

FADE IN:

EXT. SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN - COAST OF ARGENTINA - APRIL,
1945 - NIGHT

Waves collapse on themselves. Moonlight is doused over the Atlantic Ocean's vast expanse. Currents bubble to the coast of Argentina. Edge of a row boat appears. Black army boots STEP out onto the beach. They pause as white foam surges around them. Beautiful city of Buenos Aires lies just beyond the shoal. WIND BLOWS.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA - NIGHT

WIND SWAYS over the bright lights of the city to the countryside where wheat fields give way to a desolate mansion. The mansion's second floor window is open and inviting. WIND moves into the dark room.

CUT TO:

INT. ANNABEL'S ROOM - MARTIN MANSION - NIGHT

White curtains TUSSELE to reveal ANNABEL, 16, sleeping beauty with fair-skin and dark hair. Wind moves through Annabel's hair. Her eyes open. She removes the bed sheets from her body. Annabel is cloaked in a red dress and crawls to the open window that overlooks the countryside. Something CALLS to her from outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARTIN MANSION - NIGHT

The white mansion glows blue in the light of the full moon. Annabel crawls from the safety of her room onto the roof's ledge. She removes her high heel shoes and delicately tiptoes across the spine of the roof. CRUNCH. Annabel FALTERS losing her balance. A field of tall grass swims like an ocean beneath her. She regains her equilibrium, scales down RICKETY vine ladder, jumps into the garden and runs into the field of darkness.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

TWIG BREAKS. CRUNCH. Annabel turns. Silence. CRUNCH. She searches with her eyes into the black forest night.

MARIA, 17, vixen with loosely curled hair appears and leans against an old tree in a colorful dress. Pointy stiletto heels dangle on her fingertip. She spreads a politely devious pout.

Hand in hand, they run through the woods to the vacant city streets.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

PATROL GUARDS walk the misty city in silhouette. The intensity of the street lights filters down against their shadowy bodies. Guns hoisted on their backs. Freshly rained upon cobble stone roads glisten.

Annabel and Maria run past the Guards undetected and into an alleyway. They lean against a city wall smeared with bandit posters titled, "La Nazi en La Argentina" (Nazi in Argentina).

The sound of their HIGH HEEL SHOES running into the distance. TANGO MUSIC PLAYS.

CUT TO:

INT. TANGO HOUSE - NIGHT

TANGO MUSIC PLAYS. Annabel and Maria enter the dim, smoky club. CHAOS appears out of the lurching darkness.

WOMEN flutter skirts high in the air. They smile as though tonight were the last.

MEN CLINK beer mugs in smoker's circles and hustle Women in drunken laughter.

The stage illuminates. Annabel and Maria struggle through the energetic CROWD to the stage. Maria loses Annabel's grip and falls to the floor.

MARIA

Annabel!

Annabel turns to Maria on the floor and continues. Curtain PARTS.

CLACK. CLACK. CLACK. SILENCE.

Lights from the rafters SWITCH ON.

CUT TO:

INT. STAGE - TANGO HOUSE - NIGHT

RICARDO, 30's, mysterious gentleman is handsome and classic. Light from the rafters illuminates him on stage. His eyes peer into the dark void that is the audience.

SAD TANGO MUSIC BEGINS TO PLAY.

WOMAN DANCER, 40's, in a flowing dress, glides to his side. Smoke envelops them as they dance in a single strain of light.

CUT TO:

INT. FLOOR - TANGO HOUSE - NIGHT

Annabel's fingers press on the lip of the stage. She watches Ricardo with a hesitation. Crazy-sad want.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - TANGO HOUSE - NIGHT

NAVAL OFFICER CARLOS, 30's, boyishly good-looking in a dapper Navy suit, hangs with OFFICERS from the Armada of the Argentine Republic. Maria and Carlos' eyes lock. Crowd breaks their stare. Carlos spots Annabel and makes his way close. Maria grabs Annabel's arm.

MARIA

Annabel. Officer Carlos is here.

CUT TO:

INT. STAGE - TANGO HOUSE - NIGHT

Ricardo and Women Dancer bow like a graceful art. SORROW of Tango music parlays FASTER as the duo rises. Woman Dancer flutters behind the curtains off stage.

CUT TO:

INT. FLOOR - TANGO HOUSE - NIGHT

Naval Officer Carlos approaches closer to Annabel. Ricardo lowers his hand into the CHEERING audience. WOMEN grab hopelessly into the air for his hand and swoon like adoring fans. Ricardo's hand stops for Annabel. His eyes transfixed on hers with fondness.

RICARDO

Annabel.

Annabel remains still as Women around her SCREAM. Rejected, Ricardo moves his hand to a SCREAMING ATTRACTIVE WOMAN beside Annabel and pulls her onto stage.

Naval Officer Carlos approaches Annabel.

CUT TO:

INT. STAGE - TANGO HOUSE - NIGHT

THOMAS, early 20's, juvenile dancer, in tight black slacks and an open blouse, shuffles onto the stage and lowers his hand to the audience. Women move away from the stage.

Annabel notices Carlos as he desperately parts through the crowd. She raises her hand from her side into the air. Swiftly, Thomas swoops Annabel up from the crowd and onto the stage.

Annabel laughs. Ricardo watches her. Carlos is lost in the overwhelming crowd.

AUDIENCE JESTS. DRUMS melt into POPPING GUN SHOTS.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - BERLIN, GERMANY - DAWN

GERMAN SOLDIERS, ravaged and emaciated, rest against the city rubble of Berlin. Each breath is precious. They FIRE ROUNDS into the foggy distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. ACROSS ELBE RIVER - DAWN

U.S. 83rd INFANTRY DIVISION cautiously encroaches the Elbe River overlooking the smoking ruin of Berlin.

YOUNG AMERICAN, 18, boyishly skinny with empty eyes, brushes dirt from his crisp military uniform. Sweat rolls from his forehead.

He peers into the thickets of the forest behind him. The German sun rises through the trees. Silhouettes of Infantry MEN appear to hop through the sun.

CUT TO:

EXT. B-17 BOMBER - SKY ABOVE DOWNTOWN BERLIN - DAWN

Flock of B-17 bombers dive from the protection of clouds to a virtually cloudless sky. The bomber's bellies open.

Bombs cascade from the planes and RAIN upon downtown Berlin below.

CUT TO:

INT. REICH CHANCELLERY BUNKER - DOWNTOWN BERLIN - MORNING

Fifty-five feet beneath the ruins of Berlin and an inconspicuous garden, the Reich Chancellery Bunker ceiling SHAKES. Battleship gray walls drip with moisture. Red pipe bursts forming a pool of water at the end of the central corridor.

FEMALE SECRETARIES sit in the corner mid-conversation.

High-ranking SS OFFICERS pause mesmerized. Balls in their throats, they look at each other for confirmation this is the end.

SS OFFICER HERMANN moves quickly past them, sloshes through the water, scattered sheet music and playing cards, opens a large steel bank-vault door and hustles down a small spiral staircase.

A group of desolate soldiers forming a COMBAT UNIT rest in the small room. Gas masks on the floor. SS Officer Hermann carries 5" x 8" index cards past the Unit. He opens another bank-vault door and closes it swiftly behind him.

He reads the index cards. They read:

Van Gough...Benjamin Gittenberg...Monet...Scott Schwartz...(along with other names of paintings and individuals)
Hermann places the cards in a TRUNK and SLAMS it CLOSED.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - REICH CHANCELLERY BUNKER - MORNING

MAN'S hands open a safe, carefully remove microfilm, hand it to another MAN, who places it in the TRUNK, and SLAMS it CLOSED.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - REICH CHANCELLERY BUNKER - MORNING

WOMAN'S hands place Diaries into the TRUNK and another WOMAN SLAMS it CLOSED.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN - MORNING

GERMAN SOLDIERS burn paperwork in the garden. BLACK SMOKE CHURNS from the pile. SS Officer Hermann watches as the TRUNK is loaded into a Truck that SPEEDS away.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEHRTER STADTBAHNHOF TRAIN STATION - BERLIN, GERMANY - MORNING

ROBERT KRIEGER, 50, handsome man dressed in humble civilian clothes walks with arrogance and fiddles with his ostentatious gold pocket watch.
Robert walks beside HELENE KRIEGER, 40, petite and elegant, and holds her tightly by the arm. She, too, is dressed with humility that does not seem to suit her.
They run alongside the train. Helene clutches tightly to Robert.
A sign hangs above the platform: DESTINATION: BERN.

TRAIN ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(in German-TRANSLATE)

The 8:15 train to Bern is now departing.
All passengers aboard. This is the last
call. The 8:15 train to Bern is now departing.

TICKET COLLECTOR, a worn man in his 60's, with deep-
set, beady eyes.
Robert fumbles for the tickets in his coat pocket.

TICKET COLLECTOR
(in German-TRANSLATE)

Tickets. Tickets.

Helene pulls out the tickets.

TICKET COLLECTOR (CONT'D)
(in German-TRANSLATE)
(to Helene and Robert)

Nice trip.
Ticket Collector bows to Helene.

TICKET COLLECTOR (CONT'D)
(in German-TRANSLATE)

Krieger.

Eager and disgruntled, Robert pushes past the Ticket
Collector. He pulls Helene by her wrists. She
glances back at the bustling station with doe-eyed
vulnerability as if she left something behind.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

Helene and Robert frantically board the train and
shuffle to the back passenger car. The train PUSHES
against the tracks. Helene peers out the window and
hides her face.
NAZIS march down the ramp.

CUT TO:

INT. LEHRTER STADTBAHNHOF TRAIN STATION - MORNING

Nazis gloss the station with their eyes as the Train
PROPELS down the track.

CUT TO:

EXT. FISCHHORN CASTLE - AUSTRIAN ALPS - DAY

Gloomy terrain surrounds an awe-inspiring dark German castle. Daylight barely penetrates the thick, looming rain clouds. THUNDER CRACKLES.

CUT TO:

INT. WAR ROOM - FISCHHORN CASTLE - DAY

The war room is dank and cold. Medieval with warm bodies.

Purple-sepia maps plaster walls and NAZI GENERALS huddle around a large table. Beehive of anxious activity as downfall is near.

NAZIS move the Trunk through the room.
HEINRICH, 45, heavyset Nazi with nervously-red cheeks, hunches over the corner desk of ELIZA. Eliza, late 50's, tries to sit stoic behind her desk. Henrich's sweaty hands lay flat on her desk. Eliza hides behind her papers in a protection of denial.

HENRICH

(in German-TRANSLATE)

We cannot continue like this.
Eliza stares deeper into the paper.

HENRICH (CONT'D)

Look at our troops! They hit Berlin by air today again. The twenty-second day in a row!

CUT TO:

INT. BACK ROOM - FISCHHORN CASTLE - DAY

Musty, small, enclosed room is filled with quiet NAZIS.

Like sitting ducks they wait. TYPE OF TELEGRAPHY WIRES and MUFFLE OF RADIOS.

With a cigarette in his hand, FRANZ KRIEGER, 65, leans against the wall. He is short, stocky man with small, round glasses and a trim mustache. Franz Krieger moves his finger across his stale lips. He presses his ear against the wall.

HENRICH (SCREAMING, V.O.)
(in German-TRANSLATE)

There is nothing left for us here!

NAZI MAN #1 hovers above Franz and raises his brows in suggestion.

NAZI MAN #2 leans in and smirks at the opportunity.

HENRICH (SCREAMING, V.O.)
(CONT'D)
(in German-TRANSLATE)

Our forces are being annihilated as we sit here and pretend things were different. The Russians are coming for us if the Americans do not bomb us first. We cannot stay here any longer!

CUT TO:

INT. WAR ROOM - FISCHHORN CASTLE - DAY

Eliza scornfully snaps her focus to Heinrich.

ELIZA (V.O.)
(in German-TRANSLATE)

Quiet!

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ROOM - FISCHHORN CASTLE - DAY

Franz exits the back room. He pulls a gun from his holster. Nazi Man #1 and #2 follow. They march through preoccupied Nazis.
Franz raises his pistol. Heinrich turns to him.
Franz pulls the trigger. BOOM.
Heinrich WHIPS against the wall. He slides onto the floor. Dead.
Franz holds the P08 Luger pistol by his side with a Nazimarked magazine. Smoke plumes from the tip.

FRANZ KRIEGER
(in German-TRANSLATE)

There will be no talk of loss. Is that understood?
Moment of silence invades the room.

RADIO WIRES CRACKLE LOUD STATIC and then transmit a message through the quite room.

BROADCASTER(V.O.)
(in German-TRANSLATE)

The Fuehrer is in Berlin and will die fighting with his troops defending the capital city.
Krieger and Eliza stare at each other.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN - DAY

PASSPORT COLLECTOR, 45, boisterous, large man in a trench coat walks into the car. He methodically collects and scrutinizes passports.
Two pale ARMED GUARDS, 20's, follow. They approach the Kriegers.
Helene stares out the window, preoccupied with a vision.