

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)

Address

Phone Number

THE BOXCARS

By DON MACNAB-STARK
WGA Registration 1048343

FADE IN.

INT. MEETING HALL. NIGHT.

A large auditorium is crammed full, 20,000 faithful in their brown shirts and Nazi armbands. On the stage an orator harangues the crowd, pleads with them, implores them, whips them into a frenzy.

The speaker is flanked by two long, red and black Nazi banners, framing a massive picture of Hitler, his arm raised in the Nazi salute.

A cloud of cigarette smoke drifts above the crowd, loud voices are raised in cheers as our view moves back and out of the hall...

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. NIGHT.

A large banner reads "Nazi Rally - February 20th, 1939 - Madison Square Garden". Biliious purple clouds roil over the New York skyline - this is not Germany, but America.

On the street is a maelstrom as a surging angry mob fights to get into the building. Protesters carry banners, "Nazis Out!" "Socialist Workers Party". Among the crowd are Jews and blacks, fighting side by side with whites and Hispanics.

Mounted police struggle to hold the mob back. The crowd surge forward and the police respond by driving their horses against the protesters.

In among the bodies people shout, scream, push, stumble beneath the horses. Blood, sweat and fear fill the air.

It is a scene of chaos, yet in the midst of it there is one calm person, the quiet centre of a raging storm - JIMMY MADISON, 35, stands impassively against a wall as the bodies struggle around him.

His suit is dark, his shirt crisp white - he exudes control, composure. The muscles of his face are held tight, as though he is afraid of what might slip out if he relaxes his grip.

As he writes in a notebook Jimmy's eyes move across the crowd with the single-minded focus of a stalking predator. From his shoulder hangs a camera.

A man stumbles in front of him, an elderly Hasidic Jew in black hat and coat, knocked down by a police horse. His hat falls from his head, he looks up stunned. Two policemen wade in, beat him with their nightsticks.

Jimmy calmly brings his camera up and takes a photo, freezing the action as the flash momentarily startles the two policemen. They pause and look up at Jimmy.

POLICEMAN

Get that camera!

The crowd surge forward and drive them back. The Hasidic man climbs to his feet, blood running from his scalp. He looks around, dazed.

The police surge forward again, and Jimmy turns and walks away, unhurried. Two kids, 11 or 12, are shoved up against the wall by a policeman.

POLICEMAN (cont'd)

Little commies!

He punches one in the stomach. As the kid drops the cop whacks him with his nightstick. He raises his arm for another blow but is stopped cold as Jimmy grabs his wrist.

POLICEMAN (cont'd)

Hey!

Before he can react further Jimmy punches him, hard, flush on the jaw. The policeman crumples on the sidewalk. Jimmy pulls the kid to his feet, shoves him into his friend's arms.

JIMMY

Go home!

INT. NEWSPAPER CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY.

The morning edition of the newspaper slides across a large wooden table - the photo of the cop beating the Jew, and the heading "Nazis in New York" the lead article.

Around the table sit a dozen journalists, talking loudly. A haze of cigarette smoke hovers over the table. The morning sun fights through the blinds in thin, piercing bands.

Jimmy sits at the far end of the room, eyes half-closed. At the head of the table sits the editor, FRANKLIN, 60. He is the oldest man in the room, small and dapper in a dark suit.

His short, silver hair almost glows in the gloom. He has the smile of a favorite uncle, but his eyes are sharp, darting from one place to another.

JOURNALIST 1

Hitler and the Nazis have done a lot for that country, you know? People have jobs, they have new roads, railways run on time...

Another journalist nods, sends the copy of the paper across the table towards Jimmy with a contemptuous shove.

JOURNALIST 2

That story makes us sound like commie supporters...

FRANKLIN

That's what Police Chief Reilly said to me this morning.

JOURNALIST 1

I'm not surprised.

Franklin holds up his hand as the voices clamor. All eyes turn to Jimmy. His shirt is as crisp as ever, but his eyes are worse for wear, dark and sunken, his face turned to avoid the sunlight.

The journalist next to Jimmy lifts Jimmy's hand - the knuckles are scraped.

JOURNALIST 3

Looks like our Jimmy was part of the riot!

JOURNALIST 1

If the Cincinnati Hammer got mad
he probably WAS the riot!

Jimmy yanks his hand free.

JIMMY

The police were out of line.

JOURNALIST 3

We know which side you pounded!

Laughter and voices clamor again. Franklin bangs on the table to restore order. In the momentary silence, KELLER, 22, the youngest journalist, speaks up.

KELLER

Hitler's done a lot for that
country? They're rounding up
Jews, shipping them to work camps
in the East.

JOURNALIST 3

Their cities are probably
overcrowded like ours...

KELLER

Not just Jews - Gypsies too.

JOURNALIST 1

Gypsies too? Now you're really
breaking my heart!

Laughter rings around the table, even Jimmy gives a wry smile, but Keller looks serious. There is an edge in his voice, although he is trying to keep it light.

KELLER

You're right - who cares about a
few Jews and Gypsies?

There are nods of assent.

KELLER (cont'd)

We've got too many kikes and
gypos anyway, right?

Keller turns to the journalist sitting next to him.

KELLER (cont'd)
Murphy, you're Irish?

MURPHY has a round face, red curly hair. He laughs.

MURPHY
Irish? No, I'm from Puerto Rico!

KELLER
Right, a spic. So if the Nazis
were in power here, it wouldn't
bother you if they rounded up the
kikes, the coons, the spics?
Maybe the paddies too? Once it
starts, where does it end?

The door flies open - it is JAMESON, the owner of the
paper. Late 60s, built like a linebacker, muffled in a
heavy overcoat, he glares around the room till he finds his
target.

JAMESON
Franklin! You approved that
damned article of Madison's?

Franklin nods, doesn't rise to the bait.

JAMESON (CONT'D) (cont'd)
I've just spent thirty minutes
listening to the mayor accuse us
of being goddam commies!

FRANKLIN
New York has a million and a half
Jews, most of them read our paper
- they pay our wages -

JAMESON
I'll tell you who pays your wages
- me! That's who! I want you
and Madison in your office - now!

INT. FRANKLIN'S OFFICE. DAY.

Franklin, Jimmy and Jameson are in Franklin's office. There is a broad, wooden desk, on the walls hang photos of Jameson and Franklin shaking hands with the famous and the infamous.

Jameson is sprawled in a large leather wing-back chair in front of the desk.

JAMESON

Jesus, Madison! Couldn't you be any more controversial!

Jimmy leans against the wall.

JIMMY

I'm right and you know it.

JAMESON

What's that supposed to mean?

JIMMY

Nazis rallying in New York and our government turns a blind eye to it?

JAMESON

They have a perfect right to -

JIMMY

Perfect right? There's no place in America for people like that.

JAMESON

Well Washington seems to think -

JIMMY

Washington's a bunch of fools with their heads up their asses!

FRANKLIN

There's a way to resolve this.

Jameson looks at Franklin, sitting calmly behind his desk.

FRANKLIN (cont'd)

The Nazis aren't going away - we need to know more about them

JAMESON

Get to the point!

FRANKLIN

We should send someone to Germany.

JIMMY

You mean me? You want me to go to Germany?

FRANKLIN

Why not? You speak German -

JAMESON

Great idea! You stirred up this hornet's nest - you damn well go to Germany and get something to back it up. I'll tell the mayor we got rid of you, by the time you get back this fuss will have -

JIMMY

I'm not going back there.

JAMESON

Damn it Madison! You're a good writer - only Pulitzer winner this paper's ever had - but you can push it too far you know!

JIMMY

Find someone else.

Jimmy turns and opens the door.

JAMESON

Then clear out your desk!

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Jimmy's apartment is sparse - the only personal effect in the whole room a photo on the side table. It shows Jimmy, standing with a beautiful blonde woman and a young girl.

Jimmy could pack up and leave at five minutes notice and leave no trace that he had ever been there.

Jimmy is seated in a battered armchair, sipping from a spirit glass. A bottle of scotch, three quarters gone, is on the floor beside him. Franklin leans on the fireplace.

FRANKLIN

That was a great story.

Jimmy ignores him.

FRANKLIN (cont'd)

I've got no one else who can do this - who knows Germany - who can -

JIMMY

I don't want to go back.

FRANKLIN

Why not? Because you've got so much going on in your life?

Franklin crouches down beside him, grabs Jimmy's wrist as he tries to take another sip of his drink.

FRANKLIN (cont'd)

Still drinking yourself to sleep every night?

Jimmy pulls his wrist free, takes a sip.

JIMMY

I get by...

Franklin reaches past Jimmy to the photo on the side table, picks it up and looks at it.

FRANKLIN

You get by. I don't think
Katerina figured you as a person
who just gets by...

He hands the photo to Jimmy, who stares at it sadly.

FRANKLIN (cont'd)

Jameson was right - you've got to
get out of town for a while.

Jimmy sighs, slowly puts the photo back on the table.

JIMMY

I know -

Franklin stands up, claps his hands together.

FRANKLIN

Excellent! Your tickets are
being delivered tomorrow. Oh,
and I've cabled Hal - he'll meet
you off the boat in Hamburg.

Jimmy looks up in surprise.

JIMMY

Hal? That's great.

Franklin pulls his overcoat on, heads for the door.

FRANKLIN

Go to Germany Jimmy, find a great
story...

EXT. HAMBURG DOCK. DAY.

The dock is a mass of people and activity, cranes unloading
freight ships, voices shouting. Uniforms are everywhere,
red and black Nazi flags flutter from every building.

The sky above the boat is darkening. Storm clouds are
gathering, an ominous, angry sky at the end of the day.

Jimmy walks down the gangplank of a large ocean liner and
is met by HAL SMITHSON, 55.

Hal is a big man, vigorous, healthy, always ready with a slap on the back and an encouraging word. He walks with a slight limp.

As Jimmy approaches he bobs and weaves and feints as though to throw a punch, then engulfs Jimmy in a huge bear hug.

HAL

The Cincinnati Hammer! In the
flesh!

They embrace, exchange hearty handshakes and a bear-hug of mutual friendship. Hal takes Jimmy's bag and they stride away into the melee, talking animatedly.

EXT. HAMBURG STREET. NIGHT.

A light snow falls from a leaden sky. Jimmy and Hal walk down a busy street amongst shoppers in heavy coats, soldiers in uniform.

HAL

Franklin said to help you
research a story about the Nazis.

A Jewish man hurries past, a yellow star visible on his coat. Jimmy looks at Hal, a question in his face.

HAL (cont'd)

Jewish. Have to wear the yellow
star...

Jimmy looks back at the man as disappears into the crowd.

JIMMY

That seems a bit...What can you
tell me about the Nazis, Hal?

They pass two soldiers in the black uniform of the SS.

HAL

You know that Elsa's old man is a
high ranking officer in the SS?

JIMMY

The black shirts? Hitler's
bodyguards, right?

HAL

They were - now they do all the
dirty work.

JIMMY

Like what?

They are passing a tavern. There is a violent flash of lightning, a roll of thunder. Jimmy freezes, glances over his shoulder, his face rigid with fear. Hal grabs his arm and shoves him into the bar.

INT. HAMBURG BAR. NIGHT.

Jimmy and Hal sit at the bar. The room is gloomy, small wooden tables, sawdust on the floor. A hectoring voice brays from the radio. The barman stops in front of them.

HAL

A beer, and...

He looks over at Jimmy - he is staring straight ahead, a haunted look in his eyes.

HAL (cont'd)

A double scotch on the rocks.

Nothing is said as the barman pours the drinks. Jimmy picks up his scotch, hand shaking, drains it. Wordlessly he holds it out for another.

As the barman turns and refills the glass, Hal reaches over, drapes an arm across Jimmy's shoulder.

HAL (cont'd)

The lightning still gets you?

The barman gives Jimmy his second drink, and this time Jimmy takes just a sip, then turns to look at Hal.

JIMMY

You were telling me about the SS?

Hal shakes his head, drops his hand back into his lap.

HAL

You know Kohler's in the SS now?

JIMMY

The SS? He was a school teacher!

HAL

I guess people change...He'll know you're here.

JIMMY

Then let him come find me.

HAL

The SS are trouble. You don't want to get involved with them.

Hal sips at his beer.

HAL (cont'd)

How'd it come to this, Jimmy? Franklin said you were in the last chance saloon...

Jimmy stares at Hal until he looks away.

JIMMY

You have a lead for me?

Hal smiles, shakes his head.

JIMMY (cont'd)

What?

HAL

Oh I've got a good one - but that's for tomorrow. Tonight is about old friends.

Hal holds up his glass. Jimmy hesitates for a moment then raises his glass. The glasses clink.

JIMMY

To old friends...

INT. HAL'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Hal's apartment shows signs of a comfortable life - walls lined with books, warm rugs, big chairs. Hal is reading a book when he hears a knock at the door.

Hal limps to the door, opens it. An SS officer, COLONEL KOHLER, 32, stands outside, immaculate in black coat and cap. He has the cold eyes of a great white shark, wide shoulders and an imperious bearing. He was born to lead.

Hal looks surprised.

HAL
Colonel Kohler?

Kohler says nothing, pushes past Hal into the apartment...

INT. HAMBURG CHURCH. DAY.

A vast renaissance church with high vaulted ceilings, massive pillars of pale grey stone, stained glass windows. The air of peace and tranquility is disturbed only by the soft footsteps of the worshippers and the quiet murmuring of pigeons high above.

Hal limps up behind Jimmy who sits in the front pew. Jimmy speaks without looking around.

JIMMY
Why the mystery meeting?

HAL
This isn't America.

He drops down onto the bench behind Jimmy.

HAL (cont'd)
The Nazis are rounding up the
Jews, shipping them out -

JIMMY
To work camps, right?

HAL
Yeah, crammed in cattle trucks,
no food or water.

JIMMY
So.

HAL

So one of the trains has gone missing.

JIMMY

What do you mean, missing?

Hal leans in, drops his voice.

HAL

The Jews keep track of them - when they leave, where they go, when they arrive - so people can keep in touch with their families. This one's disappeared.

JIMMY

It's probably just delayed.

HAL

Delayed? In Nazi Germany?

JIMMY

There could be any one of a hundred reasons why it's missing.

Jimmy looks at Hal, slowly stands.

JIMMY (cont'd)

That's it? That's your great lead? A late train?

Hal stands, grabs Jimmy's shoulder, but Jimmy pulls away, heads towards the exit.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Franklin didn't send me here to write a story about a delayed train!

Hal hustles up beside him, gets in his face again.

HAL

No - he sent you here to do what you do best - find a great story! This is a lead Jimmy, that's all. A great reporter -

JIMMY

Yeah, I know - takes a lead and runs with it.

Hal grabs Jimmy's sleeve.

HAL

Come on Jimmy - these guys are pretty secretive. I called in a lot of favors to set this up.

Jimmy finally stops. Hal hands him a note.

HAL (cont'd)

The market district, seven tonight.

Jimmy shoves the note into his jacket pocket, strides off down the central aisle, his hurried footsteps harsh in the silence. As Jimmy exits the church a brown shirt peels out from the shadows and sets off briskly after him.

EXT. HAMBURG MARKET. NIGHT.

Hal and Jimmy walk through the deserted market. The trash from the day's trading litters the street - bits of broken packing cases, discarded fruit and vegetables.

HAL

There's more to this than just the missing train.

JIMMY

How's that?

HAL

There's also a great story in the Jewish information network - how they keep track of their people even with the SS on their backs.

They stop outside a large warehouse.

HAL (cont'd)

Tread lightly - these guys are pretty wary...

INT. MEAT PACKING WAREHOUSE. NIGHT.

A thin man in a blood-stained apron leads Hal and Jimmy into a large meat locker. Their breath appears in thick clouds as they weave between bloody carcasses hanging on hooks.

At back of the room two men work at a large table. SCHMIDT, 34, is a bear of a man. Even in the chill of the meat locker he is stripped to the waist, a blood-soaked apron all that covers his muscular torso.

He hacks at a carcass, chopping it into sections with powerful blows of a shining meat cleaver.

He looks up as Jimmy and Hal are brought in, nods for the man who brought them in to leave.

SCHMIDT

Herr Smithson...

Hal nods in greeting. At the other end of the table is an elderly man, FRIEDEL, 72. He is thin, with thick white hair and bushy eyebrows. His apron is clean, almost unmarked.

Friedel has a knife with a long, thin blade, and is skillfully paring meat from the bones of a carcass.

He nods at Hal, puts down his knife and steps towards Jimmy, wiping his hands on his apron.

HERR FRIEDEL

Herr Madison?

They shake hands.

HERR FRIEDEL (cont'd)

How do you know Herr Smithson?

JIMMY

He was my editor at the New York News - hired me ten years ago.

There is a thud as Schmidt hacks away at the carcass.

HERR FRIEDEL

He told you about the train?

JIMMY

You sure it's not just delayed?

Friedel shakes his head.

HERR FRIEDEL

This is serious - our people are
allowed no food, no water, no
winter clothes.

JIMMY

How long has it been gone?

Schmidt slides the chunks of the carcass down to the far
end of the table, strides around and begins to wrestle
another carcass off a hook.

HERR FRIEDEL

It's normally a one day journey
to the East - it has been three
days.

JIMMY

How would I find this train?

Friedel hesitates. Schmidt staggers past, a heavy carcass
in his powerful arms.

SCHMIDT

(To Friedel)

He must talk to the doctor.

He drops the carcass down on the table with a dull thud,
picks up the cleaver. Friedel looks at him.

HERR FRIEDEL

The doctor? I don't think -

Schmidt slams the cleaver into the carcass.

SCHMIDT

That's our friends, our family,
on that train!

Friedel shakes his head. Jimmy looks at them both.

JIMMY

Come on! I can't help you if you
won't tell me anything -

HERR FRIEDEL

The SS have been trying to find
the doctor for two years. We
can't -

JIMMY

Fine, if you change your mind,
let me know.

He turns and starts to walk away. Schmidt buries the
cleaver into the carcass, points at Friedel.

SCHMIDT

You want to find your daughter?
Then trust the American!

Jimmy stops. Friedel looks at Jimmy, nods.

HERR FRIEDEL

Dr. Wessell keeps a record of all
the deportations...

Jimmy holds out his notebook and a pen. Friedel takes it,
writes a name and address.

HERR FRIEDEL (cont'd)

No one must know about this...

EXT. HAMBURG MARKET. NIGHT.

Jimmy and Hal walk back through the market. A noise
startles them. A man rummages in the garbage for scraps of
food.

JIMMY

I'm going to see this doctor
tonight.

HAL

But Elsa is fixing dinner for us.

They step onto a busier street. Jimmy hails a taxi.

HAL (cont'd)

C'mon Jimmy, she's been working
on this all afternoon.

JIMMY

Give her my apologies.

A cab pulls over.

HAL

Jimmy? This can wait till
tomorrow!

Jimmy pulls open the taxi door. Hal grabs his arm.

HAL (cont'd)

You've got the scent, haven't
you?

JIMMY

Easy Hal. It's a lead, nothing
more.

Jimmy climbs into the taxi. Hal grins at him.

HAL

I've seen that look before.

INT. DR. WESSELL'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

The apartment of a wealthy academic - thick carpet,
expensive furniture, endless bookshelves, a fire blazing in
the hearth.

However, the bookshelves are half empty, crates stacked in
one corner - Dr. Wessell is packing to leave.

DR. WESSELL, 68, has a small silver goatee, wears a dark
burgundy smoking jacket. He moves slowly, as though in
pain, but there is a sharpness to his eyes. Inside his
frail body dwells a sharp mind, a questing spirit.

Wessell and Jimmy stand near the door.

DR. WESSELL

You should not have come here.

JIMMY

Who do you fear for?

DR. WESSELL

Me! You! Everybody!

JIMMY

And the three hundred on the
train in this bitter weather?

For a moment Wessell's eyes blaze.

DR. WESSELL

Those are my people!

JIMMY

I know.

Dr. Wessell studies Jimmy's face for a moment.

DR. WESSELL

There is a deep sadness in your
eyes, Herr Madison.

He gestures towards the fire.

DR. WESSELL (cont'd)

Come, sit down.

EXT. SS BUILDING. NIGHT.

A large building, heavily guarded, SS and Nazi flags
hanging limp in the rain.

INT. SS BUILDING. NIGHT.

COLONEL KOHLER, 32, is seated at a vast desk at one end of
an otherwise empty room. He finishes writing then looks up
at a nervous young SS soldier who stands at attention
before him, sweat on his forehead, his top lip.

KOHLER

Please explain to me how you let
an unarmed prisoner escape?

Through an open door an aide is standing, the phone to his
ear, writing.

He puts down the phone, steps in and across the wide expanse of carpet, slips a note onto Kohler's desk.

The word "Madison" is written at the top of the note.

INT. DR. WESSELL'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Jimmy and Dr. Wessell sit in two deep armchairs either side of the fire. A cup of coffee is in Jimmy's hand.

JIMMY

I've seen the Nazis strutting around here - they're just bullies in uniforms. People will come to their senses and vote them out soon enough, won't they?

DR. WESSELL

They have moved beyond the power of the ballot Herr Madison - they won't be voted out, of that you can be sure. They are pure evil...

Dr Wessell leans forward and tends the fire. The flames rise up and illuminate his face.

DR. WESSELL (cont'd)

There are terrible rumors of the treatment of those they take away - not just the Jews, but the gypsies, the mentally ill...

Dr. Wessell stands up.

DR. WESSELL (cont'd)

The Nazis are clearing out the cities, the towns, turning us into slaves. I fear for the very future of my people.

JIMMY

If America knew of the treatment of your people, had incontrovertible evidence... If I could find that train...

DR. WESSELL

The information I receive, it is all that binds out people together. Should the Nazis break this network...

JIMMY

I understand.

INT. SS BUILDING. NIGHT.

Kohler looks at the note, stands up and shouts.

KOHLER

Get my car!

As Kohler strides towards the door his aide rushes in holding his coat and cap. He nods towards the young SS soldier, still standing at attention before Kohler's desk.

AIDE

What about him?

Kohler slips on his coat, adjusts his cap.

KOHLER

He can wait.

INT. DR. WESSELL'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Dr. Wessell carefully wraps an old menorah in tissue paper, his hands caressing it as he folds the soft paper around it.

He gently lays the menorah down on a table, reaches a leather bound book down from the shelves.

DR. WESSELL

I get information from all over the country - when and where the trains run, how many people.

JIMMY

They usually run on time?

DR. WESSELL

It's the one talent the Nazis
have.

JIMMY

What do you think has happened to
the train?

DR. WESSELL

I have absolutely no idea - but I
fear the worst.

He sits back down, opens the book. It is filled with his
spidery handwriting, in neat rows and columns.

DR. WESSELL (cont'd)

Let's see. The train left
Hamburg on the 27th - three
boxcars, two hundred and eighty
six people...

EXT. SS BUILDING. NIGHT.

Kohler strides out. Two soldiers snap to attention then
hurry to hold a car door open for him. Kohler splashes
through the puddles and climbs into the car without even
glancing at them.

INT. DR. WESSELL'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Jimmy stands looking at the bookshelves.

JIMMY

How do I find this train?

Dr. Wessell looks at his book.

DR. WESSELL

The train reached a junction in
the Hartz mountains two days ago.
That was the last we heard of it.

Jimmy pulls out his note pad.

JIMMY

Is there a nearby village?

EXT. HAMBURG STREET. NIGHT.

Kohler's Mercedes saloon approaches at speed on the wet street, the Nazi flag fluttering on the bonnet. Kohler is in the back, expressionless, staring out of the window.

INT. DR. WESSELL'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Jimmy and Dr. Wessell are by the door, shaking hands.

DR. WESSELL

I will call you in the morning at
your hotel, let you know if I
have more information for you.

EXT. DR. WESSELL'S APARTMENT BUILDING. NIGHT.

Jimmy exits the building as a taxi rolls towards him. He waves the taxi down, climbs in. The taxi pulls away, turns down a side street.

Almost immediately Kohler's car pulls up outside Dr. Wessell's building. The soldiers jump out the front, one opens the door and Kohler climbs out. The three of them stride into Dr. Wessell's building.

INT. JIMMY'S HOTEL LOBBY. DAY.

Jimmy is talking to the hotelier, a skinny, tired man with a thin, drooping moustache.

JIMMY

You're sure? I have received no
phone calls this morning?

The hotelier shakes his head.

HOTELIER

We have had no calls all day.

EXT. DR. WESSELL'S APARTMENT BUILDING. DAY.

Jimmy strides into Dr. Wessell's building, his camera bag over his shoulder...

INT. DR. WESSELL'S APARTMENT BUILDING. DAY.

Jimmy climbs the last few steps to the landing outside the doctor's apartment, stops - the door of the apartment is open, hanging half off its hinges.

There is an air of menace - the broken door, shadows, the only sound Jimmy's footsteps on the creaking boards.

Jimmy stops, frozen for a moment, then moves forward more cautiously. He peers through the doorway, is about to step inside when a noise catches his attention.

Jimmy looks around and sees another door open slightly - an OLD WOMAN, 80, in a head scarf is peering through the crack.

JIMMY

What happened here?

For a moment there is no reply, just the eyes glinting at Jimmy through the gloom. Finally she speaks, her voice a hushed whisper.

OLD WOMAN

The black shirts took him last night.

Jimmy steps close to hear her better.

JIMMY

Why would they take the doctor?

OLD WOMAN

It's better not to ask, better not to know...

JIMMY

I need to talk to him.

The old woman gives a bitter laugh.

OLD WOMAN

You won't see him again...

She sees the concern in Jimmy's face.

OLD WOMAN (cont'd)
You're American, right?

Jimmy nods.

OLD WOMAN (cont'd)
Go home, American - back to
America. You get involved with
these people, they'll kill you.

She shuts the door. Jimmy looks at the closed door for a moment, then moves across the hall to the doctor's apartment.

INT. DR. WESSELL'S APARTMENT. DAY.

The apartment has been trashed - books strewn across the floor, a chair knocked over, the fabric of the couch ripped open. The coffee cups from the night before are on the rug, leaving a dark stain.

Jimmy bends down and picks up the broken pieces of Dr. Wessell's menorah. He sets it on the table then looks down at his hand, sees blood on it, blood on the menorah.

A noise from the kitchen startles Jimmy. He moves silently forward, through the doorway glimpses a wisp of cigarette smoke. Propped against the stove is a rifle - a soldier stands with his back to Jimmy fixing a cup of coffee.

Jimmy turns and slips silently from the apartment.

INT. JIMMY'S HOTEL LOBBY. DAY.

Jimmy hurries into the lobby of his hotel, nods to the hotelier. The old man turns away, says nothing. Jimmy looks at him, puzzled.

JIMMY
My key?

With shaking hands the old man lifts his key off the hook, hands it to him. He keeps his eyes averted.

Jimmy shrugs and starts towards the stairs. As he climbs he looks up, freezes. Through the bannisters he sees two sets of jackbooted feet on the upper landing.

Jimmy slowly backs down. The old man is nowhere to be seen. Jimmy throws the key on the counter, strides out.

EXT. HAMBURG STREET. DAY.

Jimmy is in a phone box. Trolley cars rattle past, car horns blow, an army truck roars past.

JIMMY

Hal? I've got a problem - the SS are waiting for me at my hotel.

HAL (PHONE)

What? Why are they there?

JIMMY

No idea - but they also arrested the doctor. I must be onto something to get them this wound up.

Jimmy glances outside. A JEWISH MAN, 65, identified by his yellow star, is bent over, tying his shoe lace.

HAL (PHONE)

Be careful - this is a country in which a little information can get you killed.

A BROWN SHIRT, 22, tall, with wide shoulders, walks past the phone box looking at Jimmy. He stumbles over the Jewish Man.

JIMMY

I think we can trust the doctor.

HAL (PHONE)

You can't trust anyone. (Beat)
What are you going to do?

The Jewish Man stands up, apologises, but the brown shirt looks affronted, shoves at the Jewish Man, berates him.

JIMMY

I need to find a village in the
Hartz Mountains, Brockenburg.

Suddenly the brown shirt punches the Jewish Man in the
mouth.

HAL

Did he tell you anything about
the information network?

JIMMY

Not much. I'm going to have to
dig.

HAL (PHONE)

Jimmy, if the SS are involved, it
can only be trouble. Don't get
involved.

The Jewish Man falls to the ground, the brown shirt looms
over him, spits on him.

JIMMY

Yesterday it was 'Run with it
Jimmy', now you want me to back
off? Forget it Hal. Anyway, I'm
already involved...

Jimmy hangs up the phone and steps outside, lays a hand on
the shoulder of the brown shirt.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Easy, it was an accident.

The brown shirt rounds on him.

BROWN SHIRT

Who the fuck are you?

JIMMY

I'm just -

The brown shirt gets right in Jimmy's face, almost
touching. Spittle sprays as he shouts at Jimmy.

BROWN SHIRT

You're just a fucking nobody, so
mind your own business!

He brushes Jimmy's hand from his shoulder and turns his
attention back to the man at his feet.

BROWN SHIRT (cont'd)

On your feet, you shit.

He kicks him in the ribs, and the Jewish Man groans. Jimmy
grabs the brown shirt, pulls him away.

JIMMY

He's just an old man.

The brown shirt turns, amazed at someone challenging him.

BROWN SHIRT

Fuck! Where's your passport?

JIMMY

My passport?

BROWN SHIRT

You're English, right? Where's
your fucking passport.

As Jimmy reaches inside his jacket for his passport the
Jewish Man tries to rise to his feet. His attention
divided, the brown shirt reacts by suddenly shoving Jimmy.

Angry now, he turns and kicks the Jewish Man once more.
Jimmy grabs him, spins him around.

JIMMY

That's enough!

The brown shirt sizes him up. He's several inches taller
than Jimmy.

BROWN SHIRT

Tough guy huh?

Suddenly he comes at Jimmy, swings hard at his head. Jimmy
dodges effortlessly, steps back.

JIMMY

Whoa, take it easy!

He holds his hands up, palms out, but the brown shirt is beyond discussing anything. He swings at Jimmy again, and this time as Jimmy bobs out of the way he instinctively throws out his right hand.

Jimmy's fist lands a crushing blow flush to the face of the brown shirt. He wobbles for a second, amazement on his broad face, then suddenly his legs go.

He topples, blood flowing from his shattered nose even before he hits the ground, lands hard. His head rocks back and strikes a sickening blow on the hard pavement. His body flops, then is still.

Jimmy stands over him - blood flows from the brown shirt's nose, runs down his face to join the rapidly growing pool beneath his head.

A sharp blast on a whistle makes Jimmy look up. In the distance three more brown shirts are running towards the altercation.

The Jewish Man struggles to his feet. Jimmy helps him up.

JEWISH MAN

Thank you, thank you.

JIMMY

Just walk away - it's me they'll follow...

Jimmy glances at the approaching brown shirts then takes off running through the crowd, his camera bag banging on his hip.

The three Nazis arrive at the scene, bend over their fallen comrade. In the background the Jewish Man shuffles away unnoticed.

Two of the brown shirts run after Jimmy, while the third looks around at the gathered crowd.

BROWN SHIRT 2

What happened? Who did this?

The bystanders all look at each other.

WOMAN

He had an accent. I think it was
an Englishman.

MAN

No, not English. American. The
man who did this was an
American...

EXT. HAMBURG RAILWAY STATION. DAY.

The station is huge, a jostling crowd of people, taxis,
trolley cars. Jimmy pushes through the crowd, in through
the vast arched entrance.

INT. HAMBURG RAILWAY STATION. DAY.

Jimmy stands in a line for tickets. To one side a soldier
checks papers, to the other a brown shirt walks through the
crowd, looking around.

Jimmy smooths his hair, straightens his tie. The person in
front finishes their transaction and Jimmy steps forward.

TICKET CLERK

Good Morning.

JIMMY

Hi. Brockenburg, please.

TICKET CLERK

In the Hartz mountains? A lovely
spot. Seven Deutschmarks please.

He writes the ticket and Jimmy hands him the money.

TICKET CLERK (cont'd)

The train leaves at 11:30 from
platform seven. Enjoy your stay.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE. DAY.

Jimmy gazes out of the window at wild hills, tall trees,
craggy cliffs.

There is deep snow between the trees, the hilltops are white. Jimmy closes his eyes, lulled by the rocking of the train.

Cut to -

A conductor in uniform tries to wake Jimmy.

CONDUCTOR

Sir, sir...

Jimmy jerks awake. Out of the window the trees rush by, the hills taller, wilder, the snow deeper.

CONDUCTOR (cont'd)

Sorry to disturb you sir - I need to see your ticket, your papers.

JIMMY

Oh, sure...

Jimmy reaches in his jacket pocket, finds his papers, hands them to the conductor. The conductor looks at his passport, checks and clips the ticket, then hands them back to him.

CONDUCTOR

Thank you sir. You might want to stay awake - only another twenty minutes to Brockenburg.

EXT. BROCKENBURG RAILWAY STATION. DAY.

The village nestles in the slopes of the mountains, the forest climbing up above it. Old wooden houses with smoke rising from the chimneys mix with modern stone buildings.

Jimmy walks up a cobbled street away from the station, the ground a mix of frozen puddles and trampled snow.

EXT. BROCKENBURG VILLAGE. DAY.

Jimmy looks at the inn, a large wooden building with thick smoke billowing out of a tall chimney, lights on against the coming night. Against the background of the dark hills and the snowy ground it looks warm and welcoming.

INT. VILLAGE INN. NIGHT.

The inn has a stone floor, rustic tables and chairs. On the walls are the tattered remains of numerous hunting trips - scrofulous beasts in various states of taxidermic decay.

There are a dozen or so locals scattered around the dark room, smoking, drinking, talking quietly. Jimmy sits at a table eating. He finishes his last bite, wipes his mouth on a cloth napkin, settles back in his chair.

A pretty waitress, INGE, 19, her dark hair in a thick braid, comes over to the table. Her smile lights up the room.

INGE

Can I get you anything else sir?
Coffee, dessert?

Inge smiles at Jimmy, flirting. Jimmy smiles back.

JIMMY

I'll have a coffee.

Inge turns to leave, but Jimmy catches her arm.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Fraulein, I'm told there's a
railway junction near here.

INGE

Yes sir - it's about five
kilometers down the mountain -

Before Inge can say any more, a voice is heard from the far side of the room.

KOHLER

Railway junctions? What a
strange question...

Colonel Kohler has been sitting quietly in the shadows. He stands up, struts over to Jimmy's table. Inge turns and scuttles away, but Kohler calls after her.

KOHLER (cont'd)
Make that two coffees Fraulein...

Kohler offers Jimmy his hand.

KOHLER (cont'd)
Herr Madison.

Jimmy looks at Kohler for a moment before finally reaching out and shaking his hand.

JIMMY
I wondered when I'd see you.

Kohler sits at his table.

KOHLER
I just missed you at Dr.
Wessell's last night.

Inge brings the coffees. Jimmy picks up his cup, but Kohler stops him before he can take a sip. Jimmy's knuckles are bruised and swollen.

KOHLER (cont'd)
You appear to have had an
accident?

Kohler releases Jimmy's hand.

KOHLER (cont'd)
A brown shirt was beaten half to
death by an American in Hamburg
this morning.

JIMMY
Such nice people - I can't
imagine there'd be any shortage
of potential culprits.

KOHLER
There were witnesses - we'll
apprehend the culprit soon
enough. What did Dr. Wessell
tell you?

JIMMY

Nothing much - just a crazy old man who spends too much time alone.

KOHLER

I'm sure you're right. And he told you nothing of the Jewish information network?

JIMMY

What's that?

KOHLER

Of course, you know nothing.
(Beat) And yet it's funny that you and I should both wind up here, eh?

JIMMY

A strange coincidence, to use a phrase by which such things are settled nowadays.

KOHLER

Byron! I'd forgotten the pleasure of our conversations.
(Pause) But Jung would suggest that there is no such thing as coincidence.

Kohler reaches into the inside pocket of his jacket, pulls out a silver cigarette case. As he does so a photograph falls out, unseen to Kohler, lands on the table by his elbow.

As Kohler lights his cigarette from the candle on the table Jimmy reaches across and picks up the photograph - Kohler stands with a woman and a young child.

Jimmy looks at the photograph then turns it for Kohler to see. For a second Kohler looks taken aback, then he smiles, his face softens, and the predator's look leaves his eyes.

JIMMY

What does Monika think of your
new job?

Kohler is still looking at the photograph.

JIMMY (cont'd)

How do you go from being a
teacher at a village school to
this?

KOHLER

I am serving the Fuhrer.

He takes the photo from Jimmy, slides it back in his
pocket.

KOHLER (cont'd)

How could you let it happen,
Madison?

Jimmy's face hardens.

JIMMY

You blame me?

KOHLER

You were there.

JIMMY

I lost my wife! My five year old
daughter! You don't think I
blame myself?

Kohler shakes his head, genuine sadness in his face.

KOHLER

Death lies upon her like an
untimely frost, upon the sweetest
flower of all the field...

There is silence for a moment, while Kohler watches Jimmy's
face. Finally, Kohler reaches over and picks up Jimmy's
hat from the table, looks at the label.

KOHLER (cont'd)

You Americans have such style...

Kohler indicates the camera bag on the seat beside Jimmy.

KOHLER (cont'd)
You are travelling light?

JIMMY
I don't like to be encumbered.

Two soldiers burst in through the door of the inn, look around, see Kohler, salute. Kohler nods at them, stands up. The veil of ice returns to his eyes.

KOHLER
Always a pleasure Herr Madison.
We will meet again, I have no
doubt. Heil Hitler!

He gives a sharp salute, then looks down at Jimmy.

KOHLER (cont'd)
You may not leave the village
without my permission.

Kohler puts his hat and gloves on.

KOHLER (cont'd)
And I must ask you for your
passport.

Jimmy looks up, startled, but he has no choice. He reaches in his pocket, hands his passport to Kohler. Kohler slips it into his jacket, turns on his heel, leaves the inn.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET. DAY.

The sun is bright, fresh snow on the ground. The streets are quiet, no traffic, just a few farmers. One hurries a flock of sheep along, another unloads hay from a cart while his horse stands blowing steam into the cold air.

Jimmy walks with his coat collar turned up against the cold, his hands shoved deep in his pockets.

He stops as something catches his attention - a sharp call from a narrow side street. Jimmy turns, peers up the street and sees Inge, the waitress from the hotel.

INGE
Herr Madison!

EXT. ALLEY. DAY.

Jimmy steps into the gloomy alley.

JIMMY
Inge? What are you doing here?

Inge peers past Jimmy, out into the street, before replying.

INGE
You can't go back to the inn.

JIMMY
What do you mean?

INGE
The colonel and his soldiers mean to arrest you when you return.

JIMMY
That sounds familiar...

INGE
You should go to the train station - if you hurry you can still catch the 9:00 to Hamburg.

JIMMY
Kohler has my passport.

INGE
Surely there are other ways...

Jimmy peers out at the main road. Suddenly he ducks back into the side street, pulls Inge into a doorway, kisses her. For a moment she looks surprised, then responds.

Two SS men pass the end of the alleyway, talking loudly. One of the SS men looks at the two of them kissing, nudges the other. They grin and keep walking.

Once they have passed, Jimmy releases Inge, steps back. He looks embarrassed.

JIMMY

I'm so sorry - the SS -

INGE

That's OK. I didn't mind.

Jimmy still looks embarrassed.

JIMMY

Why are you helping me?

INGE

They beat my brother half
senseless - for not saluting them
properly.

The two SS men suddenly re-appear at the end of the alley.

JIMMY

Thanks!

Jimmy takes off running, the two SS men hard on his heels.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET. DAY.

Jimmy rounds the corner running hard. He skids on the icy ground and loses his footing, slides. He looks round and sees the SS men still on their feet, closing in on him.

Jimmy scrambles to his feet, continues running. He turns a corner into a street market - farmers selling vegetables from wooden stalls. Jimmy dodges through the crowd, not looking back. He ducks behind a stall, turns into an alley.

EXT. ALLEYWAY. DAY.

Jimmy runs down the narrow alleyway. At the end a decrepit, two story barn blocks his exit - dead end.

He pauses for a moment, then runs to the barn, squeezes through a crack between the tall double doors.

Jimmy has barely disappeared inside the building when the two SS men appear at the top of the alley.

They stop, look down the alley, exchange a few words, turn and scan the market.

It seems Jimmy is in the clear, but the two turn down the alley, stride purposefully towards the barn.

INT. BARN. DAY.

The barn is an ancient wooden structure, huge gaps between the boards. Centuries of patching have given it a ramshackle appearance.

Jimmy inches his way towards the back of the barn, flits in and out of the light as it arrows in through the cracks.

At the back of the building is an old wagon, listing to one side on a broken wheel. As the SS men push open the huge doors Jimmy drops behind the wagon, into a patch of shadow.

Light floods into the barn. The SS men draw their guns, step inside. They check behind some barrels, under a pile of old sacks. One of them spots a rickety flight of stairs leading into the darkness above.

SS SOLDIER 1

Cover me.

He starts up the stairs while his partner scans the darkness, gun pointed upwards. The soldier disappears. His footsteps can be heard creaking on the boards above.

Suddenly the floor gives way and the soldier crashes through, bringing half a ton of mouldy straw down onto his partner's head. Jimmy seizes his opportunity, squeezes through a large crack in the wall, out into the street behind.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET. DAY.

Jimmy emerges from the wall of the barn into a narrow street. It is quiet. He dusts down his coat, adjusts his hat, hurries down the street and out into the main road.

Jimmy slows his pace and blends into the crowds. He looks around the whole time, on edge. In the distance two SS soldiers turn onto the street, scanning the crowds.

Jimmy turns the corner, sees the station at the bottom of the hill. A train stands at the platform, smoke blowing from the funnel into the bitter winter air.

The large ornate clock outside the station clicks over to 9:00, and the train whistle blows. With a loud heave, the locomotive starts to move.

Jimmy breaks into a run, splashes through the puddles in his haste, slips in through the door of the station.

INT. BROCKENBURG RAILWAY STATION. DAY.

The train is picking up speed. Jimmy's eyes are focussed on it as he rushes through the lobby and onto the platform - straight into Colonel Kohler and two more SS soldiers.

Jimmy skids to a halt as they turn their rifles on him.

KOHLER

Madison? You turn up in the most extraordinary places!

JIMMY

I was thinking the same about you.

Jimmy's camera bag hangs from Kohler's shoulder.

KOHLER

You left this in your room.

He removes the camera.

KOHLER (cont'd)

How fitting - a picture of your arrest.

There is a sudden flash as Kohler takes a picture of Jimmy.

KOHLER (cont'd)

One for your scrap book.

He turns to the soldiers, hands them the bag.

JIMMY

You're arresting me? For what?

Kohler ignores him, turns to his soldiers.

KOHLER

Put him in my car, the camera
too. But watch him - he has a
habit of disappearing.

One of the soldiers grabs Jimmy by the arm, leads him out
the station. The other follows, rifle at the ready.

INT. KOHLER'S CAR. DAY.

Jimmy sits in the car, slumped in the deep leather seat.
Kohler climbs in beside him, taps on the glass.

KOHLER

(To driver) We are finished
here. We are returning to
Hamburg.

He settles back in his seat and the car moves forward.

JIMMY

What will you do with me?

KOHLER

That is not up to me to decide.

JIMMY

What do you mean?

KOHLER

The brown shirt in Hamburg is
dead. You will be questioned,
tried, probably executed.

Kohler pulls out his cigarette case.

KOHLER (cont'd)

Of course, if you were to tell me
what you found out about the
Jewish information network...

Jimmy looks at him sharply.

KOHLER (cont'd)

You didn't think my interest was just in you? But if you cooperate, then maybe I could find a way to let you go - allow you to escape - make it look convincing...

JIMMY

You would do that?

Kohler removes a cigarette, taps it on the case.

KOHLER

We could arrange something, no one else need know.

JIMMY

You would lie to your superiors?

Kohler lights his cigarette, a wisp of smoke curls up around his face.

KOHLER

Sometimes we must do things for appearances. As Byron said, what is a lie? Tis but the truth in masquerade.

JIMMY

You think quoting Byron makes me trust you?

KOHLER

I think that maybe you should trust people a little more.

They both look out the window at the snowy landscape.

KOHLER (cont'd)

We should be on the same side, you and I...

JIMMY

I don't think so.

KOHLER

You object to a society founded
on reason? An efficient,
rational order for everything?

JIMMY

You talk to me about reason? You
were a teacher, yet you pursue
this vision using fear and
brutality!

KOHLER

We use the methods best suited
for the job.

Kohler leans in closer to Jimmy.

KOHLER (cont'd)

I have met the Fuhrer.

Kohler glows with pride.

KOHLER (cont'd)

You cannot imagine his greatness -
he says that there is no room for
weakness if we are to fulfill our
vision, build the perfect
society.

JIMMY

You're wrong. You can't build
anything pure on a foundation of
violence.

KOHLER

Sometimes a little violence is
unavoidable - but then you
already know that.

EXT. JEWISH SCHOOL. DAY.

Kohler's car comes around a wide bend and is brought to a
halt by a small army vehicle in the middle of the road.

On the edge of a small village, surrounded by thick forest, stands a large, two-story brick building. Two soldiers stand outside, one hammering on the door.

The car comes to a halt, Kohler climbs out. A fierce wind blows, lightning crackles down from a wild stormy sky above.

When they see his SS badges, the soldiers snap to attention.

KOHLER

What is happening here sergeant?

SERGEANT

Sir! Jewish school. We have to relocate the children, sir!

KOHLER

And there is a problem?

SERGEANT

They've locked themselves in, sir!

KOHLER

There's just the two of you?
Where are the rest of your men?

SERGEANT

Truck had a flat tire, sir.
They'll be along shortly.

Kohler looks at the school, nods his head slowly.

KOHLER

Well we can't let a flat tire
delay the Fuhrer's work. Burn
the building.

He turns on his heel, but is stopped by the sergeant's voice.

SERGEANT

Sir?

Kohler turns back sharply.

KOHLER

Sergeant? Is there something in
my order you don't understand?

The sergeant looks at the other soldier, then back at
Kohler.

SERGEANT

No sir! Muller! Get the can of
gasoline out of the truck.

The soldier turns and runs to the truck.

KOHLER

And get this truck out of my way!

INT. KOHLER'S CAR. DAY.

Kohler climbs back into his car, settles in beside Jimmy.
He looks down at Jimmy's camera bag on the seat between
them.

KOHLER

You should take a photograph.

Jimmy looks at him in amazement.

JIMMY

Those are children in there. How
can you -

KOHLER

The best method for the job, Herr
Madison - they'll open the doors
soon enough.

JIMMY

You're that certain?

KOHLER

Of course!

But his face betrays his doubts.

EXT. JEWISH SCHOOL. DAY.

The soldier pours the gasoline on the door of the school, then throws the can through a ground floor window. The sergeant strikes a match, sets it to the gas at the door.

It flares up instantly. He strikes another match and throws it in through the broken window, and the flames leap up inside. Loud screams escape from inside the building.

Kohler climbs back out the car, shouts over the howling wind.

KOHLER

Sergeant! The truck!

The sergeant looks around and sees Kohler pointing at the truck, realizes what he wants. He runs over to the truck.

A noise is growing rapidly louder - the wind is building, bending the trees, and fast behind it a blizzard of snow.

Kohler looks up as a flash of lightning strikes a nearby tree. Almost in slow motion it falls towards him - he takes a step backwards but is too slow - the upper branches catch him a glancing blow, knock him to the ground, pin him there.

The sergeant has got the truck started, but is grinding the gears, trying to find the right one. Suddenly he finds the correct gear and the truck lurches forwards, but as he does so a bolt of lightning strikes the truck.

There is a blinding flash and the sergeant slumps across the wheel. The truck rolls forward, burning, out of control, crashes into the doors of the school, blocks them.

INT. KOHLER'S CAR. DAY.

Jimmy sits in the car, looks out the open door at the mayhem outside, the snow falling in blinding sheets. Kohler is pinned under the tree, motionless. The remaining soldier runs forward, tries to free Kohler from beneath the tree.

The burning truck is against the doors of the school, the lightning flashing again and again. The face of a child appears at the window, her scream cutting through the noise.

EXT. JEWISH SCHOOL. DAY.

Suddenly Jimmy scrambles out of the car. He stumbles, falls to his knees in the snow. He looks at Kohler, unconscious, then at the burning school. He climbs to his feet and runs towards the school, but the soldier grabs at him.

SOLDIER 1

Hey!

Jimmy turns, hits him a hammer blow, once, twice, down he goes. Jimmy runs to the truck and pulls open the door.

There is another flash of lightning, Jimmy glances over his shoulder, but continues. The body of the sergeant tumbles out, charred, dead. Jimmy climbs into the smoke-filled cab.

INT. BURNING TRUCK. DAY.

Jimmy grabs the hot steering wheel with one hand, wrestles with the gears with the other. He looks in the mirror, spots Kohler's chauffeur climb from the car, gun in hand.

Suddenly Jimmy finds reverse and the truck lurches backwards. As the chauffeur steps around the front of the car, Jimmy rams the truck backwards into Kohler's car, pins the chauffeur between the car and the truck.

Jimmy bangs his head as the truck strikes the car, tumbles out of the truck as the flames fill the cab.

EXT. JEWISH SCHOOL. DAY.

Jimmy falls from the cab, hits the ground hard, dazed. The flaming doors of the school burst open and the children stream out. They race off - some disappear into the woods, others run off down the road.

Jimmy gets to his hands and knees, reaches up a hand and wipes the blood from his face. He climbs to his feet, stumbles across to Kohler's car, reaches in and grabs his hat, his coat, his camera bag.

Jimmy stands up and turns to run, but as he does so Kohler, still pinned beneath the tree, reaches out and grabs his ankle. Jimmy stumbles, looks down - their eyes meet.

KOHLER

Did the children escape?

Jimmy looks up, sees a large army truck grinding around the bend - the soldiers. Jimmy pulls hard and breaks Kohler's grasp, runs off across the road and into the woods.

The soldiers pile out from the back of the truck, look around in surprise at the strange scene. As Jimmy disappears, Kohler howls in rage.

KOHLER (cont'd)

Madison!

EXT. FOREST. NIGHT.

Jimmy stumbles through the woods, hungry, tired, dishevelled, lost. The forest is thick, the paths hidden beneath the snow, no light coming through the branches.

Jimmy begins to move more cautiously, peers through the trees. He stops. He has come to the edge of the woods.

Through the trees is an open field, the snow a thick blanket in the moonlight. On the far side is the railway line.

From above the trees a low flying plane appears, swoops over the open field, the railway line, banks and turns away into the darkness. Jimmy shrinks back into the shadows.

INT. BARRACKS. NIGHT.

Men scurry like the ants in an overturned nest. In the midst stands Kohler, unruffled, talking on the phone.

EXT. FOREST. NIGHT.

Jimmy looks out again across the clearing, but there is no movement, no sign of anyone else around. Jimmy steps out of the cover of the trees, into the open.

EXT. RAILWAY TRACK. NIGHT.

Jimmy scurries across the field towards the tracks, his feet crunching in the fresh snow. As he gets close, three boxcars emerge from the shadows, pulled into a siding.

Jimmy creeps up to the boxcars. The moon is bright overhead, casting long shadows. As Jimmy reaches the boxcars he hears a vehicle, blends into the shadows.

A hundred yards up the line is a small station, a light in the window. From the darkness of the forest an army truck grinds slowly past the station, over the tracks, on into the distance.

Once it passes there is utter silence. Jimmy taps gently on the side of the first box car.

JIMMY

Hello? Can you hear me?

Silence. Jimmy taps again, a little harder.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Is anyone in there?

Still silence. Jimmy shivers, looks around, then slowly reaches up to the metal handle of the boxcar door, gives it a sharp tug.

With a grinding screech that echoes through the night, the door slides open.

As the door opens bodies spill out, frozen solid, locked in a grim embrace to keep warm. They tumble onto the snowy ground, the yellow star on their clothes glowing in the moonlight.

Jimmy staggers back horrified as the bodies land at his feet. He looks around, but he is alone with his discovery.

He steps towards the station, to the second boxcar, opens the door more slowly this time. The same scene meets his eyes.

Gagging, Jimmy steps to the third boxcar, again opens the door. Several bodies tumble out. Jimmy looks around, suddenly knows what he must do.

Jimmy pulls out his camera, takes a photo, then another.

Suddenly a shout rings out. A soldier, PRIVATE HOFFMANN, 18, stands by the small station, shouting. He is tall and skinny, yet to have his first shave.

Jimmy turns back to the boxcar, takes a third photograph, looks back at the soldier - he is now running towards Jimmy. Jimmy takes one last photograph, stows his camera in his bag.

Just as he turns to run away he hears a child's voice, faint, weak, coming from the box car.

REBEKKA

Help me...

Jimmy glances at the soldier, much closer now, then turns back to the box car. He peers into the dark interior.

JIMMY

Where are you?

There is no reply, just the crunch of the soldier's feet on the gravel. Jimmy turns to find a rifle in his face.

PRIVATE HOFFMANN

Put your hands up!

Jimmy turns slowly towards Hoffmann and raises his hands in the air. The rifle shakes as it points at Jimmy.

JIMMY

OK, easy...

Hoffman looks down and sees the bodies on the ground for the first time. His face registers his shock. He is just a teenager, he has never seen anything like this before.

PRIVATE HOFFMANN

Where did they come from?

Jimmy nods towards the boxcars.

JIMMY

In there...

Hoffmann peers into the gloom of the nearest box car.

REBEKKA

Help me...

Surprised, Hoffmann leans further into the box car. The point of the rifle moves away from Jimmy.

Jimmy grabs the rifle, tries to wrench it away from Hoffmann. For a moment they grapple, all four hands on the rifle.

Jimmy suddenly knees Hoffmann in the groin, rips the rifle from his grasp. As Hoffman's fingers slide off the rifle it discharges, a loud crack in the cold air.

Hoffmann lands on his knees, one hand holding his groin, face to face with a frozen corpse. He leans forward and vomits.

PRIVATE HOFFMANN

Oh god, oh god!

He looks up and sees Jimmy standing above him with the rifle.

PRIVATE HOFFMANN (cont'd)

Please - don't hurt me.

His face registers sheer panic. Jimmy looks down at the pathetic face at his feet, uncertain what to do.

PRIVATE HOFFMANN(cont'd)

Don't hurt me.

Suddenly Jimmy clubs Hoffmann on the side of the head with the rifle butt. He flops on the ground, rolls over. The only sound is Jimmy's ragged breathing. He leans on the boxcar to catch his breath, then peers inside.

JIMMY

Where are you?

He looks into the gloom - there is a small movement amidst the pile of bodies, a tiny, pale hand reaching out.

Jimmy throws down the rifle, pulls at the bodies, drags several out, down onto the ground. Finally he sees REBEKKA, 8, a frail girl with dark hair, cowering among the bodies.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Give me your hand.

Rebekka shrinks deeper into the shadows, petrified. A shout alerts Jimmy. Looking outside he sees two more soldiers, alerted by the shot, running along the track towards them.

JIMMY (cont'd)

More soldiers are coming!

Rebekka still holds back. The soldiers are much closer now. Jimmy turns to leave, but is arrested by Rebekka's voice.

REBEKKA

OK.

Rebekka leans forward and holds out her arms, Jimmy scoops her up and lifts her out. Without even checking where the guards are he steps down from the tracks and runs across the field towards the woods. As he runs, his hat falls off.

The guards arrive - they look at their fallen comrade, at the bodies strewn around the edge of the track, and finally at Jimmy, no more than a shadow as he disappears into the woods.

One of the soldiers raises his rifle, fires a shot.

EXT. FOREST. NIGHT.

Jimmy walks slowly through the gloomy woods, Rebekka asleep on his shoulder.

He stops - in a small snow-covered clearing stands a woodcutter's shed. Jimmy listens - silence. He kicks the door and it flies open. He stumbles inside.

EXT. FOREST ROAD. NIGHT.

A large troop truck grinds to a halt at a crossroads deep in the forest. Six soldiers jump down, unload equipment, quickly set up a barrier across the road.

INT. WOODCUTTER'S SHED. NIGHT.

It is cramped in the shed, a dirt floor, a stack of wood against one wall, a block and an axe in the corner. Rebekka sits on a pile of sacks, shivering inside Jimmy's coat.

There is a small lantern glowing in the corner of the shed. By its flickering light Jimmy struggles to get a fire lit. His hands shake from the bitter cold.

JIMMY

What's your name?

Rebekka looks up at Jimmy, her eyes wary, guarded. With her thin face and dark-rimmed eyes, Rebekka has the look of a hunted animal, ready to turn ferocious if threatened.

REBEKKA

Rebekka.

Jimmy reaches into his coat pocket, holds out some chocolate.

JIMMY

Here, have some chocolate.

She looks at Jimmy and the chocolate with deep suspicion.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Your parents tell you not to take sweets from strangers?

Rebekka nods.

JIMMY (cont'd)
I told my daughter the same
thing.

He slowly unwraps the chocolate, Rebekka's eyes fixed to
it.

JIMMY (cont'd)
You and me? We have to trust
each other.

Jimmy holds out the chocolate towards her, and this time
she grabs it and wolfs it down - it's days since she ate.

REBEKKA
Where are my family?

Jimmy looks away, strikes a match and tries to get the fire
alight, unsure what to say.

REBEKKA (CONT'D) (cont'd)
They're on the train, aren't
they?

The match splutters out. Jimmy looks at Rebekka.

JIMMY
I'm sorry.

Rebekka's haunted eyes never leave Jimmy's, but somehow she
doesn't cry.

JIMMY (cont'd)
I'll find someone to look after
you, OK?

Rebekka leans back against the wall, limp, exhausted.

Jimmy turns his attention back to the fire, finally manages
to get the kindling to catch. A bright orange glow floods
the shed as it flickers into life.

JIMMY (cont'd)
See? We'll be fine, just fine.

EXT. RAILWAY BOXCARS. DAY.

The boxcars are closed, the bodies cleared away. Two soldiers stand guard beside them. One of them is Hoffmann, the soldier Jimmy hit, his head bandaged.

Kohler looks out across the field, speaks to the soldiers.

KOHLER

You heard no voice, the man
didn't speak?

PRIVATE HOFFMANN

I didn't notice his voice, sir...

SOLDIER 2

But he was carrying something as
he ran away, sir.

KOHLER

Carrying something?

SOLDIER 2

Yes sir - a small body maybe?

Something catches Kohler's eye and he steps down from the tracks and strides across the field. The soldiers follow.

In the middle of the field he stoops down and picks up Jimmy's hat, which fell as he ran away. Kohler turns it over and looks inside at the New York maker's name.

KOHLER

Madison?

Kohler looks up - a large staff car rolls down the side of the tracks towards them, over the frozen, rutted field. The car door opens and even Kohler snaps to attention.

An SS general emerges, salutes are exchanged. GENERAL VON RIMMEL, 58, looks around. He has the fleshy face of a person used to getting what he wants, when he wants it.

GENERAL VON RIMMEL

Colonel, what is going on here?

KOHLER

We are pursuing a fugitive, sir.

GENERAL VON RIMMEL

What has this to do with my
boxcars?

Kohler looks smooth, urbane.

KOHLER

I'm just investigating that, sir.

One of the soldiers steps forward.

SOLDIER 2

He took some photographs, sir.

Kohler looks at him in surprise.

KOHLER

Tell me what you saw!

SOLDIER 2

Flashes, sir. Four or five.
Hoffmann saw them.

GENERAL VON RIMMEL

Flashes? Someone took
photographs?

PRIVATE HOFFMANN

Of the bodies, sir - the boxcars
were all open.

The general turns to Kohler, his face harsh, questioning.

GENERAL VON RIMMEL

Who is this fugitive, colonel?

For the first time Kohler looks uneasy.

KOHLER

An American journalist, sir.

The general looks set to explode. He waves the soldiers
away, moves in so close to Kohler that their faces are
almost touching. His voice is a fierce hiss.

GENERAL VON RIMMEL

An American journalist? Colonel,
do you have any idea what this
means, what those photographs
could do to us if they reach
America?

Kohler nods, his look of easy assurance gone. As the general speaks, his finger jabs at Kohler's chest for emphasis.

GENERAL VON RIMMEL (cont'd)

I want this man, dead or alive.
You have 24 hours!

He turns back to the soldiers, looks at the youngster.

GENERAL VON RIMMEL (cont'd)

Hoffmann, right?

Hoffmann turns red, glows with pride at the General remembering his name. He salutes, steps forward.

PRIVATE HOFFMANN

Yes sir!

The General looks at him.

GENERAL VON RIMMEL

You're the soldier who fought
this American - he took your
rifle?

Hoffmann's expression changes, he looks uneasy. His answer is slower this time.

PRIVATE HOFFMANN

Yes sir.

Without warning the General pulls his side arm and shoots Hoffmann between the eyes from point blank range. His body slumps to the frozen ground.

Kohler and the other soldier look at the General in amazement. He looks down contemptuously at Hoffmann's body as he holsters his gun, then turns his gaze back to Kohler.

GENERAL VON RIMMEL

There is no room for weakness if
we are to fulfill our vision, eh
Colonel?

The General turns around and his aide opens the car door.
As he climbs into the car he shouts to Kohler.

GENERAL VON RIMMEL (cont'd)

Get that camera!

The General climbs in, the door slams, the car circles
around and back towards the station, sends up a spray of
mud.

Kohler looks down at Hoffmann's body, shakes his head. He
slowly turns Jimmy's hat in his hand.

There is a yammering of dogs. A dog handler heads down the
tracks towards them, three bloodhounds straining at the
leash. Four soldiers follow him.

KOHLER

(To self)

Cry Havoc! And let loose the dogs
of war!

He holds Jimmy's hat out to the dogs.

KOHLER (cont'd)

Find him!

EXT. FOREST PATH. DAY.

Jimmy and Rebekka walk through the woods on a narrow track,
Rebekka stumbling from hunger and exhaustion.

They come to the edge of the woods, look out at a small
farm - a crumbling house, a barn, some pigsties, a
collection of tumble-down out-buildings.

Jimmy stops, unsure whether to venture out. He looks at
Rebekka, bundled in his overcoat, almost dead on her feet.

Jimmy looks back at the farm, then suddenly stiffens - he
has heard something - the hounds, yammering as they follow
the fresh scent.

JIMMY

Come on...

REBEKKA

What?

JIMMY

Dogs!

Rebekka looks over her shoulder. Already the dogs are louder, closer - she looks up at Jimmy in fear.

REBEKKA

What will we do?

EXT. PIG FARM. DAY.

Jimmy scurries across the open dirt courtyard, Rebekka close behind. They stop before a rickety two-story barn, and Jimmy peers inside. The sound of the dogs is louder.

Jimmy shakes his head, looks around at what else is in the yard. Suddenly he grabs Rebekka's arm, drags her across the yard and stops in front of the pig pen. There are three pigsties inside, seven or eight pigs wallowing in the mud.

JIMMY

Come on.

REBEKKA

What?

Jimmy opens the pen, pushes Rebekka inside. Their feet sink into the thick mud. Jimmy points to the pigsties.

JIMMY

Inside!

She looks at him in horror.

REBEKKA

I'm Kosher!

JIMMY

Fine - don't eat anything.

He shoves her, and reluctantly she crawls in, Jimmy right behind her.

EXT. PIG FARM. DAY.

Baying loudly the dogs lope out of the woods, dragging their handler behind them, the soldiers on their heels.

All of them race across the open courtyard, past the barn, until the dogs come to a halt in front of the pig pen, barking and slavering.

The SS soldiers push through, look at the dog handler. The pigs squeal in fear, huddled on the far side of the pen, push at each other to get away from the dogs.

SS SOLDIER 1

What's this?

The dog handler looks embarrassed.

DOG HANDLER

Pigs...

SS SOLDIER 1

I can see that - why are we here?

DOG HANDLER

Maybe they came this way?

SS SOLDIER 1

And maybe your dogs just like pork?

The dog handler nods. A voice makes them all turn around. The farmer has heard the commotion and come out.

FARMER

What's going on here?

SS SOLDIER 1

We're searching for two escaped prisoners.

FARMER

No one has come through here today.

He looks at the dog handler.

FARMER (cont'd)
Can't you move those dogs -
they're disturbing my pigs.

The SS soldier nods to the dog handler.

SS SOLDIER 1
Come on, let's go.

As they turn away he claps the dog handler on the back.

SS SOLDIER 1 (cont'd)
At least you know your dogs
aren't Jewish, eh?

Laughing, the group moves off across the farmyard towards
the road on the far side.

EXT. TOWN STREET. DAY.

Jimmy and Rebekka walk through the outskirts of a small
town, keeping to the back streets and alleyways.

Small stone houses with tiled roofs lean together, each
with a patch of land at the back, separated by ragged
fences of wood and wire.

Jimmy stops at the end of a garden - there are clothes
hanging on the line. He signals Rebekka to be quiet, then
starts to slip through the broken fence into the garden.

Rebekka reaches out and grabs his sleeve, stops him.

REBEKKA
Don't leave!

Jimmy turns back, smiles at her.

JIMMY
Don't worry - I won't leave you -
watch!

Jimmy creeps across the snowy ground to the washing line,
grabs a child's coat, beats a quick retreat. He squats
down beside Rebekka, who gives him a serious look.

REBEKKA

Mr. Madison, you have some bad habits.

Then she smiles, takes the coat and slips it on. It fits well. Jimmy buttons it, and the yellow star disappears.

Rebekka looks down at their shoes, still muddy from the pigpen. She grabs a handful of wet leaves from the ditch, cleans first Jimmy's shoes, then her own.

REBEKKA (cont'd)

There, we look a little better.

They stand up and resume walking. At the end of the road is an intersection with a busier street. Pedestrians are out, a car passes by. Jimmy looks right and left, then turns onto the street. Up ahead is the sign for an inn.

JIMMY

Hungry?

REBEKKA

Yes sir.

JIMMY

Let's get some lunch.

They walk to the door, but Rebekka stops Jimmy outside. She brushes her hair back out of her eyes.

REBEKKA

How do I look, Mr. Madison?

JIMMY

You'll do fine.

INT. INN. DAY.

Rebekka sits at a window table, the light streaming in. On the table are bowls of soup, beef stew, a big plate of bread.

Rebekka is devouring the soup and a big chunk of bread. Jimmy is at the bar, talking on the phone.

JIMMY

Hal, I've got the story!

HAL (PHONE)

Jimmy? Where the hell are you?

JIMMY

Hal, I've got a story that will blow away America's complacency about the Nazis.

HAL (PHONE)

Whoa, calm down. Where are you?

JIMMY

At a small inn -

HAL

What's the name of the village?

JIMMY

Saltzfurth.

HAL (PHONE)

Saltzfurth? OK. And you're at the inn? Get a room there, I'll come and get you.

JIMMY

That sounds great - but I don't want to get you involved in this. I'll get the train.

HAL

Are you sure? I can -

JIMMY

I'll be there tonight. Tell Elsa to cook up something special!

Cut to -

Jimmy pushes back his plate, sighs. Rebekka is still eating, dipping a chunk of bread into her stew.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Feeling better?

She nods, but doesn't stop chewing.

JIMMY (cont'd)

We'll be fine now. We can catch
the train to Hamburg -

Suddenly Jimmy freezes - out the window past Rebekka he sees Kohler's SS car drive past, followed by a truck full of soldiers. Jimmy stand up quickly, turns to the barman.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Do you have a toilet my daughter
can use?

The barman points to a door at the back of the room.

BARMAN

There's one out back.

JIMMY

Thanks.

REBEKKA

I don't need -

Jimmy leans over Rebekka, whispers in her ear. Rebekka follows his gaze, sees Kohler standing by his battered car, watching the soldiers unload onto the street.

Rebekka stands quickly, follows Jimmy out the back of the bar.

Jimmy suddenly turns back to the table - he has left the camera behind. He grabs it and hurries out after Rebekka.

EXT. INN. DAY.

They emerge into a small walled courtyard, a battered wooden toilet door on the right, a stack of beer crates on the left. Jimmy looks around - the only way out is over the wall.

JIMMY

Quick - you first...

Jimmy leans against the wall, boosts Rebekka on to the top of the wall. She looks up and down the street.

REBEKKA

Clear!

Rebekka turns on her stomach and lowers herself down.
Jimmy stacks two beer crates against the wall, climbs up.

EXT. TOWN. DAY.

Jimmy and Rebekka hurry down the street...

INT. INN. DAY.

Two German soldiers are in the inn, talking to the barman.

SOLDIER 3

We're looking for an American, he
may be with a child?

BARMAN

They're here - they just went out
back to use the toilet.

He points to the back of the bar. The soldier heads for
the back door, orders the other.

SOLDIER 3

Tell Colonel Kohler!

He disappears out the back door while the second soldier
opens the door, calls out into the street.

SOLDIER 4

Colonel! We have found them,
sir!

He steps back and Kohler strolls in, looks around. Even
the barman comes to attention.

BARMAN

They were eating there, sir,
foreign fellow and a young girl.

Kohler walks to the table, picks up a fork, takes a bite of
Rebekka's food.

KOHLER

Hmmm, good.

The first soldier hurries back in from the rear courtyard.

SOLDIER 3

They're gone sir! Over the wall.

Kohler takes another bite of Rebekka's meal, then puts the fork down almost reluctantly.

KOHLER

He won't get far with a girl!

EXT. TOWN. DAY.

Jimmy and Rebekka run down a deserted street, turn into a narrow alleyway, but their path is blocked by a man.

JOSEPH, 55, has a gaunt face that has seen too many hungry days.

Rebekka's coat is half open. Joseph reaches down and opens it, sees the yellow star. Jimmy looks over his shoulder and sees two soldiers at the top of the street.

JOSEPH

Where are you running to my
little Jewish girl?

JIMMY

Come on Rebekka.

As Jimmy tries to force past Joseph, Joseph sees the soldiers.

JOSEPH

Running from the soldiers, eh?
That's not good.

For a moment it seems he might betray them, then suddenly he opens his coat and reveals a yellow star on his jacket. The soldiers see them and shout.

JOSEPH (cont'd)

Quick, follow me!

Without waiting for a response, Joseph heads down the alleyway. Jimmy takes one last look at the soldiers running towards them, then turns and follows.

EXT. TOWN ALLEYWAY. DAY.

Joseph leads them down an alleyway, over rough ground littered with trash and puddles, dirty snow banked up at the edges, then ducks through a gap in a fence into a garden.

He leads them across the garden, under a line of wet clothes, and out the other side of the garden.

Joseph stops, looks. The street is deserted. They cross the street, squeeze up a narrow gap between two old wooden houses. Finally they come to a halt behind a barn.

JOSEPH

Where are you trying to get to?

JIMMY

The railway line - I have to get to Hamburg.

JOSEPH

Then what will you do?

JIMMY

There's someone there who can get me out of the country.

JOSEPH

That's good. The only way to be safe is to leave this accursed country... What about the girl?

JIMMY

Her parents are dead - is there someone here could look after her?

Rebekka looks up at Jimmy in surprise.

JOSEPH

Everyone has been taken.

JIMMY

Could you -

JOSEPH

I barely survive, foraging for
stolen scraps...

Jimmy looks back and forth between them, turns to Rebekka.

JIMMY

I'll take you to Hamburg - my
friends there have a daughter.

Rebekka says nothing, just looks at him with eyes full of
sadness. Joseph breaks the silence.

JOSEPH

Come on, I think I can get you
past these soldiers...

EXT. BARN. DAY.

The barn doors open, and Joseph rides out on the seat of a
small horse-drawn cart, Rebekka in the back. Jimmy steps
out, closes the doors behind them.

JOSEPH

OK, under the cloth.

There is an old tarpaulin in the back. Jimmy jumps in, and
he and Rebekka slide under the tarpaulin. Joseph climbs
down and piles some trash on top of them.

REBEKKA

(Muffled)

It stinks under here!

Joseph laughs as he climbs back up onto the cart.

JOSEPH

It stinks a lot worse in a Nazi
prison camp!

EXT. SALTZFURTH RAILWAY STATION. DAY.

A small country station, an ornate facade with a large
clock. Several cars and an army truck are pulled up
outside. Kohler's car is there, the front dented where
Jimmy crashed the burning truck into it.

Joseph rides past on his cart. There are a dozen soldiers outside the passenger station, but they pay no attention to an old man riding past with a cart full of trash.

The cart rolls on into the railway siding. Joseph climbs down, picks up a piece of wood from the ground, throws it in the back of the cart, climbs back up and rolls on.

Soon he is away from the soldiers, the horse picking its way across the snow, through the dirty frozen puddles. A goods train rolls slowly past.

Joseph stops the cart by the side of the tracks, looks around. Old sheds and outbuildings hide them from the view of those at the station.

Joseph climbs down, pulls the trash off the tarpaulin. Jimmy and Rebekka sit up slowly.

JOSEPH

Come, come...

They climb down, look around.

JOSEPH (cont'd)

We need to get you on this goods train before it picks up speed. It's headed for Hamburg.

The train rolls on. Rebekka looks at the boxcars and her face falls. Jimmy crouches down, looks her in the eyes.

JIMMY

It's OK - just you and me.

She shakes her head - can't do it. Jimmy turns to Joseph.

JIMMY (cont'd)

I found her in a boxcar...

The old man nods. The train rolls past, slowly, inexorably.

JOSEPH

What are we going to do? I can't take you all the way to Hamburg in my cousin's cart!

Suddenly Jimmy sees an empty flatbed rolling towards them.

JIMMY

Quick, Joseph, grab the
tarpaulin!

Jimmy grabs Rebekka, leads her to the edge of the track.

JIMMY (cont'd)

We'll ride in the open air, OK?

Rebekka sees the flatbed. She still looks dubious.

JIMMY (cont'd)

As long as we're together,
everything will be fine, OK?

Rebekka looks at him for a moment, then nods her head.

As the flatbed reaches them, Jimmy lifts Rebekka up, rolls her onto the flatbed. He runs a couple of steps, jumps and grabs the edge, rolls up beside her.

Joseph is by the track, the tarpaulin in his hand. He throws it, but it falls beside the train, on the muddy ground. The train rolls slowly on, Jimmy and Rebekka completely exposed on the open flatbed.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Quick, grab it!

Joseph jogs to the fallen tarpaulin, but he is too old, too slow. By the time he reaches the tarpaulin the flatbed has rolled on twenty yards, towards the station and the soldiers.

EXT. FLATBED. DAY.

They are only a hundred yards from the station. Jimmy leans out and looks up ahead, can see the soldiers on the platform. He looks around for somewhere to go, somewhere to hide.

There is nowhere. They are about to roll through the station completely exposed.

JIMMY

Lie down!

Rebekka just looks at him.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Quick, lie down!

Rebekka lies down, presses herself against the wooden boards. Jimmy looks again, sees something else - a passenger train approaching the station from the other direction.

Jimmy drops down beside Rebekka, throws one arm and his coat across her, with his other arm covers his face. Rebekka clings tight to Jimmy.

EXT. SALTZFURTH RAILWAY STATION. DAY.

Kohler and four soldiers are on the platform, watching the passenger train. On the far track the goods train rolls past, the flatbed getting closer, a dark lump in the middle of it that is Jimmy and Rebekka.

Just as the flatbed reaches the station the passenger train rolls in, blocking the view from Kohler and the soldiers...

EXT. FLATBED. DAY.

The two trains meet. Jimmy peers from beneath his coat, glimpses the station through the windows of the passenger train, Kohler on the platform, talking to the soldiers.

The flatcar rolls on, the two huddled figures getting smaller as it recedes into the snowy countryside.

EXT. FLATBED. DAY.

Jimmy lies asleep on the flatbed as it rolls through the countryside. There is a sudden jolt as the carriages cross a bumpy section of track and Jimmy awakes with a start.

It is late in the afternoon, the shadows lengthening. Rebekka sits looking at a photograph.

JIMMY

Where did you get that?

REBEKKA

Your wallet fell out of your coat
while we were asleep.

She hands Jimmy the wallet, but keeps looking at the photo.

Rebekka (cont'd)

What's your daughter's name?

JIMMY

Lucy, her name was Lucy...

REBEKKA

She's pretty.

JIMMY

Yeah, she was real pretty - just
like you.

Rebekka's face turns serious.

REBEKKA

Is she...

JIMMY

Dead? Yes. She and her mother.

Jimmy glances at Rebekka, sees the questions in her eyes.

JIMMY (cont'd)

There were in a boat, it was
struck by lightning.

Rebekka watches as tears well in the corners of Jimmy's
eyes, slowly trickle down his cheeks.

JIMMY (cont'd)

It was my idea - I suggested they
go out in the boat...

The tears run down his face as he gazes at the photo.

REBEKKA

You still love them?

Jimmy wipes his face, sees the pain in Rebekka's eyes.

JIMMY

Someone you love - really love,
like your daughter, or your
mother and father - you love them
forever, every day of your life.

Suddenly the dam breaks - Rebekka begins to cry, huge sobs that shake her whole body. Jimmy wraps an arm around her shoulder and Rebekka allows him to draw her in, comfort her.

JIMMY (cont'd)

I'll take care of you, see you're
safe...

Rebekka hands the photo to Jimmy, then snuggles in tighter. They hug, Rebekka lost in her own thoughts, Jimmy staring at the photo of his dead wife and child.

INT. KOHLER'S CAR. DAY.

Kohler sits in the back of his car, the window open. A soldier leans down to talk to him.

SERGEANT

No sign of them anywhere, sir.

KOHLER

Are the patrols in place?

SERGEANT

Yes sir!

Kohler sits back, signals to his driver.

KOHLER

They won't get far - I know where
they're heading.

EXT. FLATBED. DAY.

Rebekka sits with her feet dangling over the edge of the flatbed as it rattles through the German countryside. They pass snowy fields and small patches of woods.

REBEKKA

When you found me - on the train -
did you kill that guard?

JIMMY

No. I knocked him unconscious.

REBEKKA

My father says if we use violence
we are as bad as the Nazis.

JIMMY

I rescued you!

REBEKKA

And I thank you for that, Mr.
Madison. But please, no more
violence?

He looks at her for a moment, then smiles.

JIMMY

I'll do my best.

His smile fades as the train begins to slow. Jimmy leans out, looks ahead. About a half a mile up the line is an army checkpoint, the soldiers flagging the train down. Jimmy turns back to Rebekka.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Soldiers! We have to jump.

Rebekka stands up, she looks scared, but she nods. Jimmy leans out the other side of the flatbed, no soldiers are visible. He reaches back.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Take my hand!

Rebekka hesitates.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Come on, we'll jump together.

Slowly Rebekka reaches out - their hands meet, clasp tight.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Three, two, one, jump!

They jump, land in a heap on the grassy bank at the side of the track. They stand slowly, a little stiff. Jimmy reaches up and wipes some blood from his lip. They turn and run across an open field towards a small patch of woods.

Behind them the train grinds to a halt. Jimmy and Rebekka run on across the field.

EXT. RAILWAY TRACK. DAY.

The train has pulled to a halt. The soldiers move quickly down the train, searching each truck. They reach the flatbed and are about to pass by when one of them spots Jimmy and Rebekka on the far side of the field, running.

The soldier shouts, and in the distance Jimmy pauses, turns around. Two soldiers join their comrade, scramble across the flatbed and start to run across the field in pursuit.

EXT. FIELD. DAY.

Jimmy and Rebekka are running. Behind them the soldiers are just starting across the field. Rebekka looks back at the soldiers, a look of fear on her face. Suddenly she stumbles and falls, reaches down and grabs her ankle.

Just ahead of her Jimmy ducks through a fence into a narrow band of woods, then looks back and sees Rebekka on the ground, the soldiers closing on them.

Jimmy pauses for a moment, then ducks back through the fence, offers Rebekka his hand.

JIMMY

Can you stand?

She nods, reaches up and grabs his hand. As Jimmy pulls her to her feet she looks back, sees the Germans now half way across the field. They duck back through the fence together.

EXT. WOODS. DAY.

It is a small copse, the undergrowth thick, the shadows deep. Jimmy and Rebekka hurry through the woods, Rebekka limping.

EXT. FIELD. DAY.

At the edge of the woods the soldiers stop, peer into the woods. One of them takes charge, directs the others so that they split up and head in different directions.

EXT. WOODS. DAY.

Jimmy and Rebekka stand, listening for the soldiers over the sound of their own ragged breathing. Suddenly they glimpse a grey uniform heading towards them through the trees.

Jimmy pulls Rebekka into a small patch of undergrowth. There is a slight rustle as they squeeze into the bushes. The soldier hears the noise, turns, vigilant, rifle ready.

Jimmy peers through the bushes as the soldier gets closer. He is just a few feet away, peering at the undergrowth.

Jimmy looks around, desperate. To his surprise he sees a rabbit, just a few feet from them, looking back at him.

The soldier is closer, looking towards the patch of bushes. Jimmy flicks his hand at the rabbit, tries to startle it away, but it is frozen, as scared as Jimmy and Rebekka.

The soldier moves closer, rifle held out in front. Jimmy looks down and sees an acorn on the ground. The soldier is almost on top of them when Jimmy picks up the acorn, tosses it at the rabbit.

Suddenly the rabbit breaks cover, bursts out from the bushes and sprints away into the gloom. The soldier jumps, then laughs in relief when he sees the rabbit.

A voice from behind makes the soldier turn - he spots his comrades, heads towards them.

Their voices fade as they head off in the other direction, away from Jimmy and Rebekka.

Cut to -

Jimmy and Rebekka walk through the trees, on the very edge of the woods, following a small country road. There is the sound of an engine and they stop, blend back into the trees.

A motorbike and sidecar pull up at the edge of the road, the engine splutters quietly, then stops.

Two soldiers climb out, stretch. One of them lights a cigarette. Jimmy takes Rebekka's hand, pulls her along towards the soldiers.

JIMMY

Stay here, whatever happens - OK?

Rebekka gives Jimmy a look of deep suspicion.

REBEKKA

What are you planning?

JIMMY

Look, this is not the time to become a pacifist - maybe later, when we're out of -

REBEKKA

Do you resolve everything with force?

JIMMY

It's always worked so far.

He holds up a gnarled fist.

JIMMY (cont'd)

The Cincinnati Hammer - 37 and 1...

REBEKKA

You promised.

JIMMY

No, all I said was -

REBEKKA

You promised.

Jimmy gives a deep sigh.

JIMMY

Look, Rebekka -

Suddenly he stops - the sound of another motor can be heard. They look around and see an old truck rolling towards them.

The soldiers step out into the road and flag the truck down. It pulls over just in front of Jimmy and Rebekka and an elderly farmer climbs slowly from the cab of the truck.

SOLDIER 6

We're looking for two escaped prisoners - American man with a young girl.

The farmer gestures to the truck.

FARMER 2

Help yourself...

One of the soldiers goes round to the back of the truck, peers inside. He emerges with a carrot in his hand, grins.

SOLDIER 7

You grow these yourself?

FARMER 2

On my farm - just south of here.

The soldier takes a bite of the carrot.

SOLDIER 7

They're sweet!

The farmer smiles, reaches into the truck and pulls out a handful.

FARMER 2

Take a few.

The soldier takes them, passes a couple to his comrade.

SOLDIER 7

Where you headed?

FARMER 2

Hamburg - weekly market.

The soldier nods, takes another bite of the carrot.

SOLDIER 7

Good luck at the market, eh?

The two soldiers walk around to their motorbike and sidecar, climb in. The engine roars into life and they drive off.

The driver watches them drive off, then steps to the edge of the woods and starts to piss, his back to Jimmy and Rebekka.

Jimmy pulls Rebekka by the hand, out onto the road and up to the back of the truck. He boosts her up into the truck and climbs in behind her.

INT. CARROT TRUCK. DAY.

The carrots are piled high, but Jimmy and Rebekka scramble over them towards the cab of the truck, burrow down out of sight as best they can.

EXT. WOODS. DAY.

The farmer zips up his pants, climbs into the truck and cranks it. As he pulls away, three soldiers from the train emerge from the woods, about a hundred yards back.

They look around, but the truck with their prey aboard is moving away from them, the setting sun a pale orange disc as it disappears towards the horizon.

INT. HAL'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Hal sits in an armchair, reading a newspaper, the radio on in the background. There is a knock at the door.

Hal sets down his paper, limps to the door. He opens it slowly, and his look turns to amazement as Jimmy pushes through the door, leading Rebekka by the hand.

HAL

Jimmy, my god!

Jimmy pushes past him, into the living room.

HAL (cont'd)

How on earth did you get here?

JIMMY

Long story, no time...there's a sailing tonight, right?

HAL

Ten o'clock.

Jimmy looks up at the clock. It reads 7:20.

JIMMY

I need to be on it. I'll need money, clean clothes -

Hal stares at Rebekka, standing silently beside Jimmy, as though noticing her for the first time.

HAL

Jimmy, who is she?

JIMMY

Rebekka, this is Hal Smithson, an old friend of mine - he's going to look after you.

Rebekka solemnly extends a grubby hand towards Hal.

REBEKKA

Thank you, Mr. Smithson.

ELSA, 52, Hal's wife, hurries in from the kitchen. She has a soft face, is a woman born to be a mother.

ELSA

Jimmy, my goodness, look at the state of you.

She steps forward and gives Jimmy a hug, notices Rebekka.

JIMMY

Elsa, I can't explain...we need
to get clean, eat -

Elsa waves at him dismissively, holds out a hand to
Rebekka.

ELSA

Of course, of course, come on my
dear, are you hungry?

Rebekka looks at Jimmy for reassurance, and when he nods at
her, she takes Elsa's hand and follows her from the room.

HAL

Who is she Jimmy?

JIMMY

I found the missing train - she's
the only survivor.

HAL

Jesus! What are you going to do
with her?

JIMMY

I can't take her with me. I was
hoping she could stay with you
for a while?

Hal shakes his head, gives a wry grin.

HAL

Just try stopping Elsa from
looking after her!

Cut to -

Hal stands in the hall. From the bathroom comes the sound
of splashing.

HAL (cont'd)

Don't use up all the hot water!

JIMMY (O.S.)

Don't worry - I'll leave you
enough to wash your hands!

HAL

There's some clothes on my bed
for you.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Thanks. I'll be out in a minute.

HAL

Take your time...

Hal looks down the hall. Through a bedroom door Elsa can be seen buttoning a pretty dress onto Rebekka. Her hair is freshly washed and fixed in two braids.

ELSA

This was my daughter's favorite -
she's at university now.

She finishes buttoning the dress, steps back.

ELSA (cont'd)

Lovely!

She brushes a few stray hairs away from Rebekka's face.

ELSA (cont'd)

I think we'll get along just
fine.

But Rebekka's expression is pure sadness as she looks back over her shoulder towards the bathroom door.

In the hallway, Hal picks up the phone, speaks with his mouth cupped over the mouth-piece...

Cut to -

Hal and Jimmy are in the hallway talking in hushed voices, Rebekka in the kitchen eating, Elsa fussing around her.

HAL

You got photographs of these
bodies?

JIMMY

There were hundreds of them, Hal,
just left to freeze to death.
Jesus, what a story!

HAL

I don't understand it - you sure
it was an accident or -

JIMMY

Accident? You don't accidentally
leave hundreds of people to
freeze to death in cattle cars!

As Jimmy's voice is raised, Rebekka looks up, smiles at him. He smiles back, and Hal leads him into the living room.

EXT. HAMBURG STREET. NIGHT.

Kohler's car approaches at speed down a Hamburg street, followed by an army truck. They stop at a busy junction, four soldiers jump out and set up a roadblock.

Kohler looks out of the window, appears satisfied, nods, and the vehicles move on.

INT. HAL'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Hal picks up a bottle of scotch and pours himself a drink. He holds the bottle up towards Jimmy.

HAL

One for the road?

Jimmy nods, then suddenly changes his mind.

JIMMY

Actually, no, no thanks.

Hal looks at him in surprise, then puts the bottle down and strolls over to Jimmy, sipping at his scotch.

HAL

What are you going to do with
those pictures?

Jimmy stands looking out of the window from the first floor apartment. There is a small street market on the street below, the striped awnings bright beneath the street lamps, red and white, green and white.

JIMMY

What am I going to do with them?
What do you think - those
pictures are dynamite. With
those pictures to back it up,
this story is Pulitzer Prize
material!

Hal nods towards Jimmy's camera bag, on the floor in the corner of the room.

HAL

Maybe I should look after them,
send them on if you get back OK --

Jimmy gives Hal a look of surprise, then shakes his head, looks back out the window.

JIMMY

Don't you worry, I'll get back...

Jimmy's voice tails off. As he looks down at the street below, Kohler's car pulls up, the army truck behind it. Kohler climbs out, strides into the building.

Another six soldiers scramble from the back of the truck. Two remain on guard at the doorway, the other four follow Kohler in through the doorway.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Kohler?

He turns, sees Hal looking at him. Hal holds his hands out.

HAL

I'm sorry, Jimmy...

Jimmy stares at him. Feet crash on the stairs in the background.

JIMMY

That's how he always knew where I
was...

Jimmy takes a step towards Hal, who backs up.

HAL

He threatened me, threatened my
family. I had to give him
something.

Jimmy thrusts out a hand, grabs Hal's throat. Hal jerks
his hands backwards, spills his drink.

JIMMY

You betrayed me...

Rebekka and Elsa walk into the room, see the two men, Hal's
guilt, Jimmy's hand at Hal's throat.

ELSA

Jimmy, what are you doing?

There is a loud knock on the door.

KOHLER (O.S.)

Herr Madison, the game is up!

Elsa looks at Hal in amazement.

ELSA

What is he doing here?

JIMMY

Why don't you tell her, Hal...

ELSA

Hal?

HAL

I just...

There is an insistent pounding on the door.

EXT. HAL'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Kohler stands stock still, the soldiers watching him,
waiting for a sign.

KOHLER

Herr Madison, please don't make
this difficult...

INT. HAL'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Jimmy hisses at Hal, still gripping his throat.

JIMMY

I need money, whatever you've
got...

Hal is still too mortified to respond, but Elsa opens a
drawer, pulls out a handful of Deutschmarks, thrusts them
into Jimmy's hand.

ELSA

Of course, take these...

In the drawer Jimmy sees Hal's passport, grabs it. Rebekka
watches all of this.

REBEKKA

Mr. Madison? You said no more
violence.

Jimmy looks at Rebekka then back at Hal. He slowly
increases the pressure.

JIMMY

You're lucky I'm not a Nazi...

Jimmy shoves Hal backwards, turns to the window. He looks
out, picks up his camera bag from beneath the window.

JIMMY(cont'd)

Come on Rebekka.

Hal and Elsa look at Jimmy in surprise. A huge smile of
relief floods Rebekka's face.

ELSA

I said I'd take care of her.

Jimmy hands Rebekka his camera bag.

JIMMY

No - we're staying together.

Hal looks at him sadly.

HAL

She's not your daughter, Jimmy -
she's not Katy.

Jimmy rounds on him as though to say something, then turns and opens the window, puts one leg over the sill. Hal steps forward and holds out his hand.

HAL (cont'd)

Jimmy, I'm -

Before Jimmy can even think of shaking Hal's hand, Rebekka spits on his outstretched hand, then comes and peers past Jimmy at their escape route, her hand grasping his arm.

EXT. HAL'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

The soldiers outside look at Kohler. He nods and one of them crashes his boot against the door.

INT. HAL'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

There's a sudden crash as the door flies open. Two soldiers rush in followed by Kohler.

Jimmy swings his second leg over the window ledge, and with a last glance back at Rebekka drops over the edge.

JIMMY

Follow me!

Rebekka looks back in fright as the soldier rushes towards her. Suddenly she freezes.

The first soldier runs forward, seems certain to grab Rebekka, when Elsa steps in between them.

ELSA

No!

The soldier pauses momentarily, surprised. It is all the time Rebekka needs. She sits on the window ledge, the camera bag on her shoulder, then lets go.

The soldier pushes Elsa aside and makes a grab for Rebekka, his outstretched fingertips brushing her coat sleeve - then she is gone.

Elsa rushes forward to the open window, pushes in beside the soldier and looks out.

EXT. HAMBURG STREET. NIGHT.

Rebekka lands on the awning of the surprised market trader.

INT. HAL'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Kohler pushes through, looks out of the window.

EXT. HAMBURG STREET. NIGHT.

As the trader looks on in amazement, Jimmy, already on the ground, reaches up for Rebekka. She passes Jimmy his camera bag, then jumps down into his arms.

There are two soldiers at the doorway, but their view of Jimmy and Rebekka is blocked by the market stall, the front of the truck.

Jimmy and Rebekka scoot around the back of the parked SS truck, then run off down the street hand in hand, dodging in and out of the shoppers at the night market.

Kohler leans far out of Hal's window, watching them.

KOHLER

Madison!

The soldiers by the door turn and look up at Kohler in the window. He shouts at them.

KOHLER (cont'd)

Follow him!

The soldiers on the ground run around the truck, bewildered, searching the crowd for Jimmy.

INT. HAL'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Two soldiers hold Elsa.

SOLDIER 1

Sir! Should we take her?

Kohler turns and looks at him, surprised.

SOLDIER 1 (cont'd)

She obstructed us, sir - allowed
the girl to escape.

Kohler rounds on him.

KOHLER

She allowed the girl to escape?
Release her! (Pause). Secure
the docks - he has nowhere else
to go.

The soldiers turn and rush out. Hal is frozen, holding his neck. Elsa looks at Hal for a moment, a look of pure loathing on her face, then turns and stalks from the room.

EXT. HAMBURG STREET. NIGHT.

Kohler leans back out of the window, watches Jimmy and Rebekka as they disappear into the night, the soldiers pushing through the crowd unable to see them...

EXT. HAMBURG DOCKS. NIGHT.

Jimmy and Rebekka crouch in the shadow of a stack of crates. A large ship looms above them, passengers walking up the gangplank to board.

But between them and the gangplank is a checkpoint, two soldiers inspecting papers. Bright lights shine on the checkpoint and the gangplank. Kohler stands nearby with four SS men, smoking, watching.

Jimmy looks around. Behind them the passengers' trunks are being loaded onto the ship by the dockworkers.

JIMMY

This way.

Jimmy and Rebekka slip through the shadows until they are closer to the ship. They duck down amongst a pile of trunks and Jimmy turns to Rebekka.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Rebekka, you have to trust me...

She looks at him as he points to the large trunks.

JIMMY (cont'd)

It's the only way to get you on board the ship.

She looks at the trunk, understands, but her face shows fear.

REBEKKA

I don't want to be locked up again.

Jimmy reaches over, hugs her, wipes her tears.

JIMMY

It's the only way.

Rebekka watches as Jimmy opens a large trunk, starts pulling clothes out. When he has created a large space Rebekka crawls inside, turns and faces Jimmy.

REBEKKA

Promise you'll get me out, Jimmy?

Jimmy reaches out and strokes her cheek.

JIMMY

It'll be fine. Promise.

Jimmy hands Rebekka his camera bag, then slowly closes the trunk on Rebekka's sad face. Jimmy pulls out his pen and re-writes the tag, 'Jimmy Madison'.

Jimmy opens another large trunk, empties the contents, and tries to climb inside - but no matter how much he contorts himself, he can't fit inside.

He clambers out, looks around, sees a dock worker with a large luggage cart walking towards him.

Jimmy quickly shoves the clothes from both trunks back into the trunk and shuts it, then slides back into the shadows. The dock worker loads Rebekka's trunk onto his trolley, tips the cart, rolls it away.

But as Jimmy watches in horror, he sees that at the top of the gangplank a soldier has emerged. He stops the dockworker, opens up the trunk and peers inside.

As the worker with the trolley moves away from him, a soldier calls out. Jimmy drops down into the shadows.

DOCK WORKER

So what's all this extra security about, anyway?

The soldier shrugs, points over at Kohler.

SOLDIER 5

Ask him.

DOCK WORKER

SS? Yeah, right.

SOLDIER 5

You got a cigarette?

DOCK WORKER

Sure.

He hands the soldier a cigarette. They both lean on the trunk and start to smoke.

SOLDIER 5

You see the game yesterday?

Jimmy scampers off into the shadows, towards Kohler, drops into a patch of deep shadow about twenty yards from him, Kohler's car between them.

A soldier approaches Kohler, salutes, begins talking to him.

JIMMY

Time for a little distraction...

While Kohler talks to the soldier Jimmy runs across the lighted area to squat down beside Kohler's car.

Once he is hidden he peers over the car. The soldier is still talking to Kohler. Jimmy slips back down into the shadows, but before he can do anything he hears a sound.

Two more soldiers are heading straight towards him, seem sure to discover him. Suddenly a voice rings out. The soldiers stop, no more than twenty feet from Jimmy.

KOHLER

Where do you think you're going?

The soldiers snap to attention.

KOHLER (cont'd)

Not here! The South end of the dock!

SOLDIER 6

Yes sir!

The soldiers snap out another salute, then turn and head back to the far end of the dock.

Jimmy sighs with relief, looks around one more time, then reaches up and removes his tie. He unscrews the car's gas cap, then slowly feeds his tie down into the gas tank.

Once the end of his tie is wet with gasoline Jimmy leaves it dangling down the side of the car, then pulls out his book of matches. He strikes a match, holds it for a moment, then sets it to the gas-soaked tie.

The flame jumps to the tie, a blue tongue that snakes up the side of the car into the gas tank. Jimmy doesn't wait to see what he's done - he's already scurrying away.

The flame grows rapidly along the back end of the car. Suddenly there's a small explosion.

Kohler and the soldiers look around, see the flame at the back of the car. Even as they look at it there is a second, bigger explosion that knocks them off their feet and sends a ball of burning gas high into the sky.

Soldiers from all around run towards the car. The soldier who has been chatting to the dock worker runs off to see what's happening.

All eyes are on the car, all except Jimmy's. He runs back towards the trunks. The dock worker still stands beside Rebekka's trunk, watching the burning car. He looks up as Jimmy appears in front of him.

JIMMY

Hi!

DOCK WORKER

You're the American!

JIMMY

Name's Madison.

He holds out his hand, and the dock worker is so surprised that he starts to reach out to shake Jimmy's hand. Before he can change his mind, Jimmy slugs him. He drops like a stone.

Jimmy opens the trunk and a surprised Rebekka looks out.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Change of plan!

He helps Rebekka out of the trunk, then with the troops converging on the burning car, they run unmolested towards the far end of the dock.

EXT. SHIP'S DECK. NIGHT.

The crew members on the deck watch the burning car and the scurrying soldiers. Some of the sailors laugh and cheer.

EXT. HAMBURG DOCKS. NIGHT.

The car continues to burn. Kohler's face is fixed in a mask of pure fury as he casts his eyes about.

KOHLER

He's here!

The soldiers are all watching the burning car.

KOHLER (cont'd)
Find Madison! I want him alive!

EXT. DOCK SIDE INN. NIGHT.

Jimmy and Rebekka stand outside a brightly lit inn. Jimmy looks around, sees a stack of crates by the wall.

JIMMY
Why don't you hide there? I'll
only be a few minutes.

REBEKKA
No.

JIMMY
C'mon Rebekka. It will be safer -

REBEKKA
I don't want to be left alone
again.

She reaches out and grasps Jimmy's hand.

REBEKKA (cont'd)
I'm coming in with you.

INT. DOCK SIDE INN. NIGHT.

Jimmy is at the bar talking to the bartender, Rebekka just behind him, holding tight to his hand.

The room is full of smoke, a rough, boisterous atmosphere. The barman looks Jimmy up and down, then slides out from behind the bar and leads him to a back door.

The barman knocks on the door and it opens a crack. His words can't be heard above the noise, but the door opens a fraction more, and Jimmy and Rebekka are ushered in.

INT. SMUGGLER'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Jimmy and Rebekka are in a dimly lit room. Two men sit at a table, looking curiously at Jimmy. Jimmy steps forward until his face is illuminated by the bare bulb hanging overhead.

JIMMY

I was told you gentlemen might be able to help me with some exports?

One of the men is young, 19 maybe, with a thatch of thick dark hair. The other is older - GUNTHER, 48. He has cropped hair, a long scar running down across one eye, but the other eye is bright, sharp.

GUNTHER

American?

Jimmy nods. Gunther glances at Rebekka then back at Jimmy.

GUNTHER (cont'd)

SS were in here earlier - looking for an American.

JIMMY

Then I guess I must be English.

Gunther grins.

GUNTHER

You can be Chinese for all I care. You need to get out of the country in a hurry?

Jimmy nods.

GUNTHER (cont'd)

It's not cheap.

Just then the back door bursts open, a huge bear of a man ambles in. HORST, 38, has more hair than brains, more muscles than the rest of the room put together. He looks at Jimmy with deep suspicion.

HORST

Who the hell is he?

Gunther replies without taking his eyes off Jimmy.

GUNTHER

He's my business. You get on with yours.

Horst grunts, goes to the far end of the room, where the wall is hidden behind crates of Swedish vodka. He squats down, wraps his arms around a pile of crates the size of a small sofa, lifts them and staggers out of the room.

Jimmy thrusts a large handful of Deutschmarks at Gunther, who gives them to the young man. He slips them under the table, counts quickly. Gunther signals Jimmy and Rebekka to sit.

YOUNG MAN

Nine hundred and forty two.

GUNTHER

Usual fee is a thousand per person. That's close enough.

JIMMY

I need to get both of us out.

Gunther looks at Rebekka more closely, examines her face. Suddenly he reaches out a hand and opens her coat - the yellow star flashes bright.

GUNTHER

Jewish girl - no papers I'll bet?
Couldn't do it for less than five thousand.

JIMMY

Five thousand!

He sighs, looks at Rebekka, then starts to stand.

JIMMY (cont'd)

I'll need my money back then.

Gunther reaches across and grabs his arm.

GUNTHER

Don't be so hasty. Sit, sit.

Slowly Jimmy sits back down.

GUNTHER (cont'd)

You won't find anyone else - Jews
are just too hot to handle -
nothing personal miss.

He takes the money from the young man, sets it on the table in front of Jimmy.

GUNTHER (cont'd)

Here's what I can do. My neighbors are Jewish - two girls of their own. I get you to Sweden, she stays with my neighbors. When you get me the money, I send her on.

Jimmy looks at Rebekka, who stares at him with an expression of pure fear.

JIMMY

Can't do it - we stay together.

Gunther looks at them, slowly nods, hands Jimmy his money.

GUNTHER

You know if I was looking to get out of Germany I'd head down to pier 17. That's where the fishing boats come in and out - might be able to stow away -

He stops suddenly at the sound of four sharp raps from the wall of the bar.

GUNTHER (cont'd)

(Shouts) Horst!

Jimmy stands, looks at Gunther.

JIMMY

What's happening?

GUNTHER

SS are in the bar.

Horst shuffles back in, looks at Gunther.

GUNTHER (cont'd)

SS are out front. Can you get rid of these two, quick?

Horst nods, holds the back door open. Jimmy looks dubious.

GUNTHER (cont'd)

(To Jimmy) He's OK. (To Horst)
Can you get them to Pier 17?

Horst nods. Jimmy reaches out shakes Gunther's hand.

JIMMY

Thank you.

Jimmy and Rebekka turn and follow Horst to the back door.

GUNTHER

Look for a Swedish flag.
Probably won't turn you in if
they find you.

EXT. HAMBURG DOCKS. NIGHT.

Kohler stands, his face bathed in golden light from the burning car. He watches as a large army truck backs up to his car and shoves it towards the edge of the dock.

For a moment, the burning car teeters on the brink, then suddenly it tilts and is gone, a cloud of steam rising as it hits the water.

EXT. PIER 17. NIGHT.

Jimmy and Rebekka are in the shadow of a huge pile of crates. Jimmy peers out - about twenty yards away is a high fence, a sign above it reads "17".

There is an open gate, the arc lights shining bright on the wet ground around it. A soldier stands at the gate.

REBEKKA

What will we do?

JIMMY

I'm working on it.

He looks around. The fence is at least twenty feet high. No way he's getting Rebekka over it.

JIMMY (cont'd)

There's just the one guard - if
we can somehow draw him away...

He stands up, looks around. There's nothing obvious.

REBEKKA

Jimmy? Remember what I said
about you using violence?

Jimmy is still thinking, only half paying attention to her.

JIMMY

Sure.

REBEKKA

I was wrong...

Jimmy turns at her words, but is too late. She has already
skipped out of the shadows into the light, towards the
gate.

She takes just a few steps before the guard spots her.
Almost simultaneously she trips, grabs at her ankle. As
she falls she turns so she has her back to the guard. She
looks towards Jimmy and winks.

GUARD

Hey? What are you doing?

Rebekka says nothing, just starts crying loudly. The guard
looks around, uncertain, advances towards her.

GUARD (cont'd)

What are you doing here?

Rebekka ignores him, continues to wail and clutch her
ankle. The guard moves towards her, hesitant.

GUARD (cont'd)

Are you OK?

REBEKKA

I think I broke my ankle!

He stands over her.

GUARD

Who are you?

REBEKKA

I'm the little Jewish girl the SS
are looking for.

He moves round to see her face, puts his back to the shadows, his back to Jimmy. Before he can say another word Jimmy is at his back - he clamps one hand over his mouth, drives two fingers hard into the guard's back.

JIMMY

One word, one sound, and I'll
blow your spine out - clear?

The guard nods. Rebekka stands up and Jimmy shows her his hand - no weapon. Jimmy removes the guard's pistol from its holster.

JIMMY (cont'd)

I want you to carefully lay your
rifle on the ground - if I even
suspect you're trying something,
you're dead.

The guard bends down and lays his rifle on the wet ground.

JIMMY (cont'd)

That's good, really good. (To
Rebekka) Pick the rifle up.

As Rebekka picks up the rifle Jimmy spins the guard around, marches him towards the stack of crates.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Let's find somewhere to hide
you...

EXT. DOCK. NIGHT.

Jimmy stands by the water's edge, pitches the guard's rifle and pistol out into the water, then he and Rebekka scuttle along the dock, peer at the boats.

Just up ahead is a small fishing boat flying the Swedish flag, a wooden gang plank running down to the dock.

THE CAPTAIN, 59, stands on the deck calling out to two sailors on the docks. He has a thick white beard, an avuncular face.

SWEDISH CAPTAIN

Don't take too long! I want to
be away in half an hour!

The other two turn and shout back.

SWEDISH SAILOR 1

Just one beer, I promise!

SWEDISH SAILOR 2

You sure you don't want to come
with us?

SWEDISH CAPTAIN

No, I need to talk to the harbour
master before we leave.

The two sailors disappear in the direction of the inn. The captain goes back into the wheelhouse.

Rebekka turns to Jimmy, her face alive, excited.

REBEKKA

That's Swedish, right?

Jimmy nods. She tugs at his hand.

REBEKKA (cont'd)

Perfect! Let's go, before the
sailors return.

But still Jimmy doesn't move. Rebekka looks at him.

REBEKKA (cont'd)

What's the matter?

Jimmy stares at the boat.

JIMMY

It's such a small boat. I
haven't been on a small boat
since...

Rebekka's eyes are fixed on Jimmy. She reaches up and tries to wrap her arms around him.

REBEKKA

It will be fine - as long as
we're together everything will be
fine. Didn't you tell me that?

Jimmy looks down at her, tears in his eyes. He slowly nods.

JIMMY

As long as we're together.

REBEKKA

Come on then...

Slowly she leads him towards the boat. A last look around, then they scurry up the gangplank and onto the boat.

EXT. FISHING BOAT. NIGHT.

Jimmy and Rebekka creep towards the back of the boat, in and out of the shadows. The boat sways gently at its moorings.

As they creep past the wheelhouse the captain looks up. Jimmy and Rebekka freeze, crouch below the open window. The captain listens for a moment, then looks back down at his charts. Jimmy and Rebekka creep onwards.

At the back of the boat there is a pile of old nets and tarps. Jimmy pulls some of them out, creates a small hollow for Rebekka and himself.

Rebekka crawls in, followed by Jimmy. He pulls the tarps back over them and they are concealed.

EXT. DOCK. NIGHT.

Two soldiers patrol the dock. They see the Swedish sailors walking towards them.

SOLDIER 1

Hey, you two!

The soldiers step in front of them, block their way.

SOLDIER 1 (cont'd)

Where are you going?

The sailor points over the soldier's shoulder.

SAILOR 1

Get a beer.

SOLDIER 1

No. No one can be wandering
around here tonight - you need to
return to your boat.

The sailors start to protest.

SOLDIER 2

Where is your boat - show us!

Cut to -

The soldiers and the sailors return to the boat. All four of them climb the gangplank. In the background we see other soldiers - two more search a fishing boat, another pair rummage in a stack of wooden crates.

EXT. FISHING BOAT. NIGHT.

SAILOR 1

Captain!

The captain emerges from the wheelhouse, takes in the scene. He scowls and looks at his sailors.

CAPTAIN

Fighting again?

One of the soldiers laughs.

SOLDIER 2

No. We're looking for someone -
an American man with a young
girl...

CAPTAIN

Haven't seen anyone.

As they talk, the other soldier wanders towards the back of the boat, poking around with his rifle.

SOLDIER 2

Have you been off the boat?

CAPTAIN

Not since lunchtime.

The other soldier is at the back of the boat, looking at the pile of tarps and nets.

SOLDIER 2

When are you due to leave?

CAPTAIN

Half an hour.

SOLDIER 2

You need to leave now.

He glances at the two sailors.

SOLDIER 2 (cont'd)

Sorry, no beer tonight.

Soldier 2 looks over at his companion, who is still poking at the pile of tarps.

SOLDIER 2 (cont'd)

Let's go!

He looks at the tarps for one more moment, then turns and follows his comrade from the boat.

EXT. HARBOR. NIGHT.

The fishing boat motors slowly out of the harbor. In the background sits the ocean liner, the plaintive sound of its horn echoing out as it prepares to leave.

EXT. FISHING BOAT. DAY.

The fishing boat is on the open sea, the captain in the wheelhouse, the two sailors working on the nets. They are getting close to where Jimmy and Rebekka are hidden.

From Jimmy and Rebekka's POV there is darkness, then a sudden light as the sailor pulls away the tarp. There is a moment of stunned silence, then Jimmy gives a weary smile.

JIMMY

Hi.

SAILOR 1

Captain!

INT. FISHING BOAT. DAY.

Jimmy and Rebekka are in the wheelhouse. It is small, dirty windows streaked with spray, a pile of maps on the desk.

Rebekka sits in the corner, a blanket wrapped around her. Jimmy stands nursing a steaming cup of coffee.

CAPTAIN

I'll take you to Malmo - you're on your own from there.

Jimmy takes a sip of coffee.

JIMMY

Thank you.

CAPTAIN

It will take a day or so - we have our catch to make.

One of the sailors watches through the window. When Jimmy looks up and catches his eye he looks away.

EXT. FISHING BOAT. DAY.

The boat idles, moving slowly. Jimmy and Rebekka sit in the stern, watch as the captain and one of the sailors check the nets. The other sailor is inside the wheel house, talking on the radio.

Cut to -

The nets are out, the boat rocking on a stormy sea. The sky is dark with clouds, flashes of lightning crease the sky.

Jimmy dozes against the pile of tarps, but Rebekka looks around, watching everything.

REBEKKA

Jimmy! I see another fishing
boat!

There is excitement in her voice, but Jimmy is too tired to react much. He opens one eye and peers up at her.

JIMMY

It's OK, I'm sure there's enough
fish for everyone.

Rebekka looks out at the sea, then back down at Jimmy. She shakes his shoulder.

REBEKKA

It's coming in very fast.

Jimmy keeps his eyes closed, says nothing.

Rebekka (cont'd)

Do fishing boats have guns?

Jimmy's eyes pop open and he sits up, looks around. A Nazi MTB is surging towards them, a large fixed machine gun pointed at them. Kohler stands by the wheelhouse.

EXT. FISHING BOAT. DAY.

The two boats are tied together, rocking against the roiling seas. At the front of the fishing boat an SS soldier has the three Swedish sailors under guard.

Kohler climbs on board the fishing boat, his pistol in his hand. He looks around for a moment, then strolls towards Jimmy and Rebekka, standing in the stern.

KOHLER

If I should meet thee after long
years, how should I greet thee?

Jimmy sighs, puts his arm protectively around Rebekka's shoulders. Lightning cracks overhead.

JIMMY

With silence and tears...

Kohler looks around the boat.

KOHLER

Byron so often has the perfect phrase, don't you think?

Jimmy says nothing.

KOHLER (cont'd)

Surely you didn't think this was over?

JIMMY

What now?

KOHLER

You have something I want.

Kohler holds out his hand.

KOHLER (cont'd)

The camera.

Jimmy slowly bends down, reaches under the tarp, pulls out his camera bag and holds it out. Kohler slips his gun into the holster, reaches forward for the camera.

As he does so Jimmy grabs Kohler's wrist, pulls him in close and spins him around, rips his sidearm from his holster.

The soldier on the MTB immediately trains his machine gun on Jimmy, but Jimmy has Kohler's body between them, the gun to Kohler's head.

JIMMY

Get behind me Rebekka.

Rebekka scurries behind Jimmy. The soldiers look at Kohler. He is calm, collected.

KOHLER

Don't shoot, he can't get away - if he shoots me, kill him, get the camera.

The second soldier on the MTB swings the large mounted gun around and trains it on them, the twin barrels staring at Jimmy like a pair of huge, empty black eyes.

Jimmy puts his face close to Kohler's, whispers so that only Kohler can hear him.

JIMMY

I don't want to kill you - I just want to talk.

Kohler looks impassive, untroubled. The boat pitches about on the waves.

KOHLER

So talk.

Keeping the gun to Kohler's head, Jimmy slowly reaches round with his other hand, unbuttons Kohler's jacket pocket.

JIMMY

This is not who we are, you and I.

KOHLER

As I said before, I don't see much difference in our methods.

Jimmy reaches inside Kohler's pocket, pulls out a handful of papers, lets several of them blow away in the wind. Finally he finds what he wants, the photo of Kohler with his wife and child. Jimmy thrusts the photo into Kohler's face.

JIMMY

Look at them!

Kohler looks at the photo - he has no choice, his gun against his head, Jimmy's face pressed close to his.

JIMMY (cont'd)

This is who you are, what you are
(Pause) This is what you have...

Jimmy forces the photo into Kohler's hand. Rebekka snuggles close behind Jimmy, holds him tight around the waist. Kohler stares at the photo.

JIMMY (cont'd)

That's all I want.

Suddenly Jimmy releases Kohler, thrusts him away.

The soldier on the boat cocks his rifle, the gunner with the large fixed gun adjusts slightly, his finger twitchy on the twin triggers.

Kohler holds up his hand and the soldiers relax a little. Jimmy slowly hands the gun to Kohler, butt first, then steps back and wraps his arms protectively around Rebekka.

Kohler holsters his gun, looks at Jimmy, thoughtful. Jimmy nods towards the camera bag, on the ground between them.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Take it.

Kohler bends down, picks up the bag, hooks it across his shoulder, looks at Jimmy, intrigued, puzzled still.

JIMMY (cont'd)

You don't need us...

He nods towards the sailors.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Or them.

Kohler and Jimmy look at each other for a moment, then Jimmy bends down and picks up Kohler's SS hat, flips it to him.

Kohler looks down at the SS cap in one hand, the photo of his family in the other, finally at Jimmy.

KOHLER

I need everything...

JIMMY

You have the camera.

Kohler pulls on his cap, glances back at the gunmen.

KOHLER

Please don't force my hand.

Jimmy sighs, nods to Rebekka. She reaches into her pocket, pulls out a roll of film, tosses it to Kohler.

Kohler catches it and slips it in his pocket. He turns his back to Jimmy, leans on the rail, watches the sea slip past.

KOHLER (cont'd)

What about your story?

JIMMY

I have to tell it. It's what I do.

KOHLER

But without the pictures - no one will believe you.

JIMMY

It doesn't matter - you can't hide something like this forever.

A soldier on Kohler's boat moves around slightly to get a better angle on Jimmy.

SOLDIER 3

Shall I shoot, sir?

Kohler says nothing for a moment, he is looking still at the photo of his family. Finally he looks up at Jimmy and Rebekka. He studies Jimmy's face for a moment, then his gaze settles on Rebekka.

KOHLER

No. I'll deal with this.

The soldiers relax, lower their rifles. Kohler slips the photo in his pocket, unholsters his gun, points it at Jimmy.

KOHLER (cont'd)

Have the girl step away.

Jimmy looks at Kohler, then hugs Rebekka. He nods at the captain, gives Rebekka a gentle shove towards him.

JIMMY

Look after her...

Rebekka turns, horror on her face.

REBEKKA

No!

The captain steps forward, scoops her up in his arms, carries her, kicking and screaming towards the wheelhouse.

Kohler takes a step forward, gestures Jimmy backwards with his gun. Jimmy backs up to the very edge of the boat, the low edge of the deck behind his legs, the nets trailing into the water below him.

KOHLER

Sometimes we must do things for appearances, for other people's benefit.

Kohler raises the gun high, towards Jimmy's head, struggling to hold it steady against the motion of the boat.

KOHLER (cont'd)

Have you learned to trust people a little more, Madison?

JIMMY

Trust? My oldest friend betrayed me because of you!

KOHLER

But only if you trust can you tell the difference between the truth and a lie...

Kohler makes strong eye contact with Jimmy.

KOHLER (CONT'D) (cont'd)

And, as I told you before, what is a lie? Tis but the truth in masquerade...

As Kohler's finger tightens on the trigger Rebekka leaps out of the captain's arms and hurls herself at him.

REBEKKA

No!

The crack of the shot and Rebekka's scream tear apart the still air. Lightning flashes overhead, illuminates the scene in garish light.

Jimmy hurtles backwards over the side of the boat. There is a loud splash.

Rebekka wraps one arm around Kohler's leg and beats him with the other. Almost gently Kohler disengages her, and she slumps on the deck of the boat, sobbing.

Without another glance Kohler holsters his gun, turns and marches from the boat.

EXT. FISHING BOAT. DAY.

The MTB speeds away, Kohler on the deck, the camera bag on his shoulder. A Nazi flag flutters from the stern of the boat.

One of the fishermen peers over the side of the boat. Jimmy is tangled in the fishing nets, his arm and head just out the water, rocking slowly on the gentle waves.

The fisherman starts to haul on the net. Jimmy suddenly splutters, reaches up and begins to pull himself over the side of the boat with his left arm.

The fisherman reaches down and helps him. Jimmy flops down on the deck, wet but alive, bleeding from his right shoulder.

FISHERMAN

Captain!

The captain hurries from the cabin. Behind him Rebekka sits up, red-eyed, then rushes over to Jimmy. She hurls herself at him, envelopes him in a hug, crying, crying.

REBEKKA

I thought he'd killed you!

Jimmy sits up, wraps his left arm around Rebekka. His right arm hangs limp at his side.

JIMMY

As long as we're together -

REBEKKA

Everything will be fine.

Jimmy looks up at the captain.

JIMMY

Let's go home...

The captain nods to the sailor in the wheelhouse. With a puff of blue smoke the engine roars to life.

The boat moves off, getting smaller and smaller, until it is just an insignificant speck in the vast ocean.

FADE OUT.