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Children of the War

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Children of the War

A Screenplay

Presented to

The Faculty of the School of Film & Television,
Loyola Marymount University of Los Angeles, California

In Partial Fulfillment

Of the Requirements for the Degree

Master of Fine Arts

By
William (Billy) Krauss

This feature length screenplay written by
William (Billy) Krauss

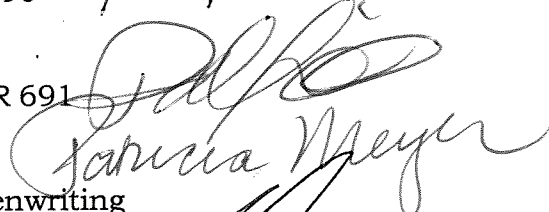
under the guidance of a faculty committee
from the School of Film & Television at
Loyola Marymount University, and approved
by the members of the committee, has been
presented to and accepted by the Graduate
School in partial fulfillment of the thesis
requirements for the degree of Master of
Fine Arts in Screenwriting.

Advanced Screenplay Project Committee:

Committee Chair: SCWR 690

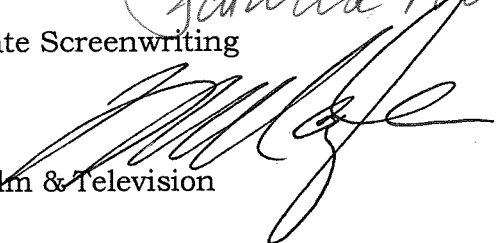


Committee Member: SCWR 691



Jarvis Meyer

Director of Graduate Screenwriting



Dean, School of Film & Television

Date

5/09/19



CHILDREN OF THE WAR

Written by
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"Enjoy the war, because the peace will be hell."
-a German Joke at the end of WWII

FADE IN:

INT. BERLIN LEBENSBORN HOME - DAY

An altar with A NAZI FLAG draped over it dominates a common area.

SUPER: 1942, BERLIN

Behind a door, fingers SNAP. Faint. Barely audible. Once and then, when the echo fades, again.

WOMEN'S QUARTERS

From its perch just above the door, a portrait of ADOLF HITLER glares down at six beds, so close they nearly touch.

SNAP. SNAP. Each a little louder.

On five of the beds sits a MOTHER, each blonder than the last, their blue eyes downcast.

A wicker bassinet sits beside every bed and in each bassinet lies a blue eyed, blonde haired baby.

HERR DOCTOR (O.S.)
The baby shows no reaction to
sound.

HERR DOCTOR. 40s. Spectacled. White coated. Nose in a worn LEATHER LEDGER. Pencil in hand. Crowds the final bed.

An SS OFFICER looms behind him.

On that bed sits KATRIN OLBERMANN. 18. German. Beautiful blonde hair defiantly cropped. Fierce blue eyes. Face wracked with worry.

KATRIN
Do it for mama, Franz.

In a bassinet in her lap smiles FRANZ. Almost one. One green eye, one blue. A dusting of blonde hair. Blissfully unaware.

She SNAPS once in each ear.

Franz stares up at her, still smiling.

HERR DOCTOR
Same reaction as this morning.

KATRIN
He's like this when he's sleepy.

HERR DOCTOR
And the morning before.

KATRIN
It's nothing. I promise you. It's
nothing.

She SNAPS in each ear again.

SS OFFICER
I've seen enough.

And then again. And then again. And then again.

Quick. Desperate. Initially, louder, but each snap fainter
than the last until her fingers make no sound at all.

SS OFFICER (CONT'D)
The Reich cannot risk defective
children.

Herr Doctor nods solemnly and steps forward. Franz just sucks
on his thumb unperturbed.

Katrin pulls Franz to her chest.

KATRIN
Please take me, not him.

But, Herr Doctor wrenches him free from her arms.

Franz WAILS.

Katrin grasps at Herr Doctor's wrist. The SS Officer shoves
her back. Herr Doctor steps towards the door.

KATRIN (CONT'D)
You can't!

Katrin scrambles towards the door.

KATRIN (CONT'D)
No, no, no, no.

Herr Doctor and the SS Officer push through it.

With his little hand, Franz reaches out. Katrin reaches out
too.

KATRIN (CONT'D)
My baby!

But, the door slams shut and the lock CLICKS.
 Katrin hurls herself against the door repeatedly.
 Franz's WAILS grow louder and echoes in her ears.

EXT. POTSDAMER PLATZ - DAY

A DOUGLAS C-54 SKYMASTER PLANE SCREAMS overhead.

SUPER: BERLIN 1948

Katrin. Six years older, but any signs of it hidden behind a shield of makeup. She sucks down her cigarette to a nub.

GERMAN CHILD (O.S.)

Mama...

Katrin's eerily empty blue eyes look past a GERMAN CHILD--

GERMAN CHILD (CONT'D)

...where are you?

--and follow Herr Doctor as he navigates A BLACK MARKET spread atop a field of rubble.

The wind whips up the ends of a hundred blankets, not enough merchandise to hold them down.

The BLACK MARKETEERS, many still in their workshirts, hover over these blankets and sell mostly essentials--

Diapers made of old dresses; suspiciously cloudy milk; vegetables bruised to the point of being battered.

Two AGENTS, P and Q, conspicuously American, tail Dieter. Two meters back.

Katrin drops her cigarette. Turns. Pushes through the crowd.

KATRIN

Herr Doctor.

Herr Doctor shuffles a few paces ahead.

HERR DOCTOR

Do I know you?

KATRIN

Gertie sent me.

HERR DOCTOR

The whore?

KATRIN

The mother. Her child has a cough.

HERR DOCTOR

I do not make house-calls for
brothel brats.

KATRIN

We can do it at yours.

BANG!

A gunshot streaks up into the air.

A column of police advances, batons out and ready. CONSTABLE
DIETER. 20s. Aggressively German. Stands at its head.

DIETER

Everyone on the ground!

Everyone scatters in a chaotic mess.

Dieter and two other OFFICERS converge on the Tailing Agents
P and Q.

KATRIN

This way, Herr Doctor.

Katrin drags Herr Doctor down an alleyway.

ALLEYWAY

Herr Doctor and Katrin stumble between the two bombed out
buildings of which only concrete skeletons remain.

HERR DOCTOR

Thank you. You saved me from some
uncomfortable (questions)--

Katrin pushes him out of view behind a brick fragment of
wall, hand on his mouth.

Debris CRUNCHES beneath approaching boots. It grows LOUDER
and LOUDER until two OFFICERS rush straight past.

When their footsteps fade entirely, Herr Doctor and Katrin
exhale at once. Their gazes hold.

KATRIN

Your American friends wanted to
give you a going away present.

Herr Doctor's gaze drifts downward to Katrin's chest pressed against his, her ample cleavage showing.

INT. HERR DOCTOR'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Katrin RIDES Herr Doctor.

HERR DOCTOR
Ja. Ja. Ja. Ja! JA!

Herr Doctor tries to rise, but Katrin shoves him back down.

Her gaze fixed at a point on the wall. Her thrusts mechanical. Her lips pursed into a scowl.

EXT. POTSDAMER PLATZ - NIGHT

The black market lies in ruin.

Merchandise tossed. Several Black Marketeers in cuffs. The two Agents among them. Police hovering.

Dieter enjoys a smoke.

Suddenly, a US ARMY JEEP SCREECHES up.

DIETER
Schiesse!

MR. WILLIAMS. 40s. An American Nightmare. A wrecking ball of supposed progress. Built like a Sherman Tank. Steps out. Flanked by two GIs.

MR. WILLIAMS
Who's responsible for this?

DIETER
That would be me. What of it?

MR. WILLIAMS
Unlucky you.

Two GIs grab Dieter and throw a bag over his head.

DIETER
Wait, what? Get your hands off of me. You can't do this!

Mr. Williams strolls past the struggling Dieter to Agents P and Q.

MR. WILLIAMS
Uncuff them.

An Officer rushes over to comply.

INT. HERR DOCTOR'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

On his back, Herr Doctor pants, spent.

At the edge of the bed, Katrin slips on her stockings and reaches into her dress.

KATRIN
(holding out a pack)
Cigarette?

HERR DOCTOR
Please.

Without rising, Herr Doctor pats around the nightstand for matches.

KATRIN
Where are you going? Can you say?

HERR DOCTOR
That's classified, but you can probably guess.

KATRIN
America, but shan't you miss Germany?

HERR DOCTOR
Germany died with der Furher, but the Americans will let me continue my life's work.

Katrin strikes a match and lights his cigarette for him.

The flame fills her eyes.

LIVING ROOM

Katrin walks out of the bedroom, only in her stockings.

A COUGH chases out from the room behind her.

HERR DOCTOR (O.S.)
The medicine's in the pantry to the left.

She turns right.

THE STUDY

His voice follows Katrin.

HERR DOCTOR (O.S.)
You'll only need a teaspoon of it.

Katrin thumbs through his bookshelf, behind a messy desk.

HERR DOCTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Where did you get to, Katrin?

A COUGH punctuates his words.

Her index finger lands on book without words on the binding.
She slides it out.

It's the WORN LEATHER LEDGER.

Herr Doctor stands over her, half-smoked cigarette in hand
mid-puff.

HERR DOCTOR (CONT'D)
(coughing)
What...are you...doing in here?

KATRIN
I got turned around.

HERR DOCTOR
You're lying.

He grabs her shoulder.

HERR DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Who sent you?

KATRIN
Guess.

He COUGHS violently. The cough continues, refusing to stop.
Red flushes his face. He gasps, trying to breathe.

HERR DOCTOR
What...did you do?

KATRIN
Highly concentrated dose of
strychnine in the cigarette. You
don't have long now, but those
final moments should be...

(MORE)

KATRIN (CONT'D)
(brushing his hand from
her shoulder)
...excruciating.

HERR DOCTOR
W...w...w...why?

KATRIN
Your life's work took all I had
left in this world.

Another cough. Herr Doctor crumples to the floor. The gasping becomes more frantic and rapid. His hands claw at his throat.

KATRIN (CONT'D)
The medicine's in the pantry, ja?

His fingernails tear at flesh as he starts to seize, his body contorting painfully.

Katrin pulls an overcoat from a coat rack and wraps herself in it.

PANTRY

And slips a tiny vial of medicine into her coat.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

AGENT #1
Are you in there, Herr Doctor?

Katrin's eyes go wide.

LIVING ROOM

Agents P and Q break down the door.

Herr Doctor crawls towards them and with his last gasp, points towards the bedroom.

BEDROOM

The Agents burst in.

A breeze whispers through the opened window.

Agent P looks out it--

EXT. BERLIN ALLEY - NIGHT

A rusty fire escape snakes down the side of the building.

In the alley itself, no sign of Katrin.

AGENT #2

Shit.

INT. BERLIN STREETS - NIGHT

Katrin moves expertly through the ruins of this once great European metropolis.

These ruins blear together as she speeds up.

The bullet ridden walls. The still crumbling buildings. The hills of rubble. The dirt-smearred war ORPHANS.

They are out of focus, in her periphery, but no matter how fast she moves, they chase her.

INT. US ARMY FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Williams rips the bag off Dieter's head and swaggers back into his seat.

Dieter is bound to his.

MR. WILLIAMS

You want a cigar?

DIETER

What...? No.

As he pops one in his own mouth--

MR. WILLIAMS

C'mon. This could be your last night on this earth. Have a cigar.

DIETER

Do you have a cigarette?

MR. WILLIAMS

But, I offered you a cigar.

DIETER

I always preferred cigarettes.

MR. WILLIAMS

See! That right there! That's why you are here. I offered you one thing. You demand something else.

DIETER

I don't follow.

MR. WILLIAMS

(reciting from memory)

"Constable Hans Dieter, born nineteen-twenty, volunteered for the Wehrmacht in nineteen-thirty-eight. Religiously apolitical but a practicing Lutheran." This is not the file of a Red.

DIETER

That is because I'm not a Communist.

MR. WILLIAMS

Exactly. The Soviets corrupted you another way. Greed is my guess.

Agents P and Q enter. Mr. Williams looks to them. They shake their heads. His face darkens.

DIETER

I'm not working for the Soviets.

MR. WILLIAMS

You ordered a raid on Potsdamer Platz the exact moment my men were taking our asset for a walk.

DIETER

Those raids are routine.

MR. WILLIAMS

But, dead OSS assets are not.

DIETER

That sounds like horrible luck.

MR. WILLIAMS

You know who believes in luck. Suckers. Are you a sucker, Dieter?

Mr. Williams bites off the end of his cigar and lights it.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

You're free to go.

DIETER

What?

Agents P and Q untie him.

MR. WILLIAMS

Consider yourself lucky.

Mr. Williams grins ruefully and waves Dieter away.

EXT. US ARMY FACILITY - NIGHT

Dieter rubs his wrists and walks past a checkpoint. His gaze is furtive, overly cautious.

PFC TERRENCE PRINCE. 21. Military police. African-American. All charm. Tips his hat to him.

PRINCE

Have a wonderful day.

His eyes follow Dieter out.

INT. BERLIN BROTHEL - NIGHT

A thick haze of smoke and an unending howl of laughter infect the place.

Prince slips in and pushes through a crowd of MEN--

French, British, the occasional Russian or German, but predominantly American.

WOMEN, skinny, not by choice, buzz about them. Prince makes his way past and to the bar.

EMMA. 50s. German. Eyes that have seen it all. Works the bar.

PRINCE

Any tequila by chance?

EMMA

Does toilet swill count?

PRINCE

It'll have to do.

Prince pushes away from the bar without getting his drink.

INT. BERLIN BROTHEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Katrin soaks in a bath and flips through the ledger.

It meticulously documents dates of birth, head measurements, eye colors, nose shapes and the like beside names of babies.

Near the back is a cache of photos. Children. Many in various stages of obvious disease.

Her face contorts with obvious disgust, but she keeps flipping until finally, landing on Franz's photo.

An infant, healthy and in her arms.

Three taps on the wall with a small hole in it.

Katrin flips the ledger shut.

INTERCUT WITH:

OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL

Prince sits down on a toilet with his pants on.

PRINCE

The Americans talked to Dieter.

KATRIN

And?

PRINCE

They let him go.

Katrin stands up and grabs a towel.

KATRIN

I got your son the medicine.

PRINCE

Thanks for that. How are they?

KATRIN

Quit telling Gertie you're taking her home to America with you.

PRINCE

But, I am.

KATRIN

(not buying this)
She's had enough disappointment in her life.

PRINCE

What now?

KATRIN
Stay out of contact for awhile. My
cover may be blown.

PRINCE
Can I see my son and Gertie?

KATRIN
Wait until I am gone.

She leaves the room.

EXT. BERLIN CHURCH - NIGHT

Simple. Austere. Catholic. The door slightly ajar. Katrin
hurries through it.

INT. BERLIN CHURCH - NIGHT

The stained glass windows above are shattered and boarded up.

A draft whispers through the cracks as a PRIEST says mass to
a sparsely attended late night service.

PRIEST
In nomine Patris et Filii et
Spiritus Sancti.

Katrin finds a spot near the back and makes eye contact with--

A SILENT DEACON standing behind the priest, scowling.

CONFESSIONAL

The pews outside now empty.

Katrin sits on one side of the screen--

KATRIN
Constable Dieter has already
signaled me three times.

--on the other side, COMRADE IVAN. 40s. Nondescript features.
Just a face in the crowd. But, a heavy Russian accent.

IVAN
He's panicking.

KATRIN
Or they got him to betray us.

IVAN
Either way. He's bait.

KATRIN
And if we don't bite?

IVAN
They'll actually turn him and your
cover's definitely blown.

KATRIN
He'll be working that Social
Democrat Rally at Tiergarten, ja?
His tail won't see me in the crowd.

IVAN
They'll think it political
killing... it risky.

KATRIN
I excel at risky.

Ivan nods slowly.

INT. BERLIN BROTHEL - KATRIN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Katrin pulls a NAGANT M1895 Revolver from beneath her
mattress. Checks the sights.

The photo of infant Franz stares up her from the nightstand.
She makes eye contact. Then, flips it over.

Chickenscratch-

"He's perfect.

--your loving sister

Heidi."

A KNOCK at the door.

KATRIN
I'm not working tonight.

The knob turns.

Katrin throws the Revolver beneath her blanket.

Emma steps in.

KATRIN (CONT'D)

What was the knock for if you were just going to come in anyway?

EMMA

When you own the place, you can do what you want.

KATRIN

I see the power hasn't gone to your head.

EMMA

At least, I'm a benevolent tyrant.

Emma holds up a bottle of liquor.

IN THE MAIN ROOM

Abandoned at this hour. A baby cries in another room.

Emma pours Katrin a shot at the bar. Katrin downs it. Slams the shot glass down. Signals for another.

EMMA

All night like that. It's why I drink.

KATRIN

She gave him the medicine, right?

EMMA

Allegedly.

A second shot is poured for each.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I'm not stupid.

KATRIN

I never said you were.

EMMA

You make more than any other girl, and yet, I never see you here.

KATRIN

I have several high profile clients who would rather not be seen with me in public.

EMMA

Or ever again.

Katrin's second shot goes down hard. She coughs a little.

KATRIN

We all do what we must to survive.

EMMA

Bullets are cheap. Your soul isn't.

Katrin reaches past Emma for the bottle.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Where is the scared little girl who came to me when she had nothing?

KATRIN

She died with her son.

The crying finally stops. Silence.

INT. BERLIN BROTHEL - KATRIN'S ROOM - DAY

Katrin slams the bullets into her revolver one by one.

EXT. TIERGARTEN PARK - DAY

A forest of bare trees surround still scorched holes. A cold rain spills out of an unrelentingly gray sky.

In an overcoat, collar flipped up, Katrin slips into a decidedly working-class CROWD. It presses against a police line that separates them from a stage with SPD banners.

On that stage, HERR NEUER, 50s, a flesh lump in waist coat--

NEUER

As Stalin threatens the western
half of this great city with
starvation....

Dieter stands on the left side of that police line, near a group of BERLIN'S ELITE seated on the stage.

NEUER (CONT'D)

...he gives Germany a chance to
redeem itself...

Katrin weaves through the crowd towards Dieter.

NEUER (CONT'D)

...as a bulwark against the
merciless advance of Communism.

Reaches into her coat.

NEUER (CONT'D)
We, the Social Democrats of
Germany, the SPD, stand with the
Americans.

Pulls out the revolver.

NEUER (CONT'D)
We stand with Europe.

And its hammer back.

NEUER (CONT'D)
And the world.

She aims.

NEUER (CONT'D)
Against the Communist threat.

Berlin's Elite erupt into applause.

The loudest of which comes from a BOY. Six and a half. One
green eye, one blue.

KATRIN
Franz?

The gun lowers.

Franz claps even after the others finish. Only a hand on his
shoulder stops him.

HEIDI VON TRIER. 50s. German. Stuffed into a matronly dress.
Restrained smile. Hair done-up. Pulls her hand back.

Katrin steps towards them.

DIETER
Gun!

A confused chaos breaks out.

People run every which way. Several bump into Katrin.

She sidesteps, ducks, shoulders past them all.

Police hurry to escort the Elite away.

Heidi pulls Franz away.

Katrin pushes towards them--

But several pairs of hands yank her back.

KATRIN
Don't touch me!

The Officers drag her away. More close in.

She kicks. Elbows. Claws. Bites. Screams.

All to no avail.

Dieter pins her to the ground, billy club to her throat.

DIETER
You aren't going anywhere.

Franz and Heidi disappear into the distance with the other Officers.

INT. WEST BERLIN POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION - NIGHT

Katrin is chained to a chair. She pulls at her binds as Dieter paces in front of her.

KATRIN
Nervous?

DIETER
I'm thinking.

KATRIN
You've been thinking for hours. Can I help?

DIETER
No. Shut up.

KATRIN
Whatever you end up doing to me,
you're fucked.

He gets in her face.

DIETER
I said shut up!

KATRIN
You're thinking about handing me
over to the Americans, aren't you?

DIETER
They'll protect me if I do.

KATRIN

Will they? After you hand me over,
what use are you to them? Your
cover is blown.

DIETER

Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit.

KATRIN

There is another option.

DIETER

I don't want to hear it.

KATRIN

You let me go.

DIETER

I'm not that stupid.

KATRIN

Right now, my boss's looking for
you and you alone. If you were to
free me, he'll assume we made some
sort of deal and look for both of
us.

DIETER

Would he buy that?

KATRIN

I just fucked up in a big way. A
prostitute with a gun at a
political raises a lot of questions
that are not easily answered.

DIETER

(getting it)

And he will prioritize taking you
out over me.

KATRIN

Thus doubling your chances.

Dieter reaches for his handcuff key.

THE BULLPEN

Dieter leads Katrin out by the arm. She slows a little.

Officers interrogate several of Berlin's Elite.

No Heidi. No Franz.

EXT. WEST BERLIN POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Dieter watches as Katrin hurries away. A POLICE SERGEANT steps up beside him.

POLICE SERGEANT
Isn't that our girl?

DIETER
It was a misunderstanding. I thought I saw a gun. There was no gun.

The Sergeant stares him down, taking this in.

POLICE SERGEANT
You're writing the god damn report.

DIETER
Yes sir.

Katrin passes a bench.

Seated there, Mr. Williams folds up his newspaper and follows her, half chewed cigar in his mouth.

INT. BERLIN BROTHEL - KATRIN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Katrin scoops up the photo of Franz on the nightstand and stares down at it, confirming what she already knows.

The tears flow and don't stop.

EMMA (O.S.)
What is it? Are you okay?

Emma slides in next to Katrin. Embraces her.

KATRIN
I saw him. They didn't kill him. He's alive.

EMMA
Slow down...who?

KATRIN
Franz, my son.

EMMA
Are you certain? The SS was not known for their mercy.

KATRIN

Absolutely. A mother knows these things.

EMMA

Then, what are you doing here? Go to him, Katrin.

KATRIN

I blew my cover when I saw him.

EMMA

Understandable.

KATRIN

Not to who I am working for. They will want me dead. They won't care about my son. I'm at best useless to them. At worst...

(shaking her head)

He wouldn't be safe.

EMMA

What would you do for your son?

KATRIN

Everything. Twice.

EMMA

They've trained you. Made you a weapon in their war. Use that against them. Remind them of your value. Don't let them throw you away so easily.

KATRIN

And play them long enough to get him back.

Franz's photo smiles from the nightstand.

EXT. BERLIN CHURCH - NIGHT

Rain splatters down. Katrin walks towards the building.

A long shadow bounces beside her.

She walks straight past the church without breaking stride.

BERLIN STREET

Katrin moves at a steady, but urgent pace.

With each step, the shadow grows larger and closer.

She hangs right into-

BERLIN ALLEYWAYS

Mr. Williams' large frame blocks the street light.

Katrin's pace quickens. His does too.

She turns right. He turns right. She turns left. He turns left. She cuts through a building's ruins. He follows.

Barely two meters behind.

And gaining.

ALONG THE RIVER SPREE

Katrin full-on sprints, along the river as it churns with rainwater.

The few street lights left are burnt out or flicker.

CLICK.

She freezes. An exhausted Mr. Williams holds up a pistol.

MR. WILLIAMS

It's over, sweetie. Turn around slowly.

KATRIN

I can't give up. Not now.

She takes a hard right over the railing.

A bullet whizzes past her temple.

It misses wide-right.

She SPLASHES into the water below--

MR. WILLIAMS

Fuck.

--floats towards--

SOVIET CHECKPOINT

Sandbags and barbed wire clog the river banks. Machine gun nests glower down at Katrin.

RED ARMY SOLDIERS lock and load.

Their CAPTAIN approaches sidearm ready.

RED ARMY CAPTAIN
You are approaching a Red Army
Checkpoint, a restricted area.

KATRIN
(mouth full of water)
Krasnyy Krolik.

RED ARMY CAPTAIN
If you do not stop, you will be
shot.

Hands up, shivering wet, Katrin crawls onto shore.

KATRIN
Krasnyy Krolik, damn it!

RED ARMY CAPTAIN
Apologies, Comrade.

He lowers his sidearm and offers her a hand.

INT. GHOST BERLIN TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

An east-west train station no longer in use, but under Soviet guard.

Katrin waits for a train car that will never come.

Ivan appears in the western portal.

IVAN
Walk with me.

She jumps down to the tracks. Together, they walk into the darkness.

IVAN (CONT'D)
If you weren't blown before, you
are now.

KATRIN
Do you trust me?

IVAN
Trust does not factor. You are
liability.

Ivan stops walking. Katrin moves a few paces ahead of him.

KATRIN
The only liability is an under
exploited asset. You taught me
that.

IVAN
They will try to flip you.

KATRIN
I would never betray you.

IVAN
Everyone flips under enough
pressure. Consider this a mercy.

Katrin turns. Ivan's pistol is aimed at her.

KATRIN
Then, let me flip.

IVAN
What?

KATRIN
I let the Americans think they've
flipped me while I funnel
information back to you.

IVAN
And if they immediately put bullet
in your skull?

KATRIN
It'll save you the bullet.

The pistol lowers reluctantly.

INT. WEST BERLIN OFFICE BUILDING - RECEPTION - DAY

A large faded imprint of a swastika still stains the wall.

KATRIN (V.O.)
I go to someone we trust to betray
me to the Americans.

Wagner floats through the air.

DER COLONEL'S OFFICE

A mausoleum of papers.

KATRIN (V.O.)
And ask about Herr Doctor.

DER COLONEL. 60s. A ghost of Nazi past. Skeletal frame. Severely angular face. Wears a pitch black suit. Sits across from Katrin.

DER COLONEL
And to what do I owe this pleasure,
Fraulein Olbermann?

KATRIN
I need to know if Doctor Karl
Müller had any relations.

DER COLONEL
Ancestry records are tricky.

His foot reaches out under the table to rub against Katrin's. Hers jerks away.

She bites her lip.

DER COLONEL (CONT'D)
They always have a habit of getting
lost.

KATRIN
And can make sure that they
resurface?

DER COLONEL
Perhaps.

Katrin leans back. Slips her shoes off. One and then the other. In full view of Der Colonel.

She raises her voice a few octaves--

KATRIN
I've been walking all day.

Slides off a stocking.

KATRIN (CONT'D)
And this rain. My feet sweat like
no other when it rains.

DER COLONEL
It is the humidity.

And sets it between them.

KATRIN

The dirt. The grime. Just sticks to them, because of it.

He takes it almost immediately. Presses it to his nose. Inhales deeply as if it were a fine wine.

DER COLONEL

And the other?

KATRIN

The records first.

She yanks the stocking from his hand.

BACK ROOM

Skyscrapers of file cabinets, each meticulously labeled by date and organization.

Glasses in his breast pocket, Der Colonel fingers through the one labeled "Ariernachweis" aka "Aryan Certificates."

DER COLONEL

No, no, no, no, no.

Katrin watches from the doorway.

KATRIN

You wouldn't waste my time right, Der Colonel?

DER COLONEL

Here it is.

He holds the "Müller" file to her.

Katrin opens it.

Her finger drags across the family tree printed on the page and moves past "Karl Müller" to--

KATRIN

"Heidi Von Trier," his sister?

Der Colonel leans over her shoulder a little too close.

DER COLONEL

Sister, ja.

KATRIN

Is there any way you could get me
her address?

DER COLONEL

It depends.

KATRIN

On what?

Katrin leans against file cabinet as her bare foot inches up
Der Colonel's shin to his thigh.

EXT. WEST BERLIN APARTMENTS - NIGHT

Katrin glances down at the piece of paper that reads--

"310 Uhlandstrasse, Apartment 2B"

Then, back up at the building.

INT. WEST BERLIN APARTMENTS - NIGHT

Pre-war opulence, long since faded.

Katrin hurries up two flights of stairs.

And pants up to Apartment 2B. The door is cracked open.

KATRIN

Hello?

She cautiously pushes it open.

APARTMENT 2B

The lights are off.

It has everything a home should have, but no more. It lacks
any semblance of character.

Katrin steps inside. Moves to the light switch. Flicks it.

Nothing.

She rushes to the door, but it swings SHUT!

It's blocked by Mr. Williams.

MR. WILLIAMS

Der Colonel said you'd be here.

KATRIN

That worm.

Katrin ROUNDHOUSE KICKS him in the temple.

He staggers. Sways to his right.

An opening to the door.

Katrin bolts for it. Grabs the knob. Knuckles whiten.

Mr. Williams yanks her back by the hair.

She jolts her head forward.

Hair rips out at root. Part of her scalp with it.

Blood gushes.

She screams, half war-cry, half excruciating pain.

A flurry of punches. All into Mr. Williams' chest.

He absorbs them all with a grunt. Catches her fist. Squeezes. Twists.

MR. WILLIAMS

Give up.

KATRIN

No.

MR. WILLIAMS

Fine.

SNAP!

Her wrist breaks. Bent at a sickly angle.

She SCREAMS.

All pain this time.

KATRIN (V.O.)

Most of all, I have to make them believe I did not come willingly.

BLACK.

INT. US ARMY FACILITY - INFIRMARY - DAY

Katrin's eyes ease open.

A morphine drip. A lit cigar. Ice on Mr. Williams' temple.

MR. WILLIAMS
You're fucking handful, Katrin
Olbermann.

KATRIN
I always hated flirting. Get to
your point.

Katrin scoots up in a bed.

Only so far. A cuffed wrist prevents her going any further.
Her other wrist is in a splint/sling.

MR. WILLIAMS
You killed one of my assets. That
really pisses me off.

KATRIN
And yet, I'm still alive.

MR. WILLIAMS
You're small potatoes.

KATRIN
And you want bigger potatoes?

MR. WILLIAMS
Bingo.

KATRIN
What's in it for me?

MR. WILLIAMS
Other than not dying?

KATRIN
Yes, other than that.

MR. WILLIAMS
The knowledge that you did the
right thing.

KATRIN
Ha!

No laugh from Mr. Williams.

KATRIN (CONT'D)
Wait, you're serious?

MR. WILLIAMS

I truly believe the world's better
off with less godless Reds.

KATRIN

You're all for protecting godless
Nazi swine?

MR. WILLIAMS

Hitler's dead, dollface and we
gotta war to win.

KATRIN

What he stood for isn't.

Mr. Williams takes a long drag. His eyes never leaving her.

KATRIN (CONT'D)

I'm not a godless Red, by the way.
Godless, perhaps. Red, no.

MR. WILLIAMS

What are you then?

KATRIN

A mother from whom everything was
taken by the swine you protect.

MR. WILLIAMS

You think the Bolsheviks are any
better?

KATRIN

I know for a fact they aren't and I
don't necessarily want to die
today.

MR. WILLIAMS

So you'll work with us?

KATRIN

I have to know what you want first.

MR. WILLIAMS

Who gave up the Doctor?

Without blinking or hesitation--

KATRIN

His sister. Heidi Von Trier.

MR. WILLIAMS

That was easy. Too easy.

KATRIN

She came to my handler as penance for helping her brother during the war. You've seen the photos, I presume?

(off his nod)

Real sick shit. My bosses forgave her though. She was too important not to forgive. But, I didn't. I couldn't.

MR. WILLIAMS

And why's that?

KATRIN

Her brother killed my son. You help me eliminate her. I'll give you my handler and the rest of the West Berlin Soviet spy ring.

She holds her splint out to Mr. Williams. He shakes it.

INT. BERLIN CHURCH - DAY

Katrin walks in and extinguishes a candle left of the altar.

MR. WILLIAMS (V.O.)

Maintain regular contact with your handler like nothing has changed.

The Priest clocks this and hurries off.

CONFESSIONAL

Katrin on one side of the screen, Ivan the other.

KATRIN

It was like we predicted. First thing, he wanted to know was who betrayed Herr Doctor.

IVAN

Who did you give him?

KATRIN

Some industrialist's widow with enough dirt in her past to keep us busy for awhile.

INT./EXT. MR. WILLIAMS' CAR - DAY

Passenger's seat. Katrin stares at a file--

HEIDI VON TRIER

MR. WILLIAMS

What do you know about VT
Pharmaceutical?

He drives a pitch black 1940 Opel Olympia.

KATRIN

The basics: founded by Heidi's dead
husband's grandfather, father took
over right as Hitler came to power,
husband dies right as the Furher's
decline starts, leaving her hands
relatively clean.

MR. WILLIAMS

No one's that clean. Even Jesus had
Mary Magdalene.

KATRIN

Then, we just have to find her
Mary.

The car comes to a stop.

INT. BERLIN TAILOR - DAY

Katrin stands before a mirror in her underwear. Arm still in
a splint. Dried blood matting her hair.

She's a mess.

The TAILOR comes up from behind--

TAILOR

Where did you find this one? The
gutter?

(to Katrin)

Arms.

--and handles Katrin's body as he gets her measurements.

Legs, waist, bust and finally, her neck.

Mr. Williams smokes with his feet up.

MR. WILLIAMS
Since when is that any of your
business?

The Tailor clicks his tongue. Pushes Mr. Williams's feet onto
the floor.

TAILOR
Could you do that near the window?

Mr. Williams doesn't move.

MR. WILLIAMS
So is it doable?

TAILOR
Something will have to be done
about the hair, and she'll have to
wear a lot of hats...

MR. WILLIAMS
Can. It. Be. Done?

TAILOR
With difficulty.

And with that, the Tailor exits the room.

BATHROOM

Katrin sits on a crate, her neck arched back positioned over
the sink. The Tailor shears away her blonde hair.

TAILOR
What color do you want it?

KATRIN
I've always wanted to be a red
head.

Mr. Williams still smokes as he pisses in the toilet.

MR. WILLIAMS
Make it brown. More inconspicuous.

KATRIN
How about black?

BACK TO THE MAIN ROOM

Katrin steps out with a pixie cut colored pitch black that
somehow makes her blue eyes all the more brilliant wearing a
conservative long sleeve purple dress.

TAILOR

She may not need the hat.

Katrin turns away from him and peers into the mirror.

She looks beautiful.

INT. HERR NEUER'S HOME - MAIN ROOM - DAY

It has seen better days.

Mr. Williams and Katrin enter, arm in arm.

MR. WILLIAMS

Let me do the talking here.

A portrait of the Party Chairman at prouder moment hangs slightly askew. He almost looks regal.

CRASH!

LIVING ROOM

A mess, lacking any sort of feminine touch ever.

Herr Neuer lies on the floor, rubbing his elbow.

Mr. Williams offers a hand. Herr Neuer takes it, but then shambles past first Mr. Williams, then Katrin.

NEUER

We are nuclear ash in waiting.

KATRIN

Are you certain about this?

MR. WILLIAMS

The Party Chairman is fine.

Neuer's eyes are dilated.

NEUER

One false move, one brazen decision
one wrong twitch of the finger and
it's over.

MR. WILLIAMS

(correcting himself)
Will be fine.

Sweat soaks through both Neuer's shirt and undershirt.

NEUER

The Red Army sweeps into our half
of Berlin and the Americans drop
the bomb...

His hand taps against his thigh.

NEUER (CONT'D)

...to wipe them off the map...

Mr. Williams grabs that hand at the wrist--

NEUER (CONT'D)

...and us with them.

MR. WILLIAMS

That won't happen.

--and rolls up Neuer's sleeve.

NEUER

What is another city to the great
United States of America?

Neuer grabs Mr. Williams's face.

Mr. Williams's hand disappears into his back pocket.

MR. WILLIAMS

It's my job to make sure it doesn't
come to that.

Mr. Williams jabs a MORPHINE syrette into NEUER's arm.

Neuer collapses into an armchair. A serene calm washes over
his face.

NEUER

We're not even pieces in their
little game, you know?

His gaze fixes on Katrin.

NEUER (CONT'D)

We're the board.

Katrin pulls Mr. Williams away.

KATRIN

This is your plan? Trusting a
junkie?

MR. WILLIAMS
 He'll do his job.
 (loud enough for NEUER to
 hear)
 Or I'll cut him off again.

KATRIN
 There has to be a better way.

MR. WILLIAMS
 He's your foot in the door, nothing
 more. The rest is up to you.

Not rising from his chair, Neuer pats around for his
 overcoat, futilely.

It's pretty pathetic.

INT. MR. WILLIAMS'S CAR - NIGHT

Mr. Williams drives.

Katrin sits with Neuer in the back seat. She adjusts his tie.

MR. WILLIAMS
 Repeat it back to me.

NEUER
 Katrin Olbermann is my cousin.

MR. WILLIAMS
 Cousin from where?

Neuer itches at his arm.

NEUER
 I need another.

KATRIN
 You have to sit still.

MR. WILLIAMS
 You will get another when you
 focus.

A deep inhale then--

EXT. MARMORHAUS CINEMA - NIGHT

Beneath a marble facade, scorched slightly black and a
 lightless marquee, Katrin stands beside Neuer.

NEUER

...Konigsberg. She fled the
barbarous advance of the Red Army.

His vacant stare passes for imperiousness. His slow speech an
oratory trick. His inattention natural.

NEUER (CONT'D)

A tragedy truly and then, the gall
to hold our city hostage.

A small group of BERLIN'S ELITE holds onto his every word.

NEUER (CONT'D)

Animals, the lot of them.

Katrin tugs on his arm.

Heidi slips past the crowd inside, accompanied by--

--ROMY NEUMANN. 50s. Female. A shock of gray hair, banished
behind her ear.

She makes momentary eye contact with Neuer before Heidi
hurries her along.

KATRIN

We should go inside.

INT. MARMORHAUS CINEMA - THEATER - NIGHT

A near empty theater, populated only by the Elite and GIs.

Heidi and Romy sit in the back right corner, near the aisle.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Gilda, are you decent?

The reel CLICKS.

Katrin and Neuer are in the middle, halfway down. Neuer half
straightens, half squirms in his seat.

The picture flickers. Damage spots almost every third frame.

RITA HAYWORTH

(on screen, as "Gilda")

Me?

But, Rita Hayworth's iconic hair flip in the film GILDA beams
through.

RITA HAYWORTH (CONT'D)

Sure.

Heidi rises from her seat, but Romy grabs her wrist.

HEIDI
Bathroom.

RITA HAYWORTH (CONT'D)
I'm decent.

Romy lets go and Heidi exits.

Katrin rises too, but pauses near Neuer.

KATRIN
Stay here.

NEUER
Wh-what?

She pushes past him.

INT. MARMORHAUS CINEMA - LOBBY - NIGHT

Katrin enters, pauses, takes in the abandoned space and then rushes through it.

EXT. MARMORHAUS CINEMA - NIGHT

Heidi strikes a match ineffectually. A cigarette droops from her lips.

The match BREAKS.

HEIDI
Shit.

Another match lights. It illuminates Katrin's face.

HEIDI (CONT'D)
Sick of Hayworth already?

KATRIN
Her? No. The men around her? Yes.

HEIDI
Ah, don't you love American cinema?

KATRIN
Americans have a perverse
relationship towards sex and
violence.

Katrin lights Heidi's cigarette and then her own.

HEIDI

You can't just say something like that and not offer an explanation.

KATRIN

They happily put half-naked images of Rita on an atomic bomb, but their motion picture code officially bars any hint of sexuality in her films.

HEIDI

I'd argue her mere presence oozes sexuality.

KATRIN

Point taken. Perhaps that's why I love her so much.

Heidi smiles subtly as she takes a long drag of her cigarette.

KATRIN (CONT'D)

I am--

HEIDI

--Herr Neuer's cousin. He said it at least three times in my hearing.

KATRIN

And you are?

HEIDI

How rude of me. I thought everyone knew who I was.

KATRIN

You think highly of yourself.

HEIDI

Hardly. But I do think that they want my money.

KATRIN

I don't want your money.

HEIDI

But your cousin does.

ROMY (O.S.)

This doesn't look like the bathroom.

Heidi quickly ashes her cigarette as Romy advances.

HEIDI
Perceptive as always, dearest Romy.

ROMY
I can smell the smoke on you.

HEIDI
Not this again.

ROMY
You already cough like a coal
miner. Smoke will only make matters
worse.

HEIDI
Perhaps I am attempting to connect
with the proletariat.

ROMY
I'd hardly consider Herr Neuer's
refugee cousin a member of the
discontented masses.

KATRIN
It's Katrin.

Romy pulls Heidi away, but Heidi looks back to Katrin.

HEIDI
Thanks for the light, Katrin.

Katrin's gaze lingers on her.

INT. WEST BERLIN BEER HALL - NIGHT

And still lingers on her, through the crowd between them.

Katrin sits near the back. Heidi and Romy near the front,
next to the raised platform where Neuer speaks--

NEUER
Germany! She still has strength.

Heidi's eyes roll and land on Katrin.

Both women smile. Heidi turns away first.

EXT. WEST BERLIN BEER HALL - NIGHT

Heidi hurriedly exits ahead of the crowd, but Katrin
intercepts her.

KATRIN

Your keeper dragged you away before
I got your name.

HEIDI

Do you mean Romy? She's a friend
and means well. Though she thinks I
wouldn't be able to take care of
myself on my own.

KATRIN

Is she correct in this assumption?

HEIDI

Almost certainly.

Both women laugh as Romy pushes out the door.

ROMY

Herr Neuer's coming.

HEIDI

Hide me.

ROMY

There is no need to be so dramatic.
Just talk to the man.

HEIDI

(to Katrin)

Then, you hide me.

Neuer blusters out of the hall, head on a swivel.

NEUER

I caught you.

HEIDI

I am in your net.

KATRIN

Are you calling me a net?

ROMY

Don't call her a net.

Heidi snorts, but covers her mouth.

NEUER

What did you think?

HEIDI

I was surprised by you tonight.

NEUER
By the speech?

HEIDI
No, no. That was tedious as expected, but you. You were more cogent than I would have guessed. With your condition, that is.

ROMY
(sotto)
Heidi.

NEUER
I-I do not know to what you are referring.

HEIDI
Do you still tell people it is back pain? Or have you since made something else up?

NEUER
This is hardly appropriate. I just wish-

HEIDI
To ask for more money, I know.

ROMY
Herr Chairman, sir. Frau Von Trier is quite tired. This can certainly be discussed at another time.

NEUER
The party only asks for her support. She need only say yes.

HEIDI
Support which I have more than amply given.

NEUER
Y-y-you...

Heidi already walks away, leaving Neuer with Romy and Katrin.

ROMY
Lovely speech, Herr Neuer, but we really must be going.

And with that, Romy goes too.

INT. HERR NEUER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mr. Williams administers a syrette of morphine to Neuer as Neuer melts into his armchair.

MR. WILLIAMS
So there is no progress?

NEUER
That woman is just inscrutable.

Near an opened window, Katrin smokes.

KATRIN
I found her rather... scrutable.

NEUER
I've known Frau Von Trier most of my adult life. I think I know her a little better than you.

KATRIN
In your daily state, I don't think you know your fingers from your toes.

MR. WILLIAMS
She's not entirely wrong.

Katrin flicks her cigarette out the window and pushes through the clutter of the apartment.

NEUER
What are you doing?

KATRIN
Proving a point. You must have something to drink, ja?

Mr. Williams raises a brow.

EXT. VON TRIER ESTATE - NIGHT

Heidi opens the front door.

HEIDI
So he sent you?

Katrin stands on the landing, dusty bottle of wine in hand.

KATRIN
Unfortunately, but humor me.

Heidi smiles, but does not move.

HEIDI
Convince me.

KATRIN
I have wine.

HEIDI
You're rather convincing, but only
one drink.

She steps out of the way.

INT. VON TRIER ESTATE - FRONT HALL - NIGHT

Portraits, busts and dusty chandeliers all cling to a former
opulence, long since past.

Katrin's eyes drag over everything as Heidi leads her up the
stairs.

HEIDI
So I was right.

KATRIN
You must be more specific.

HEIDI
You do want my money.

KATRIN
Ostensibly.

HEIDI
You have ulterior motives then?

KATRIN
If you consider good company and a
drink ulterior motives, then yes.

Heidi reaches for the bottle of wine.

STUDY

Heidi pours two cups of wine at her desk.

Katrin stalks the edges of the room, her fingers skim along
the spines of the books.

Brecht. Kafka. Remarque. Heine. Freund are among the authors
on her wall.

KATRIN
No Goethe? Every Good German has at
least one copy of Goethe.

HEIDI
Perhaps I am not a Good German.

KATRIN
Are any of us?

Katrin reaches for a cup and the women toast somberly.

HEIDI
He wasn't always like this.

KATRIN
My cousin?

HEIDI
I knew him before... you know.

KATRIN
He's not terrible.

HEIDI
He's not, but he's not what he
could be.

KATRIN
What do you mean?

HEIDI
He used to stand for something.
Something real and not just what he
thinks the Americans want him to.

KATRIN
What happened?

HEIDI
He was afraid. We all were. We all
still are.

Heidi drains the cup.

HEIDI (CONT'D)
It's a shit excuse, I know.

And immediately pours another.

A soft CREAK at the door. Franz stands there, rubbing his
eyes, exhausted.

HEIDI (CONT'D)
 (in sign language)
You should be in bed.

NOTE: All sign language will be in **bold** from here on out.

FRANZ
I could not sleep.

HEIDI
Would a story help?

Franz claps happily.

HEIDI (CONT'D)
 Can you parted from my company for
 a few moments?

But, Katrin cannot take her eyes off Franz. He hides behind Heidi's leg. Bashful.

HEIDI (CONT'D)
 Katrin?

KATRIN
 Yes. Certainly. I'll manage.

Her eyes follow Heidi and Franz...

FRANZ'S BEDROOM

...and watch as Heidi lays him down.

His head slouches asleep in her arms.

Her fingers run through his blonde curls.

HEIDI
**...and they lived happily ever
 after.**

And her lips press against his forehead.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Partially concealed by the doorway, Katrin is ten feet away.
 It might as well be ten thousand.

Her eyes are glassy.

HEIDI
 What is it?

Heidi approaches. Reaches for Katrin.

But, Katrin jerks away.

KATRIN

I'm sorry.

HEIDI

It's okay. You did nothing wrong.

KATRIN

I really should be going.

HEIDI

I thought we agreed on one drink.

KATRIN

You've already had more than one.

HEIDI

Then, humor me for at least one more.

KATRIN

I didn't realize how late it was.

Katrin rushes down the hall.

FRONT HALL

Katrin fiddles with the door. She's frantic. It won't open.

HEIDI (O.S.)

It's locked.

Heidi clicks it unlocked. Their graze.

KATRIN

I shouldn't have come. I'm sorry.

HEIDI

What do you have to be sorry for?

Katrin flings the door open and barrels out it.

EXT. VON TRIER ESTATE - NIGHT

Heidi stands on the landing as Katrin hurries away.

HEIDI

You had a child.

KATRIN
You are mistaken.

HEIDI
A mother never is about these
things.

Out of breath, Katrin stops.

KATRIN
He would have been around the age
of yours.

HEIDI
I should have known.

KATRIN
I lost him.

HEIDI
I'm sorry.

KATRIN
It's not your fault.

She finally turns. The tears freely fall from her eyes.

HEIDI
He must remind you of your boy.

KATRIN
So much.

HEIDI
You poor baby!

Heidi rushes to her. Pulls her into an embrace. Pins Katrin's
arms to her side. Unintentionally.

KATRIN
I wasn't lying about it being late.
I must go.

HEIDI
I'm certain your cousin's not a
breakfast person. You are more than
welcome to join us.

KATRIN
That's really too much.

HEIDI
No, I'd say that it's just enough.

She wiggles free from Heidi.

INT. BERLIN BROTHEL - NIGHT

Katrin rattles through the bottles behind the bar.

Emma jerks her head towards the commotion. Some the late night crowd watches as well.

EMMA

We're all out. I believe my Russian supplier got shot.

KATRIN

I just need something. Anything.

Katrin keeps rummaging.

EMMA

Katrin, it's no use. I've already checked. Twice over. There's not a drop left.

Shoves aside several.

KATRIN

I'll check again. It won't hurt.

And knocks one over.

It falls. Emma cannot catch it.

The glass SHATTERS.

EMMA

Come on. I'll lay you down.

Emma reaches out to Katrin, but Katrin shoves her away.

KATRIN

I can get it. I'll do it myself.

EMMA

What's wrong?

KATRIN

I'm angry.

EMMA

Clearly.

KATRIN

Aren't I allowed to be angry?

Katrin storms off.

EXT. BERLIN BROTHEL - NIGHT

A cigarette sags from Katrin lips. She slashes a match at its book's strip of flint.

Several broken matches lie at her feet.

Emma crushes them with her boot.

EMMA

You saw her with him, didn't you?

KATRIN

She took my son and I hate her. But apart from that, there is little to hate about her. She seems like a good person, all things considered. That makes me hate her more.

EMMA

She took your son. Your hate need not venture beyond that. But, don't forget that hate.

Her hand settles on Katrin's shoulder.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Unseemingly monsters are the most dangerous sort.

And lights the cigarette for Katrin.

INT. VON TRIER ESTATE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Katrin eats forcefully. All fork jabs and hard swallows.

Beside her, at the head of the table, Heidi observes.

HEIDI

I was quite right to think you would be hungry.

KATRIN

I guess I am not as well-fed as you.

HEIDI

Most aren't.

KATRIN
But you are.

HEIDI
We are blessed.

A SERVING WOMAN comes for Heidi's nearly untouched plate.

HEIDI (CONT'D)
Add it to Franz's.

SERVING WOMAN
Yes, mistress.

HEIDI
I do feel guilty about it in truth
especially with the deplorable
conditions in the city.

KATRIN
And outside of it.

HEIDI
I would do more, but Franz is my
priority.

The women smile softly and resume eating.

Franz marches into the room. Moves straight past them. Heads
to the opposite head of the table. Wiggles into his chair.

HEIDI (CONT'D)
**Morning Franz. What do you say to
Fraulein Olbermann?**

His body slouches in his chair, out of sight. His little
hands poke into view to lift his plate and set it in his lap.

KATRIN
It is all right.

HEIDI
It is not.

Heidi stands up and moves over to the light switch.

The lights flick ON and then OFF.

Franz's eyes peek over the table's edge.

HEIDI (CONT'D)
What do you say?

FRANZ

Hallo.

He wiggles back down in his seat. Out of sight.

KATRIN

He is just shy.

HEIDI

That is no excuse for rudeness.

LIGHTS OFF. THEN, ON.

He pops back up.

HEIDI (CONT'D)

And your food goes where?

Franz dramatically lifts his plate and sets it on the table with a clatter.

FRANZ

There.

Katrin stares at Franz, but he never looks up from his plate.

INT. VON TRIER ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - -DAY

Heidi guides Katrin towards the closet, but Katrin stops just short of it.

KATRIN

Are you certain you are okay with me wearing your clothes?

HEIDI

My *old* clothes and you need them more than me.

KATRIN

What is that supposed to mean?

HEIDI

Every time we've met you've worn the same purple dress.

KATRIN

It's a favorite.

Heidi pulls at the fabric, incredulous.

HEIDI

It looks like a man picked it out
and I suspect one did.

KATRIN

I only had rags. My cousin was
sweet enough to have had it ready
when I arrived.

HEIDI

So you do have nothing else?

KATRIN

I was too embarrassed to say.

HEIDI

You need not be so with me. Now get
in there and take what you want.

Katrin steps inside.

IN THE CLOSET

The immense array of clothes lines every inch of the wall.

HEIDI

The late Herr Von Trier was many
things, but cheap was not among
them.

Katrin runs her fingers through the many colored fabrics.

KATRIN

Your son, Franz, is quite
impressive. Was it easy teaching
him the thing with the hands?

And searches not for dresses, but what is behind them.

HEIDI

Signing and no, I had to bring in a
specialist from Saxony. Romy
insisted he was too young, but he
took to it almost immediately. We
were odd pair. Me too old to learn,
him too young.

Shoe boxes, odds and ends, a loose stocking or accessory.

HEIDI (CONT'D)

I must apologize for the mess.

KATRIN

Well, I think that's wonderful. The signing, not the mess.

HEIDI

Sometimes. Other times, I just do not know.

KATRIN

What do you mean?

HEIDI

The boy is precocious.

KATRIN

Aren't all children like that?

HEIDI

Yes, but I feel like he skipped a few steps like the sweet phase most kids go through.

Katrin pulls down a dress.

KATRIN

Or maybe you just missed it?

HEIDI

What did you just say?

KATRIN

Oh dear, I know I shouldn't have said anything. I just thought it was obvious.

HEIDI

What is obvious?

KATRIN

Franz, he doesn't look like you. He is adopted, is he not?

HEIDI

I'm his mother.

KATRIN

Yes. That was never in question, but, you are not his birth mother?

HEIDI

Franz is mine.

KATRIN

He is, but--

HEIDI

There is no but. I am his mother.
Full fucking stop. Is that clear?

Heidi and Katrin stare each other down for a long beat.

KATRIN

Crystal.
(re: the dress)
How about this?

HEIDI

You can't take that. It's my
favorite.

And she pulls it from Katrin's hands.

INT. BERLIN BROTHEL - GERTIE'S ROOM - DAY

TIL, almost one, mixed-race, pulls at his blanket. Katrin watches.

GERTIE. 18. Plays the part of the innocent well, but changeable hazel eyes give her away. Stands beside her.

GERTIE

(re: Katrin's purple
dress)
What's with the get-up?

KATRIN

Breakfast job.

GERTIE

It must have went poorly if you are
already back.

KATRIN

You could say that.

Gertie lifts Til. Breastfeeds.

GERTIE

Prince says no sign of Dieter at
any American checkpoints. But, when
he comes up for air, you'll know.

KATRIN

Since when are you his courier?

GERTIE

Since you potentially got blown.

KATRIN

Tell him to use someone else next time.

GERTIE

What's your problem with me, Katrin?

KATRIN

You don't deserve this life.

GERTIE

And you do?

KATRIN

I didn't choose it. It came from a lack of options.

GERTIE

And I'm clearly swimming in them.

Katrin tries to move away, but Gertie grabs her arm.

GERTIE (CONT'D)

I want an actual answer.

KATRIN

(re: Til)

He doesn't deserve this life.

Gertie lets go.

Someone CLEARS her throat.

Emma in the doorway--

EMMA

Katrin, you have a customer. You are working, aren't you?

Mr. Williams falls in behind her. Katrin glares at him.

KATRIN'S ROOM

Katrin paces. Mr. Williams sits.

KATRIN

This is highly irregular. This is not how things are done.

MR. WILLIAMS

Then, no one will suspect anything. We just have to sell it.

He unzips his pants. Lowers his underwear.

KATRIN
I don't mix business and pleasure.

MR. WILLIAMS
I don't expect you to enjoy it.

She falls to her knees in front of him.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
The results from your operation are not exactly forthcoming.

KATRIN
It just started.

And starts to pleasure him.

MR. WILLIAMS
You are approaching a week and still nothing. It makes me question your commitment to us.

But, stops.

KATRIN
These things take time.

MR. WILLIAMS
(re: his cock)
Ah, ah, ah. You're not selling it, Katrin.

She resumes.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
I am a man who demands results, especially with an operation such as this with so much at stake. It would be a shame if I was forced to search for those results elsewhere.

He closes his eyes. Grips the bed. Almost there.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
Like that mulatto's father. His girl isn't as subtle as she thinks. I followed her straight here. I just take the brat and the boy's father will flip like fucking flapjack.

And then there.

KATRIN
I'll get you results, but you don't
lay a finger on either of them.

MR. WILLIAMS
You better or I will.

He wipes himself off on her bed.

EXT. BERLIN BROTHEL - DAY

Mr. Williams is out the door. Katrin pulls him back.

A kiss.

After, she doesn't let him pull away.

KATRIN
I need another god damn dress. The
mark noticed the repeat wearings of
this one.

MR. WILLIAMS
I'll see what I can do.

KATRIN
Just do it damn it.

She lets go. He goes.

EXT. VON TRIER ESTATE - DAY

Katrin on the front step.

The door opens a crack. No further. Only Heidi's eye visible.

HEIDI
And I thought you were gone for the
day.

KATRIN
I misplaced my scarf.

HEIDI
You were not wearing one this
morning.

KATRIN
But, last evening?

HEIDI
No, not then either.

KATRIN
Interesting.

HEIDI
Goodbye, Katrin.

Heidi closes the door. Katrin's toe stops it.

KATRIN
I'm sorry. I was out of line.

HEIDI
You were.

KATRIN
I just can't control my emotions
sometimes.

HEIDI
It's hard. I know.

KATRIN
But, despite everything, you have
him. That's something. Something to
hold on to.

HEIDI
No. Because of everything, I have
him.

The door opens.

INT. VON TRIER ESTATE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

A grand piano dwarfs Franz. He plays it nonetheless.

His fingers stumble over the notes of "ODE TO JOY."

Heidi bobs her head with the beat. Taps missed notes on the
sheet music. Steps back--

--to Katrin who observes from the eaves.

KATRIN
How did he learn how to play with
... you know?

She points to her ear.

HEIDI
I have read that it is the
vibrations which the sound waves
give off.

(MORE)

HEIDI (CONT'D)

His disability leaves him particularly attuned to them. He can feel them in a way we can't.

KATRIN

How did you find that out? By mistake?

HEIDI

(shaking her head)

I taught all my sons to play. I resolved to be no different with Franz. Besides, Beethoven was deaf.

KATRIN

He's not your first?

HEIDI

He is technically my third.

KATRIN

And all boys?

HEIDI

Unfortunately. I had always prayed for a daughter.

KATRIN

If you don't mind me asking, what happened to them?

HEIDI

The war. One after the other. I adopted Franz to heal my grief.

KATRIN

Did it?

HEIDI

No, but he brings me joy nonetheless.

The notes spiral down in a joyous though imperfect crescendo.

KATRIN

Both my son Klaus and his father Marko died in close succession too.

HEIDI

If you do mind me asking, how?

KATRIN

Marko was gypsy. So when I showed,
I claimed it to be another's to
protect the baby. It broke Marko's
heart. He was taken and gassed
shortly thereafter.

Katrin's eyes betray a semblance of truth in this lie.

HEIDI

And Klaus too?

KATRIN

He took the secret of his parentage
to his grave. A fever took him a
week later.

HEIDI

That's horrible.

KATRIN

I'm sorry. I shared too much. You
probably think very little of me.
Spreading my legs in such a way.

HEIDI

Did you love this Marko?

KATRIN

He gave me my little Klaus. How
could I not?

HEIDI

There is nothing shameful about
love, Fraulein Olbermann.

The song concludes. Katrin and Heidi clap.

THE STUDY

Across the desk from each other sit Katrin and Heidi. A half
empty bottle of wine between them.

A slight slur to her words--

HEIDI

We shouldn't. It's still daylight.

KATRIN

What do you have to do in this
vaunted daylight?

HEIDI
Things.

KATRIN
What things?

HEIDI
Just... things!

KATRIN
Allow me one more.

Katrin tops off Heidi's glass of wine, but not her own.

KATRIN (CONT'D)
I miss more the things he won't do
than the things he did if that
makes any sense at all.

HEIDI
You miss what he could be rather
than what he was.

KATRIN
He won't ever ride a bike.

HEIDI
Did you ride yourself?

KATRIN
Can you not tell by my calves?

Katrin's leg extends out. Heidi leans forward to inspect the calf. Nearly falling herself.

KATRIN (CONT'D)
Whoa there.

HEIDI
I'm all right.

KATRIN
He won't ever meet his
grandparents.

HEIDI
Are they...?

Katrin nods. They toast.

Heidi drains half her glass. Katrin only a sip.

Katrin moves to refill Heidi again. But, Heidi's hand stops her.

HEIDI (CONT'D)
I've had enough.

KATRIN
You can be even better.

HEIDI
I'm fine with good. What else? Tell me more.

KATRIN
He won't ever read the books I did.

HEIDI
You are a bibliophile?

KATRIN
"Phile" puts it lightly. I practically lived in the Guttstadt library.

HEIDI
Don't you mean Konigsberg's?

KATRIN
That's what I said.

HEIDI
I heard Guttstadt.

KATRIN
And you also happen to be drunk.

HEIDI
Hear, hear!

Heidi throws back the rest.

Katrin sets down her glass. It is almost completely full.

KATRIN
You look tired.

HEIDI
I am tired.

KATRIN
You should lay your head down.

HEIDI
Just for a little. I still have...uh...

KATRIN
Things?

HEIDI
Yes, things!

Heidi wobbles up, visibly drunk.

MASTER BEDROOM

Katrin eases Heidi onto the bed. She is snoring within seconds.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Katrin steps out. Franz is right there. He cranes his neck around her.

KATRIN
She's asleep.

He cants his head confused. He can't read lips yet.

Katrin points to the room and then pantomimes sleep.

KATRIN (CONT'D)
(pantomiming)
Candy?

Franz understands that and nods emphatically.

EXT. US ARMY CHECKPOINT - DAY

Franz munches on a Hershey's bar, beside US GIs.

Katrin stands close to Prince like they are lovers. Fiddles with the lapels on his uniform.

KATRIN
Yes, I'm certain. Your cover's blown. How many times did I tell you not to use Gertie?

PRINCE
Save it. You got a plan?

KATRIN
One of the collapsed train lines could work.

PRINCE

The ones smugglers tunneled out?
Notoriously unstable. Controlled by
criminals. Probably already
discovered by the Soviets.

KATRIN

I'm improvising. Extraction on
short notice is a tall order.

PRINCE

And for three people, expensive.

KATRIN

Four.

Prince glances to the kid and then back to Katrin.

PRINCE

Wait, is he...he can't be?

KATRIN

He's my son.

Franz smiles back at Katrin.

PRINCE

We check the tunnel tonight. You
and me alone. Make sure it's safe.

Romy passes the checkpoint. Then slows. Turns back. Takes in
Katrin with Prince.

INT. VON TRIER ESTATE - FRONT HALL - DAY

Katrin carries Franz in on her back. He only holds on with
one hand. His other hand clutches the half-eaten Hershey's.

It melts all over his fingers.

Katrin sets him down and the door opens.

Romy.

She bends down before Franz.

ROMY

Now, what do you have there?

Franz raises the Hershey's bar. Then takes a bite.

ROMY (CONT'D)

Can you go get your mother for me?

He nods and runs off.

ROMY (CONT'D)
We can't get rid of you it seems.

KATRIN
Like a mold.

ROMY
A very pretty mold.

KATRIN
The worst sort.

ROMY
You want to know something funny.

KATRIN
I won't know until you say it.

ROMY
Herr Neuer and I work rather
closely, but I can't recall ever
him mentioning you before you
showed up.

KATRIN
His mind has been rather
preoccupied as of late.

ROMY
Perhaps, but he knows quite well I
had family in Konigsberg.

KATRIN
And?

ROMY
It's funny he never mentioned you.

KATRIN
I am a distant relation. I would
not fault him for forgetting me.

ROMY
I would call Herr Neuer many
things, but forgetting a possible
connection to a potential political
ally is not something in his
character.

KATRIN
I don't know what to tell you.

Katrin turns towards the door, but Romy takes her by the arm.

ROMY
You may start with who you are.

KATRIN
Katrin Olbermann.

She plucks Romy's fingers from her arm, one by one.

KATRIN (CONT'D)
Whoever else would I be?

HEIDI (O.S.)
What is it, Romy?

Heidi descends the stairs.

ROMY
Nothing. Katrin was just leaving.

KATRIN
I think I need a nap myself.

HEIDI
It did me wonders.
(to Romy)
Shall we start with seating
arrangements for the Christmas
party?

When the door closes behind Katrin--

ROMY
I don't trust her.

HEIDI
You don't trust anyone.

ROMY
But, I don't trust her the most.

HEIDI
Hyperbole is a bad shade on you,
Romy.

EXT. HERR NEUER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Romy knocks on the door. Neuer opens it.

Eyes wide. Pupils dilated.

ROMY
Is Katrin there?

HERR NEUER
Who?

EXT. UNDERGROUND TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Collapsed. The entrance filled in with rubble.

A lit lantern beside them, Katrin and Prince lift a particularly large piece of concrete--

PRINCE
You are wrong about me and Gertie.

KATRIN
I only spoke the truth. You aren't going to have some Hollywood romance back in America.

--to reveal a hole, barely large enough for one person.

Katrin lowers herself first.

INT. UNDERGROUND TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Pitch black.

KATRIN
It's going to be hard.

Prince lowers himself down with the lantern.

PRINCE
What do you know about hard?

Debris choked-stairs lead down to an abandoned station.

PRINCE (CONT'D)
My country don't even consider me a real person.

Katrin stares up at the ceiling warily.

PRINCE (CONT'D)
I thought it'd be different after I fought and nearly died for them.

Dust sprinkles down from it.

PRINCE (CONT'D)
 But, nah. Same old shit. Different
 day.

It is ready to collapse more at any moment.

PRINCE (CONT'D)
 Say what you will about that hard.
 It's a hard I know and I'll take a
 hard I know, over a hard I don't
 any day of the week.

Her gaze falls, level with the barrel of a gun. Prince's gun.

KATRIN
 I should have known.

PRINCE
 I promised to take Gertie and Til
 home with me to America.

KATRIN
 And he gave you a way to do that.

PRINCE
 Everything I know in exchange for a
 full pardon. A cushy OSS job
 training new agents. A life. Can
 anyone have a life here, under
 these conditions?

KATRIN
 I'm happy for you.

PRINCE
 I'm sorry.

KATRIN
 Do you love them?

PRINCE
 With my whole being.

KATRIN
 Don't be sorry for that.

A THUD.

And then, a faint reddish glow near the stairs.

From a lit cigar.

MR. WILLIAMS
 The whole gang's here.

Mr. Williams approaches gun in hand, trained on Katrin.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
Even a party crasher.

And over his right shoulder a hogtied and gagged--

KATRIN
Romy?

MR. WILLIAMS
She got a little too nosy for her
own good.

Muffled screams.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
You're really bad at this, Katrin.
(to Prince, re: Romy)
Boy, help me with her.

PRINCE
Name's Prince.

MR. WILLIAMS
Your name's Donkey Brains if I say
so. Take the damn woman.

Prince holsters his gun. Steps over to Mr. Williams and BANG!

The bullet goes straight past Katrin--

--and through Prince's throat.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
You played your whole hand, Prince.

Katrin rushes to Prince as he collapses.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
It was pretty fucking foolish.

Blood leaks through her fingers. She is unable to stop it.

KATRIN
Please. Don't leave me.

He grips her collar.

PRINCE
Pro...tect Gert...Ti...

And DIES.

KATRIN
You piece of shit.

She takes a step towards him, but he pulls back the hammer of his pistol.

Another bullet in the chamber.

MR. WILLIAMS
He sold you out. I did you a fucking favor.

THUD. THUD.

Agents P and Q join them.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
Grab her. Make sure she watches.

Katrin resists, but Agents P and Q force her to her knees.

Mr. Williams lowers Romy and rips off the gag.

Eyes boring into Katrin--

ROMY
Katrin, what is the meaning of this? Tell me. Tell me now.

Mr. Williams empties out his pistol of rounds.

MR. WILLIAMS
Mrs. Romy Neumann. Secretary to Heidi Von Trier of VT Pharmaceuticals. The keeper of secrets, if there are any.
(to Katrin)
There are, aren't they?

Reloads a SINGLE round.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
How long has your boss been working with the Soviets?

Spins the eight round cylinder.

ROMY
What?

Presses the barrel to her temple.

MR. WILLIAMS
Same question. Answer.

His finger primed on the trigger.

ROMY
This is lunacy.

CLICK.

MR. WILLIAMS
You aren't playing the game right.
Answer my fucking question.

ROMY
It's a lie.

CLICK.

MR. WILLIAMS
You're protecting her. It's
admirable.

ROMY
Katrin, you know this is horseshit.
Tell him.

MR. WILLIAMS
But, the real question is: will you
die for her?

CLICK.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
How long? For who? When?

ROMY
Please, Katrin!

There are tears in her eyes.

CLICK.

And piss running down her leg.

ROMY (CONT'D)
Don't let him do this to me. Tell
him.

KATRIN
I lied.

MR. WILLIAMS
What was that? I couldn't hear you.

KATRIN
I LIED!

MR. WILLIAMS

I know.

CLICK. CLICK. BANG! CLICK.

Romy's brains splatter all over a horrified Katrin.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Because you lied, an innocent woman died. You did that.

KATRIN

Wha-what?

Mr. Williams steps over the corpses. Throws the PHOTOGRAPH OF FRANZ AND KATRIN at her.

MR. WILLIAMS

We found this on your person when we picked you up.

KATRIN

You knew the whole time?

MR. WILLIAMS

It took me some time to put it all together. You thought you could play me.

He grabs her by the throat.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

You thought I was a fool, but Katrin, I'm not a fool. You are. Now, you're going to do exactly what I ask or I'm going put a bullet in that precious son of yours. Am I understood?

KATRIN

Who do you want?

MR. WILLIAMS

Only two people. Aren't I benevolent?

(off her lack of an answer)

Aren't I?

KATRIN

Just give me the names.

MR. WILLIAMS

Nah, you're going to tell me how fucking dandy I am.

KATRIN

You're kind. Now, the names.

MR. WILLIAMS

Comrade Ivan and Heidi.

KATRIN

Heidi didn't do anything. She's innocent in this.

MR. WILLIAMS

No one's innocent in Berlin, Katrin. Find something or Franz dies.

KATRIN

Yes, sir.

She does not blink as she stares up to him.

EXT. UNDERGROUND TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

A bloodied Katrin steps out.

Rain soaks her. The blood washes away. Left behind tiny reddish tinted puddles.

INT. BERLIN BROTHEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Katrin soaks. Emma scrubs the blood matted in her hair.

KATRIN

Am I a good mother, Emma?

EMMA

The Nazis never gave you a chance to either good or bad.

KATRIN

But, I put him in that home. I put him at their mercy. Am I not to blame just a little?

EMMA

It was a desperate time and you were a desperate woman.

KATRIN

And now, I put him into harm's way
once again.

EMMA

To take back what was stolen from
you.

KATRIN

How many times can I absolve myself
of blame before it is my fault?

EMMA

Would you deny him his mother?

KATRIN

He already has a mother. A better
one than I. I hate that she is, but
she is. A better person too.

EMMA

So you will give up? Let her win?

Emma tugs on Katrin's hair a little too hard.

EXT. VON TRIER ESTATE - DAY

Katrin hesitates before the door about to knock.

KATRIN (V.O.)

I don't know.

She takes a step back, almost turns when the door opens.

KATRIN (V.O.)

But, I will fight for him.

Franz stands at the door and takes Katrin by hand.

INT. VON TRIER ESTATE - FRONT HALL - DAY

And guides her across the hall.

KATRIN (V.O.)

Always.

Stumbling over his own feet.

DRAWING ROOM

Heidi sits on the piano bench.

On the closed piano with two presents, wrapped in newspaper, poorly.

HEIDI

I was beginning to think you did not get my message.

KATRIN

What message?

HEIDI

I sent Romy over to your cousin's last night.

Franz detaches from Katrin and settles in Heidi's lap.

KATRIN

Oh yes, now I remember. She did not give much detail.

HEIDI

We figured since the Christmas party itself would be all business that we'd celebrate early with family.

KATRIN

I can go. I don't want to intrude.

HEIDI

Franz figured because most of your family is gone. You can pretend.

KATRIN

That is so sweet.

Heidi reaches for one of the presents and holds it out to Katrin.

HEIDI

Merry Christmas, Katrin.

Katrin slowly pulls off the paper.

HEIDI (CONT'D)

If you can't tell, Franz wrapped them.

Franz nods.

HEIDI (CONT'D)

Though I picked out the gift.

The last of the paper falls off.

It is the dress Katrin picked out in the closet.

KATRIN
Thank you so much.

A little freckle of blood remains on Katrin's wrist.

KATRIN (CONT'D)
But, I don't deserve this.

She drops the dress and rushes out of the room.

BATHROOM

The door SLAMS shut behind Katrin.

She throws the water on. Hot.

She scrubs and scrubs and scrubs and scrubs until her wrist is pink.

A faint outline of blood lingers.

She SCREAMS into her hands. It's muffled. Barely.

Her reflection stares back at her.

She can only bear it for seconds. Her head jerks away in disgust.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

HEIDI (O.S.)
Can I come in?

KATRIN
Please.

The door opens. Heidi enters.

HEIDI
What is wrong?

KATRIN
What I have done to survive, to get to this point, I don't deserve even the slightest bit of kindness.

Katrin avoids her gaze.

KATRIN (CONT'D)
Have you ever felt like a monster in human skin?

HEIDI
Every single day.

Katrin turns to her.

THE STUDY

Heidi unlocks a safe beneath her desk drawer. She pulls out a set of NAZI MEDALS.

HEIDI
Despite everything I know now,
everything that will come to light
in the years to come, despite it
all, I am still a proud mother.

The foremost among them AN IRON CROSS.

HEIDI (CONT'D)
They fought like proud Germans for
a monstrous cause, but they did it
proudly.

She runs her finger down it wistfully. She avoids the speckle of blood around its edges.

HEIDI (CONT'D)
Is it wrong for a mother to love
monsters if they are her monsters?
Does it make me a monster too?

KATRIN
It makes you their mother.

HEIDI
Franz is my second chance. My
chance at redemption. My chance to
do better. I was so lucky when he
fell into my lap.

KATRIN
Fell?

HEIDI
So to speak.

Katrin's face reflects back in the recently polished iron edges of the Iron Cross.

A swastika is set at the center.

HEIDI (CONT'D)

You must find your redemption in
this life as there is no guarantee
of the next.

In the still opened safe several more papers and files sit.

INT. BERLIN BROTHEL - KATRIN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Williams takes Katrin from behind.

Her eyes do not leave the revolver Mr. Williams set on the
nightstand.

KATRIN

There are records in a locked desk.
If there is something to find, it's
there.

MR. WILLIAMS

You'll get me in. I'll break into
the safe.

KATRIN

During dinner. Everyone will be
preoccupied and out of the way.

Mr. Williams just grunts.

INT. BERLIN BROTHEL - GERTIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Katrin slips Prince's dogtags into Gertie's hand.

KATRIN

He died for you. A hero.

Gertie's fist tightens around the metal. Her knuckles go
white.

GERTIE

Do you know who did this?

KATRIN

Yes and I will make him pay.

Til stares up at them, blissfully unaware.

INT. BERLIN CHURCH - CONFESSIONAL - NIGHT

Katrin kneels on one side of the screen.

KATRIN

Bless me father, for I have sinned.
It has been too long since my last
confession.

Ivan on the other.

IVAN

It has been long. I heard we lost
Prince.

KATRIN

Unfortunate, but he had been blown.

IVAN

What do you have for me?

KATRIN

Mister Williams. The OSS's man in
charge.

Ivan's eyes go wide. Katrin has him.

INT. VON TRIER ESTATE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

In front of a vanity, Katrin models the gown Heidi gave her.

KATRIN

Does it look a little too tight?

Heidi stands behind her arms crossed.

HEIDI

You absolutely stunning.

And she isn't wrong.

KATRIN

Are you certain? I feel like it is
missing something.

HEIDI

Yes, it is missing something.

Heidi takes off her diamond earrings.

HEIDI (CONT'D)

Just for tonight.

KATRIN

I can't.

HEIDI
They will look better on you
anyways.

Katrin sits and Heidi puts them in her ears. It is affectionate. Motherly almost.

HEIDI (CONT'D)
You deserve this, Katrin. Never
forget that.

The door flings open.

Wearing a suit, just a little too big, Franz enters, trying his best to walk "fancy."

KATRIN
Why don't you look handsome?

Heidi translates.

Franz blushes and motions for Heidi to bend down. Down there, he signs to her secretly like Katrin can hear it.

HEIDI
He says, "you look heavenly...
(back to him)
...and that you should never be
sad, because..." There's more.
(once more)
"...it will rain."
(signing back)
Aww, that's very sweet, Franz.

FRONT HALL

Katrin, Heidi and Franz walk down the stairs together. A family.

Below, a flurry of activity as Servants rush every which way getting things ready.

As they move further down the stairs, it morphs into...

FRONT HALL - THAT NIGHT

The height of glitz and glam. It almost looks like it did pre-war.

The Berlin ARISTOCRACY, dressed in suits and gowns, champagne flutes in hand, mix and mingle, all around.

Servants move between them with serving trays, some with food, some with drink.

Separate from the others and alone, Katrin leans against the doorframe leading into--

DRAWING ROOM

Furniture fills the space and so do people.

Some gamble. Most talk.

Franz sits on the piano, playing "SILENT NIGHT."

A crowd has gathered around him, but he does not seem to notice and continues on through the song.

When he finishes, Heidi leads a thunderous applause.

ARISTOCRAT #1

Another! Another!

Still seemingly unaware, Franz gathers his sheet music and steps out without so much as a bow.

He moves past the doorframe, where Katrin was, but is no longer.

EXT. VON TRIER ESTATE - BACK DOOR - NIGHT

Two SERVANTS smoke.

Katrin clears her throat.

KATRIN

There'll be time enough to smoke
after the dessert.

They scramble up and rush past her inside.

A beat and then, Katrin WHISTLES.

Mr. Williams staggers up in an identical albeit ill-fitting
Servant's livery.

KATRIN (CONT'D)

It shouldn't be much longer now
before the dinner.

MR. WILLIAMS

Good.

He barrels inside. Katrin follows, but then stops.

KATRIN

Go in ahead of me. We shouldn't be seen together.

MR. WILLIAMS

See you inside.

He goes.

She pulls the door shut, but not all the way. She flicks the light by it. Off and then on. THREE times.

The light by the door FLICKERS on and then off THREE TIMES.

INT. VON TRIER ESTATE - BALCONY - NIGHT

Heidi looks down at her guests from the balcony above. She taps on the bannister nervously.

Katrin joins her.

KATRIN

What is it?

Tries to ease Heidi's tapping hand.

HEIDI

This is very unlike Romy. She should be here.

KATRIN

There is still time. She may yet show up.

HEIDI

I hope. I can barely function without someone nagging me.

A sad smile spreads across Katrin's face.

KATRIN

May I stand in for her in the meanwhile?

HEIDI

You'd be a poor replacement.

Heidi throws back the rest of her champagne and snaps for more.

HEIDI (CONT'D)

I should just send all these people home. I am useless without her.

KATRIN

You got this. Just give one hell of
a toast and keep serving alcohol.
The rest should take care of
itself.

A bell RINGS.

SERVANT

Dinner is served.

HEIDI

That's my cue.

The Guests start streaming towards the dining room.

DINING ROOM

Heidi stands at the head of the table, her gaze cast to the
seat to her right, empty meant for Romy.

Everyone stares down the table at her expectant.

Seated to her left--

KATRIN

(mouthing)

You will do fine.

Katrin squeezes Heidi's hand.

THE STUDY

Mr. Williams kneels behind the desk, in front of the safe,
ear to it, slowly cracking it.

DINING ROOM

Dead silent. You could hear a pin drop.

Heidi clears her throat.

HEIDI

(clinking her glass)

Before we eat...

Franz already eats at the opposite head of the table.

HEIDI (CONT'D)

...I would like to thank Romy for
putting this together.

(MORE)

HEIDI (CONT'D)

She keeps me sane and I am certain
whatever kept her was insanely more
important than all of you.

Light laughter.

THE STUDY

The safe gasps open.

Mr. Williams throws aside the medals and rifles through the
papers.

A scowl deepens on his face. The more he poots over them, the
deeper the scowl gets.

CREEAAKKK!

MR. WILLIAMS

(not looking up)

What is this shit, Katrin? It's
nothing. Just financial records
from the twenties.

A shadow looms over Mr. Williams.

IVAN

How do you say "good night,
asshole" in Yankee fuck?

Ivan wraps a garrote around Mr. Williams' neck.

Mr. Williams' eyes bulge. He grasps for his revolver. But,
Ivan throws it aside.

Mr. Williams kicks at the desk.

DINING ROOM

Servers come with the first courses of food.

A faint banging from above distracts Katrin and Heidi.

HEIDI

Someone must have wandered
upstairs.

KATRIN

Perhaps my cousin decided to make
an appearance and forgot where the
dining room was.

HEIDI
 (snorting)
 Let's hope not.

She motions for a Server to come closer.

HEIDI (CONT'D)
 Would you please check?

KATRIN
 I can do it.

HEIDI
 Heavens no, enjoy your food.

KATRIN
 I need to freshen up anyways.
 Besides, it is probably nothing.

A LOUDER BANG echoes out.

KATRIN (CONT'D)
 Probably.

HEIDI
 I don't know.

KATRIN
 It's on my way.

Katrin is already up.

THE STUDY

Mr. Williams' eyes are bloodshot.

His hand between the garrote and his throat.

Rivulets of blood sprout from that hand. Snake down his arm.
 Fly everywhere as he bucks about wildly.

His legs flail out every which way.

Books. Papers. Busts. A globe. All smash into the floor.

The door opens. Katrin enters, eyes wide.

Gun at her feet.

MR. WILLIAMS
 Shoot him.

IVAN

I have this. Go back downstairs.

Her hand tightens around the gun.

DINING ROOM

The chandelier SHAKES from the commotion above.

The whole room stares up at it. Heidi rises.

HEIDI

It is nothing. Nothing at all.
Please enjoy your dinner.

And heads out of the hall.

Everyone follows.

THE STUDY

Katrin aims at--

Mr. Williams.

Then, as Mr. Williams writhes the opposite way, Ivan.

Then, back to Mr. Williams.

Her hand shakes with indecision.

MR. WILLIAMS

You stupid bitch take the shot!

IVAN

Get out. Let me take care of this.

MR. WILLIAMS

This is your only chance, you
whore!

IVAN

LEAVE! NOW! BITCH!

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Five shots. Fired blindly. Into them both.

Mostly, Ivan. Two in his back. One his skull.

Dead.

Mr. Williams holds his arm. Shot. Bloody.

KATRIN
I'm done with you.

MR. WILLIAMS
I'm going to pretend that was a
mistake and congratulate you.

He takes a step towards her. She doesn't lower the gun.

KATRIN
I'm done with all of you.

Her finger's on the trigger. Ready.

HEIDI (O.S.)
Katrin?

BANG!

The shot goes wide.

Mr. Williams dives out the window.

Katrin lowers the gun and turns.

The whole party stares at her.

Franz's eyes are wide with abject terror. He hides behind
Heidi.

HEIDI (CONT'D)
Who are you?

KATRIN
I'm his mother. His real mother.

She steps through the crowd. It parts for her.

FRONT HALL

Katrin descends like a zombie. Her hand rigid around the gun.
Not letting go.

No one says a word.

EXT. VON TRIER ESTATE - NIGHT

Katrin sits on the front step. Heidi looms behind her.

HEIDI
I called the police.

KATRIN
As you should have.

HEIDI
He has a mother.

KATRIN
I know. I knew all along. It just
took me sometime to accept that it
was you.

HEIDI
He doesn't need you. He never
needed you.

KATRIN
I wasn't always like this. I wasn't
always a monster.

HEIDI
I don't want to hear your story.
Your explanation. You put him in
danger.

Katrin rises. Gets in Heidi's face. A cool fury.

KATRIN
And you took him from me.

HEIDI
That wasn't me.

KATRIN
Your brother, but it might as well
been you. You denied me the right
of being a mother.

HEIDI
He would have been forced to kill
them otherwise. We saved them.

KATRIN
Them? As in plural?

Several police vehicles SCREECH up.

POLICE SERGEANT
Put the gun on the ground and put
your hands in the air.

Katrin drops the gun, but pulls Heidi close.

KATRIN
Watch after him. Give him a good
life.

HEIDI
Stay away from us.

The Police haul her away.

EXT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Katrin stares vacantly out the window. No fight left in her.
Cuffs too tight on her wrists.

DIETER (O.S.)
Hello Katrin.

Her head jerks towards the familiar voice.

Dieter drives.

KATRIN
Is this it? Is this how it ends?

DIETER
It was all business, Katrin. You
can't hold grudges in Berlin.

KATRIN
If not to hell, where are you
taking me?

DIETER
To a mutual friend.

He turns away from the convoy of police vehicles.

EXT. ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN - NIGHT

Katrin approaches a figure of woman seated on a bench before
an empty animal pen.

KATRIN
Emma?

Emma pats the empty space next to her.

Katrin sits.

EMMA
And I thought you suspected me.

KATRIN

Not in the least. I should have
though.

EMMA

I wouldn't feel too bad about that.
I've done it longer than you. Also,
not necessarily by choice.

KATRIN

Who are you truly then?

EMMA

Hannah Starr.

KATRIN

Wait, that's a Jewish name, is it
not?

EMMA

It is. I had been living under an
assumed name as a prostitute when
Hitler rose to power. I passed as a
Goy and men don't ask too many
questions when you are making them
happy.

KATRIN

So, who do you work for?

EMMA

The Jewish Underground? We work for
ourselves, seeking those
responsible for attempting to
annihilate our people.

KATRIN

And Dieter? He's German, not
Jewish.

Dieter waits behind them.

EMMA

A more recent addition to our merry
band.

KATRIN

You heard Prince tell me that Mr.
Williams took him in.

EMMA

And managed to scoop him up before
Ivan's people did. We needed
someone in the police.

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)
Speaking of which...
(to Dieter)
Anything else over the radio?

DIETER
Not yet. Want me to go back and
check?

EMMA
Please.

He leaves.

EMMA (CONT'D)
We heard about what happened at the
Von Trier's over the radio.

KATRIN
You were listening for it?

EMMA
There are no secrets in the
brothel, especially with Mr.
Williams practically moaning out
your plans.

KATRIN
God bless him.

EMMA
God abandoned this country and all
of its people.

The rage shakes her and Emma must collect herself before
speaking again.

EMMA (CONT'D)
So, who died? Mr. Williams or
Comrade Ivan?

KATRIN
Ivan.

EMMA
Damn, Ivan would have been easier
to handle.

Heidi lights a cigarette and then offers one to Katrin.

KATRIN
Were you monitoring Soviet
Intelligence?

EMMA
I was monitoring you.

KATRIN
Me?

EMMA
From nineteen forty-two to nineteen
forty-five, the Berlin Lebensborn
falsified twelve death records.

KATRIN
Franz's.

EMMA
Yes, the only one we've been able
to track down. The others were
buried too deep.

KATRIN
Why would anyone go to such
lengths?

EMMA
Simple. Powerful people wanted
racially "superior" babies without
making their Nazi ties too
explicit.

KATRIN
Heidi mentioned others. You want to
know who got those babies.

EMMA
They are the people who may well
shape the future of Germany. The
world deserves to know their sins.

Dieter rushes up.

DIETER
Heidi and Franz have been brought
in for questioning.

EMMA
Shit. We're out of time.

INT./EXT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Dieter speeds through the streets, sharp turns, never
releasing the gas.

His eyes are glued on his wrist watch.

DIETER
When's Levinson flying out next?

Emma and Katrin sit in the backseat.

EMMA
Midnight.

DIETER
We barely have an hour.

KATRIN
What's going on?

EMMA
We intercepted an OSS communique
about a week ago.

DIETER
It named Heidi as primarily
responsible for her brother's
death.

KATRIN
That's a lie. My lie. I'll tell
them that.

EMMA
The United States stands to gain
from Heidi, the heiress of VT
Pharmaceutical, being implicated in
a spy ring.

DIETER
Either she flips...

EMMA
... or the United States seizes her
company and the associated patents.

Dieter hangs a sharp left.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Heidi's not safe in the country.

KATRIN
She has Nazi ties. Why do you care?

EMMA
If the United States gets their
hands on that baby list, they'll
put those people under protection.

KATRIN
They'll be untouchable.

EMMA
Bingo.

The car skids to a halt.

DIETER
I gotta have you put these on
again.

He holds out a pair of handcuffs.

EXT. WEST BERLIN POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Dieter escorts Katrin inside. One of his COLLEAGUES stands near the door.

COLLEAGUE
Took a little detour, heh?

DIETER
Traffic.

The Colleague laughs like it was the funniest thing in the world.

INT. WEST BERLIN POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Dieter pushes Katrin in and tugs her through.

KATRIN
Behind you.

Mr. Williams enters. A slight hobble to his step.

DIETER
Damn it, we're too late.

KATRIN
Keep moving.

HALLWAY

Dieter places his hand on a door at the end of the hall.

MR. WILLIAMS (O.S.)
No one's supposed to go in there.

Mr. Williams storms down the hall.

DIETER

What?

MR. WILLIAMS

There are explicit orders that no one's supposed to go in interrogation, but me.

DIETER

You're going to have to speak up.

MR. WILLIAMS

Wait... I know you.

Katrin bursts out of a supply closet and wraps the handcuff chain around Mr. Williams' neck.

KATRIN

Go!

INTERROGATION

Dieter throws the door open. Heidi holds a sleeping Franz.

DIETER

You have to come with me.

HEIDI

What's going on?

DIETER

We'll explain in the car.

HEIDI

You'll explain now or I'm not going anywhere-

Amidst grunting and growling in the hallway--

KATRIN (O.S.)

I can't hold him much longer.

HEIDI

Wait, is that...?

HALLWAY

Heidi steps out with Franz.

Katrin's barely holding on.

KATRIN

Go with him. Please.

Mr. Williams grasps out at them, but Dieter shields them.

KATRIN (CONT'D)
Trust me.

HEIDI
Come on. Let's go.

Dieter pulls them away from her and Mr. Williams.

Mr. Williams slams his head back.

Katrin staggers. Lets go. Dazed.

He bursts forward. Sprints towards Heidi, Franz and Dieter.

Dieter tackles him.

DIETER
Go.

KATRIN
C'mon.

Katrin rushes up alongside Heidi and Franz.

EXT. WEST BERLIN POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The Colleague tries to step in front of Katrin, Heidi and Franz as they burst out.

COLLEAGUE
Where are you...?

BANG. BANG.

COLLEAGUE (CONT'D)
Holy shit!

He rushes inside past them.

Katrin and Heidi barely flinch, but Franz glances back.

HEIDI
We have to keep going.

They rush towards the car.

INT./EXT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Emma now in the driver's seat.

Heidi, Franz and Katrin slide in back.

HEIDI
What is going on?

Mr. Williams shambles out of the station, gun in hand, soaked with blood.

KATRIN
Go! Go! Go! Go!

The car ROARS away. Mr. Williams fires blindly at it.

The back window SHATTERS, but they screech away.

HEIDI
I asked what is going on damn it!

KATRIN
It's no longer safe in Berlin.

HEIDI
Clearly, but why is a mad American shooting at us?

KATRIN
It's my fault.

HEIDI
I should have known.

KATRIN
You got a key.

Emma tosses on back. Katrin unlocks the cuffs.

EMMA
You are not blameless in this matter, Heidi Von Trier. We know about the falsified deaths reports.

Heidi sighs, almost expecting this.

HEIDI
We just wanted a second chance.

EMMA
Well, now you have a second chance to make it right.

HEIDI

(to Katrin)

They told me you died shortly after childbirth. That that photo was all that was left of you.

KATRIN

It's okay. You have given him a good life.

EMMA

You'll have time enough to talk on the plane.

The car stops in front of the Von Trier Estate.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I just need to know one thing: do you have written proof of who got the falsely dead children?

HEIDI

In a shoe box in my walk-in closet.

EMMA

The codeword to get on the plane is the Judith's Golem.

Emma steps out and opens the door for Katrin.

KATRIN

Thank you.

EMMA

The names will be thanks enough.

KATRIN

Goodbye, Emma.

EMMA

Don't die horribly, Katrin.

Katrin moves into the driver's seat.

EXT. TEMPLEHOF AIRPORT - NIGHT

AIRMEN finish refueling a Douglas C-54 Skymaster plane.

LEVINSON, 20s, British, checks his wrist watch repeatedly.

LEVINSON

Where are you?

It is 11:55.

INT. /EXT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Katrin looks up from her watch. Blood drips down from her brow.

HEIDI
How are we doing for time?

KATRIN
Emma's guy leaves in five minutes.

The police car limps forward.

Heidi bounces Franz in her lap. He shimmies up. He looks to Heidi expectantly.

HEIDI
Just a little further honey.

The outline of a US military checkpoint appears on the horizon.

EXT. TEMPLEHOF CHECKPOINT - NIGHT

A GI squints at the approaching police car.

GI
What the fuck?

His Comrade shoulders a rifle.

GI (CONT'D)
STOP OR BE FIRED UPON!

The car takes a sharp right towards a mound of rubble.

ON THE POLICE CAR

Katrin floors the gas.

HEIDI
Hold on.

Franz clutches her arm.

ON THE RUNWAY

The Plane turns down the final stretch of runway, a door on the side open.

The Police Car LAUNCHES over the mound airborne. It CRASHES to the ground. Its struts GROAN.

ON THE POLICE CAR

Katrin keeps the gas floored.

The engine STRUGGLES, but pushes them forward gasping.

It chases the plane.

BANG!

The windshield shatters.

ON THE FAR END OF THE RUNWAY

Mr. Williams pulls back the bolt of his scoped M1 Garand.

MR. WILLIAMS

It's over, Katrin.

A round expels.

He shoves another in. Advances as the plane moves towards him.

ON THE POLICE CAR

BANG! A bullet slams into Katrin's shoulder.

Her grip on the wheel slips. The car swerves.

Heidi leans forward and steadies it.

HEIDI

I got you.

KATRIN

Thanks.

Katrin keeps steady on the gas.

The police car starts to gain on the plane.

ON THE PLANE

It lifts off the ground. A ladder spills out of the side door.

It dangles just out of reach.

POP!

ON THE POLICE CAR

HEIDI
What was that?

KATRIN
Fuck. We just lost a wheel.

Their front left tire is shredded. It throws up sparks.

ON WILLIAMS

He aims at another.

ON THE POLICE CAR

Pop!

KATRIN
Fuck, fuck, fuck. We lost another.

The jeep drifts off center. Starts to spin out.

Katrin grips the wheel with her injured arm.

KATRIN (CONT'D)
Ahhhh! Let go, Heidi. I got this.

HEIDI
But...?

KATRIN
Get on the plane.

HEIDI
Without you?

Katrin says nothing, but her look says it all. She's not coming. She was never coming.

HEIDI (CONT'D)
Franz needs his mother.

KATRIN
He already has her.

Heidi shakes her head.

Another shot WHIZZES by. Dangerously close.

KATRIN (CONT'D)
Go, goddamnit!

Heidi lifts Franz up to the ladder, then grips it herself.

Katrin lets go of the wheel.

The car spins out.

ON WILLIAMS

The police car throws up a mess of mud and rainwater.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Williams fires blindly into it.

ON THE LADDER

Franz's grip slips as shots ring past.

Levinson grabs him by the wrist and lifts him up onto the plane.

Franz whips his head back.

ON THE POLICE CAR

It stopped spinning out.

Katrin salutes Franz with two fingers and then pulls the wheel around.

ON WILLIAMS

He levels his rifle. He has a shot on--

ON THE LADDER

Heidi dangles, mere feet from safety.

ON WILLIAMS

MR. WILLIAMS
I have you now, bitch.

THE POLICE CAR CRASHES INTO HIM.

ON THE PLANE

Heidi wiggles on.

LEVINSON
Codeword?

HEIDI
Judith's Golem.

And then, she turns back.

ON THE POLICE CAR

Katrin steps out.

Mr. Williams crawls in front of her, desperately grasping out for his--

RIFLE. Katrin scoops it up.

MR. WILLIAMS
You stupid bitch, you won't get away with this.

KATRIN
I just did.

MR. WILLIAMS
They land. They're dead. I'll make sure of it.

KATRIN
Well, you won't.

She FIRES a final shot into the back of his head.

ON THE PLANE

Tears in their eyes, Franz and Heidi both wave goodbye to Katrin.

KATRIN (V.O.)
Dear Franz Von Trier...

ON KATRIN

Katrin falls to her knees.

KATRIN (V.O.)
I told Emma to mail this when you
were old enough to understand...

Several JEEPS filled with GIs close in. They hurry out,
rifles at the ready, all trained on her.

KATRIN (V.O.)
...this imperfect world in which we
live...

She smiles as the plane disappears into the distance.

KATRIN (V.O.)
...understand why I couldn't be
there for you.

The GIs throw her to the ground.

EXT. THE PLANE - DAWN

Franz peeks through the porthole as the plane slices through
the sky.

KATRIN (V.O.)
I don't know what your mother told
you about me. Or what you remember
about me.

His eyes still puffy.

KATRIN (V.O.)
But, know that I fought for you...

Through the clouds peeks a city.

KATRIN (V.O.)
...fought so that you could have
the best possible life...

LONDON.

KATRIN (V.O.)
...and it wasn't easy, but I came
to the conclusion that your best
possible life was with her.

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Katrin finishes this letter, folds it up and kisses it.

KATRIN (V.O.)
Love your mother, Katrin.

Before handing it to Emma on the other side of the bars.

FADE OUT.

THE END