

# **The Nazi Officer's Wife**

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TITLE: THE NAZI OFFICER'S WIFE

TITLE: Based on a true story

Sounds of a BATTLE close by.

FADE IN:

INT. BOMBED-OUT APARTMENT - DAY

The body of an SS OFFICER lies on the floor, blood flowing from his neck. He gurgles, choking. His body trembles. We do not see his face.

SS OFFICER POV: His gun a few feet away. He reaches for it. He sees movement out of the corner of his eye, turns towards it. In the kitchen, a cabinet slowly slides open. A haggard YOUNG WOMAN emerges, sees the officer, approaches cautiously.

The SS officer makes a desperate attempt to reach the gun, but the woman is faster. She stands over him, aims the gun at his head. The officer stops moving.

The woman gathers all her strength. Her finger tenses against the trigger. She holds her breath, staring down at the officer...

But she can't do it.

She begins to cry, unaware that behind her the front door is slowly opening. Two EURASIAN RUSSIAN SOLDIERS slip inside. The woman turns around, instantly drops her gun.

While Russian soldier #1 holds his rifle on her, #2 motions for her to be quiet. He kicks at the SS officer, unsheathes a long knife and, as the woman looks away, we hear him slice the SS officer's throat. Soldier #2 pulls off the dead man's watch, then leaves to check the apartment's other rooms.

Soldier #1 keeps his rifle trained on the woman while they wait. For a split second, her eyes flick to the kitchen cabinet. She goes pale.

Soldier #2 comes back -- motions the place is all clear. The Russians speak to each other. We can see by the woman's expression that she doesn't understand. The two men look at her, lingering on her torn dress. No one moves. The woman becomes uncomfortable with their stares.

We hear a TANK approaching on the street below.

Soldier #1 motions the woman to get down on the ground.

WOMAN  
...please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Soldier #2 grabs the woman, throws her to the floor. She struggles to get free, but he's got her pinned down.

Soldier #1 looks on as soldier #2 tears at her clothing. A blue book falls out of her dress.

The tank's RUMBLE builds until it's deafening and the room shakes.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
(barely audible)  
No -- no --

Soldier #2 covers her mouth with his hand. She bites him.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
-- I'm not German -- I'm a Jew -- a  
Jew --

Soldier #2 pauses for a beat, confused. Then he punches her in the face.

WOMAN'S POV: Spinning. All goes blurry.

The sounds of the room begins to distort, cross-fading into --

A JOHANN STRAUSS WALTZ.

INT. VIENNESE CAFÉ - TWILIGHT

CLOSE on a sparkling gold chandelier, turning.

From OVERHEAD, we see the woman from the previous scene, now healthier and 6 years younger, looking up at the chandelier. She is EDITH HAHN, dancing with her boyfriend, JOSEF ROSENFELD (26). She's laughing, a little tipsy.

EDITH  
Josef, I'm getting dizzy.

Edith looks down. Josef stares into her eyes. She smiles, looks away, looks back. He's still gazing at her.

The waltz ends. Edith's mother, KLOTHILDE (late 50's), and cousin JULTSCHI wait for her. Jultschi holds a BABY BOY.

KLOTHILDE  
Jultschi is taking me home.

EDITH  
Oh, no, mother, I'll --

KLOTHILDE  
You stay. Celebrate your  
graduation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Edith kisses her mother and cousin goodbye. She takes the baby, nuzzles the top of his head.

EDITH  
Good night, sweetheart.

Next to Josef, holding a baby, she looks very much at home. Klothilde's glee is uncontainable.

EDITH (CONT'D)  
Don't say it, mama.

KLOTHILDE  
Say what? I wasn't going to say anything to you. I wouldn't dare...  
(beat, to Josef)  
But, Josef, now that you're both lawyers, what's stopping you?

EDITH  
I'm not a lawyer yet, mama. I still have to take my doctoral exam.

KLOTHILDE  
--And then you're a lawyer. And someday, a judge. She may be a terrible cook, but she'll be the first female judge in Vienna!

EDITH  
Mama!

KLOTHILDE  
What?? That's what your professor said. He told me.

She motions to PROFESSOR HAUSER (50s). He waves back.

JOSEF  
He said that? Edith, he never gives compliments to anyone.

CHRISTL DENNER (early 20s) swoops in, grabs Edith.

CHRISTL  
I need to borrow her for a minute.

Christl leads her away by the arm. From their body language, it's clear these two are very close.

CHRISTL (CONT'D)  
I need your help. I'm in big trouble.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EDITH  
What is it, Christl?

CHRISTL  
I'm in love.

EDITH  
I know. Bertschi's a great guy.

CHRISTL  
But I'm in love with Wolfgang.

EDITH  
Wolfgang?

CHRISTL  
He came tonight with Bertschi.

Christl tilts her head, gesturing to the TWO GUYS talking.  
Edith looks at Christl and they laugh.

LATER

Edith and Josef are dancing again, closer now, so enraptured they don't notice that behind them, a commotion has begun -- people are whispering, gathering their things, leaving.

EDITH  
You mean it?

JOSEF  
I mean it. Together.

Professor Hauser quickly exits.

EDITH  
Rosenfeld and Hahn, attorneys at law. Nice ring.

JOSEF  
I like Rosenfeld and Rosenfeld better.

They kiss.

With a tremendous CRASH, a brick flies through the cafe's front window. It shatters, sending glass everywhere.

Outside in the street, a GANG OF THUGS in brown shirts swarms. Several of the thugs beat an OLDER MAN, stomping on him with their boots. Others shove people onto trucks.

As one of the thugs passes under a light, Edith and Josef see his swastika armband.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Edith and Josef look to each other, immediately understand.

EXT. VIENNA STREET - NIGHT

CLOSE on running feet.

Edith and Josef dash down a side street, careful to stay in shadow. As they run past, we see several storefront windows shattered, and the word "JUD" splashed across their doorways with red paint.

EXT. VIENNA STREET - NIGHT

Edith stops running, out of breath. Josef doubles back, takes her by the arm, pulling.

JOSEF  
Come on. You can make it.

EDITH  
No.

JOSEF  
One more block, Edith.

EDITH  
This is my city. Why should I run  
like some criminal? What did I --

THUG (O.S.)  
Stop!

A GANG OF YOUNG MEN runs towards Edith and Josef. They have no place to run.

JOSEF  
(sotto voce)  
Edith, let me...

The thugs back them against a wall. The apparent LEADER steps forward.

LEADER  
Papers.

Josef reaches into his pocket for identification. Edith searches her purse. Joseph makes eye contact with a TALL THUG. A glimmer of recognition and the thug looks away.

LEADER (CONT'D)  
(reading papers)  
Josef Rosenfeld... and you've been  
baptized?

Josef nods reluctantly as Edith barely contains her surprise. The leader eyes Josef dubiously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEADER (CONT'D)  
Why were you running?

JOSEF  
It's not a night to be out  
strolling.

Josef looks at the tall thug again, this time fixing him with a stare.

TALL THUG  
(reluctant)  
I know him. His mother goes to my  
church. He's fine.

LEADER  
What about her?

Edith's still searching her purse, stalling.

EDITH  
...seem to have misplaced them..

The leader grabs Edith's arm.

LEADER  
No papers, she's under arrest.

She pulls away.

EDITH  
Under whose authority?

The leader flashes red. Josef rushes between them.

JOSEF  
Gentlemen, please -- she's my  
fiancé --  
(nervous laugh)  
-- she's - big mouth. You know.  
Typical woman.

A tense beat. The leader moves an inch from Edith's face.

LEADER  
Better teach her to keep it shut.

He turns and leaves. The others follow.

Edith and Josef stand there for a moment, in shock.

INT. HAHN FLAT - LATER

Face ashen, eyes red, Klothilde waits at the window, mumbling to herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The door opens and Edith and Josef enter. Klothilde rushes over and almost collapses from relief.

KLOTHILDE  
Thank you, Josef. Thank you.

JOSEF  
It's alright now, Mrs. Hahn.

Klothilde looks up at Edith and, with a sudden burst of energy, begins to dart around the room, gathering items.

KLOTHILDE  
We've got to go. This is --  
tonight was -- we've got to go.

EDITH  
Go where, mama?

KLOTHILDE  
Anywhere. Palestine...

Josef checks Edith's reaction. She's clearly torn.

KLOTHILDE (CONT'D)  
...Find a new home

Klothilde looks around the apartment, begins to cry, runs from the room.

KLOTHILDE (CONT'D)  
(as she exits)  
I'm sorry.

A moment of quiet between Josef and Edith. Josef sits. Edith comes over, crouches before him, her hands on his knees. She looks at him, her face weighted with confusion.

JOSEF  
We'd be doing exactly what they  
want, Edith.

EDITH  
How do we get out?

JOSEF  
Running away -- we'd be running  
away. Who will be here to bring  
the city back to its senses?

EDITH  
Stop. I've heard it before -- I've  
said it myself -- wonderful,  
enlightened Vienna, home of Mahler,  
Schnitzler, Freud. It can't  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

EDITH (CONT'D)  
happen! Well -- you saw what  
happened tonight.

JOSEF  
Tonight was an isolated -- it was --  
you're overreacting.

EDITH  
A baptismal certificate? That's  
new. You're not afraid, but you  
carry around a baptismal  
certificate.

JOSEF  
My mother. She bribed half of  
Vienna to get it.

EDITH  
Apparently she's overreacting, too.

Josef looks away, exasperated. Takes a beat.

JOSEF  
Edith, in two weeks you will take  
your doctoral exam. You'll be a  
lawyer, here in Vienna. In a year  
we'll have our own practice  
together. You want to throw that  
away?

He takes her hand.

JOSEF (CONT'D)  
Edith, I love you. I'm here. I  
will always protect you.

Edith can't help but smile a little.

The phone RINGS, causing them to jump. Edith grabs it  
quickly. She listens, won't speak.

EDITH  
...Yes?...Hello, Mrs. Rosenfeld--

Edith and Josef exchange a look.

EDITH (CONT'D)  
...Yes, he's here.

She hands the phone to Josef. He hunches over it, trying to  
get some privacy.

JOSEF  
Hello...  
(we can hear her YELLING  
through the receiver)  
Mother...mother...calm down. Don't--  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOSEF (CONT'D)  
please, mother. She's not--Don't  
say that...

He listens to his mother SHOUTING for a few beats.

JOSEF (CONT'D)  
But I'm in no danger...No, no, don't  
do that, no...  
(turns away from Edith)  
...Wait for me. I'll come. I will.

He hangs up, stands limply, can't look at Edith. She slips  
behind him, whispers in his ear.

EDITH  
Go. I'm fine.

He moves to the door, tries to think of something to say,  
leaves.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF VIENNA - ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE - DAY

Edith stands in a queue of STUDENTS lined up before a desk.  
Christl sees her and stops, very excited.

CHRISTL  
You've got to see this.

She hands Edith a letter.

CHRISTL (CONT'D)  
They both signed it, Bertschi and  
Wolfgang.

EDITH  
(reading letter)  
We've had enough. You must choose  
one of us.  
(laughing, to Christl)  
This could only happen to you.

But suddenly, Christl seems embarrassed, takes the letter  
back.

EDITH (CONT'D)  
What?

CHRISTL  
All you're going through... and I'm  
here talking about my petty...

EDITH  
Christl, you're my friend, and I  
can use the distraction.

Edith reaches the front, addresses the FEMALE CLERK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDITH (CONT'D)  
Hello, I need to register for my  
doctoral exam. Edith Hahn.

The clerk checks a list of students, finds Edith at the top.

CLERK  
Hahn. Yes, top of your class.

Edith smiles proudly. The clerk hands her a form.

CLERK (CONT'D)  
Fill this out and we'll...  
(distracted, looking at  
another list)  
...we'll...  
(she takes the form back)  
You won't be taking the exam.

EDITH  
Pardon?

She opens a file drawer, pulls Edith's file.

CLERK  
You're no longer enrolled here.

CHRISTL  
But - you just read her name on the  
list.

CLERK  
And this list says she's not a  
student. This is a German  
university, for Germans.

The clerk slides the file across the desk to Edith, clearly  
enjoying this. Edith just stares at her, disbelieving.

EDITH  
Please don't do this to me.  
Please. I need this exam.

CHRISTL  
You can't do this. Nobody's going  
to accept this.

Christl turns toward the rest of the students, but it's  
obvious no one cares. The clerk looks to the next student in  
line, dismissing Edith's presence.

CLERK  
(to next student)  
What can I do for you?

Edith sees Professor Hauser crossing the hall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EDITH  
Professor Hauser!

The old man looks up and, pretending not to hear, quickly enters his office and closes the door. Edith's heart breaks. Christl can't stand to see it.

CHRISTL  
(to the others in line)  
Do you see what's happening here??

The other students avert their eyes. Edith grabs Christl, leads her away.

EDITH  
(sotto voce)  
Christl, stop.

CHRISTL  
I hate everyone, what they're doing  
to you. All of you!

Edith forces her down the university staircase.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

Josef sits behind his desk, talking with a CLIENT. Something outside catches his peripheral vision.

JOSEF'S P.O.V.: Edith stands stock still in the rain, without an umbrella, holding her file.

Edith presses the file against the window. The red ink from the stamped "JUDE" bleeds down the glass.

Edith leaves. Josef stands up and runs outside, leaving the bewildered client alone.

EXT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

Josef runs after Edith in the rain.

JOSEF  
Edith...!

She turns toward him.

EDITH  
I only stayed here for that exam,  
now I'm leaving. In two months,  
we'll have the money to--

JOSEF  
--Edith.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDITH

Your mother can come with us if she wants.

She looks into his eyes, waiting. He says nothing.

EDITH (CONT'D)

This is it, Josef. Your choice.

Josef exhales, takes a beat.

JOSEF

...In a matter of days all Jews will be evicted from their homes, moved to another part of the city. A ghetto.

Edith's knees go weak. Josef holds her.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

My friend, Otto, who works at the Office of Jewish Emigration just called me. Once you're inside--

EDITH

We won't go.

JOSEF

--Once you're inside, Otto says he can help.

Beat.

EDITH

...A ghetto... in Vienna.

INT. CHRISTL DENNER'S FLAT - MORNING

Rain splatters the window. Christl looks out. CHRISTL'S FATHER sits at the table eating breakfast.

CHRISTL'S POV: Edith and Klothilde, each carrying one suitcase, join a line of OTHERS being rounded up by SOLDIERS.

Christl stands, on the verge of tears. Her father takes her hand, stops her.

HERR DENNER

There's nothing to be done.

EXT. LEOPOLDSTADT GHETTO POLICE STATION - MORNING

A queue of displaced JEWISH PEOPLE stretches out for two blocks. We find Edith and Klothilde near the end. Regular

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CITIZENS pass the line on their way to work, pay no attention.

DISSOLVE TO:

MIDDAY now. A wind whips through the square. Edith shivers. Klothilde takes off her SCARF, wraps it around her daughter's neck.

They've moved one block. Just ahead of Edith and Klothilde, an ELDERLY MAN collapses from exhaustion.

SOLDIER  
Get up! Get him up!

The man's family struggles to get him to his feet. They hold him upright.

ELDERLY MAN'S SON  
We've been waiting for hours. He's not going to make it.

SOLDIER  
You should hope so. He'll leave you more room.

He LAUGHS with his fellow soldiers. Edith and Klothilde share a look of understanding.

A group of regular citizens pass on the sidewalk. Edith suddenly steps out of line behind them, using the group as a cover. Klothilde catches on, follows.

Edith and Klothilde walk behind them for a block. Then the group disappears into a building, leaving them exposed on the sidewalk.

EDITH  
Just act calm. Like nothing's wrong.

They see a tram in the distance, head towards it.

They reach a corner. Suddenly, standing just a few feet to their right -- a cluster of SS SOLDIERS, boarding JEWS onto a truck. Edith and Klothilde try, and fail, to hide their fright as a soldier looks them over. With a smirk, he motions them to the truck with his rifle.

INT. TRUCK - MINUTES LATER

Crammed into the back with the others, Edith and Klothilde hold hands tightly.

EDITH  
(sotto voce)  
Papa will watch over us.

INT. SS OFFICE - DAY

Edith and Klothilde are shoved towards a desk. A YOUNG SS OFFICER (20) slides a paper before them.

SS OFFICER  
You are needed for agricultural  
labor in the Reich for three  
months. Sign this contract.

The boy offers them a pen. Klothilde takes it; Edith grabs it from her hand.

EDITH  
I'll sign, but this woman shouldn't  
be here. She's not even a Jew.

SS OFFICER  
She wasn't in line with you?

EDITH  
There's been a mistake. That's why  
I left the line.

Edith pushes Klothilde behind her, moves close to the officer, out of her mother's earshot.

EDITH (CONT'D)  
She's my maid, sir. But look at  
her. She's been ill. Surely you can  
see she's no good for work.

The officer gives Edith a look - *Stop wasting my time.* Edith begins to sign the paper.

EDITH (CONT'D)  
All right. But, to be clear - I  
won't be the one to blame when it's  
discovered that she can't work. I  
did tell you.

Edith hands the pen to Klothilde. The officer watches as Klothilde attempts to sign with trembling fingers. He wavers for a moment. Then -

SS OFFICER  
(points to Edith)  
She goes to the train.  
(re: Klothilde)  
She goes back.

Edith is marched towards a doorway. Klothilde is bewildered. It slowly dawns on her what Edith has done - This is goodbye.

As Edith's about to leave the room, she hesitates on the threshold to take a last look at her mother. Edith feels the

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CONTINUED:

officer watching her. She quickly turns away from Klothilde as if she doesn't care, and exits the room.

Klothilde's lip quivers, tears fill her eyes, longing for just one more moment with her daughter.

INT. ROSENFELD FLAT - DAY

A BANGING on the door. Josef's mother, ANNA ROSENFELD, answers. She's hefty, wears a large crucifix, penciled-in eyebrows, and a detached air. Klothilde stands in the hallway, flustered and shaking.

KLOTHILDE  
Anna -- please -- I need Josef.  
The Nazis, they took Edith.

ANNA  
Josef's not here.

KLOTHILDE  
Where is he?

ANNA  
How should I know?

KLOTHILDE  
Anna, they put her on a train.

JOSEF (O.S.)  
(from inside the  
apartment)  
Who's there, mama?

Josef emerges from the apartment. Anna's not the least bit embarrassed.

KLOTHILDE  
Josef -- thank God! They're  
sending her away. On a train.

Without thinking, Josef takes off down the stairs.

ANNA  
(calling after him)  
No, Josef! Come back here. It's  
not safe!

But he's gone. Anna glares at Klothilde.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
If anything should happen to my  
boy...



EXT. TRAIN STATION - MINUTES LATER

CLOSE UP: Josef's face, straining as he sprints down the street, charges through the STATION and onto the platform.

INT. TRAIN - SAME

Train CHUGS to life. Edith spots Josef dodging people as he runs to her. She rushes to a window, but it won't open. Tries another. They've all been locked from the outside.

The train picks up speed as Josef gets closer. Edith bangs on the window, calling out to him -

EDITH  
JOSEF!

But he can't hear her. He chases the train to the end of the platform, never seeing Edith. She crumples into a seat.

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

Edith wakes up, disoriented. Her neck is stiff; she's been using her mother's scarf as a pillow. She glances out the window. The German countryside rushes past; patches of snow, mud, and painfully tidy little gray houses.

The passenger compartment is filled with WOMEN. Edith scans their faces - all terrified. One girl, MINA KATZ (18), manages to smile at Edith.

EXT. PLANTAGE MERTENS (FARM) - YARD - DAY

60 WOMEN are herded into a formation. They are of varying ages and all walks of life; some dressed modestly, others in the latest fashion. All stand in mud. City girls, far from their element.

Before them, a spartan FARMHOUSE. In the distance behind them, infinite rows of crops are harvested by MEN in striped uniforms. A female overseer, FRAU FLESCHNER (25, pretty, blonde), and her ASSISTANTS shove the women into place.

The farmhouse door CREAKS open. Frau Fleschner and her aides snap to attention. A MAN (mid-30's) with marble-white skin wearing a Nazi uniform steps out. He is MAJOR BREMMER.

Bremmer looks the women over, smiles with the excitement of a man who's in power for the first time. He nods to Fleschner. She reads from a paper.

FLESCHNER  
Rules for Jewesses working at the  
Asparagus Plantation. Inmates may  
wash only on Tuesday and Saturday.  
Inmates will report to this  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLESCHNER (CONT'D)  
location at five AM every day for  
line-up in the assigned order--

ONE of the formally dressed SOCIETY LADIES whispers -

SOCIETY LADY  
...cattle.

Bremmer's heard. He marches swiftly to the woman and, with the full release of his fury, HITS her in the mouth. A collective GASP from the others. Edith SCREAMS.

The society lady hits the frozen ground, blood flowing from her lips. She touches her mouth - two front teeth are gone. Bremmer's hand is bleeding as well; he won't acknowledge it.

BREMMER  
I am Major Bremmer. This is my  
camp and I can promise you two  
things. Number one, we will make  
our quotas. You will toil severely  
to make that happen. And second,  
as long as you work here and follow  
our rules, no harm will come to you  
or your families. My promise... I  
welcome you all to Osterburg.  
(to Fleschner)  
Continue.

Edith's face reveals that a new reality has taken hold.

FLESCHNER  
(reading)  
Inmates may never leave the camp  
without a proper authorization...

The RUMBLE of thunder. Fleschner's rules continue as a V.O.

EXT. FIELDS - DAY

Freezing rain streams down in sheets. SEEN FROM ABOVE, the field is a striped pattern of mud-filled troughs. We DROP to ground level to find that there are women crawling in the muck, harvesting asparagus shoots.

FLESCHNER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...Stealing food from the fields is a  
crime against the Reich and will  
not be tolerated...

One woman digs her small knife into the ground to cut a shoot, but slips and slices her finger open. She sits up, clutching her hand, shivering. It is EDITH.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

From behind, Frau Fleschner forces her back down into the freezing mud. Edith begins to SOB.

MATCH DISSOLVE:

EXT. FIELDS - DUSK

It isn't raining. The field is dry. Sky is pink. Women inch along in the dirt, planting now. A WHISTLE BLAST breaks the silence. The women look up. Their faces are gaunt. Ghosts.

Edith is barely recognizable. Hair is short and brittle, skin is coarse. Both hands are wrapped in bloody rags. But the biggest change is her eyes -- deadened.

INT. BARRACKS - EDITH'S ROOM - NIGHT

A small room crammed with a dozen beds. Women limp to their beds, still wearing their filthy work clothing. In the bed next to Edith's is Mina Katz, the young woman who smiled to her on the train.

Edith grips a tiny pencil in her bandaged hand, writes a letter by moonlight.

INT. BARRACKS - EDITH'S ROOM - NIGHT

We find Edith standing before a window, examining her reflection in the distorted glass. She holds her mother's scarf to her face, inhales deeply.

EXT. FIELDS - DAY

Women bail hay as the sun beats down on them relentlessly. They sweat and burn, rub mud on their arms.

We find Edith and Mina at the head of the group, bailing faster than everyone else, but mentally far, far away, chatting as they strain -

MINA

Auntie will surely want to meet you. She'll throw a party. She's quite the hostess, Auntie is. Maria Niederall is her real name. I used to work for her, but I call her Auntie, that's how much I love her. Oh, and at Christmas, we all go carolling -

EDITH

(smiling at the memory)  
...carolling...

MINA

You and Josef have to come.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She stops as they see truckloads of new male slave LABORERS arriving. LILY GRÜNWALD (mid-50's, motherly) stands up to look.

LILY  
(re: new laborers)  
French?

EDITH  
Yesterday it was Poles.

LILY  
They're coming from all over Europe  
now.

Fleschner approaches.

FLESCHNER  
Shut up and work!

When she's out of earshot -

EDITH  
(like a mantra)  
Two more weeks.

INT. BARRACKS - EDITH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Edith, lying in bed, writes another letter with bandaged fingers. Lily notices.

LILY  
Why do you bother, Edith? You'll be  
home before it arrives.

Mina touches Edith's hand.

MINA  
Tell us again how it will be.

Edith lies back, looks up, focusing somewhere high above the rafters.

EDITH  
I will step off the train and not  
see him right away. But all of a  
sudden he'll just be there, like  
magic. He'll have flowers for me,  
and his wicked smile. We'll go home  
to his room and make love for three  
days, and he'll feed me oranges.

The others have gone quiet, envisioning their own blissful homecomings.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY  
I'll be thrilled if I get the  
oranges.

Everyone LAUGHS.

EXT. FARMYARD - PRE-DAWN

The women stand in formation in the dark, listening to  
Bremmer.

BREMMER  
...As I speak to you, our brave  
German soldiers are tearing through  
Russia...

The women react with surprise and disbelief - *Russia?*

BREMMER (CONT'D)  
...eradicating the Bolshevik threat  
to the world. You too should be  
proud of your contribution to the  
Reich. As a result of your effort,  
you have been granted an indefinite  
extension of your contract...

No one's able to digest what he's said.

BREMMER (CONT'D)  
You are not going home yet...  
Remember that as long as you work  
here, your families will be safe.

Several women are on the verge of tears. Bremmer smiles.

In the middle of the group, a woman drops to her knees,  
vomits.

FADE TO:

EXT. FARMYARD - PRE-DAWN

A gentle snow floats down in the half-light, dusting the  
women as they stand in formation, collecting in their hair.  
They're wearing rags, shivering uncontrollably, forced to  
wait while Fleschner reads from a paper.

FLESCHNER  
Effective today, Jews are forbidden  
to show themselves in public  
without the Jewish star. It must be  
worn visibly and sewn securely to  
the left breast of clothing.

Rubbing his gloved hands together for warmth, Bremmer leaves,  
heading for the farmhouse. Edith shares a look with Mina.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDITH

Sir...

Bremmer stops. Everyone turns to Edith. Her lips are blue, speech is muddled --

EDITH (CONT'D)

Major Bremmer, sir, beg your pardon. Just...a question - since our contracts have been extended could it be a possibility, may we receive a slightly larger food ration? We're hungry, sir, and several of us--

Bremmer walks quickly to Edith. The other women look away.

BREMMER

Certainly. Your rations will be increased.

EDITH

Thank you, sir, thank you.

BREMMER

The price of this increase will be your own rations for three days. During this time, you will continue your work as usual.

Edith doesn't flinch. Bremmer walks away.

EXT. FIELDS - DAY

(note: From this point forward, they wear the yellow star.)

The morning's snow has turned to slush. Edith is on her knees, pulling potatoes from the muddy earth, a drenching rain soaking her to the bone. She is alone in the field.

ON LILY AND MINA

They're underneath a SHED with the other workers, everyone slurping their cold soup. Mina and Lily can hardly eat, watching their friend waste away in the field.

EXT. FIELDS - NIGHT

They're all working now, still picking potatoes. Edith is on the verge of passing out. Lily pulls a potato from the ground, keeps her eye on Frau Fleschner.

Fleschner BLOWS a WHISTLE. The work stops. The women line up, head towards to the barracks. Mina and Lily each take one of Edith's arms, nearly carry her back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bremmer arrives with TWO GUARDS, stops the line. Starting at the front, Bremmer and the guards search every woman.

The color suddenly drains from Lily's face. Her hand reflexively goes to her pocket.

Bremmer moves closer, keeping an eye on Edith and her friends in the back of the line as the searches continue.

Edith sees Lily's terror, her cold sweat and body language, the bulge in her pocket, surmises what's happening.

EDITH  
(barely moving lips)  
Drop it. They'll never see.

Edith looks at Bremmer. Eye contact. He's seen them talking. He walks towards them. Edith turns her back to him.

EDITH (CONT'D)  
(frantic)  
Give it to me.

Lily won't. Bremmer is upon them, smiling. A guard searches Edith and Mina; nothing. He touches Lily - she pushes him away. With every shred of dignity she has left, Lily stands tall, reaches into her pocket, hands Bremmer the potato.

Without hesitation, Bremmer draws his pistol, looks Edith dead in the eyes, and FIRES the gun into Lily's face. Even as Lily's body drops, Bremmer never looks away from Edith.

Edith and Mina sink down beside Lily, SCREAMING.

Bremmer tosses the potato at Edith. She cradles Lily's head, rocking.

INT. BARRACKS - EDITH'S ROOM - NIGHT

They lie in darkness. One of the beds is empty now. Mina turns to Edith, whispers -

MINA  
Edith?

EDITH  
Yes.

STAY on Edith.

MINA  
We're going to die here, right?

CLOSE on Edith's eyes. She can't answer the question.

INT. BREMMER'S OFFICE - DAY

Major Bremmer sits behind his desk, staring at Edith. She stands in the center of the room, doesn't move. He studies her very closely. The silence is unnerving. A clock TICKS.

BREMMER  
Looking at you, up close, I can  
begin to understand it...

Edith has no idea what he's talking about.

BREMMER (CONT'D)  
...Why a young, apparently lucid,  
Aryan boy would choose you.

Edith is confused. Bremmer opens a fat file. A stack of LETTERS inside. Edith looks up, startled.

BREMMER (CONT'D)  
(reads from letter)  
I want to press myself against your  
lips, Edith...

Bremmer stands, walks to Edith.

BREMMER (CONT'D)  
A dirty little Jewish girl to  
tinker with, that's all you are.

Bremmer moves behind her, waits there for several beats.

BREMMER (CONT'D)  
What shame you've brought upon poor  
Klothilde.

EDITH  
Has she written? Is she all right?

Bremmer smiles; he's gotten to her. Just before he speaks -

His office door FLIES open. A LITTLE GIRL runs inside.

BREMMER'S DAUGHTER  
Father!

He snatches her up, tosses her above his head.

BREMMER  
Where have you been, silly?

BREMMER'S DAUGHTER  
Meseberg. Mother let me have candy.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BREMMER

She did?

He carries his daughter to his desk, sits her on his knee.

BREMMER (CONT'D)

(to Edith, matter-of-fact)

Your mother's to be relocated to  
Poland. Imminently.

Edith blanches; the words she prayed she'd never hear.

EDITH

She's an old woman, sir, alone, she  
needs me. Let me go with her.

BREMMER

You're in no position to make  
demands.

But as Edith watches him, he reconsiders. He grabs a form,  
stops, reads her eyes, then fills out the form.

BREMMER (CONT'D)

I'm going to put you on a train  
back to Vienna tomorrow.

Edith realizes something is wrong, it shouldn't be this easy.

BREMMER (CONT'D)

You'll have twenty-four hours to  
report with your mother to Prinz  
Eugenstrasse for relocation.

EDITH

Thank you.

Bremmer offers her the paper. She reaches for it, but he  
doesn't let go.

BREMMER

You understand the consequences if,  
for any reason, you were not to  
report by that time.

EDITH

Yes I do.

The little girl smiles innocently to Edith.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

Frau Fleschner patrols the barracks. We FOLLOW her into  
EDITH'S ROOM. Everyone is asleep. Fleschner moves on. As  
soon as she leaves -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MINA  
(whispered)  
You shouldn't go -- I think it's  
true, Edith. Some of it --

EDITH  
So do I.

MINA  
-- some of those things I hear  
about Poland.

EDITH  
I'm not going to go.

MINA  
What?

EDITH  
Josef's going to help me. We'll  
get my mother out of the ghetto.

Beat. Mina suddenly scribbles on a piece of paper, hands it  
to Edith.

MINA  
Auntie's address. She'll help you.

Mina accidentally drops her pencil. The sound brings  
Fleschner back down the hallway. She checks the room. No one  
moves. Fleschner exits. Beat.

Edith and Mina open their eyes, look at each other.

MINA (CONT'D)  
(bittersweet)  
I'm never going to see you again.

INT. OSTERBURG TRAIN STATION - DAY

A GUARD from the camp escorts Edith through the station.

She carries her suitcase, wearing her old clothes, which now  
hang on her body like a scarecrow's. The YELLOW STAR on her  
coat attracts stares from passersby.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Train is in motion, car is crowded. Edith's star is now  
covered by her mother's scarf. She sits on the aisle,  
nervous, watching the lavatory.

## INT. TRAIN LAVATORY - DAY

Edith enters, locks the door. She carefully tears the stitches from her star, drops it in the toilet. Flushes. It's gone.

She splashes her face with water, takes a breath.

She opens the lavatory door. A POLICEMAN is waiting there. Edith shuts down, can't move. Beat.

POLICEMAN

Excuse me.

Edith steps into the aisle. In a daze, she walks to the other end of the car, melts into an empty seat.

A WOMAN sitting next to her holds a small BOY on her lap while she naps.

Edith closes her eyes, tries to rest. She's startled by a tugging on her clothing, looks down to find the little boy pulling on a yellow thread which still dangles from her coat. Edith's stomach tightens.

The boy proudly offers the thread to Edith. She takes it, smiles to him, glances around the car. No one has noticed.

## INT. WESTERN TRAIN STATION - DUSK

Edith steps off the train. At the end of the platform, a few GESTAPO survey the departing passengers.

She notices one of the Gestapo is studying her. He makes eye contact, doesn't look away.

Edith casts her eyes down, forces herself to keep moving. She looks up again. He's still watching.

Edith smiles warmly, walks directly towards the surprised Gestapo.

EDITH

Hello, sir. I just arrived from Osterburg, visiting my cousin. She lives on Klausstrasse. Could you tell me the way?

GESTAPO

Sure, sure. It's easy. Continue down Gartenstrasse, Klausstrasse is the second street.

EDITH

Thank you. Good day.

INT. ROSENFELD FLAT - NIGHT

A KNOCKING on the door. Josef quietly approaches, checks the peephole. Edith is waiting there, tense.

JOSEF  
(doesn't recognize her)  
Who is it?

EDITH  
It's me.

Josef recognizes the voice, opens the door, stares in disbelief. His reaction nearly brings Edith to tears.

JOSEF  
Oh my God. What did they do to you?

He pulls her inside, locks the door, takes her frail body in his arms.

JOSEF (CONT'D)  
You're all right now.

Josef looks different, too. He's thinner, balding, haggard. He tenderly takes her coat, notices -

JOSEF (CONT'D)  
--Where's your star?

EDITH  
I tore it off.

He smiles, then realizes she's not joking.

JOSEF  
(panicked)  
Edith -- why would you -- do you know what they'd do to you?? Did you -- did you escape?

EDITH  
I'm supposed to report for deportation. But I'm going to get mama and we'll run or go into hiding or - you tell me what I have to do. We only have a few hours--

JOSEF  
Your mother's gone.  
(beat)  
She was deported a few days ago.

Edith lowers herself to her knees, shocked. Josef is uneasy. His eyes periodically flick to the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDITH  
We can still get her out.

JOSEF  
Things have changed, Edith--

EDITH  
I won't abandon my mother. We'll  
get her out of Poland.

JOSEF  
There is no 'out'! You don't get  
people out. You try not to go in.

Josef sits down next to her, speaks softly.

JOSEF (CONT'D)  
I know your mother. She wouldn't  
want you to follow... You'd never  
find her, Edith.

Long beat. Edith's at a loss.

JOSEF (CONT'D)  
Where are you going to go now?

Edith gives him a look - *What the hell do you mean?* She  
catches him glancing at the door.

JOSEF (CONT'D)  
She's due home any time...

EDITH  
Josef... I have no place else to go...

JOSEF  
You know how she'll react. You're a  
fugitive.

EDITH  
You love me.

JOSEF  
(trying to avoid her eyes)  
They'll come looking for you,  
Edith. The Gestapo -- they'll come  
here.

EDITH  
You're afraid of your mother.  
Don't confuse her with the Gestapo.

Edith stands, steadies herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EDITH (CONT'D)  
For fourteen months I thought of  
only you.

She picks up her suitcase, heads for the door.

JOSEF  
Where are you going to go?

She opens the door. He hesitates.

JOSEF (CONT'D)  
Edith, wait.

INT. SCHULTZ'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Josef and Edith enter and lock the door. Josef whispers -

JOSEF  
You'll be safe here for a few days.  
The Schultz's went on vacation and  
left us their keys.

INT. SCHULTZ'S APARTMENT - LATER

Alone now, Edith is curled into a fetal position in the  
middle of the bare floor.

JOSEF (V.O.)  
I'll bring you food. Don't turn on  
any lights or make a sound. The  
walls are thin. Mother will hear.  
She hears everything.

Edith closes her eyes and cries herself to sleep.

CUT TO:

CLOSE on several pairs of boots STOMPING up a stairway.

INT. SCHULTZ'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The sound startles Edith from her sleep.

Edith checks the window. A Gestapo truck. She looks for a  
hiding place, slides underneath a sofa. Her heart racing, she  
watches the sliver of hallway underneath the front door.

HER P.O.V.: The boots come to a halt right in front of the  
apartment. Then the terrible BANGING on the door - but it's  
not her door, it's the door across the hall - Josef's door.

GESTAPO (O.S.)  
Open up!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Beat. We hear the DOOR opening and Anna's voice -

ANNA (O.S.)  
Can I help you?

The Gestapo force their way in, close the door. Edith listens - MUFFLED VOICES. Fierce German voices, and Anna and Josef's fearful tones. Then a COMMOTION. A search.

Edith comes out from under the sofa, moves quietly in the direction of the voices, into the KITCHEN.

She puts her ear to the wall, hears MUTED fragments.

ANNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
...My son would never...

JOSEF (O.S.)  
...No, I haven't...

Trying to hear more clearly, Edith leans forward, unknowingly tipping a bottle.

GESTAPO OFFICER (O.S.)  
...If you know anything... accomplice...

Edith leans closer. The bottle drops...

At the last moment, Edith spins, catches it. She looks at the bottle, holding her breath.

INT. SCHULTZ'S APARTMENT - LATER

EDITH'S P.O.V.: She watches out the window as the Gestapo board their truck and leave.

She breathes easier. Then, suddenly -

ANNA (O.S.)  
DO YOU THINK I'M A FOOL?!

Edith freezes, staring at the front door.

Edith hears the pleading tenor of Josef's REPLY, but she can't make out the words.

The sound of a SLAP.

ANNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Dirty liar, I can see it on your  
face...

All is suddenly quiet. Edith instinctively backs away from the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She hears Josef's front door SWING open, a FUMBLING with keys. The door gives way and Anna barges in. She SHOUTS in a WHISPER so as not to attract the neighbors.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Get out! Get out now! I'm calling  
the Gestapo.

EDITH  
Please don't...

Anna grabs Edith, pulls her to the door.

Edith looks beyond Anna, at Josef shrinking in his mother's doorway.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Stay away from him. You hear me?

Edith takes up her suitcase, slips past Anna. She looks to Josef, hoping he'll say something. He doesn't.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
He risked his life for you. My only  
boy. They'll drag him away...

Edith descends the stairway.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. VIENNA STREET - NIGHT

Edith huddles in a doorway, shielded from the driving rain. She pulls her coat over her head. As we PULL BACK, Edith's form becomes less distinct, blends into the doorway, until she disappears into her surroundings.

INT. DENNER FLAT - DAY

C.U.: A telephone RINGING on a side table. Christl enters frame. While she's maintained her beauty, the intervening months have stiffened her mouth with a line of tension. She answers the phone.

CHRISTL  
Hello?

INTERCUT -

INT. VIENNA SUBWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS

Edith is calling from a phone booth in the crowded station. She hesitates for a moment, studying the voice on the line.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

EDITH  
Christl?

CHRISTL  
Yes.

EDITH  
This is Edith.

Christl is stunned for a moment, then relieved. She almost speaks, stops herself, turns.

PAN to REVEAL that she's seated a few feet from her father. He's dressed in a Wermacht uniform, having coffee with COLONEL VON DAEHLER (27). The colonel is high-ranking, as is evidenced by his chest of medals and iron cross at his neck.

CHRISTL  
Hi, Liesel, how are you?

Edith pauses, not sure what's happening.

EDITH  
I'm going to hang up.

CHRISTL  
No, no. It's my mistake, I completely forgot about our lunch.  
(Christl checks her watch)  
Why don't we meet at the Cafe Mozart in half an hour? Good?

EDITH  
Yes.

Christl hangs up.

HERR DENNER  
Cafe Mozart. Very nice. It's Colonel von Daehler's first trip to Vienna. We'll join you.

Colonel von Daehler stands. By the way he looks at Christl, he's clearly interested.

CHRISTL  
Join us? Two silly girls? I'm sure the Colonel wouldn't be--

HERR DENNER  
I'm sure the Colonel would enjoy lunch with two lovely young ladies.

The Colonel nods, smiles.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE CAFE MOZART- DAY

Her face partially obscured by her scarf, Edith thumbs through a magazine at a newsstand adjacent to the cafe.

Across the street, she sees Christl getting out of a large sedan. Edith dodges traffic as she crosses to Christl.

Christl spots Edith coming towards her, gravely shakes her head 'NO.' Edith stops in the middle of the street.

In mid-conversation, Herr Denner and the Colonel step out of the sedan. Edith instantly turns back.

Just before Colonel von Daehler and her father enter the restaurant, Christl stops and looks inside her purse and on the ground. She turns to her father, holding out one glove - missing the second. The two men continue inside as Christl returns to the sedan to look for the glove.

Without making eye contact, Christl bumps into Edith as she passes, dropping her purse.

CHRISTL (CONT'D)

Pardon me.

(crouching to get the  
purse, sotto voce)

Meet me at three in the Burggarten.  
The Goethe statue.

EXT. BURGGARTEN - DAY

Christl and Edith sit on a bench in front of a statue of philosopher Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Christl holds a shopping bag.

Edith hungrily devours a dumpling, not even aware that Christl's watching, ashamed of her own well-being. Edith looks up, sees Christl's look. Tears fill Edith's eyes.

Christl touches Edith's hair, trying to comfort her.

EDITH

My mother is gone.

Christl holds Edith.

INT. PUBLIC TOILET - DAY

Edith is changing into new clothing that Christl has brought.

CHRISTL

I have some friends at school,  
they've helped others. I'm going  
to contact them about you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDITH  
You're putting yourself in danger,  
Christl.

CHRISTL  
I'm going to contact them. They're  
operating --

As Edith puts on a clean blouse, Christl can see how thin her friend has become.

CHRISTL  
They're operating out of the  
student housing..

EXT. VIENNA STREET - DAY

Dressed in the new clothes, Edith is more camouflaged. She passes a placard which reads: UNIVERSITY OF VIENNA.

CHRISTL (V.O.)  
They have a farm in Tirol. From  
there you'll cross into  
Switzerland.

Edith turns a corner, sees a small CROWD. She gets closer -- close enough to realize that the spectacle is GESTAPO OFFICERS hauling several STUDENTS and, by the looks of their clothing, REFUGEES out of the building.

Edith quickly turns, moves in another direction.

We STAY with her, move CLOSER on her face as the realization sinks in -- now she is alone, nowhere to go.

Her steps quicken as paranoia sets in. The walls of the city seem to be closing in around her.

EDITH'S POV: STRANGERS glance at her as she passes.

Edith tries not look back at them, nearly running now.

Suddenly -- she bumps into a passerby, drops her suitcase. It hits the ground, opens. Edith scrambles to stuff everything back inside, frantic.

She notices SOMETHING amongst her things. A piece of paper, the one Mina gave her with Auntie's address.

INT. NIEDERALL DELIVERY COMPANY - CONTINUOUS

Edith enters. A bell over the door JINGLES. FRAU NIEDERALL (40's) steps out of the back room. She's tall, dark-haired, elegant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDITH  
Hello, I'm looking for Frau  
Niederall.

NIEDERALL  
Yes?

EDITH  
I'm a friend of Mina Katz.

Niederall makes no acknowledgment of Mina's name.

EDITH (CONT'D)  
You do know Mina Katz...?

NIEDERALL  
What do you want?

EDITH  
She told me I might talk to you.  
I'm Edith. Edith Hahn.

Frau Niederall steps very close to Edith, looking her over.  
Intimidating. Edith notices Niederall wears a swastika pin on  
her lapel. Now Edith is scared.

NIEDERALL  
I think you made a mistake coming  
here.

Edith beelines to the door. Just as she's about to exit -

EDITH  
Auntie. She calls you her Auntie.

Niederall turns around.

INT. NIEDERALL DELIVERY COMPANY - BACK ROOM - DAY

Edith gobbles a piece of cake, then wets her pinky and mops  
up the icing. Niederall watches.

NIEDERALL  
Seeing your clothes, I had a hard  
time believing you were coming from  
the Osterburg camp.

EDITH  
My friend gave them to me.

NIEDERALL  
Your friend has good taste.

She catches Edith eyeing the swastika pin on her lapel.  
Niederall removes it, puts in on the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NIEDERALL (CONT'D)

A long time ago, I got married. My husband turned out to be a spectacular imbecile. Divorce was not allowed at the time, but the Nazis said they'd change the law... To think I joined the Nazi party to get away from a cretin... Give me your hands.

Frau Niederall opens a bottle of hand cream, gently massages the sweet-smelling lotion into Edith's ravaged hands.

Edith's overwhelmed by this simple act of kindness. It's been so long since anyone's treated her like a person. The words tumble out.

EDITH

I'm so frightened every minute of the day... My fiancé, he wouldn't even help me...

Niederall lights a cigarette, takes a long, luxurious drag.

NIEDERALL

So you came to me as a last resort.

EDITH

I - I can't live like this anymore.

Niederall just stares at her for a beat, thinking, deciding. She picks up a phone, dials.

NIEDERALL

Johann? Maria Niederall. I have a girl here, she's lost all her papers. Can you help her?... Thank you.

(she hangs up)

You will go, right now, to Number 9 Fleischmangasse... See a man there named Johann Plattner...

EXT. NAZI ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDING - DAY

Edith walks towards the entrance of a building draped with huge Nazi flags. Two SOLDIERS are posted at the door. She walks past, can't bring herself to go inside. After a beat, she goes back.

INT. NAZI ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDING - DAY

Edith walks along a hallway of offices BUZZING with Nazi efficiency, comes to a door. JOHANN PLATTNER, SIPPENFORSCHER, OFFICE OF RACIAL AFFAIRS is etched into the frosted glass.

INT. JOHANN PLATTNER'S OFFICE - DAY

A SECRETARY leads Edith to Plattner's office. When Edith sees him, her heart contracts in her chest. JOHANN PLATTNER wears a brown Nazi uniform with a swastika on his arm.

He's busy - signing forms, talking on the phone. An ASSISTANT stands at his side, shuffling papers for him to review. The assistant exits, looking Edith over on his way out.

The moment the door closes, all activity ceases, Plattner spits words at Edith like a machine gun.

PLATTNER

Listen very carefully. You must do exactly as I say and I do not repeat myself. Find a woman friend, an Aryan, who looks like you, who has similar coloring, someone who is about the same age.

EDITH

I have a friend who--

PLATTNER

Do not interrupt me and I certainly don't want to know who you're thinking of.

Edith listens without moving a muscle.

PLATTNER (CONT'D)

You will obtain an official copy of her papers - I will prescribe how. Then buy a season ticket to the railway; this will have your photo on it. From that moment, you will assume her identity, immediately leave Vienna, and go live somewhere else in the Reich.

Beads of sweat are forming on his forehead.

PLATTNER (CONT'D)

Due to our labor shortage, all women in the country will soon be required to register for work. You will not register. If you do, the authorities will know instantly that you're using someone else's identity - that you're a U-boat - and you will both be arrested. This is why you must find work in the Red Cross. That is the only organization which will be exempt

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PLATTNER (CONT'D)  
from the registration. Are you  
committing this to memory?

EDITH  
Yes.

PLATTNER  
Never call attention to yourself in  
dress or intellect. Learn your new  
identity, forget your past. It  
can't help you anymore.

Plattner takes a drink of water.

PLATTNER (CONT'D)  
Now, the specifics...

EXT. DANUBE RIVERBANK - DAY

PLATTNER (V.O.)  
...This woman, your friend, will go  
to the police...

We find Edith and Christl hiding between stacked row boats.  
Edith's finished explaining the plan. Without hesitation -

CHRISTL  
I'll do it.

SERIES OF SHOTS: CHRISTL PREPARES. Twists her hair up, snaps  
on a barrette. Rolls up her skirt at the waist. Tries to  
apply lipstick, but her hand is shaking.

PLATTNER (V.O.)  
She will tell them that while she  
was on vacation rowing on the old  
Danube -

CHRISTL  
- my handbag fell into the water,  
with all of my papers inside, all  
the way to the bottom.

PULL BACK to REVEAL that she's now speaking to a POLICE  
OFFICER, standing inside -

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Christl smiles to the desk officer. She's stunning. All the  
other POLICEMEN gather around and offer assistance, M.O.S.

PLATTNER (V.O.)  
Do not say there was a fire, or the  
dog chewed up the papers, because  
they will demand a remnant. Only  
the river will keep the secret. The  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PLATTNER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 police will then issue her a  
 duplicate...

SHOT of policeman handing Christl new identity papers.

PLATTNER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 ...And you will disappear.

CUT TO:

NEWSREEL FOOTAGE

TITLE: GREAT GERMAN ART EXHIBITION OF 1942, MUNICH.

Loud MILITARY MUSIC plays as JOSEPH GOEBBELS walks through a museum, contemplating the Nazi-approved artwork.

INT. BELLARIA MOVIE THEATER - DAY

Edith sits in the dark amongst a smattering of PEOPLE watching the newsreel. But Edith isn't paying attention. Her eyes are on the door. Waiting.

ON THE SCREEN - a bust of Adolf Hitler, a group portrait of the Leibstandarte SS, a ghastly painting of war on the Russian front. And then the camera lingers on a white marble statue; a mother nursing her baby, titled "Mother with Child."

EDITH - The image catches her attention. She leans forward.

SCREEN - SLOW MOVE IN on the mother's face.

EDITH - The statue draws her in; its spirit of love, security, and gentleness that she so badly craves.

CHRISTL enters the back of the theater, spots Edith, sits next to her. Christl's face is pale and damp. She nods, slips Edith the papers. Edith slides her arm through Christl's and takes hold of her trembling hand.

EDITH  
 (nods to screen, whisper)  
 That's where I'm going.

INT. NIEDERALL DELIVERY COMPANY - LATE AFTERNOON

NIEDERALL  
 Munich. Interesting decision.

Niederall marches from the back room with Edith in tow. Edith's clothes are clean and she carries her suitcase.

NIEDERALL (CONT'D)  
 I'd have gone to Paris, but that seems the obvious choice, doesn't it? No, you're smarter. Just an inch from their noses.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Niederall reaches under the counter, produces a small box.

NIEDERALL (CONT'D)  
I want you to take this.

Inside the box, a small GOLD CROSS on a chain.

Niederall's P.O.V.: A UNIFORMED NAZI approaches the store.

NIEDERALL (CONT'D)  
Put it on - now.

Edith recognizes the gravity of her tone and slips on the necklace. The Nazi enters the store.

NIEDERALL (CONT'D)  
(admiring necklace)  
Beautiful.  
(to Nazi, re: necklace)  
Isn't it beautiful?

Edith turns to find this Nazi standing two feet away. She's shocked when he smiles at her.

NAZI  
It is.

NIEDERALL  
Have a safe trip and send all my  
love to Edith. Tell her everything  
will be fine.

Edith gives Frau Niederall a kiss, then goes to the door.  
The Nazi hastens to hold it open for her.

EXT. VIENNA STREET - LATER

Edith, carrying her suitcase, walks with Christl.

EDITH  
...My father's father...born in  
Magdeburg, studied at the Royal  
Technical College of Berlin. He was  
an engineer. My mother's father,  
born in Moscow, became an officer  
in the German Army. Died in 1929.

CHRISTL  
(laughing)  
I don't even know all that.

EDITH  
I have to...

They stop in front of the TRAIN STATION.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTL  
Everything's going to be all right.  
Just remember who you are...

Edith smiles thankfully.

EDITH  
Christl Denner...

CHRISTL  
The prettiest girl in Vienna.

They both laugh, hug each other.

INT. TRAIN STATION - DUSK

A security checkpoint is in place. TWO SS SOLDIERS examine each person's papers before they may pass. Edith is a few people from the front of the line.

ANGLE ON JOSEF in the crowd, holding a BOOK. He spots Edith.

JOSEF  
Christl!

After a beat, Edith realizes it's her name, turns to see Josef. She covers her panic with a smile, steps out of line.

JOSEF (CONT'D)  
Christl told me everything.  
(sadly)  
You were going to leave without  
saying goodbye.

EDITH  
(keeping her fake smile)  
I thought we already did.

JOSEF  
I don't want you to go. I'm  
terrified I'll never see you again.

An awkward beat. Josef looks down at the ragged blue book he's holding, presses it into Edith's hands.

JOSEF  
Take this. You love Goethe. I bound  
it myself.  
(leans very close)  
Your old papers, state exam,  
transcripts, everything is in the  
binding. Someday you'll need these  
to show everyone what a brilliant  
law student you were in your  
previous life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She takes the book, looks him in the eye for a moment, crystallizing her thoughts.

EDITH  
I used to picture us an old,  
happily married couple...

She can't finish the sentence. Fighting tears, Edith turns, rejoins the line, passes the SS.

We stay on Josef as he watches her leave, devastated.

INT. TRAIN - DUSK

We find Edith seated next to a window, watching the world rush by beneath a pink sky. Edith's gold cross flashes in the glass. She notices her reflection now - pale, indistinct, floating wraithlike over the scenery.

Edith positions the cross conspicuously on her chest, wraps herself in her mother's scarf.

From this point forward, the scarf is an almost constant element of her disguise.

INT. MUNICH TRAIN STATION - DAY

Edith steps off the train and into another world. MARTIAL MUSIC plays. So many laughing, pretty WOMEN; so many confident, decorated SOLDIERS. Nazi banners flutter. Hitler's picture is everywhere. Munich is "his" town.

Edith walks through the station in awe. She stops to buy a newspaper. Headline: STALINGRAD WITHIN SIGHT.

EXT. GERL'S HOUSE - DAY

Newspaper under her arm, suitcase in hand, Edith knocks on the door. In a few beats FRAU GERL(60's) answers. She's taken aback by Edith's appearance - frail, exhausted, mouselike.

EDITH  
Hello. I'm Christl Margarete  
Denner.  
(holds up newspaper)  
I saw your ad about the room..

INT. THE GERLS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The room is warm, comfortable. HERR GERL(60's) sleeps in a chair as his wife, Frau Gerl, speaks to Edith.

FRAU GERL  
You'd be doing some sewing,  
ironing, common chores -- instead  
of rent, you understand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An Edith we've never seen, timid, introverted, answers -

EDITH  
Yes, ma'am.

FRAU GERL  
Now I -- I'm sorry to ask, you're  
such a sweet girl -- are you sure  
you'd be physically capable of  
helping us? You seem a little...

Herr Gerl calls out from his supposed sleep -

HERR GERL  
She's skinny as a hobo. No meat.

FRAU GERL  
Jan!

He shuts his eyes again.

EDITH  
Yes - of course - I'm recovering  
from the flu... I'll be better.

FRAU GERL  
Poor girl. We'll get you right  
again, Christl.

EDITH  
Ma'am... could you call me Grete? I  
go by Grete.

Frau Gerl smiles warmly, nods.

From this point forward, Edith will be known as GRETE.

INT. THE GERLS' HOUSE, GRETE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Grete crawls into bed. Just before she clicks off the lamp,  
she catches sight of a small shrine on the dresser -  
miniature Nazi flags surrounding a portrait of Adolf Hitler.  
She ignores it, turns off the light, pulls the covers over  
her head. She's still for a few beats. Then stirs. Finally  
peeks out at the picture.

Even in the dark, the Führer watches her.

EXT. RED CROSS BUILDING MUNICH STREET - DAY

A white flag bearing the Red Cross emblem flies over the  
sprawling Red Cross building where uniformed NURSES trickle  
in and out. Edith steels herself and enters.

INT. RED CROSS BUILDING - DAY

The RED CROSS DIRECTOR(50), a tall, sharp-featured woman, sits behind a richly carved desk. Behind her, a massive Red Cross flag and Nazi Party flag hang side by side.

GRETE

...My paternal grandfather was born in Magdeburg and studied at the Royal Technical College of Berlin. My mother's father was born in Moscow and became an officer in the German Army. He passed on in 1929.

RED CROSS DIRECTOR

You show remarkable knowledge of your forebears, Ms. Denner. I've never seen an applicant so well rehearsed.

Grete swallows, manages a feeble smile.

EXT. HOUSE OF GERMAN ART - DAY

A line of columns span the front of this low-slung, neoclassical building. Grete climbs the steps.

INT. HOUSE OF GERMAN ART - DAY

Grete stands transfixed in front of "Mother with Child" - her 'magic statue' from the newsreel.

A MAN(29) steps next to Grete, looks at her, then the statue.

MAN

What is it you see in this statue?

GRETE

(without thinking)

...Warmth.

MAN

Now I understand why you've been standing here for fifteen minutes.

Grete realizes she's been caught off guard, shrinks back into her disguise. She looks at the man. He's tall, has thin, silky blond hair, bright blue eyes and chiseled features - a model Aryan. He admires the statue -

MAN (CONT'D)

Beautiful. Just as you are, Fräulein...?

Grete doesn't answer, backs away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRETE  
Please excuse me.

She walks to the next gallery. The man looks dazed by her abrupt rebuff.

NEXT GALLERY

Grete looks back, he's following. She walks faster, but she's reached the end of the room, nowhere to go. He hurries over.

MAN  
Wait. Please. I didn't mean to frighten you. I'm on holiday, don't know anyone here and I wanted to talk... You look like a nice person. My name is Werner Vetter.

He extends his hand. Grete hesitates. They shake.

GRETE  
Grete.

They stand silently. Grete tries to concentrate on a painting.

WERNER  
This landscape is a perfect example of the Bavarian Heimat style. Are you familiar...?

She looks at him out of the corner of her eye, ever so slightly shakes her head.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
In a Heimat painting, the artist celebrates the Fatherland. The farmers are always healthy, cows are fat, the weather perfect. In Brandenburg, where I live, I've seen many, many farms, but none so robust as in this picture.  
(whispers)  
Do you think perhaps someone is having a fantasy?

Grete's face loosens a tiny bit. She almost smiles.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
I'm a painter... Well, that's what I trained to do. My job is supervisor of the paint department at Arado Aircraft. War planes... Do you live here in Munich?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GRETE

Yes, I, uh, I have to be going. It was nice speaking with you about art.

She turns and walks out of the museum.

EXT. HOUSE OF GERMAN ART - CONTINUOUS

Werner hurries out the door after her, catches up.

WERNER

Will you have lunch with me tomorrow, Grete?

She spots a swastika pin on his lapel. A party member. She quickly looks away.

GRETE

Thank you, I can't. Goodbye.

The BELL rings on her waiting tram.

GRETE (CONT'D)

I have my tram..

She hurries to the tram, gets on board just as it's leaving.

Werner watches it drive away. He stands for a moment, disappointed, then heads back to the museum. He stops, glances to the tram station. The next car is boarding.

INT. THE GERLS' HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The Gerls have finished dinner. Grete takes Herr Gerl's plate; he hasn't eaten much.

HERR GERL

Mother did most of the cooking, did she?

Frau Gerl kicks him under the table.

HERR GERL (CONT'D)

Ouch. What was that for?

Grete heads to the KITCHEN with the plates.

FRAU GERL (O.S.)

You old fool. She's trying.

Grete smiles, washes the plates in the sink. She glances out the window -- her face goes ashen. Frau Gerl enters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRAU GERL (CONT'D)  
Don't mind him, he's--  
(sees Grete's expression)  
What is it, Grete?

Frau Gerl follows her gaze out the window. Werner wanders in the street.

FRAU GERL (CONT'D)  
(alarmed)  
Who is this man?

GRETE  
I met him at the museum... He asked  
me to have lunch with him.

Frau Gerl's expression melts into a smile.

FRAU GERL  
He did? Well go talk to him, poor  
man, looking for you. He's lost.

Frau Gerl peeks out at Werner.

FRAU GERL (CONT'D)  
Handsome, too. Invite him in for  
cake.

GRETE  
I don't know him... He could be  
anybody.

FRAU GERL  
Who could he be? Don't be silly.  
He's obviously taken with you.

EXT. THE GERLS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Grete crosses the street to Werner. He sees her, grins.

WERNER  
Grete - don't be frightened.

GRETE  
Please leave me alone.

WERNER  
I almost did, but... you left, and I  
stood there and I thought, 'You're  
on vacation. Do something bold.'  
(beat)  
Have lunch with me. Just lunch.

No response. Werner sees Frau Gerl peeking from a window.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

WERNER (CONT'D)  
Should I go up and ask your  
mother's permission?

He waves to Frau Gerl. She pulls the shade.

GRETE  
She's not -- I work for her.

WERNER  
Then you're the only one here with  
any authority, and I'm not leaving  
until you agree...  
(playful)  
Bold.

A standoff. Werner grins.

GRETE  
Where?

WERNER  
Uh, Bamberger Haus, in Luitpold  
Park. How's noon?

GRETE  
But you have to leave right now.

She turns and walks back to the house. Calling after her -

WERNER  
Less than twenty-four hours, Grete!

EXT. BAMBERGER HAUS RESTAURANT - DAY

From a vantage point across the street, we find Werner  
sitting at a table on the terrace, alone.

REVEAL that our view is GRETE'S P.O.V. She's visibly  
conflicted about whether to meet him or not.

LATER

Werner checks his watch: 12:25. He's had enough waiting,  
reaches for his wallet. The anger in his eyes dissipates when  
he looks up to find Grete standing there. He scrambles to his  
feet.

GRETE  
I apologize for being so late. I  
lost track--

WERNER  
It doesn't matter.  
(gallant, rehearsed, he's  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WERNER (CONT'D)  
 been waiting to say this)  
 I'm in the kingdom of Grete now.

Grete can't help but find his goofiness charming.

LATER

The sandwiches and beer have arrived. Grete sips her beer.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
 ...The Führer prefers nineteenth  
 century Austro-Bavarian painters  
 like Spitzweig. Me, I'm a big fan  
 of the classics: Angelika Kauffman--

Grete notices he's eating his sandwich with a knife and fork.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
 My Aunt Paula, who raised me,  
 taught me never to eat with my  
 fingers. Some things stick.

He picks up the sandwich, awkwardly eats with his hands.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
 Angelika Kauffman is a painter I  
 like. Max Lieberman, he was very  
 good, too.

Grete reacts slightly. Werner picks up on it.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
 You wouldn't report me for  
 preferring Jewish painters, would  
 you?

Grete shares a smile with him.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
 My uncle - Aunt Paula's husband -  
 was Jewish. Paid for my art school.  
 Good man...and I don't care who hears  
 me.

She takes a sip of beer, notices that Werner's staring at  
 her. She looks away, looks back. He's still staring - and now  
 wears a grin.

GRETE  
 What?

Werner begins to laugh. She's unnerved.

WERNER  
 I've never seen anyone drink beer  
 like that. Sip...sip. It's cute. The  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WERNER (CONT'D)  
German girls I know just drink it  
right down. You're not like them.

Grete lifts her stein, downs the rest of her beer.

GRETE  
(eyes glazed)  
How's that?

He APPLAUDS.

EXT. TRAM STOP - AFTERNOON

Werner walks Grete to her tram stop.

WERNER  
I have four more days in Munich.  
I'd like to see you again.

GRETE  
I can't, Werner...

WERNER  
Now wait a minute. Something's  
wrong here. I'm tall, handsome, I  
have a good job and I'm a great  
kisser.

She lets a laugh escape.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
Did you not have a nice time? Did I  
talk too much?...  
(more seriously)  
Are you spoken for?

Grete shakes her head. Werner takes her hand. Before she  
realizes it, she's looking into his blue eyes.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
Then there's not a reason in the  
world for you not to see me  
tomorrow, Grete.

Grete's speechless. Werner hands her up the tram's steps and  
she takes a seat. He comes to her window.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
Same restaurant. Eleven o'clock.

The tram pulls away from the stop.

We STAY with Grete as she breaks into a huge grin. A WOMAN in  
the next seat has seen the whole exchange. She smiles at  
Grete.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grete politely acknowledges the woman, glances around at the other GERMANS on the tram; mothers, fathers, children. She looks out the window as her eyes now fill with tears.

EXT. BAMBERGER HAUS RESTAURANT - DAY

Grete arrives to find Werner waiting outside with two bicycles and a picnic basket.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MUNICH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A serene pastoral setting. Rolling hills. Quiet.

Faintly, we begin to hear a man SINGING Beethoven's "Ode to Joy" in an exaggerated comic baritone. It grows louder.

Werner and Grete, on their bicycles, appear at the top of a rise. Werner's BELTING out the tune in full voice. As they roll downhill, he stands on the pedals, wildly conducts an imaginary orchestra.

Out here, with no soldiers or policemen around, Grete relaxes a bit, GIGGLING at Werner's antics.

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

The bicycles lay in the grass. We find Grete asleep among the left-overs from their picnic.

Werner studies her intensely, painting a picture we can't see. Grete MOANS softly, then wakes with a GASP.

WERNER

You're okay. Just a dream.

She sits up, disoriented.

GRETE

The wine, probably.

Werner attempts to put his painting away inconspicuously.

GRETE (CONT'D)

What's that? Show it to me?

WERNER

No, it's not very...

(he stops, thinks)

If I show it, you have to answer one question.

She considers, then reaches for the painting. It's a beautiful WATERCOLOR PORTRAIT of her sleeping.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRETE  
(impressed)  
Werner, it's...its'...

WERNER  
In a perfect world, that's what I'd  
love to do.

GRETE  
"The person born with a talent they  
are meant to use will find their  
greatest happiness in using it."

Werner smiles, appreciates the quote.

WERNER  
Goethe. Where did you study?

Grete realizes she's let some Edith slip through.

GRETE  
No -- oh, no, I didn't - just  
remember things... sometimes.

Werner eyes her, intrigued. Beat.

WERNER  
Who's Josef?

Grete goes white.

GRETE  
...Josef?

WERNER  
I showed you the painting.

GRETE  
I, I don't think I know a Josef...

WERNER  
You said his name in your sleep.

GRETE  
I did? I dont, I don't know...

Grete covers her uneasiness by gathering the picnic items.

GRETE  
(trying to change subject)  
How did you -- why aren't you --  
how did you stay out of the army?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WERNER  
Motorbike accident. I cut the  
optic nerve in my right eye. Look  
closely, you'll see.

She looks at his eye. He moves closer, kisses her for a beat.  
Then she pulls away, blushing.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
My God, you're a sweet girl.

EXT. THE GERLS' HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Werner holds Grete's hands, looks at her. At his feet, a  
suitcase.

WERNER  
I'll write you from Brandenburg.

GRETE  
Oh - no, don't, Werner. I enjoyed  
our time, but...

WERNER  
There's nothing you can do about  
it. When I think of Munich, I'll  
think only of Grete Denner.

She blushes. Werner bends to kiss her and she breaks away,  
climbs the stairs, trying not to look back. But before she  
closes the door, she turns. He's still there. She lets a  
smile escape.

GRETE  
You're going to miss your train.

INT. RED CROSS BUILDING - DAY

The Red Cross Director stands at a podium. An enormous  
painting of Hitler hangs behind her. Red Cross NURSES stand  
at attention in perfect rows. Grete stands among them.

RED CROSS DIRECTOR  
These men you will be treating, our  
fighting men, it is our job to heal  
not only their bodies but their  
minds. Talk to them. Reassure them  
of the inevitable total victory.  
Remember, the Red Cross nurses are  
nearest and dearest to the Führer's  
heart. He loves you. And you must  
return his love without  
reservation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The director steps down from the podium and starts placing swastika pins on each nurses's blouse. She puts one on Grete. Grete looks down at it --

A golden SWASTIKA at the center of a RED CROSS.

INT. THE GERLS' HOUSE - DAY

Grete opens a package at the dining room table. Frau Gerl stands excitedly by her side. Herr Gerl sleeps in his chair.

FRAU GERL  
Letters - how many a week - and now  
another gift?

Inside the box, Grete finds a Schubert album. Frau Gerl places it on the phonograph. The "WANDERER FANTASY" SYMPHONY plays.

Grete reads the card. Frau Gerl flashes an ingratiating smile, clearly wanting to read the card. Grete obliges.

FRAU GERL  
(reading)  
Of all the things Vienna has  
blessed us with, the two most  
beautiful are your sweet face and  
Schubert's music.

Frau Gerl melts. She turns to Herr Gerl.

FRAU GERL  
You hear that? Take note.

He SNORES. She throws a dishrag at him.

FRAU GERL (CONT'D)  
(to Grete)  
You'd better marry him before I do.

HERR GERL (O.S.)  
You have my blessing.

FRAU GERL  
(to Grete)  
This time you've got to send him  
something back. You must send him  
a cake.

GRETE  
I don't know how to bake a cake.

HERR GERL (O.S.)  
No kidding.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRAU GERL  
I'll bake the cake.

We close on Grete listening to the music.

EXT. RED CROSS HOSPITAL - NIGHTFALL

It's getting dark early with winter's approach. Grete and her fellow nurses exit onto the sidewalk.

RED CROSS NURSE  
(to Grete)  
We're going for coffee.

GRETE  
Oh, I'm expected at home. But thank you.

Grete heads on her way.

RED CROSS NURSE  
(to friend, sotto voce)  
...spinster.

The ROAR of an ENGINE approaching. Grete looks up to see a NAZI MOTORCYCLE tearing down the street towards the hospital. As it passes Grete, its DRIVER - obscured by a helmet - gets a good look at her. He skids 180 degrees, pulls in front of her, dismounts.

Grete's heart hammers against her ribs. She burrows beneath her mother's scarf.

The other nurses watch as the driver walks towards her, takes off his helmet. It's WERNER.

WERNER  
I couldn't wait another second. I had to see you.

Grete's so relieved she grabs him and kisses him. The other nurses' jaws drop.

WERNER  
My supervisor let me take some time off because my mother's house in the Rhineland was bombed and I have to help her.

GRETE  
Oh my God.

WERNER  
(laughing)  
My boss believed it too. Even let  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

WERNER (CONT'D)  
me borrow the motorbike for my  
trip. Nice man.

GRETE  
(whisper)  
You... you lied? You could go to  
prison for this. You're crazy.

WERNER  
Romantic, actually. It's not the  
same.

He suddenly takes her hand.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
Marry me, Grete.

His words knock the wind out of her.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
I can think of nothing else. I've  
been smiling since the moment I met  
you. I'm in love with you.

A few beats pass. He waits, hopeful.

GRETE  
We hardly... we've only known each  
other for a short time. A few days.

WERNER  
For me, it's enough. Any woman who  
can bake a cake like that...

GRETE  
But, Werner, be serious...there's a  
war going on...

WERNER  
That's why you need somebody to  
protect you.

Grete looks into his eyes, searches for an appropriate lie.  
She drops onto a bench, head in her hands.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
You're overwhelmed. I understand.  
(beat)  
Come walk with me.

ESTABLISHING - NYMPHENBURG PALACE - NIGHTFALL

INT. NYMPHENBURG PALACE - NIGHTFALL

They walk through ornate rooms filled with frescoes and  
tapestries, but Werner doesn't look at them. He's holding  
Grete's hand, whispering into her ear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WERNER

You're going to love my apartment  
in Brandenburg. Our apartment. We  
have a brand new sofa - and a  
bathtub. And, and a Volkswagen--

GRETE

Werner -

WERNER

I don't actually own it yet, the  
Volkswagen, but it's ordered--

GRETE

Werner.

Her tone stops him. She guides him to an uninhabited room.  
Werner's open, innocent face only makes this more difficult.

GRETE (CONT'D)

Werner. I can't marry you.

He's a bit stunned. She brushes a strand of hair off his  
forehead.

GRETE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

WERNER

I scared you off. I should've  
thought. We don't have to get  
married right away. We can wait.  
But come to Brandenburg with me.

GRETE

I can't...

Werner reads the desperation in her eyes.

WERNER (CONT'D)

What?

(then, with hint of anger)  
Are you promised to someone else?  
You are. It's that Josef, that  
Josef, you said his name.

GRETE

I'm not - there is a Josef. There  
was. But I'm not... promised to him.

WERNER

What then? What's upsetting you?

GRETE

Please, Werner, if you care for me,  
please stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WERNER

I don't "care" for you, I love you!

She's trembling, fighting the urge to let it all come pouring out.

GRETE

You don't even know me.

WERNER

But I want to. I want to meet your friends and your family. I'm going to go to Vienna and talk to your father. He'll like me. You'll see.

She can't take it anymore, has to get away. She turns and runs. Werner follows, grabs her arm, spins her around.

GRETE

Please, Werner. Forget about me.

WERNER

Marrying you would be easier.

Looking at her, Werner can see she's determined. His face drops. Grete feels sorry for him, doesn't want to hurt him.

GRETE

I lied to you, Werner. My father is dead. My family and my friends are all gone.

Werner is confused. Perhaps piecing things together.

GRETE (CONT'D)

I'm like your uncle...?

WERNER

...my uncle...?

Grete suddenly throws her arms around him, whispers violently into his ear -

GRETE

I'm a Jew, Werner. I can't marry you because I'm a Jew. My papers are false.

Werner removes her hands from his neck, holds her at arm's length. His face turns hard, eyes narrow. A different Werner. Grete's terrified as their scene begins to draw attention.

GRETE (CONT'D)

Please let me go - you'll never see me again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He stares at Grete for a moment, then releases her, walks away without another word.

INT. NYMPHENBURG PALACE - LADIES ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Grete splashes water on her face. She looks at herself in the mirror -- scared to death, eyes red and puffy.

She jumps as a bell RINGS, announcing closing time.

INT./EXT. NYMPHENBURG PALACE - FRONT HALL - MINUTES LATER

Grete, calmer now, determined, marches across the empty rooms. The survival instinct has kicked in. One goal - get out now.

She squints out a window at the gleaming white steps, and sterile, frozen grounds. No Werner. No police.

Ventures OUTSIDE.

Descends the steps, head down, looking only at the next step she has to take.

Werner suddenly appears at the bottom of the steps. She nearly stumbles backwards. His gaze is direct, unflinching. Neither of them move for a moment.

WERNER  
Marry me, Grete.

She stares at him, disbelieving.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WERNER'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Grete sits on the edge of the bed. Werner kneels before her.

WERNER  
You can hide forever with me. I  
will never let them take you away  
from me. When we're married--

GRETE  
But for the marriage license - what  
if they check my papers?

WERNER  
Don't worry about that now. Let me  
handle it.

GRETE  
I don't think you understand what  
you're asking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WERNER

And I don't think you've ever had  
anyone truly in love with you.

Grete takes his face in her hands and kisses him. The kiss  
becomes stronger and more passionate.

Werner takes off his shirt. He unbuttons Grete's blouse and  
helps her slip out of it.

He kisses her stomach.

WERNER (CONT'D)

There's just one thing.

She looks at him.

WERNER (CONT'D)

We have to do something about this  
trembling.

Grete tries to steady herself. Werner places his hand lightly  
on her chest. The comfort of his touch eases her tension.

LATER

They're nestled in each other's arms. Grete can't stop  
smiling at him. He notices.

WERNER (CONT'D)

Why are you smiling?

GRETE

Because you know who I am.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. WERNER'S BRANDENBURG FLAT - DAY

CLOSE on an unfinished abstract painting. The brush strokes  
are harsh, violent. PAN to reveal several other paintings,  
nearly identical, also unfinished.

Continue PAN around the room. Everything conforms to the  
Nazi aesthetic -- spare, cold, beige. The few pieces of  
furniture are sleek and modern. The flat is incredibly clean  
and tidy; as if every object has been deliberately placed.

The overall effect is jarring.

End PAN on the door. Werner opens it and Grete enters.

WERNER

...Well?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRETE  
(taken aback)  
It's wonderful, Werner.

She puts her things down and looks around. Photographs of a  
LITTLE BLOND GIRL.

WERNER  
That's my niece, Bärbl.

GRETE  
Gorgeous child.

Grete eyes a framed photo of Hitler on the wall. Werner makes  
note.

She approaches an impressive wooden RADIO.

WERNER  
It's brand new.

Grete notices a piece of brown paper wedged into the dial.  
She reaches for it.

GRETE  
What's this--

Werner grabs her hand.

WERNER  
(strikingly serious)  
No -- don't take that out. That's  
to insure it stays tuned to the  
party's station.

Grete's surprised by his shift in tone. Just as quickly, he's  
warm and welcoming again. He hugs her from behind, walks her  
to the window.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
(whisper)  
The walls are thin. You have to be  
careful around the neighbors.  
There's a woman across the hall,  
Karla Ziegler - always smiling,  
friendly, but sneaking around,  
listening. Exactly the type to  
denounce her neighbors.  
(suddenly excited)  
Come, I want to show you my  
favorite part. Close your eyes.

He takes her hand, leads her down a hallway.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
Open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Grete opens her eyes to find a large gleaming bathtub.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
We're the only people in the  
building who have one.

CLOSE on Grete's face. She hasn't seen a bathtub in years.

INT. WERNER'S BRANDENBURG FLAT - BATHROOM - DUSK

Grete and Werner face each other from opposite ends of the tub. Grete is in bliss, enjoying the bath immensely.

WERNER  
Aren't we lucky?

Grete smiles, then begins to cry.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
You're thinking about your mother...

She nods painfully. Werner wipes away her tear, wraps her in his arms. She lies her head on his shoulder, shudders with a sob. It breaks Werner's heart to see her this way.

He suddenly steps out of the tub and leaves the room. He returns in a moment with two portraits of Adolf Hitler, removed from the walls in the living room and bedroom.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
I'm going to put them in a drawer.

He exits. We stay on Grete.

INT. WERNER'S BRANDENBURG FLAT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Werner and Grete prepare for bed. Werner hangs up his clothes - methodically buttoning the shirt and creasing the pants. He looks around the room, eyes come to rest on the blue Goethe book on Grete's night table.

GRETE  
Is something wrong?

Werner smiles.

GRETE (CONT'D)  
(re: book)  
I'll just put it in the drawer.

WERNER  
Books go with books, dear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He reaches over, grabs the book, and leaves the room with it. Grete can do nothing. He returns, gets back into bed, switches off the bedside lamp.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
Much better.

EXT. WERNER'S BRANDENBURG FLAT - AFTERNOON

Wearing an apron and looking like an average German hausfrau, Grete takes laundry off a clothes line. She is hidden amongst rows of neighbors' fluttering laundry.

She takes a sheet down, is startled to find FRAU ZIEGLER - portly, early 50's - standing there. Grete jumps back.

FRAU ZIEGLER  
I didn't mean to scare you like  
that.  
(thrusts out her hand)  
Karla Ziegler.

Grete returns a weak handshake.

FRAU ZIEGLER (CONT'D)  
And you must be Grete. I was  
beginning to think I'd never meet  
you. Where have you been hiding?

Grete opens her mouth to speak. Ziegler keeps rolling.

FRAU ZIEGLER (CONT'D)  
Werner tells us he met you in  
Munich. That where you're from?

GRETE  
Yes - but I - yes, I was living  
there. Pardon me, Frau... Ziegler is  
it?

FRAU ZIEGLER  
Oh, call me Karla, please. I'm not  
that old.

GRETE  
Karla, I apologize, I left supper  
on the stove --

FRAU ZIEGLER  
I just wanted you to know how  
delighted we are for Werner that he  
found such a proper sweet girl. He  
seems so happy, so at peace.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

GRETE  
Thank you, really, that's... that's  
such a compliment.

Grete picks up her laundry basket, begins to walk away.

FRAU ZIEGLER  
And a welcome change.

Grete stops, not sure what Ziegler means.

FRAU ZIEGLER (CONT'D)  
I hate to gossip, but that  
Elisabeth, she was... not good for  
him. And that poor little girl, a  
sweetheart, caught in the middle --

Grete's dizzied by this new information.

FRAU ZIEGLER (CONT'D)  
Well -- the sooner that divorce is  
finalized the better for everyone,  
right?

GRETE  
(absently)  
Right.

INT. WERNER'S BRANDENBURG FLAT - NIGHT

Werner enters in his work clothing, puts down his things.  
There's no one in sight.

WERNER  
Hello.

No response. He checks the top of the doorframe for dust.  
It's clean.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
Grete?

He enters the KITCHEN, finds Grete sitting there. He gives  
her a kiss. She doesn't reciprocate.

Werner realizes something's wrong. She won't even look at  
him. He steps back, contemplates what he might have done.

After a LONG SILENCE, Grete gets up from the table, grabs a  
photo of Werner's "niece" Bärbli, hands it to him.

GRETE  
Who is this?

WERNER  
My...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He can see she knows the truth.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
She's my daughter. I was going to  
tell you.

GRETE  
When?! You're married.

WERNER  
We're getting a divorce. It's over.

Werner slowly approaches Grete. He tries to hold her. She constricts.

GRETE  
But - to not even mention them,  
that they exist. It's...

WERNER  
Please, Grete. I was afraid you  
wouldn't come... It's -- it's not so  
different from the way you  
misrepresented yourself to me.

GRETE  
(whisper)  
I had to tell a lie to save my  
life. You seem to do it constantly,  
pathologically, for sport.

She's struck a serious nerve; something he's heard before.

WERNER  
(menacing)  
I apologized, Grete.

GRETE  
I have to trust you. How can I  
trust you?

With a RAGE that seems to spring from nowhere -

WERNER  
WHAT CHOICE DO YOU HAVE?!

She's taken off guard by the force of the outburst,  
reflexively steps back. In the next moment, the meaning of  
his words hit her. *Another betrayal.*

She turns and runs to the BEDROOM. Werner stands there, face  
red, vein pulsing in his forehead.

INT. WERNER'S BRANDENBURG FLAT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Grete pulls out her suitcase. Werner enters. Just as quickly as he angered, he's snapped back to apologetic mode.

WERNER  
I fell in love with you so quickly.  
It... it got away from me. Please,  
Grete.

Grete sits on the bed.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
Give me another chance.

He sits down next to her, places his hand on hers.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
Three months and the divorce will  
be final. I promise.

CLOSE on Grete looking at him.

INT. STÄDTISCHE KRANKENHAUS (HOSPITAL) - DAY

Grete follows NURSE DIETZ (40's, twitchy, rawboned) as she strides into the MATERNITY WARD. A NURSE hangs Christmas decorations.

NURSE DIETZ  
In the Führer's own words -  
"Children are Deutschland's hope  
and their mothers -- its  
salvation." At this hospital, our  
mothers and their newborns are  
afforded every possible comfort.

Nurse Dietz stops at a storage room for linens and diapers.

NURSE DIETZ (CONT'D)  
This will be your station, Nurse  
Denner...

Nurse Dietz suddenly stops, glancing at Grete's lapel.

NURSE DIETZ (CONT'D)  
I expect my nurses to be in full  
uniform when they report for duty.

Grete is aware what Dietz is referring to, but puts on a vacant gaze.

NURSE DIETZ (CONT'D)  
Your Red Cross brooch is to be worn  
at all times.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRETE

Oh, I forgot. Please excuse me.

NURSE DIETZ

It will not happen again.

INT. WERNER'S BRANDENBURG FLAT - NIGHT

Christmas Eve. The apartment is decorated. Radio plays  
HOLIDAY MUSIC.

A KNOCK on the door. Grete takes her place beside Werner.  
Werner looks her over, straightens her dress, opens the door.

ELISABETH, 30, statuesque, blonde, blue-eyed, and BÄRBL, 4,  
adorable, stand there. An electric hostility and attraction  
between Werner and Elisabeth is immediately evident.

BÄRBL

Daddy!

Werner scoops her up. Elisabeth leans in and kisses him.

ELISABETH

Hello, Werner.

WERNER

(to Grete)

This is my little Bärbl. Bärbl, say  
hello to Grete.

Bärbl squirms out of her father's arms and clings to her  
mother.

WERNER (CONT'D)

Bärbl...

ELISABETH

Don't push her, Werner.

Grete flashes her warmest smile, extends a hand to Elisabeth.

GRETE

It's nice to meet you.

Elisabeth shakes her hand, returns a smile so bright that  
Grete can't decide if it's intended as sarcasm.

Elisabeth takes off her coat revealing a low-cut emerald  
green dress. She looks as if she's just stepped off a movie  
screen. She hands the coat off to Grete, makes herself at  
home -- sits on the sofa, lights a cigarette.

GRETE

Would you like something to drink?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELISABETH  
We should have a round of schnapps.

WERNER  
I'll get it.

Grete's alone with them. Elisabeth blows out a plume of smoke, looks Grete over as if she's inspecting a potential servant.

ELISABETH  
You've cleaned the place up nicely.  
Hasn't she, Bärbl?

BÄRBL  
(pointing to a wall)  
Where is the picture of our Führer?

ELISABETH  
You're right, darling. Good  
observation.

They turn to Grete. She's a deer in the headlights. Werner enters, rescues her -

WERNER  
It's being re-framed. It fell down,  
broke.

He hands out the glasses of schnapps.

BÄRBL  
Where are my gifts?

WERNER  
Tomorrow, dear. Santa's on his way.

Bärbl begins to search the apartment.

BÄRBL  
Don't lie. There is no Santa Claus.

As Werner raises his glass, Bärbl opens a drawer -

BÄRBL (CONT'D)  
Here they are!

Bärbl pulls out two framed portraits of Adolf Hitler. Grete goes white. A BEAT. Werner covers -

WERNER  
Grete, you didn't tell me you  
brought them back.

Grete drops her glass, MUMBLES an excuse. None of this has escaped Elisabeth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GRETE  
I'm so sorry...

WERNER  
Don't be. It's good luck.

He grabs another glass for her, pours half his schnapps into it.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
Merry Christmas.

ELISABETH  
(with eyes on Grete)  
To total victory in the new year!

Elisabeth CLINKS her glass against Grete's.

EXT. BRANDENBURG STREET - DAY

In a rush, Grete approaches a long line of people in front of a bakery.

A group of HITLER YOUTH collect donations on the corner.

Grete glimpses Frau Ziegler ahead of her in the line. Frustrated, Grete turns to leave. Ziegler spots her.

FRAU ZIEGLER  
Grete... Grete...

Frau Ziegler motions for Grete to stand with her. Grete hesitates, looks at the long line, then cautiously joins her.

HITLER YOUTH #1  
(calling out)  
Give for the winter relief, support  
our soldiers.

FRAU ZIEGLER  
(to Grete)  
My son is over there. He's  
nineteen. I miss him so much.

Grete looks at the Hitler Youths' armbands and the swastikas on the donation can. She's sickened.

FRAU ZIEGLER (CONT'D)  
(mistaking Edith's look)  
Don't worry. You're young. Twenty-  
one, I heard. You have plenty of  
years left to have children.

Grete doesn't say a word.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRAU ZIEGLER (CONT'D)  
 Elisabeth brought me a Christmas  
 fruitcake yesterday.

Grete reacts, surprised.

FRAU ZIEGLER (CONT'D)  
 But she really just wanted to talk  
 about you - 'Where does she work?  
 Where is she from?'

Suddenly - AIR RAID SIRENS. Everyone looks up. A far-away  
 SQUADRON OF BOMBERS. Everyone scatters.

FRAU ZIEGLER (CONT'D)  
 (heading for cover)  
 Guess we lost our place in line.

One of the Hitler Youth stands his ground, pretending to  
 shoot at the planes.

HITLER YOUTH #2  
 Die Americans! Die!

Grete looks at the planes, a smile comes over her face.  
 Hope.

INT. WERNER'S BRANDENBURG FLAT - NIGHT

Grete enters, wearing her nurse uniform. She switches on a  
 light. SCREAMS.

Elisabeth sits on the armchair, Bärbl at her side.

BÄRBL  
 (raising her arm)  
 Heil Hitler!

ELISABETH  
 (explaining with a smile)  
 She just visited our Hitler Youth  
 Camp.  
 (pointing to Hitler's  
 portrait, now on the  
 wall)  
 By the way, I see our Führer has  
 returned.

GRETE  
 Why are you sitting in the dark?

ELISABETH  
 Our factories need the electricity  
 more than we do, don't you agree?  
 (smiles)  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELISABETH (CONT'D)  
I didn't want Bärbl waiting in the hallway. I used my key.

GRETE  
(heading to the kitchen)  
Bärbl, would you like something to eat?

ELISABETH  
What's your story, Christine Marie Margarete Denner?

Grete stops in her tracks. Her alarm is palpable.

ELISABETH (CONT'D)  
(flashes her smile)  
I like to know who's watching my child... and sleeping in my bed.

Grete continues to the kitchen, begins to make up a plate of pastries. She stops, takes a pastry in each fist, crushes them. Her hands shake.

ELISABETH (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
So tell me, what business is your father in?

GRETE  
My father? He's a senior engineer in the Wermacht.

The front door opens and Werner enters. He stops suddenly when he sees Elisabeth and the look on Grete's face.

WERNER  
Hello, Elisabeth. You're early.

Bärbl runs to her father. He picks her up.

ELISABETH  
Grete was just telling me about her family in Vienna.

WERNER  
Fine people.

ELISABETH  
Somehow her father managed to go from running a small restaurant to being a senior engineer in the Wermacht... Or did I misunderstand what you told me, Werner?

Werner doesn't flinch. He kisses Grete.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

WERNER

I'm a painter, but I'm working for the military too. People do both; wartime... Anyway, you can ask him yourself when he comes to visit for the wedding.

Elisabeth takes a moment to digest the news. Werner smiles. Elisabeth stands, perturbed.

ELISABETH

I must be going now. I've a party function to attend.

(to Bärbl)

I'll see you on Sunday, darling.

She gives Bärbl a peck on the cheek as she steps outside.

An AIR RAID SIREN begins to WAIL.

ELISABETH (CONT'D)

Guess I won't be leaving just yet.

INT. BUILDING BASEMENT - NIGHT

The basement is stuffy and overcrowded. Seems more a deathtrap than a shelter. Some people sleep, others listen to the faraway BOMBS dropping.

Grete and Werner sit across from Elisabeth and a dozing Bärbl. Werner does what he can to ignore Elisabeth's lingering glances. She enjoys watching him squirm. She shifts, showing a little more leg.

Grete can see Werner's attraction for Elisabeth.

INT. WERNER'S BRANDENBURG FLAT - LATER

The bombing has stopped. Werner tucks Bärbl into bed.

Elisabeth toys with the buttons on his shirt.

WERNER

Elisabeth...

ELISABETH

What? The house is spotless, the dishes have been put away. Everything is just the way you like it. But come on, Werner. What do you see in her?

WERNER

Stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Unseen, Grete stops in the doorway. Elisabeth leans in closer.

ELISABETH  
I can see by the way you look at me  
what you're thinking...

She runs her hand down his chest.

GRETE  
Here is a blanket and a pillow.

Elisabeth and Werner turn to Grete.

ELISABETH  
Thank you, dear. Goodnight.

Elisabeth exits. Grete looks at Werner.

WERNER  
She was my wife for five years.  
She's just upset about us getting  
married. That's just the way she  
is.

GRETE  
(quietly)  
Yes, she's a tramp.

Werner laughs.

WERNER  
Now who's jealous?

He pulls her close. Grete's still angry.

INT. WERNER'S BRANDENBURG FLAT - BEDROOM - MIDDLE OF NIGHT

Werner's fast asleep. Grete's staring at the ceiling.

KITCHEN: Elisabeth sits at the table, drinking from a flask, reading from Grete's blue Goethe book. She looks up, dazed, drunk, fixates on something. She walks to the door frame, runs her finger across the top. No dust. She scowls.

Grete enters, catches her in the act.

ELISABETH  
(laughing)  
Hello, hausfrau!

Elisabeth plops back into her chair, puts her flask down on the book, using it as a coaster.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELISABETH (CONT'D)  
Can't sleep either. Have a seat.

Grete hesitantly sits.

CLOSE UP: A water ring has begun to rise from the book's cover underneath the flask.

ELISABETH (CONT'D)  
(re: book)  
I would've never taken you for a reader of Goethe. It's certainly not Werner's.

GRETE  
It was a gift... And Werner knows Goethe.

Elisabeth stares at Grete for a moment. The vacant, expectant gape of the drunk. She raises the flask.

ELISABETH  
To you, the next Mrs. Werner Vetter.  
(takes a drink)  
This has all happened so fast.

GRETE  
We were both a bit surprised.

ELISABETH  
The mysteries of love.

Grete represses the urge to react. Elisabeth lights a cigarette.

ELISABETH (CONT'D)  
If there's one thing I know about Werner, it's that he always needs to be in the middle of a scheme, a lie of some sort. He needs to lie the way I need these cigarettes.

Elisabeth catches Grete looking at the book and flask, offers her a sip. Grete tries to use the opportunity to slide the book away, isn't fast enough.

ELISABETH (CONT'D)  
Want my advice? Go back to Austria, find yourself a nice, quiet, polite boy. You don't know - Werner's never known the quiet life. He'll tire of it. He will, Grete, and then...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Elisabeth looks into Grete's eyes for a beat, lets out a raspy CACKLE. Grete stands. This time she can't control herself.

GRETE  
...You're pathetic.

Elisabeth's face goes dead serious. Grete instantly realizes she's made a mistake. Elisabeth's smile returns.

ELISABETH  
The little hausfrau actually has a temper. I was wrong about you. You may last more than a year with Werner.

Grete lifts the flask, snatches her book, turns to leave.

ELISABETH (CONT'D)  
Don't forget -- books with books.

INT. REGISTRAR'S OFFICE - DAY

Werner and Grete stand before the registrar. Werner slips a silver ring onto her finger.

REGISTRAR  
Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs.  
Werner Vetter!

Werner and Grete kiss.

REGISTRAR (CONT'D)  
I regret to inform you that your copy of Mein Kampf - the Führer's gift to all newlyweds - will be delayed. Our apologies, but our supply ran out just this week.

Werner feigns disappointment. He looks to Grete. They share a tiny grin.

INT. WERNER'S BRANDENBURG FLAT - NIGHT

Grete and Werner passionately kiss. His kisses snake down her neck...further. Grete lets herself be lost in the moment, pulling Werner to her.

INT. WERNER'S BRANDENBURG FLAT - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

CLOSE on Grete, studying her Red Cross pin.

She wears her heavily-starched, perfectly-pressed, red and white nurse's uniform. She drops the pin on the dresser, leaves for work as Werner is still asleep.

INT. STÄDTISCHE KRANKENHAUS (HOSPITAL) - DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

A woman, MRS. BAUER, lies on the bed, her feet in stirrups, MOANING.

Grete enters. Mrs. Bauer's speech is slightly slurred.

MRS. BAUER  
Who are you?!

GRETE  
I'm Nurse Vetter, Mrs. Bauer. I'll  
be monitoring your condition.

MRS. BAUER  
I don't know you...

Grete gently presses a damp cloth to Mrs. Bauer's forehead.

MRS. BAUER (CONT'D)  
...You're a nice girl.

Mrs. Bauer suddenly SCREAMS OUT in pain, a contraction.

MRS. BAUER (CONT'D)  
I want my husband, my Heinz!

GRETE  
I -- has he been notified?

MRS. BAUER  
The Russians have him - he's in  
Russia. In good health... he says.

GRETE  
I hope he returns soon to you and--

MRS. BAUER  
He talked to me, he did. I heard  
him - "I love you, Hilde." I love  
you, Heinz. He talked to me on  
Moscow Radio. They let him talk.

Grete is shocked by the admission.

GRETE  
(whispered)  
You shouldn't tell anyone you  
listen to the foreign radio. You  
shouldn't tell me.

MRS. BAUER  
Nice girl.

She SCREAMS out again, another contraction. A MALE DOCTOR and  
two NURSES enter, elbow Grete out of the way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. BAUER (CONT'D)  
I heard my Heinz's voice, you know.  
He talked to me.

NURSE #1  
Of course he did.

The second nurse, HANNAH, notices Grete's horrified look,  
whispers to her -

HANNAH  
It's the anesthesia. Makes them  
babble. Her husband's in Russia.

The doctor examines Mrs. Bauer.

MRS. BAUER  
"When will you be back, Heinz?" I  
asked. But he couldn't answer.

NURSE #1  
(patronizing)  
Why is that, Mrs. Bauer?

DOCTOR  
Six centimeters dilated.

MRS. BAUER  
(answering nurse #1)  
Because it's the radio. They let  
him talk on the radio.

The nurses and doctor freeze for a moment, exchange a look.

Another contraction. Mrs. Bauer HOWLS. When it subsides -

NURSE #1  
You heard Heinz on the radio?

MRS. BAUER  
Yes, on Moscow Radio.

GRETE  
It's nonsense. She was babbling  
before you came in about--

MRS. BAUER  
I am not. Babbling. Stop telling me  
not to talk about it. Everyone  
listens.

The doctor looks quickly at Grete.

DOCTOR  
(re: Grete)  
Get her out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Nurse #1 pushes Grete out.

LATER

109A Carrying a NEWBORN, Grete exits the nursery, heads for the 109A  
MATERNITY WARD. She's intercepted by Nurse Dietz.

NURSE DIETZ  
Take the child back to the nursery.

GRETE  
Ma'am, she's due for a feeding...

Grete notices the doctor and nurses from the delivery room talking to two GESTAPO AGENTS at the end of the hall.

NURSE DIETZ  
The wet nurse will assume feedings  
of the Bauer child.

Grete glances over Nurse Dietz's shoulder into the ward. An empty bed.

INT. WERNER'S BRANDENBURG FLAT - DAY

All is quiet. Everything in its place. No one's home.

A FUMBLING with the lock. Door flies open, Grete darts inside, drops her bag, runs into the bathroom. We hear her retching, toilet flush, sink running.

She steps into the apartment, looking green. She lowers herself onto the sofa. Eyes barely open, she sees - the radio. Sits up.

With no energy to resist her curiosity, Grete reaches out, yanks the brown paper from the dial. She waits - no thugs kicking in the door, no sirens.

She checks the door - locked. Wraps pillows around the radio to muffle the sound, throws an eiderdown over the top, tucks her head underneath.

WE'RE UNDERNEATH WITH HER. She very, very quietly CLICKS the radio on, fumbles with the dial. STATIC, and then -

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
...sorely underestimated the mettle  
of the Russian Army, the citizens  
of Stalingrad, and the brutal  
severity of the Russian winter...

ANGLE ON THE APARTMENT. From outside Grete's 'soundproof' nook, we hear only the slightest DRONE of the radio. SLOW MOVE from Grete, oblivious under the eiderdown, to the front door. The knob begins to turn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON GRETE, UNDERNEATH.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...Of the 285,000 German soldiers  
engaged in the battle, 49,000 fled  
in a desperate retreat. More than  
140,000 have been slaughtered--

OUTSIDE THE EIDERDOWN -

The striped cuff of an OFFICER'S coat enters frame, hand  
reaches for the eiderdown, slowly pulls it away.

ANGLE ON GRETE, UNDERNEATH

She feels the blanket slipping off her head. She goes white,  
immediately clicks off the radio.

The blanket is removed. Grete can't look up... finally raises  
her eyes. PAN UP a NAZI UNIFORM. Werner is in it.

WERNER  
How long have you been doing that?

GRETE  
It's - it's the first time, Werner.  
I was very quiet. No one heard.  
(re: uniform)  
Werner... what... what...?

WERNER  
(croaked)  
I've been drafted.

Grete stands.

GRETE  
But... but that's not possible. Your  
eye, do they know about your eye?

WERNER  
Yes, they know. I've been trying,  
it's been a month I've been trying  
to get out of it... I don't want to  
leave you.

He moves to hug her. Grete recoils from the uniform.

GRETE  
Please, don't. I don't want to  
touch that.

WERNER  
It's only clothing, Grete.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

WERNER (CONT'D)  
Tomorrow night, there's an  
induction, a rally, for officers.

Grete gives him a look - *Officers?*

WERNER (CONT'D)  
They tested me, and because I have  
supervisory experience... they  
recognized my potential. They're  
making me an officer.

Grete shakes her head.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
You're the wife of an officer now,  
Grete. There is no higher honor.  
Try to see it positively - no one  
will suspect you now. That's why we  
need to attend tomorrow night.

GRETE  
I can't go to a Nazi rally.

WERNER  
Just one time. It would be too  
suspicious, especially with  
Elisabeth. I know she'll be there.  
She'll notice your absence.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Packed with MEN and WOMEN in uniform. The room is busy with  
swastikas; banners hang from the rafters and cover the walls.

Grete and Werner enter. Grete wears her mother's scarf, tries  
not to look at anything. Several MEN nod to Werner. As an  
officer, he is somebody.

Winding their way through the crowd, Werner and Grete spot  
Elisabeth working her charms on a SENIOR OFFICER with his  
back to them. They try to slip by without her noticing.

ELISABETH  
Werner! Werner, I want to introduce  
you to someone.

They make their way to her.

ELISABETH (CONT'D)  
May I introduce Herr Werner Vetter.

The senior officer turns towards them.

Grete recognizes him immediately. A shock tears through her  
body.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELISABETH (CONT'D)  
This is Major Bremmer. He's just  
been posted to Brandenburg.

Grete fights the urge to run.

WERNER  
Pleasure to meet you, Major. My  
wife...

BREMMER  
(to Grete)  
Have we met before?

Grete says nothing, her brain screaming too loudly to put two words together. Very faintly, we begin to hear her HEARTBEAT. Werner realizes that something's wrong with Grete. He interrupts, jokingly wags his finger at Bremmer.

WERNER  
You took my best line, Major.  
(beat, conspiratorial)  
That's how I met her in Munich.

BREMMER  
(still looking at Grete,  
going along with Werner's  
joke)  
I see a beautiful woman, I can't  
help myself.

Elisabeth bristles, pulls Bremmer in another direction.

ELISABETH  
There's the mayor. I want you to  
meet him.

BREMMER  
(to Grete and Werner)  
Please excuse me, Lieutenant,  
Madam.

Werner turns to Grete, who is still in shock.

WERNER  
(whisper, scared)  
What was that?

A sudden BLAST of TRUMPETS and THUNDER of DRUMS. Several HIGH RANKING NAZIS take places on stage. Bremmer joins them.

The room swells with the singing of Deutschland Über Alles.

GRETE'S P.O.V.: Dizzy. Bobbing. She turns to Werner. He's singing. All around her, men and women sing, eyes glistening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Enraptured, sweaty faces. The scene begins to take on a surreal quality. NOISES are hollow.

As the sound of Grete's HEARTBEAT increases, the visuals begin to saturate with an ever-deepening CRIMSON TINT.

The crowd bursts into the Nazi salute. Hundreds of arms shoot forward.

CROWD  
Sieg Heil!

C.U.: Bremmer giving the salute.

CROWD (CONT'D)  
Sieg Heil!

QUICK FLASH of Bremmer firing his pistol into Lily's head.

C.U.: Grete's eyes. Rolling.

Her HEARTBEAT has drowned out most everything. Visuals are almost completely red. We hear a muffled -

CROWD (CONT'D)  
Sieg Heil!

Grete faints. All goes BLACK.

INT. WERNER'S BRANDENBURG FLAT - NIGHT

Grete lies on the sofa, conscious, a cold compress on her head. Werner paces, manic.

WERNER  
He didn't recognize you. I don't think he did... But, with what happened tonight, with a scene like that, you bring more attention.

GRETE  
Werner--

WERNER  
You can't do that again...

GRETE  
Werner, I'm pregnant.

He stops pacing, stands there, expressionless.

GRETE (CONT'D)  
I was tested, by a doctor, at the hospital. The baby is due in April. I'm praying that you won't have been deployed yet...  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRETE (CONT'D)  
(beat, he says nothing)  
Werner...?

WERNER  
Maybe the test is wrong.

Grete digests what he means.

GRETE  
Do you want it to be wrong?

WERNER  
I already support Elisabeth and  
Bärbl, you think I can afford you  
and your baby?

GRETE  
Our baby.

Werner clearly has more to say, but hesitates. He turns and paces again, running his fingers through his hair.

Grete goes to Werner, takes his wrists. Werner tears his arms away. He turns the radio up LOUD to mask their voices. The Berlin Philharmonic plays WAGNER.

WERNER  
The blood of Jews is remarkably  
powerful. It overpowers Aryan  
blood.

Grete stares in disbelief.

GRETE  
No, Werner...

WERNER  
This has been proven, Grete.  
Whether you choose to remain  
ignorant or not, you cannot argue  
with fact.

Grete's crying, covering her ears. Werner's frustrated.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
Eugenics. You Jews invented it.

Werner pulls her hands off her ears.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
Jews understand the importance of  
genetic purity. What would your  
father say if he knew you were  
married to me, a gentile?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GRETE

He'd be furious that I chose such a gullible fool.

Werner SLAPS her, sticks a finger in her face.

WERNER

-- You will not have that baby.

Grete steadies herself, touches her stinging cheek. She sees something out of the corner of her eye. Elisabeth standing in the doorway, still dressed from the evening. She's holding Grete's scarf.

ELISABETH

I knocked several times, but I guess you couldn't...

(re: scarf)

You dropped this at the rally. Are you feeling better?

A moment as Werner and Grete consider how long she's been listening, what she might have heard.

Grete grabs the scarf, runs out of the apartment. Beat.

Werner scans Elisabeth's eyes - what does she know?

ELISABETH (CONT'D)

What have you gotten yourself into, Werner?

For the very first time, Werner is speechless.

ELISABETH (CONT'D)

You can't afford it... another divorce.

Werner's relieved, returns to his normal self.

WERNER

Give me your key and get out.

Beat.

ELISABETH

Get it yourself. It's still in the door.

She leaves.

EXT. BRANDENBURG STREET - NIGHT

CLOSE on Grete's face. Running. Unthinking. Just escaping.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PASSERSBY turn and look at this disturbed woman.

She slows her pace with every glance she receives. Finally stops. Out of breath. Camera does a SLOW 360 around her.

In the distance, we see Werner approaching. Grete doesn't see him until he's upon her. She runs. Werner catches up, wraps his arms around her from behind, holds her.

WERNER

Grete, stop that. It's not good for the baby.

Grete stops, looks at him, astonished.

WERNER (CONT'D)

This baby will have your good nature. He'll be smart, he'll be handsome. All the things I love about you, I'll love about him.

Grete stares, incredulous.

GRETE

You hit me.

WERNER

(he takes her face in his hands)

That will never happen again. I promise, Grete. I need you. You bring a calm to my home. Please come back with me.

Grete takes a deep breath. She smiles sadly.

GRETE

What choice do I have... right?

She starts walking home. Werner follows.

INT. STÄDTISCHE KRANKENHAUS (HOSPITAL) - NIGHTFALL

Grete's gathering her things to leave for the day.

NURSE DIETZ

(from her office)

Grete, please come in here.

Grete enters NURSE DIETZ'S OFFICE. She's a bit tense.

NURSE DIETZ (CONT'D)

Am I that scary? Don't be afraid. I'm very happy with your work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRETE

Thank you, ma'am.

NURSE DIETZ

I thought you should know we've received an inquiry about you from the Office of Child Welfare.

(from Grete's puzzled look)

It's your husband's ex-wife. She's actually entitled to it, because you'll be taking care of her daughter. They've asked for your records. I'm going to ask the Red Cross in Munich to send them. You see, nothing to be afraid of.

Grete's not very relieved.

NURSE DIETZ (CONT'D)

Just divorce fuss. They'll find nothing wrong, of course... right?

GRETE

(trying to be relaxed)

Of course. Thank you for telling me.

She gets up to leave the room.

NURSE DIETZ

Oh, one last thing, Grete. I think, from now on, you shouldn't forget your party pin at home.

Grete understands, nods, exits.

INT. WERNER'S BRANDENBURG FLAT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Grete's leaning against the wall, wrapped in the scarf, holding herself. Her belly protrudes. She looks up into the mirror, stares into her eyes, looks away.

She sits on the edge of the tub, rocking, holding her belly.

GRETE

(barely a whisper)

Shema...

(trying to remember)

Shema... Yisrael Adonai eloheynu--

A KNOCK on the door.

WERNER (O.S.)

Grete, are you okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRETE

Yes.

WERNER (O.S.)

Are you sure?

GRETE

Yes.

WERNER (O.S.)

Come, I want to show you something.

INT. WERNER'S BRANDENBURG FLAT - MINUTES LATER

CLOSE on a BAPTISMAL CERTIFICATE. Kitchen table is covered with art supplies - ink, tiny knives, paper, glue.

WERNER (O.S.)

Better than the original.

Werner hands Grete a certificate. She looks it over.

WERNER (CONT'D)

Your mother's mother was now born in Kiev in 1863. You'll say your father just sent you the baptismal certificate. Kiev's back under Russian control now, so there's no way for anyone to check. Elisabeth will find nothing. You're the perfect Aryan woman.

Grete winces.

WERNER (CONT'D)

Grete?... Grete, you know what I mean.

GRETE

I think I'm having the baby, Werner.

WERNER

What?! But, it's - it's too early.

She winces again. He runs to the shelf, grabs a book.

WERNER (CONT'D)

Uh, all right, here's what happens -  
(finds a page, reads)  
First, the pains are widely spaced apart and very gentle. Then the baby positions itself--

GRETE

Werner!



EXT. STREETS OF BRANDENBURG - NIGHT

Werner leads Grete through the quiet streets. She holds his arm. He walks slowly, patiently. The pain makes her tiptoe.

INT. STÄDTISCHE KRANKENHAUS (HOSPITAL) - MIDDLE OF NIGHT

Grete lies on a bed in the MATERNITY WARD, amongst other GROANING women in labor. She's drenched in sweat. Werner stands by her bedside, awkward.

A DOCTOR and Nurse Hannah approach.

DOCTOR  
(to Werner)  
Mr. Vetter, it would be better if  
you waited outside.

Werner gives Grete a kiss on the forehead, leaves.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
How are you feeling, Grete?

GRETE  
(halting, forced)  
I'm f-fine.

DOCTOR  
We can give you the sedative now,  
if you'd like.

GRETE  
No.

DOCTOR  
All right, Grete, we'll come back  
in thirty minutes.

GRETE  
N - no. No anesthesia. Never.

The doctor and nurse share a look.

The sudden WAIL of an AIR RAID SIREN blasts through the building. Everyone turns towards the sound.

CUT TO:

Grete is lifted onto a gurney.

Nurse Hannah wheels Grete down a hallway. They reach a stairway. People stream past, down into the BUNKER. Two ORDERLIES lift the gurney, carry it down the stairs. We hear Grete SCREAM in the darkness.

INT. HOSPITAL BUNKER - DAY

C.U.: A flickering light bulb. Distant AIR RAID SIREN.  
Grete's VOICE echoes through the chamber -

GRETE (O.S.)  
Please - please - no - please - I  
can't - I can't -

REVEAL a tight, airless, cavernous bunker. Nurses and doctors scuttle about, ducking beneath the low ceiling. Other PATIENTS huddle in the dark, watching Grete SCREAM.

DOCTOR  
(whispering, to nurse)  
I can't have her screaming. She's  
frightening the others.

Nurse Hannah sucks the anesthetic into a syringe, approaches.

GRETE  
No. No. I'll keep quiet. I'll stop.  
Please, Hannah, I - I'll - some  
wounded soldier needs it more than  
me.

Hannah relents.

NURSE  
If you scream again, I have to.

Grete nods weakly. She suddenly tenses in agony. She slams her hand over her mouth.

Grete writhes, her body contorts and strains. But she's silent.

FADE TO BLACK

LATER  
Grete's appearance has deteriorated. The pain has rendered her a zombie; eyes sunken, mouth agape, drained of all power.

DOCTOR  
Just one more push.

Grete pulls in a deep breath, pushes, uses every ounce of willpower in her brain to hold back the scream. Her mouth opens wider, wider, wider -

A BABY'S CRY.

Grete's eyes fill.

GRETE  
(barely a whisper)  
...mother... a grandchild...

INT. HOSPITAL BUNKER - LATER

Werner wanders through the bunker, looking for his wife. He looks a mess.

WERNER  
(softly)  
Grete?... Grete, where are you?

He finds her asleep with the BABY in her arms.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
Grete.

Her face lights up when she sees him. He leans over, kisses her forehead.

He picks up the baby and holds it close, unwraps the blanket to check the gender. His face turns to stone. He pushes the baby back at Grete.

GRETE  
...Werner...?

WERNER  
All this was your idea. And now  
what do I have? Another girl.

Werner storms out of the bunker.

Grete holds her baby close.

GRETE  
You are my child, my child, my  
child.

EXT. STÄDTISCHE KRANKENHAUS (HOSPITAL) - DAY

A nurse wheels Grete out of the hospital, her baby girl on her lap. At the bottom of the steps, Werner waits next to a Maybach DS Sedan. He scurries up to greet her. Grete is cold, not a word is exchanged.

A CHAUFFEUR opens the car door for Grete. Werner clumsily tries to help her inside. She manages without him.

INT. CAR - MINUTES LATER

Silence as the car rolls down a street. Werner tries to diffuse the tension.

WERNER  
I wanted you and the baby to come  
home in style.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grete doesn't react.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
It belongs to Mr. Wagonfür, Arado's  
director.

GRETE  
What did you tell him?

WERNER  
The truth, that my wife had a baby,  
a beautiful baby...

Grete nods indifferently, looks out the window at the street,  
littered with debris from the bombing.

INT. WERNER'S BRANDENBURG FLAT - DAY

PAN across a mural of a cityscape. It covers an entire wall.  
We discover Grete, who has just stepped inside with her baby  
and Werner. She's amazed.

WERNER  
I painted it for you, it's--

GRETE  
Vienna.

WERNER  
Yes. So you and the baby will  
always feel at home here.

Grete sits, softens a bit.

GRETE  
Werner... I think you're completely  
insane.

Werner laughs, squeezes next to her. They watch their child  
sleep peacefully in her arms.

WERNER  
Do we have any ideas for a name  
yet?

GRETE  
Trying to decide.

WERNER  
Why not give her your mother's  
name?

GRETE  
Because my mother's not -- because  
we don't do that, name children  
after people who are alive.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRETE (CONT'D)  
(awkward beat)  
I was thinking Angela.

Werner smiles. He likes it. He touches ANGELA's little hand.

WERNER  
Angela Vetter.

He reaches for the baby. Grete finally passes her to him.

MATCH DISSOLVE:

Werner, in uniform, hugs Angela tightly. We are -

EXT. TRANSIT DEPOT - MORNING

A makeshift transit depot in the center of Brandenburg. SOLDIERS scramble about. Dozens of OLD MEN (up to their 60's) and TEENAGE BOYS bid farewell to their LOVED ONES, climb aboard TROOP TRANSPORTS.

An entire truck of these "soldiers" wait while their officer, Werner, says goodbye to his family.

Bärbl's tickling Angela.

BÄRBL  
She's so small. By the time she's  
four, I'll be a leader and she can  
be in my group.

Grete gives Bärbl a fake smile.

Werner picks up Bärbl, hugs her very closely, doesn't want to let go.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
Goodbye, princess.

He reluctantly hands Bärbl to Elisabeth.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
(to Elisabeth)  
Goodbye.

Elisabeth nods her farewell, turns away. Werner leads Grete to the truck.

WERNER (CONT'D)  
(re: his soldiers)  
Old men and young boys with stomach  
problems, asthma, and bad feet, and  
their half-blind officer. And I'm  
supposed to make them believe we  
can still win.  
(then, with a forced  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WERNER (CONT'D)

laugh)

But it's going to be all right. I  
learned some Russian.

(beat, gathers his voice)

If I don't come back--

GRETE

You will.

WERNER

If I don't, tell Angela that I  
loved her and... please tell her that  
I was a good man. One last lie.

Grete kisses him.

GRETE

It's not a lie, Werner. And you're  
coming back.

He touches Angela's cheek.

WERNER

(doesn't believe it)

Yes, I'm coming back.

Werner turns and walks to the truck.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK

EXT. BRANDENBURG STREET - DAY

Grete waits in a long line of impatient PEOPLE in front of a  
grocery store. She's coughing, has lost weight. Angela's in  
her carriage. The SHOPKEEPER comes out of the store, his arms  
in the air.

SHOPKEEPER

There's nothing left. Everyone go  
home. We have nothing.

Angry customers wave their ration books at him.

GRETE

Please, Mr. Schultz, Angela needs  
milk.

SHOPKEEPER

I haven't had a delivery in four  
days.

He goes back inside. Grete walks away, amongst the desperate  
crowd. She looks into the carriage at her hungry daughter.

EXT. BRANDENBURG STREET - DAY

Grete walks up the sidewalk, pushing the carriage. She notices a dripping hydrant, stops, fills the baby's bottle with water.

Grete looks up, sees a WEHRMACHT JEEP in front of her apartment building. She stands, worried.

A WEHRMACHT OFFICER emerges from the building, followed by Frau Ziegler. Ziegler spots Grete, points her out to the officer.

The officer approaches, an ominous look on his face. Grete turns away, but the carriage is too cumbersome to run.

WEHRMACHT OFFICER  
Mrs. Grete Vetter?

GRETE  
...Yes.

WEHRMACHT OFFICER  
I have news about your husband.  
Werner is a Russian prisoner of  
war. His unit was attacked at  
Küstrin. They were all taken.

GRETE  
...Was he wounded?

WEHRMACHT OFFICER  
We don't think so. He'll be sent to  
a prison camp in Siberia. I'm  
afraid you won't see your husband  
for a long time, Mrs. Vetter.

Grete starts to cry. Frau Ziegler comes over, holds her hand.

INT. WERNER'S BRANDENBURG FLAT - NIGHT

Pitch black save for a single candle burning. We hear Grete SINGING her baby to sleep. Angela's wrapped in Klothilde's scarf.

GRETE  
(singing, in Hebrew)  
One day the Temple will be rebuilt,  
and the Jews will return to  
Jerusalem. So it is written...

The muffled THUD of artillery fire in the distance. Angela stirs. Grete HUMS louder. The EXPLOSIONS grow closer, more frequent. Grete squeezes her eyes shut.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRETE (CONT'D)  
(in Hebrew)  
...So it is written in the Holy Book,  
so it is written. Hallelujah...

The room fills with a WHITE FLASH like lightning, then a deafening SMASH.

Grete snuggles Angela into a laundry basket in the middle of the room, surrounds her with furniture and pillows. She rushes to the window, puts her back against it, protecting Angela from flying glass.

A SERIES of BLINDING FLARES profile Grete's silhouette against the window. The glass RATTLES.

Angela sleeps soundly in the laundry basket. A LULL in the explosions.

GRETE (CONT'D)  
Listen, Angela - do you hear? It's  
not bombs this time. Shelling.  
They're close. It won't be long...

Grete's peripheral vision catches movement at her door. An envelope has been slipped underneath.

Grete picks up Angela, very carefully opens the door a crack. Frau Ziegler and a YOUNG MAN are standing there, wearing coats and carrying suitcases. Sneaking out. Ziegler looks terrified. She WHISPERS -

FRAU ZIEGLER  
Grete... Why - I thought you'd be  
down in the bunker.

GRETE  
I can't go down there anymore.

Ziegler notices Grete looking at the young man.

FRAU ZIEGLER  
This is my son.  
(beat)  
Please don't tell anyone. The  
Russians are just outside the city..  
Please.

GRETE  
(smiling)  
Good luck to you, Karla.

Frau Ziegler gives her a hug and hurries away.

FADE TO BLACK

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

128A MORNING

128A

Grete sleeps next to Angela.

The electricity suddenly comes on. Lights blink to life. The radio CRACKLES. Grete awakens. A broadcast by THOMAS MANN.

THOMAS MANN (V.O.)  
 ...one thing is necessary for a new  
 beginning - it is the absolute  
 realization of these unforgivable  
 crimes, which you indeed know very  
 little of. You, who are listening  
 to me now, do you know of Maidanek  
 in Poland, Hitler's extermination  
 camp?

Grete sits to listen, shaken.

THOMAS MANN (V.O.)(CONT'D)  
 ... More than half a million  
 Europeans were poisoned with  
 chlorine and then burned there,  
 1,400 daily. The death factory  
 worked day and night; its chimneys  
 were always smoking.

Grete covers her mouth, horrified. MOVE IN on the radio.

THOMAS MANN (V.O.)(CONT'D)  
 In the Auschwitz and Birkenau camps  
 1,715,000 Jews were murdered from  
 April 1942, until April 1944.

ON GRETE - The meaning is beginning to sink in.

THOMAS MANN (CONT'D)  
 Their remains were pulverized,  
 packed up and sent to Germany to  
 fertilize the Fatherland...

BACK ON RADIO.

THOMAS MANN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 I have given only a few examples of  
 the horrors that --

The radio flies out of frame, SMASHES on the floor.

Grete flies into a painful rage - throwing anything she gets  
 her hands on, violently sweeping all the books off the shelf.  
 She drops to her knees, can't breathe, tears the collar of  
 her blouse, gasping for air.

Angela's CRYING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

A POUNDING on the door.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Open the door! Gestapo!

Grete freezes. Her eyes dart around the room, panicked, seeking an escape.

POUNDING again.

She grabs her baby and, with no other option, steels her courage, opens the door. A GESTAPO OFFICER stands there. He's an older man. He looks tired, nervous. He's a bit startled by her appearance, but more eager to get to the point.

GESTAPO OFFICER  
Your neighbor, Karla Ziegler, has  
been harboring her son - an army  
deserter. Have you seen him?

Karla's door is open and three SOLDIERS search the place.

GRETE  
No.

GESTAPO OFFICER  
I'll need to perform a search.

Grete steps out of his way. He enters, cursorily glances around the living room, stops at the mural.

GESTAPO OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Vienna.

GRETE  
That's where I'm from. My husband  
painted it for me before he left  
for the front.

The soldier heads to the bedroom. He seems to be in a rush.

GESTAPO OFFICER (O.S.)  
(from the bedroom)  
I'm from there too. Can't wait to  
go home.

Behind Grete, MAJOR BREMMER and TWO YOUNGER GESTAPO SOLDIERS (late teens) step into the doorway. She doesn't see them.

GESTAPO OFFICER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(from the bedroom)  
Did you see Frau Ziegler leave, by  
any chance?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GRETE

No.

BREMMER

Maybe you heard something.

Grete spins around to see Bremmer. Terror-stricken. His attention lingers on her face for a moment.

BREMMER (CONT'D)

We know she was still here  
yesterday.

GRETE

...No, I, uh...

Bremmer looks at the smashed radio, the mess, the mural.  
Odd.

GRETE (CONT'D)

And we were up all night because of  
the bombings... Major Bremmer.

Bremmer turns to her, curious -

GRETE (CONT'D)

We met before. I'm Werner Vetter's  
wife, Grete.

BREMMER

Oh, of course.

Bremmer notices her red eyes, her torn clothing. He misreads her grief as sorrow over Germany's demise.

BREMMER (CONT'D)

Terrible times we're living in.

The POP of machine guns in the near distance outside.

GESTAPO OFFICER

(anxious to get out)

I've searched the home, Major.  
There's nothing.

BREMMER

(to Grete)

Pleasure to see you again.

Grete forces a smile. They leave.

EXT. WERNER'S BRANDENBURG FLAT - MOMENTS LATER

Bremmer and his men rush to their truck, climb in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GESTAPO OFFICER  
Poor woman. She's not holding up well.

BREMMER  
Her husband's a prisoner in Russia.

GESTAPO OFFICER  
That's too bad. Talented painter. Did you see the mural of Vienna he painted?

The truck begins to pull away.

GESTAPO SOLDIER #2  
I thought it was Munich.

CLOSE on Bremmer's face, listening, processing.

GESTAPO OFFICER (O.S.)  
No, Vienna, that's where she's from. Like me.

Click. Bremmer raises his hand.

BREMMER  
Stop the truck. Go back.

The men look at him as if he's insane.

INT. WERNER'S BRANDENBURG FLAT - CONTINUOUS

Grete's P.O.V.: The truck comes to a halt. Bremmer runs back towards the building. The men follow.

Bremmer suddenly stops, looks up at Grete's window, catches her there. They lock eyes. Reflexively, Grete jerks away from the window. Still holding Angela, she runs for the door. Opens it. Then stops.

Grete dashes back into the apartment, frantically searching through the pile of books.

She hears the CLATTER of the men running up the steps. Getting closer.

She finally finds her book. She looks back at the door. Too late to escape this way.

We hear the men in the hallway now.

The door bursts open and they rush inside, guns drawn. Grete's not there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GESTAPO OFFICER  
Sir, she's gone.

BREMMER  
She's here, Lieutenant. Have your  
men find her.

Gestapo soldier #3 looks out the window, sees German soldiers fleeing down the street.

ANGLE ON BREMMER. He tears open closets, overturns furniture.

A SHELL hits the roof of the building, its concussive force slamming Bremmer and his men to the ground.

Gestapo soldier #3, bleeding from his head, finds his feet, runs for the door. Bremmer aims his pistol at the man.

BREMMER (CONT'D)  
Where are you going?

Gestapo soldier #3 stops in his tracks.

GESTAPO SOLDIER #3  
Sir, the Russians are--

BREMMER  
I don't give a damn about the  
Russians.

Bremmer cocks his gun. His men share a look of disbelief.

BREMMER (CONT'D)  
There's a Jewish fugitive here.  
We're not leaving without her.

Another SHELL explodes nearby.

GESTAPO SOLDIER #3  
(panicked)  
If we stay here, we'll all--

A GUN SHOT. Bremmer grabs his neck. Blood pumps between his fingers. He slumps to the ground. Gestapo soldier #1, the older man, lowers his smoking pistol.

Beat of silence. In shock, the soldiers stare at Bremmer's inert body.

Suddenly, they hear Angela CRY out from the kitchen.

The two younger men turn towards the cry, then to their older officer, who is still watching Bremmer.

Angela cries again. The officer raises his eyes to his men.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GESTAPO OFFICER  
...The war is over. Let's go.

The three men flee.

After a few beats, Grete cautiously emerges from a kitchen cabinet. The air is smoky. Grete stops when she sees Bremmer's body. Her face tenses. Bremmer is moving slightly, GURGLING.

He sees Grete. With all his remaining strength, he reaches for his gun. It's a foot from his hand. Grete lunges for the gun, grabs it first, aims it at Bremmer.

The rage she's suppressed for all these years rushes to the surface. She clenches her jaw, grips the gun. It's heavy in her hand. Revenge.

CLOSE on Bremmer. Facing death. His mouth is full of blood.

Grete's finger tenses against the trigger.

But she can't do it. She begins to cry.

Behind her, the front door slowly opens. Two EURASIAN RUSSIAN SOLDIERS slip inside. Grete instantly drops her gun.

Russian soldier #1 holds his rifle on Grete. #2 motions for her to be quiet. He kicks at Bremmer, unsheathes a long knife. Grete looks away. When she looks back, Bremmer's dead.

While soldier #2 leaves to check the apartment's other rooms, soldier #1 keeps his rifle trained on Grete. A movement draws Grete's eyes into the kitchen.

GRETE'S POV: The cabinet slowly slides open and Angela peeks out.

Soldier #2 comes back -- motions all clear. The Russians speak to each other. Grete doesn't understand. The two men look at her, lingering on her torn dress. No one moves. Grete is uncomfortable with their stares.

A TANK approaches on the street below.

Soldier #2 motions Grete to get down on the ground.

GRETE  
...please.

Soldier #2 throws her to the floor. She struggles. The blue Goethe book falls out of her dress.

The tank's RUMBLE is now deafening. The room shakes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GRETE (CONT'D)  
(barely audible)  
No -- no --

Soldier #2 covers her mouth with his hand. She bites him.

GRETE (CONT'D)  
-- I'm not German -- I'm a Jew -- a  
Jew --

Soldier #2 pauses for a beat, confused. Then he punches her in the face. She goes dizzy.

Angela SCREAMS from the kitchen, clearing Grete's head. Both men freeze. Beat.

GRETE (CONT'D)  
She's just a baby --

Soldier #1 goes to the kitchen.

GRETE (CONT'D)  
Do what you want with me -- please -  
- don't hurt my baby!

Soldier #1 returns from the kitchen holding Angela. He says something in Russian to soldier #2, who does not respond.

Soldier #1 repeats himself, louder, angrier, gesturing #2 to leave Grete alone. The two men SHOUT at each other, soldier #1 still holding Angela.

Grete faints.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. TENT - DAY

A RUSSIAN COMMANDING OFFICER looks directly into camera.

COMMANDING OFFICER  
So you're a Jew?

Grete wipes blood from her nose with the back of her hand.

GRETE  
Where is my baby?

COMMANDING OFFICER  
Your baby is safe.

The officer begins to speak to her in YIDDISH. Grete panics.

GRETE  
I - I don't speak Yiddish.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSSIAN OFFICER  
Then you are not a Jew.

GRETE  
I came from Vienna. We never  
learned.

RUSSIAN OFFICER  
All the Jews from Vienna are gone.  
Murdered. You're another Nazi liar.

The officer gives an order in Russian. Grete is yanked from her chair by another SOLDIER.

GRETE  
No -- I am -- you have to believe  
me --

She sees her blue Goethe book on a table.

GRETE  
My book! Look -- tear the cover --

The officer pays no attention; already talking to someone else. Grete is dragged from the tent. She CRIES out -

GRETE  
Shema - Shema...  
(remembering)  
Yisrael Adonai eloheynu. Adonai  
echod...

The commanding officer suddenly stops, turns to her.

CUT TO:

CLOSE on the officer's hands tearing open the cover of Grete's blue Goethe book. He removes her real papers. On top, the bleeding red "JUDE" stamp on Edith's school documents. The officer reads.

COMMANDING OFFICER  
...Edith Hahn.

The sound of her name brings a slight smile to Edith's lips.

COMMANDING OFFICER (CONT'D)  
(sotto voce)  
You are safe now.

She begins to cry. The Russian commanding officer puts an arm around her shoulder, holds her as she shudders with sobs.

FADE TO BLACK



EXT. STREETS OF BRANDENBURG - MORNING

CLOSE on a pair of threadbare boots, walking. PAN up the MAN's back. He's tall and frail, clothing is torn and mangy. We follow him through the streets of the demolished city, in the process of rebuilding.

Heads turn as he passes. He appears to be looking for an address.

INT. EDITH'S BRANDENBURG FLAT - MORNING

Edith, now looking like her old self, answers the door to her new apartment. The feeble man is standing there.

EDITH

Yes?

For the first time, we see his face. Emaciated, sickly.

WERNER

Grete?

She recognizes Werner's voice.

EDITH

...Werner.

Edith grabs him, pulls him inside. Werner loses control - three years of longing spill over as he cries in her arms.

Angela (now 3), has no idea what's going on, she's frightened, begins to whimper.

A woman, FRAU KLEINER, picks up Angela and takes her to her mother. Angela climbs into Edith's arms as Werner wraps his arms around both of them.

EDITH (CONT'D)

Angela, this is daddy.

Edith leads Werner through the spacious apartment. He can hardly believe his eyes. Morning light streams through french windows and into a large living room full of furniture. CLASSICAL MUSIC plays softly from a new radio.

EDITH (CONT'D)

Werner, this is Frau Kleiner, our housekeeper.

Werner nods absently as he continues to gape at the apartment.

WERNER

You - you live here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDITH

Yes, we live here. Frau Kleiner,  
would you please make breakfast for  
Herr Vetter?

(to Werner)

I'll call my office to tell them I  
won't be in today.

She walks to the phone.

WERNER

(to himself)

...Your office?

Werner sits on the sofa, uncomfortable. Angela moves closer,  
stopping at a safe distance to watch him closely.

Edith wipes tears from her face as she talks on the phone.

Angela offers Werner a cracker she's been holding. He smiles,  
takes the cracker. His hand shakes; he can't control it.

INT. EDITH'S BRANDENBURG FLAT - BEDROOM - DAY

Edith, Angela, and Werner lie in bed, Werner and Angela  
napping. Edith is awake, watching them, so peaceful. She  
touches Angela's cheek. Her family is whole again.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A LAWYER finishes his argument, a CLIENT sitting at his side.

LAWYER

My client has shown remorse for his  
activities. But to take away  
custody, to deprive these children  
of a father, who is being punished?

Reveal that the lawyer is addressing Edith. She sits on the  
bench, presiding over the court. A judge now.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

These children have suffered  
enough. We appeal to you, your  
honor, to put an end to their pain.

Werner sits at the back of the courtroom. He should be proud  
of Edith, but he doesn't appear to be.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Edith sits across a table from COMRADE IVANOV in this fancy  
restaurant. Ivanov is big man, tall and stout, with oversized  
features. He exudes power.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IVANOV

This is wonderful, really, your husband's happy return, safe again with his family.

EDITH

And I have you to thank, Comrade Ivanov. My eternal gratitude.

IVANOV

Werner's getting on all right?

EDITH

He's adjusting.

IVANOV

And the apartment, everything's satisfactory?

EDITH

Yes. We're very happy there.

IVANOV

And your job...?

Edith's growing uncomfortable with the direction of the conversation.

EDITH

It's going well... thank you.

Ivanov shrugs off her thanks, takes a gulp of vodka.

IVANOV

Comrade Vetter, you're a very good listener. People trust you, they tell you things. In your position, you come into contact with many individuals, influential individuals. We put you in that position.

Edith nods, sickened. He smiles at her.

IVANOV (CONT'D)

After what you've been through, you can appreciate the importance of knowing what the German people are thinking. And you can help us. You might know, for example, which of your colleagues are reactionaries. There's no need to write anything down. We know how busy you are.

(slides a card across the table)

Call us at this number.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Edith doesn't take the card. Ivanov notices.

He shovels in a forkful of food, speaks with his mouth full --

IVANOV (CONT'D)  
My colleagues have grown weary with  
you, Comrade Vetter. First they  
offer you a judgeship at the  
Nuremberg Trials --

EDITH  
As a judge, I must remain unbiased.  
How could I remain unbiased?

IVANOV  
-- and you refuse. But I assure  
them, Comrade Vetter, that all is  
well. That you are indeed a  
friend, Comrade Vetter.

The card is still on the table.

Ivanov finishes chewing, wipes his mouth with a napkin,  
stares at Edith for a long beat.

IVANOV (CONT'D)  
You're waiting for clearance to  
visit the French zone, to visit  
that transit camp, find information  
about your mother?  
(beat)  
That clearance is routed through my  
office.

Edith takes the card.

INT. TRANSIT CAMP - DAY

Edith walks down the main hallway of this old school. She  
passes through a room filled with frightened, emaciated  
CHILDREN, hundreds of them, peering up at her.

More rooms, rows of beds and hundreds of ADULT and ELDERLY  
SURVIVORS - colorless, toothless, shaking, staring. She  
searches the crowd. Klothilde isn't there.

Edith reaches an office.

TRANSIT CAMP OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

The room is cramped, tiny. Just file cabinets and a handful  
of MEN behind desks. Edith sits before one of them, holding  
up a picture of Klothilde. The man fills out a form.

TRANSIT CAMP WORKER #1  
Her name is - ?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDITH  
Klothilde Hahn. H-A-H-N.

TRANSIT CAMP WORKER #1  
And you are - ?

EDITH  
Edith Vetter. Vetter is my married  
name.

Edith notices that a SECOND TRANSIT CAMP WORKER, a tall,  
bony, grizzled man, is staring at her.

EDITH (CONT'D)  
She was taken from Vienna on June  
9, 1942.

Transit camp worker #1 scribbles down the facts, consults a  
register as fat as a phone book -

TRANSIT CAMP WORKER #1  
Hahn... Hahn... Hahn... Klothilde. No. I  
have no record of a Klothilde Hahn  
coming through here. You might try  
the transit centers in the Russian,  
or American, or British --

EDITH  
I've tried them all.

TRANSIT CAMP WORKER #1  
Do you know what camp she was in?

EDITH  
No, I don't. I've been told that  
she may have been first transported  
to the Minsk ghetto. After that, I  
don't know.

TRANSIT CAMP WORKER #1  
And you?

EDITH  
I... I managed without a camp.

A strange BEAT in the room. The second transit camp worker is  
still watching Edith, scrutinizing.

TRANSIT CAMP WORKER #1  
...In Vienna?

EDITH  
In Brandenburg, actually. I spent  
most of the war in Brandenburg.  
With my husband.  
(off his puzzled  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EDITH (CONT'D)  
expression)  
I was a U-boat. He married me, kept  
my secret...

TRANSIT CAMP WORKER #1  
(uneasy)  
Oh... I understand.

Edith nervously bites her lip.

TRANSIT CAMP - MINUTES LATER

Edith exits the office, makes her way through the building.  
The second, grizzled transit camp worker follows her out.

TRANSIT CAMP WORKER #2  
Frau Vetter?

EDITH  
Yes?

TRANSIT CAMP WORKER #2  
I heard what you said about your  
mother... I hope you find her.

EDITH  
Oh, thank you.

TRANSIT CAMP WORKER #2  
Then you can try to explain to her  
how you survived...

Edith is confused, taken off guard. The man speaks LOUDER  
now, so everyone can hear.

TRANSIT CAMP WORKER #2 (CONT'D)  
How you slept with a Nazi while we  
were being tortured and slaughtered  
in their camps.

Edith is speechless. She shakes her head, backs away as other  
SURVIVORS gather around.

TRANSIT CAMP WORKER #2 (CONT'D)  
Maybe you can make your mother  
understand.

Edith's surrounded now. Dozens of hollow eyes studying her -  
her nice clothing, her bright complexion.

One of the survivors grabs her by the arm.

SURVIVOR #1  
Come, I haven't seen a woman like  
you in years.

Edith tries to pull away, but he holds on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SURVIVOR #1 (CONT'D)  
What, Jews aren't good enough for  
you anymore? Only Nazis?

SURVIVOR #2  
Slut.

EDITH  
Please let me go.

Survivor #1 spits on Edith, releases her arm. She runs,  
bursts out the door, continues running.

CLOSE on her face. Pained. Trying to get away, can't escape  
what she's just heard.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. EDITH'S BRANDENBURG FLAT - NIGHT

Werner lies on the couch, smoking a cigarette, wearing a  
bathrobe. He stares at the ceiling, his eyes glazed.

Edith enters in a flurry of activity. She puts down her  
briefcase, gives Werner a kiss.

EDITH  
I'm sorry I'm late, honey... Is  
Angela feeling better?

WERNER  
She's sleeping.

EDITH  
Did she still have a temperature?

WERNER  
How should I know? Ask Frau  
Kleiner. She's the one raising your  
child.

Edith sits down next to him. Then, softly -

EDITH  
Please don't be angry. I know you  
understand that my job requires  
long hours --

WERNER  
...your job. Your job is to take care  
of your husband and child.

Edith takes a beat. She's tired. Her patience is scarce.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDITH

My job is the only reason you're home rather than freezing in Siberia.

WERNER

I'm not home. This isn't my home. And I saved your life too!

EDITH

I know, you were very courageous. It's going to take some time for you to adapt to our new life.

WERNER

But- I don't want to, I want my life back - now I have a wife who's nothing like the woman I left behind -

EDITH

Oh, God, please Werner. I am the same woman.

WERNER

An important judge for the Russians. And do you know who I am, what people are saying? I'm the husband of the Jewish judge.

EDITH

And for two years I was the wife of a Nazi officer. Being a Jew, it was rather taxing. Perhaps you can bear it.

Werner shakes his head.

WERNER

You never talked to me like that before. My wife, Grete, was obedient. She cooked. She sewed. She treated me like a king. And I want her back.

Edith stands.

EDITH

She was a Nazi invention. A lie, Werner. You of all people should understand a lie. I am Edith. Now you have a real wife!

Werner slaps her. She stumbles back, rights herself, and smacks him across the face. He's shocked.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

A quiet sets in. It dawns on them that they've come to a dead end. A sad but inevitable realization.

Werner walks to the door, stops before he exits.

WERNER

I want a divorce. The quicker, the better.

Werner leaves. Edith is still for a while.

INT. COURTHOUSE - EDITH'S CHAMBERS - DAY

On her way into her chambers, Edith passes her secretary's desk, stops, looks at the WOMAN sitting there.

EDITH

Hello... ?

ELENA

Good morning, Comrade Vetter. I am Elena.

EDITH

Where's Katharina?

ELENA

(shrugging)

I was assigned this position.

Edith enters her chambers - almost screams when she finds Comrade Ivanov waiting inside. He stands.

IVANOV

Good morning, Comrade Vetter. I've come to say hello. Haven't heard from you.

EDITH

Yes, I've been - my life's been in such disarray lately. My daughter's been ill...I was supposed to call you-

IVANOV

(fatherly)

You should've told me about your daughter. We have the best pediatricians at your disposal. How old is little Angela now?

Edith's taken aback by the fact that he knows Angela's name.

EDITH

She's almost four.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IVANOV

In two more years she'll be ready  
to join the Communist Youth League.

Edith reacts to her sense of deja vu.

IVANOV (CONT'D)

I trust that she is feeling better  
and you'll be in contact soon...?

EDITH

Oh yes... yes... that number. I wonder  
if I still have it.

IVANOV

The number is on your desk.

EDITH

(searching desktop)  
Is it?

IVANOV

No. Not this desk.  
(dead-eyed)  
The desk in your apartment. The  
antique desk with the brass  
fittings.

Edith's blood runs cold.

INT. EDITH'S BRANDENBURG FLAT - NIGHT

Edith rushes inside, frazzled. She throws down her briefcase.  
Frau Kleiner is waiting there.

EDITH

Thank you, Frau Kleiner. I'll see  
you tomorrow.

Kleiner looks at Edith for a moment, concerned, then leaves.  
Edith quickly locks the door. She checks the desk - the card  
with Ivanov's number is right on top.

She glances around the apartment, suddenly spooked. Notices  
that the envelopes in the day's mail appear to have been  
opened and resealed.

She pulls the shades, turns off all the lights, peeks out the  
window. A LONG, BLACK CAR is parked on the corner, two men  
inside.

Edith shudders with the chills.

She checks on Angela - sleeping soundly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, a POUNDING on the front door. Edith's heart nearly stops. She steps into the dark hallway, slowly approaches the door.

POUNDING again.

QUICK FLASH of the door crashing open, Bremmer and his men rushing inside, guns drawn.

Edith is petrified, barely breathing.

FRAU KLEINER (O.S.)  
(outside the door)  
Frau Vetter?

Edith's sense of relief is palpable. She opens the door.

FRAU KLEINER (CONT'D)  
I left my umbrella--

Kleiner is stopped by the look on Edith's face. Joy. The sort of happiness that follows a sudden realization, an epiphany.

EDITH  
Thank you, Sophia.

Frau Kleiner smiles, not sure what Edith means.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EDITH'S BRANDENBURG FLAT - DAWN

Edith stares out the window at the street. The car that had been parked outside is no longer there.

Edith turns away from the window and dresses Angela in several pairs of pants, several shirts, a jacket to cover it up. Edith also wears multiple layers, as well as the ever-present scarf.

She leaves dirty dishes in the sink, places a loaf of bread on the kitchen counter.

She turns the radio on - the Soviet station - just loud enough to be heard in the hallway. On the wall, Edith spots Werner's watercolor painting of her sleeping. She reaches for it -- but changes her mind.

Standing in the doorway, carrying only a briefcase, and holding Angela's hand, Edith turns back and looks at her beautiful apartment. She'd had such high hopes. A place to raise a family. Edith cries bittersweet tears.

EXT. BRANDENBURG CHECKPOINT - DAY

A tall chain-link fence topped with barbed wire separates the Russian and British zones. Edith and Angela have reached the front of a long line of PEOPLE waiting to cross. Angela carries a teddy bear.

Two RUSSIAN GUARDS man the guard shack.

RUSSIAN GUARD #1  
Papers.

Edith hands her papers over. She smiles pleasantly as the guard scrutinizes them.

RUSSIAN GUARD #1 (CONT'D)  
You're going for the day?

EDITH  
Just the afternoon. Comrade Ivanov has asked me to attend a meeting with my British counterpart.

RUSSIAN GUARD #1  
I see... Judge Vetter.  
(handing back papers)  
Thank you.

Edith starts to cross.

RUSSIAN GUARD #1 (CONT'D)  
(re: Angela)  
I will need to see her travel pass as well, please.

EDITH  
Oh -- she's been ill with the measles, and my housekeeper won't watch her because she has her own children.

RUSSIAN GUARD #1  
She has no pass, I cannot allow it.

EDITH (CONT'D)  
...My husband's sick too, so he can't help. I have to bring her along.

RUSSIAN GUARD #1  
I'm sorry, Judge Vetter, I can't...

Edith exhales, feigning exasperation.

EDITH  
Perhaps you'd like to phone Comrade Ivanov and explain why I'm  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDITH (CONT'D)  
prevented from attending my  
meeting.

A beat as the guard studies Edith's face. She doesn't  
flinch. He nods to Russian Guard #2, who picks up the phone.

Edith swallows.

RUSSIAN GUARD #2  
(on phone)  
Comrade Ivanov's office, please.

EDITH  
(to Angela)  
It'll just be a moment, dear.

Edith notices that Angela is looking at something behind  
them, frightened. Edith follows her daughter's gaze to find  
that the long, black car from her street is pulling up to the  
gate.

Beads of perspiration begin to gather on Edith's forehead.  
She wipes them away.

RUSSIAN GUARD #2  
(on phone)  
Yes, is Comrade Ivanov available?...

Edith sees the car doors open. THREE MEN in suits climb out.

EDITH  
(checking her watch)  
We're going to be late.

RUSSIAN GUARD #2  
(on phone)  
When do you expect him back?

The guard hangs up the phone.

The three men from the car wade their way through the line,  
making their way to the front, checking each face.

EDITH  
You know what, I can't wait. I  
think the best thing is for my  
daughter to stay with you.

RUSSIAN GUARD  
You mean here?

Angela's jaw drops.

EDITH (CONT'D)  
Sure. I'll be back in two hours,  
three the most. The doctor says  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EDITH (CONT'D)  
her measles are probably past the  
most contagious stage.

Angela catches on, coughs.

Russian Guard #2 turns to his comrade, who discreetly motions  
not to take the child.

EDITH  
She's no trouble at all. An angel.

RUSSIAN GUARD  
Take her with you. You have medical  
justification. She needs to be  
with her mother.

Without another word, Edith gathers her things and crosses  
through the checkpoint.

A smile creeps onto her face. She turns to Angela.

EDITH  
(whisper)  
My angel.

Angela smiles back to her mother.

RUSSIAN GUARD #1  
Judge Vetter, stop!

Edith's face loses all color. She keeps walking.

RUSSIAN GUARD #1 (CONT'D)  
Judge Vetter!

She hears the guard running up behind them. Edith stops,  
looks at Angela, turns around.

Russian Guard #1 hands Angela her teddy bear.

EDITH  
Say thank you, Angela.

ANGELA  
Thank you.

As Edith turns back around, she inadvertently makes eye  
contact with the three men from the car. They're on the  
other side of the fence. She smiles, out of their reach.  
And walks away. Into the British zone.

FADE TO BLACK.

CLOSING CRAWL:

(UNDER THE CLOSING CRAWL, BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOS OF THE ACTUAL PEOPLE APPEAR)

Edith Hahn later discovered that her mother had been murdered after being deported to the Minsk ghetto in 1942.

Edith never practiced law again. Unable to obtain a work permit, she worked as a maid, cook, and seamstress. She later remarried another Holocaust survivor and, in 1987, emigrated to Netanya, Israel.

After divorcing Edith, Werner Vetter remarried his first wife, Elisabeth, and soon divorced. Several other marriages later, he died in 2002.

Christl Denner Beran died in 1992. For providing Edith with the papers that would save her life, Christl received a medal of heroism and a tree was planted in her name in the Garden of Righteous Gentiles at Yad V'Shem in Jerusalem.

In 1977, shortly before his death, Josef Rosenfeld sent Edith a package containing all the letters she had written to him from the slave labor camp and from Brandenburg while living as a U-boat.

Edith's daughter, Angela, knowing very little of her past, wanting more than anything to know the whole truth, read the letters and insisted that her mother tell the story at last.

Today Edith's story is memorialized at The United States Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington, D.C.