

OP-DEC: OPERATION DECEIT  
by  
(K. Williams)

(Based on, The Novel by K. Williams)

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OP-DEC: OPERATION DECEIT

INT. HEALEY HOME/STAIRCASE. NIGHT - CLOSE ON CLAIRE.

TITLE OVER: Boston, 1933

CLAIRE HEALEY at 11 Years, emerges from her room upon hearing CARROLL and IRENE HEALEY shout OS. The house is big and well appointed. She peeks through the bannister.

INT. HEALEY HOME/PARLOR. NIGHT.

IRENE white knuckles a chair as CARROLL paces, both dressed in their finest. An elite Boston family. CARROLL glares.

CARROLL

Where is this coming from? Are you ill?

CARROLL tears the tie from his neck. IRENE agonizes.

IRENE

How could you do it?

CARROLL

You're still upset about the men. I told you-

IRENE

I know what I saw.

CARROLL

That's for a doctor to decide.

He dials the doctor. IRENE exits, a pause at his offered hand.

CARROLL (CONT'D)

I love you. Claire needs you. Please let me help you, for her sake?

CARROLL taps the handset against his palm, calculating.

INT. HEALEY HOME/STAIRCASE. NIGHT.

CLAIRE shuffles to the opposite side of the stairs. The SOUND of FOOTSTEPS spur her back to bed, but it's too far.

IRENE and CARROLL appear one by one on the landing. IRENE is concerned, CARROLL annoyed. IRENE goes to her.

IRENE

Why're you out of bed?

CLAIRE

I was hungry and then I heard voices.

IRENE is warmed. CLAIRE draws IRENE to the stairs.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Let's have cake, mommy. Do you want some, Daddy?

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CONTINUED:

CARROLL shakes his head and exits at door at the end of the hall.

INT. HEALEY HOME/KITCHEN. NIGHT.

CLAIRE flips on the light and prepares two servings of cake.

IRENE is troubled. At the worktable, she runs her fingers over knife marks.

Claire joins her and serves the cake. IRENE gives a small smile as CLAIRE enjoys the cake. She picks, unable to.

IRENE  
You're so dear to me.

IRENE touches CLAIRE, but then exits as though sleepwalking.

INT. HEALEY HOME/FOYER/STAIRCASE. NIGHT.

IRENE passes a phone table, hesitates, eyes it, the kitchen door and back. She sets the cake on it and picks up the phone.

IRENE  
Manhattan 6331, Noreen O'Shea, please.

IRENE sits, imagining all sorts of creeping sounds. CLAIRE rushes past startling her mother, and goes upstairs.

NOREEN (O.S.)  
Hello.

IRENE  
Hello, Noreen?

NOREEN (O.S.)  
Irene, Honey, is that you?

IRENE  
I've no time. I need you to take Claire.

NOREEN (O.S.)  
Honey, you all right? What's going on?

IRENE  
There's no time. Please come. I have to go. Please say you'll come.

NOREEN (O.S.)  
What's going on? -- I'll be there soon as I can.

The SOUND of FOOTSTEPS rouse IRENE from her call.

IRENE  
I have to go! Hurry!

NOREEN squawks OS, cut off as IRENE hangs up. IRENE stuffs a forkful of cake in her mouth.

CARROLL appears, his clothes in disarray.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARROLL  
Who're you talking too?

IRENE  
Just me and the cake.

CARROLL  
I heard voices.

IRENE  
I said good night to Claire.

CARROLL searches. His dark look lands on the phone at her elbow. He touches the dust ring and the earpiece.

IRENE (CONT'D)  
Now, you're imagining things.

IRENE shoves the phone with her plate, to show him.

CARROLL  
We better get help soon.

CARROLL isn't deceived. IRENE exits upstairs. He sneers.

INT. HEALEY HOME/CLAIRE'S BEDROOM. MORNING

CLAIRE wakes to sunshine. Stretching, she looks at her room. Luggage sits under the window. A uniform, crisp and clean hangs near the door. CLAIRE rises to get dressed.

INT. HEALEY HOME/SECOND FLOOR/STAIRCASE. MORNING

CLAIRE wanders to the stairs and descends. NOREEN, a dowager aunt, New York Irish, comes up. CLAIRE hurries backward.

O.S. CARROLL and DR. O'REILLY plead with IRENE to admit herself.

NOREEN  
Let's see your room, kiddo. You can  
tell me about school. Me and your ma--

CLAIRE's vantage obscures downstairs, but legs and the suitcases at the door. The area is stark, but elegant. Cuts her aunt off.

CLAIRE  
What's happening?

NOREEN  
Oh, just little a chat.

CLAIRE  
Something's wrong with Daddy, Aunt  
Noreen. We have to help her.

NOREEN  
Your mom said I can take you to the  
city. How about that, girly? I'll  
get you something nice when we get  
to my place. How's that sound?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE shakes her head.

NOREEN tries to console her. NOREEN sighs. This isn't easy.

CLAIRE bolts to the parlor. NOREEN is beat.

INT. HEALEY HOME/PARLOR. MORNING

CLAIRE charges in. IRENE is surrounded by four ORDERLIES and DR. O'REILLY. CARROLL paces, worried about embarrassment.

CLAIRE  
Mom. Daddy?

Everyone looks to her upset. IRENE's internalizes to save CLAIRE.

NOREEN  
Sorry. C'mon, honey. Let's go upstairs.

CLAIRE goes to IRENE, ignoring NOREEN and the others.

CARROLL  
If you won't, I'll sign them myself.

Tense expectancy. A shadow descends on the house. IRENE exits with the 4 ORDERLIES and DR. O'REILLY.

CLAIRE jostles through to take IRENE's hand. IRENE squeezes her fingers and gives a reassuring smile.

EXT. HEALEY HOME/FRONT STAIRS/DRIVEWAY. MORNING.

IRENE descends to a '30 FORD A Tudor. CARROLL stands tall at the top of the steps satisfied. DR. O'REILLY gestures her in.

ORDERLY 1 and 2 pack the car, 3 starts it, and 4 gets the door.

CLAIRE dashes to IRENE who catches her. CLAIRE weeps.

IRENE  
No tears. Okay? You'll live with Aunt Noreen. Won't that be fun?

CLAIRE  
Can't I go with you?

IRENE  
I have to go alone. Just like school.

CLAIRE  
I love you.

IRENE  
I love you, and I'll be back. Count on it.

NOREEN gives CARROLL a sharp glance in the BG then joins CLAIRE and IRENE. IRENE hugs her, passes a note. NOREEN plays along.

INSERT:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Crumpled paper in IRENE's hand

RETURN TO SCENE:

IRENE kisses CLAIRE and gives a last look at her life. IRENE gets in the car with by DR. O'REILLY, and ORDERLY 3 and 4.

NOREEN draws CLAIRE back as CLAIRE wipes her eyes. The car pulls through the gate, which closes behind it. CLAIRE chases, calling.

NOREEN

I'll watch your every move until she comes home—and she will come home.

CARROLL smiles like a devil and exits into the house after:

CARROLL

Don't be so dramatic.

NOREEN

I'll send for Claire's things. I won't spend a night in this house.

CARROLL

Of course, you should honor her wishes.

NOREEN waits for her niece, who is pressed to the gate. CLAIRE watches the street, then slowly returns to her aunt.

NOREEN puts her arm about CLAIRE's shoulders. CLAIRE wipes her eyes. They go inside as she says:

NOREEN

You'll love New York. I promise. First thing, we'll decorate your new room. It's time for a big girl bed. What do you think?

The front door closes on this episode.

EXT. GIRL'S BOARDING SCHOOL. GLOOMY DAY

TITLE OVER: MAY 1942

The boarding school is lavish with old Victorian buildings, impressing character and money. Students are few. Giving an air of demise or closure.

INT. GIRL'S BOARDING SCHOOL. GLOOMY DAY

CLAIRE is grown, a willowy twenty, with dark bronze hair and blue eyes. She checks herself in a mirror. The matching jacket of her suit is on a naked mattress and purse. Her room is bare, cases in the middle. CLAIRE steps back, puts a hat on to cover her hair.

CLAIRE looks up the hall. It's an empty relic. She puts her cases out the door. All but a big trunk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE faces the room. Nostalgia begs her to stay. She puts on her jacket, snatches up her purse and checks for a compact and lipstick. She applies the makeup.

The SOUND of FOOTSTEPS announce the flaxen-haired twins: MARGARET and MARCY, daughters of the South. One outraged, the other meek.

MARGARET  
You're going without a good-bye?

CLAIRE  
I haven't even left yet. I woke late and all the hullabaloo put me at sea. I'm sorry, Margaret.

MARGARET  
We've been friends too long.

MARCY  
Everything packed, Miss Healey?

CLAIRE  
It better be. I'm not coming back.

MARCY smiles coyly. Margaret turns mournful.

MARGARET  
I'll miss you, Claire.

CLAIRE  
I'm not dying, Margaret.

MARGARET  
Maybe, but it does feel so.

CLAIRE  
We'll see each other when you come up in the summer. Don't be so dark.

MARGARET's chin droops mirroring MARCY.

DUDLEY the driver appears in the BG, an air of status. He's notably tall and quite dapper. He pushes a hand truck.

CLAIRE is pleased as he saves her from an awkward good-bye.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Don't you look lovely, Dudley.

DUDLEY  
Miss Noreen is at the car. Is this all?

CLAIRE  
Yes, thank you, Dudley.

CLAIRE looks sadly at her room. DUDLEY is stoic, but fond.

DUDLEY  
I'll give it a once round.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DUDLEY gets the big trunk, then exits for the rest.

MARGARET goes to CLAIRE, holding her arms out for a hug. CLAIRE hugs her. Before she cries, she scoots MARCY.

CLAIRE  
Take care of Margaret. Her mouth is  
sure to get her in trouble. And,  
don't be afraid to stand up to her.

MARCY nods. They stare a moment. CLAIRE exits with an awkward:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Well, back to New York.

EXT. GIRL'S BOARDING SCHOOL. GLOOMY DAY

The desolation gives CLAIRE pause. She spots a pair gloves waving out a car window. She rushes over and hops in.

INT. NOREEN'S LIMO/GIRL'S BOARDING SCHOOL. GLOOMY DAY

CLAIRE greets NOREEN, big hugs, missing each other. CLAIRE gives a face at the first question, but NOREEN has moved on:

NOREEN  
Well? Do you feel finished? What's  
taking Dudley so long?

CLAIRE  
Making sure I have everything.

NOREEN  
If he takes any longer, we'll miss  
dinner. Look at how thin you are. Do  
they bother to feed you?

CLAIRE  
Yes, Aunt. We've plenty to eat.

NOREEN  
You look lovely.

NOREEN pretends to look in her purse. CLAIRE waits for the bomb.

NOREEN (CONT'D)  
Your father's having a party. He wants  
you there.

CLAIRE opens her mouth but NOREEN raises a hand.

NOREEN (CONT'D)  
I promised him. We can wait a few days.  
At least I hope, with the war n' all.

CLAIRE  
Aunt.

NOREEN  
I told him you would. Ah, he is!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DUDLEY with the bags in the BG. He packs the car as they talk.

CLAIRE  
Well, there's nothing for it. We'll go.

NOREEN  
That's the other thing. I'm already engaged.

CLAIRE  
You're leaving me to suffer alone?

NOREEN  
Suffer?

CLAIRE  
I barely know him or anyone else there. Worse, I'll have to stay over night.

NOREEN  
Oh, you mean Ed Lynch?

CLAIRE clamps her lips and sits on her hands.

NOREEN (CONT'D)  
No one said you gotta marry him.

CLAIRE disagrees without words. DUDLEY finishes and sets a bag next to his seat. He starts up the car. They pull away.

NOREEN (CONT'D)  
Let's change the subject. You let me know if you get hungry. I'll have Dudley stop. You're liable to faint.

CLAIRE is closed off. NOREEN shakes her head not understanding.

INT. LIMO/WARREN STREET, BOSTON AREA. NIGHT

Through the windows: rain soaked streets, fine houses lit up, with grand gates and sprawling lawns.

DRIVER 1 views CLAIRE in the rearview. She checks a compact, wears a fine suit and fancy hat. Putting the compact away, she peers out anxious. DRIVER 1 speaks with a Beantown catch.

DRIVER 1  
Be there in a minute, Miss.

CLAIRE  
Can you do me a favor. Drop me at the gate. I wanna walk up.

DRIVER 1  
In them heels?

CLAIRE  
I haven't seen it in ages. Heck, not in spring since I was a kid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRIVER 1  
Yer the boss, Miss Healey.

EXT. HEALEY HOME/DRIVEWAY GATE. NIGHT.

The limo coasts to a stop just inside. DRIVER 1 gets out popping an umbrella. He gets the door. Gives her the umbrella, insists.

DRIVER 1  
Mr. Healey'll kill me when he finds out I let you walk in the this. N' watch them stones. I'll be out if ya twist ya ankle.

CLAIRE  
Say, Are things that bad here?

DRIVER 1 is chary. He adjusts his cap.

DRIVER 1  
No, Miss. A great gig. Just don't wanna lose it. I'm 4F. Ain't got a hope.

CLAIRE eyes him. Her father might be even worse now.

CLAIRE  
I promise. Not a word. Thank you.

DRIVER 1 nods skeptical. CLAIRE continues on her way. The limo rolls off to the garage in the BG.

EXT. HEALEY HOME/DRIVEWAY/CARRIAGE PORCH. NIGHT.

CLAIRE passes to the side entrance. There she sees a glimpse of the guests in the window. Rain drops make the view dreamy.

CLAIRE sights CARSTEN REINIGER and is entranced.

In the dark of the porch a cigarette lights red. EDDIE LYNCH takes a minute to recognize her.

EDDIE  
Claire?

CLAIRE looks, eyes adjusting. She can't make him out, the glare from the parlor window blackens the night.

EDDIE approaches, shouting her name, surprised. He's awkward.

CLAIRE swings the umbrella between them, to stop him touching her. His pants are wet. EDDIE puffs on his cigarette and gives her the once over not seeming to notice. CLAIRE smiles.

CLAIRE  
Hello, Eddie.

EDDIE  
Look at you! What a sight!

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CONTINUED:

EDDIE pulls her to the front door through the rain. The smoke of his cig chokes her.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
I hoped you'd come. Your dad said, but  
I know the city has a hold a you.

CLAIRE  
New York'll just have to wait.

WILSON, the serious butler, opens the door and welcomes them in.

INT. HEALEY HOME/FOYER/STAIRCASE. NIGHT

EDDIE yanks the umbrella from CLAIRE then searches for a place to stick it.

WILSON takes CLAIRE's jacket as they exchange knowing glances. He hangs the jacket and gestures her to the parlor.

CLAIRE hesitates.

WILSON  
Your father expects you.

EDDIE  
Hey, I was gonna-

CLAIRE  
Thank you, Wilson.

WILSON leads her to the parlor.

EDDIE trips to keep up.

INT. HEALEY HOME/PARLOR. NIGHT

WILSON announces CLAIRE and she shrinks, recalling her mother. CARSTEN stares, but then slips away. CLAIRE looks for him.

A slew of important people fill the room, a RADIO OWNER, BANKER, POLITICIAN and BUSINESSMEN and their WIVES 1-4.

SARAID KELLY, SARRY, pushes out of the crowd. She's a dark beauty who shines like a diamond. In one hand, a cocktail, the other a long cigarette. SARRY hugs CLAIRE, saying her name, glad to see her. The feeling is deeply shared.

CLAIRE  
It's so good to see you, Sarry!

CARROLL joins them and CLAIRE braces. He sips gin and smiles in a charming-snake fashion.

CARROLL  
I'm so glad you made it. My God! You do  
resemble your mother.

Disgust flashes in his eye. CLAIRE is hurt. She wants to reply, but CARSTEN reappears, apparently not happy with what was said.

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CONTINUED:

NOREEN (CONT'D)  
You really thought I left you?

NOREEN squeezes CLAIRE's hand. NOREEN and SARRY gossip about the party she left. CLAIRE tries to join in but CARSTEN is far more interesting.

CARSTEN also watches her. His thumb grazes his bottom lip, pensive. His eyes sparkle and she wilts under the strong gaze.

INT. HEALEY HOME/PARLOR. NIGHT

CARROLL is the king of the room, his guests plotting courtiers in cliques.

CLAIRE lounges with SARRY on one of two couches facing each other. CARROLL sits opposite, with NOREEN to her right. EDDIE is left to sit on a stool he dragged over. Cigarette smoke is thick and drinks flow free.

CARSTEN gives a drink to his boss, adding to the suspicion they're lovers through his attentiveness.

CARROLL  
So, Claire. Tell me what you plan to do now. Oh, thank you.

The idea of them as gay doesn't add up, as he stares her naked when in eye shot. CLAIRE stammers, off balance at her thoughts.

CLAIRE  
I can't say. I haven't thought much about it.

CARROLL  
No man to tie down?

CLAIRE chews her tongue trying to think of a retort.

NOREEN  
I thought we'd see the country. It's time she met our friends.

CARROLL  
I meant, while in Boston.

CARROLL and NOREEN exchange icy glances.

CLAIRE  
I'll only trouble you the night.

CARROLL  
No! You must stay.

SARRY  
We should have a night out!

EDDIE  
That'd be fantastic. Like old times.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARRY  
A girls' night out.

EDDIE  
Sorry, you can't keep her to yourself.

CARROLL  
Wonderful idea! Catch up with friends.  
The war's made the factory so busy.  
I'll only be home for sleep and supper.

CLAIRE  
But—I haven't seen you in months.

CARROLL's expression sets her back.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Thank you, for being so selfless.

Silence hovers a beat, an intense mood.

CARROLL  
Oh! I nearly forgot. This is my new  
associate, Carsten Reiniger, of  
Belgium, a numbers genius.

NOREEN  
That's a long way to come for work,  
yeah? I hear things aren't good there.

CARSTEN smiles away their concern, and shakes hands with the  
immediate group ending with CLAIRE.

CARSTEN  
Ja, but Boston is my new home. There's  
nothing left in Belgium for me.

NOREEN  
That'll make you sad.

CARSTEN  
Not at all. It is an opportunity.

CLAIRE  
Forgive me, I thought you were German.

CARSTEN  
My parents were German. They moved  
for work. Now, I move to America  
for the same reason.

The others see he's interested in CLAIRE and vice versa. This  
adds a twist for SARRY. EDDIE is mad. NOREEN watches, hopeful.

CARROLL  
I've a fabulous idea! Why don't you  
show him a little of Boston? He's  
worked solid, I'm liable to burn him  
out. What do you say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAIRE is stunned not expecting her father to throw the man at her. CARSTEN is pleased.

CARSTEN  
That'd be fun, ja? You like pictures?

CLAIRE  
Pictures?

SARRY smiles wickedly at CLAIRE's anxiety.

CARSTEN  
Film. The cinema?

CLAIRE  
How silly! The train must have worn me down more than I thought. But, I doubt you'd like the same movies I do.

CARROLL  
Posh, What's that new film out- hired gun? It has that Lake woman in it. You love her, so does every man.

CARROLL looks evil. SARRY puffs her cigarette, an eager eye on CARSTEN. CLAIRE's lost for words.

CLAIRE  
If Sarry doesn't mind.

SARRY  
Oh, I don't mind. I mean, the poor kid's been here months. It'll be a hoot for em.

NOREEN  
You can go tomorrow night. And the girls can have the day.

CLAIRE is sunk. NOREEN pats her hand. CARROLL sips his drink smiling. He and NOREEN share an icy glance.

WIFE 1 enters.

WIFE 1  
Thank you for a wonderful evening.  
Such a pleasure to meet, Mr. Reiniger.

WIFE 1 slips CARSTEN her card, lingering too long. She exits with RADIO OWNER. CARSTEN sticks the card in an ash tray, CARROLL flicks his cigar on it. CLAIRE watches dismayed.

SARRY  
I'd better go, too. The wine's made me sleepy. Come help with my coat.

SARRY winks at CLAIRE teasing. SARRY takes CLAIRE into the hall. EDDIE stumbles after.

INT. HEALEY HOME/FOYER/STAIRCASE. NIGHT

SARRY drags CLAIRE with EDDIE following. WILSON shuts the door for those who just left.

SARRY  
Eddie, get my coat, would ya?

EDDIE does as asked, slumped up and dejected.

SARRY (CONT'D)  
Set up with the dish already. I'm surprised, but maybe they're covering up. You'll still need a new dress. Those eyes'll take care of the rest.

CLAIRE  
I'll be back in New York come Monday. Dad's must have something to do Fritzzy can't be around for. He always dumps people like that.

EDDIE returns with the coat and roughly helps her put it on. SARRY continues, long cigarette bobbing and smoking in her eye.

SARRY  
Cut me a break. You've been staring at him all night.

CLAIRE'S mouth pops open with outrage.

EDDIE  
Staring at who?

SARRY  
Never mind. You wouldn't understand. See you in the morning, Doll.

SARRY kisses CLAIRE's cheek and shoves EDDIE out the door.

Dazed, CLAIRE returns to the parlor.

The party breaks up. BUSINESSMAN and WIFE pass her with smiles.

BUSINESSMAN  
Good night. Lovely to see you.

CLAIRE follows them with her eyes, a murmured response.

NOREEN joins her rueful. They walk to the stairs, arm in arm.

NOREEN  
Darling, I'm sorry I didn't drive you. That train ride must a been awful. Bed?

CLAIRE  
No. Not really. Seemed long was all.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

NOREEN  
Get some sleep. You're gonna have a  
heck of a long day tomorrow.

CLAIRE looks at her stricken.

CLAIRE  
You're telling me.

NOREEN laughs at CLAIRE's dramatic reaction.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

CLAIRE lies in bed restless. The SOUND of a CLOCK ticks in the  
BG. She's lit by the moon. Tossing back the covers, she gives.

CLAIRE hurries in elegant disarray: a thin robe over a silky  
nighty, a creature of fashion and comfort, she's also modest.

CLAIRE creeps down worried she'll rouse the house.

At the base, she hears a voice OS, the office ahead. The accent  
gives away CARSTEN. She gets closer to listen through the partly  
open door. Eyes on a puddle of light, she chews her lip.

CARSTEN leans inside a niche behind a bookcase. An enigma  
machine sits on the desk. Papers, ledgers, pictures and maps are  
pinned and piled. He speaks german on the phone.

He turns and CLAIRE backs up. Afraid she's caught, she runs to  
the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. HEALEY HOME/KITCHEN. NIGHT

CLAIRE enters and flips the light, then crosses to the icebox,  
she finds a tray of chocolate mousse ready for serving. She takes  
one and gets a spoon. Sitting at the worktable she eats, but her  
curiosity is raised. Her eyes go to the door.

CLAIRE exhales and rolls her eyes, annoyed by herself.

The kitchen door opens, startling her. CARSTEN enters. His hard  
features soften, as he expected someone else.

CARSTEN  
Sorry. I didn't mean to startle you.

CLAIRE  
I didn't think anyone was up.

CLAIRE adjusts her robe, self-conscious as his eyes slip over  
her. He goes to the table, his presence intoxicating.

CARSTEN  
I thought you'd sleep sound after  
your trip. Is there more?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE  
Overtired—yes, in the ice box.

CLAIRE moves to get it, but he makes her sit.

CARSTEN  
Please sit. Enjoy your chocolate.  
I'll get it.

CLAIRE tries not to stare. She eats fast, hoping to escape.  
He gets the items, familiar with the kitchen.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
I was just on the phone with my  
grandmother in England.

CLAIRE  
Your family gets around.

CARSTEN snickers joining her. CLAIRE is stuck, afraid to move.

CARSTEN  
She and bompá went on holidays. They  
liked it so they moved. My parents  
would've, but hated to leave Europe.

CLAIRE  
England is in Europe.

CARSTEN  
The mainland is quite separate.

CLAIRE  
Will she come here?

CARSTEN  
She's not well.

CLAIRE  
I'm sorry to hear.

CARSTEN  
It's no matter.

CLAIRE eyes him. It does bother him. She's important.

CLAIRE  
She's all you have?

CARSTEN eats the chocolate in a telling pause.

CARSTEN  
And this job—for now.

CLAIRE rattles her spoon about for scraps, buying time.

CLAIRE  
I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARSTEN  
I truly see an opportunity.

His eyes are on her, that smile of his.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
So you like pictures and chocolate.

CLAIRE's nerves mute her. She looks at him blank, but then...

CLAIRE  
Oh! Aunt asks where I put it. I  
could eat twice some nights.

CARSTEN  
You are so thin.

CLAIRE  
I take after my mother.

CLAIRE flinches speaking that. It turns to anger.

CARSTEN  
Your father doesn't speak of her.

CLAIRE puts the dish in the sink. Strength returns in anger.

CLAIRE  
None of us do.

Her tone puzzles. He watches her exit, shrugs and continues.  
CARROLL enters, mean and tired. He eyes him regarding CLAIRE.

CARROLL  
Did you make the call?

CARSTEN  
Everything's arranged.

CARROLL  
Go to bed, before you raise questions.  
You take my Claire out tomorrow. Don't  
mistake a rewards for a loose leash.

CARSTEN and CARROLL clearly hate one another. CARSTEN puts  
his dish with CLAIRE'S and exits.

INT. SARRY'S LIMOUSINE DRIVING IN BOSTON. GLOOMY DAY

CLAIRE and SARRY occupy the back surrounded by purchases.  
GILLEY drives.

SARRY  
I can't stop thinking of that gown!

CLAIRE fishes out a compact and lipstick. SARRY lights a smoke  
and stares out the window.

CLAIRE  
I don't know why you didn't buy it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARRY  
I think I just like to torture  
myself, kid.

CLAIRE  
And anyone with you.

SARRY  
Welcome home, huh? Stunning Boston.

CLAIRE  
I'll forget all this in a day or two.

SARRY smiles, blowing smoke. CLAIRE puts back the compact.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
You can come with me.

SARRY  
I'd love to, but I can't leave that  
dress.

Their eyes sparkle.

SARRY (CONT'D)  
So how was last night?

CLAIRE shrugs, eyes on the street. They stop at a light.

SARRY (CONT'D)  
I hoped he snuck in and had his way  
with you.

CLAIRE's indifferent expression becomes stressed. She sees CARSTEN get out of a car on the cross street. He plops a hat on, cagey, then enters a dive. SARRY doesn't see him. Another car pulls up blocking the view. It's EDDIE. He waves for their attention. They turn a corner. EDDIE's car pursues.

CLAIRE  
I wasn't finished. I went down to get  
a snack and he was on the phone.

CLAIRE tries to see the name on the building before it's gone.

SARRY  
Is that a crime?

CLAIRE  
No. He has no family— a grandmother  
and she's sick in England.

SARRY  
Tear jerker.

CLAIRE  
I feel horrible brushing him off.

SARRY  
You're coming around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAIRE  
I could've been friendly.

SARRY  
A lot friendlier.

CLAIRE cocks her head. She lowers the window to get back at her. EDDIE's car pulls up. His window comes down and he grins at them with his too big teeth.

EDDIE  
What's buzzin' kittens?

SARRY sighs a ribbon of smoke. CLAIRE smiles in victory.

SARRY  
Just in time, Eddie! Be a swell and meet us at my place?

SARRY reaches across CLAIRE upping the window again.

EDDIE agrees replying though they can't hear. EDDIE is confused and they pull out rapidly, thanks to GILLEY.

SARRY giggles delighted. CLAIRE watches EDDIE through the back window, half out his window, hollering.

SARRY (CONT'D)  
Oh, Gilley. Remind me to have Daddy give you a raise. Back to the store!

GILLEY  
Yes, Miss Kelly.

CLAIRE is bothered about what she saw moments ago.

SARRY  
What is it? You look like you'll faint.

CLAIRE  
Hungry I think.

SARRY searches CLAIRE's face, then brushes it off with a laugh.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

CLAIRE enters. WILSON shuts the door and takes her jacket. She is hesitant of the haunted interior. She picks the gloves from her fingers, steadying her nerves.

WILSON smiles as CLAIRE steps off to the kitchen, glance toward the office that reminds of earlier.

CLAIRE comes down stairs, once again drawn to the room, she loiters in the doorway. The BG is silent. She looks this way and that. Enters. Her focus is on the bookcase hiding the nook.

CARROLL's space reflects his cold style.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE searches for the mechanism. Nothing! Sighs and annoyance. A pause. CLAIRE runs her hand along the lip. Drops to her knees, to examine the under side. A square seam.

CLAIRE  
Where can it be? -- Fifty-two  
skidoo.

CLAIRE pries the hinged block to find a release. She pulls it, and the case opens.

She turns on a lamp. The items from last night are curious, but she doesn't see anything to be concerned for. A pair of glasses catch her eye. She shrugs and sets them back. Satisfied, she closes the cabinet and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. HEALEY HOME/CLAIRE'S BEDROOM. EVENING.

CLAIRE's room is tossed with tissue, boxes and bags. NOREEN is confounded as CLAIRE dashes back and forth in a hurry.

NOREEN  
For a girl who wants nothing to do  
with him, you're taking a lot of care.

CLAIRE  
Have you seen my other shoe?

CLAIRE tosses tissue and bags, box tops and bottoms, panicked.

NOREEN  
All I see's a tornado hit Boston!

CLAIRE  
You dress for respect.

CLAIRE stops searching, choosing to instead to worry on a hat. NOREEN takes the pins from CLAIRE as the latter struggles. CLAIRE is ashamed.

NOREEN  
It makes no sense to fuss if you don't  
like him. But--It's no matter to me.

CLAIRE relaxes. NOREEN finds the other shoe. CLAIRE makes a face. She puts them on and one last mirror check.

NOREEN approaches proud.

NOREEN (CONT'D)  
You look so much like her--with  
Granddaddy's hair, of course.

CLAIRE  
Thank you.

NOREEN  
For?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE  
My shoe.

NOREEN  
Least I could do. Hurry! You're late.

CLAIRE kisses her, grabs her bag and exits.

INT. HEALEY HOME/FOYER/STAIRCASE. EVENING

CLAIRE descends. CARSTEN and CARROLL chat in the parlor. Melancholy reluctance stalls her. CARSTEN joins her. He takes a bold note of her appearance.

CARROLL continues to enjoy his drink in the BG. NOREEN floats past them to the parlor. WILSON waits at the front door.

CARSTEN  
You look lovely.

CLAIRE  
Thank you, Mr. Reiniger. I hope I didn't keep you.

CARSTEN  
Not at all. Mr. Healey suggested  
The Parker House?

CLAIRE smiles, thankful for a familiar place.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
Good. Shall we?

CLAIRE  
Sure.

CARSTEN leads her to WILSON who hands him her coat. He helps her put it on, his movements easy and sure.

They exit. The limo awaits, complete with DRIVER 1 from the first night. Wilson closes the door.

EXT. PARKER HOUSE, BOSTON. NIGHT

WAIT STAFF attend DINERS in a subdued atmosphere. MALCOLM, a bus boy, waves to her. She's set at ease by a familiar face.

CLAIRE and CARSTEN read menus across from one another; the table too large for two. She peeps over her menu at him.

CARSTEN  
What do you think?

CLAIRE  
I can't decide. What do you think?

CARSTEN  
You're rather interesting.

CLAIRE buries her annoyance in a quip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE  
 Maybe I should give up the ship and  
 join a vaudeville act.

CARSTEN smiles. Teasing her is easy.

CARSTEN  
 And a tad brash.

CLAIRE  
 Oh, how do you mean?

CARSTEN  
 I can't say I know what you'll do next.

CLAIRE is glad. She relaxes, bobbing her foot.

The WAITER joins them to take their order. CLAIRE and CARSTEN  
 part into their camps, leaving him uncertain.

CLAIRE  
 Good. I think I'll have the cod and  
 some Boston Cream Pie.

She's delighted at setting them both on edge.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

CARSTEN leads CLAIRE to the Paramount Theater. She wanders as he  
 pays. He joins her and they go in.

The concession ad plays. CLAIRE leads to the seats. CARSTEN  
 steps around her to an inner seat, grim. Silence divides them.

CLAIRE and CARSTEN watch "THIS GUN FOR HIRE".

Fedora wearing GOONS sit in front of them. Their hats block  
 CLAIRE, and she is forced to lean closer to CARSTEN. He doesn't  
 notice. GOONS move and block her again. She moves back, vexed.

CARSTEN looks at them, then leans down to his shoe. His breath  
 feathers CLAIRE's leg, making her uncomfortable.

One of the GOONS scratches his hairy neck. Something drops.

CARSTEN sits back, checking something in his hand. CLAIRE's eye  
 draws to a black bead with a swastika!

CUT TO:

INSERT: cipher bead with swastika symbol

RETURN TO SCENE

CLAIRE jumps up but is frozen at the aisle. GOONS notice as  
 CARSTEN turns to her.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CARSTEN  
Sit.

CLAIRE shakes her head. He calls her but she bolts out.

CARSTEN, followed by GOONS, gives chase.

INT. PARAMOUNT THEATER, BOSTON/HALL/LOBBY. NIGHT

CARSTEN pursues a terrified CLAIRE. He grabs and pulls her back.

CARSTEN  
Where are you going, Miss Healey?

GOONS arrive, guns drawn. CARSTEN gestures them back. They watch from behind the doors. PASSERBY notice. He laughs off her comment and looks puzzled.

CLAIRE  
Let me go. I saw that thing.

CARSTEN plays dumb. He open-endedly says her name.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Those men gave you that-thing with  
the-the-Nazi! How dare you come to  
my father-gain his trust.

CARSTEN turns icy, shows his gun.

CARSTEN  
Walk out.

CLAIRE  
I could scream.

CARSTEN  
You won't. You hate to make a scene.  
Isn't that so, Fräulein?

CARSTEN tightens his grip and leads her through the lobby.

EXT. PARAMOUNT THEATER, BOSTON. NIGHT

CARSTEN leads CLAIRE out under veiled gunpoint. He watches the crowd mill and waves the limo over when they get to the curb.

CARSTEN  
Not a peep. I don't wish to return  
you home in a box. You really do  
surprise me, Miss Healey.

CLAIRE is too cowed to try. He puts her in the limo. GOON 1 and 2 enter the BG. They take a cagey exit.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

CLAIRE is still under CARSTEN's gun in the limo.

The car enters the gate of the Healey house.

CARSTEN motions for her to follow him out. CARSTEN hides his gun.

WILSON opens the door. CLAIRE and CARSTEN enter the house.

CUT TO:

INT. HEALEY HOME/FOYER/STAIRCASE. NIGHT

WILSON shuts the door as CLAIRE and CARSTEN stand tight together, gun between; a contrast to the radio in the BG. Wilson exits.

CARROLL enters from his office. NOREEN from the parlor. They're surprised for different reasons.

NOREEN

You're early? Everything all right?

CARROLL gestures NOREEN back and she halts, confused.

CARROLL

Did you get the cipher?

CARSTEN releases CLAIRE, who goes to NOREEN crying. NOREEN sees the gun. The bawling annoys CARROLL.

CARROLL (CONT'D)

Would you please!

Silence. CARSTEN eyes the women and hands the bead over.

CARROLL flips the hinged circle with his nail and pries out the paper. He unrolls it but can't read the code.

CARROLL (CONT'D)

Translate it.

CARSTEN goes to the office. CARROLL faces the women amused.

NOREEN

What's he mean waving that around?

CARROLL

Why don't you ask your sister?

CARROLL brushes a lock of CLAIRE's hair aside. She reacts.

CLAIRE

He's a spy. A Nazi.

NOREEN scoffs, but CARROLL's expression and chuckle confirm it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARROLL  
I don't expect you to get it, but  
that's why Irene needed to go, too.

NOREEN  
You-f-f-ink.

CARSTEN reenters. He's hands a slip to CARROLL, who reads it.

CARROLL  
Tonight--so be it.

CARROLL pockets the note, looks at CLAIRE and NOREEN. A madman.

CARROLL (CONT'D)  
So be it! Take the women in my office  
Keep them under guard. You can finish  
your date. I'll spread the word.

CARSTEN  
At once, Herr Healey.

CARSTEN waves his gun. They exit respectively.

INT. HEALEY HOME/CARROLL'S OFFICE/LIBRARY. NIGHT

NOREEN and CLAIRE enter under CARSTEN's gun. He indicates the  
couch and sits on the edge of the desk like a mafia thug.

NOREEN and CLAIRE huddle close on the couch.

NOREEN  
I should've told you. It just-it  
sounded crazy. I never believed--

NOREEN cuts off, choked up. CLAIRE is confused, touches her arm  
to hear more. CARSTEN doesn't like it, but doesn't stop them.

NOREEN (CONT'D)  
I didn't think him capable. How long?

CARSTEN's eyes roll to NOREEN.

CARSTEN  
You know by now, Frau. Ja?

NOREEN  
What'll he do with us?

CARSTEN  
Leave you in Switzerland, I hope.

CLAIRE  
Everything about you is a lie.

CARSTEN's quickly conceals his remorse.

CARSTEN  
Not everything, Fräulein, but you'll  
never know what's true or a lie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

Rat!

CARSTEN is amused.

CARROLL bursts in. CARSTEN jumps up, gun aimed. CARROLL throws his hands up. CARSTEN lowers the gun. CARROLL puts on airs.

CARROLL

Just enough time for a cigar. Would you care for a drink, Noreen?

NOREEN is repulsed. CARROLL serves himself and sits at his desk.

CARSTEN trusts none of them putting his back to the library.

NOREEN

What're you gonna do with us?

CARROLL

I've a few things in mind. First, a trip. Someone's sniffing my books. So, I'll throw a bone. While they think I deal with ventures in Ireland, I'll be in Berlin. My yacht sunk, torpedoed by U-Boats. By the time they get the trail, every trace will be gone. Perhaps you with it.

CARROLL pauses to enjoy the terrorized looks.

CARROLL (CONT'D)

Come Monday, you'll be the heir to nothing. I've no choice but to bring you. I can't risk your informing on me with so much at stake.

NOREEN

Your own blood!

CLAIRE trembles at the threat. CARSTEN is stone.

CARROLL

Carsten worked hard to see my assets forwarded. They're keen for support. I'll be millions richer.

NOREEN

You're already rich.

CARROLL

Must you be so maudlin?

A knock disrupts them. The women get warning looks. CARSTEN hides his gun and answers. He whispers with WILSON, returns.

CARSTEN

They're just about ready.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARROLL  
Excellent. Stay nice and quiet  
while we finish.

CARSTEN opens the niche. They gather the papers to burn. CARROLL lights them in the fireplace. CARSTEN guards the women.

CARROLL spots the Enigma Machine and hands it to CARSTEN.

CARROLL (CONT'D)  
Superb device. I bet the allies would  
love to get it. I trust you ladies  
will behave on our exit? I'll be more  
lenient in my decision.

NOREEN  
I've never known you to be lenient.

CARROLL  
If you value your niece's life, do  
as I say.

NOREEN  
I'll fight you and all of Germany.

CARROLL  
Noreen, don't be so damn dramatic.

CARROLL gestures them out. They exit.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

The HEALEY limousine drives off in the night.

CARROLL, NOREEN and CLAIRE, The HEALEYS occupy the back seat.  
CARSTEN is on the jump seat, gun in plain sight.

The limo pulls as close to the boats as it can. Parks. CARSTEN gets out motioning the women toward the docks.

A gun on them, CARSTEN escorts NOREEN and CLAIRE to the yacht.

CUT TO:

EXT. HEALEY YACHT/MARINA. NIGHT

CLAIRE and NOREEN hesitate at the CREW. They look filthy and stink. CARSTEN speaks German to KAPITÄN.

CARSTEN  
Guten nacht, Kapitän. Herr Healey  
needs a hand.

KAPITÄN gestures CREW to go. They do.

CLAIRE, NOREEN and CARSTEN board.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The KAPITÄN leers at CLAIRE, who steps to the gunwale away from him. She sees a risky escape, if she can get NOREEN's attention.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
Come away from there.

CLAIRE looks to him. He pushes his jacket back to show the gun.

CLAIRE  
You don't like me at all, do you,  
Mr. Reiniger?

CARSTEN  
Does it matter?

CLAIRE  
This's no way to treat a lady?

CARSTEN  
I don't trust you.

CLAIRE  
You got a screwy idea of who to trust.

CARROLL joins them, energy high like a man going on a holiday.

CARROLL  
A perfect evening. Shall we settle in?

INT. HEALEY YACHT/CABIN. NIGHT

CARSTEN pushes the women into a dark cabin and shuts the door.

CLAIRE feels for a switch. A lamp comes on. NOREEN looks lost.

CLAIRE  
What are we to do?

NOREEN  
Hope for a way out.

CLAIRE slumps on the bed. NOREEN joins her.

NOREEN (CONT'D)  
O'Sheas are survivors. Hang in there.

CLAIRE clings to her. The SOUND of the ENGINES fill the BG.

EXT. HEALEY YACHT/AFT DECK. NIGHT

CARSTEN watches BOSTON grow small as they go to sea, foot on the gunwale.

The SOUND of a HORN.

Lights on the port side signal the port watch.

INT. HEALEY YACHT/CABIN. NIGHT

CLAIRE watches a patrol through a port hole. She tries to open it, but the frame is welded. Her eyes search and then a light switch, while saying:

CLAIRE  
Harbor patrol. Flick the lights.

NOREEN  
I might know a lot but not code.

CLAIRE  
Just do it!

NOREEN moves. The engines stop. A bang, the door opens and two GUARDS aim rifles. One waves CLAIRE to sit and NOREEN to join her. They stay on guard.

EXT. HEALEY YACHT/PORT SIDE RAIL. NIGHT

CARSTEN helps HARBOR PATROLMAN aboard. CARSTEN speaks in a Boston accent throughout this scene.

HARBOR PATROLMAN  
Thank you, lad.

CARSTEN  
Welcome aboard. I'm Denny O'Brien.

CARSTEN hands him a crumpled paper from his pocket. HARBOR PATROLMAN uses a flash light read the paper.

HARBOR PATROLMAN  
Healey's the rich guy who's wife went nuts, yeah? Tragedy that.

CARSTEN  
Healey's below. His daughter n'the aunt too. Said not to disturb em. You know how the rich are. It's all in the paperwork. Got any other questions?

HARBOR PATROLMAN eyes him.

HARBOR PATROLMAN  
No. Tell Captain Morris hello.

CARSTEN nods. HARBOR PATROLMAN hands back the paper.

HARBOR PATROLMAN (CONT'D)  
No tellin' where the Krauts are. Be safe.

CARSTEN  
We'll do that. Thank you, sir.

HARBOR PATROLMAN gets back to his boat with CARSTEN's help.

CARSTEN watches the boat back off and disappear.

INT. HEALEY YACHT/CABIN. NIGHT

The SOUND of the ENGINES signal the GUARDS to shut CLAIRE and NOREEN in again. They do so with a laugh.

CLAIRE jumps up in time to see the patrol leave.

CLAIRE  
We blew our chance. We'll be shot  
or drown by sunup.

NOREEN hushes her, afraid of the GUARDS. CLAIRE fears they're defeated. NOREEN goes to her for comfort.

INT. HEALEY YACHT/HELM. NIGHT

CARSTEN sits, puts his feet up. KAPITÄN eyes him grinning.

KAPITÄN  
Americans make it too easy.

CARSTEN  
Not for long.

KAPITÄN  
Don't let the Führer hear you.

CARSTEN  
I like to live dangerously.

KAPITÄN  
I realized when you brought the girl.

CARSTEN shrugs, fiddles with a pack of gum, and sinks in his jacket, exhausted.

KAPITÄN (CONT'D)  
You should get some rest

CARSTEN  
I won't rest until Berlin. I've had  
enough time to read her files and see  
Miss Healey in action. Not a good idea.

KAPITÄN  
She's a lovely. You should keep her.

CARSTEN  
Once we return to the fatherland, it  
won't matter. They'll be dealt with.

KAPITÄN  
A shame. She has nice legs.

CARSTEN scowls. He clenches his hand. He swivels away.

CARSTEN  
Very nice legs.



INT. HEALEY YACHT/CABIN. EARLY MORNING. SUNNY

CLAIRE wakes, the lamp still on. Sporadic SOUNDS of BUMPS and FOOTSTEPS break the quiet, WATER sloshes. She whispers to NOREEN twice. CLAIRE climbs up to the window. NOREEN wakes disoriented. What she sees disappoints.

NOREEN  
Oh good Lord, I hoped it was a  
nightmare.

CLAIRE  
The engines are stopped. There's  
just water for miles.

NOREEN gets on her feet and CLAIRE slides back to the bed.

The door opens to admit the GUARDS. CLAIRE stands. One guard shouts in German, angry they don't move as he instructs. They finally exit with the guards.

INT. HEALEY YACHT/LOWER DECK PASSAGE. EARLY MORNING.

Two GUARDS roughly push CLAIRE and NOREEN to the ladder, rifles brandished. One pokes CLAIRE in her back.

CLAIRE  
Take it easy, pal!

CARSTEN watches from a perch on the ladder, wears the same suit as last night, hat firmly on.

CARSTEN  
That'll be enough, Matrose.

GUARDS back off. He motions the woman forward.

CARSTEN(CONT'D)  
Guten Morgen. I trust you slept well.

CLAIRE  
Glad to see you didn't.

CARSTEN  
Someone had to keep watch. But don't  
get ideas. I'm fit. Join us on deck.  
It's a lovely morning.

EXT. HEALEY YACHT/AFT DECK. EARLY MORNING. SUNNY/BREEZY

CARSTEN leads the women out. He stares at the sea, memorizing the moment. To their left is the turret of a VII-C U-BOAT!

CARSTEN  
Impressive, ja? A wolf your men  
hunt, but never find. Your things  
are already on board.

The women gape as CARROLL steps from the BG freshened. He puts on a hat and gazes with adoration at the U-Boat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The hatch opens and the crew pours out to lay planks.

CARROLL  
A fantastic sight!

CARSTEN  
Too soon, Herr Healey. When you're safe  
on German soil, then you may applaud.

CARROLL is too impressed to be affronted. KAPITÄN and crew  
file in behind him and continue to the sub.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
Time to go.

CARSTEN gestures the women on. CARROLL gladly does.

CLAIRE  
You expect us to go on that?

CARROLL turns back to respond.

CARROLL  
You're welcome to stay, but you may  
find that a volatile decision.

CARSTEN and CARROLL are amused. CARROLL exits to the sub.  
CARSTEN waits. CLAIRE takes NOREEN's hand and they go with him.

Their silhouettes go up and into the turret as the engines start.

INT. VIIC UBOAT/CONTROL ROOM. MORNING.

CARSTEN slides down the ladder. NOREEN and CLAIRE back up from  
the CREW, who are scurvy from months at sea. They ogle CLAIRE.

KAPITÄN takes his hat from his second. The U-BOAT is moving.

KAPITÄN  
Congratulations, Herr Reiniger.  
You're assured a promotion.

CARSTEN  
The package is far from delivered.

KAPITÄN  
Mere formality. I'm happy we're  
back in one piece.

An explosion rocks the sub. CLAIRE and NOREEN are startled  
but the men grin and chuckle.

KAPITÄN (CONT'D)  
The smoke will bring destroyers.

He gestures. They hesitate, looking to CARSTEN for instruction.

CARSTEN adjusts his hat, and nods.

INT. VIIC UBOAT/CAPTAIN'S BUNK/PASSAGE. MORNING.

KAPITÄN swings thru the hatch, then CLAIRE, NOREEN and CARSTEN.

KAPITÄN  
You'll be comfortable here. My eye  
your guard, when Mr. Reiniger is  
unavailable.

KAPITÄN exits the way he came.

CARSTEN  
Sit out of the way.

CARSTEN pulls a curtain across the opening and exits. It's dim, but for a bulb that spills over the rod.

NOREEN pats CLAIRE's hand, but the younger mind cranks on a plan.

CARSTEN returns, yanking the curtain back. He has two of their bags. A gesture that confounds. He sets them at their feet.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
You speak to only me, whatever you  
need. Do exactly as told if an alarm  
sounds. Keep your things stowed. If  
you clean up, do it out of sight. I'll  
be here, unless on watch, then you  
have the Kapitän.

CLAIRE  
Once you get us to Germany, you'll kill  
us. So, what do you care what they do?

CARSTEN  
You've more will to live than that,  
Miss Healey. Don't disappoint me.

CLAIRE folds her arms.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
I'll look for a deck of cards and some  
books. These trips are lengthy.

NOREEN  
What are we talking?

CARSTEN  
Ten-twelve days. If all goes well.

NOREEN  
If all goes well? You don't sound sure.

CARSTEN  
We're at war and you're on an active U-  
boat. You expect smooth passage? You  
Americans are so odd.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOREEN

I've been kidnapped by Nazis and yet here I stand speaking civilly to one. Anything could happen.

CARSTEN

You may find us more to your liking than you realize, but vexation finds no welcome in Berlin.

CLAIRE

It hardly matters when we could sink. Why don't you kill us now?

CARSTEN pops a piece of gum trying not to laugh.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I only hope I see father's face when it happens.

NOREEN

Don't say such things. If he's gonna get his comeuppance—I don't wanna be there when he does.

CARSTEN

Take your Aunt's advice. Thoughts can sink more than spirits. Behave while I check on things.

INT. VIIC UBOAT/PASSAGE/CAPTAIN'S BUNK. DAY.

The bunk is a slim space, tokens pinned to the wall. A table holds up KAPITAN's ledger and lamp, too small for else.

CARSTEN's shadow looms on the other side of the curtain. The shadows of CREW pass.

CLAIRE and NOREEN play gin. CLAIRE stares, worn and afraid, a stiff neck and headache. She tosses her cards aside, and puts a hand over her eyes.

NOREEN

Are you all right?

CLAIRE

I can't do this.

NOREEN inhales, touching CLAIRE's hand.

NOREEN

Have I ever told you what kind of woman your mother is? As girls, Irene was my rock. She never fainted from challenges. There were plenty despite how much father had. I knew when she called that night it was serious. It gave me a shot to square up. Now, you need to do the same.

CLAIRE

I'll try.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOREEN

Good. Now pick up your hand. I was about to win. You don't get out that easy.

CLAIRE smiles touched by her aunt's words and dismissal.

INT. VIIC UBOAT/PASSAGE/CAPTAIN'S BUNK. DAY.

NOREEN sleeps. CLAIRE sits on a bag. CARSTEN sits on a stool, visible in the crack of the curtain. The engines pound. It's stuffy and stinks.

CARSTEN

Can I get you something?

CLAIRE

Does this tub have a toilet?

CARSTEN opens the curtain and points the way through the sailors.

INT. VIIC UBOAT/GALLEY. DAY

CARSTEN leads CLAIRE. CREW titter in German about her. The COOK looks at him funny. CARSTEN gestures him to his duty.

To her dismay, a stream of water runs under the grates. He points to the filthy latrine.

CARSTEN

Bilge. -- Knock when you finish.

He shuts her in, smiles through the porthole, and stays as guard.

INT. VIIC UBOAT/LATRINE. DAY

CLAIRE is disgusted by the filth. Bilge mixes with urine. The dirty mirror sinks her mood. She hurries to use the toilet, thankful for the relief. She gets her pants straight then, the SOUND of distant BOOMS echo along the hull. The door opens and a startled CARSTEN pulls her out.

CLAIRE

What was that?

INT. VIIC UBOAT/PASSAGE/CONTROL ROOM/GALLEY. DAY

CARSTEN rushes CLAIRE against a flood of CREW.

A CREW slides down a ladder, water with him.

KAPITAN calls out orders in German.

The SOUND of the ALARM replaces the engines.

CARSTEN and CLAIRE duck through the hatch back to the captain's bunk.

INT. VIIC UBOAT/PASSAGE/CAPTAIN'S BUNK. DAY.

CARSTEN shoves CLAIRE into NOREEN's arms, to their surprise.

The SOUND of more BOOMS. The sub shudders.

CARSTEN darts through the hatch, as the women speculate.

The alarm silences. Engines stop. Lights dim. The SOUND of pressured METAL. The bunk rises aslant. Shudders. Explosions. The bunk flattens. The SOUND of RADAR pings follow.

NOREEN and CLAIRE cling tight.

INT. VIIC UBOAT/PASSAGE/OFFICER BUNKS. DAY.

CARSTEN hurries to CARROLL, who's ready to shout as he's ignored. He whispers:

CARSTEN  
Don't speak they can hear you.

CARROLL complies, vexed. The SOUND of RADAR pings answer why.

CARROLL  
What the devil?

CARSTEN snaps a hand over CARROLL's mouth and presses him to the wall, a finger before his lips. CARROLL is beat and takes it.

The SOUND of RADAR PINGS, DEPTH CHARGES, silence - BOOM. The process repeats growing distant. The CREW are silent.

RADIO OPERATOR gives the all clear.

CARSTEN let's CARROLL go, exchanging heated glances.

INT. VIIC UBOAT/PASSAGE/CONTROL ROOM. DAY. CLOSE ON KAPITÄN

KAPITÄN bares his teeth most displeased. CARSTEN grins. KAPITÄN grins back, pats his shoulder.

KAPITÄN  
They found your boat and were lucky to guess our direction.

CARSTEN  
The devil's on their side.

KAPITÄN  
Check on your women. Things will only get worse For them. What a waste.

CARSTEN hesitates, grits his teeth, then swings through the hatch, saying:

CARSTEN  
Ja. A terrible waste.

INT. VIIC UBOAT/PASSAGE/CAPTAIN'S BUNK. DAY.

CARSTEN returns in an ugly mood. He hesitates at the curtain then opens it. NOREEN and CLAIRE are huddled. CLAIRE's eyes soothe him and he forgets to be cruel.

CARSTEN  
We're safe. Blind hunters easily fooled.

CLAIRE lowers her head to NOREEN's shoulder.

NOREEN  
How many days did you say again?

CARSTEN smiles. The women aren't eased.

INT. VIIC UBOAT/PASSAGE/CAPTAIN'S BUNK. DAY.

CLAIRE wakes, sweating and aching.

CARSTEN appears with food. He hands it to her and resumes his seat. He's traded his suit for sub-gear. His hair is a mess and his beard is coming in.

CLAIRE stares at the food, unsure she's hungry or sick. She takes a bit to spur her appetite.

CARSTEN makes room before the table. He turns on the light and takes out a pad. Their legs touch. He's too close stretched out there. CLAIRE chokes down a bite, as he scribbles notes.

CARSTEN  
It doesn't compare to home, but it'll keep you from starving.

CLAIRE  
Where's aunt?

CARSTEN  
With Mr. Healey.

CLAIRE  
What's she want with Father?

CARSTEN  
Perhaps she barter for your lives. Something you might consider.

CLAIRE  
You expect me to abandon convictions just to survive?

CARSTEN  
What are your convictions?

CLAIRE sets the plate behind his head as though taking a swipe. He waits for her answer not flinching. She's riled.

CLAIRE  
This is no time for philosophies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSTEN  
Don't waste food. The men are rationed  
enough as it is.

CARSTEN continues his notes.

CLAIRE takes up the plate and eats.

INT. VIIC UBOAT/PASSAGE/CAPTAIN'S BUNK. DAY.

CLAIRE lounges, staring into infinity. NOREEN enters.

NOREEN  
How was dinner, little girl?

CLAIRE  
Edible, the company tasteless.

NOREEN  
Well, you chose better than me.

CLAIRE  
What did he say?

NOREEN  
He ignores everyone but Mr. Reiniger.  
It should be a comfort.

CLAIRE  
I wonder how he'll talk to Hitler?

NOREEN  
If your father doesn't tell him how to  
run things, I'll tell him where to go!

They laugh.

EXT. VIIC UBOAT/TURRET DECK. NIGHT

The sky twinkles with stars, no moon. CLAIRE wears a crew coat,  
bare legs in boots, against brutal cold. Her attention: the sea.

CARSTEN watches, though they're tethered. His beard grown days.  
His heavy gaze draws her, but not directly.

CARSTEN  
Tomorrow the coast'll be on the  
horizon. We'll be in France-Lorient.

CLAIRE  
Is that the last we see of you?

CARSTEN stands too close. He likes to play with her.

CARSTEN  
Fortunately, we'll spend a great  
deal of time together.

CLAIRE rallies despite how bad she just fizzled.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CLAIRE  
Unfortunate for you, Fritzzy.

CARSTEN  
I thought we were swell friends,  
Liberty Belle.

CARSTEN frees a lock from her collar to blow in the breeze.

CLAIRE  
Maybe you're not such a hot snoop.

CARSTEN lounges on the turret and looks out to sea.

CARSTEN  
Maybe not. But, I evaded your G-men,  
living under their noses for months.

CLAIRE  
You didn't put one over on me.

CARSTEN  
Didn't I?

CARSTEN makes her look at him, digging into her.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
You're dealt with, ja?

CLAIRE backs away, disgusted he's bragging.

CLAIRE  
I don't know. I bet I could fool you  
easy and get myself right out of this.

CARSTEN  
Fräulein, I'm the only ally you have.  
Be sensible.

CLAIRE  
Some friend.

CARSTEN shrugs, pleased to get at her again. She exits in a huff. He shakes his head laughing.

INT. VIIC UBOAT/PASSAGE/CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT

CARSTEN slides down the ladder to face KAPITÄN, and nods the all clear before he exits through the hatch.

INT. VIIC UBOAT/PASSAGE/CAPTAIN'S BUNK. NIGHT

CARSTEN swings through the hatch.

A glance to the closed curtain, he knocks on the radio room door. It opens. RADIO OPERATOR grins at him.

CARSTEN hangs his things on a pipe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSTEN  
I need twenty minutes.

He puts his headset aside and exits.

CARSTEN enters.

INT. VIIC UBOAT/RADIO ROOM. NIGHT

CARSTEN shuts himself in and puts on the set. He gingerly dials a frequency, and repeats the line a couple times:

CARSTEN  
Verirrt adler.

RADIO CONTACT  
Unterschlupf.

CARSTEN  
Sorry I'm late.

CUT TO:

EXT. WALDAU SWISS MENTAL HOSPITAL. DAY

IRENE watches a garden spotted by PATIENTS, NURSES and HOSPITAL STAFF from a bench in the field. She's not crazy, but she's broken. She focuses on the distant mountains. IRENE worries the someone will detect her fallen mood.

NURSE 1 approaches in the BG. She calls to IRENE, but IRENE pretends not to hear. NURSE 1 calls again.

NURSE  
Mrs. Healey, there's a Mr. Mehler to see you.

IRENE thinks they're having a game of her.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
Mr. Mehler came all the way from Boston, from your doctor in America, just to check on you.

IRENE  
There's no Mehler in Boston.

NURSE 1  
And how do you know for certain? You've been here ten years. You're telling a story. Tell the truth and I'll make sure there's extra dessert tonight.

IRENE  
You intolerable thing! I'm no child to be baited with sweets. I should tell him everything you do to these people.

NURSE 1  
Mrs. Healey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IRENE

My husband should be here. Not me.

MEHLER watches from the path, all in brown. He's older with nearly white hair and a mustache. IRENE is suspicious.

MEHLER

That'll be all, nurse.

NURSE 1 leaves. MEHLER waits for her to be gone. He then sits. IRENE slides away. He holds his tongue.

IRENE

Dr. O'Reilly didn't send you.

MEHLER

No. Dr. O'Reilly didn't send me.  
Aren't you going to ask who did?

IRENE eyes him. She internalizes, then looks around, fearing he's a real delusion.

MEHLER (CONT'D)

Mrs. Healey, your husband is missing. He took his assistant with him, Carsten Reiniger or Denny O'Brien, depending on who you ask. He liquidated his assets to send them to Germany.

IRENE

Why have you come? To rub my nose in it?

MEHLER

He got wind we found him out. Cut his losses. Took Claire n' Noreen, too.

Such news is incredible to IRENE.

MEHLER (CONT'D)

On his yacht a few days back. We know he put you here and why.

MEHLER let's the news sink in a bit more.

MEHLER (CONT'D)

I'll get you out, but you must wait a bit longer. The time has to be right. There's an operative set to intercept them. If I move now, it'll tip em off.

IRENE

Why didn't you stop him?

MEHLER

Evidence, so he didn't slip our grasp. I can't make up the time, but you're safe if you keep your nose down.

IRENE

Safe, MEHLER? They make Carroll look like Shirley Temple.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MEHLER

It wasn't Healey who halted their hand.

IRENE is caught between two factions using her.

IRENE

Why now?

MEHLER

We need your testimony, should we wish to stop him. If the Germans get him, that's that many more of our boys dead.

IRENE

You tied their noose.

MEHLER

We did. Help us stop hanging them too.

IRENE considers the offer. IRENE sees an escape. It makes her giddy and sick, just out of reach.

MEHLER (CONT'D)

I'll be in touch.

MEHLER pats her hand, quite real.

IRENE

How do I know I can trust you?

MEHLER shrugs. He takes his case and a few steps.

IRENE (CONT'D)

Are they still alive?

MEHLER nods. He checks the sky and then his watch.

MEHLER

I'll see you in a few days. Nose down.

IRENE watches MEHLER exit. NURSE 1 returns.

NURSE 1

Mrs. Healey, Painting time.

IRENE

Oh, to hell with painting time!

NURSE 1 gasps, a warning look and she begrudgingly follows.

EXT. VIIC UBOAT/TURRET DECK. VERY EARLY MORNING

Gulls wheel in the fog. The sea rolls frantic with the promise of a storm. CARSTEN broods without the sight of land.

KAPITÄN stands by the gun with GUNMAN. They're moody for the same reasons. They could run aground or into allied boats.

GUNMAN cries out, spotting land.

INT. VIIC UBOAT/CAPTAIN'S BUNK. VERY EARLY MORNING.

CLAIRE sleeps against a dozing NOREEN. CARSTEN ducks through the hatch. In a pause, he finally really looks at her. Desire gives him away to her aunt. CLAIRE wakes as they speak. He's on guard.

NOREEN  
Enjoying the view?

CARSTEN  
We land soon.

NOREEN  
I'd say finally, but the real tour starts now. Where to, Charming?

CARSTEN  
To Berlin. Breakfast?

The women stare at his ease with those words.

INT. VIIC UBOAT/PASSAGE/CONTROL ROOM. VERY EARLY MORNING.

KAPITÄN prepares his crew to find the Lorient inlet. CARSTEN passes through.

KAPITÄN  
Periscope depth.

KAPITÄN gives CARSTEN an envelope. CARSTEN exits to the galley.

INT. VIIC UBOAT/GALLEY/LATRINE. DAY

CARSTEN goes to the latrine and bangs the door to signal a CREW inside. Mid-shave, CREW exits. Inside, CARSTEN opens his orders.

INSERT: ENVELOPE, CARSTEN'S ORDERS (in GERMAN with Title over). Stamped with the eagle. A seal holds the flap shut.

Hauptman Reiniger,

Make contact with Reich sympathizer Gustave Adelaïs, Orléans Hotel, Orléans. From there, report to Oberstleutnant Focke at Köln for further instruction and debriefing.

Take special care in approach. Intelligence suggest a bombing scheduled for Köln at time of arrival. Deliver package Berlin as ordered.

Destroy upon reading.

Köln

RETURN TO SCENE:

CARSTEN shreds it in the toilet. Takes a leak and flushes.

EXT. VIIC UBOAT/TURRET DECK/KEROMAN BUNKER. DAY

CARSTEN watches the shore. Fog clears. The boat floats into a pen under fanfare. OFFICIALS and SOLDIERS line up. Nazi flags are prominent.

CLAIRE clings to NOREEN's side. CARROLL's beard grew in, his clothes ruffled. He's proud. Mad. Takes it in eagerly.

CARSTEN looks to CLAIRE. He seems proud too, but her fear steals the sentiment. He moves closer.

CLAIRE  
What'll we do?

CARSTEN  
Best behavior. Those are S-S. No matter what you think, I don't wish you sent to a camp.

CARROLL  
They're suited for one.

CARSTEN pretends to enjoy the joke. He and CLAIRE trade glances.

NOREEN  
At least, we have dry land.

CLAIRE  
They'll kill us-in an ocean or a ditch.

CARSTEN  
Best behavior.

INT. LORIENT/KEROMAN BUNKER. DAY

CARSTEN follows the HEALEYS up to the pier. The BAND cuts out. Eerie silence. OFFICIALS, SOLDIERS and SPIES wait. Among them is KUHNKE, who greets CARROLL. They shake hands.

KUHNKE  
Mr. Healey, I presume. I'm Kapitänleutnant Kuhnke. I trust your voyage was uneventful.

EXT. LORIENT/KEROMAN BUNKER. DAY

CARSTEN walks with KUHNKE. OFFICIALS, SOLDIERS, SPIES and HEALEYS fill in the BG.

CARSTEN  
The Allies gave no fight.

KUHNKE nods, eyeing CARSTEN nondescript.

KUHNKE  
A car will take you to headquarters. You can freshen up and get a meal.

CARSTEN notes the distant car with kraftfaher, HOCH.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

All but CARSTEN and HEALEYS wander off. KAPPEL joins from another building. He is young and dark. He has awed respect for CARSTEN.

KAPPEL  
Hauptmann, congratulations. The  
information you sent was most useful.  
Another commendation to the collection.

KAPPEL notices CLAIRE and is intrigued.

CARSTEN  
I simply followed orders.

CARSTEN uses KAPPEL's diversion to take note of the area. He smells the rats, SS, among the retreating, interested in him too.

KAPPEL  
Herr Healey-Leutnant Kappel. I am sorry  
for the means of transfer. Know it was  
all worth the trouble. The matter will  
conclude in a few days and you will be  
rich beyond dreams.

CARROLL  
I couldn't be more assured if I  
brought it in a suitcase myself.

KAPPEL  
Is this your wife and daughter?

CARROLL  
My daughter Claire and her guardian.  
My wife won't join us.

KAPPEL  
Welcome to France, Fräulein.

The women are in shock. CARSTEN pokes NOREEN unseen.

NOREEN  
I'm so sorry. We're simply just  
exhausted. Most pleased to meet  
you, Lieutenant.

KAPPEL  
Clearly. Shall we take the car? Kuhnke  
ordered lunch.

KAPPEL moves in but gets NOREEN. CARSTEN leads CLAIRE away.

EXT. LORIENT/KEROMAN BUNKER. DAY

CARSTEN looks smug while CLAIRE looks for her aunt. KAPPAL smiles too much at her. She turns away, sickened.

CARSTEN  
Well done.

CLAIRE remains silent, too shaken to fight him. CARSTEN holds her arm firm. They're still watched by SPIES in the BG.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAPPEL  
Herr Healey, what is it like in one  
of those coffins?

CARROLL  
Exactly as you describe.

CARSTEN's absently caresses CLAIRE's arm. She looks to his  
profile then back to the car. Something has grown between them.

KAPPEL  
I'm glad I didn't get these orders.  
Reiniger has a much stronger stomach.  
I would've been useless to you.

CARSTEN  
It simply takes backbone, Leutnant.

KAPPEL  
I'm content here. I've all the danger  
and glory. What, with the air raids.

CLAIRE is disgusted that he celebrates his people's lunacy.

CARSTEN  
You mean all the wine and French women.

KAPPEL  
An adventure in itself.

CLAIRE  
Pigs.

CARSTEN tightens his grip. Their eyes lock in defiance of each  
other. She gives first with pooling tears.

KAPPEL  
Hoch will take you the rest of the way.  
I must radio Orléans. See you at lunch.

CARSTEN  
We need to be on our way.

KAPPEL  
Don't worry. The Gestapo saw what they  
wanted. Besides, it's a chance to clean  
up. You've never looked so terrible.

KAPPEL exits, under CARSTEN's scowl, to a shack.

CARSTEN waves the HEALEYS on. HOCH salutes CARSTEN and starts  
the car.

CARSTEN opens the door and shoves CLAIRE in. He looks back  
the way they came as the others get in: NOREEN by CLAIRE, and  
CARROLL across from them.



INT. GERMAN LIMO/NAVAL YARD/DOCKS. DAY

CARSTEN takes a seat by CARROLL. His gaze is ice, unhappy over something. He pulls his gun in added warning.

The car pulls off. Silence presses for a beat, then he speaks.

CARSTEN  
When we reach headquarters, Healey will go to his room alone. I'll escort you to another room. I'll be watching. Do as you please, with discretion of course.

CLAIRE is silently defiant, catching her father's attention.

CARROLL  
O'Shea women are willful to a fault. My mistake was adding to the line.

NOREEN  
Perfection can't be handled by just anyone. You understand.

CARSTEN  
The Reich doesn't warm to men with no love for their children.

CLAIRE  
Yet, they sacrifice them for war.

CARSTEN  
A noble sacrifice, ja, Fräulein?  
American mother's send their own, do they not?

CLAIRE turns from CARSTEN's satisfied look to the window. NOREEN grasps to change the subject, uncomfortable with this change.

NOREEN  
Not exactly the trip I had in mind, but it is France!

EXT. LORIENT/GERMAN NAVAL COMMAND/LIMO. DAY

HOCH pulls to the curb. CARSTEN gets out first. The HEALEYS marvel at the chateau guarded by SENTRIES. The town is occupied. GERMAN MILITARY walk the streets, rifles ready.

CARSTEN  
Come along.

CLAIRE passes a SENTRY who whistles and remarks. CARSTEN glares him back to duty and hurries CLAIRE to the Command House.

CLAIRE  
I can walk without a crutch.

CLAIRE frees her arm and moves ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSTEN

I didn't think you wanted to be peddled to the men. They maybe think you're a French family trading their daughter in her used-up best for a bit of safety. Perhaps a whore. Then, they may take what they wish.

CLAIRE and the others halt. She faces him ready to loft a tirade. NOREEN pulls at her to stop the tide, but can't.

CLAIRE

I hope you amuse yourself, Mr. Reiniger. When this is over, I plan to amuse me. Keep it in mind. I can make it difficult for someone too.

CARSTEN

I look forward to that. It's been some time since I had a worthy opponent. I hope you won't disappoint like others who tried.

CLAIRE

I should slap your face.

CARSTEN

I might enjoy that too, but not now.

CARSTEN rushes CLAIRE to the door. They end up holding hands. He looks to her, a warning and promise. She's over her head.

CARROLL

You do so well with her. Perhaps you should take her off my hands. A reward for your deeds.

NOREEN and CLAIRE gasp at this.

CARSTEN

Despite your consent, the Wermacht does not give women as rewards.

CARROLL

Women have always been spoils of war.

CARSTEN looks to him disgusted. They enter the house.

INT. LORIENT/GERMAN NAVAL COMMAND. DAY

CARSTEN and CLAIRE drop hands. She goes to NOREEN and CARROLL.

OBER-MAAT ENGEL nears reading a file. He is puzzled by them. CARSTEN and he whisper. ENGEL exits.

CARSTEN rejoins the HEALEYS. CLAIRE looks ready to erupt. She grasps NOREEN tighter, a glint in her eye daring him.

ENGEL returns, confused by the tension. CARSTEN faces him and ENGEL gestures to the staircase. NOREEN leads the others.

INT. LORIENT/GERMAN NAVAL COMMAND, STAIRCASE. DAY

CLAIRE hangs on NOREEN, CARROLL and CARSTEN follow with GUARDS. GUARDS mutter in GERMAN and then burst in laughter.

CLAIRE  
What are they saying?

CARSTEN  
They hope when we invade America the women will be as feisty as you.

CLAIRE  
If they see our shores, they can be sure our women will cut out their hearts.

CARSTEN  
Funny you didn't, given the chance.

INT. LORIENT/GERMAN NAVAL COMMAND, GUESTROOM. DAY

CLAIRE and NOREEN enter. The colors mute, accentuating their exhausted miens. They study the room as the door is closed. The SOUND of the LOCK. CARSTEN's mumbles orders in GERMAN O.S.

CLAIRE explores as NOREEN settles on the bed. The paint is cracked. A window jimmied.

NOREEN  
What are you doing?

CLAIRE  
Looking for a way out.

NOREEN  
Not that-him!

CLAIRE toes loose tiles from the bath door, hints of bombings.

CLAIRE  
What do you mean?

NOREEN  
You're flirting for one.

CLAIRE  
Why would I flirt with Jimmy White?

CLAIRE shuts her eyes, scuffling off her shoes. Stands quiet.

NOREEN  
Don't change the subject.

CLAIRE practically sleeps standing up.

CLAIRE  
What I wouldn't give for a bath.

CLAIRE plops beside NOREEN. Head on her aunt's shoulder, they stare at the walls of their prison. NOREEN sighs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOREEN  
Sarry was right?

CLAIRE hums feigning ignorance. NOREEN shakes her head.

A knock. The lock slides and boy SOLDIERS enter with their bags. They quickly lock them up again. The women stare at the bags.

CLAIRE suddenly strips the ruined dress from her frame.

CLAIRE  
Oh, I can't wait to get out of this!

NOREEN is foiled. CLAIRE goes to the bathroom.

INT. LORIENT/GERMAN NAVAL COMMAND/PLANNING OFFICE. DAY

CARSTEN sits with feet on ENGEL's desk as the man works. CARSTEN stinks and his boots leave dirt. ENGEL is irked, CARSTEN amused. He chews the last piece of gum and throws the pack on the desk.

CARSTEN  
Where's the supply office?

ENGEL  
Three doors down--across the street.

CARSTEN exits, shouting back.

CARSTEN  
Keep an eye on my cargo? Anything happens to them--

ENGEL sighs.

INT. LORIENT/GERMAN NAVAL COMMAND/SUPPLY OFFICE. DAY

SAILORS/SOLDIERS form a line at the supply office. CARSTEN jumps line amid glowers and protests. A flip of his collar and they shut up. He approaches SUPPLY OFFICER with his papers. The SUPPLY OFFICER does a double take as he speaks.

CARSTEN  
Chewing gum. Thank you.

SUPPLY OFFICER gets it for him. CARSTEN exits.

EXT. LORIENT/GERMAN NAVAL COMMAND/STREET. DAY

CARSTEN walks the militarized street. He sees KAPPEL. Then, a car load of SS SPIES whisks by. They watch him.

KAPPEL  
Reiniger!

KAPPEL hurries over as he crosses the street. CARSTEN rethinks the SS SPIES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAPPEL (CONT'D)  
Our guests settled?

CARSTEN  
Ja, resting.

KAPPEL  
You should get cleaned up too.  
Kuhnke'll be here soon.

CARSTEN  
Clever suggestion, Leutnant. I  
think I may do just that.

KAPPEL  
See you at lunch, Hauptman. I've  
business with the supply office.

CARSTEN  
I wouldn't dare keep you.

CARSTEN turns away first. KAPPEL is bemused by his hero.

CUT TO:

INT. LORIENT/GERMAN NAVAL COMMAND/STAIRS. DAY

CARSTEN descends once more ship-shape. His eyes say no sleep.

KUHNKE enters with STAFF. STAFF part to the dining room, leaving  
him, a STAFF and ENGEL. KAPPEL holds in the BG.

KUHNKE  
Still out of uniform, Hauptmann?

CARSTEN  
My apologies, sir. I was ordered so. My  
cover can't be risked even in France.

KUHNKE  
You Abwehr are unusual.

CARSTEN  
It's an unusual job.

KUHNKE eyes CARSTEN and exits with the last STAFF and ENGEL.

KAPPEL steps to CARSTEN, a gesture of apology.

The SOUND of FOOTSTEPS on the stairs bring their attention  
around. The HEALEYS descend, refreshed, especially CLAIRE,  
who sports a fresh suit that leaves KAPPEL and CARSTEN  
mesmerized.

KAPPEL  
No wonder you kept your hands on her.

CARSTEN scowls at KAPPEL. KAPPEL sees he hit a nerve and grins.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSTEN  
She's none of your concern.

KAPPEL shrugs, going to the HEALEYS. He offers his arm to CLAIRE and takes her to the dining room. CARSTEN makes a sour face. NOREEN takes his arm and he adjusts his stance.

NOREEN  
Don't even think about it, Fritzzy.

They go into the dining room.

INT. LORIENT/GERMAN NAVAL COMMAND/DINING ROOM. DAY

KUHNKE and STAFF are seated at a long table, first at the head. CLAIRE sits between KAPPEL and a STAFF. CARROLL sits by KUHNKE and CARSTEN, NOREEN to CARSTEN's right. SOLDIERS play servers.

CARSTEN perturbed. KUHNKE tolerates CARROLL.

CARROLL  
When the Crash came, I wasn't deep in the market. My father called me weak for my caution, but in the end, my way proved wisest.

KUHNKE  
A modest account of brilliance.

STAFFER  
You're a shrewd man, Herr Healey.

CARROLL  
I like to think so. I also like to think a man of my acumen will achieve greatness for Germany. If certain men hadn't exercised their greed, the market wouldn't have slumped. With Hitler, Man will at last see the glorious future that was meant.

A murmur circuits the room. CLAIRE and NOREEN hold a weak mask.

CARSTEN  
Herr Healey made a perceptive deal with the Reich. In exchange, well, you've seen the ingenuity of the Americans, how quickly mobilized.

KUHNKE eyes him mistrustful. A dour man.

KUHNKE  
Fräulein Healey, you must be proud of your father.

CLAIRE  
We all are. You have no idea.

CARSTEN and CLAIRE assess the impact of her words. It's uncanny how she snows them. KUHNKE raises a glass, followed by others.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KUHNKE

I hope lunch gives comfort after your dreadful voyage.

CARSTEN swallows his glass of wine. The banter carries on. A SOLDIER fills his glass. He downs it again. The SOLDIER hesitates but refills it. NOREEN is stunned.

NOREEN

Slow down. I hope you're not driving.

CARSTEN gives a reassuring smile. He leaves the third glass.

KUHNKE

Hauptmann Reiniger, I nearly forgot. The car's ready as soon as you are. Hoch will continue as driver.

CARSTEN

Thank you, Sir.

STAFFER

Herr Reiniger, won't you entertain us with tales of your time in the Heer. I heard, the SD are to recruit you on high recommendations.

CARSTEN is abashed. He snickers. The HEALEYS are surprised.

CARSTEN

You flatter me. There's little to tell.

STAFFER

Modest and talented! You're in the presence of a true hero, Frauen. Herr Reiniger fought in thirty-six with the Condors. A brave man. Many medals.

KAPPEL

I for one would love to hear you tell it. It was legend by the time I arrived.

CARSTEN

Legend? Because I'm so much older than you, Leutnant. Forgive me if I don't indulge the request. I'm quite tired, and starved.

STAFFER

Of course. Another time.

KUHNKE's stoic mien reveals animosity. KAPPEL is disappointed. CARROLL gladly takes back the attention.

EXT. LORIENT/GERMAN NAVAL COMMAND/STREET. DAY

HOCH loads the car as CARSTEN ushers the HEALEYS into it, seating arrangement the same as earlier. KAPPEL hangs in for a last moment. CARSTEN salutes. KUHNKE half-hearted replies.

INT. STAFF LIMO/GERMAN NAVAL COMMAND/STREET. DAY

CARSTEN gestures NOREEN to move next to CARROLL. CLAIRE slides away as CARSTEN sits. The car takes off.

INT. STAFF LIMO/GERMAN NAVAL COMMAND/FRENCH ROADS. DAY

NOREEN is dying in the silence. The only SOUND is the ENGINE and TIRES. CLAIRE presses to the door. CARROLL leafs through a book. CARSTEN is intent on the road. A shift in his attitude, slight and dark, comes when NOREEN addresses him.

NOREEN  
So, you're a war hero.

CARSTEN  
It's nothing. I assure you.

NOREEN  
Tell us. We'll be the judge.

CARSTEN  
It was Spain. All I did was my job. My men were trapped. I got them back.

NOREEN  
Why's Hitler so interested in you?

CARSTEN  
Please remember you are my prisoner. I won't be insulted if you don't speak.

CARROLL  
I warned you they're tiresome.

CARSTEN  
I've faced worse—you for one. I can deal with them if they need to be.

CLAIRE  
Neither of you have what it takes to kill us. You would have by now.

CARSTEN  
We have five hours to Orléans. Test me.

NOREEN  
I merely wanted to know more about the young man who holds us at gun-point for your sake.

CARROLL  
You should tell them what they face, let them stew in it.

CARSTEN  
Fine. Frau O'Shea. My story—I was born near Munich, where I was taught music and language by my mother. Despite my father's wishes, my aptitude led me to the Heer.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CARSTEN (CONT'D)

Quickly promoted, I commanded scouting squads in Spain. My service was noticed-by the Abwehr, intelligence. Let me know if I'm boring you.

NOREEN

Please continue. I'm enjoying it.

CARSTEN

Do you want the details of my training as well?

CLAIRE

Aren't you afraid we'll report back?

CARSTEN

You're most unlikely to see the States again, unless it is in a prison.

They stare. NOREEN is concerned he'll hurt CLAIRE.

NOREEN

That man-he called you Hoh-hoht-man?

CARSTEN holds his gaze on CLAIRE, then turns to his window.

CARSTEN

Hauptmann—a captain.

NOREEN

But-you're just a boy.

CARSTEN

Perhaps my height and weight are of interest as well? My favorite cocktail?

NOREEN

Six foot. One-sixty soaking wet. Bourbon.

CLAIRE and CARROLL are surprised. CARSTEN shakes his head.

CARROLL

I should have never let you raise Claire. What crap must be in her head.

CLAIRE's sits. CARSTEN's hand slips unnoticed to her back, ready to pull her back. However, NOREEN takes care of it.

NOREEN

With you, she'd be another Lottie Coll.

CARROLL

Mind yourself, if you want to remain my guest.

CLAIRE feels the hand, to her chagrin. He enjoys tormenting her.

INT. STAFF LIMO/ FRENCH STREET/ORLEANS HOTEL. DUSK

HOCH pulls up. CARROLL rouses from a nap. HOCH looks to CARSTEN in the mirror and CARSTEN nods. CLAIRE is afraid of snipers.

CARSTEN  
I'll get you settled. Tonight, I meet  
a contact. Claire will accompany me.

NOREEN tries a retort but he gestures her off.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
You're in occupied territory. It's  
safe. Just the resistance.

CARSTEN gets out, gestures them to follow. NOREEN first.

EXT. STAFF LIMO/ FRENCH STREET/ORLEANS HOTEL. DUSK

NOREEN is nearly crushed by CARROLL. Intent on the street, CARSTEN overlooks it. Quiet SOUNDS fill the void, a DOG bark, a SIGN rocks in a breeze, an unseen CAR. It's deserted.

CARROLL fixes his jacket. NOREEN helps CLAIRE, whose legs wobble from the endless sitting.

CARSTEN takes CLAIRE's arm and urges her to the hotel.

HOCH pulls out.

CLAIRE  
Must you paw me?

CLAIRE raises a hand to slap him. His stoicism stops her.

CARSTEN  
I wouldn't want you to run.

CLAIRE  
Where?

CARSTEN  
Perhaps you'd be lucky enough to  
escape and find help.

CLAIRE  
One could only hope.

He glares through her, as if cut to the quick. They stare a beat.

CARSTEN  
Inside.

NOREEN moves CLAIRE inside, whispering her fears.

CARSTEN takes a moment to gather himself to CARROLL's amusement.

INT. ORLEANS HOTEL, FRANCE. DUSK

The hotel is a rustic 'forties' dive complete with a small bar past the tables cluttering the entrance. A wide window, several box panes give a view of the street. It smells old, oil and stale beer. The HEALEYS and CARSTEN are out of place.

A giant tends bar. His apron is smeared. He's black haired with a gypsy-peasant look, red face and black eyes. A devil. He watches CARSTEN approach, wiping a glass dry. He's MARCEL ADELAIS, twin brother of GUSTAVE. CARSTEN and he speak French.

CARSTEN  
I believe you're expecting us.  
Hauptman Reiniger and friends.

MARCEL  
S-S?

CARSTEN  
Hardly. Infantry.

MARCEL  
A soldier? You're a schoolboy.

CARSTEN  
And you look like a gypsy.

MARCEL emits a low rumble of a laugh. He sets the glass and towel aside. CARSTEN gestures as he's about to speak.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
The women aren't to be trusted.

MARCEL peers past him to the HEALEYS and lingers on NOREEN.

MARCEL  
Last I heard, it was just a man?

CARSTEN  
Change in plans.

MARCEL nods. He juts his chin at the women.

MARCEL  
Who's the angel?

CARSTEN  
His daughter. Don't get any ideas.

MARCEL  
Not the girl, fool. The woman.

CARSTEN  
Never mind. The rooms?

MARCEL  
I've space as long as you're not SS. I hear things. I don't like what I hear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSTEN smirks, draws a piece of gum to his mouth.

CARSTEN  
Genug. Can we get dinner?

MARCEL shrugs. The hotel looks lean.

MARCEL  
I can provide little these days, but  
I'll get something.

MARCEL produces keys and leads them upstairs.

INT. ORLEANS HOTEL, FRANCE/ROOMS PASSAGE. DUSK

MARCEL leads CARSTEN and the HEALEYS along the hall.

MARCEL  
Don't leave it like last time. It  
took three months to fix.

CARSTEN  
If our friends keep out, I won't.

MARCEL unlocks and gestures. CARSTEN points CARROLL in.

MARCEL  
You better.

MARCEL hands the other key to CARSTEN and gives a rakish grin to NOREEN then leaves.

CARSTEN smiles, going to the women's door, as the man adds:

MARCEL (CONT'D)  
Want me to get them out? I can care  
for them while you are in Berlin. You  
young fool the skinny girl won't last  
long in a camp.

CARSTEN gestures the women in the room, muttering.

INT. ORLEANS HOTEL, FRANCE/DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

CLAIRE and NOREEN eat a scrawny chicken and bread. A bottle of wine breathes on the table. CARSTEN sits between them, wrapped up in his note taking, ignoring his half-eaten meal.

MARCEL enjoys the view of NOREEN from behind the bar. NOREEN is uncomfortable with him. He winks at her.

NOREEN  
Why does he stare so?

CLAIRE  
I think he likes you.

NOREEN  
That's ridiculous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE  
I think it's sweet.

NOREEN  
(to Carsten.)  
Do you think it's sweet?

CARSTEN  
There's someone for everyone. But,  
don't seek someone in Marcel.

CLAIRE is annoyed but NOREEN is glad to have an ally.

CLAIRE  
You wouldn't know what sweet is if  
it bit you.

CARSTEN snickers.

CARSTEN  
When you finish. We go.

He finishes his meal, notes aside. CLAIRE and NOREEN had not thought the threat from earlier real.

NOREEN  
You can't take her with you.

CARSTEN  
Why? So you can escape? Get shot?  
No. She goes.

NOREEN  
Keep that fantasy to yourself.

CARSTEN  
It's not my first time out. We go.

MARCEL spies a man in the door. FRENCHMAN 1 puffs on a smoke, eyes the room and occupants. He nods and moves on. MARCEL calls CARSTEN, who looks out. CLAIRE follows his gaze.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
Finish. Time to go.

CLAIRE goes numb. CARSTEN knocks back some wine and stands. She shakes out of it. He's waiting. She's scared.

CARSTEN offers his hand. A tense pause. NOREEN silently pleads.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
I promise not to kill you, just yet.

CLAIRE gets to her feet, refusing his hand. MARCEL chuckles as he sits in their place.

MARCEL  
You go, Mademoiselle. He's a favorite  
of the ladies. Why don't you like him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAIRE  
I bet he is.

CARSTEN  
They think I have money.

CLAIRE  
Is that all?

CARSTEN  
Do you mind?

CLAIRE resents the idea she might be jealous.

CLAIRE  
I simply wish to know whom I'm to be  
alone with, if there's no help should I  
call out.

CARSTEN  
If it comes to that, you won't be  
calling out for help.

NOREEN stops mid-sip, eyes bulging.

CLAIRE  
How dare you.

CARSTEN  
Take care what you say. Your aunt  
raised you better. Now. Come. It's  
getting late.

CLAIRE  
You're twisting my words!

CLAIRE means to defy, but CARSTEN, exhaling in annoyance, pulls her out. MARCEL laughs with joy at their play. Speaks French:

MARCEL  
He likes her. It makes him so angry.  
Magnificent!

EXT. ORLEANS HOTEL, FRANCE/STREET. NIGHT.

CARSTEN hurries CLAIRE up the block. The moon is nearly full, but there's little light. The lamps are broke, bombs and vandals. CARSTEN's is tight with anger.

CLAIRE scowls. He adds up ugly. She frees her arm saying:

CLAIRE  
Let go! You're hurting me.

CARSTEN goes to scold her, but her anguish, her pain as she rubs her arm, halts him. Remorse, pity, maybe affection soften him.

CARSTEN  
I'm sorry-Marcel-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE  
You're sorry Marcel what?

CARSTEN won't speak. CLAIRE is confused but then softens, too.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
What did he say?

CARSTEN walks on, another piece of gum. She follows.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
He makes you crazy? -- Why do you  
think we'd run? There's nowhere to go.

CARSTEN  
You would have tried.

CLAIRE  
Do you blame me?

CARSTEN halts. Shadows ahead. He faces CLAIRE gently taking her arm to massage it. As he does, GERMAN SENTRIES cross ahead.

CLAIRE sees them over his shoulder. Not just their proximity engulfs her senses. She's scared, falling for her captor.

CARSTEN  
Better?

CLAIRE nods. He takes her arm gently. His signals perplex.

EXT. ORLEANS, FRANCE/STREET/BOMBED OUT HOMES. NIGHT.

CLAIRE and CARSTEN walk in grim, forboding shadow.

CARSTEN  
I apologize. I've been a nightmare.  
There will be trouble for bringing you.  
My anger—I don't want your deaths on my  
conscience. This was not the plan.

CLAIRE  
Conscience?

CARSTEN  
I did not follow orders.

CLAIRE  
Disillusioned soldier?

CARSTEN purses his lips and shakes his head. She expects more of a confession, but his attention is on the dark ahead. They stand in the shadow of a gutted house, remnants of a life cling. CARSTEN steps in front of CLAIRE.

FRENCHMAN 1 emerges, a cigarette on his lip. He's grimy but not worn out, ready to shoot a shouldered rifle. His eyes dart.

CARSTEN  
Healey's daughter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A beat. He waves them on. CARSTEN takes her hand. They follow.

CLAIRE  
This is nuts. I wish you left me  
locked up.

CARSTEN puts a finger to his lips, just a shadow. GUSTAVE's voice comes from the dark, halting them.

GUSTAVE  
Far enough.

They listen to their uneasy breath. CARSTEN squeezes her hand.

A lamp sets the ruin ablaze. GUSTAVE, arm's out, calls to CARSTEN, amid FRENCH RESISTANCE, CLAUDE, EUGENE, and FRENCHMAN 1, a battle hard lot. GUSTAVE's charisma sets CLAIRE back a pace and she is let go as CARSTEN is closed in a hardy hug.

CARSTEN  
Gustave!

CLAUDE and EUGENE badger CLAIRE. One touches her hair, the other her skirt. CARSTEN and GUSTAVE chat over a bit of paper.

CLAIRE  
Mr. Reiniger?

GUSTAVE and CARSTEN look to her, the first annoyed.

GUSTAVE  
Claude, Eugène. She's with Mr.  
Reiniger. Who's the girl?

CARSTEN  
Claire, Healey's daughter.

CARSTEN motions her to him. CLAIRE does so chary.

GUSTAVE  
You made no mention.

CARSTEN  
Change of plans.

GUSTAVE  
Some change. You want me to get her out?

CARSTEN shakes his head. CLAIRE uses her bad French to translate.

CARSTEN  
If she listens, she'll be fine.

GUSTAVE  
If the Boches don't steal her!

CARSTEN  
Focke sent word?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

GUSTAVE  
We leave early. Anything special?

CARSTEN  
No. Just get us to Köln.

GUSTAVE  
They didn't tell you? My drop's Bastogne.

CARSTEN is shocked. GUSTAVE chuckles. CLAIRE senses danger.

GUSTAVE (CONT'D)  
They're inserting a Belgian named  
Mertens. You take him to Köln. I hear  
he's SS. -- I know people. Americans.  
I can get her out.

CARSTEN thinks, CLAIRE's eyes on him. His confidence returns.

CARSTEN  
She's safer with me. They plan to  
recruit me. It's a check.

GUSTAVE smiles like a father, making a doubtful sound.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
I'll see you in the morning.

GUSTAVE grunts. CARSTEN slips him a note in a handshake. CLAIRE  
sees but muzzles herself.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
Until then, auf wiedersehen.

CARSTEN guides CLAIRE back to the street. The light is doused:

GUSTAVE  
Au Revoir

EXT. ORLEANS, FRANCE/STREET. NIGHT.

CARSTEN walks silent with CLAIRE. Dim street lamps and a moon.  
She awaits a word about the meeting they left.

CARSTEN  
You did well.

CLAIRE  
What'd you give that man?

CARSTEN  
None of your business.

CLAIRE  
He mentioned SS. Will they take us?

CARSTEN hushes her, surprised she understood what was said.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Don't worry. I wasn't very good at French. Not like you.

CARSTEN snickers, impressed she has cards up her sleeve.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Wasn't that in my file?

CARSTEN smiles.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
You're worried? You smile that way when something worries you.

CARSTEN  
Only for you and your aunt.

CLAIRE  
Why'd you refuse help then?

CARSTEN  
Do as I say, you'll be fine. They'll take you in, then leave of your own accord. But where? You're believed traitors since you ran.

The illusion of him caring fades. Reality is too much.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
Regardless, you're closer to your mother. You may see her again. That's worth a great deal. Focus on that.

CLAIRE  
Hell of a thing to focus on, Mr. Reiniger.

INT. ORLEANS HOTEL, FRANCE. NIGHT.

CARSTEN enters with CLAIRE. She runs up the steps ahead of him. He pauses for a look around.

He gets drinks from the bar.

INT. ORLEANS HOTEL, FRANCE/CARSTEN'S ROOM. NIGHT.

CARSTEN enters, hesitates, and scans the dark. He grabs a chair and props the door, incase the women try to leave.

In the middle of the room, he looks out the window, flashes and the SOUND of distant ARTILLERY.

CARSTEN is tired of war. Flopping on the bed, he drinks.

Lying back he stares at the ceiling. How can he save the women?

INT. ORLEANS HOTEL, FRANCE/CARSTEN'S ROOM. MORNING.

MARCEL stands over a soundly sleeping CARSTEN. He wakes, then scowls at the grinning gypsy.

MARCEL  
Good morning, ma petite.

CARSTEN hurries across the hall to bang on the women's door.

NOREEN (O.S.)  
We're up. We're up.

CARSTEN calms. He returns, focused on getting ready.

MARCEL  
Don't worry. I watched Them. You needed a rest.

CARSTEN  
Any chance for breakfast?

MARCEL  
What do you have in mind?

CARSTEN  
Toast and jam will be fine.

MARCEL  
Good. You ate my last hen.

CARSTEN  
I'll send Gustave back with some. If you don't mind, Marcel?

MARCEL takes his cue to leave, closing the door behind him.

INT. ORLEANS HOTEL, FRANCE/DINING ROOM. MORNING

NOREEN and CLAIRE eat biscuits and jam. CARROLL sits by a window reading. CARSTEN watches from the bar, sipping coffee. MARCEL is behind it, keeping occupied. CARSTEN checks his watch.

GUSTAVE enters. He's been beat up. He addresses CARSTEN.

GUSTAVE  
Sorry. My wife had a little trouble letting go. Told me to tell you, she doesn't like you. Told me to go to hell, not to come back.

CARSTEN  
I'm sorry to hear that.

MARCEL  
Reiniger promised me chickens. You bring them back.

GUSTAVE  
Who said anyone has chickens?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCEL  
Steal them off the street I can't run  
a hotel without food. I need chickens!

CARSTEN  
Gentleman. We need to go.

The HEALEYS ignore him. CARSTEN takes CARROLL's book.

CARROLL  
Is it time to go already?

CARSTEN  
Gustave, our guide through France.

CARROLL  
I hope we won't be a burden.

GUSTAVE grunts. They shake. When he turns, CARROLL wipes his hand.

CARSTEN  
You met Claire. This is Noreen.

GUSTAVE  
I trust my brother was a gentleman?  
His English—He's still learning.

NOREEN  
You'll get no complaint from me.

MARCEL  
Mon Dieu! I speak fine English. I  
treat that woman like a Queen.

An exchange between MARCEL and NOREEN makes GUSTAVE upset.

GUSTAVE  
How long'd you leave them alone?

CARSTEN  
Just to meet you.

GUSTAVE  
He's the devil! You know better.

MARCEL mutters curses. CARSTEN gestures for quiet and movement.  
NOREEN and CLAIRE savor their food. CARSTEN watches, irked.

CARSTEN  
By all means, give the resistance  
time to prepare.

The women take their time. CARSTEN is impressed by their pluck.  
MARCEL brings a package to NOREEN.

NOREEN  
Oh, well—thank you, Marcel.

GUSTAVE curses. CARSTEN laughs. MARCEL is offended. They  
gather to leave.

EXT. ORLEANS HOTEL, FRANCE/STREET/LIMO. MORNING

CARSTEN and GUSTAVE get the HEALEYS in the car. HOCH drives. The car traverses the city to the country.

INSERT: MAP SHOWING PROGRESS of the CAR.

Troyes, in the rain, to Charleville Mézières. A CONVOY halts their progress. CARSTEN is amused at CLAIRE's worry. A check-point at Rehel. HOCH passes papers to a soldiers. Continue on.

INT. SS HEADQUARTERS, BERLIN, GERMANY. DAY

SS STAFF receive a transmission via radio. OBERST BRAUN, a severe presence oversees them. He's like CARSTEN, but older and colder. They hand the paper to him. He grits his teeth, angered by the message. He nods, and they take the message away.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASTOGNE, BELGIUM, FARMER'S MARKET. GLOOMY DAY

TOWNSFOLK shop. GUSTAVE and CARSTEN walk through, shouted at in Flemish. They try to discern JONAS MERTENS, make the circuit.

CARSTEN spots chickens. He barter with the FARMER. GUSTAVE smokes, worried they're set up. CARSTEN joins him with a basket of young chooks. GUSTAVE looks at him like C'mon!

GUSTAVE

You expect me to walk back to  
Orléans with chickens!

CARSTEN

Walk? Like hell.

GUSTAVE

That man is the devil.

CARSTEN

All the more reason. I promised him.

EXT. BASTOGNE, BELGIUM/MARKET/STAFF LIMO. GLOOMY DAY

GUSTAVE and CARSTEN return. CARSTEN opens the door and sets the chooks on the seat. CLAIRE takes them.

MERTENS approaches. He's short, older than assumed, bald under a hat. His eyes shift behind glasses. He wears a moth-eaten suit.

CARSTEN juts his chin. GUSTAVE looks. CARSTEN gives the chooks to GUSTAVE and shuts the door.

MERTENS joins them removing his hat. A plotting fly. CARSTEN is miserable he must deal with him. MERTENS bursts with a laugh.

MERTENS

You should see your faces! You did  
expect me, Herr Reiniger?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSTEN  
Ja, of course. -- Monsieur Adelais  
needs a ride back.

MERTENS inclines his head, then signals. A rush of vehicles.

CARSTEN and GUSTAVE react. MERTENS peeks in the car. CARSTEN blocks him, pissed to be fooled. MERTENS then notices the chooks.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
Incentive for their service.

MERTENS is suspicious of them, but goes to one of his cars.

GUSTAVE  
I'll see you next time.

CARSTEN claps a hand on his shoulder. HOCH gets GUSTAVE's bag from the trunk, giving it to the DRIVER 2. MERTENS returns, gesturing toward a car.

GUSTAVE is wary. He joins DRIVER 2 who takes the chooks to the back seat. GUSTAVE gets in front.

CARSTEN brings GUSTAVE his rifle. This may be the last they meet.

DRIVER 2 drives them away. CARSTEN faces MERTENS's grin.

MERTENS  
I'm most anxious to meet Healey.

CARSTEN  
He's not jovial, understand, but that's  
genius.

MERTENS brushes him off and insinuates into their group.

CARSTEN grimaces and gets in the car.

INT. BASTOGNE, BELGIUM/MARKET/STAFF LIMO. GLOOMY DAY

HOCH eyes MERTENS. The man kneels on the seat to look in back, taken by CLAIRE. The HEALEYS are unimpressed. CARSTEN doesn't like his stare. MERTENS shakes hands, CLAIRE last. He lingers.

MERTENS  
Guten tag, mien friends. I'm to assist  
Reiniger to Köln. What legend your story  
is. -- You trust Reiniger with your  
daughter, Herr Healey? I've heard things.

CARROLL  
It should be encouraged.

MERTENS  
Indeed! A star of the Abwehr. He has a  
secure place in the Reich.

CLAIRE  
He's been quite the knight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSTEN is astonished. CLAIRE smiles fondly. NOREEN mumbles to the window. CARSTEN sits back. He has no words. MERTENS laughs.

CARROLL  
He spurns praise. Such an asset.

MERTENS  
Humble. I will enjoy serving with you.  
Now, off to Berlin.

MERTENS faces forward to assemble rifle parts kept under his coat.

CARSTEN rubs his chin. A bullet would end the threat. HOCH drives off and CARSTEN puts his ideas to bed.

INT. BASTOGNE, BELGIUM/CITY STREET/STAFF LIMO. AFTERNOON

NOREEN and CARROLL nap. CLAIRE fidgets. CARSTEN notices. She resists his offer of help in an awkward exchange. He wins, taking her hand. He turns the palm up and massages.

CLAIRE watches. The pain ebbs and she clucks her tongue, making him smile. She pulls but he holds fast.

CLAIRE  
Where'd you learn this trick?

CARSTEN  
China. A useful thing for close  
quarters. Better?

CLAIRE nods, a smile. She turns her head and drifts to sleep.

INT. VERVIERS, BELGIUM/CITY STREET/STAFF LIMO. EARLY EVENING

CLAIRE wakes in the still car. NOREEN stares. Her father glowers. Her hand rests on the seat. CARSTEN's gone. He and MERTENS speak with CHECKPOINT SOLDIERS.

NOREEN  
We couldn't be that lucky.

CLAIRE  
How long was I asleep?

NOREEN  
Just after you held hands.

CARROLL  
You're not as dumb as I thought.

CLAIRE scowls. NOREEN is not happy.

The spies return. CARROLL smiles delighted for CLAIRE's agony.

CARSTEN  
We'll be there shortly. A stop to eat.

CARROLL  
Fantastic!

EXT. VERVIERS/CITY STREET/STAFF LIMO. EARLY EVENING

CARSTEN and MERTENS scan the street as the HEALEYS get out. CARROLL loafs, not enthused.

CARSTEN  
Where would you like to go?

NOREEN  
We hardly know what's here.

CARSTEN  
We'll take a walk—find out? Mertens,  
stay with the car.

MERTENS and HOCH exchange narrow glances.

CARSTEN gestures CARROLL to follow. He grudgingly does.

MERTENS pulls a grenade. HOCH fires the rifle on the seat, shoots MERTENS, who loses the grenade. A beat, the car explodes. MERTENS is dead, the door jammed beneath his chin.

The explosion, knocks CARROLL down, shrapnel in his leg. CARSTEN and the women are thrown. The smoke clears to a patent numbness.

CLAIRE rolls over shaken, her ankle twisted. CARSTEN reaches, fearing the worst. She points to NOREEN, who kneels vomiting.

CARSTEN helps her from the mess. Her hands and knees bloody. He stands over them, gun ready.

CLAIRE sights her father. She prays he dies, but he moves. The street comes to life. Sound returns in the stir.

EXT. VERVIERS/CITY STREET/EXPLODED STAFF LIMO. EVENING

CARROLL is loaded in an ambulance. CARSTEN stares at the remains of HOCH and the car. He steps to the wreck amid CARROLL's drama.

SOLDIERS and SUITS crawl all over it. CARSTEN bares no tell as his eyes roll from the body to the SUITS. They look to something on the ground. CARSTEN comes around. SUIT1 and 2 examine MERTENS as two SOLDIERS pull a door off him. MERTENS twitches. SUIT 1 holds CARSTEN back, but he sees a bullet hole in MERTENS. HOCH's burnt rifle is wedged between the seat and door.

CARSTEN  
This was my transport to Berlin.

SUIT 1 gestures for proof and CARSTEN gives it. While SUIT 1 reads, CARSTEN notes the corpses. SUIT 1 lets CARSTEN pass.

CARSTEN cleans MERTENS's pockets. From that vantage he sees the other rifle and an explanation. He nods to SUITS and goes back to the ambulance. Out of sight, he goes through the wallet. MERTENS was SS. Ice pours down his spine.



INT. VERVIERS, BELGIUM/CITY STREET/AMBULANCE. EVENING

CARSTEN is stopped by MILITARY DOCTOR at the door. CLAIRE watches them whisper. NOREEN lays on a stretcher.

CARSTEN and MILITARY DOCTOR enter. CARSTEN stops at NOREEN. She grasps his hand. He notes her bandaged knees.

CARSTEN  
We'll be on our way soon.

He continues to where MILITARY DOCTOR examines CLAIRE.

MILITARY DOCTOR  
This girl is mute?

CARSTEN  
An American. Shaken up, or she'd  
talk your ear off.

He indicates his ear. CLAIRE nods, eyes as large as saucers.

CLAIRE  
My ears are ringing.

MILITARY DOCTOR is surprised at her voice. He checks her ears. CARSTEN sits nearby containing his concern. CARROLL's drama pierces the ambulance. CARSTEN exhales.

CARSTEN  
For your sanity, give him something.

MILITARY DOCTOR laughs. MEDICS put CARROLL in a rack. MILITARY DOCTOR orders a sedative.

MILITARY DOCTOR  
You're lucky. Did you see them?

CARSTEN shakes his head. MILITARY DOCTOR breaths on his stethoscope.

MILITARY DOCTOR(CONT'D)  
Tell her deep breaths.

He does. CLAIRE does as asked. CARROLL tapers off to sleep.

MILITARY DOCTOR gestures her to move various ways and things as he continues. She winces. Her ankle.

CLAIRE  
Oh, that hurts!

MILITARY DOCTOR  
Very good. Hauptmann, have them check  
the leg to be sure, but I think just a  
sprain. Would've been an awful shame.

CARSTEN  
Ja, terrible shame.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILITARY DOCTOR snorts at his coldness then exits. The doors close. The engine starts and they pull out.

CARSTEN watches her a moment.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
Hoch and Mertens are dead.

CLAIRE  
I don't feel bad for Mertens. Hoch seemed decent though.

CARSTEN  
He would've shot you if needed. Are you sure, you feel all right?

CLAIRE nods, a grimace at the pain. She's disappointed in him too.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
I hoped to avoid this. -- I will still see you through. I can request not to be reassigned.

CLAIRE  
Two men are dead, Mr. Reiniger. It's obvious you can't protect us.

CARSTEN  
They did us a favor. Those men were your enemies. Mertens was SS, a spy. It means a camp is in your future. You have worse still to face. Remember it.

CLAIRE folds her arms, watching CARROLL sleep.

INT. VERVIERS, BELGIUM/CITY STREET/AMBULANCE. EVENING

The ambulance comes to a stop. A beat later the doors open. The day is nearly gone.

CARSTEN leaves CLAIRE to join a brown dressed man, smiling at him. It's MEHLER, but he's actually KOHL, an abwehr hand. He puffs a cigar. CARSTEN jumps out and HOSPITAL STAFF attend the HEALEYS as they greet.

KOHL  
Welcome to Germany! -- Sorry for the send-off in Belgium. They know how to throw a party. Don't they?

CARSTEN  
Glad to see you.

KOHL  
Mmm-hmm. Where's the dish?

CARSTEN  
Depends on who you're speaking to.

KOHL is baffled. CLAIRE appears at the door of the ambulance. CARSTEN goes to her before she falls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KOHL  
That a boy. Miss Healey, I presume.  
Friederich Kohl, at your service.

CLAIRE is uncertain of KOHL. He offers his hand. She accepts.

NURSE 2 and HOSPITAL STAFF appear. They take CLAIRE away.

NURSE 2  
I'll help you speak with the doctors.  
This way, please. CARSTEN moves to  
follow but KOHL stops him.

KOHL  
They have it. You're quite attentive.  
Something I should know? Pretty girl  
the right age, I imagine quite a lot.

CARSTEN  
Keep imagining. There's nothing to tell.

KOHL uses the cigar to stop a smile.

KOHL  
No matter. I'm just getting you to  
Berlin. Sorry about Mertens. Didn't  
give you much trouble, I hope?

CARSTEN shrugs and pockets his hands, too tired to explain.

KOHL (CONT'D)  
Why don't we see Focke?

CARSTEN's jaw sets, suspicious of such a suggestion.

KOHL (CONT'D)  
They'll be looked after.

KOHL puffs smoke, puts his arm around him, urging him to a car.

EXT. KÖLN, GERMANY/ABWEHR HQ. NIGHT

KOHL's car pulls up. The building looms. He and CARSTEN go in.

INT. KÖLN, GERMANY/ABWEHR HQ. NIGHT

KOHL and CARSTEN exit the elevator, a question burning in KOHL.

KOHL  
How long have you two—

CARSTEN  
We're not.

KOHL  
Call it what you like.

CARSTEN gives him a warning glance. They move down the hall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSTEN

I took Mertens things. It might put the S-S on ice for a while.

KOHL pats his shoulder approving, but not convinced.

INT. KÖLN, GERMANY/ABWEHR HQ/OUTSIDE FOCKE'S OFFICE. NIGHT

KOHL and CARSTEN enter before PAUL STRAUSS's desk. He does a double take at CARSTEN. A big grin splits his face. Neither CARSTEN nor KOHL are impressed. STRAUSS desk jockey's.

STRAUSS

Herr Reiniger! Focke said you'd be days. Thank you for proving me right.

CARSTEN

Anytime, Strauss.

KOHL

The boss in?

STRAUSS

Of course. This way.

CARSTEN and KOHL follow STRAUSS to ALBRECHT FOCKE's office.

INT. KÖLN, GERMANY/ABWEHR HQ/FOCKE'S OFFICE. NIGHT

FOCKE reads a report at his desk. AGENT 1 and 2 wait on sofas. A knock rouses them.

FOCKE

Come.

FOCKE jumps up. AGENT 1 and 2 watch KOHL and CARSTEN enter.

FOCKE (CONT'D)

I see you found Reiniger. About time.

KOHL

Nearly lost him in Verviers.

FOCKE welcomes them. FOCKE indicates a door through which lies a meeting room. AGENT 1 and 2 precede them inside.

FOCKE

Yes, I just got word.

INT. KÖLN, GERMANY/ABWEHR HQ/FOCKE'S MEETING ROOM. NIGHT

CARSTEN and KOHL sit across from AGENT 1 and 2, FOCKE at the head. The mood is tense. AGENT 1 and 2 write everything down.

CARSTEN

That night he invited his daughter. He pushed her on me for sport I guess. With the drop the next night, I was in a corner. . .

INT. KÖLN, GERMANY/ABWEHR HQ/FOCKE'S MEETING ROOM. NIGHT

CARSTEN finishes his story. KOHL is intent at his side. AGENT 1 and 2 write notes. CARSTEN is nervous.

CARSTEN  
I had no choice but to bring her.

FOCKE  
A bold move. Wouldn't leaving them on the boat have resolved the issue?

CARSTEN  
Maybe, but if something happens to Healey, we have his heir.

FOCKE sees the worth. KOHL, AGENT 1 and 2 weigh it.

FOCKE  
How are the women on policy?

CARSTEN buys time to chooses his words.

CARSTEN  
I never questioned them. Claire defies her father because he put her mother away, but she's pliant. Noreen is loyal to a fault to her.

FOCKE  
If she makes hell for her father--

CARSTEN  
She won't. She takes my advice.

FOCKE  
She likes you?

CARSTEN nods. FOCKE considers this, shrugs yet uncertain.

FOCKE (CONT'D)  
Perhaps it's no concern. Perhaps I'm a fool. Do what you can there. As for the impertinent Healey--rein him in. Make it clear what they deal with.

Silence takes over. The agents scribble.

CARSTEN places MERTENS's stuff on the table. FOCKE is amazed. He examines them. He grunts and then dismisses the items.

FOCKE (CONT'D)  
Most interesting. I'll handle this.

KOHL is proud of his boy. CARSTEN is also pleased with himself.

FOCKE (CONT'D)  
What do you advise, Friederich?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KOHL  
Seduction. Carsten is poised to get  
whatever you want from her. Keep him  
on. Our boy gets results.

FOCKE  
Agreed. Reiniger is our best asset.  
Return to the hospital. Kohl will  
second. Agreed?

CARSTEN and KOHL accept, none to eager.

FOCKE (CONT'D)  
How was the visit to Mrs. Healey?

CARSTEN hides his surprise.

KOHL  
As sane as us. Knows everything.  
She'll be a problem if you plan to  
bring her in.

FOCKE  
The Reich has no such plans. Leave her.  
The doctors will take care of it. I hope  
the matter will rest and the police stay  
out of our hair. You're dismissed.

CARSTEN and KOHL exit as he continues.

FOCKE (CONT'D)  
Reiniger. Take care. No doubt they're  
on you for something.

CARSTEN nods. KOHL urges him out.

EXT. KÖLN, GERMANY/HOSPITAL. NIGHT

KOHL returns CARSTEN to the hospital.

KOHL  
Call should you need me. Oh, one  
other thing.

Hands CARSTEN a news clipping.

INSERT: Newspaper clipping from MAY 17, 1942, evening edition

Image of ocean wreckage, circled and handwritten : Our boy HCR!

Wealthy American Manufacturer and Family Dead at Sea. Victims  
of U-boat Attack!

BACK TO SCENE:

CARSTEN shoves it in his jacket. He's unhappy.

KOHL (CONT'D)  
What has you so worried? That I'm at  
your heels? I'm always at your heels.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSTEN  
But why the Gestapo?

KOHL lights a cigar. That should be obvious.

KOHL  
I'll help, since you care so much.  
About Mrs. Healey, don't share that.  
And, remember, a smart man knows when  
to walk away. See you in the morning.

CARSTEN gets out considering, then goes to the hospital.

INT. KÖLN, GERMANY/HOSPITAL HALLWAY. NIGHT

CLAIRE watches the skyline. A garden flourishes below. She sits.  
AGENT 3 is on the door. CARSTEN enters. His eyes rake her  
startled features, turning to a surprised NOREEN on the bed.  
CLAIRE focuses elsewhere.

CARSTEN  
Frau O'Shea

NOREEN  
Where've you been? That dog's got the  
personality of a rock.

CARSTEN  
With my commander.

NOREEN snorts in scorn. CARSTEN smiles. He goes to the window,  
and then settles by CLAIRE. She's tense. He's lost in thought.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
I've been appointed to your case, if  
you wish, of course.

NOREEN chuckles. CLAIRE shuts her eyes, as though it cuts her.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
Before you decide, think of what I've  
said before.

NOREEN  
How can we forget? We still want to  
go home.

CARSTEN  
You don't have the luxury of going  
home. Claire is their anchor to the  
money should Healey perish.

CLAIRE  
If only he would, but I don't want  
it and I don't want these monsters  
getting it.

CARSTEN  
And I'm here to convince you to do  
so, Fräulein Healey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOREEN  
They must think she's an idiot?

CLAIRE  
I'm hardly an idiot.

CARSTEN  
That's what we have.

NOREEN  
We?

CARSTEN  
I swore to see you through.

NURSE 1 pushes CARROLL in a wheelchair. He's buzzes on pain meds. His pants are torn for a cast. He's bandaged. Small cuts and scrapes are left open, red and angry. They stare at his state, wary of what he'll say.

CARROLL  
You've done a superb job protecting me, Mr. Reiniger. My leg's shattered and they tell me I shall need a cane.

CARSTEN stifles a laugh. CLAIRE is sad. NOREEN pert. NURSE 3 hands CARSTEN a card.

CARROLL (CONT'D)  
My clothes burned in the explosion.

NOREEN  
Can we get what he's had?

NURSE 3  
We'll send him with a care package. The doctor said to contact this man to keep an eye on their recovery. Follow me, we'll get you discharged.

NURSE 3 turns CARROLL's chair out the door. AGENT 3 helps NOREEN out. CARSTEN is left with CLAIRE.

CLAIRE moves with difficulty. CARSTEN puts his arm about her waist, at first setting her off balance, making her grab hold and lean into him. He encourages her gently.

CLAIRE makes a face, but does. She can't move else. They exit.

INT. KÖLN, GERMANY/HOSPITAL HALLWAY. NIGHT

NOREEN, AGENT 3, NURSE 3 and CARROLL await CARSTEN and CLAIRE at the elevator. NOREEN worries with them so close and the whispers.

CLAIRE  
All this over a scratch. It must seem foolish.

CARSTEN dismisses this.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Their eyes meet. Weak, nervous smiles. They close on the elevator. She's falling for him and he returns the feeling, but can he be trusted?

NOREEN  
If you two are finished.

CARSTEN and CLAIRE like admonished teens.

The elevator dings and opens, they all get in.

EXT. KÖLN RESIDENTIAL STREET/STAFF CAR. NIGHT

They park several yards from the safehouse, one of many townhouses. CARROLL sleeps on the middle seat.

CLAIRE looks apprehensive at the house. NOREEN wrings her hands wanting to say something. CLAIRE finds this absurd.

CARSTEN and DRIVER 3 get out. They go to the women first, but CARSTEN waves him back.

CARSTEN  
Get Herr Healey inside.

NOREEN keeps CARSTEN from CLAIRE by pushing out first. He indulges her.

CLAIRE sees an object on the seat. CARSTEN dropped his gum. She debates tossing it. Instead, she tucks it in her purse.

EXT. KÖLN RESIDENTIAL STREET. NIGHT

CARSTEN helps NOREEN along a wrought-iron fence to the house.

NOREEN  
I'm gonna feel this tomorrow.

CARSTEN  
Not as bad as you think.

CLAIRE starts after them from the car. CLAIRE labors along.

NOREEN  
I bet you've been blown up dozens of times.

CARSTEN  
Give or take.

She laughs. He leaves her at the stoop to go back for CLAIRE. NOREEN has failed to keep him away. DRIVER 3 appears behind. She takes the driver's arm, marvels at his stoicism. They go inside, as she says:

NOREEN  
Come on, Thor. Talking to her, I might better talk to a wall-or you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE pauses worn out. CARSTEN reaches her, offers his arm. She hesitates then accepts, but hurries the pace. He slows her down, but this stirs her fear.

CARSTEN  
You're safe. Easy. There are no  
grenades here, Fräulein.

CLAIRE ignores him, so CARSTEN scoops her up.

CLAIRE  
What are you doing?

CARSTEN  
You're stubborn, a mad little monkey.  
You'll hurt yourself.

CLAIRE  
Pardon me for thinking a cherry  
bomb's gonna drop on our heads!

CARSTEN laughs, repeats cherry-bomb and brings her inside.

CLAIRE isn't tickled by his dismissive reaction.

INT. KÖLN SAFEHOUSE/ENTRANCE. NIGHT

CARSTEN sets CLAIRE in the hall. It's dim, only a lamp lit at the stairs. All windows are painted over.

DRIVER 3 exits, saluting him respectfully.

CARSTEN  
See? No bombs.

His joke fizzles. Tension wraps with passion.

NOREEN (O.S.)  
Claire! Come help me.

CARSTEN  
I'll go.

CARSTEN exits. CLAIRE mutters and hobbles after.

INT. KÖLN SAFEHOUSE/ENTRANCE. NIGHT

NOREEN sits on one of two sofa's aside a marble fireplace. CARROLL is on the other. A great window at one end, heavily curtained, a small library at the back, and a radio by the door. A wing back chair faces the couches. CLAIRE aims there. CARSTEN goes to her but she refuses. He backs off.

AMSEL, a butler, enters. He's elderly, neat as a pin in a dark suit. Continue in German.

AMSEL  
Herr Reiniger, I apologize. I hadn't  
heard you. Can I be of assistance?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSTEN  
Coffee, please.

AMSEL exits. CARSTEN returns to them. NOREEN awaits translation.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
Amsel will bring us some Coffee.

NOREEN  
Just what the Doctor ordered.

CARROLL  
Fifty stitches, that's what the  
doctor ordered.

CARSTEN  
We'll get supplies in the morning.

CLAIRE swallows, looks to NOREEN. There is no comfort here.

INT. KÖLN SAFEHOUSE/STAIRCASE. NIGHT

NOREEN and CLAIRE stare up with forboding expressions.

CARSTEN assists HEALEY up. Glances back at them. He disappears.

CLAIRE  
What I wouldn't give for Macy's  
escalator.

NOREEN  
Let's go, before he gets back. I  
don't want his hands on you.

Grasping hands, they ascend. NOREEN goes ahead. CLAIRE's  
ankle draws tears. She slows, relying on the rail.

CARSTEN helps NOREEN. CLAIRE pushes through a couple more, but  
it's too much. CARSTEN returns to carry her up.

INT. KÖLN SAFEHOUSE/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. NIGHT

CARSTEN carries CLAIRE up the hall. NOREEN sees from her room.

NOREEN  
Oh, Carsten! Can you be a dear?

NOREEN wiggles her shoe. He sets CLAIRE against a wall, and  
goes to NOREEN. He speedily removes her shoes then shuts and  
locks her in. He returns to CLAIRE.

CARSTEN  
Is she always this demanding.

CLAIRE  
For you, she makes a special case.

CARSTEN scoops her up. At the end of the hall, he tries a knob,  
but it's locked. He sets her down and fumbles with the keys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSTEN  
You're suddenly quiet. I thought you'd  
run your mouth more like your father.

CLAIRE  
Funny boy. Look, I'm tired and liable  
to rip your head off if you don't watch  
it, Fritzy.

CARSTEN  
For God and Country?

CLAIRE  
Something like that.

CARSTEN  
What was the prognosis?

CLAIRE  
Sprains, scrapes, bruises, and a cut  
the size of the Mississippi.

CARSTEN finds the key and opens the door. A spark in his eye.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Mind your manners, Fritzy. My aunt's just  
there. If you think a lock'll stop her-

CARSTEN whisks her to the bed saying:

CARSTEN  
Whatever do you mean, Liberty Belle?

CLAIRE gestures her statement away. He removes her shoes. His  
touch and position make her nervous.

CLAIRE  
I can do that myself.

CARSTEN gently peels the bandage. She winces and he apologizes.  
The cut is angry, but not deep, inches long, a shrapnel graze.

CARSTEN  
Be right back.

CARSTEN leaves. CLAIRE adjusts her skirt. The keys are on the  
floor. She takes them. They could run, oh, but her leg!

CARSTEN returns with med supplies. She hides the keys behind  
her. He shoves a towel under her leg, which hikes her skirt  
again, and goes for water. She puts the keys with the supplies.

CARSTEN returns and dresses her cut as they speak. She worries:  
the keys, his touch.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
When you go to bed, prop it on a  
pillow-what's the matter?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAIRE  
There goes my modeling career in a  
four-inch trench down my leg.

CARSTEN  
I didn't know you model?

CLAIRE  
I don't and I can't now.

CARSTEN laughs, hurting her feelings. He dries her leg and  
smears honey on it. CLAIRE is repulsed.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
I've thought about it. I only just  
finished school. What is that?

CARSTEN  
Antique field trick. Honey.

CLAIRE  
Absurd—you're serious?

CARSTEN bandages her. He takes all but the honey to the bath,  
and pockets the keys. CLAIRE marvels at the jar. The SOUND of  
a shaking PILL BOTTLE and the FAUCET makes her set it down. He  
returns, with water and aspirin. CLAIRE takes them.

CARSTEN  
Anything else before I lock you in? No  
lights. If you need help press this. I  
or Amsel will respond. Don't crack him  
over the head. He's old. Good night.

CARSTEN exits after taking in her doe eyes.

CLAIRE  
I'm one daffy broad.

She settles in, exhausted. She remembers to prop her ankle.  
Annoyed, she props it and turns out the light.

INT. KÖLN SAFEHOUSE/CLAIRE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

The SOUND of AIR RAID SIRENS wake CLAIRE. DISTANT EXPLOSIONS.  
She sits up, but can't see. Someone bangs on her door.

NOREEN (O.S.)  
Claire! Claire, darling!

The door bursts open. CARSTEN and NOREEN enter. CARSTEN is just  
in an undershirt and pants. The flashlight in his hand blinds.  
NOREEN moves quick despite her wounds.

NOREEN (CONT'D)  
Get your things! There's a shelter  
in the cellar.

CLAIRE exits with them. The explosions get closer.

EXT. KÖLN SAFEHOUSE. NIGHT

Allied bombers fill the sky. Anti-aircraft. Tracers.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

AMSEL assists CLAIRE and NOREEN to the SAFE HOUSE basement.

CARSTEN struggles to get CARROLL downstairs.

AMSEL turns on the kitchen light, then the basement light, leads NOREEN and CLAIRE down.

The bombers unload on the city. Explosions ripple.

CARSTEN and CARROLL struggle along. The bombs are closer.

CUT TO:

INT. KÖLN SAFEHOUSE/ BASEMENT AND SHELTER. NIGHT

AMSEL opens the heavy door and gestures NOREEN and CLAIRE in. CLAIRE looks back. Hollow knocks, booms. Dust falls from above.

NOREEN  
Get in here.

CLAIRE  
What about Carsten?

NOREEN  
Now it's first names?

CLAIRE  
What if something happened?

NOREEN disapproves. CLAIRE enters. AMSEL loosely shuts the door.

INT. KÖLN SAFEHOUSE BOMB SHELTER. NIGHT

The interior is lined with cots and crated supplies. A door at the back is the latrine and shower. A drum houses water. The ceiling arch is run with lamps.

CLAIRE faces NOREEN, angry she cares not about their only hope.

CLAIRE  
He helped us.

NOREEN  
Look at where we are!

CLAIRE  
We'd have been fish food.

NOREEN refuses to listen. CLAIRE stops, afraid to argue and lose her too, but CARSTEN is their only hope out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSTEN enters with CARROLL. He puts him on a cot near the door.

AMSEL closes the hatch.

The shelter is jarred. Dust falls.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KÖLN SAFEHOUSE BOMB SHELTER. NIGHT

The shelter is dim. The bombs gone. CLAIRE observes the room:

AMSEL sits by the door, asleep sitting up, NOREEN dozes on a cot to the right, and CARROLL sleeps on a cot past her.

CLAIRE's gaze crosses to CARSTEN who rests but is still awake. He drinks from a tin cup and looks angry. She can't tear her eyes off his well-toned body, his state of near undress, the pistol holster at his side and bare feet in his shoes. He rubs the back of his neck and his muscles flex. CLAIRE draws her knees to her chest, guilty.

The lights flicker. Bombers come in again, louder. She looks to the ceiling, her fear crushing her. The bombs fall. She covers her ears and shuts her eyes. Tears stream.

Suddenly, CARSTEN holds her. Her eyes open to be certain. Her chin on his shoulder, she trembles, breathing his scent. His presence replaces fear with anguish.

They're doomed for other reasons. Their eyes meet.

A loud explosion startles her. She buries her face in his neck. They hold tight, awake to the bonds between them.

INT. KÖLN SAFEHOUSE BOMB SHELTER. MORNING

CLAIRE wakes in the same dimness of last night. She's stretched on a cot with CARSTEN. His arm is around her. He's asleep.

CLAIRE panics and moves to find that NOREEN is sleeping too.

CLAIRE  
Mr. Reiniger.

She repeats this, shaking him awake. He fights to open his eyes, sees her and gives a sleepy smile. He tries to go back to sleep:

CARSTEN  
Good morning.

CLAIRE  
It won't be if Aunt finds you.

CARSTEN hushes her. She's irked, but realizes he listens to drumming beyond the hatch.

CARSTEN  
That's not bombs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSTEN opens the hatch, peeps out the crack, and shuts it rattled by the sight. The others stir, waiting for details.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
I think we will be here a while.

NOREEN  
You said it was safe.

CARSTEN wanders to the crates. He pauses to put on his holster.

CARSTEN  
We are in one piece.

NOREEN and CLAIRE are despondent. They're trapped under rubble.

CARROLL  
Buried alive.

CARSTEN  
Give them time.

CLAIRE  
How long do we have?

CARSTEN  
Weeks.

CARSTEN grabs a crowbar and opens a crates. CLAIRE joins him.

CLAIRE  
Any food in their?

CARSTEN passes a bundle and indicates her aunt. She brings it to NOREEN, then returns and he hands her another. He points to the door at the back. She and NOREEN go.

INT. KÖLN SAFEHOUSE BOMB SHELTER. MORNING

CLAIRE eats chocolate cake from a pouch, a milk can at her knee. NOREEN has 'bread.' They wear fatigues and boots.

CARSTEN listens to an angry radio commentary of the bombing. He rolls the dial, music, static, the shrieking woman again.

NOREEN  
Doesn't it get an English station?

CARSTEN cradles his head and listens closer. CLAIRE throws out the pouch and can. She wants to go to him, but it's impossible.

NOREEN grins at CLAIRE's silly outfit, baiting her back to her.

NOREEN (CONT'D)  
Don't you look spiffy.

CARSTEN cuts a hole in a belt in the BG.

CLAIRE  
Better than a torn suit and bare legs.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CARROLL  
Mr. Reiniger didn't mind.

CARSTEN steps to CLAIRE, hands her the belt. The men glare at one another. CLAIRE takes the belt, abashed by the comment.

CARSTEN  
I forgot his medicine. The pain  
makes him irritable.

CARROLL is corrected, realizing he's lost his upper hand.

INT. KÖLN SAFEHOUSE BOMB SHELTER. DAY

The radio plays a tinny tune in the BG. CLAIRE looks at a book. CARSTEN and NOREEN play poker on a crate. NOREEN is winning. CARSTEN is awed and annoyed.

The SOUND of KNOCKING on the hatch rouses them.

CARSTEN answers. KOHL grins at him, a cigar between his teeth. Two SOLDIERS stand behind him, smudged by cinders.

KOHL  
Tough night, eh? You look like hell.

NOREEN  
Took you long enough.

KOHL  
Good idea, this hut, ja?

CARSTEN sees a ladder past KOHL's, to the top of the rubble.

CARSTEN  
They can't climb—Noreen perhaps.

NOREEN  
Oh, don't you worry about me.

CARSTEN  
I'll carry Fräulein Healey.

KOHL  
Why not use the lift? Is Amsel  
here? We need to raise him too.

CARSTEN  
I don't trust it.

KOHL  
But it's good enough for the men?

CARSTEN and KOHL stare. KOHL gives, exhaling. He signals the SOLDIERS and they go to CARROLL. AMSEL greets KOHL.

KOHL (CONT'D)  
Hello, Amsel! I'm glad you're well!

CARSTEN retreats. He eyes CLAIRE, unsure he can save her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KOHL (CONT'D)  
Frau O'Shea! If you're ready--  
please proceed me.

NOREEN goes with KOHL. CARSTEN puts on a shirt.

CARSTEN  
Fräulein, get your things.

CARROLL  
I'll be amazed if the cow doesn't  
fall and kill him.

CLAIRE hobbles to her father and slaps him across the face. SOLDIERS wrestle her back. CARSTEN fights them off, pulling her away. CARROLL is ready to strike with his cane. CARSTEN aims his pistol. The SOLDIERS stand down shocked.

CARSTEN  
One more word.

CLAIRE  
Do it and get it over with.

CARSTEN roughly handles her, saying:

CARSTEN  
You won't want to deal with me if  
you lay a hand on him again. Do you  
understand? Do you?

CARROLL  
Keep her away from me, there'll be  
no issues.

CARSTEN  
Don't look to anyone in the Reich  
to save you once they get a taste  
of your acid.

A new SOLDIER enters with a board and gear. They halt.

CARROLL is cowed. CARSTEN lowers his gun and leads CLAIRE out.

EXT. KÖLN BOMBED OUT SAFEHOUSE/SHELTER. DAY

CARSTEN leads CLAIRE across debris to a ladder. He positions her piggyback and starts up. AMSEL is raised in the BG.

CLAIRE  
This is gonna be some trapeze act.

They go slow. CLAIRE's added weight is a strain, by the top. NOREEN and KOHL watch, encourage him.

A SOLDIER reaches for CARSTEN. He bats him away and points to CLAIRE. The SOLDIER hoists her up and CARSTEN finishes alone.

NOREEN hugs CLAIRE. KOHL goes to CARSTEN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSTEN surveys the area. The damage is striking.

CLAIRE and NOREEN are ushered from the wreckage by SOLDIERS.

KOHL  
You should've seen it on fire. -- I  
contacted Berlin. They're very eager.  
The car'll take us to a ferry. The  
bridge is out.

He's disappointed. KOHL chuckles and leads him off.

EXT. KÖLN AFTER BOMBING/RHINE/STAFF CAR. DAY

The banks are lined with REFUGEES awaiting boats. CLAIRE wanders, struggling with their humanity and inhumanity, carnage and suffering.

A pack of SOLDIERS spot her, whisper suggestively. CLAIRE stops with her back to the them. The nearest, FELDWEBEL, a dark man, surly and unkempt, tugs her belt. CLAIRE spins around. The SOLDIERS grin and leer. CLAIRE's eyes meet with FELDWEBEL. His look is suggestive.

CARSTEN arrives, clamps his hand on her mouth before she finishes a word. He shakes his head, backing her away.

FELDWEBEL and SOLDIERS jeer: officer's whore, slut.

CARSTEN  
Back to your duties.

FELDWEBEL glares. SOLDIERS are reprimanded.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
Don't speak.

He takes CLAIRE to the rest of their group. KOHL eyes them as CLAIRE slumps on the ground. A boat arrives in the BG.

KOHL  
Ah! There's our man.

CARSTEN, KOHL and the HEALEYS go to the dock. CARSTEN walks behind, a watchful eye. FELDWEBEL and SOLDIERS head to the same transport.

EXT. KÖLN AFTER BOMBING/RHINE/BOAT. DAY

CARSTEN and KOHL keep the HEALEYS aft.

FELDWEBEL and SOLDIERS are at the bow joking. FELDWEBEL inches closer, a glare toward CARSTEN.

CARROLL stares across the channel, exhausted by his trip.

CARROLL  
Here we go again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FELDWEBEL  
Americans!

SOLDIERS join him. He points a rifle at the HEALEYS and repeats.  
The outburst is all that CARROLL can take.

CARROLL  
Shoot me, you green rat!

KOHL blocks the shot. CARSTEN aims a pistol. FELDWEBEL eyes switch between him and his target. CARSTEN hits the rifle. It goes in the river. SOLDIERS are confused. KOHL draws two guns.

KOHL  
You don't want this fight. Unless you can explain why you shot two agents.

FELDWEBEL seethes. SOLDIERS try to get him to the bow.

KOHL (CONT'D)  
Good choice.

EXT. KÖLN AFTER BOMBING/RHINE OPPOSITE BANK. DAY

FELDWEBEL and the SOLDIERS go opposite, a command tent in the BG.

CARSTEN, KOHL and the HEALEYS reach the waiting trucks spent. KOHL sets CARROLL on a bench. CARSTEN whispers with KOHL then goes to the tents.

FELDWEBEL and two SOLDIERS enter. FELDWEBEL knocks KOHL with a rifle, pushes NOREEN aside and takes CLAIRE. NOREEN screams but no one helps. CLAIRE calls out. SOLDIERS laugh at her. They disappear up the street.

CARSTEN returns. NOREEN grabs him, gesticulating, and repeats:

NOREEN  
Oh, God. They took her!

KOHL cradles his head, getting up. CARSTEN chases after the kidnappers and KOHL pursues on wobbly legs.

EXT. KÖLN/OLD RUINS BUILDING FOUNDATION. DAY

FELDWEBEL and two SOLDIERS drag CLAIRE into a bombed out house. She pleads, but they only jeer and threaten her in German, aim their rifles.

FELDWEBEL pushes CLAIRE to a wall. She continues to struggle and plead. The other FELDWEBEL undoes his belt and pants. Her buckle fights him. He presses her face to the bricks as he pulls it off. He straps it around her mouth. Then turns her around, tugging her pants down.

The SOUND of two SHOTS, BODIES hit the dirt and a GUN COCK.

CARSTEN  
I wouldn't do that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSTEN holds a gun to FELDWEBEL's head. CLAIRE pulls the belt from her mouth, her pants up. CARSTEN pulls her to him. She buries her face, sobbing on his shoulder.

KOHL enters, takes stock in BG.

KOHL  
Hauptmann.

Abject hate twists CARSTEN's features. He fires. FELDWEBEL drops. KOHL is let down. CARSTEN holds CLAIRE close.

CARSTEN  
You cause me so much trouble,  
Fräulein.

EXT. KÖLN OPPOSITE BANK/TRANSPORT TRUCKS. DAY

CLAIRE and NOREEN are in shock. CARROLL is smug at the tail.

KOHL speaks with an OFFICER in the BG. SOLDIERS and FELDWEBEL's bodies are collected. OFFICER salutes and exits. CARSTEN lazily returns the gesture. KOHL whispers to him, before he gets in the truck. CARSTEN reloads his gun.

KOHL waves to them as the truck pulls out.

INT. SS HEADQUARTERS, BERLIN, GERMANY. EVENING

BRAUN holds a phone to his ear. A voice crackles in German to him, OFFICER. His features are hard.

OFFICER (O.S.)  
They will be with you in a few  
hours. I expect it to be addressed.

BRAUN grits his teeth. The OFFICER hangs up. BRAUN is angry.

EXT. BRANDENBURG GATE/BERLIN STREETS/TRANSPORT TRUCK. NIGHT

CLAIRE lays on NOREEN's lap, as the latter rests her eyes, and absently strokes CLAIRE's hair. CARSTEN is still angry. The gate shrinks in the BG.

EXT. BERLIN, CHANCELLERY/TRANSPORT TRUCK. NIGHT

The truck halts. The eagle and swastika; flags ripple. CARSTEN unpins the gate joined by SENTRY 3 and 4, boys.

SENTRY 4 waves DOCTOR over with a SOLDIER pushing a wheelchair. They take CARROLL and exit via the opening Chancellery doors.

CLAIRE slides up the bench. NOREEN hobbles to the edge. CARSTEN spares a stony glance as she says:

NOREEN  
You could give a lady some help here—  
like a gentleman. What's got into him?

NOREEN climbs down and helps CLAIRE. CLAIRE sighs in answer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOREEN (CONT'D)

Back there? I never saw anyone move so fast.

CARSTEN

Less talk. We have business inside.

CARSTEN stands in the door, hard as iron. The women push through the pain and up the pace.

EXT. REICH CHANCELLERY, COURTYARD OF HONOR. NIGHT

CARSTEN chews gum looking chafed. DOCTOR and SOLDIER push CARROLL ahead. NOREEN and CLAIRE make slow progress. CLAIRE is awed by the open roof and a waning moon.

Big doors open ahead, a wedge of light slices the courtyard. A figure approaches, BRAUN. Everyone halts, cowed. He comes into the moonlight. He sports skulls and a red band.

CARSTEN

Oberst Braun!

BRAUN

Oberführer, Hauptmann. Good of you to finally arrive.

BRAUN indicates his lapel. A beat and they hug. CLAIRE and NOREEN catch up, surprised by the display.

CARSTEN

When did this happen?

BRAUN

Shortly after you left. Who do you think spoke in the right ears?

CARSTEN becomes a shy boy. BRAUN grins, like a father.

BRAUN (CONT'D)

You look a vagabond. No matter. Your ability will make you the brightest star we've yet seen.

CARSTEN is doubtful.

BRAUN (CONT'D)

You needn't decide now. There are days ahead of the formal request.

CARSTEN

I'm a field man, sir. The job would-stifle me.

BRAUN

Rumor says, you'll need to be close to home. Ja?

CARSTEN's heart races. BRAUN assesses his boy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRAUN (CONT'D)  
Please don't embarrass me. I would  
have to shoot you.

A beat. BRAUN guffaws, startling everyone. He faces the HEALEYS.

BRAUN (CONT'D)  
Forgive me, Herr Healey. I'm merely  
here as a courtesy to myself. I  
couldn't go without receiving my  
pupil, but it's an honor to at last  
meet you. Welcome to Germany.

They shake hands, CARROLL puffed with pride.

BRAUN (CONT'D)  
Such a harrowing trip for two such  
lovely ladies. I deeply regret the  
harm done you.

BRAUN takes their hands. He is pensive with CLAIRE.

CLAIRE  
You're forgiven.

BRAUN  
Fantastic! Come! Come inside.

BRAUN leads the pack inside, masking something dark.

INT. REICH CHANCELLERY/ENTRY HALL/OFFICES. NIGHT

In the BG, DOCTOR, SOLDIER, and the HEALEYS go to a lift. BRAUN  
urges CARSTEN to an opposite hall of offices. CARSTEN is  
reluctant to let her go.

BRAUN  
She's lovelier than they said. A  
good reason to be home at night.

CARSTEN  
Where is he taking them?

BRAUN  
To rest.

BRAUN opens an office and gestures CARSTEN in. CARSTEN enters  
ahead of BRAUN, suspicious he's led to a trap.

BRAUN (CONT'D)  
I heard Focke ordered you to play  
guardian a while longer.

CARSTEN confirms.

CARSTEN  
They lost everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRAUN  
A girl will take them tomorrow. You  
realize we don't trust Healey.

CARSTEN agrees. BRAUN enters, shutting the door as he says:

BRAUN (CONT'D)  
She must know something?

INT. REICH CHANCELLERY/MEETING ROOM. NIGHT

BRAUN and CARSTEN join BROWNSHIRT, two SS MEN and a stack of files in an office. BRAUN indicates a chair. CARSTEN sits. BRAUN sits to his left. The mood is tense and shady.

SS MAN 1  
Welcome home, Hauptman.

BROWN SHIRT  
We hope to ask you a few questions, so  
we can better appraise the situation.

SS MAN 1  
Braun and Focke expressed high praise  
in your regard. We are also impressed  
with your feats. Naturally we look to  
be certain.

SS MAN 2 takes up a file.

SS MAN 2  
Your transmissions were most edifying.  
A man who betrays his nation, to one  
from which he isn't descended, gives us  
pause. Time has shown us such men are  
loyal only to themselves. You agree?

CARSTEN  
In most cases, but three-quarters of  
his wealth in exchange for starting  
over here? That makes him reliable.

SS MAN 2 nods a poker face. He takes up another file.

SS MAN 2  
Frau O'Shea—you describe as no use or  
threat? An indolent woman who cares  
only for her niece and champagne?

CARSTEN  
She has great sway over her.

SS MAN 2 takes up the last file. CARSTEN charts their faces.

SS MAN 2  
Fräulein Healey, the most interesting  
subject—you say, she's bright but  
willful. Scorns her father. Capricious  
and likely against Germany. Focke  
mentions you're fond of her. Did that  
lead to the shooting?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CARSTEN

Focke ordered me close to her. No. Those men found out they're Americans. Naturally, they meant to follow protocol, which countered my orders. But, the incident gives me leverage. As you can see, she makes it easy.

The men laugh in agreement. CARSTEN is dark. BRAUN is nervous.

SS MAN 1

Of course. Well done, Hauptmann.

SS MAN 2 sets the file down. SS MAN 1, 2 and BROWNSHIRT smile. BRAUN is relieved and so is CARSTEN.

BROWNSHIRT

We concur with Focke's orders, but you will report twice weekly to us. They put us at great risk. I wouldn't like to see a stellar record soiled by foolishness.

CARSTEN

I can get any information you want. Just say the word.

They seem surprised by his willingness and seriousness.

SS MAN 1

Whatever it takes. We'll speak soon.

They stand, CARSTEN last. Salutes. BRAUN escorts CARSTEN out.

INT. REICH CHANCELLERY/ENTRY HALL/OFFICES. NIGHT

BRAUN is angry with CARSTEN. CARSTEN is anxious over the talk.

BRAUN

You must keep your temper. They simply wish to be certain of their investments. It's in your best interest.

CARSTEN

It's unmanly to threaten women.

They reach the stairs. A SOLDIER awaits them. BRAUN looks to CARSTEN, a father's care.

BRAUN

I fear you act from more than chivalry. As noble as that is, you mustn't lie.

CARSTEN

Why did you lie to me? Did I fail you on some point?

BRAUN

It was the usual interview. We run all agents through it. Don't you know that by now? You must see, killing those men was questionable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSTEN shakes his head. He calms himself.

CARSTEN  
Then I've disappointed you?

BRAUN  
You could hardly do that. I really  
want to talk more, but I'm expected  
for supper. It was good to see you.

BRAUN deflects a handshake for a hug. A grin and he exits with:

BRAUN (CONT'D)  
I'll see you tomorrow.

CARSTEN stews for a beat then goes upstairs.

INT. REICH CHANCELLERY/APARTMENT/BEDROOM. NIGHT

CLAIRE sits at the foot of a bed, licking her wounds, dwarfed  
by the vulgar grandeur.

NOREEN bursts in, wondering at the worth. She passes to the bath.

NOREEN  
It makes Rockefeller look like a  
hobo! Can you believe this?

NOREEN returns and urges her up. CLAIRE refuses. A knock on  
the door startles them.

NOREEN tries to look meek at the foot of the bed. The DOCTOR  
from earlier enters. He smiles at them kindly.

DOCTOR  
Hello again, Frauen.

The women say nothing. He enters, motioning them to stay.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Let's have a look, Ja?

The DOCTOR sets his bag down and examines CLAIRE's leg.

CLAIRE  
I think those men made it worse. I had  
no idea your people hated us so.

DOCTOR  
Not true. You see how kind Hauptmann  
is. He took excellent care, I hear.  
And, myself, I'm very much in love  
with the States. They were bad men and  
they were dealt with quite properly.

She's not swayed. He redresses the cut, antibiotic powder,  
instead of honey. She thinks of the safehouse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
This will heal just fine, maybe a  
mark, but you're no less lovely.

DOCTOR examines NOREEN. Rolls her pants up to see the knees.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
I'll send some ice and you must leave  
it on the ankle. Stay in bed. No  
walking. Now, Frau O'Shea! How're the  
wrists and knees? I need some water.

CARSTEN enters. He gestures the DOCTOR to stay and goes to the  
bath. The SOUND of WATER fills the silence. CLAIRE has mixed  
feelings. She lowers her eyes when he returns with a basin and  
towels. He sets them by the DOCTOR and backs away.

DOCTOR bathes and dresses NOREEN's wounds.

CARSTEN glances at CLAIRE, but she turns her nose.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
You're very resourceful, Reiniger.  
They owe you.

CARSTEN shrugs and clears the mess to the bath.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
I'll send ice. Keep the girl off  
her feet. Good night, then.

The DOCTOR exits. NOREEN and CLAIRE trade looks, the first care,  
the second annoyed. CARSTEN returns nearly catching them.

CARSTEN  
Tomorrow someone will help you get  
clothes and supplies before you move.

NOREEN  
Aren't you coming?

CARSTEN  
I meet with Braun.

NOREEN  
Didn't you just do that.

CARSTEN  
I've been recruited into the SS, Frau  
O'Shea. Naturally, they will leash me.

NOREEN  
That's-paralyzing.

CLAIRE  
Fools, to worry about us.

CARSTEN  
This afternoon put them on edge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAIRE  
Upset they missed?

CARSTEN scowls. She won't meet his gaze.

CARSTEN  
Their behavior was beneath us. It  
wasn't an ordered kill. -- If you're  
set, I will go rest. Do the same.

He exits as a SOLDIER enters with ice and towels. SOLDIER  
drops it at CLAIRE's side and exits quickly.

NOREEN exhales a held breath.

CLAIRE wraps the ice in a towel, then fixes herself a spot at  
the head of the bed, violently thrashing a pillow. She settles  
down to ice her ankle.

CLAIRE broods, sets her head back and shuts her eyes. She  
doesn't want to think about it anymore.

NOREEN  
Can we trust him? I'm so frightened  
for you. I've the strangest feeling  
everything'll be all right. This is  
happening--and yet there is peace.

CLAIRE  
Something'll tell us. For now, we do as  
he says.

NOREEN  
Are you sure you're all right?

NOREEN kisses her forehead and sits with her. A moment to breathe.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

CARSTEN in a fresh suit, walks in a business district. He enters  
a seedy section. He looks back and enters a building.

SS AGENTS tail CARSTEN, take stock of building, go in.

CARSTEN exits another way and gets a cab. CARSTEN is  
followed. Shakes his head.

LOÏC, is the other tail. A heavy-browed, dark young man.

CARSTEN gets out in front of BRAUN's offices. He pays, touches  
the brim of his hat, and goes inside. LOÏC parks a few spaces  
back.

CARSTEN enters BRAUN's office and speaks with SECRETARY. She  
indicates the way.

CUT TO:

INT. BRAUN'S OFFICE. MORNING

BRAUN welcomes CARSTEN, who feels plain compared. BRAUN shuts the door and indicates a chair, returning to the one behind the desk. CARSTEN sits and the interview begins.

BRAUN  
How about a drink?

CARSTEN shakes his head, spinning his hat on his knee.

BRAUN (CONT'D)  
Is there anything you need?

CARSTEN  
No. I took care of it this morning.  
Rifles and other things. Checked in  
with contacts. Things are stirring,  
but they're distracted by the Healeys.

BRAUN makes a face. He knew. BRAUN sighs, caught. He smiles and gestures.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
Your tails are sloppy, Braun.

BRAUN  
And, that's why we need you. Have  
you given it any thought?

CARSTEN  
I need time. It's not much of a fit.

BRAUN laughs this off. CARSTEN doesn't have a choice.

BRAUN  
Let's go over the notes.

EXT. BERLIN/STREET/SAFEHOUSE. DAY

The staff car pulls up with CLAIRE and NOREEN. Packages fill the middle. CLAIRE gets out, astonished at the similarity to New York. NOREEN joins her.

DRIVER 3 unloads. A servant attends from the house.

CARSTEN joins them surprising CLAIRE after she speaks.

CLAIRE  
It looks like home.

CARSTEN  
Built at the same time.

CLAIRE  
Where's Aunt Noreen?

CARSTEN  
Inside, where you should be.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSTEN offers an arm. He looks like he wants more. She grudgingly accepts.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
How's your leg?

CLAIRE  
Very sore.

CARSTEN  
You have a day off tomorrow. Then,  
dinner with the Führer.

CLAIRE stares at the tasteless joke.

CARSTEN smiles quite proud. He looks across the way. A house needles his suspicion.

They go inside.

EXT. WALDAU/SWITZERLAND. AFTERNOON

KOHL gets out of a sedan eyeing the ominous façade. LOÏC is at the wheel. He gets out and readies a pistol.

KOHL  
Wait here. Keep it running.

LOÏC nods and tucks his pistol away. KOHL goes to the hospital.

INT. WALDAU RECEPTION/SWITZERLAND. AFTERNOON

KOHL goes to the desk. NURSE 4, 5 and HOSPITAL STAFF are at the station, busy with paperwork. KOHL melts into MEHLER.

KOHL  
Afternoon. MEHLER to see Irene Healey. Klaesi expects me for an assessment.

NURSE 4  
One moment, MEHLER.

NURSE 4 checks her board. Locates him and smiles.

NURSE 4 (CONT'D)  
This way.

NURSE 4 guides him into the hospital.

INT. WALDAU WOMEN'S WARD/ IRENE'S ROOM/SWITZERLAND. DAY

NURSE 4 brings KOHL in. She holds the door.

IRENE is on the bed, a wreck of former glory.

KOHL  
Thank you, that'll be all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NURSE 4 hesitates but leaves.

IRENE's body shows the treatments. A split lip, dark circles. Her temples are marked, her skin pale.

KOHL grimaces, too late to save her the torture. He eyes the window on the door and gets to work. Setting his case on a table, he drags over a chair and grasps IRENE's hands.

The door opens and a WARD DOCTOR enters.

WARD DOCTOR

Good to see you again, Mehler. Here's the file Dr. O'Reilly ordered. What do you think? Much better than the last time, ja?

KOHL

Thank you. Remarkable, yes. May I have a moment for my observations?

WARD DOCTOR

I'll let the staff know.

KOHL

My thanks. I'll find you when I finish. Oh, I brought a colleague to make assessments. The Healeys wish to be reassured. Her voice'll cinch it.

WARD DOCTOR is apprehensive but he exits. KOHL faces IRENE.

KOHL (CONT'D)

You're not very talkative today. Not that I blame you. I'm very sorry. I didn't think they'd move so fast. Mrs. Healey? Do you remember me?

IRENE seems fearful. She looks at him after the second line.

KOHL (CONT'D)

When did they start?

IRENE

Yesterday - afternoon. Maybe the day before. I can't remember.

KOHL

Can you run?

IRENE

I haven't run in ages.

KOHL

You'll run today.

KOHL reveals a disguise in his case: black curly wig, a black suit with red embroidery, make up, mirror, shoes, etc. She's to be the colleague he mentioned. IRENE is awed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KOHL (CONT'D)  
Five minutes enough?

IRENE dives in. KOHL turns his back, eye on the door for staff.

KOHL (CONT'D)  
There's a lipstick and some jewelry  
in the purse.

Staff run rounds outside. He's cool tempered, checks his watch.

IRENE applies makeup, shucks the hospital gown for the clothes brought. She strings a necklace on and then earrings all that's left is the wig, hat and shoes. She's miraculously transformed.

KOHL faces her as IRENE fits the wig. He picks up the hat and puts it on her. He offers her the shoes. She's uncertain.

KOHL is thrilled. Irene smiles bright.

INT. WALDAU HALLS/SWITZERLAND. DAY

KOHL and a disguised IRENE navigate the halls, afraid to be caught. He whispers directions to her. A nurse comes round the corner. She spots them and he tips his hat to her. IRENE freezes. The NURSE says hello in Swiss then moves on. KOHL waits for her to leave, then takes IRENE's arm and hurries her along.

They round a corner, nearly at reception, to find WARD DOCTOR.

KOHL  
Ah, there you are, Doctor! This is my  
colleague, Esmerelda Soto. We met at a  
conference in Toledo. Thankfully we  
have English in common. She's quite  
impressed with your set up.

WARD DOCTOR shakes Irene's hand, taken by how attractive she is.

WARD DOCTOR  
Grand! All settled then?

KOHL  
Indeed. It goes to Boston tonight. No  
worries. The Healeys'll continue the  
treatment. She's quite improved.

IRENE wanders forward, eyeing everything like an inspector.

WARD DOCTOR  
We're confident she'll go home, in a  
year or so. She's made great strides.

KOHL  
Quite so! I hate to cut this short,  
but you understand.

KOHL indicates IRENE, a double meaning the man slowly realizes.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

WARD DOCTOR  
Yes! Of course. Enjoy your evening,  
Herr Mehler.

They shake. KOHL takes IRENE by the arm and they exit.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

KOHL and IRENE head for the waiting car. KOHL helps Irene in.

LOÏC grabs the case and puts it in the trunk. LOÏC jumps behind the wheel. Drives down and out the gate.

KOHL watches ahead. IRENE is transfixed on the hospital behind. He touches her arm and she settles down.

LOÏC eyes them in the rearview. KOHL picks up another case. IRENE exhales in disbelief.

LOÏC pulls off. He and KOHL switch outfits and places.

CUT TO:

INT. MERCEDES/SWITZERLAND ROADS. DAY

IRENE wears a pretty pink dress with simple cape. Her hair is neat beneath a simple hat. She looks young again. LOÏC at her side, they make a handsome couple. KOHL watches them from the driver's seat.

KOHL  
It's time I come clean to you. What I told you was only part true. Your husband did kidnap your daughter, but I am not Mehler, for one. Identities are a common problem in my line of work. My real name is Nigel Gray. I work for the British Intelligence Service.

KOHL is NIGEL GRAY here forward. Her disbelief amuses him.

IRENE  
Mr. Mehler—you're serious!

GRAY  
Gray. Deadly serious. I couldn't risk my cover until I extracted you. The Germans plan to kill you and your family. They want the money, no strings.

IRENE  
Claire!

GRAY  
Claire is protected by one of their agents. I'm to meet with him about getting her and Noreen out safely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IRENE  
Do you know this man?

GRAY  
He knows me as Friedrich Kohl, his mentor. I hope he'll defect, and your daughter might be what does it. He's rather taken with her and she with him.

IRENE  
My daughter with a Nazi?

GRAY  
I hardly believe she intended it.

IRENE  
After everything, I know what crazy sounds like, and that sounds crazy.

GRAY  
I imagine, but so was getting you out of Waldau.

IRENE  
I don't care a fig. I just want to go home with my daughter.

GRAY  
And you will.

GRAY grins as they turn into a village to disappear.

INT. BERLIN SAFEHOUSE, CLAIRE'S BEDROOM. DAY

CLAIRE reads on the bed, her leg propped with ice. She looks bored, too housebound to concentrate. Too quiet.

NOREEN enters. The mood lowers.

NOREEN  
Time to get dressed. I'll be in the bath, if you need me.

NOREEN exits. CLAIRE closes her book and eyes. After a beat, she goes to the gown she's to wear. A silvery thing.

CLAIRE  
You're the only thing between me and a camp. If you can't crack him, then what?

She stares at the fabric, thinking so many things.

INT. BERLIN/CHANCELLERY/RECEPTION HALL. EVENING

CARROLL and NOREEN wait for CLAIRE in evening attire. She enters like Grace Kelly, a silvery gown and long scarf of the same hue about her neck. Her hair is in nautilus rolls. She shines. Their hosts scrutinize them as they are introduced.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERMAN USHER

Please welcome our guests of honor,  
Herr Healey and his daughter, from  
Boston, Massachusetts.

CARROLL's gaze sweeps the room with admiration. They face a sea of GUESTS: DR. OTTO DIETRICH, THEODOR MERELL, HEINRICH HIMMLER, FERDINAND PORSCHE, FRANZ XAVER SCHWARZ, LUDWIG BORMANN, MAX AMMAN, ADOLF WAGNER, VON RIBBENTROP, EVA BRAUN, ALBERT SPEER, HEINRICH HOFFMAN, GAULEITER ALBERT FORSTER and wife GERTRUD, ROBERT LEY and wife INGE, and HANNELORE SCHROTH.

VON RIBBENTROP approaches them and shakes with CARROLL.

VON RIBBENTROP

Welcome indeed. The Führer sends his regrets. He was called away, but expects to make dinner. He very much looks forward to meeting you.

CARROLL

The business of state is foremost.

VON RIBBENTROP inclines his head in agreement, then stops a WAITER with champagne. He pass glasses to NOREEN and CARROLL and pauses at CLAIRE:

VON RIBBENTROP

Are you old enough, Fräulein? You're as stunning as the reports lead us to believe. Where has your champion gone?

CLAIRE forces a smile, thankful he turns to search.

VON RIBBENTROP (CONT'D)

Ah! There he is now. Reichsführer Himmler was bending his ear quite a bit before you arrived. They're both from Munich. Quite fortunate for Reiniger. A promotion is certain.

CARSTEN makes his way through the crowd as guests stop him. He wears a military uniform, and is neat as a pin. His green collar sharply contrasts the black of his future. A peaked cap is tucked under his arm. He joins them smiling proudly.

VON RIBBENTROP (CONT'D)

Guten abend, Hauptmann.

CARSTEN

Reich Minister.

CARSTEN tilts his head aside in awe of CLAIRE. She shies.

VON RIBBENTROP

We leave you to your hero.

He exits. CARROLL purrs his name like a lovesick fan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARSTEN  
I trust it was a quiet day?

CARSTEN steps behind them to keep an eye on the room.

NOREEN  
Who are they all?

NOREEN takes CLAIRE's champagne and downs it.

CARSTEN  
Very important dignitaries. Heads of state and business. The Führer's photographer, will take pictures this evening. That much will be painless.

CARSTEN takes CLAIRE's arm. She's scared as he draws her to the crowd. CARROLL and NOREEN follow. CARROLL beams.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
You look--stunning.

CLAIRE  
I don't feel stunning.

CARSTEN  
Just do as I said.

CLAIRE  
Do we have a choice?

CLAIRE goes numb as they walk through the crowd. Her ears catching only snippets as the blood rushes. She's faint.

FORSTER, GERTRUD, LEY and INGE chat cheerily together. They incline their heads to the HEALEYS, but DIETRICH cuts in.

DIETRICH  
We're so impressed by your heroism, to come all this way in such conditions. It's the stuff of movies.

CARROLL  
Couldn't have done it without Reiniger.

AMMAN  
Herr Healey--write your memoirs. The Reich could learn a thing -- fortitude.

HOFFMAN jumps in, arranges them for a photo and snaps away.

CARSTEN leads them deeper. He strokes CLAIRE's hand. She's faint.

MERELL talks with PORSCHE and SCHROTH. SCHROTH eyes CARSTEN, bringing their attention to him and the HEALEYS and they're stopped. PORSCHE is eager to speak with CARROLL. SCHROTH remains aloof as the others shake, eyes CLAIRE as a rival.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MERELL

You'll stand among the likes of Himmler  
in no time, Hauptmann.

CARSTEN sheepishly takes the praise.

PORSCHÉ

Herr Healey, there's a new process--

CARROLL

Next week, if I'm free?

SCHWARZ

I'd like to be in on that.

CARSTEN is approached from behind by HIMMLER and two GOONS.

The HEALEYS are abandoned to them. CLAIRE comes to as CARSTEN's hand brushes her shoulder blades. They've reached the other end.

HIMMLER

You must introduce us, Hauptmann.

CARSTEN

Herr Carroll Healey. His sister-in-law, Frau O'Shea, and, his daughter, Claire. Healeys this is Reichsführer Heinrich Himmler.

HIMMLER shakes hands with all, a near-sighted rat in spectacles.

HIMMLER

Welcome to Germany. We're most taken with your decision to relocate at such a time. Our mutual friend told me a great deal about you.

NOREEN

You don't say.

HIMMLER

I must say, I adore the Irish. We share the same church and have so much else in common. It gave me hope there would be less resistance to your transition.

CARROLL

Water under a bridge. We're here safe.

HIMMLER

We will make it up to you--certainly.

CLAIRE looks to CARSTEN. He's so calm. She waffles on her plan. HIMMLER mistakes her glance as adoration.

HIMMLER (CONT'D)

We are very interested in Hauptmann Reiniger's service in my office. He's quite the hero, which you well know.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HIMMLER (CONT'D)

Perhaps you can convince him of the benefit, Fräulein.

CARSTEN places his hand on hers, playing up the liaison.

CLAIRE

I doubt I can convince him of anything. He's so focused on orders.

HIMMLER

Ah, but he sees you. He's quite taken.

CLAIRE stammers, stunned. CARSTEN smirks, the ice in his eyes, maybe he doesn't care.

CLAIRE

I-I-didn't quite see it that way, you see, but now-

HIMMLER

I'm sorry to embarrass you, my dear. I won't detain you longer.

HIMMLER steps away with his GOONS.

CARSTEN tracks their trajectory, coming to stand before her. She's afraid.

CLAIRE

Mr. Reiniger, I'm sorry.

CARSTEN

No need to apologize.

CARSTEN smiles down at her, touching her chin as if he means to kiss her. CLAIRE freezes, expecting it. CARSTEN lets her go and his gaze to the crowd, disinterested. CLAIRE is unable to read him.

A set of doors open and the dinner call is given. The sea of guests relocate through the hall beyond.

CARSTEN's gaze returns. He appears to enjoy CLAIRE's discomfort.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)

To dinner then.

They exit with the other guests.

INT. BERLIN/CHANCELLERY/DINING ROOM. EVENING

The infamous guests are seated with the HEALEYS and CARSTEN, as per the play of dialogue. Included are those on the guest list in the previous scene.

They're served, but CLAIRE doesn't eat. Everyone else is tucked in. CARSTEN tries his massage trick, which gets smiles from across the table. Her embarrassment makes him release her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERELL  
Are you all right, Fräulein?

CLAIRE  
Just exhausted. My injuries keep me  
from resting much.

MERELL  
Sleep in tomorrow. Lack of sleep takes  
a toll on the mind. You'll heal faster.

CLAIRE lowers her gaze, unable to balance warmth and brutality.

MERELL (CONT'D)  
Oh, that reminds me. Were you  
apprised of the attack on Heydrich  
by a Czech underground?

CARSTEN  
I was not yet aware.

MERELL  
The bastards tossed a grenade in  
his car. Pardon my language, Miss  
Healey. Same as you.

DIETRICH  
The SS will have the Czechs as a  
gift when he returns.

CLAIRE hovers over her bowl ready to vomit. She bites her lip  
to focus.

WAITSTAFF bring the main course. CLAIRE stares at the meat.  
CARSTEN offers her a roll. She takes it and nibbles.

CARSTEN  
Are you all right?

CLAIRE takes a big bite. He laughs. She's nauseous.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
They arranged an orchestra after  
dinner. If you prefer, Braun has  
cleared me to give you a tour.

CLAIRE  
Has he?

CLAIRE shovels potatoes, the nausea replaced by anger.

CARSTEN  
You don't wish to be alone with me?

CLAIRE  
I said no such thing. I'll go, if  
that's what makes you happy.

CARSTEN fights a smiles. The others enjoy the play. MERELL winks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARSTEN  
It's for you, not me.

CLAIRE  
You mean to impress me. How charming.

CARSTEN alters his tone, before he ruins everything.

CARSTEN  
I'll meet you in the hall?

CLAIRE wants to chew her tongue out, but she must play along.

Everyone jumps up. CLAIRE hesitates, followed by NOREEN and CARROLL. Roman salutes. CARSTEN cues her. She timidly does.

HITLER sits at the head of the table. They are asked to sit. CLAIRE slumps in her chair terrified.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
Eat.

MELLER  
We're warmed by your esteem of our beloved Führer, liebchen.

CLAIRE scoffs, hardly, but pulls it off as giddy respect.

INT. BERLIN/CHANCELLERY/HALLWAY. NIGHT

CLAIRE paces, awaiting CARSTEN. NOREEN hangs with her as the guests pour into a room in the BG.

CLAIRE  
He's taking me to tour the building.  
Stay with father.

NOREEN  
I bet he is.

CLAIRE  
Will you be all right?

NOREEN  
No. I'm sure to lose my dinner before the night's over.

CLAIRE  
You'll do fine.

NOREEN groans not convinced.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
It's perfect, Aunt. We'll know if we can trust him.

NOREEN  
I've seen how he looks at you. I don't trust him.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CLAIRE  
I'm not going to do anything you  
wouldn't.

NOREEN  
Oh, darling. If I were in your shoes.

CLAIRE  
He's on edge. All right? Fake it like  
Betty's socials.

They hug and NOREEN exits. The door closes. CLAIRE is alone.

CLAIRE walks to the other end. A painting and sconce. She's drawn to the reflection in the sconce. Fixes her lipstick with trembling hands. The door opens and closes, steps. CARSTEN approaches in the sconce reflection.

CARSTEN  
Ready?

CLAIRE  
Sure.

CARSTEN takes her arm and leads her out.

INT. BERLIN/CHANCELLERY. NIGHT

CARSTEN walks CLAIRE through a gallery. Their footsteps echo.

CLAIRE  
You look rather handsome in your  
uniform—considering.

CARSTEN  
Considering?

CLAIRE  
Who's side you're on.

CARSTEN smiles. CLAIRE bites her lip and then nods.

CARSTEN  
My liberty belle.

CLAIRE  
Do you still mean to get us out?

CARSTEN  
You're home free after tonight.

CLAIRE stops him, looks in his face. She can smell the lie.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
Come. I'll show you the garden.

He leaves her worried.

EXT. BERLIN/CHANCELLERY/GARDEN. NIGHT

CARSTEN escorts CLAIRE through the garden. She starts the build up to channeling SARAID. She explores, to put herself in his line of sight, but, despite enjoying the view, he's confused by the change in her. A nymph, not CLAIRE.

CLAIRE goes up a set of stairs to the first landing. An enormous colonnade, moonlit and quiet, gives her pause, shrinking her.

CARSTEN follows dismayed. He calls to her with no answer.

CLAIRE continues to the colonnade. He pursues, inciting a coy smile of success from her. She peers at a plush office through a window, so he can catch up.

CARSTEN  
You can't go in there.

CLAIRE  
Where?

He's reflected in the window very close. She moves on, scarf billowing and repeats her line.

She loses her nerve between the pillars. His steps close in.

CARSTEN  
The Führer's offices.

CLAIRE  
Oh?

CLAIRE moves for another peek, but he pulls her back. Her heart races. He lets go and she braces against a pillar. She's stirred him, but must continue. CARSTEN closes in slowly.

CARSTEN  
Why look frightened?

CLAIRE  
I don't like the look in your eye.  
Aunt warned me.

CARSTEN  
Did she? Now that it's out. Why  
hide?

CLAIRE  
Hide what?

CARSTEN looks down at her, a starlet finally bloomed. He kisses her, long and hard. CLAIRE pushes on him, but he's strong and she doesn't want to stop, caught wanting and needing his help.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
They didn't lie. You're supposed to  
show me a garden, Mr. Reiniger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSTEN

Later.

Their eyes meet. His aspect is fraught. She loses focus.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)

Can I trust you?

CLAIRE

Trust me, Mr. Reiniger?

CARSTEN

We're past formalities, Claire. Ja?

CARSTEN kisses her, this time gentle, searching to touch her emotions. He pulls back, caressing her lips with his.

CLAIRE

Perhaps, maybe, yes.

CLAIRE bites her lip and slips his hold. He watches her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Show me the garden. You promised.

CARSTEN reaches her at the edge of the stairs, and pulls her to him, her back to his front. The hold immobilizes her. He turns her head. His lips close.

CARSTEN

Can I trust you?

CLAIRE looks expectant. He complies. CLAIRE realizes the tables have turned. He seduces her. The kiss stops, but she feels strong and boosted by vexation.

CLAIRE

Yes. You can trust me.

CARSTEN spins her around. Cupping her face, serious once more.

CARSTEN

I'll do anything to get you out.  
But, you have to trust me.

The SOUND of FOOTSTEPS rouse him. Someone heads their way. BRAUN. Her innocence crushes his will.

CARSTEN leads her back to where they were, and hoists her up in a compromising position, kissing her protest silent. She gives in and he presses his cheek to hers, spying BRAUN. He whispers the next lines, nuzzling her neck, pretending to be lost in her. Hurried.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)

Listen carefully. I've been a monster at best. I don't blame you for despising me. It wasn't easy to do this, but I had your safety in mind. You must never speak what I say to anyone. Do you promise?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAIRE tries to get down, but he holds fast, using his body to pin her. She relaxes and nods.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
 There's a plot to kill your father and aunt, as soon as the deposit is done. I should've known. Don't move, listen. It'll be an accident at the facilities he's to work. You would only know what they told you, and in your grief, all assets would be signed over.

CLAIRE cries, terrorized. He hushes her, wiping the tears. He caresses her jaw with his thumb. BRAUN is on the steps. Tick-tock.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
 I won't let it happen. You must trust me. I've a meeting with someone who can help. I need you to come. I'm afraid they suspect me in more ways than you can know. You have to trust me, Claire.

CLAIRE  
 I trust you.

CLAIRE's eyes, full of tears, he grapples with want and duty. They kiss with fiery emotion.

CARSTEN  
 Claire—oh, hell.

BRAUN is a mix of pride and regret. He utters CARSTEN's name.

CARSTEN breaks the kiss. CLAIRE slinks to the pillars ashamed, her skirts shimmer back over her legs.

BRAUN  
 I wanted to find you before you got word from someone else. Himmler insists on your promotion. My section.

CARSTEN feigns joy at the news.

CARSTEN  
 Nix da? Verdammt.

BRAUN  
 He was impressed. You should be proud, Fräulein. Your lover is a national hero.

CLAIRE steps behind CARSTEN, peers around him at BRAUN.

CLAIRE  
 I'm proud already, Oberführer Braun.

BRAUN  
 Accept by tomorrow evening. I should very much like to see you married in your new uniform.

CARSTEN nods with an appreciative smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRAUN (CONT'D)  
Return to your tour. The orchestra  
concludes soon. I trust they will find  
her unblemished.

They salute. BRAUN exits the way he came. CARSTEN disbelieves  
the position he's in. CLAIRE steps around him with a smirk.

CLAIRE  
You're in a pickle, Mr. Reiniger.

CLAIRE goes to the stairs, waits for him to catch up. He's  
sullen. The fire of the moment gone. CLAIRE stops him and wipes  
lipstick from his mouth. He looks at her as if he pities her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
What is it?

CARSTEN  
I wish I left you tied up.

CLAIRE  
You would've liked that.

He smiles. She walks off to the entrance.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Well, You didn't- for some reason.

CLAIRE shrugs. He joins her, no less gloomy, takes her hand.

INT. BERLIN/STREETS/LIMO. NIGHT

LOÏC drives. CARSTEN sinks in his coat, not speaking. He  
presses his knuckles to his mouth, filled with fear and regret.  
CARROLL rehashes in his head, grinning mad. CLAIRE stares out of  
the window. Her fingers find Carsten's on the seat. NOREEN tries  
to read them, a grave look on her face.

INT. BERLIN SAFEHOUSE/FOYER/STAIRCASE. NIGHT

The HEALEYS enter and disperse. BUTLER collects their things.  
CARROLL gets a drink in the living room. CLAIRE ascends with  
NOREEN, peers back. CARSTEN watches until she's gone, then  
checks the street from the stoop; the house across the way.

INT. BERLIN SAFEHOUSE KITCHEN. NIGHT

CARSTEN's nerves are up. He takes a cookie from the jar and  
eats. BRIDGETTE, the housekeeper, enters. She's past middle age.  
A night cap on her head, a robe on her frail body.

BRIDGETTE  
Carsten, it's late. You'll get bad  
dreams.

CARSTEN  
I don't have nightmares, Bridgette,  
I give them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIDGETTE loves his arrogance. She gets him some milk.

BRIDGETTE  
How'd your evening go? Did you get  
along with Miss Claire?

CARSTEN  
Very well, thank you.

BRIDGETTE  
She's a lovely girl. Too bad she's  
not German, though. Irish is okay.

CARSTEN  
American, actually.

BRIDGETTE  
I thought the accent was off. A  
rare breed, ja!

CARSTEN finishes the milk, sets the glass in the sink.

CARSTEN  
Did anyone stop while we were out?

BRIDGETTE  
No. You're expecting someone?

CARSTEN  
I've a friend, in the service.  
Kohl. He's due in Berlin soon.

BRIDGETTE  
I'll keep my eye out for him.

CARSTEN  
Thank you. Sorry to wake you.

BRIDGETTE hobbles to her door with a gesture. CARSTEN exits.

INT. BERLIN SAFEHOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALL. NIGHT

A floor to ceiling window and arch, with a table and vase.

CARSTEN pauses to assess the space.

CLAIRE and NOREEN whisper O.S. CARROLL's door is closed.

CARSTEN sidles up to listen.

NOREEN (O.S.)  
What's wrong with, superman?

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
What do you mean?

CUT TO:

INT. BERLIN SAFEHOUSE, CLAIRE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

CLAIRE undresses as NOREEN grills her from a chair.

NOREEN  
What happened?

CLAIRE  
He had his way with me in the garden.  
You're soon to be a great aunty.

CLAIRE throws on a night gown. She looks at NOREEN sidelong.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Do you really think I'd let him?

NOREEN  
The way you two carry on. Mooning.  
Everyone but you knows. He's having  
it over on you and you don't care.

CARSTEN enters, shuts the door. His presence mortifies NOREEN.

CARSTEN  
Did you tell her?

CLAIRE glances 'as if'. She sits at the end of her bed.

CARSTEN (CONT'D)  
Keep your voices down. -- I'm getting  
you out sooner than planned. I've word  
of a plot against Herr Healey and you.

NOREEN gasps. He motions her silent. He checks the phone, the wire, then wanders the room looking for bugs.

NOREEN  
How?

CARSTEN  
I go to a Brit with dealings in the  
region.

NOREEN  
He could kill you! What about Claire?

CARSTEN  
He needs me. She's safe-as my lover.

NOREEN  
They think she's a play thing-a  
pet! What will they do to you?

CARSTEN  
There are worse things to be.

NOREEN  
Like a useless old aunt?

CARSTEN faces the wall silent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSTEN  
There's more.

NOREEN  
Oh, good Lord!

CARSTEN speaks in a Chicago accent: CLAYTON WALKER, deep cover.

CLAYTON  
I'm not Carsten Reiniger, I'm Captain  
Clayton Walker, US Counter Intelligence.

NOREEN  
Come again?

CLAIRE is silenced. CLAYTON looks apologetic. She should be happy.

CLAIRE  
Who won the thirty-eight series?

CLAYTON  
Yanks. Gehrig's last.

NOREEN  
Who'd they play?

CLAYTON  
Cubs. C'mon we got more important  
things to talk about.

NOREEN  
More important than baseball?

CLAYTON  
Ya know what I mean.

NOREEN  
You're from Chicago, Aren't you?

CLAYTON  
What?

CLAIRE  
How'd you know that?

NOREEN  
Easy. He wanted to change the subject.  
No man likes talking about anything  
more than baseball, except when his  
team is raked over the coals.

CLAYTON  
Ya sure ya were never married?

NOREEN grins.

CLAYTON sits by CLAIRE, who pops up and backs off. She pulls the pack of gum from her purse as the dialogue continues. An answer.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

NOREEN  
So what now, Chicago?

CLAYTON  
Nothing's changed. For all ya know I'm still Reiniger. Claire goes with me when I contact the Brit. She'll be good cover. There's no danger.

NOREEN  
Exactly where is this meet?

CLAYTON  
The-uh-gutter, they call it.

CLAIRE wavers at his betrayal and tosses the pack on the bed.

NOREEN shakes her head.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)  
She'll be safe. I swear.

NOREEN  
You keep saying that.

CLAIRE  
I'm not going anywhere with you. Tomorrow you'll be Napoleon. You're crazy. That's what's wrong with you. Here I thought a Nazi was the worst you could get.

CLAYTON  
Here I thought being a Joe'd be help.

CLAYTON picks up the gum curious.

CLAIRE  
You made love to me with lies.

CLAYTON  
I didn't get that far, Doll.

CLAIRE  
And you won't.

CLAYTON  
If ya say so.

He rolls the pack through his fingers, smiling. CLAIRE folds her arms and sits with her back to him.

NOREEN  
You have to go.

CLAIRE is stunned silent. NOREEN gets up and exits as she says:

NOREEN (CONT'D)  
Quite frankly, it puts me at ease.  
I'll see you in the morning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLAIRE holds the door, waving CLAYTON out.

CLAYTON  
Ya said ya trusted me.

CLAIRE  
I thought you were honest.

CLAYTON  
I was as honest as I could be,  
considerin' Braun was right there.

CLAIRE  
I was scared to death. You used that.

CLAYTON  
Orders. Sorry.

CLAIRE  
Orders! Sorry? I don't want apologies,  
whoever you are!

CLAYTON shuts the door. She swats him, and he pulls her aside.

CLAYTON  
Clay! Just call me—Clay.

Claire sits on the end of her bed crushed at CARSTEN's loss. CLAIRE sniffs and he realizes she's crying. He sits beside her after the first line.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)  
I'll get ya some ice. -- I might sound  
strange, but nothing else. Life happened  
like I said. Obviously, I speak more than  
English. I been military all my life.

She looks to him. A delicate kiss that deepens. Her head rests on his shoulder, reassured.

CLAIRE  
For your sake, this better be the  
last show.

CLAYTON breathes deep, kisses her forehead, a big maybe.

INT. BERLIN SAFEHOUSE. EVENING

CLAYTON fixes his tie in a mirror, working back into his cover.

CLAIRE descends, a bombshell ready to deliver a key line.

He joins her at the stairs impressed, his German accent back on.

CLAYTON  
Ready?

CLAIRE  
Sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAYTON gets her jacket, helps her on with it and gets the door.

AGENTS 4 and 5 enter.

NOREEN joins them in the hall, from the living room, faking it.

CLAIRE kisses her cheek. CLAIRE and CLAYTON exit.

EXT. BERLIN SAFEHOUSE/BERLIN STREETS/LIMO. EVENING

LOÏC drives. They pass a ghetto and CLAIRE gets a chilling look at the Final Solution. The stars stand out in the dimness. An exclamation escapes her. Tears stand in her eyes.

CLAYTON puts a hand on her leg and she grasps it before shoving it away. He leans over under the pretense of opening the window.

CLAYTON  
Play the part.

He's close, about to kiss her.

LOÏC checks the mirror and the sight makes him uncomfortable.

CLAIRE is disgusted, but he strokes her thigh and pulls her close.

CLAIRE  
You're joking.

CLAIRE pinches him. He puts her hand to the seat.

His mouth close he repeats:

CLAYTON  
Play the part, or Braun hears.

CLAIRE  
You just need an excuse to paw me.

CLAYTON  
I hardly need an excuse, but it's  
your life, Fräulein.

CLAIRE dares him with her eyes. He fakes they kissed. She gives him another pinch and scoots closer to the door, arms crossed.

The condition of the city is worsening.

CLAIRE  
Where exactly are you taking me,  
Mr. Reiniger?

CLAYTON  
A little theater up here.

CLAIRE  
My aunt's will have your head if  
she finds out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAYTON  
So don't tell her.

CLAIRE  
She'll know. I hope you know what  
you're doing.

CLAYTON smiles and touches her face. Her shell falters.

EXT. BERLIN GUTTER/STREETS/LIMO. NIGHT

LOÏC pulls to the curb outside a boarded, old brick building  
in the slums. It's dark, a black out, but THUGS are on the  
corner under an unlit lamp, eyes on their turf.

CLAYTON helps CLAIRE out and gives orders to LOÏC in German:

CLAYTON  
Park in sight and be ready to run.

The car pulls out. THUGS note them, smoking and whispering.

CLAIRE clings to CLAYTON's arm as he leads her to the rusty door  
and knocks. A peep hole slides open

A set of black-ringed eyes peer back. It's CHERI, a cabaret  
performer not a drop French, except for his name.

CHERI  
Reiniger! Oh! What treasure have  
you brought us?

THUGS wander close. CLAYTON is calm, but CLAIRE is frazzled.  
Cigarettes light in the dark; their eyes.

CLAYTON  
Open the door.

CHERI closes the peep and the door opens with a groan. CLAIRE  
and CLAYTON pass inside before the THUGS get close.

INT. CABARET ENTRANCE/BERLIN GUTTER. NIGHT

CHERI is a rather furry, dark German with a penchant for makeup  
and lingerie. He grins around a long cig in a long filter. He  
wears a cropped jacket over a corset, and a bow tie. He has no  
pants, just garters and belt, with fish nets and heels. CHERI  
leans back to study the couple. He lingers on CLAYTON.

CLAIRE is awed. CLAYTON, not at all.

CHERI  
You've kept away.

CLAYTON  
There's a war. How've you been, Cheri?

CHERI  
Better since you brought a pretty  
doll to play with.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHERI circles them.

CHERI (CONT'D)

Is she why we don't see you? You're playing with dolls again. I thought you just played with yourself.

CHERI runs a hand down CLAIRE's arm. There's nowhere to go.

CLAYTON

Mine. She doesn't speak German.

CHERI

I bet she's never seen my like before. Lucky man. If you need help breaking her in—She's wild, ja?

CLAYTON

I wouldn't know.

CHERI

You make me jealous, Herr Reiniger! A blank canvas to paint. I want to paint!

CLAIRE's eyes go large. CHERI speaks English to CLAIRE

CHERI (CONT'D)

If he doesn't treat you right, Liebchen, you come tell Cheri. I'll show you right.

CLAYTON

Don't frighten her. Is the table ready?

CHERI pouts, touching CLAIRE'S face.

CHERI

Ja, this way.

CHERI leads them to a door at the other end. The MUSIC grows louder. He opens the door and they enter the main room.

INT. CABARET MAIN ROOM/BERLIN GUTTER. NIGHT

Cabaret music escorts dancers hoofing it in scanty costumes before mismatch viewers, peeping Toms and Tinas. All kinds come to drink and whore. A fat man in a classy suit is led by a woman with a boa to stairs that go to private rooms.

CHERI stands behind CLAYTON and CLAIRE, his head between.

CHERI

If you need a private room, you let me know. Enjoy!

CHERI pats their butts as they go to a booth where a WAITRESS in mock alpine dress waits with a big smile. CLAYTON takes CLAIRE's hand. She looks back as CHERI exits.

CLAIRE

What is this place?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAYTON  
A night club, Fräulein.

CLAIRE  
Why would we need a room?

CLAYTON smiles and helps her in the booth, not answering. He pushes next to her, chummy. They face the entrance, backs to the bar. CLAIRE doesn't know what to think. It amuses him.

CLAYTON  
Scotch on the rocks and champagne.

The WAITRESS lingers a smile, but he's intent on the door. She leaves, the frilly pants under her too-short-skirt jiggling to CLAIRE's horror. CLAYTON smiles, takes a fresh piece of gum.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)  
You don't have clubs like this?

CLAIRE  
If we do, I've never been.

CLAIRE watches a beautiful woman take the stage in a gown much like the one she wore, but slit to the hip, black garters and stockings underneath. Veronica Lake red hair completes the outfit, but it's a man. CLAIRE is transfixed.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
That man. Cheri. You know him?

The WAITRESS returns with drinks and attempts to flirt again. He's still not interested. She walks off, disappointed.

CLAYTON  
I've been before, ja.

CLAYTON scans the room to pick out his contact. He sips.

CLAIRE  
How many times? He made it sound like you're a regular.

CLAYTON  
Ja, I come often-to meet contacts.

CLAYTON gives her a look to be sure she understands. CLAIRE looks to her champagne.

CLAIRE  
Job related or otherwise?

CLAYTON  
I thought you didn't care.

CLAIRE  
I don't, Mr. Reiniger. I'm curious about whom I'm dealing with. Since you're so full of surprises.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAYTON  
 Maybe I'm curious too. Just business,  
 Fräulein. You may trust me on that.

CLAIRE sips. The stage show takes an erotic turn. She averts her eyes. CLAYTON runs his hand down her side. She grasps it, squeezing hard. He wrenches free, amused.

CLAYTON sips his scotch and wonders where the hell the man is.

The door opens and GRAY enters, too dark for CLAYTON to make out. CLAYTON scans the crowd and waits to be spotted.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)  
 Here's our man.

CLAIRE watches GRAY sit. CLAYTON pretends not to notice.

GRAY  
 Reiniger.

CLAIRE  
 Carsten-

CLAYTON is shocked. He pulls CLAIRE close, to run, and aims his pistol under the table.

GRAY  
 Hello, Hauptmann Reiniger.

CLAYTON snorts. This is a joke. He's been betrayed!

CLAIRE  
 Kohl?

GRAY  
 I answer to that too, but you may call me Mr. Gray.

CLAYTON  
 How long?

GRAY  
 Longer than you've been in the Abwehr.

CLAYTON laughs derisively.

GRAY (CONT'D)  
 Let's get to brass tacks? I hear you need parcels delivered as soon as possible. It happens I have a delivery going out Saturday night. There's a storm but I think it'll be fine weather despite it. Besides, you're in a rush. Can't be choosy.

CLAYTON shakes his head. Whatever he says could be death.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GRAY (CONT'D)  
Come now. Leave it until the parcels  
are dropped. Then we can have a cup of  
tea over it by the clock. What say you?

GRAY lights a cigar. CLAYTON isn't impressed by his bravado.

CLAYTON  
What happens when they get there?

GRAY  
The usual. You know the drill. No harm.  
No detainment. You kidnapped them.

The WAITRESS returns.

CLAYTON  
Scotch for me and my friend.

The WAITRESS suspects trouble but goes. CLAYTON belts back his  
drink. He thinks it over. There's no time. He sneers.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)  
Let's deliver the parcels, Mr. Gray.

GRAY  
Good lad. Get them to Emden by five and  
I'll deliver in time for church.

CLAYTON puts his pistol away. He exits with CLAIRE.

The WAITRESS returns. GRAY throws her some money.

EXT. BERLIN GUTTER/STREETS/LIMO. NIGHT

CLAYTON and CLAIRE emerge. CLAYTON is pissed, not certain he  
didn't kill them. CLAIRE wonders the same.

CLAIRE  
You don't trust him.

LOÏC pulls up. CLAYTON looks at her stone-faced, opens the door  
and helps her in. He looks at the street, suspicious of every  
corner now. He gets in and the limo takes off back home.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

AGENT 4 and 5 sit half-asleep in the safe house entrance. The  
radio plays in the BG. CLAIRE and CLAYTON enter. AGENT 4 and 5  
exit, mumbles to CLAYTON who locks the door behind them.

CLAYTON turns back. He's alone. He makes the rounds of the house.

CLAYTON locks himself in his room. Sits on the bed. A pause, and  
he switches on the lamp. The light hits the closet, uniform,  
boots and cap. Guns rest at the back. He broods with his pistol,  
gets one of the rifles, goes to bed, to sleep it off, if he can.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Next MORNING. BRIDGETTE is packed for time off. She kisses CLAYTON a cheery good-bye. She and the other servant exit.

CLAYTON, NOREEN and CLAIRE eat in the kitchen, plot their run. CARROLL pauses on his way to the living room with suspicion.

NOREEN reads a magazine across the room from CLAIRE, who is in a thick book. A radio plays. CLAYTON watches the house across the way, sipping a coffee, faces the room full of thoughts. He has to move, to keep them safe. He sets down the cup and bolts.

CLAYTON barrels out the front door, slinging his rifle on his shoulder and pulling his pistol. He runs up the stairs of the house kitty-corner to theirs and kicks in the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BERLIN SAFEHOUSE/SS SPIES HOUSE. DAY

CLAYTON enters to find an SS TEAM playing cards, smoking, and drinking. He was right, their faces turn ugly.

CLAYTON

Tell Braun I accept and apologize for the delay, but I was tracking a mole. I'm going to Munich, so take care of it. And, if you visit Healey while I'm away, that's your business, leave the others to me. I don't wish her unhappy by the loss of her aunt.

SS TEAM 1

What is the meaning of this? Who the hell are you? You broke my door! Get out! Get out!

CLAYTON leaves satisfied.

INT. BERLIN SAFEHOUSE, LIVING ROOM. DAY

CLAYTON is back on at watch.

NOREEN dozes.

CLAIRE stretches. He touches her hair and she touches his hand, a moment of bliss.

Out the window, a sedan pulls up. CLAYTON is guarded concern.

CLAYTON

We have visitors. Into the kitchen for lunch. Remember the plan. Keep quiet and this will blow over.

CLAIRE and NOREEN move up and out.

CLAYTON nervously waits a moment, then follows after.

BRAUN's voice can be heard shouting muffled orders O.S.

INT. BERLIN SAFEHOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS HALL. DAY

CLAIRE and NOREEN go to the kitchen. CLAYTON hesitates, turns back to wait, drawing his gun.

A shadow grows large on the ceiling. The buzzer rings. A beat and CLAYTON answers. BRAUN and SS AGENTS are on the stoop.

BRAUN  
Hauptman Reiniger! Or, shall I say  
Sturmbannführer?

BRAUN notices CLAYTON's gun and disarray.

BRAUN (CONT'D)  
Who'd you think was coming?

BRAUN pushes inside with SS AGENTS. CLAYTON holsters the gun.

CLAYTON  
Just prepared, Oberführer.

BRAUN looks around as CLAYTON shuts the door.

BRAUN  
Where's our little Claire? I wanted  
to congratulate you both.

CLAYTON  
Having lunch.

BRAUN  
Well, call her to us.

CLAYTON goes to the kitchen. He mumbles her name and she appears. They return. BRAUN holds his arms out. She hugs him.

BRAUN (CONT'D)  
There's our girl.

CLAIRE  
Hello, Oberführer Braun. Did  
Carsten tell you the good news?

BRAUN  
He in fact did. That's why I'm here.

CLAIRE is released to CLAYTON. They put their arms about each other. BRAUN doesn't see a ring and is dismayed.

BRAUN (CONT'D)  
Where's the ring?

CLAYTON  
Another reason to get to Munich. I  
hope to get my grandmother's ring.

CLAIRE  
I'm more pleased for the promotion. He  
works so hard. It's such an honor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRAUN  
And, he'll be home most nights.

CLAIRE forces a laugh.

BRAUN (CONT'D)  
I won't keep you from lunch, Fräulein.  
May I have a moment with your fiancee?

CLAIRE nods and kisses BRAUN's cheek, warming him. She exits.

BRAUN indicates the living room. They all enter.

INT. BERLIN SAFEHOUSE, LIVING ROOM. DAY

BRAUN inspects the room, folding his hands behind his back.  
SS AGENTS block the door, should CLAYTON run.

BRAUN  
Please don't do that again. You  
compromised your fellow agents. I  
expect better of you, Reiniger.

CLAYTON  
Heat of the moment, Oberführer. It  
won't happen again.

BRAUN  
I asked you not to shame me, Carsten.  
Such actions could see us both killed.  
-- The deposits are nearly thru. Leave  
early Friday. I don't want you waylaid.

CLAYTON  
That won't be a problem.

BRAUN inclines his head then exits with SS AGENTS. CLAYTON  
exhales.

INT. BERLIN SAFEHOUSE, STAIRYWAY AND UPSTAIRS HALL. NIGHT

CLAIRE ascends reading the last page of her book. CARROLL  
watches from his bedroom. He's withered into madness.

CARROLL  
What book is that?

She lifts her chin surprised. CARROLL limps to her on a cane.  
He tears the book from her hands and looks at the cover.

CARROLL (CONT'D)  
You disgust me. Carrying on with  
that idiot.

He pitches the book downstairs. She backs up, opens her mouth to  
speak but bumps the wall. CARROLL comes at her, cane high.

CLAYTON appears and grabs the cane before CARROLL strikes, but  
he's intent on beating her. He shoves her down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAYTON  
Stand back!

NOREEN joins them horrified. CLAYTON gets leverage and walks CARROLL back a safe distance. CLAIRE weeps.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)  
What happened?

CLAIRE  
He came at me! I was going to bed.

CARROLL  
She turned you against me. She'll betray you like her mother did me. Marry her. Go ahead. You won't get a dime.

CLAIRE  
How dare you!

NOREEN shushes and pulls her toward the big window.

CLAYTON  
I have no use for your money. It's worthless. You'll find that out soon.

CARROLL laughs and CLAYTON pushes him into his room. CARROLL pulls CLAYTON's pistol and darts between him and the women.

CARROLL  
Get back!

CARROLL motions the women away, but grabs CLAIRE by the hair. He uses her as a crutch, delirious in his pain and madness.

NOREEN  
Carroll, please! Let her go!

CLAYTON urges NOREEN back. CARROLL shifts aim between them. He backs up to the table before the window.

CARROLL  
I'll give you a treat, Reiniger! You don't think I know? You got rid of the maid. Plan a trip to leave me behind. I hear you whisper at night, with Braun.

CLAYTON  
Bridgette's weekend off.

CARROLL  
Liar!! I heard you, my little one. I was a fool for your mother. It would have put a damper on things, but I should've killed you in your crib! More's the pity.

The gun muzzle is against CLAIRE's temple. Raising her foot, she tries to kick CARROLL, but he loses balance, stopping her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CARROLL (CONT'D)  
I dream about shooting you with his  
gun. And, now it seems I shall. Sweet  
dreams, daughter.

CARROLL cocks the gun.

CLAIRE shuts her eyes. A shot. Her eyes pop open.

CLAYTON stares, aiming a smoking pistol.

CARROLL faints backward, releasing her. The vase hits the glass,  
cracking it. The table finishes the job. CARROLL topples out.

CLAIRE collapses. NOREEN dashes to her.

NOREEN  
Oh, thank God. Thank God!

CLAYTON grabs the other pistol, looks out, exits via the stairs.

CLAIRE peers at the window. The SOUND of CLAYTON retrieving  
the body is the single sound. CLAIRE shuts her eyes.

INT. BERLIN SAFEHOUSE, CLAIRE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

NOREEN brushes CLAIRE's hair in despondent silence.

CLAYTON enters without his over-shirt, spots of blood on him.

NOREEN leaves, squeezing CLAYTON's hand as she goes.

CLAIRE  
I never thought he'd actually try  
to kill me. He can't be my father.  
He can't. It's not possible.

CLAYTON pulls her to him and holds her.

CLAYTON  
Sleep. We leave early to finish this.

CLAIRE  
One way or another, he'll kill us.

CLAYTON  
He can't hurt you anymore.

She weeps, a mix of release, liberation and loss.

INT. BERLIN SAFEHOUSE, LIVING ROOM. EARLY MORNING

CLAYTON wakes in a chair, pistol and rifles at the ready.

He steps over the bags into the hall holstering a gun.

INT. BERLIN SAFEHOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS HALL. EARLY MORNING

The women prepare upstairs. CLAYTON looks up, then opens the front door. Workmen fix the door he broke on the other house. The limo arrives. CLAYTON turns and calls as CARSTEN:

CLAYTON  
Time to go!

CLAYTON puts on his jacket and fixes his hair in the mirror, looking tired. LOIC enters. Salutes. CLAYTON points to the bags.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)  
Don't forget the rifles. I want a deer  
this trip. Put them in the front. I don't  
want them knocked about.

LOIC  
Jawhol, Sturmbannführer

LOIC gathers some bags. Exits.

NOREEN and CLAIRE descend, the evidence of last night upon them.

CLAYTON goes to her, cups her face.

CLAYTON  
Best behavior.

CLAIRE smiles.

LOIC returns, grabs the last bags and rifles. They all exit.

INT. BERLIN STREETS/LIMO. MORNING

LOIC drives CLAYTON, NOREEN and CLAIRE. He checks the mirror, watching them.

CLAYTON shifts to see out the back. NOREEN is curious too.

CLAYTON  
Stop in Leipzig. We had a late  
start and need breakfast.

LOIC nods and CLAYTON returns to watching.

NOREEN  
How long?

CLAYTON  
Since we left.

NOREEN  
What do we do?

CLAYTON  
Ride it out.

NOREEN  
I hear Munich is lovely at this time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAYTON  
You'll soon see, Frau O'Shea.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

LOIC drives into Leipzig followed by BRAUN and SS AGENTS.

He pulls up to a restaurant. CLAYTON, NOREEN and CLAIRE go in.

BRAUN and SS AGENTS pass to the next corner.

NOREEN and CLAIRE are seated. CLAYTON uses the house phone, watching out the window. He speaks with LUKAS WAECHTER.

CLAYTON  
Mom? We'll be there this afternoon.  
Ja, ja—she can't wait either. See  
you soon.

LUKAS (O.S.)  
You knew it wouldn't last, Carsten.  
We're ready.

CLAYTON hangs up and joins the women.

LOIC smokes at the car outside.

CLAYTON, NOREEN and CLAIRE get back in the car. The tail finds them on the highway.

LOIC parks on a quite MUNICH street, and unpacks their things. CLAYTON assesses the situation. The bags are piled by the stoop, a telling sign. The tail pulls the same maneuver as before.

CLAYTON  
Keep your eyes open. If bullets  
start popping, find cover.

CLAYTON helps the women out of the car, slinging his rifles on his shoulder. They go to his house. LOIC drives off.

INT. MUNICH/CARSTEN'S HOUSE. DAY

A knock at the door. The house is well lived in, theatrical and expansively tall. Pictures line the walls, theater bills, and CLAYTON at various ages. The windows are bricked with heavy curtains to hide it. This is a safehouse ready for a fire fight.

LUKAS opens a heavy steel door. A small old man with thick glasses. He realizes it is CARSTEN and holds his arms wide.

LUKAS  
Is that Apollo who darkens my door?  
If ever there were a god, it is my  
son. Come in, come in!

CLAYTON hurries the women in. LUKAS shuts the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOREEN and CLAIRE look around stunned by the armor.

CLAYTON  
Hello, Lukas.

The men hug and are joined by AGGIE, the buxom blond wife/mother.

LUKAS  
Everything's set.

AGGIE  
It's so good to see you again,  
Clay. I wish you'd call more. Off  
saving the world and have no time  
for your old mother?

CLAYTON  
Aggie! My favorite mom!

AGGIE spots the women and beams at CLAIRE.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)  
Take it easy on her. She's had a rough  
night. Claire Healey, Noreen O'Shea, this  
is Lukas Waechter and his wife Aggie.

AGGIE  
The famous Healeys! We've heard  
much in the underground!

CLAIRE  
Underground? You're resistance.

CLAYTON  
Lukas and Aggie used to be with the  
theater. They got trapped in France  
unable to return to Poland. They were  
recruited for their acting. Been ma and  
pop since.

CLAIRE  
All these pictures?

LUKAS  
Staged. The boy in them went to England  
just after with his mother—our grandson.

CLAYTON  
Lukas—how long do we have?

LUKAS  
Soon as you're ready.

CLAYTON  
Good. I got recruited by the SD and  
they're tailing me. Pissed as hell.

LUKAS  
No doubt, what with you making fools of  
them since thirty-six.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

CLAYTON  
What about you and Aggie?

LUKAS  
We've another route. Don't worry.

CLAYTON looks troubled, sad to let this all go, all the work.

LUKAS (CONT'D)  
It was only ever a matter of when.  
We had a good run.

AGGIE  
What of Herr Healey?

CLAYTON  
He tried to off Claire last night and  
I had to put him down. I saved them  
the trouble.

CLAIRE hangs her head, hating to hear it put so. AGGIE and LUKAS exchange telling glances.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)  
We better get to business. I need to  
get up to Emden by five tomorrow.

AGGIE and LUKAS stare. He makes a face, an unspoken question.

LUKAS  
They're bombing Emden tomorrow night.

CLAYTON  
Perfect cover.

AGGIE  
You can't take the women there.

CLAYTON  
It's the only way out.

AGGIE and LUKAS look to each other and say in unison..

LUKAS & AGGIE  
The Butcher.

NOREEN and CLAIRE are put off by the name.

AGGIE  
Let's go. Come.

LUKAS moves their cases. AGGIE slides a panel under the stairs aside, undoes a trap door and motions them through.

NOREEN and CLAIRE go first. LUKAS and AGGIE next. CLAYTON is about to go when a banging on the door disrupts their escape.

CLAYTON backs up to close the panel still in the house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AGGIE (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

CLAYTON  
Someone has to stop them.

AGGIE  
Are you crazy?

CLAYTON  
Meet me at the butcher's.

CLAIRE  
I'm staying too.

CLAYTON  
Go with your Aunt.

CLAIRE scrambles, shutting the door and cutting off NOREEN's call before he can stop her.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)  
Mad little monkey! You'll get killed.

CLAIRE  
You've gotten us through this far.

Another rap on the door, more insistent.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
What's the plan then? They won't wait all day, Mr. Reiniger.

CLAYTON  
You should've gone with your aunt.

CLAIRE  
I know where I belong.

CLAYTON  
You're a fool.

CLAIRE  
They won't wait. Mr. Walker.

CLAYTON stares angry and in love. He touches her face and then moves toward the door, gesturing at the front room as he speaks:

CLAYTON  
Take this, go in there. Do you know how to shoot?

CLAIRE shakes her head. CLAYTON stops not sure what to do.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)  
Just point-eyes open and aim it at their heart. Clear shot-pull the trigger.

CLAYTON takes the safety off and pushes her into the front room. He sets his rifles on the steps and gets the door.

INT. MUNICH UNDERGROUND TUNNELS. DAY.

NOREEN watches from the tunnel. LUKAS tries to shush her cries.

AGGIE climbs up and finishes closing the hatch: reinforcing boards, trap door. AGGIE and LUKAS secure a sliding wall and rush NOREEN off.

LUKAS  
Come along. The kids will catch up.

NOREEN isn't convinced.

INT. MUNICH/CARSTEN'S HOUSE. DAY

BRAUN enters with SS AGENTS. He grins, deviousness in his eyes.

CLAYTON  
Braun? Why're you in Munich?

BRAUN  
I came to share the moment with your family. I realized I never met them.

CLAYTON  
They're at the neighbors-bragging.

BRAUN passes deeper into the hall. He sees CLAIRE in the front room, holding her hand behind her back. CLAYTON secures the door. Shutting them all in, win or lose.

BRAUN  
Do you remember I said not to embarrass me? I had high hopes for you, Reiniger. I didn't think a girl would make you fall so far. I hear things.

CLAYTON snickers.

BRAUN (CONT'D)  
Whispers. Unflattering whispers.

CLAYTON  
With the SS-there's always whispers. It's no secret your men hate my agency.

BRAUN  
It's more than resentment. It's an ugly truth. You'll pay for this humiliation.

CLAYTON  
You're here to clear the money trail.

BRAUN  
No. Because it isn't coming. A fancy trick you managed. No doubt with the help of your real handlers.

CLAYTON  
Leave the girl out of this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRAUN  
You brought her into it. You killed  
her father, and she still follows you.

CLAYTON  
I did you a favor.

BRAUN  
You did her a favor. Who do you work for?  
Fräulein Healey, perhaps. For a cut? Or,  
is it worse than that? The Allies?

BRAUN laughs drawing his pistol. CLAYTON crosses his arms and  
sighs unimpressed.

BRAUN (CONT'D)  
Now, I do a favor for the Führer. Shall  
I shoot her? So, you know what it feels  
like to fail those who care about you?  
No? Maybe I'll arrest her, bring her to  
the Führer. He expressed how lovely she  
was at dinner.

CLAYTON  
We know Adolf hates women, but you, he  
might have a use for.

BRAUN  
How dare you!

Clayton jumps as BRAUN fires. The shot goes into the bannister  
as CLAYTON lands a foot in BRAUN's stomach. BRAUN flies back,  
toppling into the front room. CLAYTON fights with the SS AGENTS.  
One goes to BRAUN, but CLAIRE covers them.

CLAIRE  
Stop right there!

BRAUN and SS AGENT hold up their hands. The other SS AGENT is  
distracted with CLAYTON who knocks him down. CLAYTON grabs a  
rifle before they can pull pistols. He drops the German act.

CLAYTON  
Get up! Stand over there.

CLAYTON flips through their pockets, disarming them.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)  
What do they know?

BRAUN  
I curse the day I met you.

CLAYTON backs up, aims a rifle at BRAUN's face. He cocks it.

BRAUN (CONT'D)  
Word came in you're a double agent while  
you landed in Lorient. We tried to end  
this in Verviers, but-you were  
resourceful as always.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAYTON  
I covered every trail

BRAUN  
You were brilliant.

CLAYTON  
What was the trigger?

BRAUN  
A few transmissions. Prisoners you once called contacts. The money. It came together, my little eaglet.

CLAYTON scowls, hesitant, upset at being bested.

CLAIRE  
What are you waiting for?

BRAUN  
He's a thorough agent, still gathering intelligence, at the risk of your life.

CLAYTON  
I got all I need. I just gotta get back.

BRAUN  
You'll never leave Germany. The mission is over. Even if you shoot us now, others will search until your found.

CLAYTON  
Then I have six years to make it.

Braun bares his teeth, grabs the end of CLAYTON's rifle and yanks it. The rifle is pitched through the air. CLAIRE ducks it.

CLAIRE fires into the belly of the SS AGENT who comes at her. He stumbles back. The rifle lands, going off in the ceiling, making BRAUN and the other SS AGENT duck. CLAYTON goes for the other rifle and shoots SS AGENT. BRAUN pulls a pistol from his sleeve, kneeling on the floor. CLAIRE presses her gun to his head. She hesitates, but shoots. BRAUN's gun goes off simultaneously.

CLAYTON stands wide-eyed, surprised at her and concerned he's been shot. He looks down. There's no bullet. It hit the wall.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)  
Good thing you stayed.

CLAIRE stares at the dead. CLAYTON takes the pistol.

CLAIRE  
You'd-uh-figured it out.

CLAYTON kisses her temple and gathers his other rifle.

CLAYTON  
Need to hide them. Hopefully they're not expected until tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLAIRE  
If this is all of them.

She's stares at the bodies. CLAYTON turns her to him.

CLAYTON  
You did what you had to. These men've  
done things to make them targets. You  
saved a lot of lives today.

CLAIRE  
How do you live like this?

CLAYTON  
How do they live like this?

CLAIRE  
I just killed a man, Mr. Walker. Forgive  
me if I don't take it in stride.

CLAYTON  
They wouldn't think twice.

CLAIRE folds against him, struggling to hold it together.

INT. MUNICH UNDERGROUND TUNNELS. DAY.

AGGIE and LUKAS stand by as a wall slides to reveal the basement  
of a butcher. AGGIE pushes NOREEN in, and they're met by PETER  
the butcher in a bloody smock with a knife, none too trustworthy.

NOREEN sniffs fighting tears and worry.

LUKAS darts back up the tunnel.

AGGIE  
Lukas! Where are you going?

LUKAS  
To get Clay. Come now. You don't think  
they got him? He needs a guide.

PETER  
Where are the others? They expect  
me at four.

AGGIE  
They'll be along.

PETER  
Let's get her packed. SS'll be  
searching everywhere.

PETER and AGGIE force NOREEN up the stairs.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

CLAYTON pushes the last body through the hatch. They pile at the bottom, no one will find them. He and CLAIRE climb down.

CLAYTON fixes the panel with the wood boards. He climbs down the steps, secures the hatch.

CLAIRE backs into the corner, looking at the bodies, arms crossed tight and tears glistening on her cheeks. CLAYTON turns her away, and opens the wall. They exit.

CLAYTON secures the wall, and switches the lever lock. CLAIRE waits, shivering. He hurries her up the tunnel.

They traverse the tunnels uncertain of a direction. They round a corner and LUKAS jumps out at them. They jump back startled.

CLAYTON  
God damn it, Lukas.

LUKAS  
Who else you'd expect?

LUKAS laughs and motions them to follow.

CUT TO:

INT. MUNICH UNDERGROUND TUNNELS/BUTCHERS BASEMENT. DAY.

CLAYTON, LUKAS and CLAIRE reach the basement. AGGIE gives CLAYTON a hug and smiles a good bye. They must go too.

CLAYTON  
First chance, call this number, ask for Kohl. Say, the packages will be at Emden, tonight. The fourth lost in shipping. Keep her safe, Lukas. I bought some time.

CLAYTON pulls a scrap from his pocket and gives it to AGGIE. She nods, takes the slip, then kisses his cheek.

LUKAS  
Don't worry. You're who they need.

CLAYTON and CLAIRE are rushed upstairs by PETER, as LUKAS and AGGIE exit into the tunnels.

INT. MUNICH, THE BUTCHERS. DAY.

PETER escorts CLAYTON and CLAIRE to his packing room. NOREEN is there with another BUTCHER. She showers CLAIRE with love.

NOREEN  
Don't you ever do that again, fool girl!  
Him I expect it from, but not you. You're gonna send me to an early grave.

CLAYTON gives NOREEN's cheek a kiss. She's shocked, places a hand over it and then laughs, forgetting her upset.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAYTON goes to PETER who stands by coffin-like cases.

PETER  
Crazy Americans. Good. Get in.

NOREEN and CLAIRE are reluctant.

CLAYTON  
Just until the truck leaves town.

NOREEN takes a deep breath and gets in. CLAIRE is next.

CLAYTON helps PETER and BUTCHER put the cases on the truck.  
He packs CLAYTON up and they stack him with the women.

PETER throws on other packs of meat in nets and paper, crates.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

PETER drives the truck out of the lot and onto the street.

Butcher truck on the Highway.

The butcher truck rolls through the EMDEN gate on a delivery.

CLAIRE jolts awake inside the crate to the SOUND of a GUN shot.

PETER gets out. SOLDIERS off-load the cargo.

The delivery is stacked in a warehouse, including the crates  
carrying our heroes. Two stacked, one on the other.

PETER drives off.

CLAIRE listens inside her crate. Light through slits. Panic.

CUT TO:

INT. EMDEN AIRFIELD AND SEAPORT, WAREHOUSE. DAY

GRAY comes from the back fenced by crates, quite careful.

GRAY  
Be so good as to knock, so I can find  
you, Reiniger.

CLAYTON does and he crowbars the lid off and helps CLAYTON  
out. They quickly work on the next and find NOREEN.

GRAY (CONT'D)  
Easy now.

NOREEN  
I'm never doing that again! Where's  
Claire?

GRAY and CLAYTON slide NOREEN's crate off of the last one.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CLAIRE  
I'm here.

The creak of the nails threaten to betray them. GRAY keeps an eye on the door. The crate finally opens and an ashen CLAIRE looks up. CLAYTON smiles. CLAIRE throws her arms around him. CLAYTON helps her out. Back in his GERMAN persona:

CLAYTON  
Liberty Belle.

CLAIRE  
Fritzy.

GRAY  
Better get these put up before someone comes. I've a surprise for you.

The last words are for CLAIRE, making her quite curious.

The group move the crates to where other empties are stacked. GRAY waves them to the back and they go in a broken cooler. He drags an empty crate in front, and shuts the door.

INT. EMDEN AIRFIELD AND SEAPORT, WAREHOUSE COOLER. DAY

GRAY and CLAYTON share a moment of mutual admiration and relief. Gray is glad, but CLAYTON is tense. GRAY goes to CLAIRE and indicates two people in the corner: IRENE and MARCEL. IRENE's back is turned, as not to know who she is. CLAIRE is confused, but he smilingly encourages her closer.

MARCEL  
There's my beautiful friend?

MARCEL greets NOREEN with a kiss of her hand.

IRENE turns. CLAIRE covers her mouth, stifling a cry. They call out to each other, as IRENE rushes to hold her. NOREEN joins them. All three huddle in a tearful reunion.

CLAYTON  
Thank you, Herr Gray.

GRAY  
My damn British sense of decency. I was merely its tool.

MARCEL  
Thank you, Monsieur Reiniger. The hens were lovely.

CLAYTON is relieved to understand GUSTAVE is safe.

GRAY  
Sentries pass every twenty minutes and after deliveries. We have a entire night and day yet. So, keep your voices low.

Reality settles in.

EXT. EMDEN AIRFIELD AND SEAPORT, AFTERNOON - NIGHT

The sun sets. Ships, trucks and transports come and go. Patrols land. Sentries start their night watch. Some have dogs.

INT. EMDEN AIRFIELD AND SEAPORT, WAREHOUSE COOLER. DAY

CLAYTON sits on the floor, back to the wall. He scribbles notes. The SOUND of WORKERS outside fills the BG.

CLAIRE huddles with IRENE and NOREEN. MARCEL sits with a rifle aimed at the door.

CLAYTON  
What's the plan?

GRAY  
Marcel will fly you out. He insisted. Said he would do anything for the beautiful lady. I must admit, I was mistaken in his meaning. I trust he didn't lie about his service to France?

CLAYTON  
The Maquis sent him. He was an ace. You can trust him.

GRAY  
Really? A strapping man like that? You don't say.

MARCEL  
You give me something with wings. I can make it fly. Angels, too.

MARCEL leers at NOREEN. She waves him off, rolling her eyes.

GRAY  
Come midnight tomorrow, we move out. They have two Junkers sitting there. When my boys come, you go up.

MARCEL  
Jerry'll think we're a gun ship.

GRAY  
Since my cover as Kohl's not blown, I plan on going back to clean things up. In a couple days, I'll join you.

CLAYTON nods, rubbing his chin. The old man is crazy.

CLAYTON  
It won't take them long to connect us.

GRAY chuckles at the concern.

CLAYTON snorts, understanding.

INT. EMDEN AIRFIELD AND SEAPORT, WAREHOUSE COOLER. NIGHT  
IRENE holds CLAIRE, stroking her. The warehouse is silent.

CLAIRE  
Did they hurt you?

IRENE  
Not much.

CLAIRE  
I never thought I'd see you again.

IRENE  
I said I'd be back. Tell me more about  
your adventure.

CLAIRE  
You don't want to hear about that now.

IRENE  
I want to hear everything?

How can she say CARROLL is dead?

NOREEN  
Oh, Irene.

IRENE  
What? What is it?

CLAYTON  
Herr Healey was killed last night.

IRENE  
But why?

GRAY  
Just be glad he cannot hurt you.

IRENE is confused, but the sullen faces steer her from  
queries. She kisses CLAIRE's temple.

IRENE  
Then tell me about school and your  
new friend?

CLAIRE stammers embarrassed.

NOREEN  
Probably shouldn't say anything  
about that either.

IRENE  
It can't be all that bad. He did  
bring you here.

Looks are exchanged all around.

INT. EMDEN AIRFIELD/SEAPORT, WAREHOUSE BROKEN COOLER. DAY

The sun beats on the roof heating the inside. They sweat and lay in their corners listless. They're like caged animals.

GRAY gets provisions from his pack. He offers some to CLAYTON and sits beside him. CLAYTON watches CLAIRE. He's full of thoughts he can't speak. His attention shifts to GRAY. He refuses the offer. Reaching for a piece of gum, CLAYTON finds a cylinder in his pocket. He hands it to GRAY, a test.

GRAY is puzzled, but opens the cylinder and message. His brows jump as he reads. He looks to CLAYTON, who responds as CLAYTON.

GRAY  
Since?

CLAYTON  
Since before you were in the Abwehr.

GRAY  
The mentor has been surpassed by the pupil. I'm glad. Very glad.

CLAYTON  
I'm staying with you.

GRAY is worried. CLAYTON gestures for his candor.

INT. EMDEN AIRFIELD/SEAPORT, WAREHOUSE BROKEN COOLER. NIGHT

GRAY wakes MARCEL. CLAYTON wakes the women. It's time to go. Everyone prepares to leave. GRAY speaks privately with CLAYTON.

GRAY  
You must leave with them.

CLAYTON  
I have clean up to do as well.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Our six heroes emerge from the broken cooler and cross through the warehouse to a small door by the big door entrance.

GRAY checks his watch as they line up. CLAIRE looks to CARSTEN, and he gives her a smile that it's okay.

A SENTRY with a dog passes.

Our HEROES trickle out hiding between the warehouse and another building in the shadows. They huddle in the dark waiting for CLAYTON who is prevented from joining them.

Another SENTRY comes. The two SENTRY meet converse in GERMAN about a night off. SENTRY parts from SENTRY with the dog.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAYTON rushes out and joins the others. GRAY is relieved.

They wait, as unexpected SOLDIERS pass, then move to the back.

GRAY leads IRENE into a trench. MARCEL follows with NOREEN and CLAYTON with CLAIRE. The fence before them faces a port, and a stretch of brackish wasteland. They see the line of planes.

GRAY points up the gully and MARCEL crawls through it. MARCEL disappears. It's a long track. Several beats pass as they wait.

GRAY

Walker, give me your rifle.

CLAYTON reluctantly does. CLAYTON keeps near in case GRAY puts his finger on the trigger.

GRAY uses the scope to follow MARCEL.

GRAY (CONT'D)

Little more. Almost there.

Suddenly, his hold shifts. CLAYTON moves but GRAY shoves the gun back in his hands. CLAYTON is relieved.

GRAY (CONT'D)

He's in.

GRAY leads the women up the trench. CLAYTON follows after.

EXT. EMDEN AIRFIELD AND SEAPORT, TRENCH. NIGHT

GRAY scans, waving the women into a deep-shadowed corner. SENTRY pass yards away. GRAY slides back to cover.

A SENTRY decides to stop on their corner and have a cigarette. The dog at his heel is interested in their spot.

GRAY checks his watch. The proximity of the enemy rifle is risky to their plan. He grimaces. CLAYTON smiles.

CLAYTON

We've got time.

GRAY

I know what you're thinking, but you've got to get on the plane.

CLAYTON

If they suspect I'm on it. They'll send all they got. I can't risk her life.

GRAY

Have some faith.

CLAYTON

They can't get all the fighters. With no guns—too chancy. Sides, I'm not leaving you on your own.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAY puts a finger to his lips and points. SENTRY has wandered close. The dog barks. He yanks the harness, but the dog is mad. Suddenly, birds erupt from the other side of the fence, flapping away into the night. SENTRY curses and drags the dog away.

CLAYTON and GRAY take a deep breath. CLAYTON moves toward the women, but GRAY stops him.

GRAY  
I must insist, Walker.

CLAYTON  
Up until a few hours ago, ya thought I was Carsten Reiniger. Isn't it possible you're wrong about this too?

GRAY  
Not bloody likely.

CLAYTON moves to the women. He gets them laying flat on the crest, ready to go when the storm comes. He lies by CLAIRE, rifle ready. GRAY joins them.

GRAY (CONT'D)  
That's your bird. Any minute now. When the raid siren starts, scramble. The door's that side.

CLAYTON  
I'll be right behind you. Don't look back, just run.

CLAIRE takes his hand, squeezes. He falters. Will he go?

EXT. EMDEN AIRFIELD AND SEAPORT. NIGHT

The SOUND of distant AIRCRAFT in the BG. The DING of markers, ship HORNS. The lights cut out. A raid horn goes off.

GRAY  
GO!

MARCEL starts the JUNKERS JU-52 engines. Like gulls on the wheel, the women run for the door.

GRAY (CONT'D)  
God speed! See you soon!

CLAYTON follows. A SENTRY turns heel and runs their direction. He pulls a gun, CLAYTON does the same, but quicker. Drops him.

MARCEL helps the women in as CLAYTON joins them. CLAIRE comes to the door, offering her hand. He shakes his head.

CLAIRE  
You have to come. They'll kill you.

CLAYTON  
I gotta help Gray finish.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE  
Will I ever see you again?

CLAYTON  
You can count on it. When you get home—to  
New York, go to the British Consulate.  
Ask for Fox—Elliott Fox. Remember?

CLAIRE  
Elliott Fox.

They stare. He kisses her. NOREEN comes to help him up.

NOREEN  
C'mon. There's no time.

CLAYTON breaks the kiss. CLAIRE tearfully lets go.

A bullet ricochets. CLAYTON takes out another guard.

IRENE pulls CLAIRE in the plane as the latter calls to him.  
NOREEN shuts the door and the plane rolls forward.

CLAYTON takes a few shots and then retreats to the trench. He  
and GRAY retreat back the way they came.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

MARCEL taxis with the other planes responding.

NOREEN holds tight in her seat across from IRENE and CLAIRE.  
CLAIRE stares at the door, tearful acceptance that he must stay.

CLAYTON and GRAY reach the end of the trench and climb out.

A tumult on the field as the bombers come in.

Soldiers close in.

CLAYTON watches the plane MARCEL flies.

GRAY  
You've done all you can. Let's get to  
work, lad. I've got a man waits on us.

A rifle shot shakes CLAYTON awake. He and GRAY climb the fence.

CLAIRE closes her eyes as the plane lifts. It trembles hard with  
the rush and the whirl of the props. NOREEN and IRENE pray. IRENE  
takes CLAIRE's hand.

Bombs drop. CLAYTON watches the JU-52 turn to the bombers. It  
levels off. German fighters surround it, no one firing.

German SOLDIERS reach the fence and fire at CLAYTON and GRAY.  
They return fire and retreat to the forest in the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. NOREENS HOUSE, MANHATTAN, NEW YORK. DAY

TITLE OVER: JUNE 29, 1942

CLAIRE enters well rested and in a fine suit. Her hair is done nice and her lipstick perfect. But, sadness clings.

NOREEN  
Time to put it all out of our heads.  
Welcome home!

CLAIRE can't be so positive and exits upstairs. IRENE and NOREEN watch her go, shrug.

MARCEL enters with baggage. He spins in the huge foyer, amazed.

MARCEL  
Noreen! You never mentioned this!

NOREEN  
I didn't want you marrying me for  
my money, you devil.

MARCEL laughs hearty and warm and closes her in his arms.

MARCEL  
Wait until Gustave hears. He'll eat  
his tongue!

IRENE goes after CLAIRE, hesitates a beat to smile on NOREEN. NOREEN takes her chance to speak now alone with MARCEL.

NOREEN  
When the hell's she gonna ask?

MARCEL  
She's a woman in love. Give her time.

INT. NOREENS HOUSE, MANHATTAN, NEW YORK/CLAIRE'S ROOM. DAY

IRENE taps gently. CLAIRE watches the sky. IRENE enters and places a gentle hand on her arm.

IRENE  
You hungry?

CLAIRE shakes her head and makes a sound. IRENE is concerned. She slaps her hands on her legs and stands. CLAIRE is stunned.

IRENE (CONT'D)  
Get your coat. I'm afraid you got  
my stubbornness.

CLAIRE  
Where are we going?

IRENE  
You remember the name?

CLAIRE grins, jumping up. She follows IRENE out.



INT. NOREENS HOUSE, MANHATTAN, NEW YORK. DAY

IRENE descends with CLAIRE close behind.

IRENE  
Noreen! Noreen, get your things,  
we're going.

NOREEN comes back in.

NOREEN  
About time! Jason! Have Dudley  
bring the car back.

They all rush out.

INT. NOREEN'S LIMO/NY CITY STREETS. DAY

DUDLEY drives. MARCEL marvels at the fine vehicle, beside him.

IRENE and NOREEN frame CLAIRE in the back seat.

EXT. NOREEN'S LIMO/NY CITY STREETS/BRITISH CONSULATE. DAY

DUDLEY pulls to the curb. A huge UK flag flies with the USA.  
CLAIRE gets out, and looks up awed.

NOREEN and IRENE urge her on. MARCEL gets the door.

INT. BRITISH CONSULATE, RECEPTION DESK. DAY

NOREEN, IRENE and MARCEL keep in the BG. CLAIRE goes to the  
receptionist ABIGAIL, who holds up her finger to wait a moment.

ABIGAIL  
Hold one moment while I transfer you.  
Welcome to the British Consulate. How  
may I help you today?

CLAIRE  
Um—I was sent by a friend to contact a  
Mr. Elliott Fox when I returned.

ABIGAIL  
Whom may I say is calling?

CLAIRE  
Uh—Claire. Claire Healey.

ABIGAIL  
The Boston HEALEYS?

CLAIRE  
Yes, that's right.

ABIGAIL  
Why, your story is all over the  
front page! That must have been one  
mad ride. And, look at you, not a  
scratch!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE  
Not exactly—

ABIGAIL picks up the phone, with the finger again.

ABIGAIL  
I believe Mr. Fox is here today.

ABIGAIL dials. CLAIRE draws a deep breath. She turns back to the others positive.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
Mr. Fox, Are you available? I have  
Claire Healey to see you. It's about  
the problem in Boston.

CLAIRE faces her. A garbled voice answers. ABIGAIL hangs up.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
He'll be right down.

CLAIRE  
Thank you.

CLAIRE returns part way to her family, stalled by several men who come and go from the doorways to either side. CLAIRE turns in a circle, grown despondent. Her back is to the desk.

ELLIOTT FOX arrives in the BG, out of focus. IRENE and NOREEN gasp. MARCEL stares.

MARCEL  
The devil.

FOX  
Thank you, Abby. Take your lunch now.

CLAIRE faces him, recognizing the tones.

FOX is CLAYTON. With wire frame glasses, he wears an expensive suit and red tie. He looks fantastic, quite whole.

FOX (CONT'D)  
Miss Healey.

CLAIRE stares as he comes closer, the words frozen on the end of her tongue. He just smiles, his persuasive trademark grin.

THE END.