

HITLER'S ASTROLOGER

by

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Based on actual events & the book by:

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BLACK SCREEN

SHOUTS in German.

SUPER: April 1940

FADE IN: EXT. DUTCH-GERMAN BORDER - SUNSET (SNOWING)

In civilian clothes, CAPTAIN BEST PAYNE(26), clean cut Premier-League soccer player-type with an air of English nobility, & his burly Irish SERGEANT lie face down, motionless semi-covered with branches half buried in snow.

CRUNCHING boots & occasional SHOUTS in German echo in the distance.

SERGEANT  
(whispering)  
Dogs!

SHOUTS grow louder, faint BARKING of dogs near, grow louder. SHOT echoes throughtout forest, snow flitters off branches.

1ST GERMAN SOLDIER (O.C.)  
Sie...Raus!...Raus!

German soldiers surround the two prostrate men, weapons pointed. Two German shepherds bite, hold the leg of each man on the ground. Soldier stands directly over SERGEANT, bolts rifle. Smoke spews, empty shell catapults out of cartridge chamber. Dogs stop GROWLING. CRUNCHING boots surround area.

BETTINA (O.S.)  
More vodka, Herr Minister?

FADE TO:

INT. OFFICE OF REICHMINISTER GOEBBELS - SUNSET (SNOWING)

BETTINA MEYER(22) blonde, voluptuous, smartly dressed, holds bottle over enormous desk stacked with books, ancient artifacts, manuscripts, & bulging files. JOSEPH GOEBBELS (44) studies a late Middle Ages manuscript, stressed, pouts.

JOSEPH GOEBBELS  
Ja, Danke.

Bettina fills glass in manner those refined would recognize her thorough training in ettiquette. She exits, his eyes follow her sensuous walk out his office door. He returns his eyes with anxiety to the aged book, straining to understand.

MAGDA GOEBBELS (O.S.)  
 (laughing, ghostlike)  
 It's in here. It's been here since  
 the 16th century! This is what we  
 can use to out-manuever the French!  
 Adolf will simply love this!

ECHO the word "love". Goebbels angrily slams book shut,  
 throws glass at wall, slaps book flying off desk. Bettina  
 pokes her head through the door, stressed, but calm.

BETTINA  
 Herr Minister?

LAUGHTER(O.S.)from large crowd. Goebbels returns to normal.

JOSEPH GOEBBELS  
 (coldly)  
 Nothing, you may go home now.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BALLROOM - EVENING

LAUGHTER. Formally dressed aristocratic crowd LAUGH, drink,  
 talk, mingle in luxurious furnishings. Portly LUDWIG VON  
 WOHL(37), & the thoroughly obese GENERAL SCHMIDT-PRANGE(58)  
 converse with energetic hand, and facial gestures

COUNTESS(45), her beauty from youth stil intact, approaches  
 with timeless elegance & grace that can be felt across the  
 huge ballroom, turning heads of servant & dignitary alike.

SCHMIDT-PRANGE  
 (intoxicated)  
 Ah, look who's here brighting up our  
 little party! Ludwig, allow me to  
 intouduce Countess Hoogerwerd.

LUDWIG VON WOHL  
 (kissing woman's hand)  
 Delighted, Countess.

COUNTESS  
 (cooing)  
 Likewise...ah....

Von Wohl, Countess eye each other struggling to explain or  
 place the attraction from their past lives. Schmidt-Prange  
 notices connection, toasts nearby group of women, men in  
 German Luftwaffe uniforms, meanders to them as if beckoned.

COUNTESS  
 (moves a step closer)  
 Are you Dutch, Herr von Wohl?

Voh Wohl opens mouth to answer, no words come.

FLASHBACK - VON WOHL'S CHILDHOOD

MONTAGE - VON WOHL'S ACCIDENTAL SOCIAL CLIMB

- - Impoverished lady with bespeckled, paltry Ludwig(5),  
 signs 'Ludwig Wohl' into school register.

- - Upper class kids teasing Ludwig(8), in school yard.

FELLOW STUDENT (O.C.)  
 (viciously laughing)  
 Look! Here come Herr Von Wohl...!

Student pushes Ludwig, glasses fall, books scatter on yard.

- - In class, students eye Ludwig Wohl, frozen in fear.

TEACHER  
 Ludwig...? Ludwig.....?

FELLOW STUDENT (O.C.)  
 (snickering)  
 Ludwig....Ludwig Von Wohl...psst!

TEACHER  
 (shouting)  
 Herr von Wohl...!!!

LAUGHTER erupts. ECHOES of teacher shouting 'Von Wohl'.

- - Ludwig(14), confidently discussing book with librarian,  
 laughs with school secretary, tells stories to students.

- - School secretary fills out diplomas, writes 'Ludwig von  
 Wohl', later hands to Ludwig at graduation.

END FLASHBACK

Car engine CRANKS to start.

LUDWIG VON WOHL  
 (stiffing to attention)  
 I was born in Berlin, Countess.

Engine REVS louder.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TAXI STAND (BY MINISTRY BUILDING) - NIGHT

Bettina skips out of Propaganda Ministry's main entrance, maneuvers through sea of uniforms, falls into taxi.

EXT./INT. TAXI

Crew-cut, college jock statured MAXI (25) smiles, his eyes the only clue to the sensitive character lying under the surface of a carefree nature. Bettina kicks off heels, props up legs in back seat, pulls out papers, photos from satchel.

MAXI

How's your mother?

BETTINA

(looking at photograph)

Still complains over the little things. Schulerstrasse, bitte.

Taxi smartly bolts into gap of heavy Berlin night traffic.

MAXI

Lots of work this evening?

BETTINA

Lots. Don't know which is worse, the work, or people I work for.

Bettina turns photo to Maxi revealing image & name KARL ERNST KRAFFT (40). Maxi studies via rear view mirror.

MAXI

He's new. Politician or general?

BETTINA

Nein, nein..an astrologer, if you can believe that...!

MAXI

(taking a sharp turn)

Herr Goebbels seeing astrologers? These days I'll believe anything!

FADE TO:

EXT. STREET IN BASEL, SWITZERLAND - DAY

SUPER: November, 1939

Mailman hikes to KRAFFT residence, secures bundle of letters on door letter holder. ZOOM to Nazi eagle stamp on envelope.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KRAFFT'S RESIDENCE - MOMENTS LATER

ELAINE KRAFFT(34), the school teacher you were first attracted to; her natural, angelic beauty equals the care & love given to students, impacting one's mind, body, & spirit. POV Elaine, reading letter with same eagle stamp.

ELAINE  
(businesslike, austere)  
Special Delivery. Official Business  
of the Third Reich. Ministry of  
Propaganda.

Elaine laughs, lowers letter, reveals Karl Ernst Krafft(39).

ELAINE  
Important now, are you?

Karl Ernst, jet-black eyes possesses the ability of a black hole & hair to match, writes at desk peppered with photos of Elaine, and ANNALISE (age 5 & 18). Karl Ernst stops writing, but still deep in thought, eyes remained fixed on the paper.

KARL ERNST  
Ministry of Propaganda?

ELAINE  
(minics radio news  
broadcast)  
Dear Herr Krafft,  
The German people, in an urgent and  
sensitive program concerning areas  
of your talent and abilities...

Karl Ernst returns writing, unimpressed, distant, back into the distance planets he resides, millions of miles away.

ELAINE  
(more somber)  
...gratefully request your  
services. A private meeting has  
been scheduled between you and  
Reich Minister Goebbels for January  
30, 1940 at 14:00 hours.

Karl Ernst freezes, contained excitement, yet hesitation. Both stare foreboding at each other. Tension. Conflict.

KARL ERNST  
It seems what we fear has given us  
what we needed...a job...but...

ELAINE

Yes, finally, some work, real work.  
But with the Nazis? At what cost?

Karl Ernst looks out windows to storm clouds in distance.  
Elaine contemplates the letter in hand, waiting for a  
response, but knowing the letter is an order, not a request.  
Karl Ernst can only restrain his fear. Dogs outside BARK.

ELAINE

I'll start packing.

DISOLVE TO:

German shepherd BARKS, other dog has teeth on Payne's leg.

GERMAN SOLDIER

Raus...! Raus...!

German soldier smashes rifle butt on Payne's shoulder.  
Surrounding soldiers LAUGH.

PAYNE

(moaning, in pain)

Ahhhh...ahhh'kay...

Payne rises to knees. Dog disengages, sits, continues to  
GROWL quietly. Payne's left shoulder droops severely.

GERMAN SOLDIER #2

Raus....! Raus....!

PAYNE

Aw, ahh'kay...c'mon, mate, let's  
not be a broken record about it.

GERMAN SOLDIER #2

Britisher! Britisher!

Two soldiers grab Payne's arms from behind, pull hard  
arching his back. Payne grimaces in pain. Thin civilian,  
fresh cigarette in gold holder, full length black leather  
coat commandingly parts through soldiers around Payne.

SHELLENBERG (30), sinister even when smiling, eyes Payne in  
silence. Schellenberg raises cigarette with lips, drags.  
Exhales slowly, deliberately, out of corner of mouth.

PAYNE

Cig'rette does sound dotty now, eh?

COUNTESS (O.S.)

Cigarette?

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - EVENING

Ludwig von Wohl hesitates, gracefully refuses. Countess exhales cigarette out of corner of mouth on elegant, much younger women passing by, who coughs, pleasing the Countess.

COUNTRESS

(flirting)

Berlin! A wonderful city...I was hoping to see more of it...

Von Wohl exchanges empty champagne glasses from passing waiter. Hands fresh glass to Countess. Both toast, sip.

COUNTRESS

Thank-you, Herr Ludwig.

LUDWIG VON WOHL

My pleasure, Countess.

Both stare at each other. Stout German general inches through crowd, stares at Von Wohl for clearance, is ignored, bumps von Wohl, upsets glass, spills champagne on von Wohl.

COUNTRESS

So just what exactly is it that you do, Herr von Wohl?

Von Wohl recovers from the bump, balances glass, glares at passing general, brushes coat, regains composure.

MAXI (O.S.)

I've never met an astrologer.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT./EXT. Maxi's taxi - EVENING

POV Bettina, looks at other photographs of Karl Ernst.

BETTINA

I never have either. Maybe, now...

MAXI

Tell me what he says about your stars, OK?

BETTINA

(giggling)

He's not coming to look at mine, he's....



Maxi slows, stops for a horse & wagon blocking traffic, sticks head & arm out taxi window, gestures for driver to get moving, driver motions to horse, shruggs shoulders. Maxi shakes head in exasperation, drops head down to car door.

BETTINA

He's some expert on Nostradamus  
Herr Goebbels is excited  
about...very excited about.

Maxi, head outside, does not hear. Several men push the wagon, clear the road. A barrel of beer falls off the back of the wagon, bursts, SPLASHES on ground. Maxi CURSES.

SPLASHES of fly fishermen's bait into water.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK

EXT. RIVERBANK (RHEIN) - DAY

Two floats from fishing lines hit the water with a SPLASH.

SUPER: May, 1906

Karl Ernst Krafft(6), psychic sister ANNALISE(5) fish with GRANDFATHER KRAFFT (60's), who sleeps on pole. Karl Ernst sees very tall man in brightly colored, gold buttoned uniform walking among three fishermen along the opposite bank.

Karl Ernst looks at Annalise, who is also watching the soldier. She returns uneasy look to Karl Ernst, looks at soldier, moves closer to Karl Ernst. Both uneasy. Spooked.

KARL ERNST

(taps Grandfather Krafft)  
What kind of uniform is that?

GRANDFATHER KRAFFT

Hmmrph..? What? Uniform? Where?

KARL ERNST

(points across river)  
The strange uniform that man has  
on, over there, on the other bank.

Grandfather Krafft rubs eyes awake. POV Grandfather Krafft, sees only three elderly men quietly fishing on other bank.

GRANDFATHER KRAFFT

(highly irritable)  
Hmmm? Karl Ernst, you best not...

KARL ERNST  
 (deflects anger)  
 Uh, perhaps he's behind the trees  
 now. Annalise...?

Annalise continues to watch the soldier. POV Karl Ernst, still sees, follows soldier's movements, notices grandfather still irritated. Reaches in bait box with bugs, worms.

KARL ERNST  
 What bait should we use now?

POV Annalise, soldier begins to slowly FADE IN and OUT. Annalise stares curiously, yet knowingly at spot where soldier finally disappears. She smiles to Karl Ernst, shakes head 'yes', points across river, waves 'goodbye' at spot.

LAP DISSOLVE:

INT. KRAFFT'S LIBRARY ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

POV young Karl Ernst & Annalise, turn pages of "UNIFORMS OF THE WORLD'S ARMIES: PAST & PRESENT" by Titel(1899). Stops on page displaying uniform both saw while fishing; Prussian artillery captain uniform of 1871.

FATHER KRAFFT(42) strolls into library unnoticed by the two engrossed in book, stands silently watching, leans, listens.

KARL ERNST  
 (to Annalise)  
That's the one, isn't it?

Annalise, thrilled, shakes head in agreement, quickly, excitedly, puts finger on photo, slowly circling uniform.

FATHER KRAFFT  
 What's this?

KARL ERNST  
 (hesitantly)  
 This uniform, we saw it fishing  
 with grandpa today, at our spot.

FATHER KRAFFT  
Our fishing spot? Interesting...

Father Krafft leans down, turns pages of book, reveals old family photo of the ghostly uniformed man seen earlier.

KARL ERNST KRAFFT  
 (gasps)  
 Who is that, father?

FATHER KRAFFT  
Your great uncle Wilhelm.

Karl Ernst turns white. Annalise protectively cuddles closer to him. Both their hands meet while reaching for photograph.

FATHER KRAFFT  
Uncle Willie died on that bank in  
the French war. 1871 it was.

Karl Ernst, Annalise hold photo, ZOOM into photograph.

ADOLF HITLER (O.S.)  
But he's Swiss, can he be trusted?

END FLASHBACK

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ADOLF HITLER'S OFFICE - DAY

LIEUTENANT SCHILLER(33) stands at attention before ADOLF HITLER with Prussian precision, visably intimidated.

SCHILLER  
(slight nervous voice)  
Every indication shows that he can  
be, mein Führer.

Hitler simply frowns, stares, waits for more information.

SCHILLER  
Himmler himself has verified his  
ancestry. Herr Krafft's profile  
shows he prefers Germany over his  
native Switzerland.

ADOLF HITLER  
His warning...?

SCHILLER  
(swallows, reads file)  
November 2nd, 1939, Herr Krafft  
warned of an attempt on your life,  
stating it may occur between the  
7th and 10th of that month.

ADOLF HITLER  
Could he have known of this  
assassination attempt because he  
was a part of the plot?

SCHILLER

The Gestapo questioned Herr Krafft extensively, Himmler verified his innocence, personally.

ADOLF HITLER

Then why didn't this warning come to me? Personally?

SCHILLER

Herr Krafft did warn the ministry, but Dr. Fesel thought any attempt on your life was impossible.

ADOLF HITLER

Imcompetence...Does this Krafft fit in the party, the party line....?

Schiller flips through various papers in the folder

SCHILLER

October 18, 1937, warns Marguerite Panchaud of Stuttgart of Jews and international freemasonry. October 23, 1938, states to Dieter Mueller of Keil that Switzerland would be absorbed by Germany if the Swiss press continues to print any more unjustified criticisms of the party's actions and policies.

ADOLF HITLER

(half snorts)

Ha, clever, why didn't anyone else in the party think of that?

Hitler stares at photo of both Goebbels, himself on desk.

ADOLF HITLER

If both Frau and Herr Goebbels want to use this Krafft for their propaganda, then so be it.

Hitler waves off Schiller, who smartly salutes, exits. Hitler observes Berlin's lights reaching to the horizon, merging with the stars out massive windows.

ADOLF HITLER (CONT'D)

Astrology. What shit! Has to be something else. Has to be...

Church bells CHIME.

FADE TO:

EXT. HOUSE OF COUNT VON HOOGERWOERD - DAY

COUNT VON HOOGERWOERD (55), distinguished, the man who has everything, and can do anything, sits at the head of table among group of men & women with folders. All speak HUGARIAN.

SUPER: English subtitles.

HUGARIAN #1

The execution of the Briest matter  
will occur on February 12 and  
should conclude by the 15th...

The Count stands, looks out window, sees flower girl.

HUNGARIAN #2

(clearing his throat)  
Gentlemen, I believe a satisfactory  
offer for each of your concerns, if  
you will look on page 11...

All turn to page 11, GTUNTS of approval.

COUNT

(walking out)  
If you will excuse me.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK ACROSS STREET OF COUNT'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Count crosses street to FLOWER GIRL(17) setting up her stand. Count scans her, the surroundings, while she works.

COUNT

(still looks around)  
Was it delivered?

FLOWER GIRL

(going on with work)  
Yes, sir. I put the manuscripts in  
Herr Krafft's hands personally.

The Count steps forward, gives what appears to be a 10 Guilder note, ZOOM IN to see a bundle of \$100 bills stuffed inside the folded note. The girl eagerly creates a bouquet of flowers. Count lights pipe, nonchalantly glances around.

COUNT

Kriedermann will have your tickets.  
You are not to talk to anyone when

(MORE)

COUNT (CONT'D)

you arrive Warsaw. Mail me a postcard when you finish. Then go to Berlin. I'll meet you there.

FLOWER GIRL

Yes, sir.

COUNT

And Milena...

FLOWER GIRL

Yes, sir?

COUNT

Be neat this time, it's said Moretti's blood was all over the inspector's hallway in Trieste. Use poison, or make it at least look like an accident this time.

FLOWER GIRL

Yes, sir.

Count briskly crosses street back to his house. Flower Girl's eyes follow the Count entire time.

Distant SHOUTS in German.

FLOWER GIRL

(whispering)

I love you...sir.

CROSSFADE:

EXT. DUTCH-GERMAN BORDER - NIGHT

Payne tenderly braces against car door surrounded by German soldiers & dogs. Schellenberg, strolls, scans area with powerful flashlight, searches in methodical, set manner.

SHELLENBERG

Has the Luftwaffe been informed?

SOLDIER #1

Ja, Herr Schellenberg.

Schellenberg illuminates Sergeant, smirks, leans down to enjoy spreading pool of blood on white snow from the head.

SHELLENBERG

And...this one?

Soldier #1 turns Riley's head with his rifle butt, revealing

gaping bullet wound. Soldier #2 hands over seized materials of the agents: compass, guns, papers, photo of Karl Ernst Krafft. Schellenberg takes note of photo, sighs.

SCHELLENBERG

It seems we have some matters to discuss...don't we Captain?

PAYNE

Perhaps...General. Now 'ow about that cig'rette?

Schellenberg ignores Payne's request, motions to the driver.

SCHELLENBERG

Have Schartz make sure everything is ready for our... guest.

DRIVER

(guns engine)

Jawohl!

Schellenberg grandstands one final time around capture area, stops at dead Sergeant, drags long on cigarette holder.

SCHELLENBERG

Gentlemen. I believe our work here is... finished.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OFFICE OF REICHMINISTER GOEBBELS - NIGHT

POV Goebbels, reads out, follows finger over old text.

JOSEPH GOEBBELS

Sept fois changer verrez gent  
Britiannique,

Taintz en sang deux, nonnte an,

Franche non point par appuy  
Germanique,

Aries double son pole Bastarnan.

MAGDA GOEBBELS (V.O.)

Nostradamus, Century 3, Quatrain 57

SUPER: English text over French:

During the course of 290 years,  
(MORE)

Britain would change its ruling  
dynasty seven times.

Then, Aries/War will come between  
Germany and the Bastarnan,

Who will be protected by Britain.

Goebbels rubs his forehead. Studies handwritten notes with  
"1649 + 290 = 1939" and 'Bastarnan = Poland' predominate.  
Glares at photo of wife MAGDA. MUMBLES, SWEARS under breath.

JOSEPH GOEBBELS

(angrily)

How did you know the Bastarnan was  
to be Poland...?

Sounds of large crowd LAUGHING, CHATTING.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GERMAN - NETHERLANDS FORMAL BALL - EVENING

Von Wohl shows Countess newspaper, who notices her husband  
approaching. Countess takes paper, eyes review of play.

COUNTESS

If you're a writer, you must meet  
my son, Baron Haral Keun, over  
there, I think his profession will  
interest you, he's an astrologer!

Countess times the loudly spoken 'he's an astrologer' the  
moment her husband is next to her. Count frowns. Countess  
turns, reacts to Count as if not seeing him approach.

COUNTESS

(spiteful)

Oh? Finished with the Hungarian  
military attachés so soon? I  
thought for sure supplying their  
army would go well past the ball.

Count's frown turns to controlled, gritted-teeth-fake smile.

COUNTESS

(dramatically)

Herr von Wohl, let me present my  
husband, Count Keun von...

COUNT

(interrupting)

Ah, um, my dear, that won't be

(MORE)



COUNT (CONT'D)

necessary, actually myself and this kind gentleman have already met.

Von Wohl takes a deep breath to hide shock, then returns to a smile with exhale. Countess turns to wave at passerby. Von Wohl looks at Count with eyebrows compressed as if to say "Do we know each other?" Count bows, puts finger to lips.

Automobile horn HONKS.

COUNTESS

Well, if you both already know each other, then come, Ludiwg, let me introduce you to my son, our Baron.

CUT TO:

EXT. ON STREET OF OTTO'S HOUSE - EVENING

Maxi HONKS horn again to get past double parked car blocking the narrow street, which finally eases down narrow street.

MAXI

Schulerstrasse 27, Frau Meyer

BETTINA

(giggling)

Danke, Herr Maxi Taxi...

Maxi smiles, watches Bettina races up to apartment entrance, rings doorbell, flash smile, waves as buzzer lets her in. Maxi smiles, waves back. As she disappears through door his face changes to a stern, cold, business-like manner.

Maxi pulls out notebook, looks at his watch, writes:

POV Maxi: 1:35 am - Bettina Meyer, Goebbels met Heinrich Fesel over astrologer, Karl Ernst Krafft, photos...

PULL OUT to show many other written details and entries; information from all of Maxi's fares during the day.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GESTAPO CELL - UNKNOWN

Payne appears unconscious, lies naked on concrete floor. Doors CLANK down the hallway outside. Keys RATTLE, CLICK, cell door opens. Schellenberg enters in Gestapo uniform with regular soldier, who throws water on, kicks Payne.

SHELLENBERG

Ah! Good morning...Captain Payne. I

(MORE)

SCHELLENBERG (CONT'D)

trust you slept...well?

Payne stirs, struggles to orientate self, his whereabouts, and Schellenberg, who sucks cigarette holder.

SCHELLENBERG

(exhaling smoke)

Come, let us have breakfast  
...together.

Payne realizes his nakedness, covers private parts. SCREAMS heard down the hallway. Payne stiffens, presses lips tightly.

SCHELLENBERG

Ah, yes...your clothes. These are  
being analyzed for...foreign  
material. Strickly procedure for  
your protection...I assure you.

Soldier lightly kicks Captain Payne to evoke a reaction.

SCHELLENBERG

If you wanted to come to Germany...  
so bad, why not just apply for a  
visa...at the border?

Soldier snickers, delivers much harder kick to chin.

SCHELLENBERG

Now you're complicating what is  
normally...a very simple matter.  
Answers...please?

Schellenberg motions the soldier to stop, and move aside. Schellenberg slowly leans to eye level with Captain Payne.

SCHELLENBERG

Maybe some coffee...to help you  
talk?

Captain Payne collects himself, shifts in severe pain, moves tongue inside mouth, creates moisture so he can speak.

CAPTAIN PAYNE

If you don't have my clothes, then  
I would like some clothes.

HOTEL PORTER (O.S.)

Can I help you sir?

Cars HONK, RUMBLE by on busy street.

CUT TO:

EXT. KAISERHOFF HOTEL ENTRANCE (BERLIN) - DAY

DR. HEINRICH FESEL(48) nods 'no', smiles at hotel porter with grin, teeth identical to Teddy Roosevelt. Appearing much older than his actual age, Fesel's quickness of speech & movement make him difficult to analyze, or even decipher.

FESEL

No, thank-you, waiting for friends.

Taxi pulls up. Karl Ernst & Elaine Krafft exit. Fesel smiles, nods "see?" at porter, who acknowledges with salute.

FESEL

Herr Krafft! Frau Krafft!

KARL ERNST

And you are...?

FESEL

Fesel. Dr. Heinrich Fesel. We met once in Mannheim when you lectured our astrology group years ago.

KARL ERNST

Ah..uh...yes..

FESEL

And Elaine! Frau Elaine Krafft, you are more beautiful than all your photographs they gave me.

Elaine bows head, embarrassed, shocked, gives suspicious glance to Karl Ernst as Fesel turns to door. Karl Ernst nods in understanding. FOLLOW the three into elegant hotel lobby.

INT. KAISERHOFF HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

KARL ERNST

Who interpreted quatrain III, passage 57 that was sent? You?

FESEL

(leaning in, whispering)

You won't believe it. It was Goebbels' wife...Magda!

Fesel slips papers of astrological symbols, notes to Karl Ernst & Elaine, who study material intensely, exchange papers, examine, then look at each other, stunned.

KARL ERNST

(dumbfounded)

(MORE)

KARL ERNST (CONT'D)

Incredible. We knewn when, how did  
Frau Goebbels know where?

Fesel snaps his finges at front desk, room keys immediately  
presented. Trio proceed through the elegant marbled lobby.

FESEL

One of Frau Goebbels' many talents  
is history. She remembered the  
ancient Greek historian Tacitus  
describing a Bastarnae tribe in 200  
BC who settled the Vistual river.

ELAINE

(looks at her map)

Poland! When war comes to the  
Bastarnae, that war is with Poland.

Trio enter elevator. Elevator boy sees the Nazi pin on  
Fesel's lapel, forcibly does not allow other riders to  
enter. Elaine disturbed, clasps Karl Ernst's hands, their  
eyes share trepidation, unnoticed by Fesel. Doors close.

BETTINA (O.S.)

Glad you're up.

Indicator above elevator door shows elevator car rising.

FADE TO:

INT. OTTO'S APARTMENT - EVENING

OTTO HUBER (24), a rare mix of jock & preppy scholar, opens  
his apartment door. Bettina skips by slightly messing his  
straight blonde hair with her hand, which he trys to grab.  
He sighs, remaining silent on things that don't matter.

OTTO

I'm glad you got off early.

Bettina throws briefcase on sofa, grabs cheese, fruit from  
kitchen, heads straight to only other room in the cluttered  
studio apartment, strewn with kilometers of wire, switches,  
radio parts on every flat service available. Bettina falls  
on bed balancing plate. Kicks off shoes.

OTTO

Your day, your mom? Goebbles?

Otto grabs bottle of wine, two glasses from kitchen.

BETTINA

She's fine, work's fine, I'm fine,

(MORE)

BETTINA (CONT'D)

now come here and kiss me!

Otto enters. Playful, frolicking LAUGHTER, KISSING.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OTTO'S APARTMENT - HOURS LATER

Through slight crack in bedroom door, Bettina's hand dangles over the bed, mumbling in her sleep revealing the stress at work. Otto covertly pulls out/reads/photographs contents of Bettina's briefcase, then carefully reinserts each document.

SA TEENAGER (O.S.)

You! Stop! This business is Jewish,  
remember, don't buy from Jews!

CUT TO:

EXT. RUBIN'S DEPARTMENT STORE ENTRANCE - DAY

SUPER: October, 1923

FLASHBACK: College student Karl Ernst Krafft (23), window shops with Annalise (22) several stores down from uniformed SA teenagers in front of Rubin's Department store. More anti-semitic SHOUTS, another SA boy runs out store.

Some people enter the store anyway. Others take heed of the SA bullies. Huge DETONATION ERUPTS inside the store, glass, material, body parts, explode out huge plate windows. Glass shard strikes Annalise's arm, deep cut. BLEEDS profusely.

KARL ERNST

Annalise!

Karl Ernst grabs Annalise, covers arm, withdraws back into doorway of nearby store. SA boys remain where they are, smiling. Rubin's shattered doors fling open, releasing thick black smoke, stampeding, terrorized, gasping, coughing clients. SCREAMS & MOANS of injured.

Krafft's eyes meet eyes of one SA boy, also in his early 20's. The SA boy continues smiling, shrugs shoulders with palms up as if to say "ooops". Annalise sobs, Karl Ernst holds her closer, tears shirt, uses as dressing for wound.

SA boy walks over, hands Karl Ernst Nazi flyer, Annalise grabs, crumbles it, throws flyer to ground. SA boy frowns.

Car engine STARTS, BACKFIRES. Holding each other, Karl Ernst & Annalise step out, flee scene. SA boy writes in notebook.

END FLASHBACK

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT./INT. TAXI STAND (BY MINISTRY BUILDING) - EVENING

Maxi CRANKS taxi again, upon seeing Schmidt-Prange & his very shapely, well dressed female COMPANION (27) joking, somewhat tipsy, approaching. Car BACKFIRES. Maxi hides notebook, MUTTERS to self seeing this mismatched couple.

MAXI

Excess, and all it's rewards.

SCHMIDT-PRANGE

(opens taxi door)

Hafenstrasse 56!

Maxi watches both roll inside, REVS taxi, peels out.

SCHMIDT-PRANGE

Does schatzie like what she saw?

COMPANION

Ja, mein general, when is it here?

SCHMIDT-PRANGE

You can have it next week...if you are a good little girl.

COMPANION

Of course, mein general, I always obey orders.

Through rearview mirror, Maxi sees general's hands slide under Companion's low cut blouse, his head follows kissing her full figured breasts. She eyes Maxi in mirror, sends a mocking kiss. Maxi returns mimicked kiss, smiles shaking his head, returns driving at an accelerated pace.

SCHMIDT-PRANGE

(eyes partially exposed  
breasts)

Ah, I will miss these in France...

Street lights cast a strobe effect on action in back seat, Maxi takes an occasional glance back in mirror. Arrives.

MAXI

(matter of factly)

Hafenstrasse 56.

Schmidt-Prange throws Reichmark notes up to the front seat.

Maxi bows 'danke', passengers stumble out. Schmidt-Pranger flounders to apartment door. Companion uses passenger side taxi window as mirror, leans, grabs stretchy material of blouse, shakes breasts back into place, mimics kiss to Maxi, who returns smile, breaths deeply, REVS engine.

MAXI

Thank-you, fraulein!

She smiles, winks, then quickly tiptoes to door, Maxi eyes every move. Maxi writes in notebook as couple disappear. Hammer CLANGS, Machines HUM and GRIND. SHOUTS of workers.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRONT OF AUTOMOTIVE MACHINE SHOP - ESTABLISHING - DAY

An automobile stops at gate, attendant opens, auto drives into yard. Another attendant opens garage door to building.

INT. AUTOMOTIVE MACHINE SHOP (DARK FIRE) - DAY

Car with two soldiers in front, Karl Ernst Krafft and Fesel in back, stop inside the 'garage'. Beyond the grimy auto repair area is an untra modern, clean, research facility with work stations, ancient artifacts, row upon row of files, ancient manuscripts, super advanced technology.

FESEL

(steps out of car)

Welcome to Dark Fire! My contribution to the war effort!

KARL ERNST

(gets out, looks around)

Impressive, most impressed.

Fesel waves away driver, leads Krafft on tour of facility.

FESEL

You'll be more impressed when you see what's over here. Those two rolls? All Nostradamus materials. On those shelves? All Sumerian, and nearly all of it translated!

Both pass vast construction area, workers engaged on partly assembled Haunebu saucer, surrounded by ancient artifacts, schematics of ancient Indian Vimanas. Seeing man working on artifact startles Krafft. Fesel drags Krafft to the man.

FESEL

Herr Lucht!

GEORG LUCHT(58), fragil, grandfatherly, yet emaciated to almost being unhealthy, puts down clay tablet, grimaces at the approaching Fesel, Karl Ernst lights up seeing an old friend. Lucht ignores Karl Ernst, avoiding eye contact.

FESEL

Herr Lucht! Look who we have working with us now...may I present to you Karl Ernst Krafft.

LUCHT

(acting as if first time meeting)

Herr Krafft. Honored, I have read everything you have published.

KARL ERNST

(started, regains control, acts as if first time meeting as well)

The honor is mine, I have read all your works as well.

FESEL

(pointing)

Actually, we have everything each of you have ever written, right over there. Shall we?

Fesel motions to work area covered in ancient artifacts, trio walks over & stop before a huge, aged, open book.

KARL ERNST

Book of Centuries V, quatrain 94

FESEL

(spits out laugh)

Yes, he is the Nostradamus expert! Isn't he? And it is your renowned expertise, Herr Krafft, that will allow us to use this passage for the military's next operation...

Fesel collects papers next to the book. Karl Ernst notices stunning red headed woman, whose features protrude through her oversized lab coat. Fesel notices, smiles that Krafft is taken by the stunning young lady passing by in distance.

FADE TO:

INT. BARON'S STUDY - DAY



Von Wohl follows elderly BUTLER into the Baron's study. Butler gingerly does an about face, shuts door. Baron, engrossed in writing as if a 3rd grader learning cursive, does not look up for what seems several minutes.

LUDWIG VON WOHL

Perhaps I can come back, hmmm, when it is more convenient for you?

BARON

(startled, looks up)

Good heavens! It's five already?

Dear Ludwig, do come in! Drink?

Von Wohl nods 'yes' for a drink, uses face to show choosing a chair is major decision. Butler slowly leans head in door.

BARON

Gin, please.

Butler's head slowly recedes. The Baron rapidly places several horoscopes on his desk before Von Wohl.

BARON

Lovely meeting you at the party, the dates you gave were very interesting indeed...look.

LUDWIG VON WOHL

These are their charts?

BARON

Yes, all three loves of your life. Magdalena, first love at age 12, born December 3rd. Kristina, first to break your heart, December 10th. Mother, December 14th. Maybe you love December girls since your Moon in Sagittarius. Emotions, yes?

Butler inches in with two glasses, bottle on silver tray.

BUTLER

(very slowly)

Will...that...be...all.....sir?

BARON

(bows head respectfully)

Thank-you, Gerd.

Von Wohl & Baron look at each other in silence as Butler slowly inches out the room with limp.

BARON

Nice man, really. Got a bad one in the first war. His ancestors cared for our family's house, garden for centuries. Couldn't just let'em go.

Von Wohl nods understandably. Looks down at his chart.

LUDWIG VON WOHL

So. My Moon? Is this good, or bad?

BARON

(laughing)

My dear friend Ludwig, good, bad is all relative. Is water good or bad?

Von Wohl stares back blankly, insulted through confusion.

BARON

If you were in a desert for three days, water is life. If you were in a sinking U-boat, water is death. It's relative, Ludwig. Any energy or thing is not good or bad, how it's used or manifested, that's what determines good and evil.

Both the Baron, Von Wohl take long sip of gin in reflection.

LUDWIG VON WOHL

Please, I would like you to teach me how to do such horoscope charts.

BARON

Surely, when would you like to start?

LUDWIG VON WOHL

Right now.

FADE TO:

INT. OTTO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Maxi enters Otto's apartment with his own key. Otto works silently, methodically on radio equipment, photos, notes simultaneously. Maxi makes WIND SOUND to announce presence.

OTTO

(studies photographs)

Something hot?

MAXI  
Schmidt-Pranger mentioned he'll  
miss Birgit Witte's tits while he's  
in France.

Otto puts down magnifying glass, stares at Maxi comically.

OTTO  
(sarcastically)  
Whitehall will love to hear that.  
Is he flying or going by car?

MAXI  
(takes an apple)  
What plane could lift that fat pig  
off the ground? Anything by radio?

OTTO  
Two of our guys haven't returned to  
Holland. They left Velno a few  
weeks ago to make contact with an  
RC in Dortmund. This isn't good.

MAXI  
(reaching in pocket)  
Shit. When will anything go good  
in this bloody war?

Maxi pulls out taxi notebook, gives to Otto, who flips  
through, studies methodically, compares with papers on desk.

OTTO  
We're asked to watch for them here  
in case they end up in Oststrasse.

MAXI  
What were they after?

OTTO  
Some magical source Hitler  
apparently has...even Fleming is  
wondering how the Krauts are always  
a step ahead, in Norway, Denmark...

MAXI  
Magical? As in sorcery? Wizards?  
Are they going insane at Whitehall?

Otto hands back Maxi's notebook along with several other  
papers, photographs taken from Bettina's satchel earlier.  
Despite the banter, their youth, both inspect the evidence,  
clues, & stolen secrets with meticulous professionalism.

MAXI  
 (surveys papers, photos)  
 Still no word from Bettina?

OTTO  
 Nothing. It's been two days. She  
 hasn't been at the Ministry?

MAXI  
 Nope. It's not like her, no call,  
 no note. She's loves you...you know  
 that, right? Let's pray she'll pop  
 up soon...

Maxi freezes at the sight of Karl Ernst Krafft's photo.

MAXI  
 Holy smokes! Otto, wait a minute!  
 This is the guy Bettina was talking  
 about! Something with Goebbels!

Faint SCREAMS from another room. Otto, Maxi examine notes,  
 photos of Karl Ernst. SCREAMS grow nearer, become LOUDER.

FADE TO:

INT. GESTAPO CELL - UNKNOWN

Schellenberg & the PAINTED MAN(30ish), whose partly burned  
 face is 'painted' with eyeliner and cosmetics to 'cover'  
 his burned areas, stand over Captain Payne, naked, tied to a  
 chair. SCREAMS reverb down the hallway outside the cell.

PAINTED MAN  
 (finishing tirade)  
 ...the Führer has stated in  
 countless speeches England is not  
 our natural enemy. So why are you  
 fighting this war?

Payne remains silent, looks at his naked body, then at both  
 Gestapo officers. The Painted Man, Schellenberg look at each  
 other, shrug their shoulders; enjoying the physical & mental  
 torment they were well trained & found deep in their souls.

SCHELLENBERG  
 Some coffee...perhaps?

PAYNE  
 I'll...wait...for...my clothes.

Schellenberg smiles, nods to Painted Man, who snaps fingers  
 at guard outside iron door. Guard disappears down hall.

PAINTED MAN

Very well. Now, let's get back to your visit to Germany, you entered a very dangerous area. You could have been shot.

PAYNE

Like...my...colleague?

PAINTED MAN

Oh, yes, your sergeant. Sergeant Riley, wasn't it? Maybe he should have kept his face in the mud a little longer, as you did.

Payne sneers at wisecrack, his body grimaces that his sergeant's name is known. Clothes arrive, thrown at Payne.

PAINTED MAN

But such things happen in war.

Both mockingly leer on as Payne put on his clothes.

PAINTED MAN

(serious tone)

You and I have a lot in common, Herr Payne. You know, I also like visiting the Purple Unicorn when in Venlo. Salty bread there, though.

Payne tries to control shock his name & Dutch safehouse are also known. Nazis look at each other, smile at reaction.

PAYNE

(regains composure)

I'll tell...Churchill...maybe he'll ...stop the...war...knowing... we're...such good...friends.

PAINTED MAN

(pulls out baton)

Oh, good, very good, the Captain has a sense of humor. I like that!

Painted Man strikes Payne's head with each stressed word.

PAINTED MAN

Do you think we are stupid? Do you think we have time for such talk, for such games?

Painted Man looks at Schellenberg, who stares blankly at Payne, motions with hand to press on. Painted Man continues.

PAINTED MAN

We know when you arrived in  
Holland. We know who you talked to  
in Velno. We know what you talked  
about...how many beers you drank.

Painted Man pauses, out of breath. Payne's head is bleeding  
profusely. Schellenberg sighs as if bored, looks at watch.

PAINTED MAN

(leaning closer, calm)

Let us start over. The war is over  
for you. Relax. You've done your  
duty. I just want to know one thing  
...one little thing.

Payne's eyes slowly raise to the Painted Man.

PAINTED MAN

Why does Britain want Herr Krafft?

Doorbell RINGS. Payne collapses. Nazis reveal frustration.

CROSSFADE TO:

INT. HANS FRANK'S COUNTRY HOME - EVENING

Door opens, Karl Ernst, Elaine Krafft stand in formal  
evening attire. Butler bows, gestures them in, takes coats.  
LAUGHTER, APPLAUSE filter from other room, where Kraffts are  
led. HOSTESS (40ish) raises both hands excited as they enter.

HOSTESS

(shouting)

Look! Here's the one who predicted  
the attempt on the Führer's life!

Crowd of formals, tuxedos, uniforms, high fashion APPLAUDS.  
Kraffts, stunned, brace each other, remain in doorway. PAN  
room POV Elaine, all eyes show excitement hiding depravity.

HOSTESS

Come in, Come in. Elaine? Does he  
look in your stars as well?

ELAINE

(meekly)

Well...no, he doesn't.

A flood of LAUGHTER breaks out from the crowd: A dirty joke.

VOICE

Shame on you, Karl Ernst, not  
(MORE)

VOICE (CONT'D)

giving her the best piece of you!

HOSTESS

(nodding to crowd)

Perhaps he should change that?

CROWD

(chanting offbeat)

Yes! Change, Karl Ernst, change!

SS MAJOR(40ish) approaches. Holds up hand, crowd stops chant instantly. SS Major clicks his heels, bows, gestures.

SS MAJOR

Please. Welcome to the Stettin district...and to the happiest house outside of Berlin!

Crowd APPLAUDS, SS Major guides Kraffts to adjoining room.

SS MAJOR

Come. The Governor General would like to meet you both.

Governor General HANS FRANK(40) laughs, drinks, surrounded by scantily dressed young girls barely out of their teens.

SS MAJOR

Governor General of Poland Hans Frank, Herr Karl Ernst and Elaine.

HANS FRANK

(snaps heels)

At your service. Ladies, perhaps Elaine would like to show up stairs, so we may discuss business?

Girls leads Elaine through the crowd, the three men head through an enormous country kitchen, down many steps leading to massive metal doors, effort needed to open one.

HANS FRANK

Do you like art, Herr Krafft?

Karl Ernst opens mouth, but freezes upon seeing the contents of the massive underground bunker. Two teenaged girls, naked, covered in mudish sculpture clay, are handcuffed to huge unfinished statue of Frederick the Great on horse.

Sculptor(40), in only a lab coat, engages girl from behind. SS Major, Hans Frank enter, Krafft remains frozen at door.

SCULPTOR  
 (looking at Krafft)  
 Who's this stiffed goose?

Karl Ernst averts his eyes, shocked & ashamed. Hans Frank, SS Major LAUGH, motion Karl Ernst in, who composes himself, enters, avoiding eye contact with the girls & Sculptor.

SCULPTOR  
 Hans, I told you many times, no critics in my studio!

Hans Frank, SS Major tour the huge studio, snickering, nudging, feeling sculpture, fondling, stroking other girl.

HANS FRANK  
 (picks up sculpture tool)  
Your studio?

SS MAJOR  
 Herr Krafft, please meet, the one, the only, the master sculptor of all Germany...

SCULPTOR  
 ...of the world!

SS MAJOR WOLF  
 ...of the world. Karl Ernst...

Sculptor screams, stops action with girl, buttons lab coat.

SCULPTOR  
The Karl Ernst Krafft? Perfect.  
 Just the man I wanted to talk to...Mars in now in my fifth house and will soon transit my Saturn...last time...

Karl Ernst listens in discomfort, Hans Frank, SS Major begin to inspect both girls. Footsteps ECHO loud in long hallway.

FADE TO:

INT. MINISTRY PROPAGANDA RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Maxi stands before armed, bored GUARD(28) sitting at table controlling entry to massive marbled, Nazi bannered hallway.

MAXI  
 (holding envelope out)  
 Please? For Bettina Meyer?



Guard glares at Maxi, then stares at envelope. Maxi places it down on the table, carefully moves to guard. Guard sighs, slowly takes, opens, reads note. Maxi discomforted. Guard folds note, places back in envelope, snaps back to Maxi.

MAXI

Her parents, friends, have not seen  
her for some days, we're worried.

Guard studies name, compares with list taped to his table.

GUARD

This will go to Lieutenant  
Schiller. Wait there.

Guard points at bench, picks up phone. Maxi sits with a policeman, two middle-aged women, an SS sergeant, civilian with Nazi pin on collar. All have fear in their faces.

SCHILLER(34) marches down hallway. Guard snaps fingers at Maxi, points at Schiller. Maxi rises to attention, bows.

SCHILLER

You have a note for me?

MAXI

(hands note)  
For Bettina Meyer. Her parents, all  
of her friends, have not...

SCHILLER

(interrupting)  
Fraulein Meyer left Berlin on  
important ministry business.

MAXI

Left? But...where..?

SCHILLER

That is confidential. Be certain  
Fraulein Meyer will receive this.

MAXI

Danke. When will she be back?

SCHILLER

That is confidential. Please. Do  
not worry. You will excuse me?

Schiller does not wait for an answer, turns 180, walks to guard desk. Maxi slowly walks out of building. Schiller talks with guard, watches Maxi exit door, throws note in trash can, motions to soldier by door to follow Maxi.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. COUNT'S DUTCH COUNTY MANSION, COURTYARD - NIGHT

SUPER: August, 1937 Wageningen, The Netherlands

FADE IN:

Royalty, super wealthy from many lands celebrate Count's birthday. Countess & Elaine sit in gazebo alone, observe.

ELAINE

We are honored for your kind  
invite, this is most lovely.

COUNTESS

Your husband is a perfect birthday  
present for my husband, dear. I've  
always wanted to have my husband's  
chart done, and to have a private  
reading from Karl Ernst! I'm so  
glad we could procure his services.

Karl Ernst & Count exit double French doors, stroll to gazbo  
in heavy discussion. Stressed, Karl Ernst glances at Elaine.

COUNTESS

Well? What do the stars say?

Karl Ernst looks at Count, bows, reaches out to Elaine.

COUNT

Sworn to secrecy, my dear. He's  
forbidden to reveal anything.

Karl Ernst bows to Countess, who glares at her husband.

COUNTESS

But surely you can tell me, or?

COUNT

Of course, my dear. Thank-you, Herr  
Krafft, most enlightening. Do enjoy  
the party.

Count & Countess walk off abruptly to main table where many  
attendees begin to collect around lavishly ornate cake about  
to be cut. Kraffts remain, hold each other. Invited, but  
still outcasts by class, they watch ceremony from afar.

ELAINE

How can such ghastly people control  
so much wealth?

KARL ERNST  
 More than wealth. Politicians,  
 banks...governments.

ELAINE  
 He appears dangerous, actually both  
 of them do. Aren't you worried?

KARL ERNST  
 The cure for worry is work, and for  
 now, he's paying our bills, sadly.

Elaine nods in agreement, looks towards Count with disgust.

KARL ERNST  
 His chart shows he's indeed  
 dangerous, but to countries, not to  
 people like us...not yet...

Fireworks EXPLODE above. Elaine & Karl Ernst move to lighted  
 fountain further away from the crowd. Karl Ernst cups hand  
 in the water, dips fingers in & then crosses Elaine.

ELAINE  
 I pray for another job this  
 bountiful, and for Annalise...

Karl Ernst closes his eyes in pain, reminded of great grief.

ELAINE  
 For both, her soul, and work to  
 allow research...your research...

GUST of wind. Elaine & Karl Ernst snuggle, caress softly.

ELAINE  
 So you won't be a jester for such  
 people's amusement, ever again.

She looks up at the night sky, he follows as she softly HUMS  
 Ravel's Bolero. MOVE back revealing faint glow around them.  
 Firework smoke begins to settle around them like fog.

Tugboat horn TOOTS, distance fog horns BELLOW.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ADMIRAL PAYNE'S OFFICE - DAY (FOG)

ADMIRAL PAYNE (50ish), spit & shine of British military  
 tradition in manner & appearance stares out window to view  
 of Thames river, British parliament building. KNOCK on the

door, in smartly steps woman in petty officer's uniform.

WOMAN PETTY OFFICER  
Admiral Payne, sir. More reports  
from Holland, Denmark.

ADMIRAL PAYNE  
On my desk, please.

She places on desk, whirls in British military fashion,  
steps out. Admiral Payne studies papers, photos, among  
these are photo of his son, Captain Payne, marked 'Missing'.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. GESTAPO CELL - UNKNOWN

Payne sits, tied in a chair. Schellenberg, Painted Man  
circle him. Schellenberg primes new cigarette in holder.

PAINTED MAN  
(rambling)  
I was actually in Whitehall once...

Payne simply stares forward, bags under eyes pronounced.

PAINTED MAN  
...I believe it was April, yes,  
April, while I was in university...

Schellenberg takes long drag, nods interrogation on.

PAINTED MAN  
Can you believe, your commander,  
Flemming, actually told me once not  
to worry about the Russians? Not  
to? You call that intelligence?

Painted Man nudges Payne hard with baton to keep him awake.

PAINTED MAN  
Did Commander Flemming ever tell  
you how he and I got in a mixup in  
Warsaw with some hooligans and the  
Polish police? Marvelous times...

Painted Man eyeballs Schellenberg, who shrugs shoulders,  
nods to door. Painted Man snaps his fingers to guard outside  
door, who immediately darts off down hallway.

PAINTED MAN  
Would you like to go back to  
London, Captain Payne?

Payne's head slowly shifts in semi-consciousness, his swollen, beaten eyes can only squint.

PAINTED MAN  
 (mocking excitement)  
 Captain Payne? Are you still with us? We want to talk about you going back to London!

Schellenberg delights. His favorite play: deceitful hope.

PAINTED MAN  
 Oh, you don't feel like going back? You would rather stay here with us? How nice, he would rather stay with us...unfortunately...

Painted Man raises his hand, guard walks in, delivers medical pouch, syringe. Painted Man prepares needle.

PAINTED MAN  
 ...unfortunately, we no longer have time to deal with you.

Painted man injects Payne, who slowly goes unconscious. Airplane motor WHINES DOWN to engage a landing.

PAINTED MAN  
 Good-bye, Captain Payne.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MILITARY AIRFIELD - AFTERNOON

RUDOLF HESS(46), driver, and UNIDENTIFIED MAN(60ish) stop at checkpoint, enter Luftwaffe airfield, planes LAND, take OFF.

CHECKPOINT GUARD  
 Passes, please?

Driver hands guard papers. Guard scans, stiffens, looks in back seat, sees Reichminister Hess, snaps to attention.

CHECKPOINT GUARD  
 (saluting)  
 Reichminister Hess! Welcome to Augsburg Field!

Guard returns papers, remains at attention. Car drives to parked ME-110, Hess, Unidentified Man exit, pre-check plane, driver speeds off. Hess, companion climb into plane.

CUT TO:

INT. ME-110 COCKPIT - MOMENTS LATER

Hess, emotionless, performs instrument check, pulls out papers with horoscopes, notes, & astrological symbols.

RUDOLF HESS

Did you double check my transit calculations?

UNIDENTIFIED MAN

Twice, your results supports Krafft's 1933 prediction.

Hess starts plane engines, looks at Moon just above horizon.

RUDOLF HESS

In Egypt as a boy, mother told me how it was German astrologers working for the American president.

Plane taxis, lifts off towards lighted St. Ulrich church.

RUDOLF HESS

Of all American presidents, Teddy Roosevelt was the most Kaiserlike. I so admired him so for that.

UNIDENTIFIED MAN

Yes, Germany needed such a leader in 1914, when Pluto entered Cancer.

RUDOLF HESS

In '33, Krafft predicted when Pluto enters Leo in fall 1939, Germany's next war will start. That turned out to be true...what of his prediction for June of '41...?

UNIDENTIFIED MAN

I think he'll be correct again. If Germany does not make peace with Great Britain by the summer of 1941, the tide of the war may very well begin to go against Germany.

RUDOLF HESS

Especially if Adolf goes into Russia as he says. What day is best to attempt peace with England?

UNIDENTIFIED MAN

May 10th.

RUDOLF HESS

The day I came up with too.

One engine sputters violently at the mention of the date, shaking the entire plane. Hess cuts off the engine, peers out window, pulls, pushes controls to maintain flight. Opening MUSIC for Third Reich's Tagesschau (Newscast)blares.

FADE TO:

INT. GOEBBELS' HOME - EVENING

MAGDA GOEBBELS(39) enters study with stack of books, radio news reports ECHO from hall. Goebbels writes, quickly hides single sheet of paper seeing her enter. Magda's intense energy causes her husband's focus on work to diminish.

MAGDA GOEBBELS

Which plan are they leaning to?

JOSEPH GOEBBELS

The fifth variant, I believe.

MAGDA GOEBBELS

(eyes huge war wall map)

But that leaves the southern flank unprotected.

JOSEPH GOEBBELS

Hitler says southern French troops will never depart the Maginot Line.

Magda steps under the wall map, waves hand under Sedan.

MAGDA GOEBBELS

But that leaves the southern flank unprotected....He's mad.

JOSEPH GOEBBELS

(irritated)

Of course he is, but who will argue reason when his mind is made up?

MAGDA GOEBBELS

Then we support his idea, but do something to cover the south.

JOSEPH GOEBBELS

But we don't have the forces.

MAGDA GOEBBELS

Then we don't use our forces.

Magda studies the map intensely, Joseph rises to map.

MAGDA GOEBBELS

If we don't have the forces, then  
we may be able to use what is  
already there. The French people.

JOSEPH GOEBBELS

(sarcastically)

A bit late to start a revolution.

Magda picks up a book she brought in, turns pages, closes eyes, meditates, waves hand over the Maginot line back & forth extremely slow & methodical. Eyes open, hands stop.

MAGDA GOEBBELS

(flips, finds page)

We don't need a revolution,  
Nostradamus gave us the tools.

Magda LAUGHS chillingly, holds up book into Joseph's face.

MAGDA GOEBBELS

This passage speaks of an area  
being the safest part of France.

JOSEPH GOEBBELS

Its obscure, no date, no reference.

MAGDA GOEBBELS

Krafft's expertise on Nostradamus  
is known, world-wide. We'll have  
him find another passage to link  
with this. The message should be,  
'when the war starts, this is will  
be the safest place in France.'

JOSEPH GOEBBELS

But it will be the safest place!

MAGDA GOEBBELS

No matter, as long as the peasants  
block the roads while going there.

Joseph studies map section. Magda's hand flows over map.

MAGDA GOEBBELS

When army group A goes through the  
Ardennes, the civilians in front of  
them will probably flee to....?

JOSEPH GOEBBELS

...according to Plan Gelb, they

(MORE)



JOSEPH GOEBBELS (CONT'D)

will head west, towards Paris.

MAGDA GOEBBELS

Not if French magazines say Krafft says Nostradamus predicts the population should move here...

JOSEPH GOEBBELS

...flooding the roads, blocking the French army, they can't move north!

Joseph Goebbels studies all sides of map. Madga stares at her husband, as if waiting for him to finally 'see' it.

JOSEPH GOEBBELS

That could work. But if the French deploys based on this prediction?

MAGDA GOEBBELS

Schatz, do you think the Frogs will create military strategy based on a prediction from the 16th century? Only peasants will heed it.

JOSEPH GOEBBELS

The Führer just may approve...

MAGDA GOEBBELS

Of course, it supports his plan.

SHOUTING, CRASHING glass, stools scrape, echo in large room.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MUNICH BEERHALL - EVENING

SUPER: April, 1920

Adolf Hitler looks across table at Count von Hoogerwerd(35). Prior to a speech, various Nazi members prepare hall. Count pulls out cigar, SA brownshirt runs up quickly beside Count.

SA BROWNSHIRT

No smoking around mein Führer.

Count smiles, nods, slips cigar slowly back in pocket.

COUNT

Saw your speech in March, your 25 Points...most interesting.

ADOLF HITLER

The point are you interested in?

COUNT

Point 13, in particular. This is actually an area of my expertise.

ADOLF HITLER

What do you know of nationalizing banks and trusts?

COUNT

Herr Hilter, my family has been nationalizing banks and trusts around the world for centuries.

Crowd(OS) OOOHHS and AHHHHS in amazement.

FADE TO:

INT. HANS FRANK'S COUNTRY HOME (CELLAR) - EVENING

SS Major remains in cellar, Hans Frank, Sculptor, Karl Ernst climb stairs, return to crowd OOOHHS & AHHH'ing upstairs.

HANS FRANK

Forgive him, after all, he's an artist, an eccentric one at that.

Krafft remains silent, tight & tense. Sculptor & Hans Frank notice, smile at one another. Hans Frank motions next room.

HANS FRANK

Come! More schnapps! Then let's look at Karl Ernst's lovely wife.

Karl Ernst reacts, visably disturbed by Frank's comment.

SCULPTOR

Wife? You say there's a woman here I've never fuc...uh...met before?

HANS FRANK

A beautiful woman, one that is sure to inspire you to some great works!

Hans Frank, Sculptor mingle, Krafft searches each room for Elaine, stops, waits by stairs in the entrance hallway. People come & go, LAUGHING, joking, drunk. Behind him appears EWA MANN(20), who runs finger on Karl Ernst's back.

EWA MANN

Herr Krafft?

KARL ERNST

Uhhh...?

EWA MANN

Ewa. I saw you at Dark Fire.  
Fesel's building? Is it true what  
they say about you? Can I...?

Frantic to find his wife, yet intensely attracted to the  
stunning redhead so close, Karl Ernst stammers in confusion.

KARL ERNST

I, uh, beg...your pardon?

EWA MANN

I need to know if I can trust you.

KARL ERNST

What...what do you mean?

Ewa looks around, frightened. Hands Karl Ernst a note.

EWA MANN

Don't let anyone know we talked.

Ewa backs away, disappears in crowd. Karl Ernst begins to  
fold open note. Commotion, GASPING, SCREAMS from top of the  
stairs, Karl Ernst scans upward, sees Elaine. Shoves note in  
pocket. Toilet FLUSH, tap turns on, water SPLATTERS in sink.

ELAINE

(frightened)

Karl Ernst!

FADE TO:

INT. SKI RESORT LODGE (GOEBBELS' ROOM) - DAY

Goebbels stands waist up in full military dress, but only  
shorts waist down, speaks on phone. Bettina enters from  
bathroom, toilet refills. She gets on her knees before him.

JOSEPH GOEBBELS

Aren't you forgetting something?

Bettina looks up confused.

JOSEPH GOEBBELS

The towel, where is my warm towel?

Bettina runs to bathroom, runs water. Phone rings, Goebbels  
answers indignantly. Running water stops, Bettina returns.

JOSEPH GOEBBELS

(into phone)

Ja...?

Bettina returns, towels Goebbels, who fusses at her with his hand, verbally with person on other end of phone.

JOSEPH GOEBBELS

I want that first, then Mueller's plan, I'll be down in five minutes.

Goebbels slams down phone. FOLLOW Bettina to adjoining room, strew with clothes, books. Goebbels primps, heads out door.

JOSEPH GOEBBELS

(shouting through wall)

Do not leave your room!

Bettina stares out window at snow covered mountains near Hoffberg. Snow begins to fall, she drops towel, CRIES.

FADE TO:

INT. SKI RESORT LODGE (MEETING ROOM) - MOMENTS LATER

Twenty Nazis sit at long table, head chair empty, several others stand by doors and windows. Goebbels enters room.

GROUP

(jumping up)

Seig Heil!

Goebbels' flicks his wrist for his return 'heil', sits at head of table, examines each face as if evaluating each man.

JOSEPH GOEBBELS

Herr Faust, I believe you have a report on publications?

NAZI #1

(sharply stands)

We have Krafft's articles into all of America's occult and astrology magazines, and in all the regular newspapers Herr Haase controls.

All give approving nods to Herr Haase, an SS colonel.

JOSEPH GOEBBELS

Radio?

NAZI #2

One hundred sixty four radio stations, Herr Minister.

Goebbels nods approvingly, slowly stands, fixes tie, looks at photo of Hitler on wall, takes long, deep breath.

JOSEPH GOEBBELS  
 Gentlemen, for the first time in  
 history, we, the foreign thought  
 department...

Goebbels looks at every member with the planned pause.

JOSEPH GOEBBELS  
 ...our deparment, will be a key  
 part in the next military  
 operation. Our next manipulation  
 won't just be of our enemy's minds,  
 but in tactical planning as well!

Members APPLAUSE. FOCUS on Lt. KRIEDERMAN (25), bitterly  
 smiling, applauding, but hate raging in his eyes.

FADE TO:

EXT. BERLIN STREET - DAY

Otto enters coffee shop, buys pastry, coffee, sips at  
 stand-up table by window. Examines street, people, cars,  
 license plates, windows. Exits via back service/restroom  
 door to alley. Man at booth notices Otto's actions.

Otto paces down alley, checks around, rapidly turns onto  
 another street, slips down step into basement tailor shop.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHANSTALL'S TAILOR SHOP - SECONDS LATER

Motherly yet serious EVA MARIA (40) smiles, behind her an  
 open door reveals the sagacious STEPHAN JOHANSTALL(70ish).

EVA-MARIE  
 Guten Tag.

Otto smiles, mouths "Guten Tag" without voice. Lifts  
 drawbridge countertop, enters office where the grandfatherly  
 Johanstall has legs crossed upon desk, appears to sleep.

SUPER: English sub-titles, DIALOGUE in German.

OTTO  
 Are you awake?

JOHANSTALL  
 What have you for me today?

Otto carefully places some colored buttons on desk where  
 loose colored threads resemble a map of western Europe.

JOHANSTALL

Buttons...some that need work?

Otto points at three of the buttons, gives hand signal.

OTTO

Can you have these sewn by Sunday?

JOHANSTALL

Which Sunday?

OTTO

The 28th...of this month, of course.

Johnstall writes the date, begins making diagram of the button positions labeling them as Panzer Divisions.

JOHANSTALL

Would you like something else?

OTTO

(shows photo of Bettina)

Yes, haven't seen this style around for a while...have you?

JOHANSTALL

No...but I'm always looking for the newest trends. Some coffee or tea?

Both notice two sets of legs stop, then continue walking by the street level window on the upper wall. Otto exhales.

OTTO

Maybe I should leave...

JOHANSTALL

No, no...please, wait a moment.

Both men pause, listening. Otto looks at costumes hanging on the wall in the office, each labeled with a letter, two digit number. Johanstall points at one labeled "P - 51".

OTTO

Seen any costumes, lately?

TYPING(OS) echoes, Johanstall shakes his head 'yes' happily.

EWA MANN (O.S.)

For the party.

CUT TO:

INT. FESEL'S OFFICE IN DARK FIRE - DAY

Fesel reclines behind his desk, Ewa Mann, nervous, troubled, sits at the other end, woman TYPES rapidly in next office.

FESEL

And Hans Frank's estate...?

EWA MANN

The usual crowd, as you arranged.  
It should go on all weekend.

FESEL

And your subject, Herr Krafft, is  
he and his wife still there?

EWA MANN

Yes, Herr Doctor. The Governor  
General said he would make sure  
both Krafft and his wife would be  
kept there all weekend.

Fesel nods, smiles approvingly, sneaks look at cleavage.

FESEL

Did Krafft see you leave?

EWA MANN

No, Herr Doctor.

FESEL

Good...good.

Fesel reaches for a file bearing photo of Krafft, text.

FESEL

What do you think of our Krafft?  
Can you seduce him, draw him in?

EWA MANN

I believe so, Herr Doctor.

Fesel hands file to Ewa, then hand gestures her to leave.

FESEL

Then get to work on it.

FADE TO:

INT. HANS FRANK'S COUNTRY HOME - EVENING

Karl Ernst holds distraught Elaine. Hostess, elderly  
actress BARONESS FREDRICKE(80's+) approach to comfort  
Elaine, with water, tissues. Fredricke angrily turns to Hans  
Frank, shakes finger inches from his face, he freezes stiff.

FREDRICKE

What have you done to this lady?

Hans Frank, confused, mumbles, looks at other guests for support. Fredricke turns to all the other guests.

FREDRICKE

What have you done to this lady?

HANS FRANK

(attempting composure)

You know Karl Ernst...Elaine?

FREDRICKE

I don't need know their names, I know her spirits.

Fredricke looks into Karl Ernst eyes. Draws near to him.

FREDRICKE

(whispering, trancelike)

Eyes that see lights, the future.

Fredricke takes Elaine's hands, looks at Karl Ernst sternly.

FREDRICKE

No harm can come to this child.

Fredricke pulls Elaine away, Karl Ernst follows. Desperate KNOCKS on door. Hans Frank, crowd remain speechless, silent.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VON WOHL'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Ludwig von Wohl looks in peephole, sees stunning GENERAL'S Wife(32) KNOCKING, waiting in front of his door, he opens.

LUDWIG VON WOHL

Frau von Eschl, come in! Drink?

GENERAL'S WIFE

Brandy if you have it.

Ludwig fetches request, motions to chair, eyes her movement.

GENERAL'S WIFE

I want you see if my son's new girlfriend is right for him.

LUDWIG VON WOHL

Oh...?



GENERAL'S WIFE

Yes, it appears...may be serious.

Ludwig hands her a drink, she hands Ludwig a horoscope.

GENERAL'S WIFE

Her chart.

LUDWIG VON WOHL

Hmmm...November 3,  
1921...yes...yes

GENERAL'S WIFE

Well...?

LUDWIG VON WOHL

When did they meet?

GENERAL'S WIFE

Don't know exactly, does it matter?

LUDWIG VON WOHL

In some relationships, yes. But if  
we're just to look at their charts  
only...hmmm...I would say this is  
just going to be another fling.

She lets out long moan, frustration of a mother wanting her  
son to finally get married, settled. Both sit in silence.

LUDWIG VON WOHL

Is there perhaps something else on  
your mind...disturbing you?

GENERAL'S WIFE

Well, I...not sure...how...

LUDWIG VON WOHL

Relax, it will come to you, just  
find a word...start with one word.

She breaths deep, takes a drink, slowly puts glass down with  
almost a shake. She fumbles with items in her purse.

GENERAL'S WIFE

Yes, there is something, but you  
must promise not to tell anyone, for  
I don't know myself if it's true.

LUDWIG VON WOHL

Always in strictest confidence.

## GENERAL'S WIFE

My husband, I think he's a spy.

British radio BROADCASTS coded messages during nightly news.  
Dumbfounded, Von Wohl hands Wife handkerchief as she cries.

## BBC RADIO

For Anna, John has a long mustache.  
John has a long mustache. For  
Nellie, Camilla perfumes with  
lavender. Camilla perfumes with  
lavender. For Alexis, Asop does not  
like sheep wet...

FADE TO:

INT. HOUSE OF COUNT VON HOOGERWOERD - AFTER MIDNIGHT

BBC coded BROADCAST continues in background. Count sits at  
head of table directing another set of men and woman, all in  
their early to mid-twenties who speak DUTCH.

SUPER: English subtitles.

## COUNT

We need to prepare maintaining our  
arrangements when the Germans come.

## DUTCHMAN #1

What? Through Holland?

## DUTCHMAN #2

What of our neutrality?

The Count remains silent, all see his eyes give the answer.

## DUTCHWOMAN #1

When?

## COUNT

We have three weeks, at the most.

## DUTCHMAN #1

Then where shall we move our  
businesses? Romania?

## COUNT

Romania will remain neutral, but  
later this year will ally with  
Germany. The arrangements have  
already been made weeks ago...

DUTCHMAN #2

Then, Budapest?

COUNT

Hungary will remain neutral as long it can, until the Soviets get involved, which may be a year away.

COUNT

(looks at Dutchwoman #1)

Some of the operations we can keep here, I believe the Germans will want girls, entertainment...?

DUTCHWOMAN #1

(smiling)

Something we happily provide for tourists...of any nationality.

COUNT

Unfortunately this nationality won't be just passing through. When our bankers in New York call, we'll see what cash, gold we can salvage.

DUTCHWOMAN #2

And our money in Germany?

COUNT

We'll leave it, it'll be worthless in a few months anyway. All that we have of value there is already out.

Three KNOCKS on door. Pause. Single KNOCK. Count rises.

FADE TO:

INT. SKI RESORT LODGE (GOEBBELS' ROOM) - DAY

Bettina opens door, tomboy cleaning lady ELKA MEYER(17) strides in, heads straight to bathroom tools in hand.

ELKA MEYER

Let me take a quick look, I'll fix it, then will be out of your way.

BETTINA

I beg your pardon?

ELKA MEYER

The leak. In your basin.

BETTINA

The basin is not leaking.

Elke studies basin, then pulls out work order.

ELKA MEYER

So it is...not leaking. Hmmm. Says  
Room 27, leaking basin.

Bettina steps next to Elka, studies paper.

BETTINA

Where I come from, a "7" like that  
can also be taken as a "one". I  
think the room with the leaky basin  
may in room 21.

Both girls LAUGH in similiar fashion, having hands touch.

ELKE MEYER

Elke Meyer.

BETTINA

Bettina Meyer.

ELKE MEYER

Just where are you from where they  
make a seven like a one?

BETTINA

In Berlin...now, but originally  
from Liegnitz.

ELKA MEYER

As in Leignitz near Breslau?

BETTINA

You've been there?

ELKA MEYER

Been there? Mother's side of the  
family is Liegnitz. Do you know  
Rudolph Meyer, the butcher there?

BETTINA

My father.

ELKA MEYER

Cousin...!

Girls embrace, hug, bounce excitedly. Water(OS) DRIPS,  
SPLATTERS in puddle on ground, eerie ECHOS grow LOUDER.

FADE TO:

INT. BERLIN CELL - UNKNOWN

Captain Payne slowly regains consciousness in a new cell. Automobile, street noises filter through a tiny slit just below the leaking ceiling. Payne's blurred POV VISION sees a crude calender where someone scraped in wall "x's".

Payne studies, "x's" reveal first date recorded being October 1937, the last July 1940. Payne slowly looks around the room, VISION becomes more into FOCUS, various VOICES layer, overlap, ECHO in his mind.

PAYNE'S SERGEANT (O.S.)

What's so damn important about this Krafft bloke?

BRITISH COMMANDER (O.S.)

Holland, Germany are still neutral, but things are... strained.

SCHELLENBERG (O.S.)

What did the Belgians share with Flemming over Reinberger's 108?

PAINTED MAN (O.S.)

Which Dutch generals were you in contact with in Velno?

Loud SNAP, CLICK, metal cell door opens abruptly.

GUARD #1

Raus!

FADE TO:

EXT. HANS FRANK'S COUNTRY HOME (BACKPORCH)

Baroness Fredricke leads frightened Karl Ernst, hesitant Elaine away from the house out to a large open field by moonlight. Fredricke paces ahead of bewildered couple.

ELAINE

Baroness!

FREDRICKE

They are but vampires, come!

Couple eye each other, back to house, clasp hands, follow Fredricke who briskly continues to rising Moon on treeline.

FREDRICKE  
 (to herself)  
 They sit, they suck, they drink  
 they suck, they come to me...they  
 suck...vampires. Goddamn vampires!

Elaine catches up to Fredricke, each gaze knowingly.

ELAINE  
 You poor dear.

FREDRICKE  
 Only in my choices for husbands.

Karl Ernst trails, clumsily stepping thru the plowed fields.

FREDRICKE  
 These trees are my priests, they  
 tell me of your spirit...shining.

ELAINE  
 You are most kind, to be aware.

KARL ERNST  
 (lost, looking around)  
 Where are we going?

Fredricke points to silhouette of distant 1931 VW Beetle.

FREDRICKE  
 (commands)  
 Go to the car.

Karl Ernst carefully steps towards car, Fredricke & Elaine remain by enormous oak tree lit by moon, devoid of leaves.

ELAINE  
 How did you know our...

FREDRICKE  
 Souls? Only strong ones forgive, I  
 can sense that...in both of you.

Karl Ernst glances back. Diffused, eerie glow radiates from both women. Karl Ernst looks at similar glow of the moon, then to glow surrounding the ladies, which glimmers & slowly grows. He listens, hearing an Elaine he never knew existed.

ELAINE  
 You felt it, too?

FREDRICKE  
 Crying is a music, music of a pure  
 (MORE)

FREDRICKE (CONT'D)

heart speaking. One who knows  
crying, knows purity of the soul.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. SKI RESORT LODGE (GOEBBELS' ROOM) - DAY

Double knock on door, followed by single knock.

FADE IN:

Bettina opens door, Elka rushes in with fruit, books,  
packaged sweets, & Coca Cola. Elka spreads items on table,  
rushes to window, scans. Bettina heads straight to table.

ELKA MEYER

He just drove off with the others.

Bettina dives into fruit, rips off wrapper of chocolate.

ELKA MEYER

Poor dear, cooped up for days, no  
food, how could a butcher's family  
daughter ever live with that?

Bettina remains silent, continues to eat in haste.

ELKA MEYER

Slow down! What would your mother  
say, seeing you eat like that?

Bettina slows down.

ELKA MEYER

Relax. Elsa on front desk said  
Goebbels' group went to Hilsham, so  
we have several hours, at least.

Bettina continues picking at the treats, famished. Pauses.

BETTINA

Were you able to telephone out?

ELKA MEYER

There's only one operator who will  
let me use the phone here, she was  
out yesterday and today.

Bettina's hands, holding cookies and fruit, drops to table.

ELKA MEYER

Don't worry, she's here tomorrow.  
We'll get a call out then. This  
Otto, must be really cute, huh?

BETTINA

A dream. Tall, athletic, caring...

ELKA MEYER

This is a favor, then. I could lose my job, especially if Herr Hoffman found out I was calling Berlin, do you know what that costs?

BETTINA

I can give you the money.

Rambunctious men's voices stomp outside in the hallway, both girls freeze, look towards door. ZOOM to show door unlocked.

FADE TO:

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE OF COUNT, FRANCE - MORNING

Count, Countess von Hoogerwoerd sit on balcony, enjoy coffee, spectacular view of mountains, forest.

COUNTESS

Something serious?

COUNT

We will have to be out before the Nazis start on France.

COUNTESS

The Germans are coming?

COUNT

Yes, Hitler just signed the order.

COUNTESS

And the home in Paris?

COUNT

Already packed and shipped.

COUNTESS

And here?

COUNT

Arrangements have already been made with the German High Command, this will be one of their headquarters.

COUNTESS

(smiles, nods knowingly)  
You always have a way of dealing with those on top, don't you?



COUNT

Where would you like to vacation?

COUNTESS

We have not been to the plantation  
in Jakarta in a while.

COUNT

I'm afraid Asia's not safe, either.  
The Japanese have agents crawling  
all over the Dutch oil holdings  
there, it's just a matter of time  
before their armies follow.

Countess rests coffee cup on her lap, pouts, thinks.

COUNTESS

Didn't that astrologer say we would  
eventually live in Argentina?

COUNT

He did, years back. Didn't he...

FADE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD: NW OF STETTIN - MIDNIGHT

Baroness Fredricke shifts gears, corners VW as a race car.

FREDRICKE

Hotel Victoria's manager loves me,  
he'll put us up even if he's full.

Karl Ernst holds on for dear life on passenger side, Elaine  
sways happily in the back.

KARL ERNST

Where did you learn to drive?

FREDRICKE

In Mannheim, from Herr Porsche!

KARL ERNST

The Ferdinand Porsche?

Fredricke motions Karl Ernst to open glove compartment. Karl  
Ernst pulls out post card of Ferdinand Porsche standing in  
front of the VW factory in Wolfsburg, turns over card.

KARL ERNST

(reading)

To my lovely Fredricke, all that  
comes through these gates are

(MORE)

KARL ERNST (CONT'D)

products of your divine  
inspiration. Love, Ferdinand.

Karl Ernst looks at Fredricke admiringly. Fredricke does not take her eyes off the road. Karl Ernst hands the post card back to Elaine, who reads while oscillating in back seat.

ELAINE

Baroness....you...

Sharp turn throws everyone off balance.

FREDRICKE

Don't let those people into your  
life. They will take everything. I  
know, they did it to me, they did  
it to my Ferdinand.

Kraffts nod at each other, hold handrails for dear life.

FREDRICKE

Work for them if you must, but  
never, never, give them anything  
else. No matter what they give you.

Turning VW on main road, ride smooths. Karl Ernst moves hand from handrail to rest on his pocket, feels note Ewa Mann gave him. He pulls note out discreetly, slowly unfolds. Through breaks of moonlight between the trees, he sees: "I must see you - alone."

Several different telephones RING. Karl Ernst squeezes note.

FADE TO:

INT. SKI RESORT LODGE (TELEPHONE SWITCH BOARD ROOM) - DAY

Elka timidly inches up to OPERATOR, who answers the hotel's incoming RINGING calls. Elka places note before Operator.

OPERATOR

Now?

ELKA MEYER

When you have time, for my cousin.

Operator tries number, stares at Elka...shakes her head.

OPERATOR

No answer.

ELKA MEYER

That's OK, I'll come back later.

Elka exits, Operator tries again.

CLICKING phone dialing ECHOES over the wires.

CUT TO:

INT. GESTAPO SURVEILLANCE CENTER - CONTINUOUS

CLICKING phone ECHO dialing finishes. One Gestapo man with head phones points in book, other Gestapo man writes down number. Flying Saucer-type HUM raises and lowers in volume.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AUTOMOTIVE MACHINE SHOP (DARK FIRE) - DAY

Fesel, Karl Ernst work in room surrounded by ancient books, Sumerian clay tables, scrolls, diagram of Nazi Hannabu ship.

KARL ERNST

Who will be working with me?

FESEL

Different people at different times. Lucht on translations, Frauline Mann on directives..

Karl Ernst reacts to name Ewa Mann, Fesel notices, smiles. Fesel walks up to wall map of French-German border.

FESEL

These French divisions are your area of responsibility. You will alter these texts to suggest this area is where civilians, farmers, and their property will be safe. Understand?

KARL ERNST

Yes.

FESEL

Good, I'll check on you this evening.

Fesel leaves, Karl Ernst begins work, Georg Lucht enters, Krafft, surprised, drops his work, lunges, embraces Lucht.

KARL ERNST

Georg, old friend!

The two embrace as long lost father, son - mentor, pupil.

KARL ERNST  
What is going on here?

LUCHT  
(sarcastically)  
Work, for the Third Reich...

Lucht checks both sides of hallway, then closes the door.

LUCHT  
...and work is not what it seems.

KARL ERNST  
What is it then?

LUCHT  
Not here, be in Schach Cafe on  
Brahms Strasse....eight...tonight.

Lucht leaves, Karl Ernst returns to work. Moments later,  
Ewa Mann slips next Krafft, embraces him, begins to sob.

JOSEPH GOEBBELS (O.S.)  
Can it be traced to Germany?

Karl Ernst hesitates to return hug, slowly brings arms  
around her to comfort her. They merge, melt into each other.

CUT TO:

INT. NAZI PRINTING COMPANY - AFTERNOON

Goebbels and Kriedermann observe books being printed.

KRIEDERMANN  
(pulls magazine off line)  
No, our company in Switzerland will  
produce everything. Will these do?

JOSEPH GOEBBELS  
(inspecting pages)  
It does look like the trash one  
normally sees at a French kiosk.

KRIEDERMANN  
We were lucky, too, this magazine  
existed from 1923 to 1935. It was  
known, respected, and many will be  
happy to see it return.

JOSEPH GOEBBELS  
Excellent.

KRIEDERMANN

Krafft contributed over fifty articles in the original, so his articles appearing will be natural.

Kriedermann holds up empty page on mock-up copy.

KRIEDERMANN

When will we have Krafft's work?

JOSEPH GOEBBELS

Soon, there were some obstacles in working with Herr Krafft.

KRIEDERMANN

Obstacles?

JOSEPH GOEBBELS

This project is more than just creating propaganda. There are delicate balances to maneuver around, with thoughts and feelings.

Indistinguishable crowd WHISPERS, MURMURS, GRUMBLES.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - FOYER: BELIN THEATER - EVENING

Fesel, Baron, their dates stand in foyer mingling. Schiller, his voluptuous wife pass by, Fesel lits up aroused by her revealing dress. Schiller's wife returns gawk with disgust.

FESEL

Schiller! You enjoy comedy?

SCHILLER

Of course! With no Polish army, there's nothing to make me laugh!

FESEL

Good, Major, see you after the...?

Schiller's wife grabs, leds husband away. Schiller waves goodbye while being dragged off. Fesel LAUGHS, mimics, mocks Schiller being dragged off using his date. Von Wohl observes scene at top of stairs, waves to get the group's attention.

BARON

A woman can hide her love for years, but her disgust and anger ...not for one minute. Come.

The four ascend up to the landing where Von Wohl waits.

BARON

Dr. Fesel, ladies, I would like to meet the author of this play, Ludwig Von Wohl.

FESEL

Honored. Baron, I didn't know you kept company with artists, I thought you were a businessman.

Baron grits smile at Fesel, Ludwig kisses ladies' hands.

LUDWIG VON WOHL

Actually, Dr. Fesel, the Baron is my mentor, on the art of astrology.

FESEL

(sarcastic)

The Baron has many talents, doesn't he? Horiculture, autos, banking, diplomacy, oil, steel...astrology.

LUDWIG VON WOHL

And what do you do, Dr. Fesel?

FESEL

I too, sometimes dabble in astrology...for the Reich.

Fesel straightens to reveal Nazi pin on his lapel. Ludwig reacts, turns, gestures Baron, ladies to an entrance.

LUDWIG VON WOHL

Baron, Ladies, I have your reserved seats just beyond that curtain, please, before the ice on the champagne melts. I have a business question for the Doctor.

Baron grins, takes lady in each arm, heads for seats.

FESEL

Business?

LUDWIG VON WOHL

How might one be of service to the Reich...in the field of astrology?

FESEL

What service does one offer?

LUDWIG VON WOHL  
Fifteen years experience & many  
clients who have many secrets.

FESEL  
Have you experience with  
Nostradamus quatrains?

LUDWIG VON WOHL  
Some interpretations from Krafft  
and Lucht on our esteemed seer.

FESEL  
Perhaps there is an interest, may I  
have your business card?

FADE TO:

INT. SKI RESORT LODGE (EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE) - DAY

Elka enters, Operator holds back tears, approaches.

OPERATOR  
You're wanted in the switchboard.

Elka walks to, enters phone room, two GESTAPO agents wait.

GESTAPO #1  
Elka Meyer?

ELKA MEYER  
Yes...?

GESTAPO #1  
Elka Julia Meyer of Grundstrasse 5?

ELKA MEYER  
Yes...

GESTAPO #2  
(showing insignia)  
Gestapo, we have questions.

GESTAPO #1  
Whose telephone number is this?

ELKA MEYER  
(slight shaking)  
My cousin's boyfriend...in Berlin.

GESTAPO #1  
Why did you call this number?

ELKA MEYER

My cousin wanted me to call... to  
let him know she was OK...

GESTAPO #2

(writing notes)

Your cousin's name?

ELKA MEYER

Bettina. Bettina Meyer.

GESTAPO #1

Her boyfriend's name?

ELKA MEYER

Otto...

GESTAPO #1

Otto...what?

ELKA MEYER

I don't know, she never said.

Both Gestapo agents look at each other, smirk.

ELKA MEYER

She never told me his last name.

GESTAPO #2

(holds up photo)

Do you know this...person?

ELKA MEYER

Yes, that's my grandmother.

GESTAPO #1

Did your grandmother ever tell you  
of her Jewish roots?

ELKA MEYER

No...she...

GESTAPO #2

Come with us.

FADE TO:

INT. VON WOHL'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Von Wohl, General's Wife lean over table going over chart.  
Von Wohl eyes up, down her legs, she chats, looks at chart.

FLASHBACK - FRONT OF MINISTRY OFFICE - Day (Light Rain)



Von Wohl, waits for, sees General's Wife exit Ministry building, wind blows her raincoat, revealing her legs.

Behind her, Fesel, Krafft depart building in sea of military uniforms that enter, exit. FOCUS on Krafft handing papers to Fesel, who puts papers in briefcase, smiles, leaves.

BACK TO PRESENT

LUDWIG VON WOHL  
(mumbles to self)  
So the Herr Doctor is not hot air.

GENERAL'S WIFE  
I beg your pardon?

LUDWIG VON WOHL  
Sorry, the chart reminded me of  
when we first met. Please continue.

GENERAL'S WIFE  
If secrets are operating in the  
10th house of career, and my  
husband's career is military, then  
the chart shows he is a spy?

LUDWIG VON WOHL  
(collecting himself)  
Possibly, is there anything else  
you noticed that justifies this?

GENERAL'S WIFE  
He listens to BBC, Radio Moscow.

LUDWIG VON WOHL  
Wouldn't that be something generals  
usually do? Know your enemy?

Lady retrieves a bundle of papers from her purse.

GENERAL'S WIFE  
Look, he makes copies of papers  
such as these, then gives them to  
his American banker friends.

Von Wohl unties string, looks through papers. Eyebrows cruch, begins to read intensely, checks other papers showing General von Eschl receiving payments of thousands of dollars, Reichmarks from NY Union Banking Corporation(UBC).

All checks approved, signed by Bank Director: Prescott Bush.

GENERAL'S WIFE

These are not military matters,  
this is about moving gold to  
Holland, then to other banks  
accounts here...and here...

She points at bottom of page Von Wohl is studying, Von Wohl  
puts on glasses to double check, gasps. Snaps papers shut.

LUDWIG VON WOHL

For both of our safety, keep this  
strictly between us for now. We  
have to be 100% sure. Let me  
research this with people I know.

She leans back, relieved. Von Wohl wraps up bundle,  
carefully slides in drawer. Leans to her ear.

LUDWIG VON WOHL

(whispering)

Write down everything you can  
remember, whatever happens now  
until I see you next.

RADIO(O.S.)

...and that's how life happens to  
you, while you're busy making other  
plans. Audience LAUGHTER, APPLAUSE.

FADE TO:

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT (ITALY) - EVENING

Count's birthday party, American COLONEL(36), Schiller,  
Kriedermann, LADIES turn dial, sampling other radio shows.

COLONEL

(Texas accent)

I'm taking my girls out of the  
country, your assurances or not.

SCHILLER

(insulted)

Do you think Herr Hitler will be  
barbaric...like that Franco?

COLONEL

Those were German planes bombing  
Barcelona, not Franco.

SCHILLER

Hilter would never bomb civilans.

COLONEL  
He certainly gave Warsaw a pound'n.

SCHILLER  
That was different, those were just  
Poles, untermenchen, Slavs.

Count smiles, chews food, sips wine, girl with ear on radio waves other girls for quiet. Kriedermann follows girls to the radio, now set on BBC. Girls motion others for silence. Radio plays HAPPY BIRTHDAY, joined by everyone in the room. LAUGHTER. Toasting. Joking. BBC begins newscast.

GIRL #1  
It's him!

Girl #2 turns radio up of Winston Churchill speech.

RADIO  
We will fight them on the  
beaches...

Schiller smirks, growls, squirms in chair, girls hold index finger to lips for silence. Colonel smiles: girls vs Nazis.

RADIO  
...we will never surrender!

Count motions radio off. Kriedermann shows thumbs down.

COUNT  
That's not Winston Churchill.

GIRL #1  
That's him, I know his voice.

COUNT  
(matter of fact)  
No, that rousing speech Mr. Churchill gave in the House of Commons earlier today. You just heard a BBC repertory staff member, one Norman Shelly, repeating that speech, as our Mr. Churchill is quite busy at the moment.

Door opens, WAITER balances phone, cord, on silver tray.

WAITER  
Count, sir, London calling...

FADE TO:

INT. OFFICE OF REICHMINISTER GOEBBELS - DAY

SUPER: May 10, 1940

Crowded with Goebbels' staff & military, office buzzes with discussion, telephone calls, reports called out. Europe map filled with position markers constantly being moved, updated.

SOLDIER #1  
 (on phone, shouts)  
 General Knoepp informs, Fifth army  
 is in Metz!

APPLAUSE, toasts, BUZZING of conversation intensifies.

SOLDIER #2  
 (looks at map)  
 Two days ahead of schedule!

JOSEPH GOEBBELS  
 I dedicate it to you, my dear.

MAGDA GOEBBELS  
 (accepting nod)  
 We make a good team, do we not?

SOLDIER #2  
 (on phone, shouts)  
 Strasser reports no contacts from  
 the southern flank!

JOSEPH GOEBBELS  
 (whispers in Magda's ear)  
 Thanks to you, my general..

Bettina, at desk in adjoining space, frantically waves for Joseph Goebbels attention. Joseph waves her off angrily. Officers approach Magda, Joseph with champagne, glasses.

JOSEPH GOEBBELS  
 To my wife, gentlemen, my general.

The entire room freezes in silence. Joseph Goebbels, glass held high, scans the room confused. In the doorway stands Adolf Hitler. Behind the dictator, Bettina stares at Joseph Goebbels with a "I tried to warn you" look.

SCHELLENBERG (O.S.)  
 Rats!

FADE TO:

INT. GESTAPO OFFICE - DAY

Kriedermann marches down hall with Schellenberg, who carries folders, red one labeled 'Otto Manfred Huber'. Anger, strain.

SCHELLENBERG

(eyes fixed on report)

I don't like rats, especially when they get so close I can smell them.

KRIEDERMANN

Rats in Berlin?

Schellenberg points at Otto's file, photo.

SCHELLENBERG

Calls to him, from Hof, while you and Goebbels were there...

Kriedermann scans file quickly, looks puzzled.

SCHELLENBERG

...does Goebbels have a secret?

KRIEDERMANN

Who called our Herr Huber?

SCHELLENBERG

You find out, I smell rats here, and I want them all picked up.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LADY HIGHTOWER MANSION (BALCONY) - MORNING

Admiral Payne, American NAVAL CAPTAIN(28) mingle amongst guests at a brunch party. LADY HIGHTOWER(60ish) reads MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT'S (60ish) palm.

ADMIRAL PAYNE

You Americans made that much progress with underwater radar?

Naval Captain nods 'yes' but stares at eccentric elderly Lady Hightower's activities. Payne notices his focus.

ADMIRAL PAYNE

Isn't she a bit old for you?

Payne, Naval Captain watch Lady Hightower in action.

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT

My word! How do you know such?

LADY HIGHTOWER

Open hands are like open books.

Payne escorts Naval Captain to Hightower's table, coughs for attention, holds Naval Captain's hand before her.

ADMIRAL PAYNE

(jokingly)

My dear Lady, could you? For security purposes, of course.

LADY HIGHTOWER

(intense focus on hand)

Ahhh, a lonely American.

NAVAL CAPTAIN

You see that in my hand?

LADY HIGHTOWER

No, young man, from your uniform.

Hightower returns hand, eyes remain fixed on Captain's face.

NAVAL CAPTAIN

(stiffening to attention)

Captain Lawrence Boyle, United States Navy, Lady Hightower.

LADY HIGHTOWER

Oh please, Captain, all handsome, dashing men may call me Ella.

Lady Hightower stares at Naval Captain, eye to eye.

LADY HIGHTOWER

(monotone)

Youngest in a large family, a family with large responsibility. You are married with one, hmmmmm, soon to be two children.

NAVAL CAPTAIN

I do have a son and my wife is pregnant! How did you...?

LADY HIGHTOWER

...and that child will be a girl. Captain, you are so alike another captain...the Admiral's son.

Admiral Payne flinches. Lady Hightower turns to unusual gentleman next to her, husband LORD EVERTON(60ish), before hidden. Elderly couple 'connect' spiritually, turn to Payne.

LADY HIGHTOWER

(trance-like)

(MORE)

LADY HIGHTOWER (CONT'D)

His son relies on secrets, but not  
a secret...that's why he vanished.

Everton waves at servant, points at wife, mimics drinking.

LORD EVERTON

(to Naval Captain)

Reality is an illusion that occurs  
due to lack of alcohol.

LADY HIGHTOWER

My Lord Everton prefers stars, I'm  
more inclined to tea, one moment.

Servant places teacup, pours steamy water, Lady Hightower  
motions for tea added. She, Lord Everton lean over cup.

LORD EVERTON

Without chemicals, we wouldn't have  
the vital ingredients for beer.

LADY HIGHTOWER

This secret your son was after, has  
it to do with our Herr Krafft?

ADMIRAL PAYNE

I beg your pardon? Krafft?

LADY HIGHTOWER

Karl Ernst Krafft.

LORD EVERTON

Alcohol may be man's worst enemy,  
but the Bible says love your enemy  
...even him. He fancies stars, too.

NAVAL CAPTAIN

(whispering to Payne)

Who is this Krafft?

FADE TO:

INT. AUTOMOTIVE MACHINE SHOP (DARK FIRE) - DAY

Fesel pulls out foreign magazines with marked pages, finds  
leafed page in one, holds up inches from Karl Ernst's face

FESEL

Look familiar?

KARL ERNST

(turns angry)

That's my article!

Karl Ernst grabs the USA 1938 issue of "Popular Astrology".

FESEL

I believe I read this article in  
Meteor Magazine back in '31, when  
you wrote it.

FOCUS on magazine article title, and author.

KARL ERNST

Who is William Morrison?

FESEL

The one who stole your work.

Karl Ernst violently throws magazine back on pile.

FESEL

You see, besides superficial, the  
Americans are thieves, your help to  
crush them is a form of justice.

Karl Ernst turns to door, fists clinched, ready to strike.

FESEL

See? It's necessary altering  
Nostradamus on these criminals.

KARL ERNST

Isn't it a bit obvious having  
Germans predict a German victory?

FESEL

That would be the case, but our  
agents there present these as if  
coming from the Amis themselves.

KARL ERNST

My name will not be on these works?

FESEL

You understand, don't you...?

Krafft controls anger, but not expressions of displeasure.

FESEL

Necessary sacrifices for the good  
of the Reich...for the war. I'll be  
back at 18:00 hours to pick up the  
draft. Ready to start?

Krafft nods. Fesel takes letter to other room, hands to girl  
who files in folder with other letters from Popular



Astrology magazine to Fesel, AKA William J. Morrison.

FADE TO:

EXT. COUNT'S YACHT - NIGHT

Von Wohl, Baron gaze at stars over Mediterranean Sea.

BARON

What a shock it must have been!

LUDWIG VON WOHL

I told the Gestapo her chart indicated she's crazy, so whatever she told me about her husband being a spy, I just didn't believe.

BARON

Were you sleeping with her?

LUDWIG VON WOHL

(faking offense)

Baron!

BARON

So if the Gestapo didn't get you...

LUDWIG VON WOHL

Then the general probably would...

BARON

...if the Gestapo haven't gotten to him already.

Both LAUGH. COMMOTION erupts below deck, volume on radio made LOUDER. Excited SHOUTS, OH's, AH's ECHO throughout luxurious yacht. Countess peers out of a cabin door.

COUNTESS

(highly excited)

It's started! The Germans are bombing Holland, Belgium!

BARON

(to Von Wohl)

Apparently we won't be meeting in Berlin for a while.

LUDWIG VON WOHL

I thought your family's quite well-connected in Germany. You mean you can't go back either?

BARON

We are connected...but Hitler's people are creating a different type of Germany, one that doesn't respect law, power...or even money.

LUDWIG VON WOHL

What do they respect, then?

BARON

Death.

Beneath deck, Radio(OS)broadcasts Hitler SPEECH.

CROSSFADE TO:

INT. JOHANSTALL'S TAILOR SHOP - DAY

Maxi, Stephan Johanstall talk code in office. Eva-Marie enters the shop with suits. Maxi hands papers, photos of Captain Payne to Johanstall, points at headshot of Payne.

SUPER: English sub-titles, DIALOGUE in German

MAXI

Uncle Manfred is here in Berlin.

JOHANSTALL

We've heard. Milena saw him as she was cleaning the hotel.

Both men look distraught. Johanstall nods at Eva-Marie, who enters office, hangs suits, pulls up stool, hands envelope.

JOHANSTALL

Tea?

EVA-MARIE

Thank-you, no, just suits.

Johanstall takes out three photos of bell shaped device.

EVA-MARIE

Milena says these are delicate.

JOHANSTALL

Does she have any other repairs?

EVA-MARIE

Just there are two departments fighting over a lot of money, doctors, technicians for this.

Johanstall holds up photo of "Die Glocke" to Maxi.

MAXI  
What is that?

EVA-MARIE  
We don't know...no one does.

JOHNSTALL  
What do you know?

EVA-MARIE  
It flies...and they need a lot of mercury to make it work.

JOHNSTALL  
How much mercury?

EVA-MARIE  
Over 50 dekaliters..

MAXI  
( 'wow' whistles)  
That's a lot of thermometers...!

Johanstall slides note pad, pen under Eva-Marie.

JOHANSTALL  
Just who is fighting over this?

Eva-Marie takes pen, writes "Gestapo" and "SS".

EVA-MARIE  
One more thing...

Eva-Marie stands, points to Antarctica on globe above.

EVA-MARIE  
This is where they send them.

FADE TO:

EXT. BERLIN STREET - DAY (SNOWING HEAVILY)

Otto strolls sidewalk, behind him SHOUTS, GASPS, SCREAMS.

NAZI #1  
Stop him! Stop him!

Otto freezes, backs against store window. Man, 50ish, in suit runs by. Three 20ish uniformed Nazis follow, catch man, beat senseless. Crowd gathers, watch, Otto checks streets, slips towards alley. In civilian clothes, Kriederman in car across street, signals another taxi to follow Otto.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT SWINESKI'S - MOMENTS LATER

BETTINA

Otto!

Otto hurriedly glides though tables of customers, embraces, kisses Bettina. Both sit, Otto scans tables, windows. Bettina becomes frightened, surveys surroundings as well.

OTTO

(out of breath)

No time, Bettina. But I must tell you, I have one more job here, then I will leave Berlin. Forever.

Bettina reacts shocked, begins to speak, Otto stops her.

OTTO

I want you to leave with me, my love, can you, will you?

BETTINA

Me? Leave?...Where? Why?

OTTO

I can't tell you, I'm sorry, only, will you come with me?

BETTINA

But...my mother.

OTTO

I've friends on the Baltic who will care for her, good people.

Kriedermann nonchalantly peers in window, studies customers. Reflective flash of Gestapo pin catches Otto's eye. Train whistle BLASTS several bursts, train engine POUNDS to start.

OTTO

We need to get out of here...now.

FADE TO:

EXT. BERLIN TRAIN STATION - DAY (SNOWING HEAVILY)

Elaine Krafft waits on platform. Hans Frank approaches.

HANS FRANK

Frau Krafft!

ELAINE

(coldly)

(MORE)

ELAINE (CONT'D)

Govenor General.

HANS FRANK

Your husband and Dr. Fesel had to leave for Torun on an earlier train. I am here to escort you.

ELAINE

(taken aback)

...an earlier train?

HANS FRANK

Please forgive the inconvenience, but it is war, your husband's work is most important, they needed him.

Elaine looks around train station, agitated, indecisive.

HANS FRANK

Please, Frau Krafft, its only an hour trip, then you, Karl Ernst, we can all enjoy Torun together.

Elaine stares at train blankly.

HANS FRANK

Torun is the birthplace of Copernicus, you don't want to deny your husband that joy, do you...?

Porter assists Elaine board train. Hans Frank turns towards huge glass doors of waiting area, waves. MOVE to Fesel behind glass, waves back. Hans Franks steps up into car.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COUNT'S YACHT - DAY

Count leads sober meeting with Countess, Baron, Von Wohl.

COUNT

We'll be in Lisbon for two days...

COUNTESS

And then...?

COUNT

To Britain, then you all may go where ever you wish.

Concern look on all members. KNOCK on cabin door. SHIP CAPTAIN(38) enters.

SHIP CAPTAIN

You wished to see me, sir?

COUNT

Collect all U-Boat activity reports  
from Lisbon to Liverpool.

Ship Captain smartly salutes, leaves.

COUNT

Mr. Von Wohl, happy you were able  
to leave Germany with us...however,  
I don't think you may get far in  
Great Britain with a 'von' in front  
of your name.

LUDWIG VON WOHL

You have a good point there, sir.

COUNT

When we dock, go to this address in  
Santarem, you're Hungarian correct?

Von Wohl accepts the papers, map Count hands over.

LUDWIG VON WOHL

Well, my mother's side. Distant.

COUNT

Good. Tell then you want a  
Hungarian passport under the name  
Count Louis DeWohl...we'll get you  
into Britain as a refugee.

LUDWIG VON WOHL

Gratitude.

COUNT

Good, now if you gentlemen will...?

Count motions to hatch, Baron, DeWohl, exit.

COUNT

Now, my dear, it's time for a talk  
concerning our new identities.

FADE TO:

EXT. MAXI'S TAXI AUTO GARAGE - DAY

Johanstall, Maxi, Eva-Marie stand around hood of taxi,  
appearing to give repairs city: map spread over engine.

JOHANSTALL

Maybe when they enter the street?

No one answers, continues to look at mark on Gestapo HQ.

JOHANSTALL

How many cars do we have to get  
this Captain out of Berlin?

MAXI

Four. We may need one reserve.

EVA-MARIE

I'll call Felix.

MAXI

We'll use this one as lead.

JOHANSTALL

Did Lars finish the doors?

MAXI

(bangs on side)

One inch of steel, and it'll still  
outrun anything in Berlin.

All take deep breaths, look at each other, Maxi folds map.

JOHANSTALL

Is there another way to do this?

FADE TO:

INT. KAISERHOFF HOTEL (KRAFFT'S ROOM) - DAY

Karl Ernst, Ewa Mann in bed: designed temptation successful.

EWA MANN

Well, you're a bit on the short  
side, but you have a nice stomach,  
I hate beer bellies.

KARL ERNST

Then I shall watch my beer.

Ewa runs finger across Karl Ernst's stomach.

EWA MANN

Why are we attracted to each other?

Krafft does not answer, strokes her back.

EWA MANN

Is it because I'm Libra, and you  
(MORE)

EWA MANN (CONT'D)

have a Libra moon?

KARL ERNST

(agitated)

You know of my horoscope chart?

Ewa freezes, Karl Ernst backs off, suspicious.

KARL ERNST

Did Fesel give you my chart?

EWA MANN

Why, no. Last month we celebrated your birthday, I knew your age...so it's May 10th, 1900...or?

KARL ERNST

Yes, but my chart?

EWA MANN

I don't know your chart, I don't know how...I only looked in our ephemeris and saw that day the Moon was in Libra...I'm Libra, so you...

Embarrassed, Karl Ernst relaxes, reaches for Ewa, strokes.

KARL ERNST

Ahhh, apologies. Berlin's changed me, I'm suspicious...of everything.

Moments later, Ewa gets up, walks to, peers out window. On street, Fesel sees her, signals, Ewa signals back.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LADY HIGHTOWER MANSION (HALLWAY) - EVENING

Lady Hightower escorts Admiral Payne to library, inaudible CHAT, Lady Hightower freezes in her tracks, sniffs.

LADY HIGHTOWER

What is that ghastly smell?

BUTLER

Lord and 'is chemistry set, m'lady.

LADY HIGHTOWER

Good heavens, what is it this time?

BUTLER

Fuel, m'lady, for 'is rocket. Insists 'e must complete it before

(MORE)



BUTLER (CONT'D)  
the Germans finish theirs, m'lady.

CUT TO:

INT. LADY HIGHTOWER MANSION (LIBRARY) - SECONDS LATER

Lady Hightower, Admiral Payne sit in center of massive room walled by thousands of books, ancient artifacts. Lord Everton enters other door pulling off smoking lab coat.

LORD EVERTON  
Alright! Alright! One can't drink  
if the brew is not aged properly...

ADMIRAL PAYNE  
Lady Hightower, Lord Everton, I've  
just received a report that my son  
is indeed alive, just as you said.

LADY HIGHTOWER  
And in Berlin?

ADMIRAL PAYNE  
As you stated.

LADY HIGHTOWER  
So how may we serve our country?

ADMIRAL PAYNE  
Is there anything else you see?  
Something that may help...?

Lady Hightower looks at husband, smiles lovingly.

LADY HIGHTOWER  
Sit, tell us what you know.

Everton sits, meticulously loads Sherlock Holmes-style pipe.

LORD EVERTON  
(trancelike)  
Mystics attack dark beer...the  
Swiss don't boil wine...so he drank  
with one who betrayed him...to find  
one who can control Babylon...

LADY HIGHTOWER  
Our books on Babylon...?

LORD EVERTON  
They sipped the vintage long before  
we did, so they consume nearly all.

LADY HIGHTOWER  
 (to Admiral Payne)  
 Oh dear, a dark force the Nazis  
 found, one we've studied for years.  
 This is worse than I thought...

LORD EVERTON  
 (pointing at Payne)  
 The admiral drank with them, he  
knows how they do it!

ADMIRAL PAYNE  
 (stunned)  
 How they do what...?

FLASHBACK - HITLER'S PARTY HEADQUARTERS (MUNICH) - DAY

SUPER: Munich, September, 1938

Admiral Payne at Munich conference with Prime Minister  
 Chamberlain, FOCUS on smartly done, synchronized Nazi  
 salutes as Hilter enters building, parades down hallway.

END FLASHBACK

Payne sees glow surrounding Everton, Hightower, at work.

LORD EVERTON  
 God! That's how they make their  
 brew! Did you see that? Every day,  
 every hour, they found out how to  
 let the genie out the bottle!

Hightower bows head in pain, as if absorbing the energy.

ADMIRAL PAYNE  
 What's going on? What are you  
 talking about?

Hightower, Everton ignore Payne. Everton slowly rises, even  
 more slowly clicks his heels together, squints at Hightower,  
 who slowly rises to her feet as well. Both click heels.

LORD EVERTON  
 They must have translated the  
 Shakti, so they did find a way!

LADY HIGHTOWER  
 How could we not see this? It's  
 kundalini they're using, and those  
 who salute don't event know it!

ADMIRAL PAYNE  
Kundalini? Isn't that some  
religious bunk from India?

LORD EVERTON  
(angrily)  
Damit man, you were drinking there,  
didn't you feel it?

ADMIRAL PAYNE  
Feel what?

LORD EVERTON  
This!

Lord Everton clicks heels, does the Nazi salute: Sieg Heil.

LADY HIGHTOWER  
Clicking the heels closes the root  
chakra, throwing the arm up, saying  
Heil Hitler sends the kundalini out  
through the crown chakra to Hilter.

LORD EVERTON  
Damit man, you were sloshing there,  
didn't you feel it?

ADMIRAL PAYNE  
You mean, every time a Nazi gives  
this salute, they're conjuring up  
some form of voodoo or something?

LADY HIGHTOWER  
More than voodoo, dear Admiral...

SILENCE. Payne VISUALIZES thousands giving Nazis salute.

LORD EVERTON  
People do not always thirst in the  
past tense. Did he drink too much?

Payne looks at Hightower for an explanation.

LADY HIGHTOWER  
He wonders how Hilter can handle  
all that power...over time.

ADMIRAL PAYNE  
Uh...maybe Herr Hilter doesn't.

FADE TO:

INT. ADMIRAL PAYNE'S OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: NEXT DAY

Admiral Payne works at desk, Woman Petty officer enters.

WOMAN PETTY OFFICER  
The Count who came by earlier to  
see you, again here, sir!

Admiral Payne waves for Count to be sent in, Woman Petty Officer rolls eyes, nods, warning a luny is coming. 'Count Louis DeWohl' (Ludwig von Wohl) enters in a stately manner.

ADMIRAL PAYNE  
Sorry I missed you earlier. Count  
DeWohl, how may I help you?

LOUIS DEWOHL  
Actually, it's how I can help you.

ADMIRAL PAYNE  
Yes, I'm told you apparently are  
aware of a secret weapon Jerry has,  
and you can neutralize it, or...?

LOUIS DEWOHL  
(clearing throat)  
Well, hmmmmp, secret weapon is not  
exactly the word I used, but no  
matter. May I give some history?

ADMIRAL PAYNE  
By all means...

LOUIS DEWOHL  
While waiting for a beautiful woman  
in front of the German High Command  
building...

Admiral Payne hides a half smirk, confirms the rolling eyes of Petty Officer. DeWohl notices, but continues unaffected.

LOUIS DEWOHL  
...for a Frau von Eschl...

Admiral Payne flinches.

ADMIRAL PAYNE  
As in wife of General von Eschl...?  
You were seeing von Eschl's wife?

LOUIS DEWOHL  
Actually I am a confidant...her  
astrologer, if you will.

ADMIRAL PAYNE

Did she tell you anything about her husband's work...anything on...

LOUIS DEWOHL

In good time, Admiral, in good time. I'm sure all that I have to share at the moment will make you First Lord Admiral, but first let me say while waiting for Frau Eschl I saw a most interesting gentleman walk out with my good Dr. Fesel.

ADMIRAL PAYNE

(highly interested)

Fesel? Dr. Heinrich Fesel?

LOUIS DEWOHL

The same.

Jameson flips on speakerphone, orders all files on Fesel.

ADMIRAL PAYNE

So you actually met Dr. Fesel?

LOUIS DEWOHL

Met him? My good Captain, he tried to recruit me. Fesel wanted me to work alongside the man I'm here to tell you about, Karl Ernst Krafft.

ADMIRAL PAYNE

(accepting the name's importance, significance)

Krafft...

FADE TO:

INT. GESTAPO OFFICE - DAY

Kriedermann, Schiller surrounded by files and photos of Otto, Bettina, Johanstall, others.

SCHILLER

Was he in Hitler Youth?

KRIEDERMANN

No. He's from Danzig, good grades in school, now in electronics at Nord Deutsch Radio...hmmmm, have you noticed his tailor?

Schiller throws Johanstall file, photo on cluttered desk.

SCHILLER

Johanstall, Stephan. Wanted to marry a Jew...after Kristallnacht.

KRIEDERMANN

Among other things, Hmmm, friends of friends of friends...hmmm.

SCHILLER

What can we say about this Otto? A boy whose friends are Jews, loves a girl with Jewish blood who works at the Ministry of Propaganda. Odd?

KRIEDERMANN

Indeed. Is Goebbels aware of this?

Schiller throws another file in front of Kriedermann.

SCHILLER

Goebbels knows, he cleared her.

KRIEDERMANN

Something is rather odd about this entire arrangement, no?

SCHILLER

Have you seen her photo?

KRIEDERMANN

(holds up old photo)

This?

SCHILLER

Far better now, thinner, much bigger tits, one you would like.

SCHILLER

If Goebbels is protecting her, why?

KRIEDERMANN

Let's find out.

SCHILLER

If she and Otto are a couple, we should pick them up as a couple.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RUDOLF HESS' ME-110 - (OVER NORTH SEA) - NIGHT

Rudolf Hess flies plane, scans various radio frequencies.

RADIO

Polski Patrol, four, two, three!  
Report your position, please!

POLISH PILOT #1

Gdzie? Nie wiem. Marek? Wiesz?

POLISH PILOT #2

Nie wiem, Janus.

RUDOLF HESS

Stupid Polish swine...

Hess sees city lights on coast to east, checks map, turns plane to the west, follows near full moon on horizon.

RADIO

NORWEGIAN NEWS BROADCASTS. (MUSIC)

"Too be dancing, to be dancing with you." (Blends to) ENGLISH NEWSCAST.

Coast of Scotland comes into view, Hess sets plane on autopilot, puts on parachute, bails out.

EXT. SCOTTISH PASTURELAND - DAWN (MOMENTS LATER)

Hess pulls off parachute, flight suit, stands at perfect attention as two cars filled with half dressed farmers speedily pull up. Cars stop, men spill out with pitch forks, shovels, surround Hess. Two men in old WW I coats hold handguns. Hess remains still, at attention.

RUDOLF HESS

I am Rudolf Hess, Deputy Minister of the Reich on a diplomatic mission to see King George.

FARMER #1

Blimy! 'E speaks th' Queen's English!

FARMER #2

(to driver of car)

D'ya call Aberdeen?

DRIVER

Mary's a-do'en, as we speak.

FARMER #3

Ask'm why he's 'n Aberdeenshire.

RUDOLF HESS

I am Rudolf Hess, Deputy Minister  
(MORE)

RUDOLF HESS (CONT'D)

of the Reich on a diplomatic mission to see King George.

AGED VETERAN

Mr. Hess, 'fraid you must be 'ah stay'n here until...

Two Hawker Hurricans buzz overhead only 20 meters off the ground, slowly climb, veer off in opposite directions, circle the field in a choreographed climbing spirial.

AGED VETERAN

...until t'Royal Air Force 'rives.

RUDOLF HESS

I understand completely, sir.

All men stand around awkwardly, looking at each other.

FARMER #1

Er, be needing a cigarette, sir?

RUDOLF HESS

Thank-you, most kind.

Five black sedans with Royal Air Force symbol speed up. RAF GROUP CAPTAIN(30)exits one, marches up to Hess.

RUDOLF HESS

I am Rudolf Hess, Deputy Minister of the Reich on a diplomatic mission to see King George.

RAF GROUP CAPTAIN

Group Captain Hawkins. Welcome to Scotland. Would you come with me?

Hess is escorted to RAF car, RAF Group Captain shakes hands with farmers, aged veterans, enters his car, leaves. Farmers stand around looking at each other, the abandoned parachute, flight suit. All are puzzled, sleepy, bewildered.

FARMER #1

(eyes parachute, suit)

Are we 'ah supposed to be do'n anyth'n wi' these?

FADE TO:

INT. KAISERHOFF HOTEL (KRAFFT'S ROOM) - EVENING

In bed, Karl Ernst admires Ewa's Busty Buffy-type body.



KARL ERNST  
 You're right, we're all used by  
 Fesel in some fashion or another.

EWA MANN  
 Karl Ernst, there is something I  
 must tell you...I...

Phone rings. Karl Ernst answers.

KARL ERNST  
 Krafft here.

FRONT DESK  
 You wished us to inform you should  
 there be any word from your wife?

KARL ERNST  
 They found her? When did she call?

FRONT DESK  
 She didn't call, she's here, on her  
 way up...now. We are happy to...

Krafft slams down the phone.

KARL ERNST  
 She's here! She's here now! Up!

Both jump for their clothes, dress. Key RATTLES in door.  
 Karl Ernst pushes Ewa in closet. Door opens. Elaine stands  
 crying distraught, shaken, clothes rumpled, hair tangled.

CUT TO:

INT. ADMIRAL PAYNE'S OFFICE (CONFERENCE ROOM) - DAY

Louis DeWohl enters, Admiral Payne, two other civilians and  
 Lord Everton already in discussion over papers with symbols.

ADMIRAL PAYNE  
 Count DeWohl, do come in. I believe  
 you've already met everyone?

DeWohl rounds table shaking hands, re-introductions, sits.

ADMIRAL PAYNE  
 You all have the information from  
 Lord Everton, and what the Count  
 here has come up by looking at the  
 stars to see advice Hitler is  
 getting from his astrologer.

CIVILIAN #1  
Hitler's astrologer?

LOUIS DEWOHL  
Karl Ernst Krafft. I know the man  
personally, and have seen him with  
my own eyes working with ranking  
Nazis on this very subject.

Indistinguished murmurs of disbelief circle table.

ADMIRAL PAYNE  
Gentlemen, first, does anyone see  
where the next strike may come?

CIVILIAN #1  
(holding up paper)  
Here are past invasions aligned  
with the moon positions.

LOUIS DEWOHL  
You found an astrological pattern?

CIVILIAN #1  
Yes, notice the moon relationship  
in the following German attacks...

ZOOM on paper, Civilian #1 reads relationships:

Poland-----September 1, 1939 Sun Virgo - Moon Aries  
Denmark and Norway----April 9, 1940 Sun Aries - Moon Taurus  
Belgium and France----May 10, 1940 Sun Taurus - Moon Gemini  
Air Attacks on Britain-July 10, 1940 Sun Cancer - Moon Virgo  
Greece and Yugoslavia--April 6, 1941 Sun Aries - Moon Cancer

CIVILIAN #1  
In my analysis, all these attacks  
came precisely one day before the  
moon went void of course...

CIVILIAN #2  
But what's left? Europe is his.

LORD EVERTON  
The big brewery, he'll go now,  
where he always wanted to drink.

All members glance at each other, shocked, some try to  
contain laughter. Civilian #1 ignores the comment:

CIVILIAN #1

Notice also how the degree of the  
Moon progresses in each invasion...

ADMIRAL PAYNE

(ignores Civilian #1)

What do you mean, the big brewery?

LORD EVERTON

Yes, we'll never give up our pints,  
he knows that...he's thirsty for  
what he's always wanted...vodka.

Civilian #1 rolls his eyes, raises his paper to continue,  
Payne waves him off, others lean to understand Everton.

LORD EVERTON

He wanted to wash down that brewery  
earlier, but his cohort wanted  
Doric wine, so he's behind.

LOUIS DEWOHL

What do you mean? Hitler is behind?

LORD EVERTON

Yes, Yes, you see it! Hitler had to  
clean up Italian wine ancient Homer  
spilled. Duce's bottle was dropped!

Other members begin to study the wall map.

CIVILIAN #2

Perhaps he's referring to Nazis  
helping Mussolini in Greece..?

LORD EVERTON

Yes, yes! You see it...!

ADMIRAL PAYNE

Suggesting Mussolini's going into  
Greece was not coordinated with  
Hitler...?

JAMESON

...and forced Hitler to take Crete  
to secure his flank in Greece?

LORD EVERTON

Yes. Ceasar sloshed way too much.

Civilian #1 puts down his Sun/Moon analysis. Group BUZZES  
with discussion. Lord Everton wanders up to the wall map,

stands under Russia, eyes Moscow, raises his glass.

LORD EVERTON  
 (whispers to himself)  
 He won't like vodka, but he may  
 just have to drink it...with ice.

FADE TO:

INT. OTTO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Otto, Bettina in bed, about to go to sleep.

OTTO  
 You're saying Hess believes in  
 astrology? C'mon.

BETTINA  
 Believes? He's practically a  
 professional! My friend dated a  
 colonel who worked for Hess, said  
 his library has row upon row of  
 books on astrology, the occult.

OTTO  
 Wonder if this mumbo jumbo is why  
 Hess decided to fly to Great  
 Britain. Boy! What news! I wonder  
 if Hitler is into that stuff...

Bettina, leans over, shakes her head with authority.

BETTINA  
 Hitler doesn't believe in astrology  
 at all. I heard it myself. Hess,  
 Hitler in Goebbels office...

FLASHBACK - GOEBBELS' OFFICE

ADOLF HITLER  
 If everyone worries whether or not  
 I use magic, or the occult, or  
 astrology, then all the better, the  
 more they worry about, the better.

END FLASHBACK

OTTO  
 Well, I think he does, so much  
 darkness around him, his ideals.

BETTINA  
 (snuggling)  
 (MORE)

BETTINA (CONT'D)

That darkness I know, deal with  
every day at work, but the light  
you give makes me feel safe.

Door crashes down, Schiller, Kriedermann, and three Gestapo  
burst in. Two Gestapo grab Otto, one grabs Bettina, Schiller  
ransacks room, Kriedermann watches. Otto, Bettina stand  
naked facing each other, hands behind heads.

KRIEDERMANN

Your clothes look rather ordinary.

Otto, Bettina remain silent, in shock, ashamed.

SCHILLER

He said, your clothes look rather  
ordinary.

Heavysset, bullnecked Gestapo boxes Otto in the ear.

KRIEDERMANN

Did you hear me?

OTTO

Yes, but what can I say about that?

KRIEDERMANN

I'm very interested in what you can  
say about that.

OTTO

Ordinary clothes, I'm ordinary guy.

Otto again receives a powerful bash in his ear.

BETTINA

(screaming, frightened)

Why...? What are you....?

SCHILLER

(ignores Bettina)

Oh, he's a funny one, isn't he?

GESTAPO #1

Yes, funny, very funny. Ha (punch)  
Ha (punch) Ha (punch)

Otto's ear bleeds, Bettina SCREAMS, goes hysterical.

KRIEDERMANN

So an ordinary guy, with ordinary  
clothes, visits an expensive Jew  
loving tailor...

OTTO

Chess, we just play chess...

Otto receives blows from both men holding him down. Schiller walks up to, eyes Bettina up & down.

SCHILLER

Divine. It would be a shame if such a pleasing woman would lose such an important job at the ministry.

BETTINA

We are loyal Germans, we both are devoted workers for the Reich.

KRIEDERMANN

We will decide that...

Kriedermann snaps his fingers, motions to the door, Otto, Bettina roughhoused out, naked. Schiller gives thumbs up.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KAISERHOFF HOTEL (KRAFFT'S ROOM) - EVENING

Elaine staggers into Karl Ernst's arms, sobbing.

KARL ERNST

Where have you been?

ELAINE

He...He...tried to rape me.

KARL ERNST

Who...?

ELAINE

Hans Frank. They said I was to meet you at the train station...you had an assignment in Torun...I...

Krafft holds her, looks at closet where Ewa hides.

KARL ERNST

That trip is for tomorrow...

ELAINE

I should have never got on...

KARL ERNST

Come, there is a medic by the spa, let's go down and get you checked, then we'll pack...we'll leave.

ELAINE

Where?

KARL ERNST

Back to Switzerland.

FADE TO:

INT. ADOLF HITLER'S OFFICE - DAY

Hitler, Goebbels, Göring, react to news of Hess, frightened group of aides stand just outside Hitler's office door.

HITLER

Raus!

Group of aides back off while closing double doors.

HITLER

I want answers for this...!

JOSEPH GOEBBELS

We could say he had a breakdown, or some mental disease.

HITLER

Officially admit a Deputy Minister of the Third Reich is an imbecile? I can hear it now....

Hitler stomps to window, mimicks little girl's voice.

HITLER

Hello, London? Washington? Yes? Yes it's true, the number three person in the Nazi Party is a...moron!

Hitler wheels around, returns to normal voice.

HITLER

(angrily shouts)

If we admit Hess is an idiot, then they could say we are all idiots! I need something far, far better than that, Herr Propaganda Minister!

All three pause in silence, Goebbels, Göring eye floor.

HITLER

What about you, Herr Field Marshal?

GÖRING

Mein Führer! We should arrest all

(MORE)

GÖRING (CONT'D)

his astrologer friends, they are  
the cause of this, they are the  
crowd who conspired with him.

Hilter charges to phone, picks up. Goebbels, Göring look at  
each other relieved Hitler's rage is directed elsewhere.

HITLER

Get me Himmler!

Hitler looks at Goebbels, Göring while on the phone, both  
men nod 'yes', showing approval for the call.

HITLER

Heinrich? Are you questioning all  
of Hess's friends?

HITLER

I want a complete Action Hess, I  
want all his astrologer friends  
picked up, no, wait, I want every  
astrologer in Germany picked up,  
you hear me? Arrested! Now!

Hitler throws down, SCREAMS at phone. SCREAM ECHOES.

FADE TO:

INT. GESTAPO CELL - UNKNOWN

Kriederman, Schiller interrogate Otto. His SCREAMS ECHO.

SCHILLER

You have an important job for Nord  
Deutsche Radio, or...?

OTTO

Yes, each of our jobs are...  
important...for the Reich.

SCHILLER

Your Bettina has a very important  
job too, no?

OTTO

I...believe so.

SCHILLER

Where does she work?

OTTO

She told me...the Ministry of  
Propaganda building.



Schiller looks at Kriederman, who steps forward. Schiller moves behind Otto, picks up electric cattle prod.

KRIEDERMAN  
Herr Huber, what do you know about  
Jewish blood in your girlfriend?

OTTO  
I didn't...what...?

Schiller gives Otto the cattle prod, Otto SCREAMS.

KRIEDERMAN  
Are you a jew-lover, Herr Huber?

OTTO  
Bettina...Jewish? Don't...believe.

Longer cattle prod, under arm pit, Otto SCREAMS.

KRIEDERMAN  
Do you love Bettina, Herr Huber?

OTTO  
(weakened, in pain)  
I...I do...

Cattle prod between thighs, Otto SCREAMS longer. Both Nazis smile at each other, like two kids setting fire to bugs.

KRIEDERMAN  
Would you still love her if she  
were a Jew, Herr Huber?

Otto does not answer. Cattle prod in genitals. SCREAMS.

KRIEDERMAN  
Herr, Huber, would you love your  
Bettina if she were a Jew...?

OTTO  
(stammering)  
...naa....naaa...no...no...

FADE TO:

INT. LARGE CIVILIAN HOLDING CELL - UNKNOWN

Gestapo man shoves unshaven, ragged Karl Ernst in cell with dozens of other prisoners, among them Georg Lucht.

LUCHT  
Karl Ernst...?

KARL ERNST

What are...why are we here?

LUCHT

Same as you, same as Hubert there,  
Schneller over there, and look,  
even managed get Strathaus!

Karl Ernst looks around, other astrologers nod recognition.

KARL ERNST

Lucht? Wha...astrologers? Why are  
they arresting astrologers?

LUCHT

Because of you, the prediction you  
made on the tide turning in '41.

Karl Ernst exhales into despair, confusion.

LUCHT

Hess flew to Scotland last night,  
he replicated your '41 prediction,  
then acted on it. Hess is a  
prisoner, and now...so are we...

KARL ERNST

Hess? Hess flew to Scotland?

LUCHT

My god, where have you been? The  
entire world is talking about it!

Bars CLANK, keys RATTLE, three guards enter cell, point to  
Karl Ernst, Strathaus, and Lucht.

GUARD #1

You...You...You...Raus!

Guards push astrologers down corridor, out back, into truck.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRONT GATE PEENEMÜNDE - ESTABLISHING - DAWN

Truck waved in by guard under sign reading "Peenemünde".

EXT. PEENEMÜNDE MAIN BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Truck pulls in front of office, weary astrologers pulled out  
of truck by guards, thrown to the ground. WERNHER VON BRAUN  
strolls out of front office door. Guards motion astrologers  
to stand up, they do so slowly, stiffly, in great pain.

VON BRAUN

It was brought to my attention you  
three have understanding in  
planetary motion, trajectory, as  
well as differential calculus....

Astrologers stand silent, struggling to remain on feet.

VON BRAUN

There is work in these areas, if  
you are good. If not, then you  
will be returned to the Gestapo.

Krafft eyes laborers digging grave outside gate, SS man  
cocks, points pistol behind man on his knees. Glasses CLINK.

CUT TO:

INT. BRITISH PUB - EVENING

Lord Everton, Admiral Payne sip pints of ale after toast.

ADMIRAL PAYNE

Will Stalin be swept from power?

LORD EVERTON

Those in the Kremlin fear Stalin's  
brew more than any German.

ADMIRAL PAYNE

Odd, only DeWohl seems to agree.

LORD EVERTON

Our Count DeWohl's been to more  
pubs in Berlin than he is telling.

ADMIRAL PAYNE

What? Berlin?

LORD EVERTON

He's swilled around all over  
Berlin, as child, as a fraud.

Both men sip together, Payne looks concerned. Lord Everton  
begins to draw a likeness of DeWohl as a younger man, writes  
Ludwig von Wohl, then outlines a map of Germany on back of  
placemat, arrows showing route from Berlin to London.

LORD EVERTON

He's not of Hungary, no, he only  
came here for money, a uniform, to  
slurp with ladies, a bounder he is.

ADMIRAL PAYNE  
His commission...

LORD EVERTON  
Ludwig knows very little about the stars, and Louis knows nothing how Krafft brews the planets.

ADMIRAL PAYNE  
Is there another reason he's here?

FADE TO:

EXT. BERLIN STREET (OFF ALLEY - GESTAPO BACK ENTRANCE) - DAY

Maxi looks at car with UNDERGROUND members across street, all acknowledge being ready. Next to Maxi is Eva-Marie with make-up on & a Vickers submachine gun under a newspaper, taps finger nervously, looks down alley. She exhales slowly.

EVA-MARIE  
Sorry about Otto, his girlfriend.

MAXI  
They got Johanstall too. They're both probably up there right now. There goes our link to London.

EVA-MARIE  
Johanstall, that old guy?

MAXI  
No...Otto. Developed a sort of piggyback radio wave, his messages go out by riding inside his NDR broadcasts. Guy was genius.

EVA-MARIE  
Yea, Otto was something...Look!

Two black sedans approach from the opposite side of the alley, stop at back entrance. Maxi signals other car, checks photo of Payne, examines prisoner being escorted out.

MAXI  
That's him...!

Both escape cars start, rev motors. Another prisoner is escorted out building, put into second Gestapo sedan.

EVA-MARIE  
Look! It's Otto!

Two Gestapo cars slowly move down alley to enter street. Underground driver guns his car, crashes into the lead car, blocking both Gestapo cars in alley. Gunfire ERUPTS.

MAXI

Otto...!

Eva-Marie jumps out, shoots, darts to Payne's car. Dying guard in car shoots Payne. Eva-Marie opens door. Driver, SS guard slump over dashboard, dead. Payne lies in back, shot in the head. She fires bursts into next car, kills driver.

EVA-MARIE

Otto! Here!

Underground agents advance, shoot. Eva-Marie's Vickers tears up two remaining Gestapo in 2nd car. Otto in handcuffs, jumps out, runs towards Maxi's car. Guards from windows begin to shoot, bullets hit pavement below around agents.

UNDERGROUND #1

(looking up)

Look, up in the...aahh...!

Underground #1 is shot from windows above. Eva-Marie, Otto dodge bullets, jump into Maxi's car. Underground #2 waves them off, covers escape from side of building by shooting at, pinning soldiers trying to file out of the back door.

EVA-MARIE

Go...! Go...!

Maxi floors car. Underground #2 tears in opposite direction several buildings down, ditches gun, dives in crowded store.

CUT TO:

INT. MAXI'S TAXI - SECONDS LATER

Otto is in back seat smiling, his head tilted. Eva-Marie, looks back at activities of the street scene left behind.

EVA-MARIE

Endels got away!

MAXI

(looks in rear mirror)

Great! Otto! Otto! We did it!

Otto does not answer, just sits smiling.

EVA-MARIE

Otto! Otto, we're safe....Otto?

Eva-Marie touches Otto, his lifeless head rolls over, tilts other way revealing bullet in neck. His smile remains.

FADE TO:

INT. GENERAL SCHMIDT-PRANGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Karl Ernst lingers in outer office. Schmidt Prange steps up.

SCHMIDT-PRANGE

Tired of playing with Von Braun's toys?

KARL ERNST

It's just math...trajectories.

SCHMIDT-PRANGE

Luckily good Werhner owed me a favor, and that favor is you. Come.

Both enter Schmidt-Prange's office, each wall covered with a war map. Schmidt-Prange steps over North African wall, bearing five photos of British generals.

SCHMIDT-PRANGE

You did their charts?

KARL ERNST

Yes. But a question, this one, was he born in London?

SCHMIDT-PRANGE

Herr Krafft, aren't all British generals born in London?

Schmidt-Prange LAUGHS at his own joke, Karl Ernst remains unemotional, serious, unhappy even in work of his expertise.

SCHMIDT-PRANGE

So, who will take over North Africa with Auchinleck being sacked?

Karl Ernst points at photo of Bernard Montgomery. Schmidt-Prange opens Montgomery's folder.

SCHMIDT-PRANGE

Bernard? Commander of British 3rd Division we squashed in Dunkirk, now England's south eastern defense zone? Nothing special. But that's typical British. Unimaginative most of the time. Perhaps you're right.

Schmidt-Prange closes folder steps up to map.

SCHMIDT-PRANGE

According to their horoscopes,  
which of these generals would give  
our Rommel the most difficulties?

Karl Ernst again points at the photo of Montgomery.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ARGENTINA (BUENOS AIRES BEACH) - NOON

Count, Countess sip exotic drinks looking out to sea.

COUNTESS

I see why Spanish explorers called  
this place the 'fair winds'. The  
breeze is absolutely perfect.

COUNT

How do you know what Buenos Aires  
means?

COUNTESS

From the booket in our room you  
threw away, it has the entire  
history of the city, my dear.

Count stiffens, eyes tenses, gazes out to sea, checks watch.

COUNTESS

If we're not ever going home...

COUNT

We just may.

COUNTESS

Even if the Nazis win?

COUNT

Even if they win. Seems now I have  
something they need, very badly.

Count again checks watch, looks out over the horizon. Small  
speck appears, airplane engine HUM grows, plane nears.

COUNTESS

One of your arrangements?

COUNT

Actually, they wanted to see me.

A monstrous four engine seaplane with Nazi markings lands in

bay, a garage sized door lifts up on side revealing dozens of black SS uniforms, hundreds of crates inside. Several SS men spill into a barge with two crates, head towards shore.

COUNTESS

And they're coming to you for...?

COUNT

A weapon. One knows what a nation fears most by the type of weapons it wants...and needs.

COUNTESS

You are your father's son.

FADE TO:

INT. OFFICE OF REICHMINISTER GOEBBELS - DAY

Kriedermann, Schiller stand before seated Goebbels, who acts busy, writes, does not look up at them while talking.

JOSEPH GOEBBELS

Well, gentlemen, what's so urgent?

KRIEDERMAN

Sorry to disturb you, but this you need to know immediately...shocking evidence from our investigation.

JOSEPH GOEBBELS

(bored, still writes)

Information so top secret it couldn't be given over a phone?

SCHILLER

It seems. Your secretary, Bettina Meyer has Jewish blood!

JOSEPH GOEBBELS

(freezes, looks up)

Impossible.

Kriederman hands buldging files of Meyer family to Goebbels, who leafs through it. Acts shocked, appauled, shifts eyes.

JOSEPH GOEBBELS

(uneasy, reads files)

How could this be overlooked? She? Allowed in this office?

Kriederman, Schiller knowingly nod to each other.



SCHILLER

Under the circumstances, we think it best if we take Frau Meyer away from here. It would be dangerous to have her here, so close to you.

KRIEDERMAN

We can hide her in Rüdersdorf, in isolation, until it's sorted out.

JOSEPH GOEBBELS

Good thinking. You both are to handle this personally. Report directly to me on who...who...

KRIEDERMAN

...who's responsible for this oversight?

JOSEPH GOEBBELS

(slightly more nervous)

Yes. Yes. Thank-you, gentlemen.

Kriederman, Schiller salute, turn, synch parade out office.

KRIEDERMAN

Do you think he had sex with her?

SCHILLER

Of course he did.

KRIEDERMAN

Sex with Jews. We might be able to use that on him...someday.

FADE TO:

INT. GENERAL SCHMIDT-PRANGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Karl Ernst shows Schmidt-Prange charts, photos of American, British generals. Two SS men march in door, snap salute.

SS MAN #1

Karl Ernst Krafft?

KARL ERNST

Yes?

SS Man #2 hands papers to Schmidt-Prange, who nods "OK".

SS MAN #1

(to Karl Ernst)

Come with us.

Karl Ernst looks at Schmidt-Prange confused, who shruggs.

KARL ERNST  
General? My work...here?

SCHMIDT-PRANGE  
Actually, I won't be needing your  
services anymore. Thank-you. Bye.

The SS men stomp Karl Ernst out. Schmidt-Prange sighs, matter of factly returns to work. Karl Ernst pushed in empty room, SS men empty his pockets: battered photo of Elaine, note given to him by Ewa Mann. Karl Ernst stares at both.

Karl Ernst taken to open car, sandwiched between both SS men, car drives out of camp. AIR RAID SIRENS sound off.

FADE TO:

INT. ADMIRAL PAYNE'S OFFICE - DAY (FOG)

Admiral limps down hall, whispers of "Sorry, sir", "Condolences, sir" ECHO from subordinates. AIR RAID SIRENS cease, revealing FOGHORNS bellowing. Paper in hand confirms son's death, which he rests head on. Fog drifts in window.

ADMIRAL PAYNE  
(to himself)  
An air raid. In this fog?

LADY HIGHTOWER  
(appearing in mist)  
So nice to see you.

ADMIRAL PAYNE  
What?

LADY HIGHTOWER  
We're going to visit your son.

ADMIRAL PAYNE  
You know? How?

LADY HIGHTOWER  
We just want to thank you for  
giving us purpose...to help mother  
England in this horrid war.

ADMIRAL PAYNE  
But where are...how'd you get here?

LADY HIGHTOWER  
We'll meet again when this is over.

Payne struggles to get up, Hightower slowly vanishes.

ADMIRAL PAYNE  
Lady Hightower? Lady Hightower!

Woman Petty officer opens door.

WOMAN PETTY OFFICER  
Admiral? Is everything alright?

Paynes looks around the room, through window.

ADMIRAL PAYNE  
Lise, did Lady Hightower just  
leave...uh, stop by just now?

WOMAN PETTY OFFICER  
No, sir. Admiral, are you sure  
you're alright? Some tea perhaps?

ADMIRAL PAYNE  
Thank-you. Do call Lady Hightower,  
I have a question for her...

Petty Officer disappears, Glen Miller PLAYS on radio.  
Admiral Payne eyes photos of son, fog outside window.

WOMAN PETTY OFFICER  
(returning highly upset)  
Admiral Payne? I called the Lady,  
but her phone was out. Had  
communications run a check, and  
they said all of EW-5 was out.

ADMIRAL PAYNE  
All of EW-4? Out?

WOMAN PETTY OFFICER  
(swallowing)  
Yes, sir. Civil Defense reported in  
from that section also, sir.

ADMIRAL PAYNE  
Reported what?

WOMAN PETTY OFFICER  
A V-1 direct hit on Everton Manor.

ADMIRAL PAYNE  
My god...!

WOMAN PETTY OFFICER  
Confirmed, sir. I'm sorry, the Lord  
(MORE)

WOMAN PETTY OFFICER (CONT'D)  
and Lady are dead, sir.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ENTRANCE TO DACHAU - DAY

Elaine shows paper to first guard at gate, then walks to window, second another guard is reading a newspaper, eating.

ELAINE  
(shows paper)  
I am here to see my husband.

Guard stares blankly at Elaine, motions Elaine to hold paper closer to the window, looks, finishes eating, calls.

GUARD #2  
Building #13....over there.

Pockedmark faced CAMP COMMANDER(44) scrambles out of building #13 to meet Elaine halfway.

CAMP COMMANDER  
Frau Krafft! Nice of you to come to our humble camp. Coffee?

ELAINE  
I'm here to see my...

CAMP COMMANDER  
Yes, yes, I know...coffee?

ELAINE  
No, thank-you...I simply want...

Commander motions her to stop, pulls out, unfolds paper.

CAMP COMMANDER  
Unfortunately there has been a little problem since our last correspondence...

ELAINE  
(exasperated)  
...and what problem is there now?

CAMP COMMANDER  
After sending permission for you to visit, your husband was ordered to Buchenwald. There was no way to reach you...so...

Elained turns around, walks off same route she entered.

Guard in window reads newspaper, eats. No guard on gate, Elaine opens herself, leaves open while walking off.

CROSSFADE TO:

SUPER: STETTIN APRIL, 1945

EXT. STETTIN DOCKS (U-437) - DAY

Schellenberg, Kriederman, Schiller, Painted Man direct  
Polish prisoners loading crates on U-437. On conning tower  
U-BOAT CAPTAIN(31), studies large map.

SCHELLENBERG

Schnell...you there...schnell!

U-BOAT CAPTAIN

There's quite a blockade from  
Skagden to Göteborg, we'll cross  
after 0200, the moon will be down  
then, so we won't get lit up.

SCHILLER

Can't we pass there submerged, to  
get out on the Atlantic sooner?

U-BOAT CAPTAIN

Don't want to take any chances.  
They got Stöver's boat two nights  
ago...he was submerged...they must  
have some kind of magic finder now.

KRIEDERMAN

Is all the gold loaded? Let's get  
the mercury on before...nein!

Behind castle on the west side of river appear three P-51 Mustangs, machine guns blazing, rockets fire. Schellenberg dives in water, direct hits on the conning tower and aft, killing Schiller, Captain Pressler, and Kriederman.

PAINTED MAN

(screams)

Aaaaahhh!

Fire surrounds Painted Man, trapped between conning tower, aft sections, burning oil on water surrounding the boat, he slips on smoldering oil, falls into fire, is burned alive.

Schellenberg surfaces, foot caught in debris, bounces on other leg to get air. Figures appear on dock near him.

SCHELLENBERG

Hilfe! Pull me out!

Smoke clears. Figures are Polish prisoners, who grab large chunks of broken concrete, hurl them at Schellenberg when he bobs up for air. Concrete pieces hit, graze, one large piece smashes Schellenberg's skull, submerges, air bubbles cease.

FADE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD (OUTSIDE BERLIN) - DAY

Maxi picks up OLD MAN(65), walking with bundle.

MAXI

Where are you headed, friend?

OLD MAN

Rüdersdorf, if its still there.

MAXI

Now why would anyone want to bomb a nice quiet town like Rüdersdorf?

OLD MAN

I don't know, but they do.

MAXI

Maybe smelters look like factories.

OLD MAN

Funny, our Bettina says that, too.

MAXI

Bet....?

Me-109 roars past directly overhead, two P-47s pursue.

OLD MAN

If 47's are here, we'd better hurry, bombers will be here soon.

Maxi floors the car, arrives at Old Man's house as the dull DRONE of B-17's rise in volume in the distance horizon.

OLD MAN

We'd better get in the basement.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD MAN'S HOUSE - SECONDS LATER

Maxi, Old Man rush in house, down to basement where Bettina Meyer and OLD MAN'S WIFE sit. Distant bombs EXPLODE.

OLD MAN'S WIFE

Marcus, we thought you'd never get back!

MAXI

Bettina!

OLD MAN

You know our Bettina?

Bettina, Maxi rush in each others arms, long embrace, kiss.

OLD MAN

I guess you do.

Old Man looks around awkwardly, Bettina, Maxi hug, kiss, whisper. Distance EXPLOSIONS of bombs come closer.

OLD MAN

Did I ever tell you how I captured a Mustang pilot who bailed out? The paperwork, the interviews, the questioning...and that's what the Gestapo did to me! Next time, I'm just going to let the pilot go...

Wife puts finger to lip. Old Man looks around, shruggs, sits next to wife. The old couple embrace, snuggle as bombs fall.

FADE TO:

INT. BBUCHENWALD CONCENTRATION CAMP (BARRACKS) - DAY

Karl Ernst lies in bunk gravely ill. Looks out window at SS Sergeant shadow boxing in front of prisoner line. Guards around camp place wagers if the one he hits will die. Bunk below lies Lucht, gravely ill, struggles to opens eyes.

LUCHT

(raspy, coughing)

What do you see, Karl Ernst?

KARL ERNST

Sargeant Weiss...boxing again.

LUCHT

Bastard.

Karl Ernst sees his sister ANNALISE floating above him.

KARL ERNST

How...? Annalise!

TRANSPARENT MONTAGE

- Annalise, Karl Ernst fish as children with grandfather
- Annalise, Karl Ernst do homework as students
- Annalise stands with parents, Karl Ernst leaves to college

END MONTAGE

ANNALISE  
 (softly, angelic)  
 Karl Ernst, come with me.

KARL ERNST  
 (confused)  
 What? How....?

ANNALISE  
 Come, it is time...

KARL ERNST  
 Where?

POV Karl Ernst, sees the entire camp as if above it. Elaine is walking down the road to enter the camp. Karl Ernst sobs.

KARL ERNST  
 Elaine!

ANNALISE  
 Elaine has already been here.

KARL ERNST  
 But I see her, on the road.

ANNALISE  
 She left some time ago.

Annalise begins to glow more as radiant light.

KARL ERNST  
 How can...? Annalise...I'm afraid.

ANNALISE  
 I know, Karl Ernst, we all are.

KARL ERNST  
 Annalise...am I dead?

ANNALISE  
 We never die, Karl Ernst.

POV Karl Ernst, he, too, starts to glow as Annalise.



KARL ERNST  
Annalise?

ANNALISE  
Yes, Karl Ernst?

KARL ERNST  
I'm not afraid anymore.

FADE TO:

EXT. GERMAN / CZECHOSLOVAKIA BORDER - DAWN

Maxi & Bettina cross deserted border post on mountain road in forest, they stop to watch sun lift above mountains, embrace, continue walking hand-in-hand into Czechoslovakia.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTY ROAD (HUNDRED KILOMETERS SW OF BERLIN) - DAY

SUPER: May 2, 1945 - 50 miles Southwest of Berlin

Elaine walks alone, Berlin smolders on the NE horizon, fighter planes buzz in the distance. Twigs SNAP down road.

ELAINE  
Who's there?

No answer.

ELAINE  
Who's there? If its food you're after...I have none.

RUSTLING of leaves ahead, HITLER YOUTH #1(8), in uniform peers above shrubbery, slowly stands.

HITLER YOUTH #1  
Hey! It's not Frau Hessler!

Eleven Hitler Youth slowly reveal themselves all along the road. The eldest, HITLER YOUTH #2(13), steps forward.

HITLER YOUTH #2  
Fear not, Fraulein, we thought you were someone else.

ELAINE  
(disappointed)  
Someone else?

HITLER YOUTH #2  
Frau Hessler, our teacher.

ELAINE

(coy)

And she looks like me?

HITLER YOUTH #1

No...you're much prettier.

ELAINE

Why, thank-you, I haven't heard a compliment like that in...years.

HITLER YOUTH #2

We are at your service, Fraulein!

ELAINE

Frau. Frau Krafft. Where might your group be going?

HITLER YOUTH #2

We've been trying to decide that for days...to go east to the Russians, or west to the Americans.

Elaine looks to the east, faint RUMBLES of explosions, smoke rises. She, boys turn west, similar faint RUMBLES, smoke.

ELAINE

I see....are you leaning towards any side the moment?

HITLER YOUTH #1

We hate them both!

ELAINE

So you want to stay here?

Boys silently scrutinize devastated countryside, one another. All are malnourished, exhausted, beaten.

ELAINE

Alright. Perhaps we should let family decide.

HITLER YOUTH #2

Family? What do you mean?

ELAINE

(pointing east)

Anyone have family in Russia?

Boys glance one another blankly. Elaine turns, points west.

ELAINE  
Anyone have family in America?

The question awakened memories long suppressed for years.

HITLER YOUTH #1  
I...have a great uncle in Chicago.

Hitler Youth #1's answer begins chain reaction of answers.

HITLER YOUTH #2  
My sister's in Minnesota.

HITLER YOUTH #3  
I have an aunt in Los Angeles.

HITLER YOUTH #4  
Our cousins are in Baltimore.

HITLER YOUTH #2  
Do you have any relatives in  
America, Frau Krafft?

ELAINE  
No, actually I don't. But I'll go  
west if you are.

Boys laugh, HOOT over decision, begin walking west.

HITLER YOUTH #2  
Where is your husband?

ELAINE  
I don't know.

HITLER YOUTH #1  
What does he do?

ELAINE  
He looks at the stars.

HITLER YOUTH #1  
I can do that! Where is he?

ELAINE  
I...don't know.

HITLER YOUTH #1  
Do you have a picture?

ELAINE  
Only this...

Elaine pulls out, unfolds piece of paper, ZOOM in on hand

written blue ink by Karl Ernst, the dates August 6, 1945 and August 9, 1945 are circled amongst an array of astrological symbols. Lines are drawn from these dates to the word 'two cities' in printed text that reads:

KARL ERNST (O.S.)  
Nostradamus, Century II, quatrain 6  
Near the gates and within two  
cities there will be scourges the  
likes of which was never seen,  
famine within plague, people &  
steel melting, crying to the great  
immortal God for relief.

DISOLVE all images on paper & text except for the handwritten dates August 6, 1945 and August 9, 1945.

SUPER: Hiroshima TEXT & video image of Hiroshima Atomic bomb blast on August 6, Nagasaki TEXT and video image of Nagasaki Atomic bomb blast on August 9.

FADE OUT: THE END

END OF FILM