

THE GANZLER JOURNALS

Written by

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FADE IN:

**EXT. STREET LEADING TO KAISER WILHELM INSTITUTE FOR PHYSICS -  
BERLIN - DAY (1945)**

Russians in tanks and armored personnel carriers ruthlessly purge the street and head toward the institute.

**INT. KAISER WILHELM INSTITUTE FOR PHYSICS BASEMENT - DAY**

A MASSIVE EXPLOSION can be heard in the bowels of the enormous basement. The floor seems to move, the lights flicker, and without much hesitation men and women run for cover to find a place to hide: under desks, under tables, and in work closets.

HELMUT GANZLER, deemed as a scientific genius, approaches DIETER RÖHM, the senior scientist for the facility.

GANZLER

What are we going to do?

RÖHM

We must secure important scientific documents.

OTTO KLEIN, Ganzler's assistant, joins them. He quickly grabs Ganzler's arm.

KLEIN

I hid your journals.

Ganzler pats Klein on the back and smiles.

GANZLER

We can't let them fall into Russian hands.

RÖHM

We need to secure the basement door. Now!

Before they can act, Russian forces break down the metal door, making a horrible sound, and come inside. Within seconds, a brash colonel, PETER KARPOV, tall, muscular, bleach-blond hair, enters and walks up to Dieter Röhm.

KARPOV

Who is in charge here?

RÖHM

I am.

Russian soldiers branch out and scour the basement.

KARPOV

How many scientists do you have working here?

RÖHM

There are a few.

Karpov canvases his surrounding.

KARPOV

The Nazi Party has been decimated. We simply want to benefit from the ground-breaking science and technologies you have so efficiently developed.

RÖHM

We're not harbingers of great thinking, or even programs for that matter.

KARPOV

I know better. I will not leave until I get what I came for.

Minutes later, a tall soldier brings a handful of notebooks and hands them to the colonel. The soldier whispers something to his commander and walks away. The colonel slowly looks through the material. He occasionally glances around and studies the faces of the Germans he's holding hostage.

KARPOV (CONT'D)

Tell me. Who do these reports belong to?

There is total silence.

KARPOV (CONT'D)

I am not a patient man. I demand to know the truth or there will be consequences!

Otto Klein, skinny, long blond hair, and round spectacles, steps forward.

KLEIN

They are mine.

KARPOV

I would say you have a very good sense of detail. This information looks extremely valuable to me.

GANZLER

He is only trying to protect me. Those notes belong to me... I take responsibility for them.

Karpov steps closer to Ganzler who is a tall man with bushy brown hair, and a mustache to match.

KARPOV

Surely, one of you is lying. Now I ask you again. Who do these belong to?

GANZLER

My name is Helmut Ganzler. Perhaps you have heard of my work. These notebooks belong to me. They are my theories and no one else's.

KARPOV

So you are Helmut Ganzler. It is unfortunate you tried so hard to hide these from us.

GANZLER

My theories are untested and certainly no use to you or anyone else.

KARPOV

I will make that determination.

Colonel Karpov signals for his men to begin to gather all the scientists.

KARPOV (CONT'D)

(looks at Ganzler)

You will remain by my side.

GANZLER

Where are we going?

KARPOV

You will know soon enough.

The Russian soldiers march the Germans out the door.

**EXT. BUENOS AIRES ARGENTINA - SANDY BEACH - DAY (1965)**

BRODY LANGQUIST relaxes quietly on a softly cushioned redwood Adirondack. His head is buried in a history book about South America while KELLY JACKSON, his girlfriend, runs through very shallow water of the small lagoon.

KELLY

Aren't you glad you came?

BRODY

I guess. Getting away from work is probably worth it.

KELLY

I know.

BRODY

I have to admit, trying to find your grandfather's hidden journals will be difficult. Argentina is a big country.

KELLY

I have a plan. Let's talk about it over dinner.

BRODY

(contrived smile)  
Whatever you say.

Brody joins Kelly as they leap into the warm water.

**EXT. VERANDA - HOTEL ARGENTINA - BUENOS AIRES - NIGHT**

Kelly and Brody sit at a table on the hotel veranda overlooking the city. They enjoy Argentine cuisine and refreshing red wine. He enjoys gazing at Kelly who is thin, tan, and has flowing strawberry-blond hair.

BRODY

So your grandfather was Helmut Ganzler, a German scientist.

KELLY

Yes, he supposedly was a genius who developed unbelievable technological theories.

BRODY

How do you know that?

Brody, with Paul Newman looks, takes a sip of his wine and quickly glances around.

KELLY

My grandmother told me all about his exploits. He was one of Germany's renowned scientists.

BRODY

He was a Nazi.

KELLY

Yes, but scientists like my grandfather didn't care about that... About Hitler.

Brody nervously looks around the veranda.

KELLY (CONT'D)

My grandmother showed me a letter postmarked 15 November 1947 from Bogotá, Colombia, and it stated he had escaped from the Soviets and had hid the journals before he thought he would be captured.

BRODY

Bogotá, Colombia is pretty far away from here.

KELLY

I know, but in another letter my grandmother showed me, he said he buried the journals in San Luis Argentina near an abandoned farmhouse.

BRODY

(grins)

You know how many farmhouses there will be in San Luis?

KELLY

I contacted a guide. He said he would meet us tomorrow morning and take us to San Luis.

BRODY

Okay, let's worry about it tomorrow.

Brody notices a man sitting across the veranda in a blue double-breasted suit that seems to be staring at them.

BRODY (CONT'D)  
See that man over there. He seems  
to be interested in us.

Kelly casually glances at the man.

KELLY  
I don't know; he looks harmless to  
me.

BRODY  
Let's finish our meal and go back  
to the room.

**EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE TO THE HOTEL ARGENTINA - DAY**

In the morning, Kelly and Brody stand waiting for their guide  
to pick them up.

BRODY  
I hope this guy knows what he's  
doing.

KELLY  
I guess we'll have to wait and see.

An old raggedy Jeep drives up the small ramp and parks. The  
guide, VALDEZ, middle aged with a permanent tan, gets out and  
walks up to the front of the hotel.

VALDEZ  
You must be Kelly and Brody. I am  
Valdez. We must be going. We have a  
lot of ground to cover.

**INT. INSIDE OF JEEP - DAY**

They begin to travel west of Buenos Aires.

BRODY  
We really didn't come well  
prepared. We don't even have a map  
of where these journals could be.

VALDEZ  
I understand, my friend. I think I  
know where to go.

BRODY  
How do you know?

VALDEZ

You are not the only one trying to find these journals.

KELLY

Who else?

VALDEZ

The Germans for one. Perhaps others.

BRODY

They have to be hidden well.

VALDEZ

They are not supposed to be found. That's what I believe.

As they round a curve, they notice three men blockading the road. They stop as one of the men, MANUAL, approaches.

MANUAL

I am Manual and these are my men. We are looking for Marxist rebels.

VALDEZ

(laughs)

Do we look like Marxist rebels to you?

Manual looks into the vehicle.

MANUAL

Why are you traveling with Americanos?

VALDEZ

I am their guide. They simply want to see our beautiful country.

MANUAL

You are making a mistake, señor. It is very dangerous west of here. You must turn around.

VALDEZ

We mean no harm.

Manual points his gun directly at Valdez.

MANUAL

Turn around.



Valdez glances at the Americans and shrugs his shoulders, and abruptly turns around and heads back to Buenos Aires.

**EXT. LUBYANKA SQUARE - MOSCOW - DAY**

Cars pass and pedestrians walk along a sidewalk in front of the massive KGB building.

**INT. OFFICE OF ARKADY SUDEROV, ASSISTANT DEPUTY OF THE FIRST CHIEF DIRECTORATE - KGB - DAY**

ARKADY SUDEROV sits at his desk reading a memo when VALERIE PETROWSKI, a close advisor, enters and takes a seat.

SUDEROV

What do you know about Operation Ghetto?

PETROWSKI

Only that our scientists created unprecedented technology there.

Sudarov thumbs through the report as he speaks.

SUDEROV

According to this article, a renowned German scientist, Helmut Ganzler, escaped from a Soviet compound in Brazil and supposedly hid his scientific journals somewhere in Argentina.

PETROWSKI

Do we know where?

SUDEROV

Our colleague may know. He should be here any moment.

FELIX YOUPOPOV, dressed in a blue double-breasted suit, walks in holding a large folder and takes a seat next to Petrowski.

YOUPOPOV

It took a while, but I found the folder you wanted.

Youpopov throws the folder on the desk.

SUDEROV

This information is important, but I want to know what you found out in Buenos Aires?

YOUPOPOV

The Americans were headed to the farm country, but were turned away by Argentine commandos.

SUDEROV

Do we have any idea where these journals are buried?

Youpopov, very tall, muscular with jet-black hair, picks up the folder and shakes it and throws it back down.

YOUPOPOV

Everything you want to know is in this folder, but yes... it is believed the journals are buried in San Luis near an abandoned farmhouse.

PETROWSKI

Is Ganzler still alive?

YOUPOPOV

It is unknown, but he apparently was spotted a few times after he escaped and possibly after he buried the journals.

SUDEROV

These journals are considered extremely valuable. I want them found.

The two men remain silent. Suderov abruptly stands.

SUDEROV (CONT'D)

If you cannot find the journals, I want Ganzler found, if he is alive.

Both Petrowski and Youpopov nod their heads.

**EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - LANGLEY VIRGINIA - DAY**

In the morning, dozens of cars approach the main gate entrance.

**INT. OFFICE OF BRODY LANGQUIST, SENIOR ANALYST - DAY**

Brody is having a discussion with HARRISON BULLOCK, a colleague, about the exploits of the Soviets.

BRODY  
Have you found the Ganzler file?

HARRISON  
It has to be buried in the library  
somewhere.

BRODY  
We need to find it.

HARRISON  
Didn't you just go down to  
Argentina with your girlfriend to  
find some kind of journals?

BRODY  
I went to appease her. She has no  
idea where they are hidden.

Harrison, who is short with a crewcut, pulls out a crumpled  
piece of paper from his pocket and opens it up.

HARRISON  
I did some research. Ganzler was  
developing technology considered  
extremely advanced for its time.

BRODY  
It would be good to figure out what  
that is. Don't you think?

HARRISON  
Yes, of course, but don't you think  
the Soviets could be interested  
too.

BRODY  
That's why we need to find them  
first.

HARRISON  
What ever happened to Ganzler?

BRODY  
I don't know.

HARRISON  
Okay, I'll try to locate the file.

The phone rings. Brody answers it and after several seconds,  
puts the receiver down.

BRODY  
That was Kelly. I have to go.

**EXT. SAN DIEGO AIRPORT - DAY**

Brody walks out of the terminal to the outside arrival area. Kelly picks him up and they drive away.

**INT. INSIDE CAR - DAY**

They make their way out of the airport terminal.

BRODY

I had no idea your grandmother was sick.

KELLY

She had a weak heart. I guess it just gave out.

**INT. KELLY'S GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY**

An hour later, they search the basement for anything to do with Helmut Ganzler.

BRODY

There's a lot of stuff down here.

KELLY

My grandmother told me a while ago there were relics down here that belonged to my grandfather, but I never bothered looking.

Brody points at the boxes in the crowded basement.

BRODY

You don't think his journals are anywhere here? Do You?

KELLY

I doubt it. They're buried in Argentina. Remember?

BRODY

(laughs)  
Yeah, I remember.

KELLY

You work for the CIA. Can't you guys figure this out?

BRODY

We're working on it.

Brody opens a box and lifts out an old folder and blows dust off. He opens the folder and thumbs through it.

BRODY (CONT'D)

According to what I'm reading, your grandfather belonged to a group called the First Elite. Do you know what that means?

KELLY

My grandmother once told me the First Elite were Hitler's top scientists. She also told me my grandfather wasn't the ranking member but the most influential.

BRODY

That's why we need to find these journals.

Brody finds another small folder and opens it. The page he sees has dozens of equations on it and at the bottom is a handwritten statement.

BRODY (CONT'D)

Listen to this. I sincerely hope my hard work will be used to help the world and not ruin it. I want nothing more than to leave Germany and dissolve my affiliation with the Nazis.

KELLY

Living under Hitler must have been hell.

BRODY

That's an understatement.

Brody pulls out another folder and opens it. He pulls out an old picture.

BRODY (CONT'D)

Is this your grandfather?

Kelly stares at the picture.

KELLY

Yes, when he was a young man.

BRODY

Do you think he could still be alive?

KELLY

I don't know. He just disappeared  
off the face of the earth.

Kelly hesitates for a moment.

KELLY (CONT'D)

My grandmother said after the  
second letter she received, she  
never heard from him again.

Brody looks around at the material they gathered.

BRODY

We need to take all this stuff with  
us.

**EXT. THE GHETTO - SOVIET COMPOUND - 75 MILES SOUTH OF MONTES  
CLAROS BRAZIL - DAY (1946)**

The green pastures are serene and the farmland seems to  
extend forever against the horizon. In the middle is a large  
barbed wire compound of roughly two square miles. It is  
constructed like a small city with tiny streets. There are a  
number of work buildings, and barracks in which to live. It  
is an old German facility now taken over by the Soviets, and  
called The Ghetto as a snub to German Nationalism.

**INT. MAIN SCIENCE BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR - DAY**

Colonel Peter Karpov enters the second floor and joins a  
group of scientists standing around a large table where a  
large replica of a flying disc is positioned.

KARPOV

When will you begin to build the  
prototype?

RÖHM

Very soon now.

KARPOV

I want results this time. Is that  
understood?

RÖHM

Yes, colonel, there will be  
results.

KARPOV

Where is Ganzler?

RÖHM

In his office, working on a few calculations.

Karpov immediately walks around the corner to Ganzler's office.

**INT. HALLWAY - SECOND FLOOR - DAY**

Ganzler is reading a manual, but looks up to see Karpov standing in the hallway.

KARPOV

Put the book down. I want to talk to you.

GANZLER

Yes, colonel, what is so urgent?

KARPOV

It has been brought to my attention you have been less than engaged in developing the new anti-gravity aircraft that is so vital to us.

GANZLER

That's not true and you know it.

Ganzler throws his book down on the desk.

GANZLER (CONT'D)

I have done my job, and there is no need to gloat about it. Does that somehow bother you, colonel?

KARPOV

Don't be disrespectful. I have seen your journals, Herr Ganzler. They are magnificent. There is much to be done.

GANZLER

Only theories and nothing more.

KARPOV

You are very modest, Herr Ganzler, but I know enough to realize what is contained in your journals could make us the most technological nation in the world.

GANZLER  
Your flattery is not welcomed...  
but I will do as you say.

KARPOV  
I must go. We will talk later.

**INT. GANZLER'S OFFICE - DAY**

The next morning, Otto Klein unexpectedly walks into Ganzler's office.

GANZLER  
You look tired.

KLEIN  
There's no time to rest. Karpov  
doesn't think we need sleep.

GANZLER  
They expect us to build an  
antigravity aircraft without  
putting much thought into it.

Klein moves a little closer to Ganzler.

KLEIN  
Several days ago, I was approached  
by a new member of the special  
security force who wants me to be  
an informant.

GANZLER  
Who is this person?

KLEIN  
He is a young officer. I think his  
name is Youpopov.

GANZLER  
Perhaps you should tell him what  
you think he wants to know while we  
struggle to find a solution for  
anti-gravity.

KLEIN  
I will, of course, consider it.

Dieter Röhm enters the office.

RÖHM  
Are we any closer to finalizing our  
design?



GANZLER

It will take some time.

RÖHM

Karpov says we must complete it as soon as possible.

KLEIN

The Soviets have to understand how difficult this technology is to develop.

RÖHM

They just want results.

GANZLER

We can only do so much, but we will work day and night to complete our task.

(smiles)

I trust that's what you wanted to hear.

RÖHM

We really have no choice.

**INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - BRODY LANGQUIST'S OFFICE - DAY  
(1965)**

Harrison is sitting in Brody's office when he enters.

BRODY

Sorry I'm late. Have you been here long?

HARRISON

Just got here.

BRODY

What did you find out?

Brody takes off his suit coat, wraps it around his chair and takes a seat.

HARRISON

I haven't found the file yet, but one of our historians told me the First Elite, which included Ganzler, was captured by the Soviets in 1945 and taken to an undisclosed location.

BRODY  
Somewhere in Russia?

HARRISON  
He wasn't sure, but it could have  
been South America, as they had  
secret facilities there.

BRODY  
That could make sense.

HARRISON  
Of course, that's just speculation.  
How do we know exactly where he  
buried them or if he buried them at  
all?

BRODY  
(slight laugh)  
Who knows?

HARRISON  
It would help if we could find a  
map of where the journals are  
buried.

BRODY  
I couldn't find one in Kelly's  
basement, but we didn't go through  
all the boxes.

HARRISON  
(appears in thought)  
Are there any indications the  
Soviets are looking for them?

BRODY  
I wouldn't put it past them.

Harrison stands and departs quickly.

**INT. MOSCOW - SUDEROV'S OFFICE - DAY**

Sudarov, Petrowski, and Youpopov meet to discuss the Ganzler  
affair.

SUDEROV  
According to one of our top  
analysts, Ganzler's journals were  
considered the future of weapons  
technology.

PETROWSKI

If we cannot find them, it will not matter.

YOUPOPOV

I believe the Americans know where they are buried.

SUDEROV

Who is the man Ganzler's granddaughter was with in Argentina?

YOUPOPOV

He works for the CIA according to one of my sources.

Sudarov hesitates.

SUDEROV

If that is true, we are certainly at a disadvantage.

PETROWSKI

We must turn the tables on them, as the Americans like to say.

SUDEROV

It might not be that easy.

YOUPOPOV

I intend to have the Americans in my sights.

SUDEROV

(cynical grin)  
Perhaps they will lead us to the journals.

**INT. GANZLER'S OFFICE - MAIN SCIENCE BUILDING - FORMER NAZI COMPOUND - DAY (1947)**

Ganzler and Klein nonchalantly discuss administrative matters.

KLEIN

The Soviets want to conduct the first flight test in only days now.

GANZLER

They are fooling themselves, but what is new.

KLEIN

The electrical conductors are not aligned properly. It could take another several weeks to fix.

GANZLER

Trying to explain that to Karpov is like trying to change an electron into a proton. It cannot be done.

KLEIN

Youpopov is not any better. He thinks this kind of technology just occurs overnight.

GANZLER

We cannot control how they conduct business.

KLEIN

What will happen to us if we fail? I cannot imagine we would be spared.

Ganzler breaks out in laughter.

GANZLER

We will be fine. They didn't bring us here to clean toilets.

KLEIN

They could just finish what we started.

GANZLER

Nonsense, they cannot carry on without us. Not in a thousand years.

Klein adjusts his glasses and smiles.

KLEIN

Yes, I forgot we are a group of near geniuses.

GANZLER

That will be enough! I only meant to say we know what we're doing. The Soviets do not.

Dieter Röhm enters the office.

RÖHM

Where are your journals?

GANZLER  
They are secure.

RÖHM  
Youpopov wants to see them.

GANZLER  
What does he expect to accomplish?

RÖHM  
It does not matter. You must give them to me.

GANZLER  
He doesn't understand what's in them. Why would you bother? What is your motive?

Röhm stands back a few paces.

RÖHM  
What are you accusing me of?

GANZLER  
I will not relinquish them.

RÖHM  
We have no choice. Now give them to me.

Klein reaches into a large drawer, brings the journals out and gives them to Röhm.

KLEIN  
Is this what you want?

Röhm grabs the journals and departs quickly. Ganzler stares at Klein in disbelief.

**INT. SOVIET TESTING COMPLEX - DAY**

A week later, Ganzler, Klein, and Röhm stand on a platform near the anti-gravity craft waiting for the test to begin. A pilot enters the craft.

KLEIN  
The pilot looks scared to death.

GANZLER  
He could face a dismal death if the craft doesn't operate properly.

KLEIN

Yes... and the Soviets will blame us if that occurs.

RÖHM

We have taken every precaution.

GANZLER

The Soviets will not take failure lightly.

Karpov and Youpopov join them on the platform.

KARPOV

I trust we are ready for a successful launch.

GANZLER

One would expect such a result, but I believe the test is premature.

YOUPOPOV

You were given ample time to prepare.

GANZLER

These things take time.

The test begins as the anti-gravity craft shimmies and shakes. It begins to lift off the launch pad, but in an instant violently crashes; creating sparks, debris, and smoke filling the underground facility. Most of the spectators are on the ground gasping for breath.

Attendees on the platform are covered in soot and ash. They stand while coughing and trying to catch their breath.

KLEIN

What happened?

GANZLER

The pilot could not stabilize the craft. I think that is rather obvious.

KARPOV

This failure will not go unnoticed by our leadership.

Youpopov steps directly in front of Ganzler.

YOUPOPOV

You will answer for this. And look at our uniforms. They are ruined, and it is your fault.

GANZLER

How is the plot?

KARPOV

What do you expect from such a devastating crash? He will probably die.

YOUPOPOV

And you will be held accountable.

Ganzler puts his arm around Klein and they walk away. Röhm remains standing next to Youpopov.

**INT. GANZLER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Several days later, Ganzler and Klein are engaged in conversation. Klein nervously walks around the room.

KLEIN

Our lives are in danger if we cannot make things right.

GANZLER

Shut the door.

Klein slowly closes the door.

GANZLER (CONT'D)

We must find our way out of here.

KLEIN

Escape?

GANZLER

I believe we have no other choice.

KLEIN

But how?

GANZLER

If we can distract them in some way, we might be able to get away.

KLEIN

What about your journals?

GANZLER

We must get them back from Röhm.  
The Soviets have agreed to let us  
perform several experiments outside  
the compound.

KLEIN

The guards will be heavily armed.

GANZLER

I understand you befriended a  
guard. Did you gain his trust?

KLEIN

I believe so.

There is a knock at the door. Röhm enters and throws the  
binder full of Ganzler's journals on his desk.

RÖHM

Karpov wants to do another test  
within the week. Are we ready?

GANZLER

There is still much to do, but I  
maintain it was pilot error that  
caused the crash.

RÖHM

The Soviets don't agree. We must  
correct our failure.

Ganzler nods his head, but stays quiet.

RÖHM (CONT'D)

Please do as I say.

He departs quickly and Klein shuts the door.

KLEIN

The craft cannot be ready in a few  
days.

GANZLER

Talk to your friend. We need to  
leave soon.



**EXT. AREA OUTSIDE OF SOVIET COMPOUND - DAY**

At dusk, after a day of rain, fog lingers in the area. Two guards escort Ganzler and Klein outside the gates of the compound to a field where Ganzler purports to conduct a weather experiment for the upcoming fight test. Klein sets a large metal container on the ground.

Ganzler opens the container and pulls out a medium-sized meteorological instrument masking a satchel containing his journals. He places the instrument on the ground. Klein begins to engage the guards in dialogue concerning the experiment.

Ganzler sets the instrument up in a position ready for testing. He goes over the metal container and lifts the satchel out and walks closer to the instrument, now shrouded by light fog.

As the fog intensifies, Ganzler slowly disappears within the cloud. The guards don't recognize it at first. Suddenly, Klein's friend, the SENIOR GUARD grabs Klein.

SENIOR GUARD

Where is Ganzler?

KLEIN

He is probably analyzing the thickness of the fog.

SENIOR GUARD

I don't believe you.

The senior guard pulls out his gun. Klein grabs it and shoots him. As Klein runs toward the fog, the other guard shoots him dead.

Ganzler is now well out of range before the guard can signal for help. He runs as fast as he can through a grassy field to what he hopes is safety.

**INT. OFFICE OF ARKADY SUDEROV - KGB - DAY (1965)**

Petrowski enters Suderov's office and abruptly takes a seat.

SUDEROV

What else have you found out about Ganzler?

PETROWSKI

Nothing more than what is in the dozier.

(MORE)

PETROWSKI (CONT'D)

However, it has been brought to my attention Youpopov was an officer at the facility where Ganzler escaped.

SUDEROV

Information we should have known.

Petrowski smirks and sits back.

SUDEROV (CONT'D)

Where is Youpopov?

PETROWSKI

I asked him to be here, and he agreed to come.

SUDEROV

I want to know why he has kept this a secret.

PETROWSKI

I will be interested to hear his explanation.

Youpopov enters the office and pulls up a chair.

SUDEROV

(stares at Youpopov)

I understand you were in Brazil while Ganzler worked there. Is that correct?

YOUPOPOV

Yes, I was there.

SUDEROV

Did you have contact with Ganzler?

Youpopov seems somewhat aloof.

YOUPOPOV

Yes.

SUDEROV

Were you there the day he escaped?

YOUPOPOV

I was supposed to accompany Ganzler and his assistant outside for an experiment. Unfortunately, I was sick that day.

SUDEROV  
They both escaped?

YOUPOPOV  
The assistant was killed, but  
Ganzler was never found once he  
left the compound.

Suderov doesn't say anything for a moment.

SUDEROV  
How did you feel when you heard he  
escaped?

YOUPOPOV  
Terrible and I have regretted it  
every day since then.

Suderov stares at Youpopov with an angry scowl.

SUDEROV  
We don't like being kept in the  
dark.

PETROWSKI  
Is there a reason for your supposed  
humility?

YOUPOPOV  
I resist living in the past.

Youpopov sits back in his chair and smiles.

**INT. BISTRO IN ALEXANDRIA VA - NIGHT**

Kelly and Brody sit at a table in the rear while having  
drinks.

BRODY  
When are you going to see your  
aunt?

KELLY  
This weekend, do you want to come?

BRODY  
I don't think so, I might have to  
work.

KELLY

Again? Weekends are meant to have fun.

BRODY

Yeah, I know, but this is important. You should spend time trying to find a map. That's what we need.

KELLY

What if I can't find one?

BRODY

I guess it's all over. We'll be at a stalemate.

KELLY

That's not what I wanted to hear.

BRODY

We don't even know if these journals exist. Even if they do, they could be buried anywhere in South America.

KELLY

So you're just giving up.

BRODY

No, of course not, but you need to find that map.

Brody picks up his drink, washes it down, and gives Kelly a look of impatience.

**INT. OFFICE OF BRODY LANGQUIST - DAY**

A day later, Brody is reading a secret document when Harrison walks in.

HARRISON

Got a minute?

BRODY

What's up?

HARRISON

I just talked to one of our historians. He said Helmut Ganzler was in Brazil at a compound the Soviets called The Ghetto.

Brody neatly tucks the secret document in a drawer and sits back.

BRODY

What were they doing there?

HARRISON

That's the interesting part. They were building anti-gravity aircraft.

BRODY

(grins)

Flying Saucers.

HARRISON

The historian said it's believed one of their aircraft crashed in the United States.

BRODY

Roswell in 1947.

HARRISON

It sounds unbelievable, but it could be true.

BRODY

What ever happened to Ganzler?

HARRISON

He wasn't sure, but it is possible he did bury his journals.

BRODY

So, no one knows if he's alive?

Harrison shrugs his shoulders.

BRODY (CONT'D)

See what else you can find out.

Harrison rushes out of the office while Brody stares into space in thought.

**EXT. KINGSTON UPON THAMES - ENGLAND - CITY PARK - DAY (1955)**

On a bright Sunday morning, JANE, a young student at the local university, sits on a bench overlooking the lake. She is approached by Helmut Ganzler, disguised as Dr. MANFRED MANNING.

JANE

Dr. Manning, do you remember me? I am taking your advanced electronics course.

MANNING

May I join you?

He sits next to her and gazes around the park.

MANNING (CONT'D)

Yes, of course. How are you getting on?

JANE

Very well. Thank you. I heard about your course through a friend and I understand you have an interesting past.

MANNING

What have you been told?

JANE

I was told you lived and worked under the domination of the Nazis. I cannot imagine such a thing. I want to know all about it.

MANNING

I lived in Austria during the war and didn't have anything to do with the Nazis.

JANE

But I was told you were one of the most prominent scientists in Nazi Germany.

MANNING

(sneers at her)

I have somewhere to be. I will see you in class.

He stands and gives the impression he is leaving.

JANE

No, please, don't leave. I want so terribly bad to be an engineer. But I know as a woman it's not practical.

MANNING

You shouldn't be discouraged.

JANE

Would you mind meeting me for a late afternoon drink at the Kingston Arms to discuss some things I have been confused about in your class?

MANNING

I suppose I could.

Manning looks away for a moment.

MANNING (CONT'D)

Yes.

Jane stands, smiles, and gingerly walks away. Ganzler stares at her as walks along the stone path adjacent to the water.

**INT. KINGSTON ARMS - DAY**

Dr. Manning enters the pub and sees Jane sitting in a booth, nursing a beer. He walks over and joins her.

JANE

I'm glad you decided to come.

MANNING

It's hard to resist helping someone who needs answers to confusing technology.

JANE

Would you like a Bitter?

MANNING

A beer on Sunday. I'd rather have tea, but I'm not thirsty right now.

JANE

You said something in class about defying gravity. Can you explain what you meant?

Manning glances around the room with an uncomfortable look on his face.

MANNING

It was a passing comment. It is complicated. Perhaps we should talk about something else.

JANE

But you must know.

MANNING  
It's not important.

Jane is quiet for a moment.

JANE  
You must excuse me, I think I had  
too much to drink.

He watches as she walks around the corner to the restrooms.  
He fidgets uncomfortably in his seat. Suddenly, he hears a  
voice.

RÖHM (O.S.)  
Hello Helmut.

Dr. Manning, now exposed as Helmut Ganzler, turns around,  
stunned to see Dieter Röhm.

RÖHM (CONT'D)  
May I have a seat?

GANZLER  
Of course, how did you find me?

RÖHM  
It was not easy. But it doesn't  
matter. We are here... together  
again.

GANZLER  
I am expecting someone.

Röhm moves Jane's beer out of the way.

RÖHM  
She won't be coming back. I asked  
her to bring you to the pub. I  
thought it was better that way.

GANZLER  
What do you want, Dieter?

RÖHM  
So it is now Dr. Manning, teaching  
technology to college students.

GANZLER  
Yes, but again, why are you here?



RÖHM

I can remember one of the last conversations we had before you escaped into the South American wilderness. You accused me of telling Karpov what was in your blessed journals.

GANZLER

Someone tipped him off. He couldn't have figured it out on his own.

Röhm pounds the table.

RÖHM

Karpov was not an idiot. The colonel and his commanders suspected all along the journals were valuable.

GANZLER

I never wanted him to benefit from them.

RÖHM

The colonel was so angry when you left the compound, he kept me under hot lights for hours.

GANZLER

He took it out on you because he didn't know what else to do.

Röhm grabs Jane's beer, drinks it down, and begins squirming.

RÖHM

What have you done with the journals?

GANZLER

So, that is why you have come.

RÖHM

Where are they?

GANZLER

They will be dangerous in the wrong hands.

RÖHM

You cannot keep your theories from the world. I know you hid them.

GANZLER

It has been eight years since I saw you last. What possibly can be your interest in the journals now?

Röhm's frustration shows in his face.

RÖHM

Just tell me where they are.

GANZLER

Who put you up to this? I suspect it was the Soviets.

RÖHM

You don't understand. They will kill me if I don't find out where they are.

GANZLER

(smiles)

I destroyed them years ago.

RÖHM

I don't believe you.

Röhm stands and stops before he walks away.

RÖHM (CONT'D)

It was nice to see you again, Helmut.

Ganzler watches as Röhm walks around the bar and out of sight.

On the other side of the pub, Röhm sits next to a man dressed in casual clothes.

KARPOV

What did Ganzler say?

RÖHM

He said he destroyed the journals.

KARPOV

Do you believe him?

RÖHM

No, but what could I say?

KARPOV

Go tell him I want to talk to him.

Röhm goes back to where Ganzler was sitting, but he isn't there. He looks around for him, realizing he probably took off. He runs out of the pub in a panic.

**INT. FAIRFAX CITY PARK - DAY (1965)**

On a beautiful Sunday morning, Brody is throwing a ball to his sheepdog when he sees Kelly approaching. They sit on a small bench.

BRODY

How was your girls' night out?

KELLY

It was alright. I suppose you worked last night.

BRODY

Not at all, I went to the movies.

KELLY

To see what?

BRODY

The Spy Who Came in from the Cold.

KELLY

It figures.

Brody gives out a sarcastic laugh.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I want to visit my parents. It's just possible they may have some information about my grandfather.

BRODY

You really think they might? I guess it wouldn't hurt.

KELLY

You need to come with me.

Brody puts his arm around Kelly and hugs her for a moment.

BRODY

I have too much going on.

KELLY

This is important. What if they have the map we've been looking for?

BRODY

I have to be honest with you. I don't think this map exists.

KELLY

I knew you would back out sooner or later. I'll just take care of this myself.

Kelly stands and starts to walk away, but turns around.

KELLY (CONT'D)

There has to be a map... there has to be.

Kelly walks away. Brody picks up the ball and throws it for his dog to fetch.

**INT. OFFICE OF BRODY LANGQUIST, SENIOR ANALYST - DAY**

Brody and Harrison talk before they go to see their boss.

HARRISON

What if these journals don't exist? It's possible we're trying to find something that isn't real.

BRODY

I bet the Soviets don't feel that way.

HARRISON

I don't think they would spend too much time on a scavenger hunt.  
(sarcastic smile)  
Do you?

BRODY

The CIA doesn't have time to play games. I'm not sure about the Soviets.

A co-worker comes in the office and hands Harrison a file and departs.

HARRISON

Here, have a look.

Harrison hands the file to Brody.

BRODY

What's this?

HARRISON

The article discusses the death of Colonel Peter Karpov, the head of the Nazi facility in Argentina. He died in 1956 under mysterious circumstances. There is speculation he was killed by Helmut Ganzler or one of his associates.

BRODY

Does that sound believable to you?

Harrison shrugs his shoulders.

BRODY (CONT'D)

Maybe if we try and explore Karpov's life and career, we can find out more about Ganzler.

HARRISON

May be worth a try.

BRODY

Let's go see the boss.

**INT. OFFICE OF JASON COWARD, DIRECTOR OF COVERT PLANNING, CIA  
- DAY**

Brody and Harrison enter JASON COWARD's office. He sits back and stares at them.

COWARD

Are you still trying to sort out the Ganzler affair?

BRODY

Yes.

COWARD

In my opinion, anything concerning Ganzler or any of the so-called Nazi scientists is not worth looking into now.

BRODY

As far as I know, Ganzler may have been on to some far-reaching technologies that could be of use to anyone who gets their hands on them.

COWARD

(laughs)

You're attributing far too much credit to the Nazis.

HARRISON

They were on the forefront of the atomic bomb. It's simply ridiculous to write them off as novices. You should know better.

COWARD

You're chasing a phantom theory.

BRODY

Look, I know you have been tracking Soviet operations for some time. You must know about the Soviets when they were in Argentina.

Coward stares at the ceiling for a moment and smirks.

COWARD

German scientists were there. Okay. They worked for Colonel Karpov. The Germans were led by Dieter Röhme. Ganzler worked for Röhme. They were working on unproven technology. Ganzler escaped in 1947. Many believe he hid his journals in South America. That's the extent of it.

HARRISON

Do you believe he hid them?

COWARD

There is no way to know, but I'm not sure they would be of any consequence.

BRODY

Is he still alive?

Coward's frustration shows in his facial expression.

COWARD

I don't know that either.

HARRISON

Supposedly, Karpov died in 1956. Do you know anything about that?

COWARD

He was shot and killed walking along a street in Moscow. That's all I know.

Brody and Harrison glance at one another.

COWARD (CONT'D)

Helmut Ganzler is your girlfriend's grandfather. Is that correct?

BRODY

If she can find a map where the journals are buried, I want permission to actively seek them out.

COWARD

Let me think about it. We have other more important things to do.

Coward motions the meeting is over. He relaxes in his chair and shakes his head after they depart.

**EXT. UNIVERSITÀ DELGLI STUDI DI FIRENZE, PIAZZA SAN MARCO - FLORENCE ITALY - DAY (1958)**

Cars and Vespas pass on another on the street in front of the university. Students walk to the entrance in the bright sunshine.

**INT. OFFICE OF THE UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT - DAY**

President ALBERTO UMBERTO waits for his newly appointed professor, Dr. ERNST MEDVEDEV; not realizing he is an imposter: Helmut Ganzler. Medvedev arrives and takes a seat.

UMBERTO

I'm glad you could make it.

MEDVEDEV

Well, I am on time. That should count for something.

UMBERTO

I have a matter of great importance to discuss with you.

Medvedev smiles out of anticipation.

UMBERTO (CONT'D)

I recently received a note on my desk asking why you were hired as a senior professor since you aren't who you say you are.

Medvedev adjusts his posture.

MEDVEDEV

That is utter nonsense. You saw my qualifications.

UMBERTO

I suspect it is an envious professor who is insecure concerning his tenor. I welcome you to our staff, but thought you should know about this.

MEDVEDEV

I'm sorry for the inconvenience.

UMBERTO

In your spare time, please take the opportunity to visit our wonderful museums of art.

MEDVEDEV

Yes, but I am ready to begin teaching.

Umberto stands and shakes Medvedev's hand.

**INT. GALLERIA DELL' ACCADEMIA - DAY**

Ernst Medvedev walks along one of the hallways in the renowned museum that houses the famed David by Michelangelo. He is looking at a stunning painting when he hears a voice behind him. The tourist is JOHN STEVENS from Philadelphia.

STEVENS (O.S.)

Beautiful painting. Wouldn't you think? I believe it's reflective of 15th century art.

Medvedev turns around to greet the stranger.

MEDVEDEV

I suppose. You must be an art lover.



STEVENS

I'm not an artist, mind you, but I have a deep love for artistic beauty. My name is John Stevens.

MEDVEDEV

I am Dr. Ernst Medvedev. Nice to make your acquaintance.

They begin to walk along the art gallery.

STEVENS

Do you live here in Florence?

MEDVEDEV

Yes, I'm a professor at one of the universities. And you?

STEVENS

I'm a banker from Philadelphia. I'm here on a small vacation.

MEDVEDEV

This is the place to be if you love art.

STEVENS

What do you teach?

MEDVEDEV

I'm a science professor.

They stop and face each other.

STEVENS

My grandson wants to be a science major. Perhaps you can give me some good tips that he should know before pursuing the field.

MEDVEDEV

It's not that easy.

STEVENS

Look, I know we just met and this probably is not the place to discuss this. Would you mind meeting me for dinner tonight?

MEDVEDEV

I suppose it wouldn't hurt. There is a small restaurant next to the museum. I will meet you at seven.

STEVENS  
(smiles)  
Have a good day.

Medvedev walks away. Stevens takes a photo out of his coat pocket and stares at it. He grins and puts it back in his pocket.

**INT. SMALL TRATTORIA - NIGHT**

Medvedev walks into the restaurant and sees Stevens sitting in the rear. He sits across from the banker.

STEVENS  
I didn't think you would come.

MEDVEDEV  
I never pass up the opportunity to discuss matters of science.

A waiter arrives with glasses of water and menus. Medvedev looks over the menu quickly.

MEDVEDEV (CONT'D)  
You can't go wrong with carbonaro.

The waiter smiles, collects the menus and disappears.

STEVENS  
What did you do before you became a professor?

MEDVEDEV  
I worked as a physicist in a chemical plant for a while.

STEVENS  
So, you are a physicist by trade.

MEDVEDEV  
Yes.

STEVENS  
Where were you born?

MEDVEDEV  
Austria.

STEVENS  
Were you there when Hitler invaded?

MEDVEDEV

Not really, I was traveling the world by then.

STEVENS

So, you know nothing about Hitler.

Medvedev demeanor shows he's becoming uneasy. He hesitates as the waiter brings the meals.

MEDVEDEV

No, not any more than most people know. Why?

STEVENS

Just curious.

They both stay quiet for a moment while they begin to partake of their meals.

MEDVEDEV

Why did you pick the field of banking?

STEVENS

I don't know. Good with numbers and money, I suppose.

Stevens takes a drink and looks away for a moment.

STEVENS (CONT'D)

Tell me more about your love of science.

Medvedev sits taller in his chair.

MEDVEDEV

I just have a knack for understanding complex issues and love working out problems.

STEVENS

I can't wait to tell my grandson I had dinner with such a respected scientist.

MEDVEDEV

Please, you are being too kind. There is nothing special about me.

STEVENS

Really!

Stevens leans forward toward Medvedev and whispers.

STEVENS (CONT'D)  
Then why do you go by Ernst  
Medvedev when your name is really  
Helmut Ganzler?

Medvedev's face appears frozen in disbelief.

MEDVEDEV  
I don't know what you are taking  
about. Who is Helmut Ganzler?

STEVENS  
I know who you are. You are a  
revered member of the First Elite.  
Isn't that correct?

Medvedev squints his eyes and stares.

MEDVEDEV  
What do you want?

STEVENS  
I've been looking for you for a  
long time.

Medvedev starts to stand and Stevens grabs his arm and pulls  
him down.

STEVENS (CONT'D)  
Sit down... we have much to talk  
about.

MEDVEDEV  
I have a good life here now. I  
don't want any trouble.

STEVENS  
I know you were in South America  
and at some point you escaped. I  
also know you were capable of  
building astounding technology no  
one else could even fathom.

MEDVEDEV  
Who are you?

STEVENS  
It's not important who I am. You  
have been evading the authorities  
for years.

Stevens leans closer.

STEVENS (CONT'D)  
Where are the journals?

Medvedev takes a sip of his water and slams the glass on the table.

MEDVEDEV  
It's none of your concern.

STEVENS  
Where are they?

Medvedev doesn't respond; rather stares at Stevens.

STEVENS (CONT'D)  
You hid them in South America.  
Where are they?

MEDVEDEV  
Who do you work for?

STEVENS  
I want those journals.

MEDVEDEV  
(looks around)  
If I give you a map, will you leave  
me alone?

STEVENS  
Yes, now where is it?

MEDVEDEV  
I will meet you tomorrow afternoon  
at the Duomo at one o'clock. I will  
pass you the map.

STEVENS  
(sarcastic grin)  
You better be there. I know where  
you work.

Medvedev stands and walks briskly out of the restaurant.

#### **INT. CENTRAL TRAIN STATION - DAY**

The next morning, Helmut Ganzler stands on the train platform looking at his watch. He casually looks around and boards the train with a large suitcase; leaving Florence and Dr. Medvedev behind.

**EXT. KELLY'S PARENTS' PORCH - LONG ISLAND NEW YORK - DAY  
(1965)**

Kelly and Brody sit with her parents, JOHN and BRIDGIT, sipping Pinot Grigio and feasting on asparagus quiche.

KELLY

I wish I could have known  
grandfather.

BRIDGIT

He was a wonderful man. You would  
have simply fallen in love with  
him.

BRODY

You have no idea what happened to  
him after he escaped the Soviets?

BRIDGIT

We believe from the letter my  
mother received, he hid his  
journals in Argentina, but also  
believe he was captured and killed  
sometime later.

BRODY

We were hoping for more than a  
letter.

KELLY

We need a map.

JOHN

There is no map.

BRIDGIT

They are buried beneath an old  
horse barn.

Brody can't help himself and starts laughing.

BRODY

Do you know how many horse barns  
there probably are in Argentina?

BRIDGIT

I don't know.

JOHN

Quite frankly, I don't think  
they're worth digging up.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

You must realize you're taking your lives in your own hands. I would just forget about them.

KELLY

(sarcastic)

I guess they'll just have to stay hidden forever.

BRODY

Maybe we shouldn't give up just yet.

**INT. OFFICE OF FELIX YOUPOPOV - DAY**

Youpopov sits in his office smoking a Cuban cigar while he waits for his visitor to arrive.

YOUPOPOV

Welcome to Moscow. How are you?

VALDEZ

A little tired, but otherwise fine.

YOUPOPOV

How did you get on with the Americans?

VALDEZ

They were determined to find Ganzler's journals, but didn't have a map.

Youpopov seems attentive, but doesn't respond.

VALDEZ (CONT'D)

It didn't matter. As you know, we were tuned away by Argentine forces before we could get going.

YOUPOPOV

Do you think they will return?

VALDEZ

I am prepared if they do.

YOUPOPOV

We will rely on your expertise, and of course pay you what you want to find these journals.

VALDEZ

It's only a matter of time.

**INT. OFFICE OF ARKADY SUDEROV - DAY**

Youpopov enters the office to meet with Suderov and Petrowski.

SUDEROV

Did you meet with Argentinian?

YOUPOPOV

He is more than happy to assist us in exploiting the Americans and finding the journals.

PETROWSKI

Is there any indication they will return?

YOUPOPOV

He's not sure, but he will be prepared.

SUDEROV

We cannot waste time talking about this. We need to take action.

YOUPOPOV

Apparently, the Americans didn't have a map locating the journals. Perhaps by now they have found one.

SUDEROV

Without a map, we are defeated.

A young man comes in the office and hands Suderov a note that he reads quickly.

SUDEROV (CONT'D)

An unnamed source claims Helmut Ganzler has been recently seen in London.

PETROWSKI

We must take advantage of this.

YOUPOPOV

(grins)

I love London this time of year.

**EXT. COLONIAL BEACH VIRGINIA - DAY**

Kelly and Brody sit on rock jutting out over the sand in Colonial Beach. His sheepdog runs up and down the beach area and into the water.



KELLY

Glad you took the weekend off?

BRODY

I feel a lot better.

KELLY

Look, the sun is starting to come out.

Kelly puts her sunglasses on.

BRODY

Just the thought of having privacy is a wonderful thing. I can't envision working twelve to fourteen hours every day until I retire.

KELLY

It seems terrible to have to live that way.

BRODY

Easy for you to say. You work ten to five in a Jewelry store.

KELLY

(laughs)

I guess I'll never live that down.

Brody hesitates.

BRODY

So what are we going to do about your grandfather's journals?

Kelly stands and paces in front of Brody.

KELLY

If I could find out where the journals are buried, I'd have no problem going back. If not, I guess it's over.

BRODY

You're not giving up, are you?

KELLY

What else can I do?

BRODY

There has to be more to the story than I'm hearing at work. I'll see what else I can find out.

KELLY

They must know something.

BRODY

Remember who I work for. Some thing's are held close to the chest.

Brody stands, and grabs an old stick and throws it over to his sheepdog.

**INT. OFFICE OF HARRISON BULLOCK - DAY**

Brody abruptly enters Harrison's office.

HARRISON

I see you got my call.

BRODY

What's up?

HARRISON

Wait to you hear this. Supposedly, Helmut Ganzler was alive and well in 1958 in Florence Italy. He was posing as a professor. He was approached in a museum by a John Stevens posing as a tourist from Philadelphia.

Brody pulls up a chair next to Harrison's desk.

BRODY

Where did you get this information?

HARRISON

Let me finish. Stevens wasn't a tourist, he was an American agent, and his name wasn't Stevens. It was Jason Coward.

BRODY

So, Coward met with Ganzler eight years ago. He could still be alive.

HARRISON

(grins)  
Yeah.

BRODY

We need to talk to Coward.

**INT. OFFICE OF JASON COWARD - DAY**

Coward is reading a memo when Brody and Harrison enter his office.

COWARD  
I didn't know we had a meeting.

BRODY  
(matter of fact)  
Is it true you met with Helmut  
Ganzler in Italy?

Coward sits back in his chair and collects his thoughts.

COWARD  
It was clandestine and I really  
shouldn't talk about it.

BRODY  
He could still be alive.

COWARD  
If he is, he hasn't surfaced again.

BRODY  
Are we looking for his journals?

Coward appears annoyed.

COWARD  
No.

BRODY  
Are you looking for him?

COWARD  
No.

HARRISON  
Is anybody else looking for him or  
his journals?

COWARD  
(sarcastic)  
Possibly the Soviets. He did escape  
from their compound in South  
America.

HARRISON  
I know, but his theories could be  
valuable to us.

Coward's voice gets a little louder, as he looks at Brody.

COWARD

I understand you're being swayed by your girlfriend, but we have other more important issues to deal with.

BRODY

If she finds a map, I'm going to help her retrieve the journals.

COWARD

That's up to you... but your actions can't be tied to this office.

Coward stands.

I have an appointment in a few minutes.

Brody and Harrison quickly walk out of the office.

**INT. RATHBONE HOTEL BAR - LONDON ENGLAND - DAY**

Mid-afternoon, several patrons are drinking at tables in the bar. JORGE GRAWITZ, the bartender, is approached by a hotel guest, SIGMUND EHRLICH.

EHRLICH

Good afternoon, Jorge, it is good to see you again.

GRAWITZ

You are here early today.

He pours a beer for Ehrlich.

EHRLICH

Yes, I know, I thought I would beat the crowd.

GRAWITZ

It hasn't been too crowded lately.

EHRLICH

I guess you never know.

Ehrlich takes a sip of his beer.

EHRLICH (CONT'D)

Where in Poland did you say you were from?

GRAWITZ  
Warsaw. Are you here long?

Ehrlich canvasses the bar before he responds.

EHRlich  
I'm visiting an old friend.

Ehrlich looks at his watch, drinks down his beer and walks out of the bar.

**INT. DUKE OF YORK PUB - DAY**

Youpopov drinks a beer as he looks out the front window of the pub at the entrance to the Rathbone Hotel. Suddenly, the man he's been following walks out of the hotel. He is sure it is Helmut Ganzler.

**EXT. GOODGE STREET - DAY**

Ehrlich, carrying a large satchel, steadily walks along Goodge Street heading to the tube station. Not far behind him is Youpopov. Ehrlich walks the down the stairs to the tube station.

**INT. UNDERGROUND TRAIN CAR - DAY**

Ehrlich sits and occasionally looks around in somewhat of a nervous manner. The car is crowded, but Youpopov is nowhere to be seen.

**EXT. ABERCORN PLACE - DAY**

In the late afternoon, Ehrlich walks the short distance to his friend's home. When he arrives, he knocks on the door and is let in by a well-dressed individual.

**INT. LIVING ROOM OF HERBERT KLASSEN - DAY**

Ganzler now feels free to be himself. The BUTLER escorts him into the living room of HERBERT KLASSEN.

BUTLER  
Please be seated. Would you like a  
cocktail?

GANZLER  
No thank you.

BUTLER

Dr. Klassen will be here momentarily.

The butler departs. Ganzler sets the satchel down next to his chair and gazes around the room before he takes a seat. Klassen, an older gentleman, enters the room dressed in a smoking jacket and ascot.

KLASSEN

It's so nice to see you again, Helmut.

GANZLER

It has been quite a long time.

KLASSEN

I must say you were always my best student; wide eyed and passionate about technology.

Ganzler looks affectionately at his former professor.

KLASSEN (CONT'D)

I knew you would go on to be successful. It is unfortunate you fell into the hands of the Soviets.

GANZLER

They were certainly novices when it came to understanding future technology.

KLASSEN

After I learned you escaped, I thought you would be killed.

GANZLER

Make no mistake, it wasn't easy but I managed to evade capture.

Klassen picks up a pipe off of a side table and lights it. He blows circles in the air.

KLASSEN

I won't insult by asking what you did with the journals you started when you were at university. But I trust they are safe.

GANZLER

They won't get in the wrong hands, if that's what you mean.

Klassen sits up in his chair.

KLASSEN

The Soviets are ruthless and will eventually find you.

GANZLER

They tried once and failed. I attempt to stay one foot in front of them.

KLASSEN

I would offer you a job as my teaching assistant. But I assume you would rather stay out of the limelight.

GANZLER

I would love to stay here forever and discuss the state of technology in the world, but I must leave.

KLASSEN

I do understand. Please be careful.

GANZLER

Till we meet again.

Ganzler shakes Klassen's hand; the butler escorts Ganzler to the rear of the house so he can depart out the back.

**EXT. DECKER LANE - NIGHT**

Ganzler walks steadfastly down the street illuminated briefly by the street lamps. Hearing footsteps behind him, he runs into an ally. Youpopov and several men take chase but lose him on the other side of the ally.

**INT. MOSCOW - SUDEROV'S OFFICE - DAY**

Suderoov and Petrowski are not happy as they scold Youpopov.

SUDEROV

What can you tell me about your miserable failure?

YOUPOPOV

Several comrades are still there... they will report anything unusual.

PETROWSKI  
Ganzler has probably left the  
country by now.

YOUPOPOV  
I'm sure he is still there. It is  
only a matter of time until we find  
him.

Sudarov takes a deep breath before he berates Youpopov.

SUDEROV  
You were sent there to capture him.

YOUPOPOV  
He simply evaded us.

PETROWSKI  
We have reason to believe he met  
with one of his old professors who  
is now teaching in London.

SUDEROV  
You should have accosted him there.

YOUPOPOV  
It was better to capture him in the  
open.

PETROWSKI  
But you never did.

Sudarov raises his voice.

SUDEROV  
I want Ganzler found. Do you  
understand?

YOUPOPOV  
Of course.

PETROWSKI  
I warn you, comrade, excuses will  
not be tolerated next time.

**EXT. MOSCOW STREET - DAY**

The next morning in the early dawn, Petrowski walks along a small street heading to a Kiosk to get coffee. Suddenly, a man comes out of a side street, still in the shadows, and shoots Petrowski who collapses on the street. The assailant vanishes.



**INT. MOSCOW HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - DAY**

Suderov and Youpopov sit waiting to see Petrowski.

SUDEROV

Who would want to hurt Petrowski?

YOUPOPOV

It might have been an attempted robbery.

SUDEROV

Police say he was shot by an assassin. It certainly was not robbery.

Youpopov doesn't respond, but rather stares straight ahead.

SUDEROV (CONT'D)

Some would say you had an incentive to eliminate our learned colleague.

YOUPOPOV

(frowns)

We had our disagreements, but I would never do this.

A doctor comes into the room and motions for them to follow him.

**INT. PETROWSKI'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

Petrowski is propped up in bed and smiling.

SUDEROV

I see you will do anything to get some rest and relaxation.

PETROWSKI

I guess someone wanted me out of the way. They should have done a better job.

SUDEROV

You never saw this person's face?

PETROWSKI

No.

YOUPOPOV

It appears you were lucky. It could have been worse.

PETROWSKI

I'm aware of that comrade. When I get out of here, we should share a round of Vodka.

SUDEROV

Get well and we will raise our glasses together.

**INT. OFFICE OF BRODY LANGQUIST - DAY**

Brody and Harrison discuss Ganzler issues.

HARRISON

Is it just me, or are we spending too much time on Ganzler's journals?

BRODY

Perhaps we are, because if they do exist, they could amount to nothing.

HARRISON

That's what I mean.

Brody pushes a few papers around on his desk before he responds.

BRODY

I have this nagging feeling we need to pursue this story anyway.

HARRISON

(frustrated)  
Why on earth should we?

BRODY

Because we could be giving the Soviets valuable information they can use against us.

HARRISON

Why don't we let Coward make that decision?

BRODY

That's all right as long as he has all the facts.

**EXT. TRINITY COLLEGE - DUBLIN IRELAND - DAY**

Students walk the various pathways to several of the college buildings.

**INT. OFFICE OF DR. DEVON BOSWELL, DEAN, COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING AND SYSTEM SCIENCES - DAY**

Dean DEVON BOSWELL waits for his appointment with a new instructor, Dr. BERNARD GOETZ. Goetz, a very different looking Helmut Ganzler, is escorted in by the dean's SECRETARY.

SECRETARY

Sir, Dr. Goetz is here.

The secretary quickly departs.

BOSWELL

Please have a seat. It is with honor that I welcome you to Trinity College.

GOETZ

I have wanted to teach here for many years.

Boswell glances at a detailed resume as he speaks.

BOSWELL

Your resume is impeccable. We need an engineer of your caliber to mold new talent.

GOETZ

I like challenges.

BOSWELL

My philosophy concerning education is that students won't learn unless they are properly stimulated by professors who have been in the scientific trenches, so to speak.

Goetz smiles at the remark.

BOSWELL (CONT'D)

Please develop your curriculum and share it with me. You will commence a week from today.

**EXT. BLACK SWAN HOTEL AND BAR - DAY**

Dr. Goetz walks in the entrance to the hotel in the light rain along with a few other patrons.

**INT. HOTEL BAR - DAY**

Dr. Goetz sits at the bar and looks at the menu. He is approached by an odd looking man with frizzy hair, a long beard, and a heavy Irish accent. His name is PADDY WHITE.

PADDY  
Mind if I have a seat?

GOETZ  
No, please, sit down.

PADDY  
I don't believe I've seen you in here before.

GOETZ  
I've only arrived in the city.

PADDY  
Where from?

Goetz reviews the menu while he talks.

GOETZ  
I've been traveling in Europe, and now ready to settle down for a while.

PADDY  
What do you do?

GOETZ  
I'm a professor of physics and the sciences.

PADDY  
What a coincidence. So am I.

GOETZ  
That's very nice. What do you teach?

PADDY  
Quantum physics mostly. What about you?

GOETZ

Physics.

Paddy motions to the bartender.

PADDY

Bartender, a Guinness for me and my friend.

GOETZ

Thank you, but I must not stay long.

Paddy studies Goetz.

PADDY

You are German. Is that correct?

GOETZ

Yes, but I haven't lived there for many years.

PADDY

Did you live under Hitler?

Goetz begins to squirm in his seat. He hesitates for a moment.

GOETZ

Yes, but not for long. I managed to get out of the country.

PADDY

Very good, I hate the Third Reich and everything Hitler stood for. I know there are still Nazis on the loose even after twenty years. You must not let anyone think you are a former Nazi.

GOETZ

I've never had an affiliation with the Nazis.

(glances around the bar)

I think we will continue this discussion some other time.

Dr. Goetz stands abruptly and walks away while Paddy glares at him and gulps down his beer.

**EXT. SIDE STREET NEXT TO BLACK SWAN HOTEL - DAY**

Dr. Goetz walks toward his car. He pulls out a piece of paper and looks at it before he gets into the Mini Minor.

**EXT. FARM HOUSE IN MISEN HEAD - COUNTY CORK - NIGHT**

At dusk, Ganzler drives slowly up to an old farm house. He gets out and walks up to the front door. An older attractive woman with short blond hair and brilliant blue eyes answers the door. Her name is MARLENE O'KEEFE.

MARLENE

Herr Ganzler, how nice to finally meet you.

GANZLER

It is an honor to meet you.

MARLENE

Please come in.

**INT. MARLENE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Marlene escorts Ganzler into her living room. They both sit opposite each other and begin talking. Ganzler sees a picture on the table next to the sofa.

GANZLER

If you don't mind me asking, who is that in the picture?

MARLENE

My husband, but sadly he has passed away.

GANZLER

My condolences.

His demeanor suggests he's somewhat anxious.

GANZLER (CONT'D)

I cannot believe how charming it is in County Cork.

MARLENE

I cannot imagine being anywhere else.

Ganzler looks around the room. His voice quivers somewhat.

GANZLER

I want to tell you how guilty I feel about your brother's death. It is something I wish I could take back.

MARLENE

It was not your fault. Otto loved doing what he did. He looked up to you.

GANZLER

I didn't plan on Otto being brutally murdered. He deserved better.

MARLENE

Please understand. I never blamed you.

GANZLER

The compound had taken its toll on all the scientists and engineers.

Marlene gazes at Ganzler with a sense of concern.

MARLENE

What about your family? What happened to them?

GANZLER

I honestly don't know.

MARLENE

You must think of them often. Do you not want to know where they are?

GANZLER

Of course, but I still have to look over my shoulder.

Marlene seems confused by the quizzical look on her face.

MARLENE

What for?

GANZLER

They are still trying to find me. They want my brain, my soul.

MARLENE

So, they won't leave you alone?

GANZLER

They waste their time. That was part of my old life. I have other interests now.

MARLENE

They must still think they can unravel all your secrets.

GANZLER

I won't give them the chance.

He hesitates.

GANZLER (CONT'D)

When did you hear of your brother's death?

Marlene goes over to a cabinet, opens the drawer; looking for something, but doesn't find it and takes a seat again.

MARLENE

I received a letter in 1948 from someone at the compound stating Otto had been killed trying to escape.

GANZLER

It could have been Dieter Röhm because he seemed to have affection for Otto.

MARLENE

(tears in her eyes)

I miss him. It has been so many years. I would give anything to see him again.

GANZLER

It was all so unnecessary. I am sorry it took so long to come here to see you.

MARLENE

It must be difficult trying to live a normal life with people chasing you everywhere you turn.

GANZLER

(grins)

Yes.

Ganzler studies Marlene for a few moments.



GANZLER (CONT'D)

Did anyone tell you; you have beautiful eyes?

MARLENE

My husband, but that was long ago. You are too kind.

Ganzler looks at his watch.

GANZLER

I should get back to Dublin.

MARLENE

Must you leave? It is very late.

GANZLER

I must prepare for a meeting in two days with the dean of engineering.

MARLENE

You can stay here tonight if you wish. I have a spare room. I will turn down the bed. Please make yourself at home.

Marlene goes into the spare bedroom. Ganzler picks up the photo of Marlene's deceased husband and stares at it.

**INT. OFFICE OF DR. DEVON BOSWELL, DEAN, COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING AND SYSTEM SCIENCES - DAY**

Dean Boswell engages in conversation with Dr. Goetz.

BOSWELL

As head of the department, I expect you to be attuned to everything that goes on here. We have a good staff, but there have been a few problems.

GOETZ

Nothing that cannot be corrected, I assume.

BOSWELL

One of our professors is suspected of being a fraud. We are in the process of trying to prove it.

GOETZ

(unnerved)

Who is the professor?

BOSWELL

His name is Paddy White. I believe he cannot be trusted. I would stay away from him if you can. Have you prepared your curriculum?

GOETZ

Yes.

Dr. Goetz places a set of papers on the dean's desk so he can review them.

**INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT**

In the early evening, Dr. Goetz is sitting at the bar drinking a beer when Paddy unexpectedly sits next to him.

PADDY

Drinking beer already, mate.  
Bartender, I will have a Pilsner.

GOETZ

How are your classes coming along?

PADDY

Fine, but I suspect you already know that. It is not easy here at Trinity.

GOETZ

I have worked under worse conditions, I assure you.

Paddy sips his beer.

PADDY

So where did you teach last?

GOETZ

London.

PADDY

Why did you leave?

GOETZ

I just wanted to move on. It was time to leave. There is nothing else to tell.

PADDY

What do you know about Trinity College? What do you know about Quantum Physics?

GOETZ

(upset)

Why are you asking me these questions?

Paddy leans over and whispers in Goetz's ear.

PADDY

What do you know about it, Herr Ganzler? That is who you are, is it not?

Goetz starts to get up but changes his mind.

GOETZ

Who are you and what do you want?

PADDY

Your time has run out. You cannot hide any longer. We know who you are, and we will never let you evade us again.

GOETZ

But what do you want?

PADDY

The people I work for are interested in you. They want to talk... the sooner the better.

GOETZ

I will meet them on my own terms.

PADDY

You don't understand, mate. They will not answer to your demands.

Dr. Goetz stands and faces Paddy.

GOETZ

I will meet them here.

PADDY

Remember mate, we know where you live and work.

Dr. Goetz quickly walks out of the bar.

**EXT. SIDE STREET ADJACENT TO BLACK SWAN HOTEL - NIGHT**

Dr. Goetz walks toward his Mini Minor; looking around before he gets in. He notices what appears to be a few men on the corner of the hotel looking at him. He gets in his car and when he does, the men jump into a small station wagon and pursue him.

The men chase Goetz at a high rate of speed. Goetz goes down a one-way street and drives into an ally and jumps out of the car. He runs toward a building.

He turns the corner and realizes he's coming up on Trinity College. He makes a mad rush for the Nassau Street gate. He runs in the college campus and heads for the old library.

Paddy and the two men follow, but they lag behind.

**INT. OLD LIBRARY - NIGHT**

In one of the second floor rooms, Goetz peers out a small window. He sees Paddy and the two men walking around arguing with one another, and he smiles.

**INT. OFFICE OF ARKADY SUDEROV - KGB - DAY**

SuderoV is banging a pencil on the top of his desk when Youpopov walks in.

SUDEROV

What took you so long?

YOUPOPOV

I was indisposed.

SUDEROV

You do have a clock in your office?

Youpopov ignores the question.

SUDEROV (CONT'D)

Ganzler continues to elude us. We are fools not to suffer any longer.

YOUPOPOV

He is determined not to get caught.

SUDEROV

We must pursue the Americans and finally locate the journals.

YOUPOPOV

I hope the journals tell us what we want to know.

SUDEROV

Find them. I hold you responsible.

**INT. CIA CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Coward addresses Brody and Harrison about the Ganzler dilemma.

COWARD

I'm now convinced you two may be on to something.

BRODY

Okay, let's hear it.

COWARD

I think the Russians are so desperate they would do anything to get what they want.

HARRISON

Yeah, they have to be angry as hell about Helmut Ganzler and his lost journals.

Coward relaxes in his chair.

COWARD

I understand you have a map of where the journals are buried.

BRODY

Kelly found it the other day. It's a bit hard to understand, but she is trying to find a better one.

COWARD

Let me be clear, we have to be very careful down in South America. We don't want to lead those Soviet bastards to the cache.

Harrison and Brody glance at each other.

COWARD (CONT'D)

Go ahead and make the travel arrangements. I'll be going with you.

Coward departs while Brody and Harrison grin at one another.

**INT. ROOM 222 - HOTEL ARGENTINA - BUENOS AIRES - DAY**

Three days later in the early morning, Brody sits on a small sofa looking at a map. Startled by a knock at the door, he answers it and lets Harrison in.

BRODY  
You're here early.

HARRISON  
I couldn't sleep.

BRODY  
Have you seen Coward?

HARRISON  
Yeah, a few minutes ago. He should be here soon.

Brody point to the credenza.

BRODY  
I brought a better map. Kelly found it the other day in one of her grandmother's old jewelry boxes.

HARRISON  
I'm sure Coward will be happy. I thought Kelly was coming.

BRODY  
She's apparently running a little late.

After a loud knock at the door, Brody lets Coward in.

COWARD  
Are you guys ready?

BRODY  
Yeah, we're supposed to meet our guide down in the lobby.

COWARD  
Look, I hope we're successful here because this is the one and only shot at finding these journals.

BRODY  
Let's just hope we do.

**INT. HOTEL ARGENTINA - LOBBY - DAY**

Coward and Harrison stand together to the side talking while Brody stands close to the front staring out the large plate glass window. He's startled by a voice.

VALDEZ

There you are, my friend.

BRODY

You're looking fit.

VALDEZ

It's my job to be fit. You on the other hand -

BRODY

I know.

VALDEZ

I trust you are ready to go.

BRODY

I'm hoping my girlfriend will show up.

VALDEZ

We cannot wait forever, señor.

BRODY

I know, but this is important to her.

VALDEZ

Of course, but we have a long way to travel.

**EXT. DRIVEWAY ADJACENT TO LOBBY - DAY**

Brody stands next to a large van with Valdez while the other Americans get in the vehicle.

VALDEZ (CONT'D)

You must get in, señor.

BRODY

Just give me a minute.

Brody stands reluctantly trying to stall. As he's about to get in the van, he feels someone putting their arms around his waist.

KELLY

I'm here.

BRODY  
(turning around)  
You believe in close calls, don't  
you?

KELLY  
You should never doubt me.

**INT. INSIDE TRAVEL VAN - DAY**

Two days later, Valdez drives slowly over a rugged road leading through San Luis farmland. There is much anticipation from his fellow travelers.

KELLY  
When are we going to get there?

VALDEZ  
You must be patient. San Luis is  
very large.

Brody plays around with the map until he can get his bearings.

BRODY  
According to this map, we should be  
fairly close.

HARRISON  
I think we should all relax.

VALDEZ  
Sometime when you're so close, you  
are really far away.

BRODY  
Very poetic, but we just want to  
get there.

KELLY  
We have waited a long time.

VALDEZ  
(laughs)  
I'm sure we will get there soon.

**EXT. OLD DELAPIDATED FARMHOUSE AND BARN - SAN LUIS - DAY**

The travelers exit the van and look around the area. Brody studies the map.



COWARD

Where do we begin?

BRODY

If this map is accurate, the journals are buried 20 feet away from the east side of the barn.

VALDEZ

You know if this map isn't correct, we could be here digging forever.

BRODY

I think we have to go on faith.

COWARD

(abrupt)

We don't have all year to find these journals.

They all grab shovels out of the back of the van and go over to where they believe the journals are buried. Valdez begins to dig first. The dirt is soft and that makes Valdez smile.

VALDEZ

I read a poem once about a blind man wandering around at a carnival, not being able to see the children's smiles or willing contortions of their faces while they were on the rides, but could hear the blood-curdling screams instead. He only considered it a bad experience and was frightened by it.

BRODY

What does this have to do with finding the journals?

VALDEZ

It's all about perception, my friend. The blind man didn't realize the children were enjoying the experience rather than despising it.

BRODY

I don't think you answered my question.

VALDEZ

You believe these journals are sacred when in fact they could be worthless. You must take that into account.

Valdez digs a little harder.

VALDEZ (CONT'D)

I think I just hit something.

They all pitch in and Brody and Harrison lift a metal box out of the ground.

VALDEZ (CONT'D)

Set it over here. I will try to open it.

They place it on the ground. Valdez uses a crowbar to open it. He lifts the top up and looks into the box; all that is there amounts to sand. Brody uses his hand to sift through the sand and finds nothing. Next, they tip it over and the sand falls out. The box is then completely empty.

BRODY

What the hell.

COWARD

Why would someone hide a box full of sand?

HARRISON

That's a damn good question.

COWARD

It doesn't make sense.

KELLY

Where could the journals be?

VALDEZ

My guess is they were never here. We have all been taken in.

They hear a loud sound in the distance and realize it is a large half-ton truck approaching them. The truck stops and several men jump off and walk over to Brody's group. The senior man stands toe-to-toe with Brody.

BRODY

What do you want?

YOUPOPOV

My name is Youpopov. I suspect you  
have found what we have been  
looking for.

COWARD

Don't listen to him. He's a Soviet  
agent.

VALDEZ

(points to metal box)  
They're not here.

YOUPOPOV

Where are they?

Youpopov walks over to the box and examines it.

YOUPOPOV (CONT'D)

What is this?

VALDEZ

I told you the papers are gone.

YOUPOPOV

(yelling at Valdez)  
What are you trying to pull?

VALDEZ

I cannot explain it. We have been  
fooled.

Brody walks over and stands toe-to-toe with Valdez.

BRODY

(angry)  
What do mean we? You work for him?

VALDEZ

Look, my friend, I have to do what  
is best for me. Perhaps contacting  
me was just fate.

BRODY

For who?  
(looks around)  
Certainly not for us.

HARRISON

(meek voice)  
We should just admit the journals  
are missing and go on our way.

YOUPOPOV

You will all pay for this.

VALDEZ

Maybe the skinny one is right. We are at an impasse here.

Youpopov begins to pace while he speaks.

YOUPOPOV

Those damn journals have to be somewhere. I am positive Ganzler hid them in San Luis.

(points at Valdez)

Maybe you took them.

VALDEZ

Why would I do that?

YOUPOPOV

Maybe you are a traitor.

VALDEZ

Maybe Ganzler hid them someplace else.

BRODY

Look, all of us are empty handed. We need to move on.

Youpopov steps closer to Brody.

YOUPOPOV

The journals you are looking for belong to us. Remember that.

Coward moves to their vehicle and grabs a gun. He shoots it in the air. The Soviets along with Valdez run behind the half-ton truck. The Americans hide behind their van.

They exchange rapid gunfire. The Americans kill several Soviets before they maneuver away in their vehicle. Brody notices Coward is laying silent on the ground. There is a massive hole in his stomach and he is bleeding profusely. Within seconds, he is dead.

They place him in the van and depart the area.

**INT. PROFESSOR'S OFFICE - LOS ALAMOS LABORATORY - LOS ALAMOS  
NEW MEXICO - DAY (1966)**

Dr. FERNANDO PLESSY, not looking at all like Helmut Ganzler, sits in his new office when a new professor, Dr. EMIL WHITEHEAD, walks in.

WHITEHEAD

Are you Dr. Plessy?

PLESSY

Yes, and you must be Dr. Whitehead.

WHITEHEAD

I only have a few minutes. Tell me about your credentials, if you don't mind.

PLESSY

I am thrilled to finally be working in a laboratory setting as opposed to teaching in ordinary classrooms.

WHITEHEAD

I understand you are a nuclear physicist.

Plessy nods his head and smiles.

WHITEHEAD (CONT'D)

So am I.

Whitehead quickly takes a seat.

WHITEHEAD (CONT'D)

We cannot let the Soviets outshine us. I am now working on high-powered computing for ballistic missiles.

PLESSY

I would be pleased to assist you.

WHITEHEAD

I would be remiss if I didn't say there are some unsavory characters who work here, so be careful.

PLESSY

I will keep that in mind.

WHITEHEAD

I must go to a meeting, but we should meet again soon.

Dr. Whitehead rushes out of the office. Dr. Plessy stands, turns the light off and begins to walk out when DUNCAN RANDOLPH rounds the corner. Plessy slowly sits while Randolph turns the light on.

RANDOLPH

Dr. Plessy, I'm Duncan Randolph, Chief of Security here at Los Alamos. Do you have a minute?

PLESSY

Yes, is there something wrong?

RANDOLPH

You must fill these papers out and give them back to me. You will have to attend a few general security briefings in the next several weeks.

Randolph hands the papers to Plessy and begins to leave.

PLESSY

I have to assume security is very stringent around here.

RANDOLPH

Inadvertent disclosure of classified information will not be tolerated.

PLESSY

I understand. Do I need a clearance?

RANDOLPH

Of course. Is that a problem?

PLESSY

I just wanted to know.

RANDOLPH

Please fill the paperwork out as soon as possible. Welcome aboard.

Randolph departs, leaving Dr. Plessy looking confused and a bit scared.

**INT. OFFICE OF BRODY LANGQUIST - DAY**

Brody sits at his desk staring at a photo waiting for Harrison to arrive.

HARRISON  
Is this a bad time?

BRODY  
No, just looking at a photo of  
Jason Coward. It's hard to believe  
he's gone.

HARRISON  
Yeah, I didn't always agree with  
him, but I know he meant well. So  
what do you make of Youpopov?

BRODY  
He's obviously someone we have to  
be concerned with.

HARRISON  
What about the guide? You never  
suspected anything?

BRODY  
He seemed genuine to me.

Harrison takes a seat.

HARRISON  
I think Ganzler wanted people to  
think he buried the journals.

BRODY  
If he didn't, what did he do with  
them?

HARRISON  
Who knows? We should be  
concentrating our efforts on  
finding Ganzler, if in fact he's  
still alive.

**INT. DUNCAN RANDOLPH'S OFFICE - LOS ALAMOS - DAY**

Randolph closes his door and sits at his desk. He stares at  
the phone for a moment before he makes a call to an FBI  
AGENT.

FBI AGENT (V.O.)  
(over phone, filtered)  
Hello.

RANDOLPH  
(into phone)  
Ganzler's here. I just made contact  
with him.

FBI AGENT (V.O.)  
(over phone, filtered)  
Keep him in your sights. I'll  
notify the proper authorities.

RANDOLPH  
(into phone)  
Okay, I'll keep you informed.

**INT. ARKADY SUDEROV'S OFFICE - MOSCOW - DAY**

Sudarov and Petrowski discuss the South American debacle.

SUDEROV  
Where in the hell are the journals?

PETROWSKI  
Perhaps they were never hidden.  
Where is Youpopov?

SUDEROV  
I don't know.

Youpopov enters with a smirk on his face.

PETROWSKI  
I want to know how the Americans  
reacted.

YOUPOPOV  
They were angry, but they were  
there first and could have  
confiscated the documents.

SUDEROV  
Valdez was with them. Was he not?

YOUPOPOV  
He claimed the documents were not  
there.

PETROWSKI  
Where is Valdez?

YOUPOPOV  
He stayed in South America.



SUDEROV

Reports are Ganzler could be in the United States. I want him found. Is that understood?

Youpopov sports a sarcastic grin and walks out of the office.

**INT. DR. PLESSY'S RESIDENCE - LOS ALAMOS - NIGHT**

Dr. Plessy sits at the dining room table, reading a newspaper and trying to act more like Helmut Ganzler than Fernando Plessy because he is home with his bride of only one year. She comes into the room and sits next to her husband.

MARLENE

You said we needed to discuss something important.

Ganzler puts down his newspaper and gives his full attention to his wife.

GANZLER

I don't know if I want to look over my shoulder any longer.

MARLENE

What do you mean?

GANZLER

I am required to get a security clearance. They will know who I am. Maybe I should turn myself in.

MARLENE

Is that such a good idea?

GANZLER

I'm not sure.

MARLENE

Who will you contact? Americans have no patience for Nazis.

Ganzler sits straight up in his chair with scowl on his face.

GANZLER

I'm not a Nazi.

MARLENE

They will say you are.

GANZLER

I'll have to take my chances. You don't know what it was like all those years.

Marlene caresses her husband.

MARLENE

I can only guess. You do what you need to do.

**INT. OFFICE OF BRODY LANGQUIST - DAY**

Brody stands at his desk waiting for his appointment, senior analyst, DAVID POWERS, to arrive.

BRODY

Harrison tells me you have something to tell me.

POWERS

I received several calls from an undercover FBI agent at Los Alamos Laboratory in New Mexico. He told me Helmut Ganzler recently arrived there.

BRODY

Is he sure?

Powers' smile is somewhat cynical.

POWERS

Yes, it's him. According to my contact, Ganzler now wants to talk to someone in the government.

BRODY

He wants to turn himself in?

POWERS

I'm not sure.

BRODY

It is possible for you to go there and meet with Ganzler?

POWERS

I'll give it a shot.

BRODY

Find him before the Soviets do.

**EXT. SECLUDED AREA WEST OF LOS ALAMOS - DAY**

A car traverses a small road and parks in an open area overlooking the mountains. David Powers gets out of the car and walks over to a man gazing out over the horizon.

POWERS

Are you Helmut Ganzler?

GANZLER

(turns around)

Yes.

POWERS

I'm David Powers. I work for the government. I understand you want to discuss something with us.

GANZLER

If you know anything about me, you know I've been on the run for many years. I recently married and want a normal life.

POWERS

You want to come in from the cold.

Ganzler doesn't respond at first, stares at Powers, but then grins.

GANZLER

I guess you can put it that way.

POWERS

I have men that want to talk to you at length about your life and what we can do for you.

GANZLER

I want my wife protected.

POWERS

That can be arranged. We must meet at a secret location. I'll be in touch.

Powers shakes Ganzler's hand and gets back in his car and drives away while Ganzler again stares at the beautiful panorama before him.

**INT. ABANDONED COTTAGE - TAOS NEW MEXICO - DAY**

A month later, cold weather settling in, Ganzler stares out the front window of the cottage, considered a safe house, he has been living in for two weeks. The wrinkles on his face and shadows under his eyes clearly show exhaustion has taken over his body. Warm from the fire, he waits for his government contacts to arrive.

Next to where he is standing sits a large binder on a side table. He picks it up and skims through the pages. It is after all his journals. He places the binder back on the table. He notices a car parking in front of the cabin. Three men get out and start for the front door. He lets them in. The three men look around the room while Ganzler seems a bit nervous.

GANZLER

I want to thank you for your support.

POWERS

I trust you have been comfortable here.

GANZLER

I want to know if my wife is taken care of.

POWERS

She is safe and sound.

GANZLER

I will tell you what you want to know. I have nothing to hide.

Brody walks over and points at the binder on the side table.

BRODY

What's this?

GANZLER

It's apparently what everyone has been looking for.

BRODY

They're your journals?

Ganzler nods his head.

BRODY (CONT'D)

So they were never buried.

GANZLER

I've had them ever since I left the Soviet compound.

BRODY

You know how many hours we spent trying to find your journals in South America?

GANZLER

(slight smile)

I couldn't give them up.

The commotion they hear confuses them. It sounds like a door opening and closing in the rear of the house. Seconds later, Youpopov armed with a pistol walks up to Ganzler.

YOUPOPOV

It is good to see you again, Helmut.

GANZLER

I wish I could say the same.

YOUPOPOV

You have something that belongs to me. Pretending to hide your journals was foolish.

Ganzler stares at Youpopov.

BRODY

The journals don't belong to you.

YOUPOPOV

(laughs)

Of course they do.

BRODY

You need to back off.

YOUPOPOV

You should have killed me in San Luis.

Ganzler holds the journals tightly in his hands.

GANZLER

What are you going to do with these? No one but I understands what's in them.

YOUPOPOV

Just give them to me.

No one realizes at first that someone is standing behind them, but he cocks his rifle and they all turn around.

Valdez approaches Youpopov.

VALDEZ

It has been awhile, señor.

YOUPOPOV

What do you want?

VALDEZ

I want what you want.

GANZLER

You will never have these journals.

YOUPOPOV

Put them down. I warn you. You will do as I say.

VALDEZ

Not so fast.

As Valdez comes closer to the group, Ganzler steps near the fireplace. He starts to heave a few pages into the fire. Youpopov runs over and grabs Helmut by the arm. In a desperate move, Youpopov then reaches into the fireplace and grabs the papers. Helmut pushes Youpopov's arm, sending him off balance while he drops his gun and falls against the side window; the papers fanning the curtains and catching them on fire.

Valdez shoots at Powers and he falls against the wall. He then fires at Harrison, nicking him in the arm. Brody picks up Youpopov's gun and pushes him out the front door. Harrison grabs Ganzler who inadvertently drops his journals all over the floor, but the fire is spreading quickly. They run out the front door.

Valdez frantically collects the papers and leaves through the back door.

**EXT. FRONT PORCH OF ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY**

Brody holds the gun on Youpopov while Harrison runs next door to call the police. Ganzler stands aloof.

Youpopov points at Ganzler.

YOUPOPOV

You should never have escaped the compound.

(MORE)

YOUPOPOV (CONT'D)

Karpov refused to chase you down. I should have pursued you anyway.

Ganzler addresses Brody.

GANZLER

Get it over with.

BRODY

No, he doesn't deserve to die here. We'll have him deported back to Russia where they can take care of him.

Helmut stands in silence: spent. It had finally ended.

**INT. MOSCOW - LUBYANKA PRISON - CELL BLOC 2 - DAY**

Two months later, Suderov and Petrowski, escorted by a guard, walk along a narrow corridor to a cell at the end of the hall. When they arrive, the guard opens the cell door and they enter.

PETROWSKI

I assume you will find these accommodations a little less pleasing than what you are used to, but you must resign yourself to the fact that this is where you belong.

SUDEROV

Failure is never tolerated. Whatever you say now does not matter.

YOUPOPOV

I have no regrets.

SUDEROV

You will be interrogated as long as it takes to find out why the Americans can now claim victory.

They turn and immediately walk out of the cell. Youpopov sits down with an evil scowl on his face.

**INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Brody and Harrison sit across from Ganzler and Marlene.

BRODY

We offer you and your wife immunity. Even though your writings are gone, we certainly want to explore your ideas concerning new technology.

GANZLER

I regret the loss of my life's work, but glad the Soviets didn't get the journals.

HARRISON

We want your help in winning the Cold War. It's one we can't afford to lose.

GANZLER

It will be an honor.

Ganzler and Marlene embrace. Brody and Harrison turn and grin at one another.

**INT. RUN-DOWN STUCCO BUILDING IN JUNGLE - ARGENTINA - DAY**

The small building has no air conditioning, only tiny fans, but even so, Valdez fills his cup up with Colombian coffee. The late morning is very hot. He paces a bit before he goes to the window and waits for his guest to arrive. He holds a binder in his hand. He skims through the pages. It is Ganzler's journals.

He sees a Jeep slowly traversing a bumpy dirt road. It stops and an individual gets out, grabs a large briefcase and walks to the front door. Valdez opens it.

VALDEZ

Did you bring the money?

The guest walks in and places the briefcase on the table and opens it.

KELLY

It's all here. You agreed to Pesos. Correct?

Valdez goes over and inspects the neatly stacked bundles.

VALDEZ

Yes. I trust your CIA boyfriend knows nothing about this.



KELLY

He will never know.

Valdez hands the journals to Kelly. She skims through them.

KELLY (CONT'D)

My grandfather doesn't need these journals. He knows them like he wrote them yesterday. He would actually be proud they will now be in the hands of the West German Government.

VALDEZ

I must admit, I didn't think you would go through with it.

KELLY

You should never underestimate a woman on a mission.

VALDEZ

(grins)

I suppose not.

KELLY

I must go.

Valdez walks her to the door. He looks out the window while she gets back in the Jeep.

She starts down the bumpy road. She puts her arm out the window and gives Valdez the finger right before the building blows up in a million pieces. The Jeep drives out of sight.

FADE OUT.

THE END