

TOTAL ECLIPSE

Episode 1

A mass murderer is wanted

By Dieter Laser

Based on the novel

EHE DER HAHN KRÄHT...
"Before the rooster crows"

by

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2 CONTINUED:

Followed, in time to the screeching sounds of the train's
braking maneuvers:

TOTAL ECLIPSE

The train stops. - Silence.

EXTREME SLOW DISSOLVE:

TANNHAUSER ARIA (V.O.)

The time I've lingered here,
I cannot measure out.
Days, moons,
No more exist for me.

3 EXT. ROWBOAT / LAKE CONSTANCE - SURREAL

3

In the last magic light of the setting sun PAUL
HEIDEBRAND, in a gray hat and a rubber raincoat, rows
SAMUEL GOLDMANN across LAKE CONSTANCE.

TANNHAUSER ARIA (V.O.)

For I no longer see - the sun -
Nor the friendly stars of heaven.
I see no more the blades of grass,
Which turning freshly green,
Bring the new summer in.

HEIDEBRAND, with a hint of a smile, looks at GOLDMANN.

TANNHAUSER ARIA (V.O.)

The nightingale I hear no more,

GOLDMANN almost imperceptibly smiles back.

TANNHAUSER ARIA (V.O.)

Foretelling me the spring...

SCREAMS OF MIGRATING BIRDS

TANNHAUSER ARIA (V.O.)

Shall I never hear it,

GOLDMANN looks up to the sky.

TANNHAUSER ARIA (V.O.)

Never see it again?

DISSOLVE:

ARCHIVE FOOTAGE

5 CONTINUED:

GOLDMANN

There we are.

The CONDUCTOR punches the ticket - handing it back:

CONDUCTOR

And your disability certificate, please.

GOLDMANN

(puzzled)

I don't have a certificate!

CONDUCTOR

(good-naturedly)

Why do you think the compartment is so empty? Cripples don't travel a lot.

The CONDUCTOR reads aloud from a sign above the window:

RESERVED!

ONLY FOR DISABLED VETERANS

Taking GOLDMANN's small papier-mâché suitcase off the cargo net:

CONDUCTOR

You need to change compartments or go to the platform.

Handing GOLDMANN his little suitcase:

CONDUCTOR

I can't make any exceptions.

GOLDMANN takes his suitcase. Putting his hat on:

GOLDMANN

Thank you.

DISSOLVE:

6 EXT. ORCHARD - DUSK

6

GOLDMANN with his little suitcase follows a small trail past rows of dead apple trees.

FADE IN:

From a very far distance, a provincial church choir is to be heard:

CHURCH CHOIR (V.O.)

Commend thou all thy ways,
And all that grieves thy heart,

6 CONTINUED:

CHURCH CHOIR (V.O.)
To the most faithful care,
Of Him who rules the heaven.

DISSOLVE:

7 EXT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - DUSK

7

Slow approach towards a manor-like building. Its barred windows light up, one after another, casting a yellow glow into the bluish dusk.

CHURCH CHOIR (V.O.)
To clouds and air and breezes
He gives the course to run,
He also will find pathways
Whereon thy foot can walk.

When the approach has come to an end...

ONLY THE BARS OF ONE LIGHTED WINDOW

...dominate the picture -

MATCH DISSOLVE:

8 INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL / WARD-GATE / CORRIDOR - EVENING

8

THE BARRED GATE TO THE CLOSED WARD

GERDA REYNHARDT, in a white nurse's uniform, unlocks the barred access to the closed ward of the institution:

GERDA
I've written to you because we've
received a very promising delivery.

Letting GOLDMANN enter:

GERDA
The man has tantrums and babbles about
euthanasia.

Locking the gate from inside:

GERDA
But the best thing is he mentioned
Heinrich's Name.
(turning to Goldmann)
You might even recognize him.

They walk silently through a long corridor:

GUEST CREDITS

GERDA
(after a while)
You got the cigarettes?

GOLDMANN
(stops walking)
Two packs of Lucky Strikes.

He opens his suitcase, takes out two packs of Lucky Strikes and puts them into his left and right side pockets of his jacket.

GERDA
(watching him)
That's good enough. He'd kill his mother for a pack. Do you have matches?

GOLDMANN
(startled)
No...

GERDA pulls a box of matches out of her apron pocket, shakes it and gives it to GOLDMANN.

GERDA
It's good you've come so quickly. In a few days it would have been too late.

GOLDMANN puts the matches in his right trouser pocket.

GERDA
(walking on)
By then, he would have dissolved himself into wind and rain.

GOLDMANN follows. - They silently walk on:

PRODUCTION CREDITS

GERDA stops in front of a cell door.

GERDA
(whispering)
Brace yourself. I've sedated him but it'll still be horrible.

She unlocks and opens the cell door.

CUT TO:

On the cell bunk, which is halfway covered with a pink rubber sheet, crouches MAX, a young man of 22.

CONTINUED:

His face is prematurely haggard and lined. He's stuck in a chalk-white straitjacket. He immediately starts rattling on at a frenzied pace:

MAX

Well, you old bitch, you walking piece of shit, you filthy swine, stinking Jewish cunt, have you brought in your Jewish ass-fucker with his permanent long-time-boner, that dirty sucker-fucker with his skinned and calloused prick-stick...

GOLDMANN and GERDA have entered the cell. GERDA is closing the door while GOLDMANN sets his suitcase aside.

MAX

...shame that it's over, shame that it's over, that was a beautiful time, a beautiful time, tough but beautiful, tough but beautiful, we had schnapps, every day, every day, does the Jewish cunt-licker have cigarettes?

(in a rap)

The junky-jerky-junky-junk!

GOLDMANN, ashen-faced, pulls out a pack of Lucky Strikes, tears it open with shaky hands and takes out one cigarette.

MAX

Come, come, come, come, come, come, come!

GOLDMANN goes to him, puts the cigarette between his lips.

MAX

Light! - Light! - Light!

GOLDMANN lights one of Gerda's matches.

MAX

(yells)

Fire, fire, fire, fire!

(soft)

Why didn't they gas you?!

MAX inhales deeply.

MAX

(exhaling smoke)

Ahhhhhhh, the virgin, the virgin, Virginia, Virginia, I know your face, I know your face. Where did you escape from me? Where did you escape...

GOLDMANN blows out the burning match.

MAX

(yells)

Take your hat off when you are talking to me, Cockroach! Camp or ghetto, camp or ghetto, say it, say it, or I'll squash your balls, in the camp or in the ghetto...

GOLDMANN

(taking off his hat)

In the camp, Max.

Silence: MAX hesitates.

MAX

(softly)

In the camp Max... in the camp Max...

He tastes the words. Then he smiles at Goldmann:

MAX

But my name isn't Max...

GOLDMANN

With Dr. Reynhardt, Max.

MAX

(smiling rapturously)

Euthanasia...

Silence -

CLOSE: GOLDMANN LOOKS AT GERDA -

CLOSE: GERDA'S STRAINED FACE -

GOLDMANN (O.S.)

(cautiously)

Where is Dr. Reynhardt now?

MAX

(new exacerbation)

Where is Dr. Reynhardt now, where is Dr. Reynhardt now, the pack!

GOLDMANN puts the cigarette pack on the bunk.

MAX

(shaking his head)

Missing, missing, missing...

He listens after the words.

MAX

(softly)

Missing?

CONTINUED:

MAX (CONT'D)
(honestly)
What does that mean? "Miss...sing!"

GOLDMANN takes the pack back.

MAX
(softly)
You pervy motherfucker...

Silence - MAX is fighting with himself, rocking back and forth in his straitjacket.

MAX
Professor...

GOLDMANN puts the pack down again:

GOLDMANN
Where?

MAX
East Berlin...

GOLDMANN pulls out the second pack. Shows it to MAX in his shaking hand.

GOLDMANN
Name?

MAX spits his cigarette butt on GOLDMANN. The butt bounces off his chest and falls onto the stone floor.

MAX (O.S.)
(shouting)
Hartmann!

GOLDMANN'S BOOT GRINDS THE GLOWING BUTT

CUT TO:

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL / CORRIDOR / WARD GATE - EVENING

GERDA, her whole body trembling, is locking the cell door from outside:

GERDA
(whispers)
What did he mean by "Ghetto"?

GOLDMANN
(in a hushed tone)
He meant his qualifying test.

They walk back through the corridor:

GOLDMANN

At the end of their "education" the trainees were carted to the ghettos in sealed wagons. They were boozed up and, with their bayonets fixed they were set on the ghetto's population... without ammunition...

His voice fails. He must stop walking and take a deep breath before he can speak again:

GOLDMANN

These massacres were arranged to "harden their souls".

GERDA has reached the barred access:

GERDA

(unlocking the gate)

With resounding success as we can see. Soon he'll have no soul at all.

Opening the gate for GOLDMANN:

GERDA

Then he'll take the leap into the universe.

Following him through the gate:

GERDA

Like our German people: from megalomania into nothing.

She slams the gate shut, causing a:

STRONG REVERBERATION

CUT TO:

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL / GERDA'S ROOM - NIGHT

UNDER THE REVERBERATION -

EXTREME CLOSE ON AND SLOWLY REVEALING:

A STREAM OF BROWNISH BROTH -

BUILDING STREAKS AND BUBBLES -

IN A LARGE WHITE PORCELAIN CUP -

POURED OUT FROM THE THICK SPOUT -

OF A BULBOUS WHITE TEAPOT -

GERDA (O.S.)
But we do have him. -
(on)
Finally.

GOLDMANN (O.S.)
Yes, we have him. -
(on)
Professor Hartmann in East-Berlin.

He's sitting at the small table in Gerda's modest room.

GERDA
(pouring tea for herself)
"Professor". He carries on for the
Russians.

GOLDMANN (O.S.)
Possibly.

GERDA
We must stop him. What will you do?

GOLDMANN blows on his tea.

GERDA (O.S.)
You will not report him!

GOLDMANN
I don't know yet.

He drinks.

GERDA
(sitting down opposite him)
You know perfectly well that reports lead
to absolutely nothing!

GOLDMANN drinks.

GERDA
His victims would get nothing but scorn
and derision.

GOLDMANN drinks.

GERDA
His crimes have to be atoned for!

GOLDMANN
I don't know yet!

GERDA pours more tea for GOLDMANN. She hasn't touched her
cup.

GERDA

How's Heidebrand doing?

GOLDMANN

He's shattered. - He sends you his regards.

(break)

He always talks about "the tumor in his mind".

GERDA

He must cut it out. You must do it together. Otherwise, we'll never again enjoy our lives.

GOLDMANN

We never will anyway.

(getting up)

I need to catch the train.

GERDA

(standing up as well)

If you don't do it I'll do it. I owe this to Klaus.

She turns abruptly and goes to her closet.

GERDA

(opening the closet)

I'll see you to the station.

She takes out her black winter coat.

GOLDMANN

(watching her)

The work here must be terrible for you.

GERDA pulling her black coat over the nurse's white uniform:

GERDA

The mental illness, between urinals and bedpans, is easier to endure than the sick "normality", which had "benighted" me so long.

On her way to the door:

GERDA

This is my purgatory.

Opening the door into the dark corridor:

GERDA

You wouldn't believe how many of my patients are survivors from the camps.

11 CONTINUED:

She turns around:

JUMP CUT:

GERDA (CLOSE UP)
Kill him.

MATCH DISSOLVE:

HARTMANN (O.S.)
And so were the nuclear bomb tests...

12 INT. LECTURE THEATER - DAY

12

CLOSE UP: PROF. DR. ERICH HARTMANN

Formerly Dr. Heinrich Reynhardt, is delivering a lecture. Because he's reading off his notes now and then, he isn't wearing his glasses since he's shortsighted. They are seen protruding from his outer breast pocket.

HARTMANN (CLOSE UP)
The nuclear bomb tests by the U - SS - A -

LAUGHTER FROM HIS YOUNG STUDENTS -

WHO EAGERLY ABSORB THE WORDS OF THEIR PROFESSOR:

HARTMANN (O.S.)
So were the American atomic bomb tests a direct continuation of the German Nazi experiments -
(on)
On Jews, Poles, Gypsies, Homosexuals and Communists.

FDJ STUDENTS
(chorus)
USA - SA - SS! - USA - SA - SS!

In the last row of the auditorium SAMUEL GOLDMANN is seated with his suitcase on his knees, shaking slightly his head. He's pale and bleary-eyed and now rises tiredly and leaves the auditorium -

SOUNDS OF A DRIVING OVERHEAD RAILWAY

THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND GOLDMANN.

DISSOLVE:

13 INT. ELEVATED RAILWAY - DAY

13

FOGGED-UP WINDOW OF A MOVING ELEVATED TRAIN CAR

13 CONTINUED:

GOLDMANN'S HAND IS DRAWING A LARGE CROSS
ON THE MISTED-UP PANE.

HARTMANN (V.O.)
The whole civilian population was abused
by the Americans as experimental
subjects.

INSERT:

ARCHIVE FOOTAGE

14 EXT. MOVING BACKGROUND 14

ROLLING BY BEHIND THE CROSS ON THE PANE
SEAS OF DEBRIS FROM THE BOMBED OUT CITY OF BERLIN

HARTMANN (V.O.)
The "U-SS-A"...

LAUGHTER OF HIS STUDENTS (V.O.)

HARTMANN (V.O.)
...deliberately used different radio
elements for their atomic bombs.

Goldmann's HAND completes the cross on the pane to a
Swastika - rain starts tapping against the window...

DISSOLVE:

RAIN CONT'D

15 I/E ELEVATED STATION / STAIRWAY - DAY 15

SAMUEL GOLDMANN with his little suitcase comes down the
stairway.

FDJ STUDENTS (V.O.)
(chorus)
USA - SA - SS! - USA - SA - SS!

RAIN is drumming softly onto the glass of the canopy.

A troop of noisy TRACK WORKERS in their black uniforms -
their tools shouldered like arms - passes GOLDMANN, who
tries to get out of their way.

HARTMANN (V.O.)
The Uranium bomb was dropped on
Hiroshima...

DISSOLVE:

15 CONTINUED: 15.
15 RAIN CONT'D 15

16 EXT. RAILROAD VIADUCT - DAY 16
GOLDMANN walks under the viaduct of the overhead railway.

HARTMANN (V.O.)
And, twenty-four hours later, the
Plutonium bomb was dropped on Nagasaki.

THUNDERING ROAR

By a passing train above Goldmann's head.

DISSOLVE:

RAIN CONT'D

17 EXT. EXPANSE OF RUINS - DAY 17
GOLDMANN, with his little suitcase, walks on a well-trodden path through a sea of debris.

FADE IN:

From far away only the VIOLA part of the -
BEETHOVEN STRING QUARTET OPUS 135 MOVEMENT III

It's raining harder.

In the distance: tree-like growths protrude from the tough, ashen soil of the stony desert.

HARTMANN (V.O.)
So the Americans were able to study the effects of two different radioactive materials.

With GOLDMANN's approach, the "growths" are revealed to be the remains of bent water pipes and steel frames.

DISSOLVE:

RAIN & VIOLA CONT'D

18 EXT. BACKYARD - DAY 18
TRACKING:

TOILET BOWELS - WASHBASINS - BATH AND SHOWER FITTINGS -

18 CONTINUED:

HEAPS OF BATH TUBS - GAS STOVES AND STOVE PIPES

They are lying around among the remains of a backyard.

HARTMANN (V.O.)

A scientific experiment with human
beings.

UNDER TRAMPLING APPLAUSE OF HARTMANN'S STUDENTS (V.O.)

GOLDMANN enters a backyard tenement which is still
somehow intact.

CUT TO:

VIOLA CONT'D

19 INT. TENEMENT / STAIRCASE - DAY

19

Dim light. The deep quavering tones of the VIOLA are
growing louder and louder - someone in the house is
practicing the VIOLA part of the Beethoven String
Quartet.

GOLDMANN is coming up the stairs to his garret.

JUMP CUT:

The music emanates from a door with a handwritten
cardboard sign:

THE BAUER FAMILY

JUMP CUT:

CLOSE ON:

GOLDMANN'S BOOTS -

AVOIDING TO STEP ON A DOLL WITH A FADED CELLULOID HEAD

WOOD WOOL IS PROTRUDING FROM HER STOMACH

The VIOLA playing suddenly becomes uncertain. A few
discordant notes.

THE MUSIC BREAKS OFF

CUT TO:

22 CONTINUED:

A DESTROYED SYNAGOGUE

SLOW DISSOLVE:

VIOLA CONT'D

ARCHIVE FOOTAGE

23 INT. DESTROYED SYNAGOGUE - DAY

23

THE LARGE INSCRIPTION:

A V E N G E U S

Smearred with blood on the walls of the synagogue.

SLOW DISSOLVE:

VIOLA CONT'D

24 INT. GARRET GOLDMANN - DAY

24

GOLDMANN pulls his head out of the hatch, steps down from the piano stool, turns around, sighs, puts his hat on again and goes to the rat trap. He takes the hammer which is again propped against the wall next to the trap and pushes the handle into the right sleeve of his jacket.

SLOW DISSOLVE:

VIOLA CONT'D

25 INT. ATTIC GOLDMANN - DAY

25

Using his right fist, which holds the head of the concealed hammer, GOLDMANN taps three times on the wooden door of another garret.

THE MUSIC BREAKS OFF

Silence.

GOLDMANN

(loud)

Heidebrand, get yourself ready. We've got him!

No answer. - The whistle of a water kettle howls briefly up and then dies away.

GOLDMANN

Shall I help you to get dressed?

25 CONTINUED:

VOICE HEIDEBRAND
No! Don't push me!

CUT TO:

26 INT. GARRET HEIDEBRAND - DAY 26

PAUL HEIDEBRAND is standing in the backlight of his roof hatch.

With his left hand he puts on his rubber raincoat and buttons it.

Then he carefully pulls a black leather glove over his smashed right hand which is limp and covered with white scars.

Then he puts on his gray hat: there's a deep scar under the left cheekbone of his clean-shaven face. In order to pull the second glove over his left hand -

HE USES HIS TEETH

MATCH DISSOLVE:

27 EXT. SUBWAY ENTRANCE - DAY 27

THE HEAD OF A FOX WITH BARED TEETH

It's on a fox fur stole of a LADY in a hat and coat.

She walks in a CROWD OF PEOPLE who bear all kinds of luggage. The crowd is disappearing into the depth of a subway entrance from which GOLDMANN and HEIDEBRAND ascend. They have to push themselves through the crowd.

They pass a sign with the inscription:

YOU ARE LEAVING

THE AMERICAN SECTOR

SLOW MATCH DISSOLVE:

GOLDMANN (O.S.)

He's already working again "for the benefit of mankind".

28 EXT. OLD CHARITE HOSPITAL IN EAST BERLIN - DAY 28

The ivy entwined golden inscription:

C H A R I T É

HEIDEBRAND (O.S.)
In the name of "charity".

DOWN-PAN:

Staring upwards they stand in back view in front of one of the hospital's old turrets.

HEIDEBRAND
(looking at Goldmann)
Want to think it over?

GOLDMANN
(turning his head away)
Nope.

He walks straight towards the entrance of the old hospital.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARITE / HALLWAY - DAY

They enter the hallway:

GOLDMANN
Gerda is right. It's my duty.

GOLDMANN leads HEIDEBRAND through the hallways and corridors of the hospital.

GOLDMANN (O.S.)
He'll carry on without any obstruction,
protected by the Russians.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHARITE / BEFORE A PATERNOSTER LIFT - DAY

GOLDMANN and HEIDEBRAND climb into one of the open and permanently moving compartments of the paternoster lift - disappearing downwards from level

0

GOLDMANN
And a spark of justice is at least a cold comfort.

Appearing and disappearing at a lower level marked:

30 CONTINUED:

-I

GOLDMANN

But you should think it over. Don't feel obliged. Why voluntarily go to prison.

Appearing and disappearing at a lower level marked:

-II

HEIDEBRAND

That doesn't matter. I'm in prison wherever I am.

CUT TO:

31 INT. CHARITE / PATERNOSTER / CABIN - DAY

31

HEIDEBRAND

But a few "metastases" I'll still cut out of my system.

GOLDMANN

Oh! Too late!

They have missed the last exit of level...

-III

...and dive into darkness - the lift rumbles and squeaks.

HEIDEBRAND crouching in a corner in the back of the open lift-compartment starts to whimper.

GOLDMANN pulling him up:

GOLDMANN

Get a grip. Nothing can happen to you.

A slit of light gradually appears at the top of the cabin. The ceiling of the basement vault is more and more visible.

CUT TO:

32 INT. CHARITE / BASEMENT / BEFORE PATERNOSTER - DAY

32

The heads and then the bodies of HEIDEBRAND and GOLDMANN appear from the depth of the second shaft again at the level marked:

-III

HEIDEBRAND while separating himself from Goldmann's hug:

32 CONTINUED:

HEIDEBRAND

I'm sorry.

He's the first out of the cabin, wiping sweat from his face with a large white handkerchief.

Behind him, empty boxes rise, jolting and squeaking in endless succession from the underground.

GOLDMANN

(stepping near Heidebrand)

You OK?

Putting his handkerchief away:

HEIDEBRAND

Yes, yes, of course.

GOLDMANN taking him by the arm:

GOLDMANN

(gently)

Then come on...

They go on.

CUT TO:

33 INT. CHARITE / BASEMENT VAULT - DAY

33

Slow approach through the corridor of the vault towards a white-painted door at its end, with the black inscription:

RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

PROF.DR.ERICH HARTMANN

GOLDMANN and HEIDEBRAND go straight through the door without knocking.

CUT TO:

34 INT. CHARITE / OUTER OFFICE HARTMANN - DAY

34

They quickly pass the stunned FEMALE SECRETARY:

GOLDMANN

(laconically)

My name is Samuel Goldmann, call the police.

They enter Hartmann's office.

CUT TO:

35 INT. CHARITE / OFFICE HARTMANN - DAY

35

HARTMANN is at his desk, the communist party badge on his white doctor's coat. He lifts his head and looks blinking at the two intruders.

GOLDMANN and HEIDEBRAND, who is just closing the padded office door behind them, silently return his gaze.

HARTMANN puts on his glasses:

FADE IN:

From far away the First Movement of

MOZART PIANO SONATA A-MINOR KV 310

HARTMANN rises slowly:

HARTMANN
(deadpan)
How did you find me?

GOLDMANN AND HEIDEBRAND JUST GAZE AT HIM

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

MOZART SONATA I CONT'D

36 EXT. PARADE GROUND / ADMINISTRATION - MAGIC

36

A black Mercedes Benz, its headlights covered by black masks with horizontal slits, speeds in a wide arc towards the flight of stone stairs which leads to the administration building.

The camp-apprentice MAX (aged 16) wearing the gray-green uniform of the Armed Division SS (but without the usual swastika armband) jumps out of the car, opens the rear door, dives into the car, takes out a large, unwrapped bouquet of red roses, runs around the back of the car, bounds up the stairs, leaping two at a time, and disappears into the building.

DISSOLVE:

MOZART SONATA I CONT'D

ARCHIVE FOOTAGE

37 EXT. ROOFS OF A SMALL GERMAN TOWN - DUSK

37

Roofs and chimneys of a small German town -

37 CONTINUED:

SEEN AGAINST THE EVENING SKY - SMOKE RISES

DISSOLVE:

MOZART SONATA I CONT'D

38 EXT. CHIMNEYS AND EXHAUST HOODS - MAGIC

38

Big black exhaust hoods, resembling cumbersome knights' helmets, slowly turn back and forth in the evening breeze. - Blue smoke rises from the chimneys...

DISSOLVE:

MOZART SONATA I CONT'D

39 INT. THE REYNHARDT HOUSE / MUSIC ROOM - MAGIC

39

Between the large French windows of the music room, seated at a black Bechstein grand piano, its big wing-like lid opened, in the bluish light of dusk: the thin frail figure of KLAUS (14 years old). His energetic, decisive piano-playing seems to be in stark contrast to his constitution.

DISSOLVE:

MOZART SONATA I CONT'D

40 EXT. PARADE GROUND / ADMINISTRATION - MAGIC

40

HEIDEBRAND in the black uniform of an SS Colonel - breeches and riding boots, without armband - comes out of the administration building.

He stops at the top of the impressive flight of stairs...

TO PULL HIS SECOND GLOVE ELEGANTLY OVER HIS RIGHT HAND

...before stepping down to his car.

MAX, with the bouquet of roses, now wrapped in brown paper, passes HEIDEBRAND and eagerly tears open the rear door on the passenger side.

DISSOLVE:

MOZART SONATA I CONT'D

41 EXT. CAMP GATEWAY - MAGIC

41

The black Mercedes with the license number...

41 CONTINUED:

> SS - 09 15 35 <

...slides through the heavily-guarded gate: a fortress of barbed wire, machine guns and searchlights, which are just being turned on.

The GUARDS salute.

DISSOLVE:

MOZART SONATA I CONT'D

42 INT. THE REYNHARDT HOUSE / MUSIC ROOM - MAGIC

42

KLAUS is just finishing the First Movement; he pauses, then moves on to the first bars of the Second Movement.

He makes a mistake, wipes his hands on his shorts, and starts from the beginning; he works on a few bars and again makes some mistakes. Exhausted, he quits.

HIS SMALL HANDS RESTING ON THE IVORIES

GERDA (O.S.)

Since your illness, something very new has come into your playing.

KLAUS looks at her, smiling.

GERDA

Your playing is much more defined.

GERDA is leaning in the doorway, a dust-cloth in her hand. She wears an elegant light-gray dress with a white apron over it.

She pushes the light switch at the door to turn on the impressive chandelier which is hanging above the grand piano, casting its light onto KLAUS, who is gently closing the lid of the keys:

KLAUS

I've made some progress, haven't I?

He puts his hands on the black lacquered lid to support himself as he gets up:

KLAUS

But I'll never become a useful soldier.

HIS HANDS LEAVE SWEAT TRACKS ON THE LID

GERDA (O.S.)

We have enough soldiers.

Closing the large, heavy lid of the piano:

GERDA

What we really need are artists:
painters, musicians, writers.

KLAUS

(bundles his sheets)
And scientists like father.

THE DUSTER GLIDES OVER THE CLOSED BIG WING

GERDA (O.S.)

And scientists like father.

KLAUS puts his score onto a small shelf between the windows.

KLAUS

When will he be back?

GERDA takes one of the two heavy candlesticks with its drip mat from the table in front of the sofa and places it back on the grand piano:

GERDA

I think tonight.

KLAUS

Then I can stay up late.

GERDA

It will certainly be very late.

ONLY NOW GERDA'S HAND WIPES OVER

THE NEARLY DRY SWEAT TRACKS ON THE KEYBOARD-LID

GERDA (O.S.)

You'll see him tomorrow morning.

KLAUS has stepped to the left window. His small back against the bluish light.

SLOW APPROACH:

KLAUS

Now it's starting to get dark again.
First it's a fine, fine veil. Still with
a gleam in it. Almost blue. Then it gets
denser and denser. The trees become
thinner and thinner. And, in the end, the
houses vanish. Something is wrong with
him.

GERDA
(lifting the key-lid)
With whom?

CLOSE ON THE BACK OF HIS HEAD:

KLAUS
With Father. He's unhappy.

He violently turns around:

KLAUS (CLOSE UP)
That's clear to be seen!

JUMP CUT:

GERDA'S HAND IS PUSHING THE DUSTER OVER THE KEYBOARD:

A SHRILL CASCADE FROM BASS TO DESCANT

JUMP CUT:

GERDA (CLOSE UP)
Whoever has seen Evil, Klaus - will never
be happy again.

JUMP CUT:

HER HANDS ARE SLOWLY CLOSING THE KEYBOARD LID:

GERDA (O.S.)
It's getting him down.

From a distance: the doorbell is ringing.

GERDA looks at her watch - putting the dust-cloth in her
apron pocket:

GERDA
That's Heidebrand.

She undoes her apron.

KLAUS
(going to her)
May I stay?

GERDA
You may answer the door. But then you'll
eat your supper.

KLAUS
(clicking his heels)
Yes, Madam!

GERDA gives him her apron.

42 CONTINUED:

GERDA
(smiling)
Please, make this disappear.

Klaus takes the apron, clicking his heels again:

KLAUS
Right away!

He walks out, her apron over his arm.

GERDA goes to the right window to check her dark hair in the still weak reflection of the pane.

CUT TO:

43 INT. THE REYNHARDT HOUSE / HALL / CORRIDOR - EVENING 43

KLAUS opens the front door.

HEIDEBRAND stands before him, unwrapping the roses from their brown paper. He bows slightly, clicking his heels:

HEIDEBRAND
Paul Heidebrand. Good evening, Mr.
Reynhardt. We already had the pleasure,
but then you were still very young.

He crumples the brown paper into a ball - handing it over to KLAUS:

HEIDEBRAND
You won't remember me.

KLAUS
Please come in.

He closes the door behind Heidebrand. -

Receiving gloves and uniform-cap:

KLAUS
Mother is expecting you in the music
room.

KLAUS studies Heidebrand's uniform-cap:

KLAUS
Indeed, I can't remember you.

JUMP CUT:

SCREEN FILLING:

THE SS SKULL & CROSSBONES

On Heidebrand's uniform cap:

KLAUS (O.S.)

But then you certainly didn't wear the uniform.

HEIDEBRAND

No, this I'm wearing more recently.

KLAUS puts the gloves into the cap and sets it onto the hat-rack, which is otherwise empty.

KLAUS

Will you follow me, please?

HEIDEBRAND follows KLAUS to the music room -

KLAUS

What does the skull actually mean?

HEIDEBRAND

It's just a symbol of mortality. Like in "Knight, Death and Devil".

KLAUS

By Albrecht Duerer.

HEIDEBRAND

Bravo, Mr. Reynhardt!

KLAUS opening the door to the music room:

KLAUS

Please call me Klaus.

HEIDEBRAND with a slight bow to Klaus and a soft click of his heels:

HEIDEBRAND

Thank you, Klaus.

He enters the music room. KLAUS quietly closes the door behind him.

DISSOLVE TO:

GERDA is still standing in front of the right window. It has become darker now.

HEIDEBRAND at the door, still with his roses, is casting a blurred reflection onto the pane:

HEIDEBRAND (REFLECTION)
(whispers)
Gerda...

No reaction.

HEIDEBRAND (REFLECTION)
(a little bit louder)
Gerda...

No reaction.

HEIDEBRAND (REFLECTION)
(loud)
Gerda!

She quickly turns around:

GERDA
(violently)
At least you could have spared me the
uniform. Because I do know what it means.

HEIDEBRAND
(still at the door - quietly)
Yes, I could have... Yes...

GERDA
You shouldn't force this sight on me!

HEIDEBRAND
(still at the door - quietly)
You have to excuse me, Gerda, but I've
gotten into the habit. Everybody should
be able to see who I am.

GERDA
It makes a bad impression.

HEIDEBRAND
But it has expression.

GERDA
(eying him from bottom up)
No doubt about it.

HEIDEBRAND
(looking down at himself)
And yet it lacks something.

GERDA
Looks complete to me.

HEIDEBRAND
(going to her)
There is one color missing.

HEIDEBRAND (CONT'D)
(handing over the roses)
The red is missing.

GERDA
(taking the roses)
You're right.

HEIDEBRAND
(whispers)
But strangely enough it's still there.

He stretches out both arms so the bare flesh becomes visible. He's rubbing his wrists

HEIDEBRAND
(softly)
The red is still there and oddly enough
it's invisible.
(almost inaudible)
And do you know where it sticks? On the
hands and the wrists, up to the elbows!

GERDA
(loud)
Paul! - Please, light the candles.

With the flowers, on her way to the door:

GERDA
Light the candles, Paul, and draw the
curtains, so I don't have to black out
the windows.

She opens the door. KLAUS is kneeling in front of her,
with frightened eyes.

GERDA
(caressing his head)
Would you be so kind as to give the
flowers some water, Klaus?

KLAUS getting up and taking the flowers from her with a
grateful little smile:

KLAUS
Yes, mother.

He walks down the long corridor to the hall. Only now
it's noticeable that KLAUS has a slight disability - a
barely perceptible limp.

Gerda's eyes follow him until his frail figure is
immersed in the dim lights of the entrance hall.

FADE IN:

From a great distance:

44 CONTINUED:

CHURCH CHOIR (V.O.)
(very low)
Who has thee thus so smitten,
My health, and thee tormented,
So evilly abused?

She switches the chandelier off.

THE DOOR OF THE MUSIC ROOM IS SLOWLY CLOSING

MATCH DISSOLVE:

45 INT. THE REYNHARDT HOUSE / MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

45

HEAVY VELVET CRIMSON DRAPES

SLOWLY SLIDE OVER THE NIGHT BEHIND THE WINDOWS

CHURCH CHOIR (V.O.)
Thou art indeed no sinner,
Like us and our people;
Of evil deeds thou knowest not.

TOTAL DARKNESS

THE FLAME OF A MATCH FLARES UP

Heidebrand's HAND sets the flame to the candlestick on
the grand piano.

His eyes follow GERDA.

She takes two balloon glasses and a bottle of French
Cognac out of a corner-cabinet made of glass.

HEIDEBRAND then lights the second candlestick on the
mahogany table and sits down heavily on the Rococo sofa.

GERDA puts everything in front of him and takes an arm-
chair at the head of the coffee table. HEIDEBRAND holds
out a pack of Chesterfields:

HEIDEBRAND
An Allied Cigarette? Captured in open and
honest fights.

GERDA
(taking a cigarette)
I cannot imagine you taking part in open
and honest fights.

HEIDEBRAND
(stands up and offers a
light)
God forbid!

HEIDEBRAND (CONT'D)

My simple, but loyal compatriots
confiscated the smokes for me.

Blowing out the burning match he looks piously at GERDA.
GERDA bites her lip and pours a glass of Cognac for him.

HEIDEBRAND

(sitting down again)

This is not the first Cognac you've
poured for Paul Heidebrand.

He lights himself a cigarette, cupping the flame with
both hands, as if there is a heavy draft. He bends his
head down to the flame and inhales deeply.

GERDA (O.S.)

And that is probably not the first
cigarette his simple but loyal
compatriots won for him.

HEIDEBRAND while exhaling smoke and reaching for his
glass:

HEIDEBRAND

Candles and glasses. Almost like in the
old days.

(swirling the Cognac)

I've not forgotten the hikes, the nights,
a stretch of road, an old tree, branches
standing out against the sky.

(inhaling its smell)

The nights, the faces, the talks, a hand,
a knee - you with a bob...

He drinks in one shot. GERDA touches her hair with
lowered eyes, then looks straight into his eyes:

GERDA

We liked you so, Paul! We all liked you
so much. And what has become of you.

HEIDEBRAND

(refilling his glass)

One of those who march alongside, who get
their pay by wearing a black coat.

GERDA

And how did you get there?

He takes his glass...

HEIDEBRAND

(standing up)

I made a move!

GERDA

That's not an answer.

HEIDEBRAND

(turning around quickly)

And that's not a question. Because you know the answer. You know what I have achieved.

GERDA

You've managed to make yourself dirty, to besmirch the old Paul, to drag into the dirt the image that only belonged to me and which has now revealed itself to be a forgery. That is what you have achieved! You betrayed the ideals which you so loudly proclaimed. It still sings in my ears like derision: "Open thy mouth for the dumb in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction."

HEIDEBRAND

(closing his eyes)

You're mistaken Gerda if you think I've betrayed my ideals.

(opening his eyes wide)

I threw them overboard and cold-bloodedly drowned them.

He downs the Cognac in one shot and paces restlessly and noiselessly on the thick carpet. The candlesticks project his wavering shadow onto the drapes and the walls:

HEIDEBRAND

You mustn't think that was easy to do. They still spook around! They come at night and at twilight. Daylight they never liked.

(he turns to face Gerda)

No, what I've achieved is something quite different.

GERDA

And what is that?

He goes back to the sofa table, sets the empty glass down and then blocks GERDA in her armchair leaning close over her and looking deeply into her eyes:

HEIDEBRAND

Power and money. I found they fit me better than virtue and poverty. I walked barefoot to school, Gerda. I didn't want to lie under the wheel, I wanted to sit on the wagon. I traveled to Italy. I was in Rome! Naples! Pompeii! Nice! Florence! I have traveled to the Balkans. I was in Paris, in London, in Budapest. I ate in the most expensive restaurants.

HEIDEBRAND (CONT'D)

I slept in the best hotels with the most beautiful women. So much for money. But power, Gerda, power! Power is a very special addiction. Black as death. Red like blood. And shiny as gold.

He kisses her hard on her mouth. GERDA pushes him away. She gets out of her armchair, turns around and steps behind the armchair:

GERDA

I liked you so much, Paul!
(facing him again)
And you have changed so much!

She openly wipes her mouth.

HEIDEBRAND

(sinking into her chair)
Who hasn't changed?

GERDA

Heinrich hasn't. He's still the same.

HEIDEBRAND

(refilling)
Really? Heinrich is still the same?

GERDA returns to the table, grabs her unused glass and holds it out to HEIDEBRAND, who pours her a drink:

GERDA

He hasn't changed. His spine is unbroken. He has the same character. He didn't betray our ideals.

On her way to the chair at the opposite end of the table

GERDA

I admire him more than ever. Surrounded by a world of humiliation and inhumanity, he still tries to do something sensible.

She drinks the Cognac in one gulp. Then sits down.

Silence: HEIDEBRAND looks at her.

HEIDEBRAND

What's he actually doing in Berlin?

GERDA gets up again, pacing restlessly up and down:

GERDA

He reports to the Army Command. He's developed new vaccines. Fever epidemics dominate the Eastern Front. Especially in the large swamps.

45 CONTINUED:

GERDA (CONT'D)
And after the war, these results will
benefit the whole of mankind!

HEIDEBRAND
(lowering his head)
Certainly.

He reaches out for his glass, without looking up and
awkwardly pushes it over.

HEIDEBRAND
(jumps)
Oh!

He reaches into his pocket -

JUMP CUT:

EXTREME CLOSE ON:

A LARGE WHITE HANDKERCHIEF IN HIS HAND

FLUTTERING ALL OVER THE TABLE MOPPING UP THE COGNAC:

HEIDEBRAND (O.S.)
That could affect the mahogany.

JUMP CUT:

EXTREME LONG SHOT:

GERDA takes a fresh balloon glass out of the corner-
cabinet. She goes back to the table, fills the glass up
and gives it to HEIDEBRAND without any comment.

HEIDEBRAND
(taking the glass)
That's Gerda!
(and toasting to her)
To you! Again and again. Every single
glass. Only to you!

He knocks it down, puts it aside, and looks at his watch.

HEIDEBRAND
Duty calls. When does Heinrich come back?

GERDA
Tonight.

HEIDEBRAND
(on his way to the door)
Give him my regards. He may see me in the
office tomorrow.

GERDA (MEDIUM SHOT)
Paul!

45 CONTINUED:

He stops and looks at her.

GERDA (CLOSE UP)
Why did you come, Paul?

HEIDEBRAND (MEDIUM SHOT)
Because I wanted you to see me.

He turns and opens the door...

FROM FAR AWAY WHINING AND WEEPING

...and looks back at her:

HEIDEBRAND (CLOSE UP)
And because I had to see you!

THE DOOR IS CLOSING BEHIND HIM WITH A LOUD ROAR

MATCH CUT:

46 INT. ISOLATED CORRIDOR / SOUND-LOCK - NIGHT

46

A HEAVY IRON DOOR -

OF A DOUBLE DOOR SOUND LOCK SYSTEM -

OPENS UP WITH A LOUD ROAR:

SCREAMING - MOANING AND GROANING

ROBERT, Armed Division SS Corporal (no swastika band) in his mid-forties, and MAX, guide HEIDEBRAND into the isolated corridor: The screams of tortured people penetrate through seven doors on the right side.

HEIDEBRAND follows the two SS men, who are protecting their ears with their hands.

CLOSE UP:

HEIDEBRAND'S FACE LIKE CARVED INTO STONE

UNDER THE SKULL & CROSSBONES OF HIS CAP

At the end of the corridor, they leave through a second sound-lock: MAX operates the leverages of the heavy iron double-doors which stifle the cries of agony.

CUT TO:

47 INT. OFFICE HEIDEBRAND - NIGHT

47

CONTINUED:

THE OFFICE DOOR FLIES OPEN:

HEIDEBRAND, followed by MAX and ROBERT, enters his office in a rush, slipping off his gloves and cap on the way to his desk in front of the left wall, which is dominated by floor-to-ceiling archive shelves.

He takes three shot glasses and a half-bottle of French Cognac out of his desk and pours.

The large room is lit by three naked light bulbs under sheet-metal shades hanging on cables.

The windows at the front are whitewashed and darkened from outside by closed black shutters. Between the two windows the official black and white portrait of Hitler. On a shelf beneath, an imposing radio with a mahogany body, light-scale and a "Magic Eye".

Six hard chairs line the yellow-colored right wall, separated in the middle by a small, black cast-iron coal oven. Its black stovepipe twists bizarrely up and along the blank wall, ending in a hole in the right corner above the door.

HEIDEBRAND

Drink up, gentlemen.

All three drink in one shot. HEIDEBRAND refills and sits down. Flipping backwards through an opened file that lies on his desk blotter:

HEIDEBRAND

I still need more information. What does "transit people" mean?

ROBERT

Inmates who have been inoculated with a certain disease. They are "hosts" for bacterial cultures. So Dr. Reynhardt has every kind of virus available at any time.

HEIDEBRAND lowers his head over his file:

HEIDEBRAND

Has the choir learned the new song, Max?

MAX

It took a few hours, Colonel, but now they sing well.

HEIDEBRAND

Bravo. You were attending the experiments for the Air Force?

MAX

(looking at Robert)

I was a body-carrier for the freezing and pressure tests...

(to Heidebrand)

...but then I had to leave for ghetto-training.

HEIDEBRAND

And you, Robert?

ROBERT

I assisted in all experiments.

(counts on his fingers)

Air one: the pressure tests. Two: the dry cold tests. Three: the wet cooling experiments. Four: tests in salt water.

Five: in distilled salt water. Six: chemical salt water. - Mustard gas and surgical experiments were for the Army. Yes.

HEIDEBRAND

Please gentlemen, drink.

The two soldiers drink.

HEIDEBRAND

For "air one": what about the wagon?

ROBERT

It's hermetically sealed, so that the air pressure can be varied.

MAX

One window is installed.

ROBERT

Yes. To watch the reactions of the subjects.

MAX

They scratched themselves bloody and ripped their hair out!

HEIDEBRAND

How low can the pressure be adjusted to?

ROBERT

The atmospheric pressure corresponds to a height of about 15 miles above sea level.

MAX

Two times higher than the Mount Everest. Nobody can survive that!

HEIDEBRAND

The temperature can be reduced simultaneously?

ROBERT

No.

HEIDEBRAND

(leans back)

That's a pity. In reality, one must cope mostly with both at the same time.

ROBERT

Dr. Eger said separated freeze-and-compression tests were easier.

HEIDEBRAND

But for us, it's not the question of whether things are easier or not, right?

ROBERT

Yes, Colonel.

HEIDEBRAND

(leaning over his documents)

The experiments with iced water are familiar to me. But the dry experiments?

(pointing to the bottle)

Drink, boys.

MAX, filling his glass up to the brim:

MAX

They were strapped naked to stretchers and left out in the snow until they were dead.

He drinks.

HEIDEBRAND

How long would they lie there?

ROBERT

After 24 hours, the temperature was measured. With them chloroformed every hour. You couldn't tell when they collapsed.

HEIDEBRAND

They were given chloroform?

MAX

Yes, otherwise Dr. Eger could not sleep!

HEIDEBRAND

Otherwise Dr. Eger could not sleep? They were given chloroform so that Dr. Eger could sleep?

MAX

(grinning)

And Dr. Fritze could not work.

HEIDEBRAND

(getting up)

Imagine!

He goes to the right window and stares at his faint reflection in the whitewashed panes:

HEIDEBRAND

Such sensitive doctors!

ROBERT and MAX roar with laughter. HEIDEBRAND sits down on the windowsill taking out his cigarettes:

HEIDEBRAND

And the chloroform helped.

ROBERT

(matter-of-factly)

Yes, they only gurgled a little.

HEIDEBRAND

Death rate?

MAX

Way above half went up in smoke.

ROBERT shoots him a disapproving glance:

ROBERT

Approximately seventy percent.

HEIDEBRAND lights a cigarette in his head-shot-avoiding "trench manner". He inhales deeply, going back to his desk, exhaling smoke from his mouth and nostrils while speaking:

HEIDEBRAND

The salt-water experiments weren't any less noisy?

ROBERT

God forbid, they screamed their heads off. Many have gone crazy.

HEIDEBRAND pours the rest of the bottle. He takes a new one out of his desk and opens it.

MAX

Those who had to drink it screamed the most, right?

With a rebuking stare at Max:

ROBERT

As long as they had a voice left.

HEIDEBRAND

(sitting down again)

Please, help yourself.

The soldiers drink while HEIDEBRAND shuffles through his documents. HEIDEBRAND, holding up a file:

HEIDEBRAND

Is this the file of the new subjects?

ROBERT nods.

ROBERT

Yes, Colonel. For Dr. Reynhardt's fever experiments.

HEIDEBRAND

Soon they'll probably scream as well.

ROBERT

Yes, Colonel. But first they'll get special catering: full military rations to gain physical resistance.

HEIDEBRAND

I see. Like Hansel and Gretel! First they are fattened up and then they're roasted in the oven.

ROBERT and MAX laugh in embarrassment.

HEIDEBRAND

But it's only Abel to Fox. Where are the others?

Checking the shelves:

ROBERT

(mumbling)

Sugar to Zebra... Mike to Roger...

(opening a file)

George to Love...

(to Heidebrand)

It continues with Goldmann.

HEIDEBRAND

Goldmann?

ROBERT

Yes, Colonel.

Pause.

HEIDEBRAND

Surely not Samuel Goldmann.

ROBERT

(his eyes wide)

Yes, Sir! Samuel.

Slowly coming closer:

ROBERT

Do you know him?

HEIDEBRAND stretching out his hand for the file:

HEIDEBRAND

Unlikely.

(taking the file)

Samuels are a dime a dozen.

ROBERT and MAX laugh.

Long pause:

HEIDEBRAND stares at the list in the file.

FADE IN:

From a very far distance the provincial church choir is to be heard again:

CHURCH CHOIR (V.O.)

Commend thou all thy ways,
And all that grieves thy heart,
To the most faithful care,
Of Him, who rules the heavens.

HEIDEBRAND raises his head, staring at the opposite yellow-colored wall.

The soldiers in the blur of his gaze stand around awkwardly. MAX sways a little.

CHURCH CHOIR (V.O.)

To clouds and air and breezes
He gives the course to run,
He also will find pathways...

HEIDEBRAND stands abruptly:

THE SINGING BREAKS OFF

Fetching his uniform-cap and gloves:

47 CONTINUED:

HEIDEBRAND
Choir practice!

On his way to the door:

HEIDEBRAND
Let's see if Max has taught that Jewish
bunch some military discipline.

He opens the door:

HEIDEBRAND
The bottle's yours, gentlemen.

HEIDEBRAND leaves the office, disappearing into
THE BLACKNESS OF THE CORRIDOR

FADE IN:

48 INT. THE REYNHARDT HOUSE / BEDROOM - NIGHT

48

THE PHOSPHORESCENT BUTTON OF A BEDSIDE LAMP
REYNHARDT'S LEFT HAND PRESSES THE BUTTON
LIGHT FALLS ONTO A BLACK TELEPHONE
AND A CIGARETTE CASE MADE OF STERLING SILVER
HIS RIGHT HAND WITH ITS WEDDING BAND TAKES THE CASE
BOTH OF HIS HANDS ARE OPENING IT AND TAKE OUT A CIGARETTE
TAPPING IT CAREFULLY ON THE CASE
TO TAMP DOWN THE TOBACCO

REVEAL CLOSE ON:

REYNHARDT LIGHTS THE CIGARETTE WITH A MATCH
HE BENDS OVER TO PLACE IT BETWEEN GERDA'S LIPS
THEN HE LIGHTS ONE FOR HIMSELF

REVEAL:

REYNHARDT and GERDA are sitting in bed.
They are both naked, smoking in silence.
Suddenly jumping out of bed:

REYNHARDT
I've forgotten something!

He goes to a chair where his clothes have been carelessly tossed. He pulls a small package, wrapped in brown paper, out of his raincoat pocket. Handing it over to GERDA:

REYNHARDT

My travel gift.

GERDA

Oh!

She switches on her bedside lamp and tears open the package:

FULL SHOT:

A RED POUCH-LIKE BAG OF VERY SMOOTH LEATHER IS SLOWLY "OOZING" OUT OF THE BROWN PAPER WRAPPING

REYNHARDT (O.S.)

You wear the loop around your wrist.

GERDA sticks her nose into the soft leather and deeply inhales.

GERDA

You're a prince! The prince of all princes. Where did you find this?

REYNHARDT (O.S.)

At Berlin main station. I bought it from a soldier on home leave from the Eastern Front.

Sitting down on her bedside:

REYNHARDT (OSS)

I guess his proceeds are already spent on liquor and women.

Slightly irritated about his attitude:

GERDA

Prince Eagle Eye.

Break.

She nestles her cheek to the bag:

GERDA

Maybe the Russian women's red boots are made of the same soft leather.

REYNHARDT (OSS)

Maybe...

She abruptly puts the bag down:

GERDA

Paul was here today.

REYNHARDT (OSS)

What did he want?

GERDA

A kind of inaugural visit. The new camp commander in uniform.

REYNHARDT (OSS)

How does he look?

GERDA

Bursting with health - and yet pale and haggard.

CLOSE ON:

REYNHARDT TAKES HER RIGHT HAND

IN BOTH OF HIS HANDS AND STROKES IT:

REYNHARDT (O.S.)

Probably a shock for you?

HER HANDS ARE RESPONDING:

GERDA (O.S.)

Oh, no. It was rather sad. Those who collaborate with them are lost anyway.

HIS HANDS SLOWLY WITHDRAW FROM HERS:

GERDA (O.S.)

That's really nothing new.

REYNHARDT gets up - going to his side of the bed:

REYNHARDT

In a way I also collaborate with them. Am I also lost?

He lights another cigarette.

GERDA

With you it's different. You work to save people.

Walking up and down the room, his lean body poorly lit by the yellow glow of the bedside lamps, standing out against the black roller blinds:

REYNHARDT

I have a basis in my work. That's true. Only we mustn't lose faith that it will bear fruit in the end.

REYNHARDT (CONT'D)

(stops)

On the other hand, Paul can prevent some brutalities - perhaps straighten out matters.

GERDA

He can undertake some minor reforms in hell? Is that what you mean?

REYNHARDT, sitting down on the chair with his clothes, crossing his legs:

REYNHARDT

I mean you become modest in these times. One decent little deed's more valuable than a great dream. Everyone has his own path to follow, including Paul, and he'll have to go it alone.

GERDA gets up. On her way to him:

GERDA

Nobody has to follow that path.

She sits down on his lap.

REYNHARDT

It's easy to condemn, Gerda.

GERDA

You're defending him!

REYNHARDT

And me! Who can live today without feeling guilty?

She embraces him. Their naked bodies entwined in the dim light of the bedside lamps. -

FADE IN:

From a great distance, the CAMP CHOIR can be heard, singing "The Flemish Dance of Death"

CAMP CHOIR (V.O.)

When Death rides in on a coal-black steed
The soldiers who march will be doomed
indeed.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK:

REYNHARDT

Amidst ruin our marriage is the only thing that counts for me anymore.

48 CONTINUED:

CAMP CHOIR (V.O.)
(swelling up)
They march to the fields in their
glorious ranks

SLOW FADE IN:

CAMP CHOIR (V.O.)
(loud)
When Death comes galloping along their
flanks.

49 EXT. PARADE GROUND/ ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - NIGHT 49

50 prisoners, divided into two blocks of 25 men each, are standing in rows of five on the stone stairs leading up to the Administration Building:

CAMP CHOIR
(full force)
Flanders in hiding!
In Flanders Death comes riding!
In Flanders Death comes riding!

SAMUEL GOLDMANN is standing in the second row of the left division:

GOLDMANN (AND CHOIR)
Death rides in on a snow-white mare,
As bright as an angel with golden hair

GOLDMANN IS STARING WITH BURNING EYES AT -

HEIDEBRAND WHO IS SINGING ALONG VERY LOUDLY -

He's standing opposite the CHOIR at the foot of the stairs, flanked by MAX and ROBERT who carry submachine guns.

HEIDEBRAND (AND CHOIR)
When the maidens dance in the meadows
green
He slips in the circle, unseen, unseen

HEIDEBRAND STARES SINGING -

AT THE SINGING GOLDMANN -

FULL SHOT:

THE FEVERISH EYES OF HEIDEBRAND

CAMP CHOIR (O.S.)
Fa - la, la, la...

FULL SHOT:

THE ACCUSING EYES OF GOLDMANN

SLOW FADE OUT:

CAMP CHOIR (O.S.)

Fa - la, la, la...

Fa - la, la, la...

END OF EPISODE 1