

WHITE ROSE

Written by

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**OVER BLACK: AN OLD MAN SPEAKING SOFTLY...**

OLD MAN (O.S.)

Sometimes things happen in our lives we simply can't understand. Perhaps things are not what they seem... or is that just our perception. Life is like a three act play, isn't it: you're born, you live, and you die. Your life rides along a turbulent wave and you begin to realize who you are. But are you really who you think you are? What happened in my life changed me forever and in the end... it's hard for me to unravel the mystery of what happened to my soul.

FADE IN:

**EXT. TEXTILE MILL - WARSAW GHETTO - POLAND - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE) (1942)**

Under overcast skies and light drizzle, several angry workers confront the tall and imposing OWNER of the textile mill on the street, as he tries to enter the building. The spokesman is an OLDER WORKER who is extremely annoyed.

**All Germans WW2 scenes presented in German dialogue with English subtitles.**

OLDER WORKER

Why have you reduced our pay? We have families.

OWNER

It's not up to me. I have government officials I report to.

OLDER WORKER

It's bad enough we live in this ghetto. We've done nothing wrong.

OWNER

(irritated)

I can't help you. Now go to work.

The owner begins to walk away when a staff car pulls up and abruptly stops. Several soldiers dismount first before the Chief of the Gestapo, HEINRICH MÜLLER, tall with closely cropped black hair and a BOLD DEMEANOR, exits the car.

MÜLLER  
What is the problem here?

OWNER  
These workers have grievances.

Müller turns toward the group, as they band together out of fear. The old man begins to tremble.

OLDER WORKER  
We are late for work.

MÜLLER  
(loud)  
What is your grievance?

OLDER WORKER  
It's not important.

Müller looks over at the owner.

OWNER  
They say they are underpaid for  
their services.

Müller stares at the group for a moment.

MÜLLER  
You Jews work at our discretion.  
You are lucky to be paid at all.

OLDER WORKER  
But we have families. You must  
understand.

Müller, INCENSED, turns toward the soldiers.

MÜLLER  
Shoot them.

The soldiers fire indiscriminately at the workers. They fall like bowling pins.

But to the side of the fallen stands an OLD LADY, haggard, on crutches staring at Müller.

MÜLLER (CONT'D)  
What happened to you?

The old lady responds in an indignant voice.

OLD LADY  
I fell off one of your crooked  
ladders.

MÜLLER

Shoot her!

The soldiers seem to hesitate. Müller takes his LUGER out of the holster and points it at the woman.

The sound is DEAFENING.

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

**INT. BEDROOM - GOLDSCHMIDT RESIDENCE - SOUTH PHARAOH MAINE - MORNING (2018)**

RALPH GOLDSCHMIDT wakes up SWEATING, DISORIENTED, and begins to flail about terribly, as he lets out horrific moans. He glances at the alarm clock; realizes it's time to get up for work. His wife, DEANA, petite with frizzy hair, tries to comfort him.

DEANA

What's wrong?

RALPH

Nothing... Just a nightmare.

DEANA

It must have been bad.

RALPH

I'll get over it.

They both get out of bed to get dressed.

**INT. KITCHEN - GOLDSCHMIDT RESIDENCE - MORNING**

Deana makes sandwiches for the kid's school lunches while Ralph eats a bowl of cereal.

DEANA

Don't forget to pick up the supplies for our cookout tomorrow night.

RALPH

Call me at the office to remind me.

Ralph eats some cereal.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Who's coming?

DEANA  
Just our neighbors.

RALPH  
Bill and Joan?

DEANA  
Yeah.

Their kids stroll into the kitchen. BOBBY grabs a bowl and pours some cereal in it. MEGAN grabs a yogurt out of the fridge.

RALPH  
You guys cut it close every day.

Bobby  
(laughs)  
Yeah I know, but we're never late.

DEANA  
There's always a first time.

MEGAN  
Are we going to the mall tonight?

DEANA  
I'll see.

Bobby looks at his watch, puts his bowl down and starts for the back door. Megan follows.

BOBBY  
We need to go.

Ralph and Deana smile at one another.

**EXT. BECKER'S INSURANCE AGENCY - LEWISTON MAINE - DAY**

Ralph drives into the parking lot of the agency, gets out of his Dodge minivan and walks up to the front entrance.

SUPER: BECKER'S INSURANCE AGENCY - LEWISTON MAINE

**INT. RALPH GOLDSCHIMDT'S OFFICE - DAY**

Ralph throws his briefcase on a small chair in the corner of the office and takes a seat. Ralph, a short, meek-looking man with graying hair for a forty-year old, reaches into his top drawer and pulls out a folder; beginning to read. A colleague, FOSTER GRANT, knocks first, then comes in.

RALPH  
What's up?

FOSTER  
Are you working the Atkins case?

RALPH  
Yeah, but I haven't heard from the  
fire inspector.

FOSTER  
It's too bad the place burnt down.  
Their steaks were awesome.

Ralph sits back and smiles at Foster.

RALPH  
Yeah, they're probably char-broiled  
by now.

FOSTER  
(laughs)  
I guess... I need your advice about  
something.

RALPH  
What?

FOSTER  
I think one of my clients is making  
false claims in regard to her  
husband's death.

RALPH  
It's been investigated by the  
police. Right?

FOSTER  
There is speculation it was  
suicide.

RALPH  
Have the police chief come over and  
find out what's going on.

Foster goes for the door, flashes a thumbs up and walks out.  
Immediately, KRISTIN DEVERS walks in.

KRISTIN  
Do you have a moment?

RALPH  
What do you need?

KRISTIN  
You used to live in Manchester New  
Hampshire. Right?

Ralph motions for her to take a seat.

RALPH  
Years ago. Why?

KRISTIN  
I guess you didn't hear. They just  
arrested a 95 year old man in  
Manchester who they say was a Nazi  
prison guard at two of the death  
camps.

RALPH  
It's happened before. What does it  
have to do with me?

Kristin appears a bit embarrassed.

KRISTIN  
Nothing, I just thought it was  
interesting.

RALPH  
What proof do they have?

Kristin gets a funny look on her face.

KRISTIN  
I don't know, the police say it's  
him.

RALPH  
If they can prove it, he'll have to  
pay for his crimes.

KRISTIN  
It's hard to believe. He's so old.

Ralph stares at her for a moment.

RALPH  
I don't think it matters. Thanks  
for the information, I have to go  
see a client.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - GOLDSCHMIDT RESIDENCE - DAY**

In the late afternoon and after a long day, Ralph walks into  
the living room.

Deana is sitting on the couch watching the news. A local REPORTER in Manchester New Hampshire comes on the air.

REPORTER

This morning at this apartment complex, a 95 year old man was arrested for crimes against humanity. Willeim Bonner was believed to be a guard at both Treblinka and Auschwitz prison camps between 1943 and 1945. If this proves to be correct, he will be deported back to Germany and put on trial.

RALPH

A co-worker told me about this.

DEANA

Why are they just finding out about this now?

RALPH

I have no idea... I just hope they have the right guy.

DEANA

Yeah, I agree, considering his age.

RALPH

He had to be, what, 20 in 1943. It's hard to believe someone that young would have been involved in killing innocent Jews.

DEANA

How do we know? We weren't there.

Ralph doesn't respond and goes upstairs to change.

**EXT. GOLDSCHMIDT BACKYARD DECK - DAY**

Late the next afternoon, Deana and Ralph sit at their picnic table on their deck enjoying hamburgers, French fries, and Narraganset beer with their next door neighbors, BILL and JOAN. Ralph lights up a cigarette and relaxes.

Bill

Thank God for the weekends.

RALPH

How's your new job?



BILL

The closer I get to Portland, the more traffic there is, but otherwise it's fine.

RALPH

I thought about getting a job down there, but the thought of traffic puts me off.

Ralph gets up to retrieve the remaining hamburgers on the grill.

DEANA

Are you guys still going to Europe on vacation?

JOAN

We're not sure. It won't be until next year anyway.

Bill takes a sip of his beer.

BILL

I guess you heard about that old guy in New Hampshire. He was a Nazi prison guard.

RALPH

They didn't say a lot about it. I presume they know what they're talking about.

BILL

What do you mean?

RALPH

Four years ago, they arrested a guy in Minnesota who was supposed to be a prison guard. They found out later, they had the wrong guy.

JOAN

They need to make sure.

DEANA

You got that right.

RALPH

It doesn't help that the news outlets get hold of a story like this and won't let go.

Bill looks over at Joan and hesitates a moment.

BILL  
I thought you would be more upset.

RALPH  
Why?

BILL  
Don't you have a few close Jewish friends?

RALPH  
Yeah, but they certainly shouldn't feel threatened by this guy.

DEANA  
(laughs)  
He is 95 years old.

They all can't help but laugh.

**INT. COMMANDANT'S OFFICE - TREBLINKA DEATH CAMP - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE) (1942)**

On a rainy day in July, Commandant IMMFRIED EBERL is sitting at his desk reading a book waiting for the Chief of the Gestapo to arrive. He takes a flask out of his top drawer just as Müller arrives and takes a swig; placing it on the top of his desk.

MÜLLER  
When is the next death march?

EBERL  
Right before the guards have lunch.

MÜLLER  
Is there a reason for that?

EBERL  
They enjoy the food better when their mission is complete.

Müller takes out a cigarette from a case and lights it.

MÜLLER  
I think you have a problem here.

EBERL  
What possible problem could I have?

MÜLLER  
On my way here, I could smell death hanging in the air.

Müller walks closer to Eberl and blows smoke in the air.

MÜLLER (CONT'D)

Do you not understand... bodies  
must be disposed of by burying  
them?

Müller sits in a chair next to Eberl and blows smoke in his direction.

EBERL

It is hard to keep up.

MÜLLER

You must comply if you want to keep  
your job.

Eberl glances at his watch.

EBERL

It is time to go to the gas  
chamber.

**EXT. AREA OUTSIDE GAS CHAMBER - DAY**

Eberl and Müller stand in place and watch as guards march several dozen men, women, and children to their deaths. They're all shivering out of fear and most are crying.

All of a sudden, two young girls break away and run toward Müller and Eberl.

MÜLLER

Stop or I'll shoot.

They keep running toward Müller. He takes out his LUGER and fires; KILLING BOTH INSTANTLY.

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

**INT. BEDROOM - GOLDSCHMIDT RESIDENCE - DAY**

Ralph wakes up SCREAMING on Saturday morning; lifting himself up, barely able to breathe. Deana tries to console him.

DEANA

Are you all right?

Ralph is having a hard time responding.

RALPH

I...

Ralph holds his head like he has a terrible headache.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
I don't know.

Deana gets out of bed and goes into the bathroom. Ralph sits on the side of the bed stares straight ahead.

**INT. STUDY - GOLDSCHMIDT RESIDENCE - DAY**

After getting dressed, Deana and Ralph walk into the downstairs study. Deana closes the door.

DEANA  
(concerned)  
What the hell is going on?

RALPH  
I'm just having nightmares.

DEANA  
What kind of nightmares?

They sit across from one another.

RALPH  
I don't know. Something about Nazi Germany.

DEANA  
You haven't had dreams like this before. Is something bothering you?

Ralph takes a deep breath.

RALPH  
Not that I know of.

DEANA  
If they persist, you need to see someone.

RALPH  
What are you talking about?

DEANA  
You should probably see a psychiatrist.

RALPH  
Isn't that a bit extreme?

Deana gives Ralph a kiss on the cheek and puts her arm around him.

DEANA

Not if they don't go away.

**INT. RALPH GOLDSCHIMDT'S OFFICE - DAY**

Monday morning, Ralph stoically sits in his office drinking a cup of coffee. He looks a bit disheveled and is having a hard time concentrating. Foster taps on the door and comes in.

FOSTER

How was your weekend?

RALPH

It was all right.

FOSTER

You seem out of sorts today.

RALPH

I'm just tired.

FOSTER

You haven't taken a vacation in a while. You should take some time off.

RALPH

Thanks for the advice.

Foster walks out and Ralph goes to the window and looks out; almost in a trance. When he turns around Kristin is standing there.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

KRISTIN

Foster thinks you might need help with the Atkins case.

RALPH

I don't think so.

KRISTIN

I've worked arson cases before.

Ralph looks out the window.

RALPH

I think I've got it covered.

KRISTIN  
It looks like they're going to  
deport that Nazi.

Ralph abruptly turns around and walks a little bit closer to  
Kristin.

RALPH  
How do they know he's actually  
guilty?

KRISTIN  
I'm not sure.

RALPH  
(louder voice)  
He could be innocent.

Kristin backs away toward the door.

KRISTIN  
Why are you defending him?

Ralph turns around and looks out the window.

RALPH  
Please don't bring this up again.

She quickly departs.

**EXT. CITY PARK - SOUTH PHARAOH - NIGHT**

In the evening as dusk settles in, Ralph walks up to a park  
bench and slowly sits. He waits for his bother-in-law to join  
him. ALLEN briskly walks up to the bench and takes a seat.

Allen  
Thanks for agreeing to see me.

RALPH  
Deana is pretty persuasive.

ALLEN  
I understand you're having some bad  
dreams.

Ralph looks away for a moment.

RALPH  
You can say that.

ALLEN

Deana tells me they're about Nazi Germany.

RALPH

They never end.

ALLEN

Could it have something to do with that guy they just arrested?

RALPH

They started before that.

ALLEN

I agree with my sister. You should go see a psychiatrist. It can only help.

RALPH

Do you think that's really necessary?

ALLEN

This sounds serious to me.

Ralph stands and begins to walk away; then turns around.

RALPH

I'll think about it.

**INT. DOCTOR DARWIN EINSTEIN'S OFFICE - PORTLAND MAINE - DAY**

Ralph sits in the doctor's rather benign office trying to focus on why he's there. He looks around aimlessly. The doctor, DARWIN EINSTEIN, short, skinny, unkempt blond hair, (50s) enters the office and sits directly in front of Ralph and stares at him for a moment.

EINSTEIN

I am doctor Darwin Einstein. Before you even begin, I've heard all the jokes, so let's just concentrate on your situation.

Ralph doesn't respond; looking perplexed.

EINSTEIN (CONT'D)

I understand you are experiencing nightmares. Is that correct?

RALPH

Yes, and they're driving me crazy.

EINSTEIN

Are your dreams fragmented or are they fluid?

RALPH

Fluid, I guess. I'm not sure what you mean.

EINSTEIN

Fragmented dreams are more common. They just don't add up to anything when you wake up. Fluid dreams are as if you are actually there participating.

RALPH

My dreams are real. At least they appear that way.

Einstein sits back and studies his subject.

EINSTEIN

What are these dreams about?

RALPH

They take place in Nazi Germany. During the Holocaust it appears.

EINSTEIN

Are you Jewish?

RALPH

No, I have a few Jewish friends.

EINSTEIN

So this could be some form of anxiety.

RALPH

I guess. I remember when I was young, seeing a documentary about Nazi Germany showing mangled, naked, dead bodies made me sick to my stomach.

EINSTEIN

Interesting. Are you just observing events in your dreams or are you acting out as a character?

Ralph seems upset and starts to fidget.



RALPH

I think I'm this guy they call Müller. I believe he is the Chief of the Gestapo.

EINSTEIN

When you wake up, do you feel a sense of his character?

RALPH

What do you mean?

EINSTEIN

Do you feel like you possess his soul?

RALPH

(smirk)

I don't think so... Is that important?

EINSTEIN

I don't know. If you excuse me for a moment, I'm going to my library room.

Einstein walks out the door. Ralph closes his eyes out of frustration. Moments later, Einstein comes back in and takes a seat. He has a book and opens it half way through.

EINSTEIN (CONT'D)

I think you are referring to Heinrich Müller who was indeed the Chief of the Gestapo from 1939 to 1945. According to this book, he disappeared after the war never to be found, but presumed dead.

RALPH

I thought most of the top-level officers were found and executed.

EINSTEIN

Apparently not.

Einstein closes the book and stares at Ralph.

EINSTEIN (CONT'D)

Do you speak German by any chance?

RALPH

Yes, a little.

EINSTEIN

Do you believe in reincarnation,  
Mr. Goldschmidt?

RALPH

No, of course not. Why?

EINSTEIN

I had a case like this before. It's  
an interesting phenomenon. You  
should write this stuff down in a  
journal.

Ralph sits up in his chair.

RALPH

If you're insinuating I'm the  
reincarnation of Heinrich Müller, I  
think we're done here.

EINSTEIN

Being a Jew myself, I certainly  
hope not.

Ralph stands, heads for the door and, without saying another  
word, departs.

**INT. STUDY - GOLDSCHMIDT RESIDENCE - DAY**

In the late afternoon after Ralph gets home, he and Deana go  
into the study. She closes the door.

DEANA

What did he say?

Ralph plops down in a chair; looking distraught.

RALPH

He told me to write stuff down.

DEANA

But what did he say about your  
dreams?

RALPH

He thinks they could just be  
anxiety.

DEANA

About what?

Ralph hesitates for a moment.

RALPH  
The Holocaust.

DEANA  
I don't understand.

RALPH  
That's not the half of it. In my  
dreams, I think I'm acting out as  
Heinrich Müller, the Chief of the  
Gestapo.

DEANA  
What?

RALPH  
I know it sounds crazy, but what  
the doctor said is even crazier.

Deana comforts Ralph by putting her arms around him.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
He actually suggested I could be  
the reincarnation of Müller.

The look on Deana's face reveals complete shock and she is  
speechless.

**INT. COMMANDANT'S OFFICE - AUSCHWITZ - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)  
(1942)**

Heinrich Müller paces around the office waiting for the  
commandant, RUDOLF HÖSS to arrive. There is quite a lot of  
commotion outside due to the recent arrival of a train full  
of inmates. Müller looks out the window at THE CHAOS: guards  
yelling, pushing and shoving, and segregating inmates.

HÖSS walks in the office and sits directly across from  
Müller.

HÖSS  
These are trying times.

MÜLLER  
You seemed to have mastered the  
chaos.

HÖSS  
It's still annoying dealing with  
these Jews.

MÜLLER  
Nevertheless, it is necessary.

HÖSS  
But it is never ending.

The door is opened and a SENIOR GUARD comes in with an inmate. His name is HERSCHEL. The guard brings the agitated inmate forward to the commandant's desk.

HÖSS (CONT'D)  
What is the problem?

SENIOR GUARD  
This man says he wants to talk to you.

Höss stares at the inmate.

HÖSS  
You are no different than the rest.  
What do you want?

HERSCHEL  
You arrested my entire family and we're not Jewish.

HÖSS  
We don't make mistakes.

HERSCHEL  
I want my family to be released.

HÖSS  
Go back outside to your family. I cannot help you.

HERSCHEL  
I demand to be released.

Müller stands, goes over to the inmate and stares him down.

MÜLLER  
You must accept your fate.

HERSCHEL  
You can't do this to my family.

Müller looks over at Höss before he takes his LUGER out of the holder and shoots Herschel at POINT BLANK RANGE. The senior guard drags him out of the office.

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

**INT. DOCTOR DARWIN EINSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Dr. Einstein and Ralph sit across from one another; staring intently before speaking.

EINSTEIN  
Are you still having bad dreams?

RALPH  
(unnerved)  
Yes, they're terrible.

EINSTEIN  
Did you write the stuff down?

Ralph hands the doctor a small notebook. Einstein looks over it rather quickly.

EINSTEIN (CONT'D)  
This is very interesting. Do you believe these things really happened?

RALPH  
How do I know?

EINSTEIN  
Have you ever been hypnotized?

RALPH  
Years ago in High School.

EINSTEIN  
You should consider it. I've done it a few times and it seems to work.

RALPH  
I just want the dreams to stop.

Einstein relaxes in his chair and smiles.

EINSTEIN  
So do I. That's why you're here.

RALPH  
(uneasy)  
You need to help me.

EINSTEIN  
Maybe we should do a brain scan. Find out what's really going on in there.

RALPH

Isn't there medicine I can take?

EINSTEIN

Not really. You need to take some time off from work and go on a nice vacation.

RALPH

It's not that simple, but I'll try.

EINSTEIN

I want to keep this notebook to review. You'll get it back at our next session.

Ralph seems reluctant, but shakes his head in the affirmative.

**INT. STUDY - GOLDSCHMIDT RESIDENCE - DAY**

Ralph and Deana go into the study to have privacy while their children watch television.

DEANA

Did you show the notebook to the doctor?

RALPH

Yes, he thought it was interesting and wanted to review it and talk again.

DEANA

What else did he say?

RALPH

He thinks I should get a brain scan. He wanted to know if I was ever hypnotized.

DEANA

(frustrated)

What do you want to do?

RALPH

Get a good night's sleep.

**EXT. CITY PARK - SOUTH PHARAOH - NIGHT**

Ralph and Allen sit on a park bench as dusk settles in.

ALLEN

Deana told me about what your psychiatrist said.

RALPH

Yeah, it's crazy. I don't believe in reincarnation.

ALLEN

Either do I. Why does he think you're having these dreams?

RALPH

I don't think he knows. No matter what I do, they don't stop.

ALLEN

You know I'm not a doctor, but I believe bad dreams have to do with uneasiness in one's life.

RALPH

It's nothing like that.

ALLEN

You need to get away for a while.

RALPH

Yeah, that's what the doctor said. Maybe, he's right.

ALLEN

Just remember one thing: these are just dreams and nothing else.

Ralph looks away and shakes his head.

**EXT. RECEPTION AREA - AUSCHWITZ - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE) (1942)**

On a cloudy, rainy day, a train with a dozen box cars arrives at the reception area. Guards begin to take prisoners off the box cars and line them up. The mud makes it difficult to stand in place; several prisoners fall down. The guards order them to get up.

Müller stands with Höss, as they watch the debacle. They notice a group toward the end of the line that appears to be deformed. They approach a GUARD standing next to them.

MÜLLER

What's wrong with these prisoners?

Guard  
They're from a mental hospital in  
Warsaw.

HÖSS  
They must go to the gas chamber  
first.

MÜLLER  
That's a waste of time.

Müller walks over to the guard and points his finger at the  
small group.

MÜLLER (CONT'D)  
Shoot them. Now!

The guard raises his MACHINE GUN and complies.

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

**INT. BEDROOM - GOLDSCHMIDT RESIDENCE - DAY**

Ralph wakes up, thrashes about, and raises up in bed. He  
glances over and sees Deana isn't there. He looks at the  
clock, realizing it's time to get ready for work and slowly  
gets out of bed. He walks over to the window and looks out;  
appearing distraught.

**INT. BRADY HANCOCK'S OFFICE - BECKER'S INSURANCE AGENCY - DAY**

Ralph walks into his boss's office with a cup of coffee and  
takes a seat. BRADY HANCOCK, a distinguished, well-dressed,  
middle-aged man, has run the office since his uncle, John  
Becker, passed away.

HANCOCK  
We haven't talked in a while.

RALPH  
We've both been busy.

HANCOCK  
I understand you've been on edge  
lately.

RALPH  
Who told you that?

HANCOCK  
It's not important. Are you all  
right?



RALPH

I'm okay; just suffering from a little insomnia from time to time.

HANCOCK

(smiles)

You're not alone.

Suddenly, Hancock's SECRETARY barges in the office.

SECRETARY

Sir, you're going to want to see this.

They follow her out to the small break room where employees are watching the local news on a big screen television. A REPORTER breaks the story.

REPORTER

It has just been reported that an insurance agent in Lewiston Maine by the name of Ralph Goldschmidt believes he could be the reincarnation of Heinrich Müller, the once Chief of the Gestapo. This all based on vivid dreams he's experiencing. More to come.

Everyone turns around and glares at Ralph. He is completely taken by surprise, and his face shows his anger at the report.

**INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - WHITE ROSE HEADQUARTERS - UNDERGROUND FACILITY - FÜSSEN GERMANY - DAY**

SUPER: WHITE ROSE HEADQUARTERS - FÜSSEN GERMANY

In the late morning, three men walk into the highly decorated conference room and take a seat. The room is part of a large underground facility with offices and interrogation rooms. WHITE ROSE is an anti-Nazi clandestine organization that is reminiscent of one that existed in Germany during the end of the war, although they have a much different agenda.

On the wall at the end of the table is a large emblem: a depiction of a white rose with the words underneath that say JUSTICE FOR A FREE GERMANY.

The head of the group, HANS BERGER, opens a file folder and pulls out a piece of paper. He picks up his cup of coffee and slowly sips it. His colleagues, MANFRED DIETRICH, and SIMON SCHULTZ, enjoy their coffee, waiting for Berger to begin.

**Dialogue presented in German with English subtitles.**

BERGER

We have received a message about an individual in the United States who might be interesting to us.

Dietrich looks around the room and laughs.

DIETRICH

They found another Nazi?

BERGER

Not exactly. There is a man in Maine who believes he is the reincarnation of Heinrich Müller.

SCHULTZ

Remember, Müller is presumed dead, but his body has never been found.

BERGER

This is apparently based on dreams he's having.

Dietrich scratches his head and glances around at his colleagues.

DIETRICH

What kind of dreams could he be having to make him think he's the reincarnation of Heinrich Müller?

BERGER

I don't know. Perhaps we should find out.

SCHULZ

Is that possible?

BERGER

We shouldn't ignore this kind of behavior.

Berger sits back and drinks the rest of his coffee.

**EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY**

Various personnel enter and exit the building on a clear sunny day.

SUPER: FBI HEADQUARTERS

**INT. OFFICE OF RICK CALDWELL - SENIOR AGENT - DAY**

In the early afternoon, RICK CALDWELL sits at his desk reading a note he received moments earlier. His colleague, DON HIRTHLER, comes in and joins him.

CALDWELL  
Wait till you hear this.

HIRTHLER  
What?

CALDWELL  
The State Department wants us to investigate this guy in Maine that apparently thinks he's the reincarnation of a former Nazi.

Hirthler laughs and sits up, leaning forward.

HIRTHLER  
They can't be serious.

CALDWELL  
According to this note, they're demanding we investigate.

HIRTHLER  
Investigate what?

CALDWELL  
I'm not sure how to proceed, but we should put a plan together.

HIRTHLER  
This guy is just having terrible nightmares. No one in their right mind can believe he is the reincarnation of some Nazi. I guess he could be related to one.

CALDWELL  
(smiles)  
At any rate, I'll respond to the State Department that we'll comply.

**INT. MEDICAL BARRACKS - AUSCHWITZ - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)  
(1943)**

Müller walks into the oversized barracks where several doctors perform experiments on various subjects; including children.

Müller sees several nurses playing with a few children, giving them candy, and at the back of the room, he notices JOSEF MENGELE sitting at a desk writing in a large notebook. He begins to walk over to the desk and lights a cigarette.

MENGELE

Can I help you, Herr Müller?

MÜLLER

You seem to run a kindergarten here.

MENGELE

Children need stimulation so we accommodate them.

MÜLLER

Where are the adults?

MENGELE

In the other room.

MÜLLER

I trust you are actively performing experiments that will benefit the Reich.

Mengele stops writing and puts down his pen.

MENGELE

We have learned quite a bit to date and there's more to discover.

MÜLLER

I want to ensure we can take advantage of your expertise.

MENGELE

I understand.

MÜLLER

But it is apparent while others in this camp are being marched to the gas chambers every day, these prisons are living without reprisal.

Mengele grins as he responds.

MENGELE

It is a mistake to think they bask in comfort.

Müller looks over at one of the children who is smiling at a nurse after receiving some candy.

MÜLLER

What do you do with the children when you're done with your experiments?

MENGELE

Do not be concerned... They are gassed like everyone else.

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

**INT. BEDROOM - GOLDSCHMIDT RESIDENCE - DAY**

Ralph bolts out of bed and SCREAMS.

RALPH

How can they do that?

Deana jumps out of bed and runs over to him.

DEANA

What was it this time?

RALPH

They're sending young children to the gas chambers.

DEANA

(angry)  
Sit down for a moment.

She sits next to him.

DEANA (CONT'D)

You need to go back and see the psychiatrist. This is ruining our lives. I mean Bobby is being harassed at school.

RALPH

I tried to call him, but he doesn't answer.

DEANA

How in the hell did he get the idea you actually believe you're the reincarnation of this Nazi?

RALPH

I don't know.

DEANA

You don't believe it... Do you?

Ralph gives his wife a look of disgust.

RALPH

How in the hell can you say that?  
Of course not.

DEANA

You need to get this settled. I  
mean it.

Deana abruptly stands and begins to walk out of the room.

DEANA (CONT'D)

We can't have people thinking  
you're some kind of Nazi.

Ralph doesn't respond. He puts his head in his hands and  
wipes his moist eyes.

**INT. DOCTOR DARWIN EINSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Ralph enters the small reception area where KAREN, the  
doctor's secretary, is eating a sandwich.

RALPH

I want to see Dr. Einstein. Now!

KAREN

I'm sorry. He's busy at the moment.

Ralph rushes past her and opens the doctor's door. She  
follows.

RALPH

What the hell are you trying to do  
to me?

Dr. Einstein jumps up from his desk and backs up a bit.

EINSTEIN

Look, I'm sorry. I showed your  
journal to a colleague. I don't  
know what possessed him to make it  
public.

RALPH

I never said I thought I was the  
reincarnation of this man.

EINSTEIN

Yes, I know, but he misunderstood the comments in your journal.

RALPH

You don't get it. This is ruining my life.

EINSTEIN

I don't know what to say. All I can do is talk to my colleague.

RALPH

He needs to take back what he said. Where's my journal?

EINSTEIN

He still has it.

RALPH

Get it back.

Ralph storms out of the office.

**INT. RALPH GOLDSCHIMDT'S OFFICE - DAY**

In the early morning, Ralph sits timidly at his desk; reluctant to mingle with his colleagues. He tries to compose himself and get to work. Foster peeks in the door. Ralph motions for him to come in.

RALPH

Please close the door.

FOSTER

You look tired.

He takes a seat.

RALPH

Yeah, I'm not sleeping well. Look, what they said on TV isn't true. It's a big misunderstanding.

FOSTER

I believe you, but why do you think you're having these dreams?

RALPH

I have no idea. The psychiatrist apparently doesn't know either.

FOSTER  
Sorry this happened to you.

Hancock's secretary knocks; then opens the door.

SECRETARY  
Mr. Hancock wants to see you.

**INT. BRADY HANCOCK'S OFFICE - DAY**

Ralph walks into the office and immediately takes a seat. His boss doesn't say anything at first; appears to be thinking about something.

HANCOCK  
Are you all right?

RALPH  
Look, I'm sorry about this.

HANCOCK  
No one here can make sense out of it.

RALPH  
It was all blown out of proportion.

HANCOCK  
Perhaps you should take a brief leave of absence.

RALPH  
Is that an order?

HANCOCK  
No, but I highly suggest it. It won't affect you pay and benefits.

Ralph slowly gets up and starts for the door and mutters his response.

RALPH  
Okay.

**EXT. FRONT LAWN - GOLDSCHMIDT RESIDENCE - DAY**

Ralph is walking to his front door when he is approached by his neighbor.

BILL  
Is it true?



Ralph motions for them to go around the side of the house by the garage.

RALPH  
Listen to me. It's not what it appears.

BILL  
So you're not a Nazi sympathizer.

Ralph's face shows his displeasure.

RALPH  
Of course not.

BILL  
Some people in the neighborhood think you could be.

Ralph stands closer to Bill and points his finger at him.

RALPH  
Why would I sympathize with Nazis?

Ralph's anger peaks.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
I resent it.

BILL  
So you don't believe you're the reincarnation of the Chief of the Gestapo.

RALPH  
(unnerved)  
No!

BILL  
This town doesn't like this kind of publicity. You need to make this right.

RALPH  
I intend to.

Bill walks off, leaving Ralph seething.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - GOLDSCHMIDT RESIDENCE - DAY**

A day later in the early evening, Ralph is watching television and he hears a knock at the door. He goes over to answer it.

Two individuals smile at him when he opens the door. They are FBI agent Don Hirthler and a representative of the State Department, JILL LASSITER.

RALPH  
Can I help you?

Hirthler flashes an FBI badge.

HIRTHLER  
I'm Don Hirthler from the FBI and this is Jill Lassiter from the State Department. We would like to talk to you.

RALPH  
Am I in trouble?

HIRTHLER  
No, we just want to discuss your current situation.

RALPH  
I didn't realize this was an FBI matter.

He motions for them to come in. They all go over and take a seat.

LASSITER  
We're not here to accuse you of anything. We want to collect a few facts.

Deana comes into the room and sits next to her husband.

RALPH  
This is Deana, my wife.

DEANA  
It's hard to believe this got the attention of the FBI.

HIRTHLER  
Well, it is now a national story.

LASSITER  
When did the nightmares begin?

RALPH  
A while ago.

LASSITER  
You're not Jewish. Correct?

Ralph glances over at Deana.

RALPH

No, but what does that have to do with anything?

LASSITER

You come from German heritage, I presume.

RALPH

Most of my ancestors came from Northern Germany.

HIRTHLER

Is it possible to come to Washington to discuss this further?

DEANA

Is that necessary? I mean there's nothing to tell. My husband is going through a rough time with these nightmares. They're just dreams.

LASSITER

We understand. Having him come out to our location is common practice. Before we leave, your doctor's name is Darwin Einstein. Is that correct?

RALPH

Yes, why?

LASSITER

We're going to go see him.

DEANA

Why?

LASSITER

(slight grin)

Just part of the investigation.

Ralph and Deana stare at each other in disbelief.

**INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - WHITE ROSE HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

In the late afternoon, Berger, Dietrich, and Schultz sit at the conference table drinking beer with spirited gusto while listening to a German heavy metal band. A colleague, ILSA MEYER walks in. Ilsa is older than the rest (50s).

She is tall and thin, not extremely attractive, but always dresses like she's going on a lavish date. She takes a seat.

**Dialogue presented in German with English subtitles.**

MEYER

Please turn that down. It's annoying.

BERGER

(laughs)  
You don't like Goldspar?

Berger gets up and turns the music down. He slouches back in his seat.

MEYER

They're all right. I want to talk about Goldschmidt.

BERGER

What about?

MEYER

We need to make a decision.

Dietrich takes a long guzzle of beer.

SCHULTZ

You want to talk to him?

MEYER

I think we must. I want to know what's in his head.

SCHULTZ

(hearty laugh)  
So you believe he's Heinrich Müller all over again.

MEYER

Why not? Evil doesn't always die like some believe.

BERGER

I agree. Let's go find him.

Meyer leaves the room. The rest raise their glasses and slap them together like it's Oktoberfest.

**INT. DOCTOR DARWIN EINSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Hirthler and Lassiter sit across from the doctor.

EINSTEIN

My secretary tells me you're here to discuss Ralph Goldschmidt.

HIRTHLER

We understand doctor, client privilege, but as I understand it, you didn't have any problem releasing private information to the media.

EINSTEIN

It was a colleague of mine... I had nothing to do with it... You must believe me.

LASSITER

Since that privilege was broken, we want to know a few things.

Einstein appears apprehensive.

EINSTEIN

What do you want to know?

LASSITER

Do you think he's hiding something?

EINSTEIN

(perplexed)  
What do you mean?

HIRTHLER

Do you believe these dreams have anything to do with writings of one of his ancestors?

EINSTEIN

I have no idea, but I have to say what he wrote down in that notebook is very detailed.

LASSITER

Do you have the notebook?

EINSTEIN

My colleague still has it.

LASSITER

We want to see it.

Einstein slouches in his chair and takes a few deep breaths.

EINSTEIN  
I'll see what I can do.

**INT. DR. RANDY ROSENBERG'S OFFICE - LEWISTON MAINE - DAY**

Ralph sits in the examination room waiting for his family doctor, RANDY ROSENBERG to join him for a medical consultation. He's restless while he sits on the exam table.

The doctor comes in and sits across from Ralph.

ROSENBERG  
I've been reviewing your file.  
Apart from occasional high-blood pressure, you are in pretty good shape.

RALPH  
I've been experiencing a lot of anxiety lately.

ROSENBERG  
I guess it has to do with your situation.

RALPH  
I can't believe I went to Dr. Einstein in confidence and he did this to me.

ROSENBERG  
It is unprofessional.

Rosenberg checks Ralph's blood pressure.

RALPH  
Is it all right?

ROSENBERG  
A little bit high. I'm going to subscribe some medicine for you that should help. I also have medicine that can help you sleep better, but I'm not sure it will stop your nightmares.

RALPH  
I just want them to go away.

Ralph starts for the door.

ROSENBERG

I know news reports aren't credible sometimes, but did you really say you're the reincarnation of a former Nazi?

Ralph shakes his head and sneers at the doctor.

RALPH

Of course not.

**INT. STUDY - GOLDSCHMIDT RESIDENCE - NIGHT**

Ralph comes into the study and sees Deana sitting in the dark staring at the wall. He turns on the light.

RALPH

I thought you would be in here.

DEANA

You're late tonight.

RALPH

I went to see Rosenberg.

DEANA

What did he say?

Ralph paces before he sits.

RALPH

He gave me medicine to sleep.

DEANA

That's good. Did you get the notebook back from Einstein?

RALPH

Not yet.

DEANA

As much as I hate to admit it, seeing a psychiatrist was a mistake.

RALPH

Yeah, so much for confidentiality.

Ralph stands and walks around as he talks.

RALPH (CONT'D)

We should consider legal action.

DEANA

You need to clear your name. Do you know how many times in the last week I've been called a Nazi.

RALPH

I'm sorry.

Bobby walks in and his parents are appalled at what they see. His face is badly bruised.

DEANA

What happened to you?

BOBBY

Some kids down the street called me a Nazi and beat the hell out of me.

RALPH

I'm going to call the cops.

BOBBY

Why are you having these stupid dreams?

Bobby storms out of the study.

RALPH

This has gotten out of hand. I'm going upstairs. I need some rest.

DEANA

I thought you were going to call the cops.

RALPH

(frustrated)

Will it do any good?

**EXT. AUSCHWITZ INTERROGATION BARRACKS - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)  
(1943)**

A dozen prisoners are herded into the small barracks by two guards. The guards walk out and shut the door. Moments later, Heinrich Müller enters. He inspects the group.

MÜLLER

Who is in charge here?

DIETER HUBBLE, a middle-aged reverend of the Seventh Day Adventists steps forward.



HUBBLE

I am.

MÜLLER

What is your concern?

HUBBLE

We are not Jews. We are Seventh Day Adventists.

MÜLLER

Are you saying you don't belong here?

HUBBLE

We are loyal Germans that only want to do good in the world.

Müller steps closer to Hubble.

MÜLLER

You have supported Jews in the past. Have you not?

Hubble appears to be unnerved.

HUBBLE

I don't think so.

MÜLLER

Do you believe in fate?

Hubble looks around the room at his flock.

HUBBLE

Yes.

Müller turns around and leaves the barracks. A moment later the two guards enter. The prisoners try to shield themselves.

**EXT. OUTSIDE AUSCHWITZ INTERROGATION BARRACKS - DAY**

Müller stands in front of the barracks with a defined grin as he hears the sound of MACHINE GUN FIRE inside the barracks. He slowly walks away.

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM ADJACENT TO RICK CALDWELL'S OFFICE - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Several days later, Ralph sits stoically in a chair waiting for his interview. He glances around at the various FBI posters hanging on the walls. He takes a sip from a water bottle. He appears to be in thought when he is interrupted by Rick Caldwell who enters the room.

CALDWELL

Thanks for coming. The team will be here in a moment. Do you need anything?

Apprehensive, the tension shows in his soft voice.

RALPH

No.

Caldwell walks out of the room. Ralph starts to squirm a bit; anticipating the worst. Hirthler and Lassiter enter the room, each with a manila folder. Lassiter appears to have Ralph's notebook. They take a seat directly across from Ralph.

HIRTHLER

It's good to see you again.

Ralph doesn't say anything at first. He sits up and looks at the notebook.

RALPH

Is that my notebook?

HIRTHLER

Yes.

RALPH

Can I see it?

LASSITER

After the meeting.

HIRTHLER

Are you still having dreams about Heinrich Müller?

RALPH

A few.

Lassiter opens the notebook and thumbs through it.

LASSITER

We've read through your journal. It appears to be very detailed.

(MORE)

LASSITER (CONT'D)

It's difficult to corroborate any of the information, but it's nevertheless intriguing.

RALPH

I don't understand. They're just dreams.

HIRTHLER

Is it possible you had ancestors who were Nazis?

Ralph sits up completely straight.

RALPH

What? Of course not.

LASSITER

I have to be honest with you. This information had to come from somewhere. I don't believe in reincarnation, but we can't ignore the wealth of data here.

RALPH

Let me be clear. I did not have relatives that were Nazis.

HIRTHLER

You would say that under oath?

RALPH

Yes.

Lassiter looks over at her colleague and closes the journal.

LASSITER

We need time to think this over.

She hands the notebook to Ralph.

LASSITER (CONT'D)

You can have this back. We made copies.

RALPH

Is that it?

LASSITER

Not exactly. I'm going to take you over the German Embassy. A gentleman over there wants to talk to you.

**EXT. EMBASSY OF THE FEDERAL REPUBLIC OF GERMANY - RESERVOIR  
ROAD NW PARKING LOT - DAY**

A Mercedes coup driven by Lassiter enters the embassy grounds and parks. She and Ralph get out and head for the entrance.

SUPER: GERMAN EMBASSY

**INT. OFFICE OF HELMUT MANN - HEAD OF DIPLOMATIC SECURITY -  
DAY**

Lassiter and Ralph are escorted to an elaborate but small conference room. They take a seat. HELMUT MANN enters immediately.

MANN

I am Helmut Mann, head of  
diplomatic security here. I hope  
this is not an inconvenience.

LASSITER

None whatsoever.

Mann walks over to Ralph.

MANN

I wanted to meet you. As a Jew, I  
can't understand what this is all  
about.

RALPH

Neither can I.

MANN

As far as the German government is  
concerned, Heinrich Müller is dead.  
We do not think, under any  
circumstances, you are the  
embodiment of this monster... It  
simply doesn't make sense.

RALPH

I plan to clear my name.

MANN

I trust you will. Now, if you  
excuse me, I have a meeting to  
attend.

Lassiter and Ralph slowly stand and depart.

**EXT. EMBASSY OF THE FEDERAL REPUBLIC OF GERMANY - PARKING LOT  
- DAY**

Lassiter and Ralph walk up to her Mercedes and stop and talk.

RALPH

That was really a short meeting.  
Was it necessary?

LASSITER

I think he just wanted you to know  
the German government isn't at all  
concerned with your situation.

RALPH

Yeah, that's good to know.

LASSITER

I'll take you back to your hotel.

They get into her car and drive off.

**EXT. AUSCHWITZ GYPSY FAMILY BARRACKS COMPOUND - DAY (DREAM  
SEQUENCE) (1943)**

Müller stands with the commandant, Rudolph Höss, as guards  
march several dozen gypsies, including men, women, and  
children into the barracks segregated for them.

MÜLLER

Who are these people?

HÖSS

They are gypsies we found in an  
area not far from here.

MÜLLER

They are enemy of the Reich. I  
would gas them right away.

HÖSS

Perhaps you have not heard, we will  
first use them as laborers.

Müller inches closer to Höss.

MÜLLER

On whose authority?

HÖSS

Mine.

MÜLLER  
Bring them outside.

Höss hesitates.

HÖSS  
I'm in charge here.

Müller's voice steps up a notch.

MÜLLER  
I said bring them outside.

Höss goes over and enters the barracks. Moments later, he brings them out to where Müller is standing.

Müller canvases the group of pathetic looking souls. He then takes out his LUGER and motions for a guard to join him.

MÜLLER (CONT'D)  
Shoot them.

They fall together holding hands.

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

**INT. ISOLATION ROOM - WHITE ROSE HEADQUARTERS - FÜSSEN  
GERMANY - DAY**

Ralph violently TOSSES AND TURNS, thrashing around before he wakes and realizes he's in a ten by twelve foot room. He jumps up and tries to get his bearings. The walls are bare, he has been sleeping on a small cot, and he's wearing the same clothes he was wearing at the German Embassy. He tries to open the door, but it is apparently locked on the outside. He sits on the bed and hyperventilates.

Suddenly, the door is opened and a tall man with long brown hair and a full beard enters. Ralph stands as the man approaches him.

**GERMANS SPEAK WITH HEAVY ACCENT.**

BERGER  
Please sit down, Herr Goldschmidt.

Ralph complies. Berger folds his arms and sneers at Ralph.

RALPH  
Who are you?

BERGER

My name is Hans Berger. I represent an organization called White Rose. We are the bearers of truth and freedom for all German citizens against Nazi fascism.

RALPH

(confused)

Where am I?

Berger paces as he observes his subject.

BERGER

Germany. That's all you need to know.

RALPH

How the hell did I get here.

BERGER

Perhaps that's best left unsaid.

RALPH

I was told by a man at the German Embassy you weren't interested in me.

BERGER

(slight smirk)

We don't answer to the government.

RALPH

Who do you answer to?

BERGER

We make our own decisions.

RALPH

What do you want with me?

Berger stands over Ralph.

BERGER

We have your notebook. We want to talk it over with you, but that will be for another day. You're free to wander around down here. Meals will be provided at the appropriate times. Now if you'll excuse me. I have other duties to perform.

Berger abruptly departs, leaving Ralph in total shock.

**INT. DETENTION CENTER - WHITE ROSE HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Later in the day, Ralph wanders the basement halls. As he walks down the corridor, he notices isolation rooms on either side. The best he can tell there is no one else there.

As he gets to the end of the corridor, he sees a figure standing to the side. It is an old man with a cane. OTTO SHEMBLER looks haggard and frail and probably in his eighties. Ralph goes up to him.

RALPH

Do you speak English?

The old man nods yes.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Why are you here?

SHEMBLER

They say I was a prison guard at Auschwitz.

RALPH

Were you?

SHEMBLER

No, I was a young soldier, but had nothing to do with a prison camp.

RALPH

Who are these people?

Shembler seems to tremble a bit.

SHEMBLER

They are an evil organization that believes they alone can cleanse Germany of people they think are Nazis.

RALPH

So your government doesn't know they exist?

SHEMBLER

They have no idea where we are. Why are you here? You're an American. Correct?



RALPH

Yes. It's almost impossible to explain this, but I guess I'm here because I've been having dreams about Heinrich Müller. Do you know who he was?

SHEMBLER

Yes.

RALPH

It's unbelievable this group can get away with this.

SHEMBLER

(frowns)

You really don't understand. Do you?

Ralph steps back and stares at Shembler.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM ADJACENT TO RICK CALDWELL'S OFFICE - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Caldwell, Hirthler, and Lassiter walk into the conference room and take a seat. Caldwell appears upset while he takes a piece of paper out of his coat pocket.

CALDWELL

We have a problem. Goldschmidt is apparently missing.

HIRTHLER

You're kidding me.

CALDWELL

His wife said he never made it home.

Caldwell glances over at Lassiter.

LASSITER

I dropped him off at his hotel.

CALDWELL

Did you see him go in?

LASSITER

Not really.

HIRTHLER

You don't think he met with foul play? Do you?

CALDWELL

I have no idea, but as the FBI, we are on the hot seat here.

Hirthler seems to be in deep thought.

HIRTHLER

No one but us knew he was here.

LASSITER

That's not correct. I took him over to the German Embassy. Remember?

HIRTHLER

So, what are we going to do?

Caldwell leans forward.

CALDWELL

We need to explain to the public what occurred here and then we need to find him.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - WHITE ROSE HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

An older man, hunched over and frail, brings Ralph into the interrogation room. He motions for him to sit at a small table in the middle of the room. Two chairs are positioned directly across from Ralph, indicating there will only two people conducting the session. The old man quietly walks out of the room.

Ralph glances around at the brown concrete walls, looking nervous and confused. Hans Berger and Ilsa Meyer enter and take a seat. Berger places Ralph's notebook down on the table. A disheveled and upset Ralph doesn't hold back.

RALPH

Why the hell am I here?

BERGER

We have questions we need answers to.

Berger glares at Ralph and then opens the notebook.

BERGER (CONT'D)

I have a colleague with me today. Ilsa Meyer is an acclaimed lawyer who is sworn to uncover the truth.

RALPH

The truth about what?

MEYER

You seem to know a lot about  
Heinrich Müller.

RALPH

I know nothing about Müller.

Meyer takes the notebook and thumbs through it.

MEYER

Not according to your journal.

RALPH

They're nightmares.

BERGER

Nevertheless, Herr Goldschmidt,  
they are detailed accounts.

Meyer focuses on a particular page.

MEYER

What do you know about the Warsaw  
Ghetto?

RALPH

Nothing.

MEYER

Not according to this. Müller shot  
unarmed workers to death at a  
textile factory.

RALPH

What the hell is this? I told you,  
these are just nightmares.

BERGER

There is too much information in  
this notebook to say otherwise.

Ralph sits up straight.

RALPH

Am I on trial here?

MEYER

That decision hasn't been made yet.

Ralph moves his chair backwards out of frustration; making a  
terrible screeching sound on the concrete floor.

RALPH

You can't be serious.

BERGER

You need to be straightforward in your answers.

RALPH

I'm an American citizen. You need to stop this.

Meyer pushes the notebook over to Ralph.

MEYER

We will now take a recess.

They walk out of the room. Ralph starts to look through his journal.

Tired and nervous, he puts his head down on the table.

**EXT. AUSCHWITZ GAS CHAMBERS - DAY (DAY DREAM SEQUENCE) (1943)**

A long line of prisoners slowly file into one of the GAS CHAMBERS. It is winter; cold with grey clouds and light snow. The prisoners shiver as they walk at a slow pace.

Heinrich Müller stands a distance away observing; smoking a cigar.

He watches intently, smiling as he takes a long puff of his cigar and blows the smoke until it suspends in air.

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

Ralph is startled when the interrogators reenter the room and continue with their inquisition.

BERGER

We are ready to resume.

The distress in Ralph's voice shows his concern.

RALPH

I still don't understand what this is all about.

Meyer grabs the notebook and opens it to another page.

MEYER

We have done our homework, Herr Goldschmidt. Much of what we see in your journal must have occurred. How would you know such details?

RALPH  
(nervous)  
I don't know.

BERGER  
You must know why.

RALPH  
I don't know why. Look, this is  
ridiculous.

MEYER  
It is as if you were there.

RALPH  
That's not possible... Please stop  
it.

Meyer leans on the table.

MEYER  
Let me tell you what I believe.  
Souls can be risen from the dead  
and whisked into bodies of the  
living. It's very possible you  
could have been Heinrich Müller in  
the flesh.

Ralph's demeanor suggests he's becoming faint. He responds  
the best he can.

RALPH  
How can you say that? You know that  
can't be true.

Meyer again thumbs through the notebook.

MEYER  
I believe it is. We will make a  
decision soon as to how to proceed.

RALPH  
You can't get away with this. I  
want an American lawyer.

His interrogators stand and depart without another word.

**EXT. GOLDSCHMIDT RESIDENCE - DAY**

Hirthler and Lassiter park their car in the driveway. They  
get out and can't help but notice the protesters on the other  
side of the street; yelling and screaming.

Signs read NAZI, GET OUT OF TOWN, and NAZI LOVER. They walk up to the front door and are let inside.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - GOLDSCHMIDT RESIDENCE - DAY**

Deana motions for them to sit.

DEANA

Have you found my husband?

HIRTHLER

We are actively investigating his disappearance.

DEANA

(angry)

I thought you were supposed to be protecting him.

HIRTHLER

I'm sorry this happened.

LASSITER

After our meeting, I took him over to the German Embassy and then I dropped him off at his hotel.

Deana's voice gets a little bit louder.

DEANA

He wouldn't vanish on his own.

HIRTHLER

It's quite possible he could have been kidnaped somehow.

DEANA

By who?

HIRTHLER

Could be an American or European anti-Nazi group.

DEANA

He was there under secrecy.  
Correct?

LASSITER

Yes.

DEANA

Then how did any such group know he was there?

HIRTHLER

We are trying to figure that out.

Hirthler goes over the front window, opens the blinds and sees the protestors.

HIRTHLER (CONT'D)

Do you think you need protection?

DEANA

The local police know they're here.  
Please find my husband. That's all  
I ask.

Hirthler and Lassiter glance at each other and shake their heads.

**INT. OFFICE OF HELGA TALMAN - HEAD OF SECURITY AND PROTECTION  
- GERMAN FEDERAL CHANCELLERY - BERLIN - DAY**

SUPER: GERMAN FEDERAL CHANCELLERY - BERLIN

HELGA TALMAN enters her office with a thin folder under her arm. She throws it on her desk and takes a seat. She looks at her watch and patiently waits for GRETA RANKIN, a senior investigator, to arrive. She does; right on time.

RANKIN

You asked to see me?

Talman opens the folder and pulls out a piece of paper.

TALMAN

The America government,  
specifically the State Department,  
has made a request to help find a  
man, an American, who has gone  
missing.

RANKIN

They think he's in Germany?

TALMAN

They're not sure. Supposedly, he  
believes he's the reincarnation of  
Heinrich Müller.

RANKIN

(laughs)  
Reincarnation? Really? Where did he  
go missing?

TALMAN

Washington D.C. after meeting with  
the State Department.

RANKIN

The local police should  
investigate. He could be the victim  
of some hate crime.

Talman reviews the paperwork.

TALMAN

They believe he was kidnaped by an  
anti-NAZI group.

RANKIN

There are only a few here.

Talman puts the paperwork down and opens another folder. She  
turns several pages.

TALMAN

Have we located White Rose?

RANKIN

No, they're believed to be in  
Bavaria somewhere.

Talman appears in thought for a moment.

TALMAN

I don't know if they have anything  
to do with this man's  
disappearance, but we need to  
locate them.

**INT. DETENTION CENTER - WHITE ROSE HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Ralph wanders the basement halls again. He goes to the end of  
the hall looking for Shembler. He doesn't find him. He  
retraces his steps and looks into some of the isolation  
rooms. Half way down the hall, in one of the isolation rooms,  
he notices a man sitting reading a book.

**INT. ISOLATION ROOM FOR KARL ZEIGLER - WHITE ROSE  
HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Ralph enters the room. KARL ZEIGLER appears to be middle-  
aged. He ignores Ralph at first.

RALPH

You're new here.



Zeigler looks up at him with a quizzical look. He puts his book down on a small table.

ZEIGLER

You're American. Are you not?

RALPH

Yes.

ZEIGLER

Why are you even here?

RALPH

It's complicated. What about you?

ZEIGLER

I'm the leader of a foundation promoting Nazi principles. White Rose doesn't appreciate them.

Ralph begins to pace out of frustration.

RALPH

What the hell is it with this group. The German government must know they exist?

ZEIGLER

Of course, but it doesn't do any good.

RALPH

Do you know where Otto Shembler is?

ZEIGLER

He's gone.

RALPH

Where did he go?

ZEIGLER

They executed him the other day.

RALPH

What? How do you know that?

ZEIGLER

Hans Berger told me.

RALPH

This is bullshit. They need to be stopped.

Zeigler picks up his book and shakes his head.

ZEIGLER

You're captive in a place where no one gives a damn, and there's no way out. Remember that.

Ralph turns around and walks out.

**INT. RALPH'S ISOLATION ROOM - DAY**

The next morning, Ralph sits on his cot contemplating his destiny when without any warning, two men rush into his room. One grabs and pins him down.

RALPH

(frantic)

What the hell are you doing?

The other takes a medical swab and shoves it in Ralph's mouth. Ralph tries desperately to fight them off. When the two men are finished, they throw him back on the cot and quickly depart.

As Ralph tries to gain his composure, Ilsa Meyer walks in.

RALPH (CONT'D)

(rattled)

What the hell was that?

MEYER

We must be sure.

RALPH

Sure of what?

Meyer stares at Ralph with a sense of intrigue.

MEYER

Do you know who we are, Herr Goldschmidt?

RALPH

Does it matter?

MEYER

We take our name from a group of young students in Munich at the end of the war who wanted to expose Nazis for who they really were through silent intimidation.

Ralph appears to be collecting his thoughts; almost wanting to interrupt.

MEYER (CONT'D)

Our mission is somewhat different, but we take our responsibility very seriously. Even today, we must rid Germany of the Nazi scourge.

RALPH

Despite what you think, I'm not a Nazi. I may have had ancestors who were killed by them... You need to let me go.

MEYER

Your journal implicates you, Herr Goldschmidt.

RALPH

As I said before, they're only dreams... I wasn't there.

MEYER

That is for us to decide.

She stands and abruptly walks out the door.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM ADJACENT TO RICK CALDWELL'S OFFICE - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Caldwell, Hirthler, and Lassiter walk in and sit across from Caldwell. They each have a thin dossier that they throw down on the table.

CALDWELL

I recently talked to Helga Talman at the German Chancellery. She's the head of security and protection. She said she got the request on Goldschmidt and would investigate and get back with us.

Hirthler picks up his dossier and throws it back down on the table.

HIRTHLER

Leads here have dried up.

LASSITER

I've done some research on anti-Nazi factions in Germany. Has anyone heard of a group called White Rose?

HIRTHLER  
No, what about them?

LASSITER  
Apparently, it's a clandestine organization that kidnaps suspected former Nazis and conducts their own justice.

CALDWELL  
I have to believe they're not the only one, but I'll contact Talman to get a reading on them.

Hirthler looks over at Lassiter.

HIRTHLER  
I think Jill and I should go over to meet with her. We need to take an active role.

CALDWELL  
Not a bad idea.

He grabs his dossier and starts to walk out of the room.

CALDWELL (CONT'D)  
I'll get back with you.

**INT. RALPH'S ISOLATION ROOM - DAY**

Ralph paces back and forth in his room when he hears a sound. He turns around and sees Karl Zeigler standing there.

ZEIGLER  
You seem restless.

RALPH  
I need to get out of here.

Zeigler slowly sits in the chair.

ZEIGLER  
There must be a reason why you're here.

Ralph points his finger toward the door.

RALPH  
Those bastards think I'm the reincarnation of Heinrich Müller. But that's impossible because I'm definitely not a Nazi.

ZEIGLER

They must think you are.

RALPH

(unabated emotion)

All my life I've been faithful to my country. I've worked hard every day. I pray to the Lord, I love my family. I'm no different than anyone else. I'm just a common man for Christ's sake. I detest communists, Nazis, or anybody else against the American way of life.

Ralph stops for a few seconds to catch his breath.

RALPH (CONT'D)

The authorities in the states know I'm missing. They'll get to the bottom of it.

Ralph sits on the cot, hangs his head, severely depressed.

RALPH (CONT'D)

What the hell am I going to do?

Zeigler starts to walk out.

ZEIGLER

Your destiny isn't in your hands anymore.

**EXT. AUSCHWITZ DISPOSAL COMPOUND - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)  
(1944)**

Prisoners work feverishly to dig six large pits in an immense area near the crematories. The sun beats down and workers are becoming ill trying to dig pits big enough to hold bodies that simply cannot fit in the crematories. Heinrich Müller stands with a YOUNG LIEUTENANT.

MÜLLER

This is taking too long.

YOUNG LIEUTENANT

The commandant wants this done and it's a difficult task.

MÜLLER

They lack motivation.

YOUNG LIEUTENANT

They're digging their own graves.

Rudolph Höss joins them.

HÖSS

We must accelerate the process. We have dozens of corpses ready for burial. The crematories are over worked.

YOUNG LIEUTENANT

They're laboring in the heat.

HÖSS

We can't wait all day.

Müller points at several prisoners taking an extended break.

MÜLLER

Those prisoners over there are delinquent.

Müller walks over to the prisoner's position. He looks back at Höss and the young lieutenant before he takes out his LUGER and fires at the workers. They fall into the pit as Müller walks away. He then shoots the young lieutenant.

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

**INT. RALPH'S ISOLATION ROOM - DAY**

Ralph flops around on his cot before he abruptly wakes up. He sees Hans Berger and Simon Schultz sitting there staring at him.

BERGER

(sarcastic smile)  
Another recollection, Herr Goldschmidt?

Ralph glances around trying to get his bearings.

RALPH

What do you want?

BERGER

We have information to share with you.

Simon Schultz grapples with several pieces of paper as he talks.

SCHULTZ

My name is Simon Schultz. I am a scientist here at White Rose.  
(MORE)

SCHULTZ (CONT'D)

We took the liberty of obtaining a DNA sample from you.

BERGER

The results are interesting, Herr Goldschmidt.

Schultz looks over the paperwork.

SCHULTZ

It appears you are related to Heinrich Müller.

Ralph jumps up from his cot.

RALPH

That's impossible. How can you even know that?

SCHULTZ

DNA tells the truth.

RALPH

Who the hell are you people? I'm not related to a Nazi.

BERGER

You must calm down, Herr Goldschmidt.

Ralph begins to pace.

RALPH

I'm not a fucking Nazi!

BERGER

That's for us to decide.

RALPH

You keep saying that.

Berger departs, leaving Schultz behind.

SCHULTZ

Please sit down. Most of us here are Jews, so you must understand how we feel. This is a unique case and we must come to grips with it.

RALPH

Please just let me go. None of this makes any sense. I'm not Heinrich Müller.

SCHULTZ

You will know our decision soon  
enough.

Schultz departs quickly. Ralph sits back against the wall...  
a broken man.

**INT. OFFICE OF HELGA TALMAN - HEAD OF SECURITY AND PROTECTION  
- GERMAN FEDERAL CHANCELLERY - BERLIN - DAY**

Helga Talman sits with Greta Rankin in the early morning  
sharing breakfast, as they discuss the American kidnapping.

RANKIN

According to one of our sources,  
White Rose is operating somewhere  
in southern Bavaria. The location  
is presently unknown.

TALMAN

We need to send agents down there  
to investigate.

RANKIN

We also have reports of several  
German men who are missing. Of  
course, that could be a  
coincidence.

Talman takes out a small folder and opens it.

TALMAN

The American FBI has requested a  
visit. They believe the kidnapped  
individual could be here in  
Germany.

RANKIN

I have to believe if they're  
correct, White Rose will be the  
culprit. We just need to find them.

TALMAN

I authorized the visit and they  
will be here within the week.

**INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - WHITE ROSE HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

In the early afternoon, Dietrich and Schultz sit at the  
conference table drinking beer while the sound of Goldspar  
rocks the rafters. Berger and Meyer enter and Meyer  
immediately turns the music off.



Meyer has Goldschmidt's notebook. They sit and begin to determine what to do with the supposed Nazi.

Meyer glances around the room before she opens the notebook to the first page.

MEYER

We have all read what's in this notebook. According to research, much of what is in this book may have actually occurred.

BERGER

It would be irresponsible to ignore the obvious.

DIETRICH

Unless he had access to a Nazi journal, he had to be there.

Meyer reviews the first page.

MEYER

Goldschmidt mentions an incident at a Warsaw textile mill that has been clearly documented in our archives.

BERGER

I believe he also mentions being with Commandant Eberl at Auschwitz.

Schultz shakes his head and takes a long swig of his beer.

SCHULTZ

This is all very strange.

MEYER

I think there is no other answer than he is the reincarnation of Heinrich Müller.

DIETRICH

Do these dreams constitute the fact that he could have been a Nazi?

MEYER

This is not an isolated case. Our medical research has revealed persistent dreams can be a possible indicator of a prior life.

SCHULTZ

That's only speculation.

DIETRICH  
(frustrated)  
What are we going to do with  
Goldschmidt?

MEYER  
We must put him on trial for crimes  
against humanity.

SCHULTZ  
We can't put him on trial without  
having him represented.

DIETRICH  
We have his DNA. Didn't you say  
he's related to Müller?

Meyer stays quiet for a moment, glancing over at Berger.

MEYER  
Not exactly, but he doesn't know  
that.

BERGER  
We should locate Danny Coleman.  
He's answered the call before.

SCHULTZ  
Let's not forget, Goldschmidt's an  
American and I have to assume they  
will be trying to find him.

MEYER  
Get hold of Coleman.

She motions for Berger to depart with her. Dietrich goes over  
and turns the music on again.

#### **INT. RALPH'S ISOLATION ROOM - DAY**

The next afternoon, Ralph, mumbling to himself, is again  
pacing back and forth in his room. He notices a middle-aged  
man standing in the doorway. DANNY COLEMAN causally walks in  
the room.

RALPH  
Who are you?

COLEMAN  
My name is Danny Coleman. It's a  
pleasure to meet you.

RALPH  
What do you want?

COLEMAN  
We need to discuss your upcoming trial.

Ralph stands directly in front of Coleman.

RALPH  
What are you talking about?

COLEMAN  
They didn't tell you. Did they?

RALPH  
They can't put me on trial.

COLEMAN  
(slight smile)  
They can and they will, but don't worry, I'm here to defend you.

RALPH  
What are the charges?

COLEMAN  
Crimes against humanity, I suspect.

Ralph abruptly collapses on the cot. Coleman takes a seat.

RALPH  
You're an American. Thank God.

COLEMAN  
Yes, but I don't live there anymore. Munich is my home now.

RALPH  
You know what they're accusing me of is ridiculous. I'm having terrible dreams, but I am not the reincarnation of Heinrich Müller.

COLEMAN  
I read the details in your journal. I must say they are extremely comprehensive.

Ralph stares straight ahead.

COLEMAN (CONT'D)  
Who told you to write this stuff down?

RALPH  
My psychiatrist.

COLEMAN  
Did he sway you in any way?

RALPH  
I don't believe so. Why?

COLEMAN  
We will have to show some of your  
dreams could have been fabricated.

RALPH  
What?

COLEMAN  
Were you hypnotized?

RALPH  
I don't believe so.

COLEMAN  
Were notes in your journal  
adjusted?

RALPH  
(frustrated)  
I don't know.

Coleman stands and begins to walk to the door.

COLEMAN  
Think this over. Your trial is in a  
couple of days.

RALPH  
If you get me off, will they let me  
go?

COLEMAN  
It's happened before.

**INT. DETENTION CENTER - WHITE ROSE HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Depressed, Ralph wanders down the hallway. He reaches the end and paces back and forth. Hearing a sound, he turns around to see Zeigler standing there. He stares at him for a moment.

RALPH  
They want to put me on trial.

ZEIGLER

What are the charges?

RALPH

Crimes against humanity. At least that's what I was told.

ZEIGLER

All this because they think you are Heinrich Müller?

RALPH

It's these damn dreams about the Holocaust. They won't stop.

ZEIGLER

That is unfortunate.

RALPH

Because I wrote everything down in a journal, these bastards think it's proof I'm Müller.

ZEIGLER

Never underestimate fate when it sits down right beside you.

RALPH

What?

ZEIGLER

It's just an old saying, but White Rose is relentless in their pursuit of what they consider justice.

Zeigler pats Ralph on the arm.

ZEIGLER (CONT'D)

Your destiny rests here.

Zeigler turns and walks away.

**INT. RALPH'S ISOLATION ROOM - DAY**

The next morning, Ralph, despondent, disheveled, paces up and down the length of his room. Hans Berger walks in.

BERGER

Take a seat, Herr Goldschmidt.

Ralph ignores the order and approaches Berger.

RALPH  
You need to let me go.

BERGER  
I trust you talked to your lawyer.

Ralph walks around in circles.

RALPH  
This is a joke. How in the hell do  
you think you can get away with  
this? You can't put me on trial.  
For what?

BERGER  
Get some rest, Herr Goldschmidt.  
Your trial begins tomorrow morning.

Berger departs and Ralph bangs his fist against the wall as he screams.

**INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - WHITE ROSE HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

In the late morning, Meyer and Berger sit at the conference table. Each one has a folder in front of them. Meyer has the notebook directly in front of her. They are the prosecutors for what a normal person would call a kangaroo court.

The old man, hunched over, brings Ralph into the room. Danny Coleman is right behind. They take a seat.

MEYER  
Would you like some coffee?

Ralph doesn't respond, but rather stares at the ceiling.

MEYER (CONT'D)  
We are here today to determine the  
guilt or innocence of Ralph  
Goldschmidt.

COLEMAN  
What are the charges?

BERGER  
Blatant crimes against humanity  
that were committed during the  
Holocaust.

Ralph sits forward.

RALPH

This is bullshit. It has nothing to do with me.

Meyer opens the notebook.

MEYER

Is this your notebook, Herr Goldschmidt?

RALPH

Yes.

MEYER

And this is your handwriting?

Coleman puts his hand up to stop Ralph from responding.

COLEMAN

Let me point out that according to my client, this notebook was out of his hands for a period of time. The entries could have been doctored.

BERGER

That doesn't appear to be the case.

Meyer thumbs through the notebook.

MEYER

The detail in this notebook is incriminating. How do you explain this, Herr Goldschmidt?

RALPH

(unnerved)  
I don't know.

COLEMAN

Do you really believe Herr Goldschmidt, a reasonable man, would have condoned such behavior?

MEYER

This is about a ruthless executioner who never accounted for his crimes.

COLEMAN

It is true, Heinrich Müller's body has never been found.

BERGER

It is our contention that Müller's soul resides in the body of the accused.

RALPH

How the hell can you say that?

Ralph, appearing confused, puts his head down on the table.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - GOLDSCHMIDT RESIDENCE - DAY**

Allen looks out the front window at a small group of protesters across the street. Deana sits on the sofa drinking a glass of wine.

ALLEN

These people need to get a life.

DEANA

Everybody has bad dreams. Ralph's no different.

ALLEN

Have you heard from the FBI?

DEANA

They believe he was taken by a group from Germany. I don't know what they want.

Allen sits next to his sister.

ALLEN

Do you know where?

DEANA

No, but the FBI went over to talk to the German government about it. I still can't believe the FBI couldn't protect him.

He puts his arm around his sister.

ALLEN

We can't worry about that now. We need to pray he can be found safe.



**INT. OFFICE OF HELGA TALMAN - HEAD OF SECURITY AND PROTECTION  
- GERMAN FEDERAL CHANCELLERY - BERLIN - DAY**

Talman and Rankin sit with Hirthler and Lassiter at her small conference table. They enjoy coffee and rolls while they talk.

TALMAN

In recent years, a number of German citizens have gone missing. Many were neo-Nazis and a few, I believe, were former Nazis.

RANKIN

We've been tracking an organization called White Rose. We think they are the ones responsible.

HIRTHLER

What is the meaning behind White Rose?

RANKIN

They take their name from a non-violent student group at the end of the war. The current group is anything but.

TALMAN

White Rose is very good at staying out of the limelight.

LASSITER

What do you mean?

TALMAN

They have been known to operate in underground facilities.

Hirthler glances over at Lassiter.

HIRTHLER

So you don't know where they are.

RANKIN

We believe they are in southwest Germany close to the Austrian border.

LASSITER

If they have him, do you think he's still alive?

TALMAN

I have no idea.

Hirthler and Lassiter glance at one another.

**INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - WHITE ROSE HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Back in the conference room, Dietrich and Schultz are now present. Ralph's head is still on the table. Coleman pats him on the back to get his attention.

BERGER

You must control your emotions,  
Herr Goldschmidt. We have other  
questions that need to be answered.

Ralph lifts his head and sits back in his chair; taking a deep breath.

RALPH

What the hell do you want to know?

MEYER

Would you have us believe your  
dreams came out of nowhere?

RALPH

They're just fucking dreams.

COLEMAN

Are you saying you believe you're  
talking to Heinrich Müller who sits  
here as Ralph Goldschmidt?

Meyer looks over at Berger.

MEYER

Yes.

SCHULTZ

There could be another explanation.  
Remember, Herr Goldschmidt is  
related to Müller. He could have  
been privy to journals belonging to  
him.

RALPH

(agitated)  
I'm not fucking related to Müller.

DIETRICH

Being related to him may complicate  
this.

(MORE)

DIETRICH (CONT'D)

Our theory of reliving the past  
through dreams could be flawed.

MEYER

One way or the other, Herr  
Goldschmidt must pay for Müller's  
crimes.

RALPH

That's outrageous. You people are  
nuts.

Ralph gets up and starts for the door.

BERGER

Sit down!

Dietrich grabs Ralph and throws him back in his chair.

COLEMAN

There is not sufficient evidence my  
client and Müller are one in the  
same. You must release him.

BERGER

It's not that easy.

COLEMAN

Exonerate him, blindfold him, and  
take him to a location far away  
from here... And let him go.

Meyer closes the notebook and leans toward Ralph.

MEYER

What do you say in your defense?

RALPH

(shaking)

Please, you can't possibly believe  
I am Heinrich Müller. I don't know  
why I'm having these dreams, but I  
do know who I am and it has nothing  
to do with being a Nazi.

MEYER

This proceeding is concluded. We  
will announce our verdict tomorrow.

The prosecutors depart one by one. The old man, hunched over,  
comes in and takes Ralph back to his room. Coleman sits at  
the table writing notes.

**EXT. STAGING AREA OUTSIDE AUSCHWITZ PERIMETER - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE) (1944)**

Guards herd dozens of innocent souls to a massive gaggle of prisoners that will eventually be close to 60,000.

Snow falls in the January morning. The temperature is -4 below and the winds are whipping up from the east.

Heinrich Müller stands observing the event. He is wearing a large winter coat and smokes a cigar while the prisoners are dressed only in their prison garb.

Several children fall in the snow. Their parents try to help. Müller walks over and shoots them all.

He retreats and watches as more prisoners are added for the Death March to Loslau.

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

**INT. RALPH'S ISOLATION ROOM - DAY**

Ralph abruptly wakes and sits up in bed. As his eyes adjust, he sees someone standing there.

ZEIGLER

Are you all right?

RALPH

Another fucking dream about Müller.

ZEIGLER

(slight smile)

That's why they think you bare his soul.

RALPH

They're out of their minds.

ZEIGLER

Have they put you on trial?

RALPH

The other day. Now, I have to wait for their verdict.

ZEIGLER

You did have a lawyer. Right?

RALPH

Yeah, but I don't think he's that serious about defending me.

Ralph, looking frail, stands and stretches.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
What about you?

ZEIGLER  
I guess it's my turn next.

RALPH  
(frantic)  
There has to be a way out of here.

ZEIGLER  
I'm afraid not. With any luck, they  
will just let you go.

Zeigler grins and walks out of the room.

**INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - WHITE ROSE HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

The next morning, Ralph is brought into the conference room. Meyer and Berger sit on one side, and Coleman sits on the other. Ralph reluctantly takes a seat and waits for his sentence to be handed down.

COLEMAN  
I want to make a motion for  
dismissal.

MEYER  
Denied.

BERGER  
We have weighed all the evidence.

RALPH  
(enraged)  
What evidence?

BERGER  
You must allow me to finish. We  
cannot prove you gained this  
knowledge you possess from a  
relative.

MEYER  
However, your journal is explicit.  
It is impossible for this court to  
believe you could dream about  
things you had no knowledge of that  
really happened.

COLEMAN

I have to believe this is all a coincidence.

RALPH

This makes no sense. You can't convict me of being someone I'm not.

Meyer's voice raises a notch.

MEYER

Nazis must be punished. Heinrich Müller was a demonic animal who saw no value in life except his own.

RALPH

(emphatic)

I don't know how many times I need to say this, but I'm not Heinrich Müller and I'm not a Nazi. I'm an American citizen. You will held accountable for this.

Meyer whispers something to Berger. She then looks at Ralph.

MEYER

You've had your say. This court sentences you to death by hanging. Sentence will be carried out tomorrow evening.

Ralph's voice quivers as he responds.

RALPH

You can't do this.

Ralph puts his head down on the table and whimpers.

COLEMAN

Your sentence is too harsh. Besides, you haven't proven your case beyond a reasonable doubt.

MEYER

You are dismissed, Herr Coleman.

She motions to Dietrich who is standing in the doorway.

MEYER (CONT'D)

Take the prisoner away.

Ralph tries to resist, but is forcefully removed; screaming ungodly all the way out the door.

**INT. OFFICE OF HELGA TALMAN - HEAD OF SECURITY AND PROTECTION  
- GERMAN FEDERAL CHANCELLERY - BERLIN - DAY**

Talman and Rankin meet again with Hirthler and Lassiter.

RANKIN

We have a possible lead. An informant believes White Rose is operating somewhere in Füssen.

HIRTHLER

They don't know where?

RANKIN

There is a lot of farmland and wooded areas down there. We believe they are working out of an underground facility.

TALMAN

We have people looking for the facility right now.

LASSITER

Time is of the essence.

RANKIN

We're doing our best to find him.

HIRTHLER

Can we travel there to assist?

TALMAN

We will make the arrangements.

**INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - WHITE ROSE HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

The morning of the execution, the group sits at the conference table discussing the procedure they will follow that night to execute Ralph Goldschmidt.

BERGER

Schultz, it is your turn to perform the execution. I believe you're strong enough to handle the accused alone.

MEYER

You must sedate him first; enough to calm him down. Take him to our usual spot in the woods south of here. Hang him and dispose of the body in the lake.

SCHULTZ

I might need help sedating him.

DIETRICH

I will take care of it.

MEYER

I commend you both for your  
dedication to destroy the Nazi  
plague.

Berger pushes the notebook close to Schultz

BERGER

Dispose of his journal as well. We  
don't want that kind of evidence  
hanging around.

Berger smiles and they all laugh at the supposed pun.

**INT. RALPH'S ISOLATION ROOM - NIGHT**

In the evening, Ralph sits on his cot with his head in his hands, trying to control his emotions. Schultz and Dietrich enter. Schultz carries a syringe and Dietrich holds the notebook and a blindfold as they approach Ralph.

SCHULTZ

It's time.

Ralph gets up slowly and moves toward the wall.

RALPH

Please don't do this. I'm innocent.  
You know it.

Dietrich grabs Ralph as he resists. Schultz sticks the syringe in Ralph's arm. Dietrich places the blindfold on him. They then take him out of the room as he slouches over and looks confused.

**EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY**

Various personnel enter and exit the building in the pouring rain.



**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM ADJACENT TO RICK CALDWELL'S OFFICE - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Two weeks later, Caldwell, Hirthler, and Lassiter sit in the conference room waiting for Ralph Goldschmidt to be brought in by Caldwell's secretary.

They enter and Ralph sits directly across from the group. The secretary quietly departs.

CALDWELL

I know I speak for everyone here when I say we are thrilled to have you back on American soil.

RALPH

Thank you, considering the fact I should be dead now.

CALDWELL

I assume you've received proper medical treatment.

RALPH

Yes, before I left Germany.

HIRTHLER

Do you remember being kidnapped?

Ralph pauses, nervously picks up a bottle of water and drinks.

RALPH

No, I only remember being accosted by someone. I don't remember anything after that.

LASSITER

Do you know who your captors were?

RALPH

They called themselves White Rose.

HIRTHLER

The German government believes you were housed in an underground facility.

RALPH

I never saw daylight, so I guess that's right.

LASSITER

What can you tell us about them?

Ralph appears sullen.

RALPH

They are a ruthless bunch of assholes who put me on trial because they believe I'm the reincarnation of Heinrich Müller.

CALDWELL

Are you still having those dreams?

RALPH

Not as often.

HIRTHLER

Did anyone defend you?

Ralph sits up straighter and leans on the table.

RALPH

Yeah, they assigned some American lawyer to me, an expatriate, but he wasn't very convincing.

LASSITER

So, they convicted you?

RALPH

Yeah, they sentenced me to death by hanging.

HIRTHLER

That brings us around full circle. You obviously aren't dead. What happened?

Ralph sits back, as he tries to explain his near-death experience.

FLASHBACK:

**EXT. WOODED AREA NEAR SMALL RIVER - NIGHT**

An old beat up BMW drives slowly on a narrow dirt road in dense forest. It stops, and the driver, Schultz, gets out, opens the back door and pulls Ralph, wearing a black hood, out.

He moves Ralph away from the car close to some trees.

RALPH

Please, let me go.

SCHULTZ  
I have my orders.

RALPH  
I am not Heinrich Müller. You must understand that.

Schultz takes the hood off. He stands toe-to-toe with Ralph.

SCHULTZ  
I feel sorry for you. But how do you know all things you know?

RALPH  
(discouraged)  
They're just dreams.

SCHULTZ  
I admit my colleagues sometimes go too far... but Nazis must be a thing of the past.

RALPH  
I am not a Nazi... Do you hear me?  
I am not a Nazi... I am an American citizen.

Schultz steps back for a moment.

SCHULTZ  
You're free to go.

Schultz immediately gets into the BMW and drives away.

RETURN TO PRESENT

RALPH  
The next thing I knew I was shivering on a park bench in the city in the rain. Some lady took me to the hospital.

LASSITER  
You're here now and that's all that counts today.

She takes his notebook out of her purse and shoves it over to him.

LASSITER (CONT'D)  
You must put this all behind you and carry on with your life as difficult as it may be.

CALDWELL

We can provide assistance if need  
be.

RALPH

I don't think that's necessary.

**EXT. DRIVEWAY - GOLDSCHMIDT RESIDENCE - DAY**

Ralph parks in his driveway. He and Deana get out and walk to the front door. A small group of protesters rant and rave on the other side of the street; still carrying signs denouncing Nazis. A local station camera crew stands several yards away.

They go in and quickly shut the door.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - GOLDSCHMIDT RESIDENCE - DAY**

As Ralph walks into the living room, Bobby and Megan run to him and they hug and kiss. Allen sits on the sofa; smiling at his brother-in-law.

They all take a seat; Ralph's kids still clinging to him.

ALLEN

Welcome home.

RALPH

It's good to be back.

ALLEN

Unfortunately, we still protesters  
outside and around the city that  
just won't go away.

RALPH

I noticed.

Deana turns on the television. A local newscast is in progress. The reporter details Ralph's arrival home. They show his car drive in the driveway.

REPORTER

Ralph Goldschmidt, the supposed  
Nazi sympathizer, has arrived home.  
It has been reported that he was  
kidnaped by an anti-Nazi  
organization. It's not clear who or  
why. He was missing for over six  
weeks.

(MORE)

REPORTER (CONT'D)

His family has repeatedly said his characterization as a Nazi is completely fabricated and he should be respected as a loyal American citizen. More to come as we find out new details.

RALPH

If these people only knew what I went through.

MEGAN

Do you have to go back to work?

RALPH

Yes, in a day or so.

BOBBY

We should go to Disney World.

RALPH

(laughs)  
Sure. Why not?

**EXT. GOLDSCHMIDT BACKYARD DECK - DAY**

An hour later after Ralph had a chance to clean up, he sits with Deana and Allen on their deck, as he tries to unwind. He smokes a cigarette with the pack not far away from him.

ALLEN

I didn't want to say anything in front of the kids, but what the hell did they do to you?

RALPH

It's difficult to talk about.

Ralph's demeanor clearly shows his disbelief.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Those people had in their minds I'm actually Heinrich Müller; back from the dead.

ALLEN

We thought they would torture you or worse.

RALPH

That's what's so strange. They never physically mistreated me.

Ralph hesitates; emotionally trying to get the words out.

RALPH (CONT'D)

The mental anguish was enough.

DEANA

You should never have listened to that psychiatrist.

Deana hesitates; looking away.

DEANA (CONT'D)

You should never have put your dreams down on paper.

RALPH

You told me to go.

DEANA

(upset)

It's not my fault.

Ralph blows smoke high in the air.

RALPH

I know, but these dreams are so real.

ALLEN

What do you mean?

RALPH

I don't know as much as I should about the Holocaust, but according to my captors, I was dreaming about actual events.

DEANA

They can say what they want.

Ralph stands and becomes fixated on what must be an APPARITION, but he sees Hans Berger standing near his back fence, smiling. Ralph's face is white, his eyes are practically bulging out of his head.

ALLEN

What's wrong?

Ralph plops down in the chair and grabs for another cigarette.

RALPH

It's nothing.

DEANA

You need to take some time off  
before you go back to work.

RALPH

I'll think about it.

Deana and Allen look at each other while Ralph smokes his  
cigarette like there's no tomorrow.

**INT. FÜHRERBUNKER - BERLIN - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE) (ARRIL  
1945)**

Heinrich Müller walks down a dismal concrete hallway and into  
a small room with only two wooden straight back chairs. A  
second later, his MILITARY AIDE walks in. They sit together  
and talk.

MÜLLER

We have come to the end and there  
is no way out.

MILITARY AIDE

I think I know how to vacate the  
bunker.

MÜLLER

Have you told the Führer?

MILITARY AIDE

He will not leave.

MÜLLER

But the Russians are close and  
possibly surrounding the city.

MILITARY AIDE

We must leave now. You must trust  
me.

MÜLLER

What about my family?

MILITARY AIDE

There is no time. I'm sorry.

Müller is silent for a moment.

MÜLLER

I put my trust in you.

MILITARY AIDE

Follow me.

Müller tags behind his military aide as they quickly go down the dim lit hallway.

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

**INT. BEDROOM - GOLDSCHMIDT RESIDENCE - DAY**

Ralph stirs a bit before he wakes and sits up in bed. Deana immediately gets his attention.

DEANA  
Are you all right?

RALPH  
Yeah, don't worry, I need to get ready for work.

DEANA  
You're sure this wasn't a bad dream?

RALPH  
Yes, I'm sure.

**INT. BRADY HANCOCK'S OFFICE - BECKER'S INSURANCE AGENCY - DAY**

Brady Hancock is sorting out paperwork when Ralph walks in. He nervously looks around before he takes a seat.

HANCOCK  
You must be relieved to be home.

RALPH  
I would say that's an understatement.

HANCOCK  
Can I offer you a cup of coffee?

RALPH  
No thank you.

Hancock takes a sip of his coffee and stares at Ralph for a moment.

HANCOCK  
It's been rough here since you've been gone.

RALPH  
What do you mean?



HANCOCK  
We've lost a great deal of  
business. As you can see, we still  
have protestors down the street.

Ralph begins to squirm somewhat.

RALPH  
I'm so sorry.

Hancock hesitates with a sincere look on his face.

HANCOCK  
Ralph, I'm going to have to let you  
go.

RALPH  
You're firing me?

HANCOCK  
I don't look at it that way. You'll  
receive a very generous severance  
package.

RALPH  
You can't do this. I've done  
nothing wrong.

HANCOCK  
Your predicament has caused  
problems for this agency.

RALPH  
Please don't do this.

Hancock walks over and hands Ralph a severance folder. Ralph quickly stands and steps closer to Hancock in a threatening manner.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
You can't fire me. I have rights.

Hancock backs up slightly; glancing at the phone.

HANCOCK  
Don't make me call the police. You  
need to leave.

Ralph swallows hard, takes a deep breath, and walks out of the office.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - GOLDSCHMIDT RESIDENCE - DAY**

Ralph comes in the house and slams the front door. He begins to pace back and forth in the living room. Deana comes down the stairs.

DEANA  
What's wrong?

RALPH  
They fired me.

DEANA  
Why?

RALPH  
They lost business because of me.

Ralph sits on the sofa. Deana joins him.

DEANA  
They're not the only insurance agency in Maine. Hell with them.

RALPH  
This whole thing has been a nightmare.

DEANA  
Good choice of woods.

Ralph stays silent for a moment. He starts to squirm.

RALPH  
What if this is all real?

DEANA  
I don't follow.

RALPH  
What if I've been living a past life?

DEANA  
You know that's not true.

RALPH  
How can I have dreams of things that actually happened?

DEANA  
That's what you've been told.

RALPH

I remember Dr. Einstein asked me if I felt the German's soul... Maybe I do.

Deana jumps up from the sofa.

DEANA

I can't believe that. They made you a believer. You're Ralph Goldschmidt, not Heinrich Müller.

RALPH

I don't know what to think anymore.

DEANA

You need to come to your senses. Our lives have been uprooted because of these damn dreams you've been having. People already think you're a Nazi.

RALPH

You just don't understand.

DEANA

Look, I love you, but we can't go on like this.

RALPH

What are you going to do? Divorce me because I'm having nightmares?

Ralph stands and paces the room.

RALPH (CONT'D)

What if I'm related to Müller? Why do I know the things I do?

Ralph can't contain himself.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Why?

Deana grabs her purse and starts for the door.

DEANA

I'm going to take a ride to clear my head.

RALPH

I'm sorry, I just need to understand who I am.

DEANA  
 (yells)  
 You're possessed.

She walks out the door.

**EXT. SMALL LAKE WEST OF BOGATÁ COLOMBIA - DAY (1960)**

It is a beautiful bright summer morning. A man walking hand-in-hand with his daughter strolls along the placid lake and eventually sits and enjoys the rustic scenery of rugged mountains in the distance. Heinrich Müller turns to his young Colombian daughter, ISABELLA, and hugs her.

**Scene presented in German dialogue with English subtitles.**

MÜLLER  
 You're as beautiful as the beauty  
 that surrounds us.

ISABELLA  
 Thank you, papa.

MÜLLER  
 Life only offers such beauty if we  
 appreciate it. Always remember  
 that.

ISABELLA  
 I will, papa.

MÜLLER  
 I know you will grow up to be an  
 extraordinary woman someday.

Isabella looks around. She grins and stares at her father.

ISABELLA  
 I wish we could do this forever.

Müller gazes out over the horizon.

MÜLLER  
 You know, Isabella, I don't believe  
 anyone ever lives forever.

He kisses her, and then hugs her with a grin on his face.

**EXT. SMALL ROAD IN COLOMBIA - DAY (2018)**

Ralph Goldschmidt stands at the side of a small road next to an old brown station wagon; looking frail and disturbed.

He smokes a cigarette and gazes out over the horizon; thinking back.

FLASHBACK:

**INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - WHITE ROSE HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Meyer grabs the notebook and opens it to another page.

MEYER

We have done our homework, Herr Goldschmidt. Much of what we see in your journal must have occurred. How would you know such details?

RALPH

(nervous)  
I don't know.

BERGER

You must know why.

RALPH

I don't know why. Look, this is ridiculous.

MEYER

It is as if you were there.

RALPH

That's not possible.

Meyer leans on the table.

MEYER

Let me tell you what I believe. Souls can be risen from the dead and whisked into bodies of the living. It's very possible you could have been Heinrich Müller in the flesh.

RETURN TO PRESENT

Ralph takes a few long puffs before he throws the cigarette butt on the ground and stomps on it. He quickly gets in the car and takes off at a high rate of speed.

Seconds later, with a gentle grin, he passes a sign that reads BOGOTÁ - 20 Km.

FADE OUT.

THE END