

INTERNAL SECURITY

By

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OVER BLACK --

The SOUNDS of someone preparing tea.

In another room, a NEWS report plays on television.

NEWSCASTER 1 (V.O.)

Two members of the north African
branch of Islamic State (IS), once
believed disbanded, have been
detained at Berlin Airport today.

*

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A quiet, tidy, but dark and dingy kitchen, in a small rented house.

A MAN, his back to us, finishes preparing his tea.

NEWSCASTER 1 (V.O.)

The arrests come on the third
anniversary of the bombings in
Munich and Amsterdam, and have left
many asking -- has terror returned
to Europa and especially to
Germany?

*

The Man takes his tea and walks calmly into the living room.
We follow, still unable to see his face or any discernible
features.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Incense smoke drifts through the room.

The Man puts down the tea, and ceremoniously unrolls a Muslim
PRAYER MAT as the COMMENTATOR on TV continues.

ON TELEVISION SCREEN:

NEWSCASTER 1

This is a question that Secretary
of the Interior, Jörg Von Stahl
will address tomorrow morning in a
live debate.

CUT TO:

B-ROLL:

JÖRG VON STAHL, (40's, confident, manicured, slick), stands at a podium in front of a large crowd outside the Reichstag building.

JÖRG

We predicted the attacks in Europe were only the beginning of a new islamist terror campaign. But yet nothing changed! Our representatives promised to improve our security, and yet nothing changed! The time to act is NOW.

He thumps his hand on the podium for emphasis.

JÖRG (CONT'D)

Because if not, where will this end? Nuclear annihilation? Our cities irradiated and made uninhabitable by dirty bombs?

The CROWD CHEERS -- CLICK.

BACK TO SCENE

The Man shuts off the television and kneels. He bows down to pray.

Silence. A moment of peace, serenity.

Then suddenly -- CRASH! The front door BURSTS OPEN and ARMED COMMANDOS flood into the room SHOUTING.

Their laser sights cut through the incense, their faces stripped of humanity by their helmets, masks and goggles. *

His back still to us, the startled Man starts to rise, arms beginning to reach instinctively for the sky

- and is immediately TACKLED to the ground.

ARMED COMMANDO 1
STAY DOWN! ON THE GROUND!

ARMED COMMANDO 2
DO IT, NOW!

They point their guns at him.

CLOSE ON: The Man's terrified face as it is pushed to the floor. This is KASIB AL KHADAR, (Middle-Eastern Male, 30's, short hair and piercing eyes).

KASIB

What have I done?

Armed Commando 1 pushes his forearm harder into Kasib's face as Armed Commando 2 zip-ties his arms and legs.

KASIB (CONT'D)

Please, what is going on!?

The Armed Commandos pick Kasib up and drag him towards the door.

KASIB (CONT'D)

What do you want with me?! I have done nothing wrong!

And, from his confusion and fear, he convinces us.

INT. CAFE EINSTEIN - MORNING

SUPER: BERLIN

A busy coffee shop full of commuting OFFICE WORKERS trying to get their early morning caffeine fix. *

A morning NEWS REPORT plays on a TV screen above the counter. *

Staring up at it from the counter is INA SCHMIDT, (late 20's, driven, dryly witty, not your girl-next-door).

ON TELEVISION SCREEN:

Jörg Von Stahl sits across from the Head of Department for internal security at the Ministry of the Interior CHRISTOPH HABER, (50's, pale, stressed, and overweight), and a TV HOST.

JÖRG

With every new action we take,
their leaders have promised to
increase attacks against us here.

CHRISTOPH

That is dangerous fear-mongering --

JÖRG

Tell that to the victims of Zürich,
Paris, Madrid, Rome, London!

BACK TO SCENE

Ina stands watching the screen.

BARISTA (O.S.)

Anna!

The Barista looks at Ina.

BARISTA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Anna?

Ina snaps out of it.

INA

Ina.

The Barista hands her the drinks. She looks at the name on the order: Anna.

INA (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Ina takes THREE COFFEE CUPS and moves past the line of people in the doorway, on her way out.

EXT. TIERGARTEN PARK - MORNING

Ina walks up to two Middle Eastern women, NASIRA, (50's), and her daughter LAYLA, (mid 20's, sharp, caring, much more serious than usual for her age), sitting on a park bench; Nasira looks haunted, nervous. Layla is on edge, angry.

INA

(smiling)

Nasira and Layla? Ina Schmidt. The journalist who contacted you. Thank you for agreeing to meet me.

Ina hands them each a cup of coffee.

NASIRA

(to Layla in Arabic)

How do we know we can trust her?

LAYLA

(to Ina)

She's afraid.

Ina glances at her Nasira for approval. She nods; go ahead. Layla translates the conversation.

INA

(to Nasira)

I was told Fahdil isn't the only man to have gone missing from the shelter.

Layla nods.

INA (CONT'D)

Was he friends with any of these?

Ina hands them photographs of six men. Layla glances at them.

LAYLA

I don't know. People would come and go. And then they'd start to go, and never come back.

Nasira bursts into tears.

NASIRA

(in Arabic)

I can't do this.

She gets up and starts to walk away.

LAYLA

I'm sorry. This is too much for her.

INA

It won't take long. Just a couple of --

But Layla is already leading the older lady away. She turns back to Ina, a little apologetic.

LAYLA

I'm taking her home.

INA

Please stay in touch. I might help you finding out what happened.

MYSTERY CAMERA POV: A SHUTTER CLICKS capturing Layla and Ina in a FREEZE FRAME.

Ina sighs, disappointed, as she watches them walk away.

INT. BND - CUBICLE - MORNING

The sound of muffled GERMAN HARD ROCK plays over an expanse of cubicles in an open workspace.

SUPER: THE BND - FEDERAL INTELLIGENCE SERVICE

In one of the cubicles, sits BERND MULLER, (male, 30, dressed in business casual, disheveled but likable). He is focused on his screen, munching pretzels from a bag.

He pores over a log containing hundreds of e-mails flagged as suspicious.

He RIGHT CLICKS an e-mail, then CLICKS the "Security Scan" option.

The yellow progress bar reaches 100% and turns GREEN. The word "Clean" appears with a slight CHIME.

He sees the next email and rolls his eyes. The work is monotonous, soul-destroying.

In the next cubicle, LUCAS, (male, 20's, thin and geeky), pokes his head over the wall.

Bernd removes his headphones.

LUCAS
Anything interesting today?

BERND
Just some guy who keeps e-mailing about aliens controlling Bielefeld.

LUCAS
Who's to say they aren't? Have you ever been to Bielefeld?

Bernd deletes the email with a single stroke, never taking his eyes off Lucas.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
I'm going to the cafeteria. You need anything?

BERND
How about a new job? Can you fix that for me?

Lucas disappears. Bernd stops suddenly and stares at a strange e-mail.

The subject line has no words, just a series of SCRAMBLED LETTERS.

CLOSE ON: Computer Screen as he opens the e-mail, revealing nothing but STRINGS OF STRANGE CHARACTERS.

Bernd HIGHLIGHTS the text and CLICKS "Translate" -- an ERROR MESSAGE pops up.

Bernd runs the text through a search engine. Another ERROR MESSAGE pops up.

He copies the text into a blank document and messes with it - moving pieces around, cutting and pasting, trying to figure it out.

Bernd leans in closer to his screen, draws a matrix, with the letters ADFGX running horizontally and vertically. Then he brings up the e-mail and starts attempting to decrypt the message.

Bernd writes the translated words on a sheet of paper. He stares down at the decoded message -- *"Request delivery of package, W-H-E 510. - Yellow Apple."*

Bernd leans back in his chair and stares at the screen, perplexed; what has he stumbled upon?

INT. JOINT ANTI-TERRORISM CENTER - DAY

SUPER: JOINT ANTI-TERRORISM CENTER

An INTELLIGENCE ANALYST, (female, 40's), sits at her desk in front of a computer screen. She sorts through a mountain of documents, flagging or clearing each one.

She comes upon a document which reads:

"Suspicious Ping alert! Tower Cologne South 22."

A series of ENCRYPTED MESSAGES appear on the screen. She runs them through a decryption program. Her eyes widen.

ON SCREEN: AK-47's, TARGET, STADIUM, OMAR, 05/10/16.

She spins around in her chair, stands and calls for her supervisor:

ANALYST

Mr. Lippner! I have a ping.

HEINRICH LIPPNER, (male, 30's, and already too long in this job), pops his head out of his office.

HEINRICH

From where?

ANALYST

CIA Headquarters in Langley.
Possible attack imminent.

Heinrich quickly approaches the Analyst's desk and peers over her shoulder. His face tightens as he reads the message.

HEINRICH

Shit. That looks genuine.

He looks over to GERD FISCHER, (male, 40's, Office Chief, stern-looking).

HEINRICH (CONT'D)

Gerd! Put a team together.

INT. BND - OFFICE - MORNING

Bernd strides into the office of his supervisor, ELMAR WEBER, (male, 40's, the perfect embodiment of a bureaucrat).

ELMAR

-- Do you have an appointment, Bernd?

BERND

No, sir but there's something I think you should see.

Bernd hands Elmar a printout of the original e-mail with the decoded message written under the gibberish.

BERND (CONT'D)

It seemed a little strange. Kind of a red flag. I decoded it.

Elmar reads the message -- his eyes go wide.

ELMAR

What the hell is this?

BERND

It's a modification of the ADFGVX cipher.

Elmar looks at him, unreadable.

BERND (CONT'D)

It's not secret intelligence level encryption, but still --

Elmar reads then looks up.

ELMAR

You deciphered this on your own? Nobody else has seen this?

BERND

I brought it to you as a priority.

Elmar pushes the intercom on his desk.

ELMAR
(to intercom)
Get security in here immediately.

BERND
What's going on?

ELMAR
This is a private email to a high
level government official.

BERND
I was doing my job --

ELMAR
No, *your job* is to ensure that
every message coming into our
network was safe. You weren't meant
to be spying. You're fired.

BERND
For what? Trying to do the right
thing?

The door opens and two SECURITY GUARDS enter.

ELMAR
You are dismissed.

Elmar nods at the Security Guards --

ELMAR (CONT'D)
Take his security pass and escort
him out of the building.

They grab Bernd by the arms. He still can't believe this is
happening to him.

BERND
This is not fair-

ELMAR
(to Security Guards)
Get him out of here.

The Security Guards escort a shocked Bernd out of the office.

INT. NEUE ZEITUNG OFFICES - DAY

A messy workplace. Desks are piled high with stacks of papers, ramshackle office furniture, and outdated computers, as shabby as the journalists working at them.

Ina enters, passes by the office of her boss, DANIEL, (40's, dedicated to the job, non-nonsense, bitter), with her head down.

Daniel looks up from his phone call, BANGS ON HIS WINDOW, and waves Ina in. She enters with a sigh.

INT. NEUE ZEITUNG OFFICES - DANIEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Daniel hangs up as Ina enters and closes the door behind her.

DANIEL
(checking his watch)
Two hours late. That's a record,
even for you.

INA
I was working a lead.

DANIEL
What lead?

She hesitates.

INA
When it comes in, I'll tell you-

DANIEL
So there's no story?

INA
There will be-

DANIEL
Yes there will. A Lufthansa
profile, in fact. Tuesday deadline.

INA
Are you kidding me?

DANIEL
You want me to give it to someone
else? Because then you'd be left
with no story at all. No story, no
deadline, no useful contribution to
this newspaper. Then what would I
do?

Ina glares at him. Then turns to leave.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
There's a good girl.

Ina bites back any further response and walks out.

Her phone VIBRATES with a new text message:

"BERND: Coffee?"

She deletes it.

EXT. REFUGEE CAMP - NIGHT

SUPER: Spandau Refugee Camp

A few steps away from the refugee camp - barbed wire fences, a barrier blocking the gate - a hooded PERSON is seen about to enter the camp.

A dark van pulls up and BLOCKS them.

Two MASKED MEN jump out of the van, kidnap the Person, and drive off into the night.

EXT. JOSEF SCHMIDT'S HOME - DAY

Ina approaches the front door with a bag of groceries. She tries the handle -- it's locked. She KNOCKS.

INA
Papa?

The SOUND OF MOVEMENT from inside.

A moment later, Ina's father, JOSEF SCHMIDT, (60's, mustached, thin, warm, but carrying regret), opens the door and smiles.

Ina is less pleased to be there; more out of obligation than choice.

INT. JOSEF SCHMIDT'S HOME - KITCHEN - LATER

The home of somebody who lives alone.

Ina and Josef sit at the kitchen table, empty plates in front of them. Josef rubs his full belly.

Ina grabs the plates and takes them to the sink.

JOSEF

If you believe in this story,
follow it. And to hell with anyone.

INA

He's my editor. I can't just ignore
him.

JOSEF

Sure you can. You just choose not
to.

Ina bristles but doesn't rise to this.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

We always have a choice.

But now she's annoyed. She scrubs the dishes vigorously,
trying to distract herself from her own anger.

INA

You're not somebody who should
preach to me about "choices."

Joseph sighs, weary.

JOSEF

You're very predictable sometimes,
sweetheart.

Ina is annoyed with herself for letting her anger around this
subject get the better of her - but she still can't control
it.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

You can't compare this to what
happened to me.

INA

It didn't happen to you, Papa. You
started spying on your friends and
co-workers-

JOSEF

Yes, I am aware of that-

INA

As journalists aren't we meant to
expose the truth, not bury it?

JOSEF

It would've put us all in danger.

INA

You were a journalist, and it was a lie.

JOSEF

(angry)

You can't say that! You weren't there! You think you know everything?

Ina drops the dish in the sink, shattering it. It breaks the atmosphere. Josef continues, a lot calmer.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

You know better than that. It was the Stasi. A different time, different place, different rules. I survived, that's what mattered.

Sounds like he has a hard time completely buying that.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

We all survived.

Ina looks down and sees her finger bleeding from the broken plate. Josef notices.

Josef stands.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

Here...

Josef begins to wrap her hand in a towel. The silence is deafening.

He finishes and takes her bandaged hand in his.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

Trust yourself, Ina. You will do the right thing.

She doesn't look sure about that.

INA

What would you do in my position?

JOSEF

The same thing you've always done and for which I admire you more than you'll ever know. Shine a light in the --

Ina joins in with him. She's heard it all her life.

INA
-- Darkness.

JOSEF (CONT'D)
-- Darkness.

Ina puts the last dish away. She's moved. Tears come.

JOSEF (CONT'D)
Come. Don't trouble yourself with
such things. Especially not today.

Josef smiles as he reaches over towards the door and takes a
fan football scarf off a hook. Ina smiles.

INA
Oh, I forgot.

JOSEF
How can you forget?

INA
Because despite everything you
tried, football isn't quite the
matter of life and death it is for
you.

JOSEF
You're still coming? It'll be like
the old days when an idealistic
writer took his beautiful daughter
to watch football.

INA
Are you buying the bratwurst?

JOSEF
(smiles)
You're the one with the job. You
can buy the bratwurst.

Ina returns the smile.

PRE-LAP: The SOUND OF CHEERING CROWDS

EXT. KÖLN FOOTBALL STADIUM - OUTSIDE THE STADIUM - DAY

CHEERING CROWDS head for the stadium for a football match.

Several stern-faced AGENTS wearing earpieces stand stoically
observing the crowd as it files into the stadium.

EXT. BERLIN OLYMPIA STADIUM - INSIDE THE STADIUM - DAY

Another stadium - in Berlin - but the angles don't reveal that it's a different location. As we cut between the two, we hide that they're not the same place.

Minister Jörg Von Stahl strides through the stands. He nods and waves to people, stopping occasionally to take selfies, as his Security Detail makes its way to a VIP Box.

Josef and Ina Schmidt sit in the stands, bratwursts in-hand, smiling and relaxed. Ina's phone VIBRATES and she looks at the number.

INA

Sorry, I have to take this.

JOSEF

Can't it wait?

INA

It's just about a dumb Lufthansa piece I'm working on. I'll be right back.

EXT. KÖLN FOOTBALL STADIUM - ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

HEINRICH scans the crowd with binoculars.

On the street, Heinrich spots a YOUNG DARK-HAIRED MAN weaving through the football fans.

The Young Dark-Haired Man wears a red hat and a long jacket, down to his knees -- completely out of place for the warm weather.

He seems to have something bulging under his jacket. Heinrich taps his earpiece.

HEINRICH

Package spotted, Eclipse. South side by the fountain. Could be our boy Omar. Do you see him?

ECLIPSE (V.O.)

(in earpiece)

Copy that Overwatch, moving in.

Heinrich watches as AGENTS move through the crowd like wolves, surrounding the Young Dark-Haired Man.

EXT. KÖLN FOOTBALL STADIUM - OUTSIDE THE STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

Agent ECLIPSE grabs the Young Dark-Haired Man.

YOUNG DARK-HAIRED MAN

Hey!

Startled, he whips around to face the Agent. Two more Agents appear.

They grab the man and force him to the ground.

Eclipse straddles the man, rams his knee into the man's back. The Agents complete the search.

Eclipse looks skyward to Heinrich's position, shakes his head.

ECLIPSE

(into his wrist mic.)

Nothing!

HEINRICH (V.O.)

Copy! Back to patrol.

EXT. KÖLN FOOTBALL STADIUM - ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Heinrich stares down at the scene, confused. He brings his phone to his ear.

HEINRICH

(on phone)

Must have been faulty intel.

He looks relieved.

INT. OLYMPIA STADIUM - DAY

Ina stands talking on the phone and looking down to where Josef is sitting and laughing with the PEOPLE next to him.

He catches her eye, smiles and waves at her -- *hurry!* She smiles and nods.

INT. OLYMPIA STADIUM - VIP BOX - CONTINUOUS

Jörg stands and waves out over the field, his image being broadcast on the large outdoor screen.

EXT. BERLIN STREET - DAY

A van parked on a Berlin street. The DRIVER receives a text, starts the engine, and drives away.

INT. OLYMPIA STADIUM - FIELD - CONTINUOUS

The PLAYERS take their positions on the field...

INT. OLYMPIA STADIUM - VIP BOX - CONTINUOUS

Jörg smiles and gives a thumbs-up to the ROARING CROWD.

INT. OLYMPIA STADIUM - STANDS - CONTINUOUS

Josef looks at Ina and excitedly points to the field; hurry up! Ina hangs up and starts walking down the steps toward him...

INT. OLYMPIA STADIUM - VIP BOX - CONTINUOUS

Jörg takes his beer and sits as the REFEREE trots out to the center of the field.

INT. OLYMPIA STADIUM - FIELD - CONTINUOUS

The referee BLOWS HIS WHISTLE and --

-- BOOM!! AN EXPLOSION ROCKS THE STADIUM -- ripping through the stands, consuming hundreds of people in a HUGE BALL OF FIRE!

INT. OLYMPIA STADIUM - VIP BOX - CONTINUOUS

Jörg watches in horror as smoke and fire engulfs the stands directly across from him.

Another EXPLOSION erupts in another section of the stands.

Then another EXPLOSION roars out of a tunnel. People are blown off their feet.

A section of the stands COLLAPSES.

Panic consumes the crowd. Jörg jumps to his feet.

Members of his SECURITY DETAIL frantically race to evacuate Jörg.

INT. OLYMPIA STADIUM - OUTSIDE THE VIP BOX - CONTINUOUS

Spectators are rushing for the exits. Some are just running away from the flames, aimlessly, looking for any escape.

Outside the VIP box, a SMALL BOY falls in the stairway.

The panicked crowd swarms around the boy in a stampede. Jörg runs out of the box, looks at the child in horror.

He twists away from his SECURITY DETAIL, and pushes his way through the crowd, towards the boy.

Jörg scoops up the Small Boy and carries him towards the exit, trying to direct the crowd as he moves.

JÖRG

Stay calm! Move towards the exits!

PEOPLE plow into Jörg, sweeping him and the Small Boy away in the panicked current of the crowd.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The van enters the empty floor of a warehouse and stops. The DRIVER (caucasian, masked) jumps out, grabs a gun, and opens the back doors.

Inside the back of the van, six terrified Middle-Eastern HOSTAGES sit - eyes wide with fear and confusion.

The Driver gestures with the gun for them to get out of the van, and lie on the ground.

DRIVER

Down. Get down. Now!

They move slowly to their knees.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Hurry it up!

He hits one of the Hostages around the back of the head with the butt of his gun. They need no further encouragement to drop to the ground.

The Driver pulls out a small recording device from his pocket and pushes PLAY.

A RECORDED VOICE begins counting down out loud.

RECORDED VOICE
(on recorder)
500... 499... 498...

DRIVER
(to Hostages)
When the counter hits zero, stand
up SLOWLY. Stand up too soon and --

BLAM! He fires a single shot into the air. The hostages wince
at the sound.

RECORDED VOICE
...496...495...494...

The terrified hostages begin to count down with the Recorded
Voice.

The Driver places the recorder on the hood of the van and
silently runs out of the warehouse to the street.

EXT. STREET NEAR OLYMPIA STADIUM - DAY

A PLANTED WITNESS standing on the street corner receives a
text.

He reads it, then dials a number on his phone. As it rings on
the other end he takes a deep breath.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Please state your emergency.

PLANTED WITNESS
('terrified')
I'm calling about the bomb that
went off in the stadium! I saw the
men who did it. They went into a
warehouse at Schützstrasse --

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Can I take your name and location?

He cuts off the call.

EXT. KÖLN BUILDING - DAY

Across from the football stadium, Heinrich exits the building
onto the rooftop.

His PHONE RINGS.

HEINRICH
(on phone)
Yes?

He slows down and stops. He looks terrified.

HEINRICH (CONT'D)
Say that again...

INT. OLYMPIA STADIUM - STAIRWELL - DAY

Still holding the Small Boy, Jörg escapes from the swarm of people and hurries towards the exit.

INT. OLYMPIA STADIUM - STANDS - DAY

Ina, dirty, covered in soot, and with blood trickling from a head wound hidden by her hair, stands over the rubble of the stadium seats.

Her section of the stands is... destroyed. Gone.

She scrambles over the debris and begins frantically clearing it away. She knows what she will find but doesn't want to believe it.

But as she heaves another block of concrete aside, the awful truth is there before her. She cries out.

Josef's dead, OPEN EYES stare up at her from beneath the debris.

She goes over to him, sinks to her knees and starts sobbing.

A POLICE OFFICER spots her and comes over.

POLICE OFFICER
It's not safe. This way please.

She shakes her head, tears flowing.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
You must. Come on-

He takes a hold of her, but she shoves him off and screams at him.

INA
No!!!!

INT. BERND'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bernd sits on his sofa watching the footage from Olympia Stadium.

ON SCREEN: Jörg appears on screen, disheveled and covered in dirt, but otherwise healthy and still holding the Small Boy. A perfect photo opportunity.

A REPORTER interviews him...

REPORTER

Can you tell us what happened,
Minister?

EXT. OLYMPIA STADIUM - DAY

As Jörg stands with the Reporter, a DISTRAUGHT MOTHER rushes to him and reaches for the Small Boy.

DISTRAUGHT MOTHER

Sebastian!

Jörg hands the boy over to her. She cradles him as the Small Boy cries.

Jörg puts a comforting, compassionate, hand on the Mother's shoulder.

REPORTER

Minister? Did you see what
happened?

Spotting a cluster of POLICE CARS nearby, Jörg heads over to them - the camera crew hurrying to follow.

Sergeant Schulz holds a briefing with his team.

JÖRG

The bombs cut off access to the
exits on the upper level. Gather as
many officers as you can!

Schulz looks at his squad of 14 uniformed men.

SCHULZ

I want two teams up there. Use this
route here.

Schulz indicates, then grabs a walkie talkie.

SCHULZ (CONT'D)

Stanz, I need more units. Get me a team with dogs. I want the rest of this place swept for explosives.

ARTHUR BUCKNER, (30's, suited smart and a naturally cool operator), moves out of the crowd towards Jörg.

ARTHUR

Sir, we need to get you to safety. There could be more bombs.

Arthur starts to lead him away, but as he does Jörg makes a point of turning back to give out orders --

JÖRG

Call the military. Tell them we need to set up an emergency hospital next to the stadium. The local hospitals won't be able to handle all the victims. And I want military checkpoints around the city. This is a national emergency situation. The people who did this must be caught.

A loud RUMBLE.

Jörg turns in time to see a large part of the stadium wall CAVE IN, sending POLICE and FIRST RESPONDERS scrambling.

JÖRG (CONT'D)

And get the chancellor on the phone!

Arthur looks on, his service weapon drawn and at the ready; the REPORTER approaches him.

REPORTER

Can we get a few words with The Minister?

ARTHUR

The minister is busy. Stand back.

The Reporter and his Cameraman continue to film and report.

Jörg pats Arthur on the back. Arthur is concerned for the minister's welfare - but also his own.

JÖRG

I'll be with them in a minute.

ARTHUR

Sir! The priority is that we clear the area.

JÖRG

You do your job, Arthur, and I will do mine.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The six Hostages on the floor finish counting.

RECORDED VOICE (V.O.)

(on recorder)

...3...2...1.

They start to stand up slowly when --

A SWAT team BURSTS IN, fanning out across the warehouse, guns pointed at the bewildered Hostages.

POLICE

On the ground, now! NOW!

The hostages do as instructed.

POLICE (CONT'D)

Search them.

The SWAT team search the men and find various bits of incriminating evidence; fake passports, guns, money, etc.

Reveal one of the terrified men is FAHDIL.

INT. JOINT ANTI-TERRORISM CENTER - DAY

Heinrich and his team stare grimly at the television, watching live footage of the bombing scene.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

EXT. STREET IN BERLIN - EVENING

Pulling to a stop, the doors of a grey van open, out of which spills --

A frightened ARAB MAN wearing a blindfold.

A MASKED MAN pulls off the blindfold, and thrusts a rifle into the frightened Arab Man's hands.

The van pulls away, leaves the frightened, bewildered, Arab man standing there with a gun.

Moments later, SIX POLICE VEHICLES arrive out of nowhere, surrounding him.

He drops the gun, puts his hands in the air. Police swarm over him.

INT. INA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - EVENING

Ina lies on her bed, her face distant and pale and streaked with dried tears, staring up in to the gloom.

Outside her bedroom window, we hear sirens, but they wash over Ina - muffled and indistinct echoes of the real world.

EXT. HAMBURG STREET - EVENING

A van stops on a deserted street.

The DRIVER gets out, unloads two MIDDLE EASTERN MEN, and guns are placed into their hands.

The van speeds away. As it disappears, COMMANDOS arrive in armored vehicles.

Pedestrians cower, as they realize what's happening.

Guns raised, the Commandos shout orders at the men, but the men panic. One drops his gun. The other lifts his gun a fraction, unsure what to do

- both are SHOT DEAD by the Commandos, bullets punching through them.

Shocked PEDESTRIANS scream, and look on in horror.

INT. REFUGEE CAMP - CAFETERIA - EVENING

REFUGEES fill the cafeteria, watching the screen as news footage of the stadium explosions blares from a TV bolted to the wall.

The news footage cuts to show the six HOSTAGES from the warehouse being led from a police wagon -- FAHDIL among them; shellshocked and scared.

Layla and Nasira stand in the crowd, watching, their faces full of confusion, shock.

LAYLA

Papa!

Fahdil turns to look at her, tries to break away from the police - but is roughly bundled forwards.

FAHDIL

Let me go! I've done nothing!

Nasira cries out, then hugs her daughter, tears stream down their faces, they sob in a huddle.

END MONTAGE

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Josef's funeral. A large gathering of mourners. Ina addresses everyone gathered, including Bernd.

INA

When I was going through my father's things I found a folded newspaper article tucked into the back of a framed photo of us, taken at my graduation. It's entitled 'The nature of perfect freedom' and I wanted to share some of it.

(starts reading)

"To affirm the basic liberties of our fellow man should be the aim of government, and not the enslavement of its people to enrich itself and propagate further corruption."

Ina looks up into the faces of the mourners, pauses for emphasis.

She notices Bernd among them, and looks back down at her reading.

Her voice breaking, it continues over the top of:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

It's raining. Josef's funeral has just concluded.

Ina stands looking down into Josef's open grave at his casket as PEOPLE file past offering silent condolences.

INA (V.O.)

"When do we stand, my countrymen,
one for the other, side by side,
strengthened by one voice and
purpose? For only by doing so can
we slip the bonds of tyranny and
live as we were designed -- free
and independent."

As most of the mourners depart, Bernd approaches her from behind.

She turns to face him. A beat or two as they look at each other.

INA

He would have hated this. He was
torn between his ideals and the
fact that he couldn't live up to
them himself.

Bernd turns back to face her.

BERND

I can imagine that.

INA

He used to joke that when he died I
could leave him out to be collected
with the rest of the trash.

Bernd smiles, sadly.

INA (CONT'D)

So, has the BND still got you
scanning emails?

BERND

I'm between jobs.

INA

What did you do this time?

BERND

I tried to call you.

INA

Buy me a beer and tell me all about
it.

BERND

I don't have a job.

INA

Oh. I'll buy you a beer.

INT. BAR - DAY

A quiet bar, late-afternoon.

Ina and Bernd at a corner table.

Bernd lays a copy of the cypher he de-coded flat on the table. Ina studies it.

BERND

It was sent to a high level department at the Ministry of the Interior.

INA

So, the BND is conducting surveillance on the government?

It's wry and ironic. It makes him smile.

Ina reads the message.

INA (CONT'D)

"Request delivery of package, W-H-E 510. - Yellow Apple."

She looks at him.

INA (CONT'D)

You're the cypher guy.

BERND

And you're the one who's been uncovering things people don't want uncovered for years.

Ina smiles a little sadly. We're left with the impression of an unresolved past. Ina looks at the paper. Considers it.

INA

I'll see what I can do.

A pause. Then --

BERND

He was a good person. He had ideals - and flaws like all of us. I wish he had liked me more.

INA

He liked you a hell of a lot more than any of my other boyfriends.

(then)

Which, I give you, isn't saying much.

They both laugh.

INA (CONT'D)

The last day with him. We dug up the whole Stasi bullshit thing again.

It's killing her and will do for a while.

BERND

Hey, don't do that to yourself. You loved him and he loved you more than he could ever tell you. He was so proud of you.

She nods, letting a tear go. Looks at her watch.

INA

I have to go. It was good seeing you, Bernd. Let's try and do it more...

She trails away, as though realizing she may not have the right to suggest this. A sense of history and of hurt, here.

Bernd rescues things with a small smile --

BERND

Sure. I'd like that. Call me when you have something.

She pockets the paper. As she leans over to pick up her bag, she plants a quick kiss on Bernd's cheek, rubs his back, and heads out the door.

Bernd sits, a smile slowly spreads across his face. Then he sees the unpaid bill for the beers on the table. Picks it up and shakes his head, still smiling.

BERND (CONT'D)

I guess I'll pay for drinks.

INT. CAFE EINSTEIN - DAY

Layla sits opposite Ina. The mood is tense. Ina is wrestling with her grief.

LAYLA

I will proof that my father is innocent.

INA

All the evidence points towards your father being involved in a plot that killed almost two thousand people.

LAYLA

You said you would help us.

INA

Sometimes our fathers aren't who we want them to be.

Layla looks at her, bitterly.

LAYLA

And sometime they are. Sometimes they are more than we will ever be.

On Ina; these words resonate.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

If you won't do something, I'll find somebody who will.

Ina gives just the tiniest of nods; she'll help.

INT. INA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ina is pinning things to a transparent board:

- PICTURES of Fadhil, Nasira and Layla. On another is a PICTURE of the refugee camp.

- a picture of the BND

- Bold website HEADLINES about terrorist attacks, and Fadhil's arrest for his involvement in them

- and smaller stories about the disappearance of Middle Eastern men.

Finally, she sticks up a copy of the cypher.

At the centre of everything, she places the newspaper article of her father's that she found in the photo. Then she draws a large question mark next to it.

She stands back to see everything she has done.

She stares at a PHOTO of her and her Father.

The doorbell RINGS.

MOMENTS LATER:

Bernd stands next to Ina, looking at the board. Ina nods at the photo of Fadhil; She's throwing herself into this, full journalist mode, as a distraction from her grief, and as a way to honor her father.

INA

He came all the way here with his wife and daughter. He had no history of any extremist activity.

BERND

At least none that we know of. Where does the cypher fit into this?

She unpins the cypher copy and hands it to Bernd.

INA

For now, everything is in the mix.

Bernd smiles and nods, hoping she's up to this.

INT. JOINT ANTI-TERRORISM CENTER - HEINRICH'S OFFICE - DAY

Heinrich at his desk. Across from him sits Arthur. There is a tv on, sound off, with news reports playing on loop.

ARTHUR

The DOI will want to be briefed about how you handled the intelligence.

HEINRICH

We received a credible message pointing towards a bombing in Köln. It's not the first time we got crap intelligence.

ARTHUR

This doesn't sound like bad intel. It sounds like misdirection.

The two of them look at each other.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

C'mon. Don't tell me you don't think the same. You're the smartest and most cynical person I've ever known.

HEINRICH

From the CIA though?

Heinrich gets out of his chair and looks at the map on his wall.

HEINRICH (CONT'D)

How would that make any kind of sense? Why would they do it?

ARTHUR

Remember what Professor Schmidt always used to say? It won't make any sense --

HEINRICH

Until it does.

He looks at Arthur, now --

HEINRICH (CONT'D)

Your guy comes out of it looking like a strongman. Talking big about immigrants, and clamping down before terrorists can get their hands on nuclear material.

Arthur frowns at him, like he can't quite believe he heard that.

ARTHUR

That's a stretch, Heinrich.

HEINRICH

It's what people are afraid of.

ARTHUR

Where would you even go with it?

HEINRICH

Does it matter? It's true though, no?

Arthur is forced to turn it over, knows Heinrich is right.

LATER -

Arthur has gone. Now Gerd Fischer stands before him, having just been briefed.

GERD

See what you can find out about the channel the Köln intel came through. Keep it under the radar for now. Call me if you find anything.

With that, Gerd leaves.

Heinrich glances the tv and footage of Jörg giving a press conference.

He turns the sound up.

JÖRG (ON TV)

I'm not a nationalist or a demagogue or a fascist, as some have said. I'm a man who loves his country. I believe in its endless potential for good, and would do anything to defend it.

Jörg pauses for effect.

JÖRG (CONT'D)

Our enemies are emboldened. We must act decisively before Germany falls victim to an attack of even greater magnitude.

Heinrich absorbs this for a moment before turning the sound down again.

EXT. BERLIN STREETS - DAY

The streets are all but deserted. POLICE and MILITARY stand at every intersection.

Ina walks with determination towards a refugee camp.

She approaches a group of German Military Personnel setting up a checkpoint in the street, she slows down and stops.

Ina waits for a moment, stares sadly at the checkpoint, then walks away, aware she's not getting through that way.

She heads down a side street.

INT. REFUGEE SHELTER - FRONT DESK - DAY

Ina stands at the unattended desk in the small, cramped waiting room. Finally a VOLUNTEER appears from a back room.

INA

I'm here to see Layla Aziz.

VOLUNTEER

You are?

INA

Ina --

She has second thoughts about sharing her surname.

INA (CONT'D)

Just a friend.

INT. REFUGEE CAMP - MAIN HALL - DAY

Ina scans the hundreds of REFUGEES crowded around the rickety cots and makeshift camps, as she walks through with Layla.

INA

How's your mom?

LAYLA

She just lies apathetically in bed.
Hasn't eaten since Dad was
arrested.

INA

The case seems clear to the police.

LAYLA

They don't understand how absurd
the accusations are.
(beat)
We had to flee when IS overran our
city. They hunted us down. Came to
the school where I taught

Layla takes a deep breath and pushes the memories away.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

My father saved me. It's
unimaginable that he should now be
one of the men who did this to us.

INA

Can I talk to the relatives of the
other disappeared?

Layla nods over towards the other refugees.

LAYLA
I'll help you.

Ina looks around at those in the hall.

INT. REFUGEE CAMP - MAIN HALL - CORNER

Ina sits talking with Layla and an old woman, taking notes. Behind them, a Little Girl plays on the floor with a makeshift doll.

LAYLA
This is the last one.

INA
Tell us about your son.

The grandmother is visibly upset. She sizes up Ina, tries to decide whether she can trust her.

LAYLA
Ina wants to help us, Nareen.

The grandmother seizes her chance to assert her grandson's innocence.

GRANDMOTHER
Hakeem is not a terrorist. Tell that to the police. They didn't listen to me.

INA
Is there anything you can tell me that might explain your grandson's disappearance before he was arrested?

Deep breath. The Grandmother looks around, then shakes her head.

GRANDMOTHER
We came here after his sister and his wife were killed by the Islamists. We just wanted to live here ... live ...

INA
And he just disappeared from one day to the next?

GRANDMOTHER

Nods.

INA

And then he was arrested in
Hamburg?

LAYLA

Along with my father.

GRANDMOTHER

They told us he was planning a
shooting. A *shooting!* Hakeem would
never do anything like that. The
Islamists took everything he loved.
Almost. And he would never risk
what he has left.

The Grandmother sadly strokes the little girl's head. Layla
consoles the Grandmother as she weeps.

INT. REFUGEE CAMP - FRONT DESK - LATER

Ina's face reveals her frustration as she strides out with
Layla alongside her.

INA

None of this makes any sense.
Victims of terrorists who allegedly
became terrorists themselves?

Layla nods.

INA (CONT'D)

I have to keep an open mind, but
something's going on here. But if
it's the Islamic State, why? And
why now?

Ina is concerned, shakes her head.

INT. BERND'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Bernd sits at his computer.

He clicks through articles showing instances of Jörg and his
new special anti-terrorist task force making arrests and
thwarting terrorist attacks throughout the country.

He notices comments on the screen about Jörg's rising poll
numbers and support.

Scrolling, he finds an article about the disappearance of a prominent figure within the Department of the Interior; Christoph Haber.

Bernd comes to an article on the Berlin bombing and sees a PICTURE of Jörg posing heroically as he stands in front of the stadium.

Bernd stares at the next article from October 5th.

Something clicks in his head.

He highlights the date; it's important, somehow.

Bernd grabs his cell phone while spilling some papers onto the floor. He frantically scoops them back up.

BERND
(on phone)
It's me.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - EVENING

Ina and Bernd sit across from each other in the back of a coffee shop. Outside a big window is the Berlin government quarter and the Reichstag building.

Bernd has pulled out a printed off email. He can't help but glance around nervously, to make sure no one is watching.

BERND
I think the government knew about the bombing in Berlin before it happened.

INA
That's a pretty extreme conspiracy theory, even for you.

BERND
Maybe not the whole government, but -- this whole islamist boogyman thing. It kind of an old favorite, right? It's proven to work.

INA
You're saying it's a Trojan Horse?

BERND
Do I have to remind you of our country's history of scapegoating?

Ina absorbs this implication.

Bernd taps on the e-mail's print out, noticing something. Points to an address and date on it.

BERND (CONT'D)

It's an address and a date! W-H-E,
That stands for Werner-Heisenberg-
Allee. And it's October 5th!

INA

The day of the Berlin bombing?

BERND

It was sent to someone from the
Department of the Interior.

INA

The missing refugees are being set
up to take the blame for terrorist
activities. That is the only
possibility.

BERND

So who would most benefit from
resurgent fundamentalist terror?
It sure as hell has never been the
terrorists.

INA

Right?

Ina pulls out a printed spreadsheet with names, dates,
locations, and arrest dates.

INA (CONT'D)

Almost all of the reported missing
men from the refugee camp were
arrested in the aftermath of the
bombings.

BERND

Almost all?

INA

There's a few I can't locate.

Ina sits back and takes a deep breath.

BERND

What is it?

INA

I don't know if I'm up to this,
Bernd. I'm scared.

BERND

Nazis are scary people.

INA

I'm not scared of them. I'm scared of me. And you should be too.

Bernd frowns, not understanding.

INA (CONT'D)

I'm scared of my ego taking over. Doing the right thing is hard enough anyway.

BERND

Your ego has nothing on your instinct for truth. Trust it.

She looks off.

INA

You know how when a tsunami approaches, the tide rolls right out before it hits?

BERND

Uh-huh.

INA

I think that's what grief is like. It's only a matter of time before I get washed away.

BERND

So we need to work fast.

INA

The truth needs to be fought for.

She laughs to herself.

INA (CONT'D)

God, I sound like him.

BERND

Then he's still here with us.

INA

I hope I haven't inherited his weaknesses apart from his idealism.

She smiles, sadly.

She opens her mouth to speak when she spots a SUSPICIOUS PERSON with sunglasses staring at them.

His dress is wrong for Europe, definitely wrong for Germany. Something off about him.

The man sees Ina staring back at him and walks away.

INA (CONT'D)
(to Bernd)
We need to go.

INT. INA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ina and Bernd sit on the floor surrounded by Ina's notes and Bernd's printouts. The television BLARES in the background.

Bernd holds up a sheet of paper.

BERND
So, either this e-mail indicates that someone from the Department of the Interior knew about the stadium attack before it happened --

INA
Or that someone tried to warn them, and they failed to stop it.

Bernd points to a printout of the article about the disappearance of Christoph Haber.

BERND
We have to figure that Haber's disappearance is connected. Could he have found something out?

INA
And down the conspiracy rabbit hole we go...

BERND
We've got to consider all the possibilities though, right?

Bernd leans back.

BERND (CONT'D)
Wow.

INA
What?

Bernd nods at the television --

ON SCREEN: Jörg stands behind a podium speaking. Beneath him, a news ticker runs at the bottom of the screen displaying the text: "Chancellor Merz to resign after the elections. Who will be the party's new lead candidate?"

Ina and Bernd share grim looks.

INA (CONT'D)

He's loathsome.

Jörg waves his arms around, ranting.

BERND

What did I tell you? He's got the whole Nuremberg act down to a fine art.

INA

I could almost respect him if I thought he believed any of it. But he doesn't believe in anything apart from Jörg Von Stahl. He has no conviction. He just wants to win.

Ina gathers her coat and bag --

INA (CONT'D)

Find out everything you can about the bombings.

BERND

And what are you going to do?

Ina picks up the article about Haber's disappearance.

INA

I'm going to dig up what I can about Haber.

As she heads out the door Bernd rises and catches up with her.

Ina gives him another kiss on the cheek this one a little longer, a little more tender, than the last.

BERND

Be careful. Please.

INA

I'm always careful.

EXT. BERLIN UNDERGROUND - NIGHT

Ina stands on the platform as the train arrives.

The doors open, and she gets on.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - NIGHT

Ina holds onto an overhead handle, and surveys the train.

COMMUTERS read news stories on their phones as they ride. The front pages are full of headlines about another bombing. This time it was in Madrid.

Another headline mentions a break-in at a NUCLEAR LANDFILL.

Ina stands near the door of the train, she observes the expressions of sadness, anger, and confusion on their faces as they digest the story of terror.

At the back of the carriage, two heavily ARMED POLICE check a Muslim woman with a baby carriage, who is being stared at nervously by the bystanders.

INT/EXT. VARIOUS - MONTAGE**SERIES OF SHOTS:****INT. INA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

- Ina fresh from a shower heads through her living room towards the kitchen. She turns on the TV as she does.

- The TV news broadcasts stories about the violence in the streets as Ina prepares coffee.

EXT. VARIOUS - DAY

- GERMAN VIGILANTES chase REFUGEES down the streets.

- a military checkpoint in front of the Brandenburg gate in Berlin, troops checking vehicles.

- a burning Asylum seekers' hostel

- Electronic billboards announcing a MANDATORY CURFEW.

- Increasing police and military presence on the street.

INT. POLLING PLACE - DAY

Long lines of VOTERS wait to cast their ballots. POLICE with automatic rifles secure the polling station.

Ina steps out of the voting booth. She walks past the armed police.

END SERIES OF SHOTS**INT. INA'S CAR - DAY**

Ina listens to the radio as she drives.

She passes a billboard with Jörg von Stahl's picture and the headline: MAKING GERMANY SAFE.

Her face shows disgust.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Yesterday's results of the
Bundestag elections show a
landslide victory for the CDU under
the leadership of Jörg von Stahl.
He left not only the left-wing
parties far behind, but also his
far-right rivals.

Ina thumps her steering wheel with frustration.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
Chancellor Merz's resignation is
expected any minute, and it's
anticipated that Jörg von Stahl
will step up as our new leader.

CLICK. Ina turns off the radio, angry.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - OFFICE - DAY

Ina sits, waiting, in front of a desk.

A jovial, but weary, Police Captain, ERIC SCHETTER, (50's), enters.

He has files in his hand.

ERIC
So you're at The Neue Zeitung now,
huh? Keeping out of trouble?

INA
(smiles)
Trying to. So...?

ERIC
You've always been a friend to the
department, Ina, but you're asking
a lot of me here.

Eric gestures to the missing persons files on his desk.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Especially after Berlin.

INA
Pressure from above?

ERIC
Pressure to look like we're keeping
people safe. It's like clutching at
smoke.

INA
What do you mean?

ERIC
We're not fighting people - we're
fighting their fear. And every day
that gets amped up a little more.

Ina nods at the files.

INA
Are you going to make me beg for
those?

ERIC
I could never resist a pretty girl.

INA
Now now, Captain Schetter. Comments
like that could get you in trouble.

ERIC
This is what you get when you deal
with dinosaurs.

Eric sighs and slides the files towards Ina.

ERIC (CONT'D)
These are all the files we have on
missing individuals with a
connection to the Department of the
Interior.

Ina opens Christoph Haber's file.

INA
There's not much in there.

ERIC
There's not much to say. Haber
simply vanished.

Ina opens another file.

INA
Who's Kasib Al Khadar?

ERIC
No idea. Government suits swooped
in, took all the case files on him,
and deleted the computer records.

INA
Except this one?

Eric grins.

INA (CONT'D)
You made a copy. Did they say why
they wanted them?

ERIC
Beyond my pay grade.

INA
Did you give them the files?

ERIC
Hell, no! Didn't have a warrant,
and they've got no business here.

INA
You're one of the best, you know.

ERIC
(smiles)
That's what they tell me.

Ina takes a closer look at Kasib's file and notices an
address.

EXT. TIERGARTEN PARK - DAY

Bernd opens his briefcase and sorts through articles on the
stadium bombing.

The headline on one of them reads: "FALSE LEAD POINTS AT WRONG STADIUM; ANTI-TERRORISM CENTRE FAILS IN PREVENTING TERRORIST ATTACK."

Underneath, Bernd sees a picture of Gerd at the Joint Anti-Terrorism Centre in Bonn.

Bernd picks up his burner cell phone and places a call.

GERD (V.O.)
(on phone)
Fischer.

BERND
Hello, my name is Walter Schneider,
I'm a BND security specialist at
the Berlin office.
(beat)
I'm calling about the intelligence
collected from the stadium bombing.

GERD (V.O.)
Is this part of the investigation?

Bernd pauses and rubs his forehead, his brow furrows.

BERND
Yes...?

There's silence on the other end for a moment. Then:

GERD (V.O.)
I didn't receive notice that the
Department of the Interior was
switching investigators.

Bernd sighs, comes clean.

BERND
It's actually an independent
investigation. I'm looking into the
Department of the Interior's role
in the counter terrorism response.
Can you talk off the record?

More silence. Finally:

GERD (V.O.)
...Can you get to Bonn tonight?

On Bernd, frowning, but optimistic.

He hears a strange clicking on the line, holds the phone away from his ear, concerned.

EXT. KASIB'S HOUSE - DAY

Ina pulls up in front of Kasib's small house.

It looks abandoned. Cardboard has been placed over the broken windows. The door frame remains splintered.

Ina gets out of her car and looks around. She peers through a broken window into the abandoned kitchen. Kasib's prayer mat is still on the floor.

It's the house from the opening scenes.

Ina notices a BLACK VAN at the end of the street with dark windows.

She looks into the crack in the windows, then tries the door -
- it won't give, bolted shut.

She heads across the yard to the next house. She knocks on the front door.

After a short wait, it's answered by ELIZABETH (40s, resentful, grudging).

ELIZABETH

Yes?

INA

I wanted to ask you a few questions
about your neighbor.

ELIZABETH

I didn't know him.

INA

Do you know what happened here?

ELIZABETH

Hopefully he went back to where he
came from.

Elizabeth SHUTS THE DOOR in her face.

INA

Stunning conversationalist.

BERAT (O.S.)

She never was.

Ina turns and sees BERAT YAVUS, (60's, friendly), pulling a garbage can from around the side of the house directly across from Kasib's.

Berat jerks his head towards his house. Ina crosses the street and follows.

INT. BERAT'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Berat and Ina sit on the couch in this warm, cosy, room.

BERAT

I told Kasib he could come to me if he needed anything. He acted friendly, but you never saw the smile reach his eyes, y'know?

INA

So, he was just, what, *unfriendly*?

BERAT

More than that. I saw him leave late at night and come back before dawn. He would hold meetings at his house. Then the men came. I assumed they were police. They had armor, guns. They broke in. Dragged Kasib away.

INA

And you haven't seen him since?

BERAT

I checked the news expecting to hear something.

(shrugs)

Nothing. He just disappeared.

Ina does her best to hide her disappointment.

EXT. BERAT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ina walks outside and notices the same BLACK VAN from before, now in front of Berat's house. She steps onto the path in the front yard and the van speeds away.

She hurries to her car, gets inside and locks the door.

INT. JOINT ANTI-TERRORISM CENTER - GERD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Gerd appears nervous, as he stands behind his desk reviewing documents.

He places something into a padded envelope, seals it.

He put it in his bag, walks out of the office, and turns out the light.

INT. JOINT ANTI-TERRORISM CENTER - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gerd casually drops the padded envelope into a mail cart, and continues walking towards the elevator.

INT. JOINT ANTI-TERRORISM CENTER - GARAGE - NIGHT

Gerd walks to his car, he slides into the driver's seat and closes the door.

BERND

Gerd Fischer?

Gerd looks towards Bernd - hurrying into the garage. Their eyes meet. Bernd is just starting to talk when he sees a suspicious blinking light under the car.

BERND (CONT'D)

Careful, there is...

The car EXPLODES; a huge fireball, filling the garage with black smoke

- the blast throwing Bernd backwards.

INT. MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Jörg works at his desk. A call comes through to his desk. He answers it.

JÖRG

Von Stahl.

The voice on the other end is distorted, disguised - impossible to place the accent, the gender, anything.

VOICE (V.O.)

Congratulations, Chancellor.

Jörg's face drops. He knows this voice. He doesn't want to hear it.

JÖRG

I told you not to call me anymore.

VOICE (V.O.)

That's no way to speak to your most valuable ally.

JÖRG

What do you want?

VOICE (V.O.)

The same as you. A strong and independent Germany, not dominated by the European Union or Yankees.

Jörg freezes; what is this really about?

VOICE (V.O.)

Berlin was just a taste of what we can do for you.

Jörg is shaken; fears this person.

JÖRG

I'm Chancellor now. I will not do anything to hurt my country, do you understand?

VOICE (V.O.)

Of course. We only want to help you. We'll talk again after you've been sworn in.

JÖRG

I want to know who --

The phone CLICKS, and then cuts off.

JÖRG (CONT'D)

Shit.

Jörg hangs up, suspicion, anxiety, and paranoia etched across his face.

EXT. JOINT ANTI-TERRORISM CENTER - GARAGE - NIGHT

The building is surrounded by POLICE, FIRE-FIGHTERS, and PARAMEDICS. Smoke is pouring out of the garage.

Bernd watches the scene from the rear of an ambulance, where he's wrapped in a blanket, and being checked by medical staff. He's in shock - blackened, bloodied.

Heinrich's car pulls to a stop in front of the parking garage's entrance.

He hurries out of his car. Heinrich waves his badge and gets closer, past the police line.

FIREFIGHTER

One casualty, he was long gone when we got here. It was the supervisor of this unit, I heard.

Heinrich slows to a stop by the entrance of the garage. He can see Gerd's car through the smoke, still smoldering.

Heinrich surveys the crowd of BYSTANDERS. He notices that two of them - a pair of men, dressed casually - seem to watch him.

Heinrich slowly backs his way to his car, back through the police line. He slips inside and drives away

- all noted by Bernd.

INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

A dark room, where Jörg is stood at a podium, giving a speech.

JÖRG

My friends, we are not alone. We have allies far and wide, whose goals align with our own.

He pauses for emphasis.

JÖRG (CONT'D)

The time has come to take back control. We will not be economic slaves of other nations. No EU puppets. No vassals of the USA. We will not fight wars that are not ours to fight. We will forge Germany into a strong, self-reliant nation through self-belief and, if necessary, fire.

Reveal the room is some underground bunker hall, carved out of a mountainside

- filled with several dozen people - mostly men; some are in high-ranking military uniforms. Others in business suits. It's Germany's elite.

JÖRG (CONT'D)

Sometimes you must destroy in order to create, and only we can save ourselves. We shall prevail. We shall persist. And we shall purify!

The room erupts in cheers, and chants: "Jörg! Jörg! Jörg!"
He looks out at the room proudly; the real Jörg.

INT. INA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The living room is dark. Someone POUNDS FRANTICALLY on the door.

INA (O.S.)
Okay, okay. I'm coming.

Ina enters from the bedroom, turns the lights on and goes to the front door and opens it.

Bernd stands there, ashen-faced, breathless, shaken - still suffering the effects of the blast.

MOMENTS LATER -

Bernd sits on the sofa, re-living the explosion, how close he came to death --

BERND
(freaks out)
We have to stop now, Ina. Back away.

INA
But we're onto something here.

BERND
If that man died because of me --

INA
All the more reason to carry on.
We're onto them.

BERND
I'm not like you. Or him. I'm not brave. I'm not principled.

Bernd lets out a slow, tense sigh.

INA
Stay here tonight. Safety in numbers.

Ina grabs Bernd and kisses him. He responds and leans in towards her. She breaks away.

INA (CONT'D)

Don't let it go to your head. This
is your bed.

Bernd looks at a small sofa he's sat on. He gives her an incredulous look.

INA (CONT'D)

I'll be just in there. Good night.

Ina closes the door. Bernd's in the dark.

BERND

Yeah. Great night.

Bernd walks over to the window, peeks out into the street. He pulls the curtains tight.

INT. REFUGEE CAMP - NIGHT

Layla is sleeping, alongside other refugees.

There's a commotion near the entrance

- which wakes her.

She sits up to see ARMED POLICE dragging a man out of his bed

- despite the protestations of his wife.

Layla clenches her fist. She wants to go over, ready to intervene. Suddenly she feels her mother's hand on her shoulder.

NASIRA

(whispering)

No, Layla. No.

EXT. PARK - DAY

A quiet city park. Heinrich and Arthur walk and talk, away from the crowds.

As this conversation progresses, we see that the Man tracking them is still following at a distance.

And we see that he has a directional microphone sticking out of his coat; capable of picking up their conversation.

HEINRICH

How long have you worked for von
Stahl, now? Two years?

ARTHUR

Three.

HEINRICH

Does he trust you?1

ARTHUR

I would hope so.

Heinrich nods, gets to his point:

HEINRICH

I need your help.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Inside the back of a van, a second MAN records and listens into their conversation. We hear it through headphones.

ARTHUR (V.O.)

We've known each other nearly ten years, Heinrich. I've never seen you like this. What's wrong?

HEINRICH (V.O.)

This.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

Heinrich shows Arthur his phone: a headline proclaims "CAR BOMB KILLS MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR OFFICIAL."

HEINRICH

Gerd wanted to know why we were being fed bad intel, seemingly on purpose. I asked him to look into it. We were due to meet, then --

He nods at the headline.

Arthur frowns as he listens to Heinrich.

HEINRICH (CONT'D)

I'm being followed, Arthur.

ARTHUR

We have to be very careful right now. IS agents are everywhere. Anyone who communicates with our offices is a target, and with your connection to Gerd, you may be a target as well.

HEINRICH

Gerd wasn't an IS agent!

ARTHUR

Go home. Stay there. Now is no time
to be asking questions.

Heinrich studies Arthur; can he be trusted? He nods then
stands and walks away.

Arthur watches him go. He looks over at the man recording,
gives a slight nod.

INT. MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR - LOBBY - DAY

Ina and Bernd approach the reception area as a SECRETARY
looks up from an email.

Next to her on the desk is a RECEPTION LOG.

SECRETARY

Can I help you?

BERND

We're journalists and like to speak
to the Minister of the Interior.

The Secretary gives them an incredulous smile.

SECRETARY

I'm afraid The Minister is very
busy, with a full schedule.

INA

Of course. Thank you.

Ina and Bernd walk away.

INA (CONT'D)

We need that log.

BERND

You see that security camera? We've
probably already been flagged.

Bernd points at a corner that has a mounted camera.

INA

So?

BERND

What do you mean, so?

Ina drags him off to:

INT. MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ina walks to a corner of the hallway, out of view of both the Secretary and the camera.

BERND

What are you doing?

INA

Improvising.

Ina pulls a matchstick pack out of her bag. She stands up on a chair and lights one holding it next to a fire detector.

BERND

Ina, that only works in movies...

A fire alarm BLARES. Automatic sprinklers start and soak them.

She looks at him, smirks matter-of-factly.

INT. MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

All over the hallway sprinklers start to spray. Employees hurry to leave the building.

Ina and Bernd watch as the secretary runs out. Red lights on the drenched security cameras start to flicker, before going out completely.

The monitor on the secretary's desk glitches and goes black.

Concealed within the chaos, Bernd grabs the log book from the secretary's desk.

Ina and Bernd hurry out of the lobby, log book stuffed into Bernd's coat.

EXT. BAR - EVENING

Bernd and Ina sit, in new, dry, clothes, poring over the binder full of names. A large TV shows election coverage.

INA

It's exactly the people you would expect going in to see von Stahl; members of the cabinet, lawmakers, lobbyists...

Bernd nods.

BERND

He won't be the Minister for much longer. They're already referring to him as Chancellor in waiting.

Ina grimaces. Bernd takes another look at the log.

BERND (CONT'D)

Heinrich Lippner? He's with the Anti-Terrorism Centre. He must know something.

Everyone intently watches the television. The room goes quiet.

ON TELEVISION SCREEN:

ANNOUNCER

After the Bundestag's decisive vote, former Minister of the Interior Jörg von Stahl will be sworn in as the next Chancellor of Germany equipped with special powers under the current emergency situation.

CHEERS erupt from the staff, although there are some solemn faces, Ina's included. The program cuts to Jörg's speech.

ON TELEVISION SCREEN:

Jörg steps up to a small podium centered under a banner which reads: "GERMANY'S SECURITY IN OUR HANDS."

JÖRG

Germany has spoken!

CHEERS are heard from the crowd.

JÖRG (CONT'D)

This is a new era in our country's history.

Jörg pauses to allow further CHEERS from the crowd.

JÖRG (CONT'D)

We will put the question of European integration into the hands of the people.

More CHEERS from the crowd on television, and within the bar. Ina shakes her head, ruefully.

INA

We should pay Lippner a visit.

On the other side of the bar, a Man in the wrong kind of clothes casually nurses a drink.

INA (CONT'D)

That man over there...

She subtly motions that direction.

BERND

Yeah, I've seen him too.

Seeing Ina and Bernd noticing him, the man stands and leaves.

Ina grabs her things and quickly follows the man outside.

BERND (CONT'D)

Ina! What are you doing?! Shit.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Ina emerges from the coffee shop and out onto a busy sidewalk. She looks right -- nothing. Left -- a glimpse of the Man rounding the corner. She takes off after him.

MOMENTS LATER:

Ina rounds the corner and is met with a sea of PEOPLE. She pushes through the crowd but doesn't see him. She's lost him.

Bernd finally catches up to her.

INA

Damnit.

BERND

What happened to being careful?

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Bernd sleeps on the train to Bonn. Ina sits next to him, restless.

EXT. HEINRICH'S HOUSE - DAY

A decent-sized house on a pretty street.

Ina and Bernd KNOCK on the front door. Heinrich slowly opens the door a crack.

INA
Mr Lippner? Ina Schmidt. This is
Bernd Muller.

HEINRICH
I've heard of you, Schmidt.

Ina flinches.

HEINRICH (CONT'D)
I should have guessed someone like
you would have your nose in this.

INA
Can we come in?

Heinrich looks beyond Ina and Bernd with a worried expression on his face. He opens the door and lets them inside.

A distance away, a car pulls up with TWO MEN inside, their faces hidden.

INT. HEINRICH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Heinrich makes some coffee while Bernd sits at the breakfast bar.

Ina stands near the counter, and looks at a picture with Heinrich and Arthur standing together.

HEINRICH
How did you find me?

INA
You went to see Minister von Stahl.

She corrects herself.

INA (CONT'D)
Chancellor von Stahl. Your name was
on the sign-in sheet at his office.

HEINRICH
Well, that was a mistake. I alerted
the spies.

BERND
We're not spies.

Over the next section of the conversation, the camera moves in on, and finds, a tiny mic in an air vent...

HEINRICH

I didn't go to see the Minister. I was there to see an old friend of mine. Arthur Buckner.

Bernd and Ina exchange a look of surprise.

INA

Why would you be visiting Von Stahl's right hand man?

HEINRICH

I trust him. I wouldn't have gone to visit if I didn't.

Heinrich looks away, reluctant to talk. Then he leans forward.

HEINRICH (CONT'D)

Gerd Fischer was a colleague of mine. I went to see Arthur because I hoped he could help find answers.

BERND

Answers to what?

Heinrich passes over a newspaper he saved, the front page story about Gerd's death.

HEINRICH

How were the IS able to single out a government employee's vehicle, and plant a bomb in the garage of a highly secured federal building?

Heinrich opens his drawer and brings out the padded envelope we saw Gerd with.

HEINRICH (CONT'D)

I received this in the mail the day after Gerd was killed.

He opens it. It contains a small video recording device, with a USB connector.

HEINRICH (CONT'D)

There was a note that said that it contains some vital evidence, and that if anything happens to him I should ensure it gets out.

Ina gives Bernd a look.

INA
You haven't looked at it?

HEINRICH
I tried. It's encrypted.

INA
May I?

Heinrich hands the device to Ina.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Heinrich looks out into the living room. He is alert.

HEINRICH
Excuse me.

Heinrich exits the kitchen. Ina and Bernd are tense, their gaze following as he leaves.

INT. HEINRICH'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Heinrich grabs a HANDGUN hidden in a desk. He creeps over to the front door.

INT. HEINRICH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ina and Bernd remain seated at the table as Ina examines a photo of Heinrich's. Arthur and Heinrich stand together, smiling.

Ina leans towards Bernd.

INA
Do you think you can get into this -
-

-- POP! POP! POP!

Ina and Bernd look through the door in shock. Heinrich staggers backwards, clutching three gunshot wounds to his chest.

A masked man stands over him in the doorway, holding a silenced handgun.

As he stumbles, Heinrich manages to slam the door shut.

INT. HEINRICH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He takes several steps backwards, before falling into the kitchen, his chest bloody and full of bullets.

HEINRICH

Run!

There is a pounding AGAINST THE DOOR. Ina and Bernd are in shock. Hands trembling, Ina dials the emergency number.

THE FRONT DOOR BURSTS OPEN

- the Assassin is joined by two more masked assailants, who rush into the house with practiced ease, stepping over the dying body of Heinrich.

BERND

Holy Christ!

The Assassins loose a few silenced shots into the kitchen

- Ina pulling Bernd beneath the counter for cover.

BERND (CONT'D)

Shit! Shit shit shit.

She opens a drawer, looks in it for some sort of weapon; it's full of mostly useless stuff; whisks, a rolling pin.

BERND (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

INA

Looking for a weapon.

Bernd pulls out a spatula.

INA (CONT'D)

What are you going to do with that?

BERND

It was the first thing I found!

Ina grabs a rolling pin

- looks out, and launches it at one of the Assassins.

It misses him, but the distraction is enough.

She rips a COFFEE MACHINE off the counter, and throws it at another of the assassins

- hitting him hard in the face and releasing a cloud of hot steam.

Bernd throws the spatula, hopelessly.

Ina launches herself at the kitchen door as an Assassin steps in, gun arm extended

- trapping his arm in the door. She puts all her force against it. The Assassin cries out in pain.

Bernd joins her, adding his weight to the door

- and then a couple more shots SPLINTER the wood of the door, narrowly missing them.

INA

Let's go!

Ina drags Bernd towards the back door, as the kitchen door bursts open, and more shots shatter the glass.

She drops her phone in the panic, reaches for it, but Bernd pushes her through the door.

EXT. HEINRICH'S HOUSE - COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Ina and Bernd race across the courtyard

- and through a maze of alleyways between houses.

The Assassins erupt out of Heinrich's house in pursuit, guns drawn.

One of them aims his gun, but Bernd and Ina disappear around a corner before he can get a clear shot.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

At the end of the alley is a wall. An apparent dead-end.

Bernd gives Ina a boost. As she reaches the top of the wall, the encrypted device falls from her pocket.

INA

Shit!

Bernd reaches down to get it -

INA (CONT'D)

Leave it.

Ina reaches out a hand, but Bernd ignores it, scrambling for the device.

A pair of shots hit the wall next to him, narrowly missing his head.

He ducks, grabs the device, and tosses it up to Ina.

BERND

Go! GO!

She shakes her head but when she sees the Assassins close in, she drops down to the ground on the other side of the wall.

She hears - but we don't see - as Bernd is tackled to the ground by the Assassins. We hear a cry of pain.

She hesitates just a moment, wanting to help her friend

- but a hand appears at the top of the wall; the Assassins are climbing over. Ina takes it as her cue to flee.

EXT. BUSY BONN STREET - DAY

Ina runs out from between two houses and into a busy street full of PROTESTERS. The Protesters hold signs decrying the government.

They shout slogans against Von Stahl.

Ina weaves into the crowd, as the Assassins emerge from the alley.

She manages to get on the other side of a human chain, with a huge line of Protesters linking arms and CHANTING in unison.

Blocked, the Assassins peer through the chain of people, but Ina has disappeared into the crowd.

As Ina runs, she hears POLICE SIRENS and the WAILING of an ambulance.

INT. CHANCELLOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Jörg settles at his desk, but before he can get to work, his cell PHONE RINGS.

JÖRG

(on phone)

Yes?

VOICE (V.O.)
(distorted)
Check your e-mails.

Just bristles at the sound of the familiar, distorted, voice. Quickly Jörg turns to his computer checks his e-mails.

One new, unread email. A strange e-mail with no subject, he opens it.

It's full of PICTURES of Ina and Bernd.

He scrolls through a picture of them at Berat's house, and one of them in front of Heinrich's house.

JÖRG
What is this?

VOICE (V.O.)
Maybe a problem. This is Ina Schmidt. A journalist who is asking too many questions.

JÖRG
And the man?

VOICE (V.O.)
Bernd Muller. Ex-BND.

Jörg remains silent.

VOICE (V.O.)
We've taken him out of the picture. We've got him at the old Meyer's factory building. Trying to find out what he knows.

JÖRG
And Schmidt?

VOICE (V.O.)
We've not yet found her.

Jörg curses under his breath.

JÖRG
Nothing can go wrong now. Can you take care of her?

VOICE (V.O.)
Yes, we will. Besides, her story soon might become irrelevant.

JÖRG

What do you mean?

VOICE (V.O.)

So irrelevant that it becomes lost
in the noise.

JÖRG

The noise of what?

VOICE (V.O.)

Of our next step. We both
understand the fragility of
politics. You could lose your
platform as quickly as it was
acquired.

Jörg's curiosity is piqued.

JÖRG

What are you proposing?

VOICE (V.O.)

There may be a way to secure your
agenda for decades. We can help you
gain the power to rule the country
permanently according to your own
ideas.

JÖRG

How?

VOICE (V.O.)

You know how, Chancellor. It took a
small incident to help you win the
election. Imagine where it would
take you if something much bigger
happened.

The penny drops for Jörg. Shock spreads across his face.

JÖRG

You can't be serious.

VOICE (V.O.)

I'm very serious. These are serious
times, and they require serious
measures. How serious are you about
Germany's future Chancellor?

Jörg is intrigued, tempted, but deeply troubled at what might
be on the table.

VOICE (V.O.)

We will set up a meeting with our mutual colleague. He will take care of all the details.

The call DISCONNECTS. Jörg stares out of the window, haunted.

INT. CELL PHONE STORE - DAY

The protest continues outside.

Ina enters the store, trying to appear as calm and casual as possible. She checks the phone racks for a disposable phone. She grabs a phone and waves a CLERK, (40's), over.

INA

I can access contacts through the cloud on these, right?

CLERK

You'll have to pay an extra fee for web services.

INA

That's fine. I'll take it.

EXT. REFUGEE CAMP - DAY

Layla is helping the Grandmother into the Refugee Camp

- but two CAUCASIAN MEN block her path; both heavily built, broad-shouldered

- not to be messed with.

She instinctively realizes they're there for her.

HEAVY MAN

Layla Aziz. Come with us please.

Layla takes a moment, making it seem like she'll acquiesce. But then --

She breaks for it. Turns and runs. The men go after her.

EXT. REFUGEE CAMP - FORECOURT - DAY

Layla bursts from the front of the building to the rear of the old industrial building, running as the men chase.

She ducks down small passages, pushes her way past people, throws down obstructions to block her pursuers' path.

It seems to be working. Up ahead, Layla sees an opening towards a gate and out. She picks up her pace and gets to the gate --

And as she does ANOTHER MAN steps out in front and grabs a hold of her. She tries to fight back, but he is too strong. She screams --

LAYLA

Help! Someone, help-!

But no one here wants trouble. People scurry away. Layla is caught.

EXT. MUNICH SECURITY CONFERENCE - DAY

A large conference building, in front of which are flags from many different nations.

FOREIGN DIGNITARIES and OFFICIALS stand around to give quotes to reporters, or pose for photographs.

SECURITY PERSONNEL escort FOREIGN MINISTERS into the building, as PRESS surround them, snapping pictures.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The Foreign Ministers of various countries gather in a conference room to meet with Jörg, holding court at the head of the room.

FOREIGN MINISTER 1

You cannot just ignore this threat!

JÖRG

I'm not ignoring anything. I'm representing the principles of my country.

FOREIGN MINISTER 2

Surely our best defense against terrorism is the cooperation of our allies!

FOREIGN MINISTER 3

Terrorists are forming networks across borders! How can we hope to counter them if we do not work together?

JÖRG

Cooperation only works if there is trust. Each one of you has spies stationed here in Germany. Do any of you deny this?

There's silence for a moment, all eyes are on Jörg. Then:

JÖRG (CONT'D)

We are withdrawing our financial support for overseas threats, and we will not risk any more German lives on this effort. We will also rethink our role in NATO, as we do not support its expansionist policy.

Jörg stands, signaling that the subject is closed. Up roar erupts in the room.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Ina makes her way to her room, checking around that she hasn't been followed.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ina sits on the bed, laptop open. She tethers the laptop to the burner phone

- and puts the video device into the laptop USB slot.

She clicks on the drive.

A PASSWORD REQUEST SCREEN pops up on screen.

She types in a random words, gets a NOT ACCEPTED message.

She closes the laptop frustrated.

She runs her hands over her face

- and she begins to cry; the grief is starting to hit her, Bernd's disappearance adding to it.

Above the bed is a cheap print of ocean waves...

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - SECLUDED ROOM - DAY

Dark, dank, nondescript. A room that was once used for some industrial purpose.

Bernd sits tied to a chair. Two CAUCASIAN MEN are with him in the room, BEATING him, their backs to us.

MAN ONE

Where is she?

BERND

I don't know.

MAN TWO

That's going to cost you.

They smack him hard again. He cries out in pain. Blood pours down his face.

MAN TWO (CONT'D)

Again. Where is Schmidt?

BERND

Again. I have no idea. You can hit me all you want.

So they do.

INT. PARK - DAY

Ina - wearing a hood - and Layla walk and talk. Ina is struggling with her feelings, heavy, drained.

LAYLA

They questioned me for hours about you.

Ina looks around, alarmed.

INA

About me? What about me?

LAYLA

Where they could find you, mainly.

INA

Which station did they take you to?

LAYLA

I didn't go to a station. They took me to some old factory.

INA

Why would the police take you there?

LAYLA

They weren't police officers, even if they told me they were. I'm quite sure.

INA

Would you be able to find your way back there?

LAYLA

I was blindfolded.

Which is disappointing --

LAYLA (CONT'D)

But I'd recognize the smell. Molasses. Like the place had been used to store them.

INA

How long did it take for them to get you there?

LAYLA

About ten minutes.

INA

Driving time?

LAYLA

Maybe less.

INA

So a four or five km radius? Maybe?

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Jörg stands in a darkened alley next to his limo. A DARK FIGURE emerges from the shadows and walks towards him.

Jörg's BODYGUARD steps into view. Jörg waves him off with a raised hand.

The Dark Figure stops, face to face with Jörg. A passing headlight sweeps across his face revealing him to be -- Kasib.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - MORNING - FLASHBACK

Note: the video recording device in this scene is the same one Ina and Bernd were given.

A pair of hands rip the bag off Kasib's head.

He kneels on a flattened, dirty cardboard box in a dark room; drawn curtains, a single overhead light. He wearily stares up as three MASKED MEN surround him.

One of the Masked Men places the video recording device down to record the interrogation.

MASKED MAN 1

We know you're planning something.

KASIB

(subtitled; in Arabic)

I don't know what you are talking about.

MASKED MAN 1

Tell me everything. Give us names, locations --

The Masked Man 1 turns to Masked Man 2 and 3, their eyes filled with hatred. Masked Man 2 steps forward and KICKS Kasib in the gut.

Kasib doubles over GASPING. The other Masked Men step in, raining down more KICKS and PUNCHES.

JÖRG (O.S.)

Enough.

Jörg von Stahl steps out of the darkness. The three Masked Men step aside as he approaches.

Kasib spits out blood and wipes his eyes to see Jörg. Through bloodied teeth, he smiles.

KASIB

I was hoping I'd get to meet you eventually.

Jörg sneers.

JÖRG

Oh?

KASIB

We have so much in common.

JÖRG

How do you figure that?

KASIB

Our war provides you with enemies.
A man like you needs enemies,
right? Ones that look like me.

JÖRG

Is this a negotiation?

KASIB

Call it what you like.

Jörg considers this and smiles.

JÖRG

I should point out that you are
negotiating from a very weak
position.

KASIB

I can offer you the chaos you need.

Jörg frowns. He nods at the guards, who stride towards Kasib.

JÖRG

He's no use to us --

KASIB

You can kill me if you want, but it
won't make a difference. I'm just
one of many, as well you know.

JÖRG

Shut him up.

The Masked Men step forwards, lift Kasib to his feet.

KASIB

Wouldn't it be better if we co-
ordinated our efforts.

Jörg laughs, incredulous.

JÖRG

What?! You're serious? I don't work
with terrorists!

KASIB

We wouldn't be having this
conversation if it wasn't already
on your mind.

Kasib is dragged to the door.

KASIB (CONT'D)
We're all pieces in the game,
Minister. Even you.

Jörg grinds his teeth and clenches his fists; he indicates for the Masked Men to stop. He gets up close to Kasib's face.

JÖRG
If this is all a game, what is your
strategy exactly?

KASIB
To make sure the right people win
this time. Starting with you.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Jörg approaches Kasib.

JÖRG
I spoke to your... what is he? Your
...?

KASIB
Let's call him our mutual friend.
We've both benefited from his
support.

JÖRG
What I've achieved, I've achieved
myself.

KASIB
Don't kid yourself, Chancellor. Do
we have a location?

Jörg takes the longest, longest time before he replies. He nods, slowly, heavily.

JÖRG
The old Meyer Factory Building in
Spandau.

Kasib frowns. Then:

KASIB
You are aware that place is a field
office for our mutual friend?

JÖRG

You're mistaken. I believe it is actually the location of radical Islamic terrorist cell.

Kasib takes this in, nods, realizes what Jörg is up to. He smirks, almost impressed.

KASIB

You don't like to owe anyone anything. Right?

JÖRG

This is the last and most important sacrifice I demand of myself and my people. It's when things are at their darkest that we really start to value the light of a new day.

KASIB

Poetic words for drastic measures.

JÖRG

As for you, I expect that we will never see each other again. Germany remains sacrosanct from all IS activities. In return, we will withdraw from all international activities against your organization.

Kasib nods.

KASIB

So it shall be, Mein Führer.

Jörg doesn't rise to the insult. He signals to his Bodyguard, and they return to the car.

EXT. SECLUDED FACTORY - NIGHT

The abandoned MEYER factory.

Ina and Layla makes their way across the lot, towards the entrance. They both sniff the air.

LAYLA

This is it.

Ina nods, prepares to break cover.

INA

Okay, stay here.

LAYLA

Where are you going?

INA

To see if my friend is in there.

LAYLA

What are you - like, special forces?

INA

Nearly. I'm a reporter. Also, we can't call the police because the government is involved in the case.

LAYLA

Then I'm coming with you.

Ina considers this, then nods in agreement.

They both stay low, weaving around rusting shipping containers, and stacks of pallets.

Standing at the entrance are two GUARDS, just smalltalk.

Ina appears behind them from the shadows, and takes one down, with a chunk of concrete to the head. The other reacts, reaches for his machine gun

- but before he can shout or aim at Ina, Layla smashes an iron bar around his face.

The man drops.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

That was easier than I thought.

Ina, breathing heavily, looks down at the men - unconscious, bleeding from their head wounds.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - CORRIDOR/VARIOUS - NIGHT

Ina and Layla sneak along this corridor - carrying the guards' machine guns.

As silently as they're trying to move, their footsteps seem too loud.

INA

Ever fired a gun before?

LAYLA

No. But I've seen John Wick. You?

Ina shrugs.

INA

Point and shoot. How hard can it
be?

They peer into rooms full of crumbling machinery, and offices left to rot.

They reach the end of a corridor. Ina pins herself against the wall, indicates for Layla to do the same. She glances around the corner, and sees another GUARD standing outside a room.

Ina ducks back around, takes a deep breath, and grips the iron bar tight.

A moment later, she bursts out of hiding, and rushes the guard.

The Guard barely has time to react before Ina knocks him unconscious with the butt of the gun.

Layla steps out, admires Ina's handiwork.

LAYLA

Very John Wick.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - SECLUDED ROOM - NIGHT

Bernd is barely conscious, tied to the chair, beaten and blindfolded.

Ina and Layla enter. Ina rushes up to him. Bernd flinches as Ina touches him to remove the blindfold.

INA

Hey. It's okay. It's me. I'm here
to get you out.

Bernd looks up through his one good eye, shocked, relieved, to see her.

BERND

Ina --

INA

Save it until we're out of here.

Bernd glances at Layla.

INA (CONT'D)

This is Layla.

Ina puts the machine gun over her shoulder.

She unties Bernd and helps him up. He winces in pain.

INA (CONT'D)

Easy...

BERND

Think they broke a rib.

Ina and Layla help the unsteady Bernd walk towards the door, both their guns on their backs

- but the way out is blocked by the arrival of a MUSCLED GUARD.

INA

C'mon... Give me a break.

He has his gun raised.

GUARD

Drop the guns. Slowly.

Ina helps Bernd onto the floor. Slowly, she and Layla remove their guns, and place them on the floor.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Kick them over here.

The do as instructed, and raise their hands.

With his gun aimed at them, he approaches them

- and begins to frisk Ina, searching for more weapons. He enjoys the process a little too much, allows himself to become distracted by it.

Suddenly, a foot kicks him between the legs from behind. He cries out in pain, reels backwards, drops his gun. Bernd appears behind him.

BERND

Don't you dare touch my girl.

Ina throws a punch at the guard.

- misses.

The muscleman swings a punch at Ina and catches Bernd, who goes down. Ina ducks.

The Muscled Guy grabs Ina, pulling her close, putting her in a headlock

- delivering a number of punches to her gut. Winded, Ina drops to her knees.

He moves in to deliver another blow. Then:

LAYLA

Hey.

The Muscled Guy looks over. Layla has made her way to an old chain that trails off up to the ceiling

- and is the only thing keeping a RUSTING STEEL GIRDER in place.

Layla releases the chain

- the girder SWINGS THROUGH THE AIR and COLLIDES with the Muscled Guy

- SMASHING HIM INTO THE WALL, impaling him against it.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

That was for my father.

Layla helps Ina to her feet, picks up her own gun, and hands Ina hers.

Ina winces in pain, but indicates she's okay. Together, they help Bernd up, and make their way out.

BERND

You two are terrifying.

Ina manages to smile at Bernd despite the pain.

INA

We couldn't have done it without you.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER

Ina's rental car roars away from the factory, Layla driving, Ina slumped in the passenger seat, Bernd in the back

- as Kasib arrives in one of TWO VANS, with two other IS MEN, driving past them, oblivious.

They park up at the base of the building, and Kasib and one of the IS Men get out - they're carrying guns.

They notice the two unconscious guards at the entrance, and exchange a look.

They go around to the side of Kasib's van. Kasib opens it.

Inside is the DIRTY BOMB - a complicated timer attached to a huge metal drum that fills most of the interior of the van.

He checks it with a geiger counter; CLICK-CLICK-CLICK-CLICK.

He flicks a SWITCH

- and a DIGITAL TIMER begins counting down from ONE HOUR.

He slams the trunk shut

- bundles into the other car with the IS Man, and it drives away

- leaving the car, with the dirty bomb inside, behind.

INT. CHANCELLOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jörg sits at his desk, nervously holding his burner phone.

It rings.

He answers.

JÖRG

Yes?

He listens to the other end of the call.

JÖRG (CONT'D)

Then take her out. Ina Schmidt's death won't even be a footnote on page fifteen.

He hangs up, checks his watch. He looks out of the window, and waits.

INT. INA'S RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Bernd is laying in the back. Ina is slumped in the passenger seat, and Layla is driving.

LAYLA

Where to?

BERND

Do you still have the thing Heinrich gave us?

Ina reaches into her pocket, holds it up.

LAYLA

What is that?

INA

We don't know.

BERND

Get me somewhere I can access that,
so I can decrypt what's on it.

EXT. NEUE ZEITUNG OFFICES - NIGHT

The rental car pulls up outside the offices

- and Ina gets out, followed by Layla

Across the street, figures in a dark van are watching.

INT. NEUE ZEITUNG OFFICES - NIGHT

The elevator doors open, and Layla and Ina enter, helping Bernd to walk.

They look a state as they enter the newsroom

- Daniel and a few other staff members working the late shift. Daniel sees them, his eyes go wide.

Others look over, shocked.

DANIEL

What's going on?

INA

Shut-up, Daniel.

DANIEL

Hey!! Don't tell me to shut-up,
Schmidt!

They help Bernd to a computer, and hand him the USB video device.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Get away from that-

Ina turns on him, snarling -

INA

Try to stop us and see what happens!

Which gives Daniel pause. Bernd plugs the USB in.

DANIEL
What the hell happened to you?

INA
We think von Stahl was behind the
Berlin bombing.

DANIEL
Don't be ridiculous!

He turns to Layla.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
And who are you?

LAYLA
What do you care?

DANIEL
This is my newspaper. I'm the
editor!

With a chime, a WINDOW opens on the computer screen
- containing a video file.

BERND
Done.

LAYLA
That was quick.

BERND
I'm good.

Bernd clicks on the video file - and it begins to play the
scene from the FLASHBACK.

INT. NEUE ZEITUNG OFFICES - LOBBY - NIGHT

Three masked GUNMEN enter the building silently

- as a SECURITY GUARD rounds a corner

- and is shot by a silenced gun.

They step over his body, and open the door to a stairwell.

INT. NEUE ZEITUNG OFFICES - NIGHT

The video finishes playing. Daniel, and the others, are stunned.

INA

Von Stahl must've been protecting
Al Akhdar.

BERND

Yellow apple...

Bernd opens another file.

BERND (CONT'D)

There's more on here. Phone logs.
Email records.

INA

We got him.

DANIEL

The German Chancellor is
collaborating with terrorists. It's
-- it's --

LAYLA

The truth. Finally.

INA

Bernd, upload that to Neue website.
Every file.

BERND

It's going to take a while, but
okay.

He clicks the mouse, starts uploading the files.

1%... 2%... 3%...

The fire exit door is BLOWN OFF ITS HINGES. Everyone ducks,
takes cover behind desks

- there are screams from staff

- as the GUNMEN burst in.

One journalist is SHOT point blank.

GUNFIRE ERUPTS, filling the office. Ina jumps and SCREAMS as
bullets strike above her head.

Her trembling hands reach for the machine gun behind her back.

Layla gets her machine gun up, and fires a burst back at the gunmen. You can see that she is firing a gun for the first time. But she learns quickly.

- gunfire shattering computers, and destroying cubicles, the three IS AGENTS FIRING INDISCRIMINATELY from cover, along with Layla

- and then Ina.

Daniel is screaming, utter panic.

10%... 11%... 12%...

Layla hits one of the gunmen, and he goes down

- but another shoots her in the shoulder. She drops, cries out in pain.

17%... 18%... 19%...

The terrified Daniel pulls out his phone, starts dialing the police, hands shaking.

INA

How long is this gonna take?

BERND

It's going as fast as it can, but it's a USB 2.0. If I had USB 3.0, or Firewire, or --

More shots.

DANIEL

(into the phone)

Neue Zeitung offices! We're being shot at!

The phone in Daniel's hand is hit by a stray bullet - shattering it.

Both he and Bernd shriek, and takes cover

- as they're spotted by the gunmen, who loose a round of shots in their direction.

25%... 26%...

Ina returns fire, the gunmen ducking.

Changing their magazines as they move, the remaining two gunmen approach the cubicle where Ina, the wounded Layla, and Daniel are hiding

- as Ina's gun clicks empty.

INA

Shit!

LAYLA

Take mine.

40%... 42%... 44%...

Ina picks up Layla's gun, and blasts away with it without looking.

Bernd checks the upload progress.

BERND

Fifty percent! Halfway there.

Several loose shots strike the desk next to computer

- cutting a line into the MONITOR, destroying it.

INA

Shit. No!

BERND

It'll still be uploading from the tower!

DANIEL

I HATE THIS!!

INA

Really? The rest of us are having the best time, Daniel!

More shots. BLAM BLAM BLAM! The cubical is being torn apart, chunk by chunk.

Ina returns fire -

INA (CONT'D)

Layla, how are you doing there?

LAYLA

Not dead yet. Do we think it's uploaded?

BERND

Maybe. I don't know. Probably. I
don't know! Stop asking me things!

- and then the windows are filled with the LIGHT OF THE SUN
- as the DIRTY BOMB EXPLODES several miles away. Bernd pokes
his head out to look.

Then comes the sound, a roaring BOOM

- and the pressure wave HITS, and the windows BLOW IN, the
entire building shaking

- Bernd takes the full force of it, being blown across the
office, showered in broken glass.

DANIEL

What the fuck?!

INA

Bernd!!

Ina uses the moment to riddle the two remaining gunmen with
bullets, ripping them apart.

INT. CHANCELLOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jörg looks out of the window, as the distant light from the
bomb begins to fade.

His face is unreadable.

INT. INA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM DAY

Days later. Bernd sits on the sofa, recuperating, watching
the news footage from his bedroom television, with the sound
down.

A red zone with a radioactive warning symbol can be seen on
an animated map over large parts of western Berlin.

Radiation victims in makeshift hospitals. Body bags are
loaded into refrigerated trucks and stacked there.

Scenes of cars trying to get out of town on congested
streets.

The footage cuts back to the studio, where a Newscaster sits
in front of a photograph of von Stahl

- the video footage Bernd decoded plays in a window.

He picks up the remote, turns up the volume.

NEWSCASTER

As the evidence of von Stahl's crimes comes to light, the parliament evacuated to Bonn has lifted the chancellor's immunity an hour ago. It is believed an arrest of Jörg von Stahl is imminent. Dozens of politicians and government officials have announced they will be stepping down from their offices.

INT. JÖRG'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Jörg sits on his bed staring at the wall.

Jörg opens his drawer to reveal -- a PISTOL.

EXT. TERRORIST HIDEOUT - DAY

COMMANDOS swarm a terrorist hideout.

INT. TERRORIST HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS

The Commandos burst in. Guns fire in all directions.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Kasib rises up from a manhole with a bag.

He quickly changes his clothes and puts on sunglasses. He walks out into a crowded street and disappears.

INT. JÖRG'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Jörg brings the gun to his head.

INT. JÖRG'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Federal agents suddenly swarm into the hall. They burst through Jörg's bedroom door.

INT. JÖRG'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

One of them wrestles the gun away from Jörg.

INT. REFUGEE CAMP - MAIN HALL - DAY

VOLUNTEERS escort dozens of male REFUGEES back into the shelter.

Among the men is HAKEEM. He spots his grandmother in the crowd.

They run towards each other.

And then Fahdil enters. He looks around

- and then he sees her: Layla, her arm in a sling. Proud and self-confident. She smiles at him, total relief.

He runs towards her, and they embrace, reunited

- but she winces, her wound not yet healed.

INT. INA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Bernd enters - covered in cuts and bruises, wearing pyjamas - to find Ina reading headlines on her phone, and drinking coffee.

BERND

Not going in today?

She lifts her head, surprised to see him; a glimmer of concern.

INA

Not today. Surprised to see you up.

BERND

You okay?

She's subdued. Shakes her head.

BERND (CONT'D)

Story of the century.

The TV is on, with the sound down. The images speak for themselves. The devastation of the bomb. Scenes of crews in PROTECTIVE RADIATION SUITS who treat people in decontamination stations.

INA

I'd give anything not to have had to break it.

Bernd nods, looks at the paper.

INA (CONT'D)

They reckon they can contain most of the radiation, but won't know the final death toll for years. Spandau will remain uninhabitable for at least a century.

Ina looks over to the TV; a number of MUGSHOTS appear on screen - including one Bernd recognizes.

INA (CONT'D)

They've started rounding up Jörg's collaborators in the government.

BERND

No way.

Ina picks up at how Bernd is staring at the screen, stunned.

INA

You know him?

BERND

Elmar Weber. My old boss. Bastard who fired me. Hah! I think today is going to be a very --

Bernd suddenly comes over woozy, stumbles.

BERND (CONT'D)

-- good day...

Ina rushes to his side - and Bernd coughs; a cough which reveals so much.

INA

Okay, okay. I've got you.

And we can suddenly see how sick he is.

INA (CONT'D)

You shouldn't be out of bed.

She helps him to the sofa. On a table next to it are medications, and a bottle of water.

BERND

I don't want to spend what time I've got left in a bed.

She opens a bottle labeled "POTASSIUM IODIDE", and helps Bernd swallow a couple of the pills.

He smiles at her, but there's a sadness there - a bittersweet sense that they know their time together is limited.

INA

What do you want to do today?

BERND

Whatever you want to do today. Just don't make me stay in that bed.

Ina thinks, then:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Ina stands over a grave, holding a wooden box.

Bernd is a short way behind her, wrapped up warm in a wheelchair, while Ina has a private conversation with her mother's grave.

INA

I'm sorry I haven't been here in a while. I've had a lot going on, but you probably know that.

Ina takes the lid off the box, and looks down at the ashes inside.

INA (CONT'D)

Take good care of him, mom.

She tips the ashes onto the grave, tears in her eyes.

INA (CONT'D)

I love you. Thank you for being my light in the darkness.

Moments later, Ina is wheeling Bernd towards the gates of the cemetery.

BERND

How was that?

Ina shrugs.

Bernd reaches up to take Ina's hand. He pulls her in close. She looks up at him

- and kisses him, on the lips this time.

As she comes away, he notices she has blood on her lips. He realizes it's from his own mouth.

He wipes the blood from her lip, tenderly.

INA

What is it?

BERND

Nothing. Let's go home.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

The PRESS CORPS crowds the outside steps of the Courthouse with various REPORTERS going live.

Everyone is wearing FACEMASKS - a precaution, given the effects of the dirty bomb.

REPORTER #1

In a new development, it appears that former Chancellor von Stahl may have a legal challenge that could exonerate him.

REPORTER #2

Legal experts have confirmed the legal precedence of executive privilege given the former Chancellor's previous position.

REPORTER #3

This precedent, while unusual given the circumstances, could provide von Stahl the legal framework for an executive acquittal before going to trial.

The doors to the courthouse open and three heavily-armed masked COMMANDOS escort a very confident-looking Jörg from the courthouse toward a waiting armored car

- as crowds jeer and boo.

Commando #1 grabs Jörg by the arm and marches him to the armored car.

They load him in and they slam the doors shut.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

As the armored car and convoy make their way slowly down the street.

REPORTER #4 (V.O.)

This has been met with stiff resistance from the general public and von Stahl's critics, who state that a two-tiered justice system is not justice at all. Only time will tell.

A MAN appears on a nearby rooftop. He watches as the convoy drives below his position.

He reaches out of sight and produces -- a SHOULDER-MOUNTED ROCKET LAUNCHER. He targets the armored car carrying Jörg.

MAN ON ROOFTOP

Allahu akbar!

He PULLS THE TRIGGER.

The red trail of an RPG streaks through the sky down toward the armored car.

BOOM! The armored car is obliterated in a thunderous EXPLOSION.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

KASIB sits at an outdoor cafe sipping his coffee.

On the table lies a newspaper. Jörg is on the front page. Kasib's satisfaction is visible on his face.

His PHONE RINGS. He answers. The same distorted voice as Jörg heard.

KASIB

Yes?

VOICE (V.O.)

That was not according to plan. Nevertheless impressive.

KASIB

I'm sorry about your people, but I had to improvise.

VOICE (V.O.)

Even if we have not succeeded in installing a government of our choice, Germany has sunk into chaos. It will take a decade for the country to become a relevant political player again. If at all.

KASIB

It was a pleasure.

VOICE (V.O.)

Are you ready for your next assignment?

KASIB

I'm already on it. I hope it's a bit more challenging this time.

VOICE laughs.

VOICE (V.O.)

Many people in Moscow are pleased with your work so far, but be careful what you wish for, Kasib.

Kasib smiles and hangs up.

He finishes his coffee and stands, then walks off, leaving the newspaper on the table.

PULL BACK to reveal the Eiffel Tower in the background as Kasib blends in to the crowded Parisian street.

FADE OUT.

THE END