about that than I do, you've already been there.

EXT. PORT OF GOTENHAFEN IN EAST PRUSSIA - DAY

Two large ships, one of them the liner Wilhelm Gustloff, sit tied up at the dock in Gotenhafen. Workers and crew members come and go in the brutal winter cold via the wooden ramps set up forward and aft, and the decks are being filled with passengers and wounded. Around the ships stands the ubiquitous cordon of military police guards armed with machine pistols holding back the crowd.

ERICH

(voice-over)

After that battle, we were pulled back, to defend Danzig. We had bought some time for the refugees and the port of Gotenhafen was filled with them. They were literally streaming into the city, and flooding the docks. It was utter mayhem. The ships were already filled with wounded, and convoys of trucks arrived every day with more of them.

A panic surges through the crowd, and soldiers and civilians begin pushing in on the guards, and several men and women slip past the guards and dash to the ship.

A Kubelwagen with Kriegk and Isabel riding inside, pulls onto the dock and makes its way slowly through the tangle of people waiting by the pier.

ERICH

(voice-over)

That's when I saw Isabel again, she arrived with Kriegk one day. They were waiting for the amber room and the other treasures to arrive from Koenigsberg. Her job was to ensure that it all got loaded on the Wilhelm Gustloff, a large passenger liner that was being sailed back to Germany.

Isabel shows her papers to an SS guard, and the guard waves them through to the forward brow of the Wilhelm Gustloff.

INT. WILHELM GUSTLOFF - DAY

A steward leads Isabel forward through the ship to her compartment.

ERICH

(voice-over)

She had her own stateroom on the ship, and I was able to visit her there several times.

INT. WILHELM GUSTLOFF - NIGHT

Isabel answers the door, wearing only her uniform pants and boots, but bare to the waist, holding a towel in front of her to cover her bosom, and falls into Erich's expectant arms.

All modesty aside, the towel drops to the floor.

Erich is sitting up in bed, with Isabel by his side, her back toward him, curled up asleep. She rolls over restlessly in her sleep, feeling for him in the dark, and buries her head in his shoulder.

EXT. DANZIG 1945 - DAY

A German staff car makes its way along a dirt highway, through the mud and snow. The road is lined with refugees and retreating soldiers, but they're nearly indistinguishable now.

Isabel and Kriegk sit in the back of the staff car. Kriegk stares straight ahead, and Isabel looks pensively out the window at the passing people.

A Russian Sturmovik fighter plane suddenly appearing as if out of nowhere, strafes the column of refugees, and bullets stitch the road on either side of the staff car.

ERICH

(voice-over)

She told me that on the day she arrived, their staff car had been strafed by a Russian Sturmovik fighter plane. Kriegk was able to get out of the car, but he would have left her there to die.

The staff car veers off the road and lands in a ditch on the side.

Kriegk jumps out of the car and runs away down the road.

Isabel, somewhat dazed from the accident, a trickle of blood on her forehead, leans forward and feels for the driver, but he is dead.

ERICH

(voice-over)

Luckily she made it into a ditch beside the road before the plane came back, but nearly got herself killed helping a little girl, who had lost her parents in the first attack.

Isabel jumps down into the ditch by the side of the road, but seeing a little girl wandering aimlessly above her, reaches up and just manages to pull her down into the ditch with her, ahead of the aircraft's next strafing run.

The staff car ignites and explodes, showering Isabel and the little girl with dirt and debris.

Isabel stands up in the ditch, helps the little girl to her feet, and dusts her off and wipes her face with a handkerchief. She leads her back up to the road, and hands her off to an old woman.

Kriegk stands in the center of the road, and waves his Luger at two Wehrmacht officers in an approaching Kubelwagen.

ERICH

(voice-over)

Then Kriegk flagged down a Kubelwagen, and took it away from two Wehrmacht officers at gunpoint.

EXT. FINLAND 1945 - NIGHT

An aircraft, a captured British Lysander with no national markings, floats practically silently overhead, and a lone figure appears at the open door and leaps out into the night.

The parachutist, swinging like a pendulum on an invisible fulcrum, floats to the ground.

Below him, in the near distance, is the port city of Turku, a Finnish 'Casablanca' filled with intrigue, and crawling now with Russians.

From the ground, only the rooftops of the medieval city are visible against the dark sky.

ERICH

(voice-over)

Just before the Gustloff sailed, I parachuted into Finland. They had been our allies. I had received special orders to deliver a letter to a man in the port city of Turku. I didn't know it at the time, but the man was a Russian, and my Russian interrogators told me later that the letter I gave him contained the date and time that the Wilhelm Gustloff was to sail, and the route they were to take.

Now safely on the ground, in a grass field he gathers up all the loose ends of his parachute.

As he enters the town, the facades of the Finnish buildings give way to a narrow twisting street, crowded with hearty Swedes, robust Finns, and Russian sailors out looking for a good time. Until recently the Russians and the Finns were bitter rivals in a gruesome winter war, now they fight over women.

Erich enters a dark alley behind a bar, and knocks at the back door.

An attractive middle-aged Swedish woman answers the door, and Erich comes in from the cold.

EXT. BALTIC SEA - 1945 - DAY

The Wilhelm Gustloff breaks free of tug-boats and puts out to sea under her own power.

ERICH

(voice-over)

By the time I returned to Danzig,  
the ship was already leaving port.

Three explosions in quick succession rock the huge liner in the night and she leans over taking on water.

Passengers on the deck of the Gustloff slip and slide on the icy deck.

A man slides into the water.

Everywhere is confusion and panic- a woman passenger holds a flashlight while several men work feverishly at the cletes holding up a lifeboat.

The boat drops, hits the water and capsizes immediately, while five men row away in a practically empty lifeboat.

Later, a submarine, a shadow in the night, stands fixed on the horizon as,

The Wilhelm Gustloff sinks beneath the waves.

ERICH

(voice-over)

My men and I volunteered to help  
search for survivors, and I checked  
the lists every day, but Isabel's  
body was never found.

A searchlight scans the surface of the water for survivors among the wreckage, but nobody could have survived for long in the near freezing waters of the Baltic Sea.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

ERICH

The situation in Danzig had become hopeless. Even Gauleiter Koch, who had ordered all refugees and deserters to be shot on sight, arrived one day and commandeered one of the few remaining ships, a minesweeper for himself and some of his henchmen and their whores. For two weeks they sailed only at night, pulling in close to shore to hide in the daytime, and drinking and reveling like there was no tomorrow.

EXT. BALTIC SEA - 1945 - DAY

In heavy rain and sleet, a German seaplane flies along the coast and heads out into the Baltic Sea.

ERICH

(voice-over)

We were ordered to fly out to meet them in a seaplane, to dive down on the wreck of the Gustloff and recover the treasure for them from the cargo hold before the Russians could get to it. It was freezing cold that day, and a bitter rain and sleet was falling on the surface of the water.

Despite the heavy icy rain, the seaplane finds the minesweeper Ostpreussen and sets down on the water beside her, amid the litter and the wreckage of the sunken liner.

Erich and one of his men make ready their diving equipment on the deck of the Ostpreussen.

A drunken SS officer, his tunic unbuttoned and bareheaded, staggers out on deck with a floosy on his arm and, seeing the men at work, offers them a bottle of French cognac.

The floosy seems to like Erich.

ERICH

(voice-over)

But beneath the surface when we got down there, it was surreal. Bodies floated everywhere, at every depth, slowly decaying, and inside the ship we had to push them aside to get through, as if we were in a flooded department store full of mannequins.

Divers jump from the minesweeper into the icy water, while other men on deck carefully play out the airhose like an umbilical cord.

Bodies float everywhere in the dark water beneath the surface, surreally illuminated by the diver's lights.

A diver makes out the silhouette of the Wilhelm Gustloff lying on the bottom of the sea, and points to the others.

ERICH

(voice-over)

In the cargo hold, where the amber was supposed to have been stored, I saw the bodies of several women and I held my breath as I examined each one. I looked into each of their faces, not even knowing if I'd still recognize her, but Isabel wasn't there, and neither was the amber.

Erich makes his way through a flooded corridor, and stops at one of the holds and wrenches open the handles of the dogged-down door, and stares eerily into the face of death. Behind another nameless dead woman, are foodstores but no crates.

ERICH

(voice-over)

Koch and Kriegk were livid with anger. The amber was to have been their ticket out, but it wasn't there. I didn't know it then, but Koch and Himmler and Bormann had all planned to meet in Flensburg at the Naval base after Berlin fell to the Russians. I found out after the war, that Himmler was captured by the British, but committed suicide before he could be examined. And Koch evaded capture for nearly a year, but he too was finally captured and extradited to Russia. I saw him in Lubyanka prison several times, but the Russians never allowed us to talk.

EXT. BERLIN - 1945 - NIGHT

Berlin is in flames. It's the last days of the Third Reich. The city is under siege by the Russians from practically all points, but isolated pockets of Germans continue to defend, fanatics to the end.

Russian artillery mercilessly pounds the area around the Reichstag and the Chancellery buildings, literally the doorstep of the Nazi regime, while less than 200 meters away Hitler and his staff prepare for the inevitable end.

ERICH

(voice-over)

I was ordered back to Berlin, to deliver the bad news directly to Bormann and assist him and the others to make their escape. Despite being hit by flak several times, my pilot miraculously was able to land on the broad East-West Axis, a wide promenade that had been cleared of all trees and converted into an airstrip.

A Storch single-engine aircraft, bounced by explosions of flak all around it, descends directly over the heart of the city, just barely manages to clear the Victory Monument and careens onto the broad avenue where it comes to a stop near the Brandenburg Gate.

Erich Dorn, visibly shaken, exits the aircraft, and stands for a moment with his pilot, looking up at the dark sky, as another tiny plane, captured in the searchlights, is battered by a seamless carpet of Russian anti-aircraft fire.

ERICH

I guess we weren't the only fools out that night. It was General von Greim, and the famous female test-pilot Hanna Reitsch, who had come at the last moment to rescue Hitler.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Erich gazes out the window at the sunrise, and feels the warmth hit his unshaven face.

ERICH

I never got to the lower floor of the bunker, and I never saw Hitler. I waited for word on the floor above them, where the servants and the SS troops were quartered. I was surprised when Bormann came up to see me by himself, When I gave him the bad news about the amber, he surprised me again; he didn't seem at all upset, just sat thoughtfully sipping his coffee, and then he told me to standby for a couple of days. Just as he was leaving he turned and asked me if I could still get him to Flensburg. Admiral Doenitz was setting up a provisional government there, that would take over when the Fuehrer had done the honorable thing - those were his words. How ironic that at that time, either of them should have been thinking about their honor.

MARISA  
(weakly)

Did you, did you get him out of Berlin?

Erich looks over, caught off-guard by her sudden response.

ERICH

How long have you been eavesdropping on my soliloquy?

Marisa smiles weakly.

MARISA

I'm not sure. At first, I thought I was dreaming, but then I smelled the smoke from those awful Russian cigarettes. I think that's what woke me up.

Erich hurriedly snuffs out the cigarette, and flips it out the window.

Marisa pats the bed, and he sits down in the chair beside her.

MARISA  
(continued)

Did he, did Bormann get away?

Erich takes Marisa's hand, and gives it a reassuring pat.

ERICH

No, Martin Bormann is dead.

EXT. FRANZ JOSEF HOSPITAL - DAY

A taxi-cab comes to a screeching halt by the front entrance to the hospital.

Viktor stands outside the cab, with his coat over his arm, and pays the cab driver.

VIKTOR

Here you go. And keep the change,  
for getting me here so quickly.

Viktor doesn't wait for the cab to pull away, but turns and dashes directly up the steps.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Marisa is now fully awake, and sitting up supported by some pillows.

MARISA

We can buy you a little time,  
Erich, but not much, and I'll talk  
to Major Barnswell about you.  
Sooner or later Kriegk will figure  
out that I lied to him, and he and  
his soldier will be back.

ERICH

You don't have to worry about them  
and the big one - he's dead.

MARISA

But Kriegk won't give up, and  
ODESSA will send him another, and  
another after him. The world will  
never be rid of them, I know that  
now.

ERICH

I know it too. I learned about the ODESSA organization in Lubyanka - they're very powerful now, and more connected than you or I know, even in the Soviet Union. Before I left, a prisoner slipped me a note with the name of a man in Munich who will help me to obtain forged papers, and get out of Germany. I don't want to work for them, but I need them and I have to get back that photograph of Isabel and...

Erich stops short, as if he may already have said too much.

MARISA

And what Erich, the other one? The one with the rest of the numbers, the one that Isabel kept with her? Isabel didn't die on the boat, did she? I guessed that there had to be another piece to the puzzle. But what is the prize?

Erich looks away, disgusted with himself for the slip-up.

ERICH

You're very good.

MARISA

Viktor has your photograph, he took it with him to California, but he doesn't know how important it is. You have to get to him before he gives it back, and find the other one, and Isabel if she's still alive.

Erich leans down and kisses Marisa on the cheek.

Suddenly the door bursts open, and Viktor rushes in. His intensity is the sum of all the strain he has been under, the long plane ride without any sleep, the nerve-wracking days without any news of Marisa's condition.

Viktor, seeing Erich at her side now, at this time, can only jump to the wrong conclusion.

He grabs Erich by the throat, and begins to squeeze.

VIKTOR

You son of a bitch. I'll kill you.

Erich doesn't try to defend himself against the younger, stronger man - allowing himself to be battered, growing weak as a rag-doll in Viktor's tight grip. But it's all right with Viktor, who just continues to squeeze - he can kill a Nazi even if he won't fight back.

ERICH

(desperately)

If you kill me, you'll never get what you want and you'll never beat ODESSA.

MARISA

Viktor stop it, let him go. He's telling the truth. You have to let him go. Now Viktor!!

Marisa struggles to get out of the bed, but her legs are too weak, and she falls promptly to the floor, and begins to sob.

Viktor looks down at Marisa, with a questioning look of betrayal on his face, and lets go of Erich.

MARISA

Where's the photograph? What did you do with the photograph of Isabel?

VIKTOR

(still confused)

I, I returned it to the boy's mother.

MARISA

Oh, dear God, no.

Erich collects himself and walks out, closing the door behind him.

INT. MUNICH STATION - DAY

Erich steps up to the ticket window.

ERICH

What time is the next train to Geneva?

WOMAN

The next one departs at 1110, and arrives in Geneva at 1952, sir.

ERICH

One ticket, please.

WOMAN

I'll need to see your passport, Sir.

Erich hands her his newly forged passport.

INT. TRAIN TO GENEVA - DAY

Erich, finally able to take a deep breath, unfolds the Munich newspaper on his lap, and is surprised to see Kriegk's photograph on the back page already.

CLOSE ON the newspaper article:

"MAN SOUGHT IN ATTACK ON WOMAN

American military police are searching for a man who attacked a young woman after she surprised him in her downtown office. The man, believed to be a German national, is wanted for numerous assaults on young women..."

ERICH

(mutters to himself)

That should keep him busy for a while.

EXT. TRAIN TO GENEVA - DAY

The day train peacefully winds it's way through the German countryside.

EXT. DR. SCHMIDT'S ESTATE NEAR VIENNA - DAY

Manfred Kriegk, his arm in a sling, sits outside at a table by the pool sipping a cool drink. Dr. Schmidt, an attentive and impeccably well-dressed man in his fifties, sits across the table.

DR. SCHMIDT

You're sure it was Dorn that you fought with? And he recognized you?

KRIEGK

Yes, he called me by name.

DR. SCHMIDT

Then he can't be trusted anymore,  
he'll have to be killed.

KRIEGK

(betraying his interest)

No, no, on the contrary. I'm  
convinced he has much to offer  
ODESSA. His fight with me is  
strictly personal - he thinks that  
I am the one responsible for the  
death of his wife. But my contacts  
in Army intelligence tell me that  
he hasn't betrayed us. He hasn't  
told them anything yet.

DR. SCHMIDT

But you killed his wife, and sent  
him on that dive, knowing he would  
see her.

KRIEGK

Yes, but I was only following  
orders. That was all Bormann's  
idea.

DR. SCHMIDT

What about the Jewish girl?

KRIEGK

Miss Janning? She tricked me, but  
someday I'll get even with her.

The phone on the table rings. Schmidt lets it ring a second  
time before picking up.

DR. SCHMIDT

Schmidt here. Ja. Ja. Ausgezeichnet  
- excellent.

Dr. Schmidt puts down the receiver, and takes a gold cigarette  
case from beneath his coat, and opens it up.

He takes out a cigarette, and taps it punctiliously on the  
table before lighting it.

DR. SCHMIDT  
(continued)

That was our forger in Munich, Herr Mueller. Dorn just boarded the train to Geneva. He's traveling under the name Erich Feldman.

KRIEGK

Geneva? His wife was from Geneva - he's going home. Is there any way to get onto that train?

DR. SCHMIDT

In Friedrichshafen. Dorn will have to leave the train there, to transfer to the ferry to cross Lake Constance. You can follow him from there. But be careful, Kriegk. The man is extremely resourceful.

KRIEGK

Yes, but after being in prison so long, he's like a fish out of the water. If we give him enough line, he'll lead us right to Bormann. He's the only one who can.

EXT. LAC GENEVE, SWITZERLAND - DAY

An ecru colored convertible Mercedes 300SL, with the top pulled down, winds its way along a road, over the hills and vales of a Swiss country road.

Karen, giddy from all the fresh air and sunshine, leans way out, and feels the wind take hold of her dark hair, and smear it across her face.

KAREN

Oh, Lise, I thought Paris was lovely, but this is like being inside a fairy-tale. I had forgotten how beautiful Switzerland is. Let's trade; you take the boys, and I'll take this for a year.

Lise is bundled up in a scarf to protect her complexion, and wearing sun-glasses.

LISE

(somewhat somberly)

Sorry, we all have our little Russian crosses to bear, and this one is mine. (fingering the bob at the end of her necklace) But I do feel a little guilty about you having to leave the boys all alone like that.

KAREN

(turning on the sarcasm)  
Yes, summers in Southern California can be so boring when mom's not around. But don't feel too sorry for them. Scott is staying with Danny, and he has summer school and Little League to keep him busy, and, believe me, Joe and JP are in teen heaven, with the house all to themselves. And Mr. Gravis promised he wouldn't let them burn it down. Besides, this could get dangerous.

LISE

(checks her rear-view mirror)  
Do you think so?

KAREN

Yes, I do, don't you? Those people scare me, and who knows what our father is like? So let's just find the other photo and take them both to Mr. Danzig, and prove that this SS man is not our father, and we'll be done with it. I hope our real papa is dead.

LISE

You don't mean that.

KAREN

(tearing up)

Yes, I think I do.

EXT. BAUER VILLA ON LAC GENEVE - SWITZERLAND - DAY

The Mercedes pulls up to the front of the villa and stops.

Lise checks her watch, just to be sure.

LISE

(yanking hard to set the parking brake)

Well, there's nobody here yet. But they said they'd be here at noon, we are a little early.

KAREN

Why don't we go inside. (imitating Judi Garland) Yes, let's go inside.

LISE

There could be spiders in there. I think we should wait (taps the steering wheel to mark the spot) right here.

Karen venturously opens the door, and gets out of the car. She stands for a moment on one foot, collecting her crutches, peeking this way and that, trying to see around the corners of the villa, her curiosity finally getting the better of her.

KAREN

(clomping off toward the house)  
C'mon 'fraidy cat, it's our house.

Lise takes the keys out of the ignition, finds the big old house-key on the key-ring, and joins up with her by the front door.

INT. FRONT ROOM OF THE VILLA - DAY

The room is dusty, dark and dank, and everything is embroidered in a fine screen of cob-webs that glistens in the light. The once white sheets covering the furniture are now gray from all the layers of dust that's settled on them.

When the door slides opens with barely a push, Karen feels the full force of the stale room.

KAREN

Well that was easy, but whew, we need to air the place out first.

LISE

Oh dear, my asthma. Maybe I should wait outside.

KAREN

Put a hanky over your mouth, and get in here, chicken and put up some of these windows, and I'll go throw open the back door.

Lise draws open the curtains, swipes and makes a face at the

dust around her, and puts her whole back and all her weight into opening the front window.

LISE  
(yelling at the window, actually)  
If I can't breathe tonight, it will  
be all your fault.

The window creaks and moans, resisting all of her effort, but finally gives way, and Lise leans forward out the window and inhales a deep breath of fresh air.

KAREN  
(very close-by)  
Well that's done. Now where do you  
think those photos are?

LISE  
  
Oh, I don't know. In the attic, I  
suppose. There's a lot of old boxes  
up there. (pointing) Remember,  
there's a stairs inside that door.

KAREN  
  
Am I gonna have to go up there by  
myself?

LISE  
  
Do you mind?

KAREN  
  
Well, find me a flashlight or  
something. I think I saw some  
candles in the kitchen.

LISE  
  
I'll get them.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Karen clings for dear life to a tarnished brass candle holder, as she fearfully ascends the stairs, and disappears into the darkness on the landing above.

KAREN  
  
Don't go away, honey. I might need  
you.

LISE  
(her voice leaning in)

I'm right here. (lying) I can still see you.

KAREN

Well, in case you can't, I'm turning the doorknob - it's not locked - and I'm stepping inside. Here I go.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Karen stands dumbstruck in the candlelight, surrounded by dust and webs, and overturned boxes and crates. Old letters, papers and pages torn from many books are strewn across the floor, and the empty covers are torn from many of them and laying in a pile.

KAREN

Oh dear, what a mess, there's boxes and paper all over the floor and...and there's something big in the corner.

In the corner is a dark figure, geometrically not unlike a large potato sack hunched over.

LISE

What?

KAREN

I think somebody got here before us, because...Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

The SOUND of Karen's sudden scream echoes through the old house.

Lise runs up the stairs.

LISE

(struggling for a breath)  
Karen, Liebchen what's the matter?

KAREN

Oh, n-n-nothing dear, I- I always scream when I see a dead body.

Karen bends low with the candle, illuminating what we now see is the body of a man, slumped over in the corner.

Lise bursts into the room, but stops dead in her tracks, a look of fear suddenly forming on her face, but not because of the body.

Manfred Kriegk steps slowly from the shadows with a gun in his hand.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Manfred Kriegk grins sheepishly and pockets his pistol, but only because it's empty.

KRIEGK

You ladies gave me quite a start. I was hiding here in case the killer returned. Evidently he got what he wanted, and he's not coming back.

LISE

Oh, dear, I do hope you're right. We'd better call the police right away.

KRIEGK

(pretending not to have heard her)  
Is this your place?

LISE

Yes it's ours, but we really should

KRIEGK

Do you know this man?

KAREN

No, who is he, and who are you?

KRIEGK

I'm a police officer for Interpol,  
and I've been following him from  
Munich, his name is Erich Dorn.

Karen feels her knees begin to buckle, and drops the candle to the floor.

Kriegk cavalierly grabs her quickly around the waist, and helps her to a chair, swiping some books away to seat her comfortably.

Kriegk, does a double-take, as if seeing something or someone familiar in Karen's face.

KRIEGK

(mutters in disbelief)

Is-a-bel.

He wants to examine her more closely, but it's dark.

He looks around for the candle.

Lise, seeing the look on his face and having read his lips seems wise to him. With the candle already in her hand, she quickly moves around behind her sister.

Shadows move around Karen, protecting her like her guardian angel.

Karen, for the time being safely unrecognizable in the shadows, is coming back around.

KAREN

I'm all right now. I don't know  
what could have happened.

Kriegk backs off, his brain unable to put all the pieces together yet, but the girl's resemblance to Isabel is uncanny and his curiosity has surely been piqued.

KRIEGK

Did either of you know him, or do  
you have any idea what he and the  
others might have been looking for?

LISE

(responding too quickly perhaps)  
No, we didn't know him. Our name is  
Bauer, and we haven't been here for  
many years. Nobody has. Perhaps he  
was hiding out here.

KAREN

You said you were following him.  
What did he do?

KRIEGK

(coolly, scarcely missing a beat)  
He, was smuggling drugs.

Karen has regained her composure now, and caught on to Lise's act, and her color along with her naturally suspicious nature have returned to her face.

KAREN

Well that explains it then. Umm, we were supposed to meet some people here in a little while, to show them the house. They'll be here any minute now. And we should call the local police.

KRIEGK

Don't bother. I'll notify them by radio, and I'll ask them to come right out. In fact, I think it would be best if you wait right here until I get back. I won't be long, I just have to go out to my car.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE THE BAUER VILLA - DAY

Manfred Kriegk limps hurriedly down the long drive-way to the road, swiping at the sweat pouring from his forehead with a handkerchief, and tucks it back into the sling on his arm.

At the car, a rented German sedan, he reaches into his pocket, and pulls out the empty handgun and angrily throws it into the bushes.

Taking one last look toward the house, he yanks open the car-door.

Knelt down in the dirt beside the car, Kriegk pulls a leather attache case from under the front seat, and turns it and opens it so the contents are facing him. Quickly and methodically he assembles the pieces of the automatic weapon, lifting each piece carefully from the molded lining, and snaps in a full magazine.

EXT. A VANTAGE POINT OVER-LOOKING THE VILLA - DAY

In the distance, Manfred Kriegk stumbles up the driveway to the road, where his car is parked.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Erich Dorn raises his rifle, a worn WWII Mauser and sights along the barrel.

He inhales slowly as his micro-fine movements track Kriegk's distant figure through the gun-site, then gently, practically imperceptibly squeezes the trigger.

SOUND of a loud rifle shot breaks the stillness.

EXT. ANOTHER ANGLE

After what seems much too long an interval, Kriegk, a tiny irrelevant stick figure in the distance, turns back toward the villa, and suddenly falls to the ground, and doesn't move.

EXT. BAUER VILLA - DAY

Karen and Lise are standing together on the porch of the villa, their backs to the door, comforting and consoling one another.

A white Volkswagen Beetle is now parked beside Lise's Mercedes.

Viktor comes out of the villa and stands with the girls, pulling the door closed behind them.

VIKTOR

It's not your father, but the man was in the SS - they all had tattoos on the left arm, and he had a burn scar on his arm right there. He probably had it removed by ODESSA. He had a forged passport in the name of Erich Feldman, with your father's picture.

KAREN

The Interpol man was certain he was Erich Dorn, our father.

LISE

That's what he said, yes.

VIKTOR

He was lying. And he was no policeman from Interpol. He was Manfred Kriegk. I found his body up by the road, as we were coming in. He's an ex-concentration camp commandant, an ODESSA operative and a ruthless killer. He's the one who nearly killed my fiance, Marisa, and he was coming back to kill you.

LISE

Oh dear.

KAREN

Viktor's right, he would have killed us both, but not until he was done with us. We're lucky to be alive.

LISE

Do you know who killed him?

Lise almost instinctively grips tightly the key on the end of her necklace.

KAREN

Erich Dorn killed him, didn't he, and the other man too. They followed him here, but he killed them both. Only our father would have known to come here. And now he has the other photograph.

VIKTOR

We'll know in a couple of days. He promised he'd contact us.

KAREN

And what if he doesn't? I mean, why should he? As far as we know, he's just another brainwashed Nazi killer. And who are we to him? Do you think he knows who we are or cares anymore? He could be planning to kill us right now too.

Lise suddenly lifts her eyes and looks around at the thought that her daddy could still be out there somewhere, her face clearly not so pessimistic or fearful as her sister's, radiating the hope of many hopeless nights.

LISE

No, I believe he knows who we are.

INT. LOBBY OF WIESBADEN'S OFFICE - DAY

The outer office is under siege by members of the international press. There is a feeling of tense excitement in the air, for all the newspaper reporters and photographers.

A local news crew are busy setting up their cameras, taking light-level readings and performing sound checks on their microphones.

A German female reporter is getting some last minute color applied to her face, garish paint that makes her look grotesque, but looks good on a black and white television screen.

The door to the office opens, and Simon Wiesbaden appears in the doorway, flanked by Viktor and Marisa.

SIMON

Ladies and gentlemen, please, I have an important announcement to make.

The cameras flash in an arpeggio of lights, and the noise diminishes to a steady ground-level, as crew members melt out of the way and into the background.

SIMON

(continued)

I want to first make a brief statement, and then my associates and I will answer all of your questions.

Unable to contain himself, a reporter shouts from the back of the room.

REPORTER

Simon, is it the amber room? Did you find the amber room?

Immediately there is an avalanche of other unsolicited questions: 'Is it Hitler? Eva Braun? Martin Bormann? Josef Mengele?'

Simon holds up his hands, to quiet the crowd.

SIMON

Eighteen years ago I embarked on a remarkable quest to bring the worst, and arguably the most despicable criminals in history to justice. It's been a very rough road, to say the least. But today, justice is being served a righteous shot in the arm. As I speak, at this very moment, a diving team, working with the US Army and in full cooperation with the German government, is in the water, in the Baltic Sea diving on the wreck of an aircraft that is believed to have crashed there in May of 1945.

It is still too early to speculate about who or what was on board that aircraft, but suffice it to say that if the information that we have obtained is indeed accurate, a great deal of the doubt and uncertainty, that has hung like a dark cloud over the last days of the Third Reich, will be removed, and many of its secrets may at last be brought to light.

And now, I'd like to introduce two of my associates, Mr. Viktor Danzig and his lovely new bride, Marisa, who will help me answer your questions and to whom I would just like to say 'mazel tov.'

The reporters all scream their questions at once.

REPORTER

Simon, who do you think is on the aircraft? Is it Hitler, is it Bormann?

SIMON

Like I said, it's too early to speculate.

REPORTER

How did you figure it all out?

SIMON

It was a team effort, that took many hours of research and literally hundreds of interviews.

REPORTER

Yeah, yeah right. Marisa, who killed the man in your apartment?

REPORTER

Was it the same man who put you in the hospital?

MARISA

I didn't get a look at the man; I was unconscious when it all happened.

Marisa, feeling herself tiring, looks around for Viktor. Viktor lends his arm for support.

REPORTER

Viktor, does this have anything to do with the man who was released to the west last week? We heard you talked to him. Was it Erich Koch?

VIKTOR

No, it wasn't Koch. The man we talked to that day was unimportant, uncooperative, and anything he said would have been unreliable at best.

REPORTER

Can you tell us any more about the men who were found dead at the villa in Switzerland, do you know who they were yet? And how about the one who was assassinated two days ago in Munich. Isn't this the work of a professional assassin?

VIKTOR

There appear to be some similarities, but we have no reason to believe they are the work of the same person. The police in Munich and Geneva are investigating those crimes as unrelated incidents.

REPORTER

But you've talked to them right?

REPORTER

Was there a second shooter? I heard the second shooter was a woman.

REPORTER

Simon, Simon!!

EXT. A BEACH ON THE BALTIC SEA - 2008 - DAY

Karen, now an old woman in her late seventies, sits on the beach on a late summer afternoon, sunning herself beneath an umbrella, and proofreading and making notes in a manuscript for her latest book that she has open on her lap.

She's having to squint to see the page in the bright sun, even with her blue Dodger ball cap pulled down tightly over her eyes.

Two children, a boy and girl are playing down the beach. The little boy, not as adventurous as the girl, runs barely to the water's edge, shovels a little wet sand into his plastic pail and then runs quickly back to the safety of the dry sand, while the little girl seems quite at peace, bobbing back and forth in the shallow water, on an inflatable plastic tube shaped like a green alligator.

The little boy sifts through the sand in his bucket, and finding something that excites him, runs up the strand to Karen to show her.

Karen closes the manuscript on her thumb, keeping her page.

ERICH

Grandma, grandma. Look what I have found. It's a pretty stone.

KAREN

Oh my, that is pretty. Where'd you find that?

ERICH

Over there.

Little Erich points to the beach, to where the girl is swimming.

ERICH  
(continued)

What is it?

KAREN

It's a piece of amber. There's lots of it here on the Baltic shore.

ERICH

What's amber?

KAREN

It's a beautiful gem, like a diamond. The Germans call it the burn stone.

ERICH

Where does it come from?

KAREN

Well, it comes from trees that died and fell into the water a long long time ago. When the sap drips out, it begins to harden, and after a million years it turns into amber. Sometimes it sits for years and years on the bottom of the sea, until just the right wave comes along and snatches it up, and throws it onto the beach.

ERICH

(with a serious expression)  
Maybe I should put it back, for great grandma.

KAREN

Oh no, honey. I'm sure she'd want you to have it. Maybe if you look, you can even find some more.

Little Erich grins broadly, but suddenly gets a perplexed look on his face.

ERICH

Grandma, are you crying?

Karen feels a little chill come over her, and struggling a little, pulls the corners of her jacket up around each of her shoulders.

KAREN

I'm not crying, honey. I just got a little sand in my eye, that's all. Go and play with your sister now, because we have to leave tomorrow. After aunt Lise is done with her interview, she is coming here to take us all to the airport, and you get to fly home with your mommy and daddy.

ERICH

Aren't you coming with us?

KAREN

No, honey, not this time. I'm going to stay here for a while, and help her with her memoirs. Then I have to go to Paris, to meet the pretty actress who is going to play me in the movie. So you run along and have fun, and don't worry.

She gives the little boy a hug, and a pat on the butt to get him going.

ERICH

Okay.

Karen watches for a moment as little Erich runs off down the beach, shouting to his sister 'Isabel, Isabel' as he goes.

She reopens the manuscript, and begins reading.

KAREN

(pressing a finger to pursed lips)  
Now, let's see, where was I? Here it is: The Fieseler Storch nosed over, wanting to fly, but slowly picking up speed. Shouldering the only parachute, Dorn kicked open the door of the aircraft.

Karen begins to type.

INT. A FIESELER STORCH AIRCRAFT OVER THE BALTIC SEA - 1945 - DAY

The pilot-less plane noses over, slowly picking up speed.

Erich sits straddling the front seat, by the open door of the aircraft, his gun trained on Bormann in the middle seat of the three-seater, as he brings the parachute harness up and around

his other shoulder.

Bormann is very agitated, and sweating profusely as only a fat man can sweat.

BORMANN

What are you doing? You promised to get me to Flensburg.

ERICH

I promised to get you out of Berlin. Unless I've reckoned incorrectly, that's the Baltic Sea down below us now.

BORMANN

But I can't fly this plane by myself. Why are you doing this?

ERICH

For Isabel, for my wife.

BORMANN

But I had nothing to do with that. Kriegk did that on his own, I swear. I told him to get her off the ship before it sailed.

ERICH

And all those late nights in Berlin, were they all Kriegk's doing too?

Erich doesn't elaborate, but Bormann fully gets his drift.

BORMANN

(truly penitent)

Please don't do this. Do you have any idea what you're doing? Do you even know what's in this attaché case, I'm carrying?

Bormann frantically opens the attaché case on his lap, and takes out a thick notebook, and flips the pages, and holds it up for Dorn to see.

BORMANN

(continued)

It took years to put it all together. Do you want gold? It's in here. There's hundreds of numbered Swiss bank accounts. Do you want the amber? Is that it? It's in Czechoslovakia - the location of the mine where it's buried is right here. This book is the living legacy of the Third Reich, its past and its future. It's what the Fuehrer wanted, and look here, I'm giving it all to you. Everything you could ever want.

Bormann looks hopefully over at Dorn, but sees only a wry, and indifferent smile come over the man's face.

ERICH

Take it with you to hell.

EXT. A BEACH ON THE BALTIC SEA - 2008 - DAY

Karen nods her head, savoring the last few lines of the book, as she reads to end.

Down the beach the kids are drying off, and the sun is about to set.

She looks down and softly closes the manuscript, careful not to snag it on her necklace.

CLOSE ON the tiny silver Russian Cross sparkling against her chest.



EXT. CEMETERY NEAR BERN, SWITZERLAND - DAY

The camera moves indiscriminately through the cemetery, past gravestones and statues of all different religions, shapes and sizes, finally coming to rest on a small grave marked with a plain and simple cross.

CLOSE ON

The cross reads "Our loving daughters - Karen (1931-1942) and  
Liselotte (1935-1942)"

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

A Russian Orthodox Cross like the one on Karen's neck, etched  
in gold on the headstone of a nearby grave glimmers in the  
sunlight, and red and gold leaves, blowing on a breeze, fly up  
and drop down gently to rest.

END CREDITS ROLL.

FADE OUT.

THE END