The M Room

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Declaration

I declare that this thesis is a presentation of original work and I am the sole author. This work has not been previously presented for an award at this, or any other, university. All sources are acknowledged as References.

THE M ROOM

First Draft

Written by

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1 INT. DINING ROOM, TRENT PARK HOUSE -- NIGHT 1

A dozen high-ranking German officers eat well, by candlelight, with servants in attendance.

Caption: London 1944

GENERAL VON FELDT (55), a Prussian aristocrat and the ranking officer, talks as he sips his claret.

When dialogue is in German with English subtitles, it is indicated in the script using (in German).

VON FELDT
(in German)
I'd recommend you relax about it, Major. We all have to eat.

COLONEL WEISS (40), in the sand-coloured uniform of the SS in North Africa, has no time for Von Feldt and his ilk.

WEISS
(in German)
I'm sure it's all very agreeable, *General*, but drinking from a crystal glass whilst men are dying makes me choke.

VON FELDT
(in German, unfazed)
Men were dying before, Colonel, and they'll still be dying when you're subsisting on bread and water and living in a cave.

As the conversation continues, our gaze closes in on a section of the once grand, now faded wallpaper in the room.

OFFICER (O.S.)
When he goes home to Bavaria, you mean?

As the party laughs, we slip magically through the wallpaper and see: A MICROPHONE.

The conversation still audible, we trace its route along the microphone's wire, up to the ceiling, turning left and running behind the coving to the edge of the room, and through the brickwork...

2 EXT. ROOF, TRENT HOUSE -- NIGHT 2

... to the outside where it climbs the roof.

From across the roof dozens of other wires, their conversations audible too now, creating an unintelligible cacophony, converge on and enter a junction box.

We look to the left and see a panoramic view of London, blacked out but shining blue under a full moon.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. ASSEMBLY AREA -- DAY 3

Bodies - parents clutching children, old couples, groups of young men and women - are corralled into an assembly area surrounded by barded wire fences.

We hear anxious voices speaking German and Yiddish, as eyes look round, alert, taking in this new environment.

In the midst of the throng, JOSEF LEIBOWITZ (30), suitcase in hand, has his head down and his eyes peeled.

He looks up, then drops his gaze, as an Orthodox Jewish Man comforts his crying wife, walking past him.

YOUNG MAN (O.S.)
(in German)
How dare they put us in with those dogs?

Josef turns to see a seething YOUNG MAN (20) eyeing the old Jewish couple. He looks to Josef for acknowledgement.

Josef just drops his head and breathes.

COLONEL SMITH (O.S.)
Quiet down please... everybody...

Josef looks up to see COLONEL SMITH (60), an upper class Englishman, a WW1 veteran persuaded out of retirement, standing on the open flat bed of a truck. A hush descends.

COLONEL SMITH (CONT'D)
Welcome to Mooragh, your home for the foreseeable future. I know many of you consider the Nazis to be your enemy every bit as much as I do. I know that others of you feel differently. Be assured that we can tell the difference.

Josef looks around him at his fellow internees.

COLONEL SMITH (CONT'D)
You will be treated well here. Escape is impossible. With a fair wind, the Nazis will be swiftly despatched, and we can all go back to our lives, wherever they may be.

Josef thinks as Colonel Smith's voice fades.

Loitering at the barbed wire fence, Josef looks at the weird sight of seaside boarding houses, requisitioned and fortified as part of the camp.

He looks out through the wire across the grey Irish Sea.

Caption: Isle of Man, Two Years Earlier

To his left, he sees a Guard, carrying a machine gun.

GUARD
Back from the fence!

Josef looks at him, and back round at the crowded compound.

4 INT. BEDROOM, BOARDING HOUSE -- DAY 4

A large room with four beds in it. Josef puts his suitcase down on his bed, glancing round at three other young men doing the same, among them DANIEL (25) and FRITZ (30).

DANIEL
(in German)
How can they treat us like this? Putting us in with those pigs...

FRITZ
(in German)
Be thankful they didn't put one in here.

Josef busies himself unpacking his case, putting his clothes into a chest of drawers next to his bed, as:

DANIEL
(in German)
Thankful? Sorry, no. We hate the Nazis more than they do. Give me a gun and one minute alone with them and I'll show you how much. Putting us in the same prison as them, it's so ignorant-

FRITZ
(in German)
Just stop. All right? Enough. This is a holiday camp. We're the lucky ones. Let's just...

Silence descends on the room.

5 INT. CANTEEN -- DAY 5

A large wooden hut with a kitchen, a serving area and tables and chairs for dining. A hubbub as the internees eat.

Josef is served his meal and carries his tray, looking for somewhere to sit. The tables are all occupied, and he spots the men from his room at one.

He goes and sits with them, nodding silently.

As he starts to eat, a body appears to Josef's right and he looks up to see a RABBI looking down at them.

RABBI
(in German)
Gentlemen, Shalom.

Two of them return the greeting, Daniel and Josef nod politely enough.

RABBI (CONT'D)
(in German)
We are meeting here this evening to bless our new home. Please join us-

DANIEL
(in German)
No.

The sharp, definitive interruption leaves an awkward silence.

FRITZ
(in German)
Yes, Rabbi, of course, thank you.

As Josef's head remains steadfastly down, the Rabbi looks at the others, nods and moves on.

DANIEL
(in German)
What have their prayers done for anybody?

FRITZ
(in German)
If it comforts them, what's the harm?

DANIEL
(in German)
They shouldn't be comfortable. They should be preparing to fight.

As silence settles again, Josef is grateful for it.

6 EXT. ASSEMBLY AREA -- DAY 6

Josef walks back with Daniel alongside him.

DANIEL
(in German)
... I hope they do invade. That will force the British to end this farce and let us fight them.

RUTH (O.S.)
Daniel!

Josef and Daniel stop and turn to see RUTH (30), walking up to them. Daniel embraces her.

DANIEL
(in German)
Comrade...
(stepping back)
This is Josef... Josef, Ruth...

Josef nods.

RUTH
(in German)
Comrade...

Josef is unsure how to respond to that, so doesn't.

RUTH (CONT'D)
(in German)
We're meeting tonight. We need to organise quickly. This place...

DANIEL
(in German)
I know. You'll come Josef? Meet some good communists who'll watch your back for you?

JOSEF
(in German)
I don't know. I'm not political.

DANIEL
(in German)
Yeah, that stopped being an option, comrade.

Josef starts to walk towards his room again.

JOSEF
(in German)
It's just not for me.

Daniel and Ruth watch him go.

DANIEL
(in German, after him)
You're not political. You're not religious. What are you, Josef?

Josef walks on without turning.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
(in German)
What are you?

7 INT. BEDROOM, BOARDING HOUSE -- NIGHT 7

Josef is lying on his bed, reading a battered, schlocky English-language novel with pictures in it.

He hears raised voices from downstairs, and gets up to listen at the door. Daniel's voice booms, with murmurs of assent from others. Josef can't make out exactly what he's saying.

He walks over to the window, and sees the canteen hut is lit up from the inside, seemingly by candlelight.

HERR LUSTIG (O.S.)
(in German)
Josef Leibowitz?

Josef turns to see HERR LUSTIG (80), at the door, breathless.

HERR LUSTIG (CONT'D)
(in German)
Is it really you?

JOSEF
(in German)
... Yes.

Herr Lustig walks over to him and takes his hands. As he speaks, he touches Josef's face, with tears in his eyes.

HERR LUSTIG
(in German)
The last time I saw you... I can't believe... so long ago. You were...

He gestures the height of a small boy.

HERR LUSTIG (CONT'D)
(in German)
You remember me? Jacob Lustig? Your father brought you to my house in Bremen. You were only a boy. Look at you now...

JOSEF
(in German)
I... I think I do...

HERR LUSTIG
(in German)
So long ago. Josef Leibowitz... a big, strong man now.
(gravely)
Josef, your parents, your sister, little...

He struggles for her name, and gestures for a prompt, but:

JOSEF
(in German)
What about them?

HERR LUSTIG
(in German)
Did they get out?

JOSEF
(in German)
... I was... I don't-

HERR LUSTIG
(in German)
They made it to Canada?

JOSEF
(in German)
... I don't know.

HERR LUSTIG
(in German)
Oh Josef... You're here. You're like my own family...

He embraces Josef, who feels distinctly uncomfortable.

8 INT. CORRIDOR, CAMP HQ -- DAY 8

Josef sits waiting, nervous. Finally:

STAFFER
This way please.

Josef stands and follows the STAFFER (20).

9 INT. COLONEL SMITH'S OFFICE -- DAY 9

Josef walks in behind the Staffer and stands in front of Colonel Smith's desk.

Smith carries on writing notes on a typed document in front of him. He makes Josef wait. Finally he looks up.

COLONEL SMITH
Leibowitz. You speak English?

JOSEF
Yes.

COLONEL SMITH
So...

JOSEF
Yes. Excuse me... I know why we are here. I understand that outside of here... we are a problem. But we shouldn't be here with Nazis, sir. Nobody hates them more than us.

COLONEL SMITH
No one's saying it's ideal, but... What? Should we let them wander around England?

JOSEF
No sir.

COLONEL SMITH
No. And it's not easy for us to know exactly who's who here.
(MORE)

COLONEL SMITH (CONT'D)
Just because a chap isn't Sieg Heiling for all he's worth, doesn't necessarily mean...

JOSEF
No sir. I understand.

COLONEL SMITH
So...

JOSEF
My family made it to Canada. Thank God. If I go there... then I am not a problem for England. I know there are sailings from Liverpool-

COLONEL SMITH
Oh you do?

JOSEF
Yes sir. I worked at the port in Hamburg. I know shipping rout-

COLONEL SMITH
And giving you passage across the Atlantic would be a good use of resources, would it, *Leibowitz*?

Josef hears the note of distaste Colonel Smith hits on his name. Nonetheless, his tone remains the same:

JOSEF
I don't know, sir. It would put a family back together.

COLONEL SMITH
Yes. My family misses me too.

Josef is left hanging as Colonel Smith goes back his proof reading.

10 INT. CANTEEN -- NIGHT 10

A violin and accordion play a cheerful Jewish melody and the room is alive with conversation.

Specially prepared food adorns trestle tables and homemade decorations hang from the rafters.

Josef sips his drink, backed up against a wall, his eyes scanning to room to all sides.

Herr Lustig enters across the room and greets a woman warmly.

Josef watches as Herr Lustig moves on to greet a couple, and another, gradually getting closer to him.

Josef puts his drink down on a table and heads for the door.

11 EXT. ASSEMBLY AREA -- NIGHT 11

Josef emerges from the canteen and heads towards his house.

RUTH (O.S.)
(in German)
You don't like parties?

He stops and turns to see Ruth, who's followed him out.

JOSEF
(in German)
... It doesn't seem right.

RUTH
(in German)
We've all lost people. It won't help them if we stop living.

JOSEF
(in German)
That's true, but I still don't feel like dancing.

RUTH
(in German)
Where are your family?

JOSEF
(in German)
I don't know.

RUTH
(in German)
Why not?

JOSEF
(in German)
I wasn't with them.

RUTH
(in German)
Why not?

JOSEF
(in German)
I didn't like them.

The ring of truth in this resonates for a moment between them. Josef feels discomfort.

RUTH
(in German)
They were religious?

JOSEF
(in German)
It doesn't matter what they were.

RUTH
(in German)
Stay for an hour.

JOSEF
(in German)
I'm tired. Goodnight.

He turns and walks away. Ruth watches him as he goes.

12 INT. BEDROOM, BOARDING HOUSE -- NIGHT 12

A body snores in a bed across the room. The other beds are empty. The music from the party plays faintly on the breeze.

In his own bed, Josef turns over, unable to sleep.

13 EXT. ASSEMBLY AREA -- DAY 13

British Soldiers unhook the tailgate of a truck and help down the people within - new arrivals at Mooragh, as scared and disorientated as we saw the previous cohort.

Looking on, smoking with Daniel and Fritz, Josef sees a man emerge from the truck. As the man turns away, Josef keeps his eyes focused on the back of his head, willing him to turn.

DANIEL
(in German)
Come on Josef.

Josef turns to see Daniel and Fritz walking to the canteen.

He waits, silently urging the distant man to turn so he can see his face.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
(in German)
What the hell, Josef, come on...

He reluctantly turns to follow.

14 INT. CANTEEN -- DAY 14

Seated with breakfast, Josef, Fritz and Daniel.

Josef's gaze is fixed on the door.

DANIEL
(in German)
Pioneer Corps? What's that?

FRITZ
(in German)
They're labourers. They build sea defences, barracks, air fields...

DANIEL
(in German)
And they recruit *German* refugees?

FRITZ
(in German)
This is what I hear.

DANIEL
(in German)
Fuck that. You could go a whole war in a unit like that and never see the enemy, much less shoot your gun. We don't have this problem. There they are.

Daniel looks over his shoulder at a group of men at another table, including the Young Man Josef encountered on arrival.

FRITZ
(in German)
So?

DANIEL
(in German)
So we kill them. Or as many of them as we can.

FRITZ
(in German)
Say you do. You kill one. What then? The English will hang you. That would make it a draw at best.

Josef is on high alert as new arrivals enter and queue for breakfast.

DANIEL (O.S.)
(in German)
It would be worth it.

FRITZ (O.S.)
(in German)
No it wouldn't. It would be more stupid waste in a world full of it.

Josef sees the man he saw outside, joining the queue. This closer look confirms the awful thought he had outside.

As the man turns his head towards them, Josef drops his sharply, not wanting the man to see him.

DANIEL
(in German)
I know which one I'll do first too. Look at that prick. What do you think, Jos-

He turns to Josef, who is no longer there, his breakfast abandoned on the table.

15 EXT. BOARDING HOUSE -- DAY 15

Josef runs up to the house and enters fast.

16 INT. BEDROOM, BOARDING HOUSE -- DAY 16

Josef paces by the window, looking out across the assembly area, in a state of panic.

17 INT. CORRIDOR, CAMP HQ -- DAY 17

The Staffer emerges from Colonel Smith's office.

STAFFER
Leibowitz.

Josef stands and follows the Staffer.

18 INT. COLONEL SMITH'S OFFICE -- DAY 18

Josef presenting his case to Colonel Smith:

JOSEF
... I'm young and strong, sir. I can be useful...

COLONEL SMITH
How do you even know about the Pioneer Corps?

JOSEF
People talk, sir.

COLONEL SMITH
I suppose they do. Your interest is noted. Be careful what you wish for.

19 INT. BEDROOM, BOARDING HOUSE -- DAY 19

Josef is lying on his bed, reading his pulp novel.

RUTH (O.S.)
(in German)
What are you hiding from?

He looks up to see Ruth at the door.

JOSEF
(in German)
I'm reading.

RUTH
(in German)
You're hiding. What's your story?

JOSEF
(in German)
I told you.

RUTH
(in German)
You volunteered for the British?

JOSEF
(in German)
Yes.

RUTH
(in German)
Why?

JOSEF
(in German)
I can't live behind barbed wire.

Ruth looks at him. It's a fair answer.

RUTH
(in German)
Come and eat.

JOSEF
(in German)
Not hungry.

Ruth looks down at him, totally unyielding.

20 INT. BATHROOM, BOARDING HOUSE -- DAY 20

Morning. Josef shaves. He hears footsteps up the stairs.

CORPORAL (O.S.)
Leibowitz?

JOSEF
Yes.

CORPORAL
Pack your things. You've got three minutes.

21 EXT. ASSEMBLY AREA -- DAY 21

Josef attracts looks from other internees as the Corporal escorts him across the camp.

The man Josef recognised from the new cohort looks across to see what the others are looking at.

He sees Josef, 3/4 from the rear, his face out of sight, disappearing into Camp HQ.

22 INT. TRUCK -- DAY 22

Sitting opposite each other by the tailgate, Private MCCOLL (30, Glaswegian) and Corporal BALL (28, Cockney) banter as the truck trundles along.

MCCOLL
You know about it if you've got it. They say 'discomfort' when you pish. What they mean is, fucken agony.

BALL
It's not that bad.

MCCOLL
You sure? You look peaky.

Further into the truck, Josef smiles at the conversation as the motion jostles him around. He is wearing battledress with a Pioneer Corps flash on the shoulder, and a black beret with cap badge.

Next to him, three other men have also been listening. One of them, FUSS (25, bespectacled) is amused.

FUSS
(in German)
The Scottish one is concerned the Londoner has the clap. I imagine he was a doctor before the war.

The other three laugh, prompting a look from McColl and Ball.

Between the two groups, Josef lowers his head, not wanting to be associated with the German contingent.

23 EXT. BEACH -- DAY 23

Josef and Fuss take alternate smacks of their sledgehammers on a long iron stake, driving it deep into the sand. Fuss, out of breath, stops.

FUSS
(in German)
One second...

Josef stops, breathless but impatient, as Fuss bends over.

With McColl and Ball looking on, Josef takes the last half dozen swings of the sledgehammer to drive the stake home.

He walks over to the pile of stakes, picks one up, paces out five yards from the one he just secured and stands waiting for Fuss.

A look between McColl and Ball as Fuss gathers himself.

24 EXT. NISSEN HUT -- DAY 24

A semi-permanent camp, the platoon’s base. It’s a balmy summer evening.

Freshly washed after a long day, Josef smokes outside. His fellow Germans in the platoon sit together a few yards away.

Ball and McColl emerge from another hut and head off. Josef calls after them.

JOSEF
Is your pub ready for a German customer?

MCCOLL
Not in this life, son.

Josef attracts looks from the Germans as he watches the two British men go. He thinks. Stands.

25 EXT. COUNTRY LANE -- NIGHT 25

Josef walks.

26 INT. BLACK SWAN PUB -- NIGHT 26

McColl arrives at the table with two more pints, the pub around them moderately busy. He hands one to Ball and they clink glasses.

MCCOLL
Cheers.

BALL
Cheers.

The door opens and Josef walks in and over to the bar.

MCCOLL
Fuck.

BALL
The cheeky bleeder.

At the bar, Josef pays for his pint.

JOSEF
Thank you, ma’am.

McColl arrives at his shoulder and ushers him to their table.

MCCOLL
I don’t know what you think you’re up to.

Josef stands alongside McColl, with Ball seated.

BALL
Well?

JOSEF
I've been working all day and I need a drink, that's all.

A look between McColl and Ball. McColl sits. Finally:

MCCOLL
If anyone asks, you're Polish.

JOSEF
Tak.

MCCOLL
What?

JOSEF
Yes. In Polish.

MCCOLL
All right smartarse. Sit doon.

CUT TO:

Later, the pub is busier, most of the punters being older farmer types.

Josef and co are chatting to two local women, MABEL (22) and CLAIRE (21). Everyone is well oiled with alcohol.

JOSEF
... no, no, not labourers, we're more like engineers.

MABEL
Engineers with sledgehammers?

JOSEF
Exactly.

MABEL
Well as long as you're not building any bridges...

The group laugh, and Mabel and Josef share eye contact.

Across the pub, BATES (30), a big man with scars from burns to his face and neck visible, watches, brooding.

27 INT. PUB OUTHOUSE TOILET -- NIGHT 27

Josef, McColl and Ball all lined up at the trough. Josef finishes pissing first and heads out.

28 EXT. PUB YARD -- NIGHT 28

Bates stands in the yard, flanked by half a dozen others.

Josef stops, wobbly on his feet, and does a little bow.

JOSEF
Good evening.

BATES
You think you're funny?

JOSEF
Er... Well, yes.

BATES
I'll show you funny-

McColl and Ball emerge from the outhouse.

BALL
Woah, woah, lads, come on. There's no need...

BATES
Keep your fuckin Pole on his leash, soldier.

MCCOLL
All right, fine. He's a long way from home, we all are.

BATES
Fuckin right. Best remember that.

MCCOLL
Understood. We're on our way, lads.

McColl pulls Josef's sleeve and they turn to the exit. Josef turns and speaks over his shoulder to Bates.

JOSEF
And tell Mabel that if she wants to taste that German sausage I was telling her about, she knows where to find me.

BATES
Cunt!

The local men surge forward, and a full scale brawl between them and the Pioneer Corps men escalates instantly.

29 INT. TRUCK -- DAY 29

The platoon heads out to the beaches, Josef with a black eye, attracting looks from the German contingent.

He looks round at McColl, also sporting a bruise or two, who shakes his head at him but can't stop himself smiling.

30 EXT. BEACH -- DAY 30

Josef wields the sledgehammer with undiminished commitment.

31 EXT. COUNTRY LANE -- DAY 31

Golden hour on a hot summer's evening. Josef walks, the black eye faded now.

He arrives at a gate to a field, and looks across at a barn. He climbs the gate.

32 INT. BARN -- DAY 32

Josef pushes open the door, unsure what he's going to find. He sees someone and smiles.

Mabel puts her arms around him and they kiss deeply.

33 EXT. BEACH -- DAY 33

Wearing gloves to protect his hands, Josef grips a huge spiral of barbed wire as Fuss and another German hold the other end. Josef begins a walk backwards.

JOSEF
(in German)
Just hold it. Tight.

He pulls it back some more, and then, when it won't untangle, pulls harder in a jerky motion.

Fuss loses his grip and lets go, sending Josef backwards to the ground.

Josef has cuts from the wire on his arm, blood pouring down. He stands, and shouts at them in English.

JOSEF (CONT'D)
I said fucking hold it!

McColl and Ball look on.

34 INT. BARN -- NIGHT 34

Mabel rides Josef, the two of them sweaty and noisy as their lovemaking intensifies. They're getting good at it.

35 INT. TRUCK -- DAY 35

Josef sits opposite McColl, at the tailgate, Ball next to him. He looks out across the hills in the afternoon glow.

36 EXT. HILL -- NIGHT 36

Dusk. Josef and Mabel look down at her village, below them. She huddles closer to him in her coat.

MABEL
It's really turned cold.

He puts his arm round her and rubs her shoulder.

MABEL (CONT'D)
What's your story, Joe?

JOSEF
I like you. You're funny.

MABEL
That's not your story. Tell me.

JOSEF
I also like your body.

MABEL
Joe. Please.

JOSEF
What do you want to know?

MABEL
The truth.

JOSEF
What exactly?

MABEL
Well you're not Jewish for a start.
I've seen the evidence, haven't I?

JOSEF
Hm.

Josef stands and offers her a hand up.

JOSEF (CONT'D)
I like it here. I'm happy with you. I don't care about the past.

MABEL
I do.

JOSEF
You know me better than anyone else. Anyone in the world.

Mabel embraces him.

MABEL
Oh Joe. Joe. You need to tell me.

37 EXT. NISSEN HUT -- DAY 37

First thing. Josef heads for the truck.

BALL (O.S.)
Leibowitz!

He stops and sees Ball outside the C.O.'s hut. He gestures for Josef to come over, which he does.

BALL (CONT'D)
What the hell you been up to?

JOSEF
What?

BALL
I'll march you in. Look sharp.

Josef wonders what's going on.

38 INT. C.O.'S HUT -- DAY 38

The C.O. (45) sits at his desk. On either side of him sit LT REDMAYNE (30) and CAPTAIN TURNER (34).

BALL (O.S.)
Left, right, left, right...

Josef marches in, Ball alongside him.

BALL (CONT'D)
Halt!

As he does so, Josef sees the C.O. he expected, and can't help but glance at the two other men.

C.O.
Thanks you, Corporal.

BALL
Sir.

Ball exits. A silence, as the three officers look at Josef and he waits for... he doesn't know what.

REDMAYNE
Leibowitz. Your family are in Canada?

JOSEF
... I don't know sir.

REDMAYNE
At Mooragh you told the camp commander they were in Canada.

JOSEF
... Yes sir. I know they were trying to get there. There's no way of knowing for sure, from here...

REDMAYNE
But you told the camp commander they were there.

JOSEF
... Yes sir.

The seated men let the moment hang. Then:

TURNER
Are you a communist?

JOSEF
... No sir.

TURNER
You're a friend of Daniel Berg.

JOSEF
... I was interned with him.

TURNER
You didn't share his views?

JOSEF
No.

TURNER
He’s currently awaiting trial for attempted murder.
(beat as they observe him)
Does that surprise you?

JOSEF
... Not really, sir. You can’t keep someone like Daniel out of a war. He carries it around with him.

TURNER
You knew he was planning something.

JOSEF
He talked about it...

TURNER
You didn’t think it was worth bringing this to anyone’s attention?

JOSEF
... Daniel talks a lot. Sir.

Silence as they regard him. Then Redmayne looks to Turner.

REDMAYNE
The language skills are on point.

Turner nods, and opens the file in front of him.

Josef sees his own passport, upside down from his angle, marked with a large J across the pages.

Turner looks at it, at his photo, then reads some notes on a sheet of paper, and then looks back to Josef.

TURNER
You don’t mix with the Germans in your unit.

JOSEF
... I work with them all day.

TURNER
That’s not what I said. You prefer drinking and brawling in the local village.

JOSEF
... That happened once.

REDMAYNE
Your own people view you with suspicion. Why is that?

JOSEF
You'd have to ask them.

REDMAYNE
I'm asking you.

JOSEF
I don't know. I don't care what they think, they're useless. I'm the best worker in this unit.

Silence as they look at him. Then:

TURNER
We need native German speakers with excellent English for a vital operation. Top secret. You fit the profile. A lot of your people are working on it.

JOSEF
My people sir?

TURNER
Jews.

JOSEF
... I'm not good at that kind of work, sir.

TURNER
You'll learn. This might well be for the best all round. You'll do valuable work, in a place where high standards of behaviour are expected, where there are people to keep an eye on you. Maybe even get to the bottom of Josef Leibowitz.

JOSEF
I disagree, sir, really. I'm better with my hands. What we're doing here, it's so important, and this unit needs me. Thank you, sir, but I'm happy where I am.

The three officers can't hide their amusement.

C.O.
"Happy", Leibowitz? You're in the British Army and you've been reassigned. Pack your things.

Josef reels internally.

39 INT. TRUCK -- DAY 39

Sat alone by the tailgate, Josef sees his and Mabel's barn as they trundle past.

40 EXT. RURAL RAILWAY STATION -- DAY 40

Josef gets down from the truck and walks to the front.

McColl gets out of the cab and shakes his hand warmly.

41 INT. TRAIN -- DAY 41

Josef looks out of the window as suburban London passes.

42 EXT. COCKFOSTERS STATION -- DAY 42

Josef stands outside the station, taking in the busy street.

An army staff car speeds up to him and brakes sharply.

LUCY (25), an ATS 2nd Lieutenant, looks out of the driver's window.

LUCY
Leibowitz? You're with me.

Josef carries his case to the car and opens the back door to put it in.

43 INT. STAFF CAR -- DAY 43

Josef holds on as Lucy speeds.

LUCY
... Trent Park. It's a stately home, requisitioned especially for this operation. We have a full staff of refugees, you should feel right at home. It's not unknown for old pals to meet up here...

Josef mulls this, anxious.

44 EXT. TRENT PARK -- DAY 44

The staff car pulls up. Trent Park consists of a very large house and a lot of smaller, temporary buildings around it. Army personnel are everywhere, both men and women.

Josef gets his suitcase and follows Lucy to the Station HQ, looking at the view of London we saw in Scene 1 as he goes.

LUCY
You're a capable looking chap. I bet you dinner you'll be a sergeant by the end of the day.

She holds out her hand to shake on it.

45 INT. CORRIDOR, STATION HQ -- DAY 45

Lucy and Josef walk, Josef looking around nervously.

JANET (25), an ATS Corporal, smiles cheerily as she comes in the other direction.

JANET
A fresh one. Did he take the bet?

LUCY
What do you think?

Janet chuckles as Lucy and Josef walk on.

46 INT. BRIEFING ROOM -- DAY 46

Josef and half a dozen other new recruits sit at desks, as a Private hands them each a printed piece of paper, and CAPTAIN BRYANT (35), upper class, clipped, impatient, addresses them.

BRYANT
... It's an offence to reveal anything you see or hear as part of your work here. This applies for the rest of your natural life. Nothing about your work is a valid subject for discussion, anywhere, ever. Signing this statement acknowledges that you understand that, and that the penalties for any breach will be harsh.

Josef looks around, as the other recruits pick up pens and sign. After a moment, he does the same, 'Josef Leibowitz'.

Bryant scrutinises them, as the Private collects the signed statements.

BRYANT (CONT'D)
The big house you no doubt noticed on arrival houses German officers, many high ranking. Unbeknownst to them it also houses some 120 microphones. Your job will be to listen to their conversations and create transcripts in English and German.

Josef's eyes meet those of another officer, COLONEL WARNER (60), who sits silently behind Bryant, looking at him.

BRYANT (CONT'D)
The lowest rank eligible to do this work is sergeant, and you're all promoted to that rank as of now. Congratulations. Your training starts in the morning.

Josef smiles, catches Warner's eye, stops smiling and looks down at his desk.

47 INT. RESTAURANT -- NIGHT 47

Josef enters in his new sergeant's uniform, and looks round the bustling room, spotting Lucy sitting alone sipping a drink. He goes over to her.

LUCY
My, my, don't you look smart, sergeant. I hope you brought your wallet.

CUT TO:

Josef and Lucy are eating.

LUCY (CONT'D)
It's nothing personal. I make that bet with any daft enough to take it.

JOSEF
Anyone?

LUCY
Yep. You know why?

JOSEF
Why?

LUCY
Because free dinner is free dinner. So sergeant, what's your story?

As she eats with effortless confidence, Josef adjusts his new collar where it's rubbing his neck.

LUCY (CONT'D)
You're from Hamburg, aren't you?

JOSEF
... I lived there. How did you know that?

LUCY
Oh you know...

JOSEF
... No, I don't think I do.

LUCY
Relax, sergeant. It's my job to look after you chaps, so I make it my business to know a little about you. That's all.

Josef eats, wondering if it is.

48 INT. BRIEFING ROOM -- DAY 48

Josef and the new recruits are addressed by Bryant:

BRYANT
... they share rooms, much to the chagrin of the haughty ones. It gets them talking. But you'll be tuned in to communal spaces too. When a conversation starts, and you judge it to be of potential use, you start the recording using the acetate...

Lucy demonstrates the procedure with an acetate disc and a special gramophone.

49 EXT. BRIEFING ROOM -- DAY 49

Josef's fellow recruits gather outside to smoke, chatting. Josef emerges from the building and sees them. He gives them a wide berth, walking away fast. He hears a voice behind him:

LUCY
Aren't you the sociable one...

He turns and sees her, waiting for her top catch him.

JOSEF
Oh you know... bloody Germans.

LUCY
Well quite. Get some rest, we're up and at it tomorrow. Do your job well and I might even buy you dinner back.

50 INT. BARRACKS, TRENT PARK -- NIGHT 50

Josef lies on his bed looking up at the ceiling.

EISNER (32), slight and nervy, enters.

EISNER
(in German)
Hello. I'm taking some new fellows into London if you're interested.

JOSEF
(in German)
... I'm tired.

EISNER
(in German)
Suit yourself.

He exits. Josef hears a distant air raid siren howling.

CUT TO:

Later. Josef rolls over in bed, restless, awake.

51 INT. M ROOM -- DAY 51

Josef scans the faces of the other listeners.

They start to put on their headphones, and next to him Eisner does the same. Josef follows suit.

Around him, the room is low lit, with bright lights at each of the 25 desks, every one manned by two men in headphones.

At the front of the room, Captain Bryant sits at the Control desk, with Lucy alongside him. Lucy's team of ATS collators take transcripts from the listeners over to her.

Eisner plugs Josef's system into '12' on the patch bay in front of them, and does the same with his.

EISNER
(in German)
I'll shadow you today.

JOSEF
(in German, agitated)
Why?

EISNER
(in German)
You're new.

Josef looks around to see if others are doing the same.

EISNER (CONT'D)
(in German)
It's standard procedure, no one's picking on you, relax.

Josef doesn't. The room responds to activity in the system.

An acetate disc is set recording, then another, then a third, and Josef looks around at them.

Pens start to write, fast, the new recruits getting silent prompts from their handlers.

Josef hears a noise in his headphones, a gentle clink. He listens hard, focusing on the barely audible sound. What is it? Some strange pulse, or scraping...

52 INT. STUDY, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 52

A teaspoon stirs a cup of coffee.

Von Feldt taps the spoon on the rim of the cup and places it in the saucer.

He turns from the coffee tray and walks to the window, and the view of London. Two other officers are sitting reading.

Weiss enters and heads straight for Von Feldt.

WEISS
Herr General...

53 INT. M ROOM -- DAY 53

Eisner takes one headphone off, indicating for Josef to do the same, and to write:

EISNER
Weiss.

VON FELDT
(in German, headphones)
Colonel. I trust you spent a comfortable night.

Eisner sets the acetate disc recording, as Josef writes.

EISNER
Von Feldt.

54 INT. STUDY, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 54

Weiss stands facing Von Feldt at his place by the window.

WEISS
(in German)
You can tell your Prussian brothers that I don't appreciate their jokes.

VON FELDT
(in German)
Really? Colonel, so sensitive.

WEISS
(in German)
I wasn't born into this. I achieved my rank through merit. You'd do well to remember that.

VON FELDT
(in German)
I'll endeavour to do so, Colonel.

WARNER
Ah, there you are, General.

VON FELDT
Your Lordship.

WARNER
I booked that room at Simpson's. There's a chap from the Foreign Office I want you to meet.

VON FELDT
Splendid.

55 INT. M ROOM -- DAY 55

Josef stops writing and listens. Nothing. He turns to Eisner.

JOSEF
(in German)
Warner? The CO? He's a lord?

EISNER
(in German)
No, it's fake.

JOSEF
(in German)
What's Simpson's?

EISNER
(in German)
The best restaurant in London.

JOSEF
(in German)
Are you serious? What the fuck?

BRYANT (O.S.)
Quiet!

Josef sees Bryant looking over, with Lucy alongside him.

He puts his headphones back on and looks around, self consciously.

56 EXT. TRENT PARK BASE -- DAY 56

Eisner chats to Josef as they walk away from the M Room.

EISNER
(in German)
It flatters them. The good food, the aristocrat business, the outings. It loosens their tongues.

JOSEF
(in German)
So it's not just that they're the exact-same people, but in different uniforms?

EISNER
(laughs, in German)
No. Warner hates them. He's playing Von Feldt like a fiddle.

Josef mulls it as they walk.

57 INT. BRIEFING ROOM -- DAY 57

Colonel Warner addresses the new listeners on day two.

WARNER
... so you'll be on your own as of today. No one is better placed to delve deep into these men, and not only what they say. Who's weak? Who's lying? Who's evading?

Josef sighs.

WARNER (CONT'D)
Words are very useful to us, of course, but you will hear *tone*. Every bit as important, and you're the only ones with access to it. Who's got a secret on the tip of his tongue just itching to get out? If you hear it, bring it to Lucy's attention. Lives depend on you.

58 INT. M ROOM -- DAY 58

Janet, referring to a list, patches Josef's system into '7' and moves on to the nest desk. Josef puts on his headphones.

59 INT. WEISS'S ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 59

Weiss adjusts his collar in the mirror, Krüger makes his bed.

Von Feldt appears at the open door.

VON FELDT
(in German)
Colonel, I wanted to talk to you about something, in private.

Weiss looks at him, and round at Krüger.

WEISS
(in German)
Krüger is a captain in the Waffen-SS. His honour is beyond question.

VON FELDT
(in German)
I'm not doubting his honour.

WEISS
(in German)
Very wise of you, General.

Von Feldt sighs, all right then:

VON FELDT
'Kirschkern'.

A subtitle tells us this means 'Cherrystone', and at its mention Weiss looks at Von Feldt with piercing eyes.

VON FELDT (CONT'D)
(in German)
You were heard to mention it...

60 INT. M ROOM -- DAY 60

Josef writes as he listens.

VON FELDT
(in German, headphones)
... Do you know anything of its progress?

WEISS
(in German, headphones)
Why don't you ask *His Lordship* next time he takes you to Simpson's?

Josef listens. Silence, then the sound of the door closing.

61 INT. WEISS'S ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 61

Weiss steps back from the door.

WEISS
(in German)
Be careful around him. He's too close to the British.

62 INT. M ROOM -- DAY 62

Josef turns to Eisner.

JOSEF
(in German)
Have you heard of Cherrystone?

Eisner waves him away, mid transcription.

KRÜGER
(in German, headphones)
What is it? Cherrystone?

WEISS
(in German, headphones)
Retribution, my friend. You'll see.

Josef hears silence descend. He waits.

He takes the acetate off, puts it in its sleeve, labels it.

He looks down at his transcript and reads, 'Cherrystone'.

He looks up at the Control desk, where a listener is showing Lucy something on a transcript.

He thinks better of it, and signals to Janet to repatch.

CUT TO:

Josef puts the acetate on to record.

CUT TO:

Josef signs a transcript and puts it in the pile on his desk.

CUT TO:

Lucy carries a stack of transcripts out of the room.

63 INT. TYPING ROOM -- DAY 63

An ATS Typist slides a transcript towards her slightly and reads. She types.

Twenty more typists do their work in the noisy room.

64 EXT. TRENT PARK -- DAY 64

Josef sits on a grassy area and rubs his forehead, willing his headache away.

65 INT. BARRACKS, TRENT PARK -- NIGHT 65

Josef walks past a room full of other listeners, praying.

One of them looks up as he flits past, giving a knowing look to the others.

66 INT. WEISS'S ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 66

Weiss and Krüger talk.

67 INT. M ROOM -- DAY 67

Josef listens through his headphones.

68 INT. MESS HALL -- DAY 68

Josef eats.

Bryant stands in the entrance, looking at the men.

Josef looks up, as Bryant spots him, eating alone.

Josef looks back down at his food.

69 INT. BARRACKS, TRENT PARK -- NIGHT 69

Josef cannot sleep.

70 INT. M ROOM -- DAY 70

Josef puts the needle on the acetate to record.

He looks troubled as he listens.

71 INT. HALLER'S ROOM, TRENT PARK -- DAY 71

HALLER (30) talking to WEBER (32) and MÜLLER (28).

MÜLLER
(in German)
... and he just beat this Jew to death. Took him five minutes. *For the way he looked at him*. I was shocked, but I was the only one. No one else raised an eyebrow.

72 INT. M ROOM -- DAY 72

Josef writes, then stops, waiting, grim faced.

73 INT. HALLER'S ROOM, TRENT PARK -- DAY 73

Haller looks to the door and back at Weber. Müller is gone.

HALLER
(in German)
“I was shocked!!”

Weber laughs.

HALLER (CONT’D)
(in German)
As if beating them is an efficient way of dispatching them.

WEBER
(in German)
Indeed. This one time... I was flying supplies to Latvia. I took lunch with an SS battalion before heading back, and this Colonel asked me if I wanted to lend them a hand with some dirty work...

74 INT. M ROOM -- DAY 74

Josef listens, his pencil and paper forgotten.

WEBER
(in German, headphones)
... and they took me to a barracks, gave me a machine gun, and there we killed one thousand, five hundred Jews. Men, women and children. I saw a three year old picked up by her hair and shot in the head.

HALLER
(in German, headphones)
Good god. Then what?

75 INT. HALLER'S ROOM, TRENT PARK -- DAY 75

Weber deadpans:

WEBER
(in German)
Then I flew home and went dancing.

Haller laughs.

76 INT. M ROOM -- DAY 76

Josef pulls off his headphones, and breathes.

77 INT. WEISS'S ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- NIGHT 77

Weiss and Krüger sit in low light, listening to the roar of hundreds of bombers overhead.

KRÜGER
(in German)
How many? Jesus Christ. Will there be a Germany left to go home to?

WEISS
(in German)
If what I heard is true, Cherrystone will make their bombers look like peashooters.

KRÜGER
(in German)
How?

WEISS
(in German)
It’s the rocket fuel; speed, range and payload. Unimaginable power. And retribution.

78 INT. M ROOM -- NIGHT 78

Josef listens, and writes.

WEISS (O.S.)
(in German, headphones)
The British will beg for peace.

Josef finishes writing. Silence. He looks round the room, at the skeleton crew on the night shift.

He thinks. Looks at the acetate recorder in front of him, sitting idle.

He signs the transcript and puts it on his pile.

He repatches his system to ‘21’. Silence. ‘16’. Likewise. ‘35’. A voice:

79 INT. BRUCKNER’S ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- NIGHT 79

BRUCKNER (35) talks, almost in a whisper, to his roommate, LEHMANN (28).

BRUCKNER
(in German)
... and before they loaded them on the cattle trucks, we had our pick of the women, and we raped them. Really beautiful girls, some of them, Jewesses or not.
(laughs)
Some of them were so angry, others just passive. We gave them something to remember us by.

LEHMANN
(in German)
Just like that? Where were they going?

BRUCKNER
(in German)
Somewhere you can only get to on that train. A place you wouldn’t believe. I saw it later, with my own eyes. Somewhere nobody comes back from. East.

80 INT. M ROOM -- NIGHT 80

Josef’s pencil writes: **Ost.**

He listens. Silence.

81 INT. BARRACKS, TRENT PARK -- DAY 81

Dawn. Josef stares into space on the edge of his bed.

82 EXT. TRENT PARK -- NIGHT 82

Josef walks to work, as most others are finishing.

Lucy emerges from Station HQ.

LUCY
Night shift, eh? Rather you than me.

JOSEF
Can I ask you...
(she stops)
They keep talking about a place in the east. A death camp...

LUCY
There are always rumours.

JOSEF
You don't know where it is?

LUCY
No.

JOSEF
We should find it.

LUCY
Everything important is followed up, you know that. Have a good shift, sergeant.

83 INT. M ROOM -- NIGHT 83

Josef sits next to Eisner, who's packing up for the night. Eisner turns to him. They talk in English.

EISNER
Kirschkern.

JOSEF
What about it?

EISNER
You've heard more, from Weiss?

JOSEF
A little.

EISNER
Like what?

JOSEF
Something about a new fuel.

EISNER
I heard that. I think it's something big.

JOSEF
I'm not sure.

Eisner exits. Josef thinks for a second, then puts on his headphones.

84 EXT. TRENT PARK BASE -- DAY 84

Dawn. Josef walks back, exhausted.

85 INT. BARRACKS, TRENT PARK -- DAY 85

As Josef undresses, KLEIN (40) pokes his head in.

KLEIN
(in German)
Leibowitz. I want your opinion about something.

JOSEF
What?

KLEIN
(in German)
They all know, don't they? About what's happening in the east?

Josef stands for a moment, thinking. Finally:

JOSEF
(in German)
Some know more than others. But yes.

Klein turns to an unseen person down the corridor.

KLEIN
(in German)
I told you. Even The Spy thinks so.

Josef goes over and closes his door.

CUT TO:

Josef wakes to the sound of urgent knocking on his door, and Janet enters, breathless.

JANET
CO's office, now.

Suddenly highly anxious, Josef looks at the clock on his bedside table: 8.30am.

86 INT. WARNER'S OFFICE -- DAY 86

Josef enters - Warner and Bryant are sitting in front of him, Lucy to the side, all eyes on at him. He stands next to Eisner.

BRYANT
Talk to me about Kirschkern.

Josef's head turns instinctively towards Eisner.

BRYANT (CONT'D)
Never mind him. Talk to *me*.

JOSEF
Sir. It's something Weiss talks about. A weapon, possibly a rocket.

BRYANT
What do you make of it?

JOSEF
I'm not sure.

BRYANT
He talked about it last night and you didn't record it.

JOSEF
It took me by surprise, sir.

BRYANT
How many times has he mentioned it?

JOSEF
Five or six.

BRYANT
Then how the hell did it take you by surprise!?

A silence as the outburst settles on the room.

JOSEF
I don't know. I made a full transcript.

BRYANT
Yes, I'd expect you to say that.

Another silence. Josef feels their scrutiny, razor sharp.

JOSEF
May I offer my assessment, sir?

BRYANT
Oh please do.

JOSEF
I don't think he knows much about it. He's angry. He keeps talking about retribution. I think he *hopes* it's something big, because he knows they need it. It makes him feel better to think it.

BRYANT
Fascinating. Eisner disagrees, as does other intelligence.

WARNER
We know Weiss spent time in Cherbourg, something of a fulcrum in the Kirschkern story. He was there as late as February. We also know they're planning a huge attack on London by new means. Rockets.

BRYANT
Your judgement in this has been poor. Negligent. Suspect, even. All indications point to this as an imminent danger.

JOSEF
... Sir.

Warner stands and goes to the window, looks out.

A look between Bryant and Lucy, and the silence stretches, leaving Josef looking for a clue, anxious. Finally:

WARNER
Leibowitz, I'm putting you in there, posing as a prisoner. A lower-ranking officer shouldn't be too much of a stretch. Someone who was working on Kirschkern.

Josef can't believe what he's hearing.

WARNER (CONT'D)
Weiss will want to know the latest news, I'm sure. Which will be your opportunity to get to the bottom of what he actually knows.

JOSEF
I can't do that. I'm hardly a soldier, never mind an officer. They'll never believe me.

BRYANT
Armies are full of people like you. The work you did pre-war gets you your commission. We'll work on the cover story, we've done it before-

JOSEF
But they'll see right through me-

EISNER
I'll do it.

Josef looks round at Eisner, all eyes in the room on him.

BRYANT
Eisner...

EISNER
I'll go in there, sir.

BRYANT
Good man.

Warner looks at the pair of them.

WARNER
Get some rest, both of you. Report back at 1300. You're dismissed.

Josef, in shock, feels Eisner turn, and does the same.

He walks to the door in a daze, and out.

87 INT. CORRIDOR, STATION HQ -- DAY 87

Josef walks, his breathing so loud in his ears.

88 EXT. TRENT PARK BASE -- DAY 88

Josef and Eisner emerge from the building.

Josef looks around him, at normal life on the base, at London in the distance. Eisner's voice comes into focus:

EISNER
(in German)
You know that, don't you?

JOSEF
(in German)
What?

EISNER
(in German)
We have to do this. These arseholes have to be stopped and we can help.

Josef reels.

89 INT. SPECIAL OUTFITTER -- DAY 89

Josef buttons up the tunic of a field grey uniform. He looks in the mirror.

He sees the pips on his collar, the Imperial Eagle on his chest.

90 INT. HAMBURG NIGHT CLUB -- NIGHT 90

A female hand, belonging to a tipsy PARTY GIRL, caresses the Imperial Eagle on the chest of an arrogant GERMAN OFFICER.

As he drinks a glass of Champagne down in one, another Party Girl on the other side of him whispers in his ear.

91 INT. SPECIAL OUTFITTER -- DAY 91

Josef remembers. The TAILOR (50) breaks the spell.

TAILOR
You'll do. Off you go.

92 INT. BRIEFING ROOM -- DAY 92

Josef and Eisner are sitting opposite Warner and Bryant, as Lucy puts sheets of paper in front of them.

LUCY
These biographies have been built over a period of months, and customised to integrate elements of your own stories and avoid awkward clashes with other prisoners.

WARNER
It's work of the highest quality. Learn it.

BRYANT
Leibowitz, your background in cargo transport is paramount. They love the logistical details. You'll be on solid ground.

Josef looks down at the document, with its headings - FAMILY, EDUCATION, WORK...

BRYANT (CONT'D)
Eisner, you'll go in as a captured private, among the servants.

WARNER
There's a potential goldmine in what the servants hear that we miss.

EISNER
Yes sir.

WARNER
Everything points to this being an imminent threat, and potentially catastrophic. Any hint of danger and we'll pull you out. That's it. Good luck.

Warner, Bryant and Lucy leave. Josef and Eisner sit in silence.

93 EXT. TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 93

Two Escorts lead the way, Josef, in field grey, walking behind them with three other German officers

A Guard on the door gives two sharp knocks.

94 INT. ENTRANCE HALL, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 94

Two Guards unbolt the door from the inside and open it.

The Escorts lead the men in.

95 INT. JOSEF'S ROOM -- DAY 95

Josef puts his case down on his bed, and looks round at the man doing the same on its twin, LT WOHL (26).

Wohl holds out his hand and they shake.

WOHL
Wohl.

JOSEF
Schneider.

WOHL
(in German)
What a joint. If only mother could see me now.

Josef offers up a token laugh and looks around the room.

96 INT. LIBRARY, TRENT HOUSE -- NIGHT 96

Two glasses of whisky are poured, and handed to Josef and Wohl by cheerful drunk, CAPTAIN HUTH (45).

HUTH
(in German)
... you can thank the English 'fair play'. They know a chap can't survive without whisky, whether he's the enemy or not. Prost!

Josef and the other half dozen men in the room repeat the toast, and drink the whisky down in one.

HUTH (CONT'D)
(in German)
Here.

He gestures for Josef and Wohl to hand him their glasses, which they do.

Josef feels the whisky warm his chest, as he tries to get a hold of his nerves.

HUTH (CONT'D)
(in German)
Better than that desert gin you've been living on, eh Wohl?

WOHL
(in German)
Just a little.

As he hands them their replenished glasses:

HUTH
(in German)
So how the hell did these bastards catch you in *Belgium*?

JOSEF
(in German)
I was actually on a boat in the Channel.

HUTH
(in German)
A boat!? So it's the navy's fault.

He turns to Bauer, a naval officer sitting alone by the window, reading.

HUTH (CONT'D)
(in German)
You hear that, Bauer? Another good man you fucking people hung out to dry.

Bauer, sick of Huth's shit, goes back to his book.

HUTH (CONT'D)
(in German)
What the hell were you doing there?

JOSEF
(in German)
I can't tell you that.

No longer interested, Huth turns to pour himself another.

HUTH
(in German)
No, no. Of course.

Josef drinks his whisky down.

97 INT. DINING ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- NIGHT 97

Eisner looks down at Josef as he serves food to the man opposite him.

Josef avoids his gaze, as Eisner continues going round.

Von Feldt sits at the head of a table of twelve - the highest-ranking officers eating with the new arrivals - with three other full tables occupied in the room.

VON FELDT
(in German)
One thing you never get used to is the food. Somehow they pillage half the world and still end up with this.

WEISS
(in German)
And the portions can only be described as Jewish.

The men laugh automatically, without a thought, and Josef joins in, catching the eye of Eisner, standing at his post.

Josef stops laughing and drinks down a whole glass of red.

98 INT. STUDY, TRENT HOUSE -- NIGHT 98

Josef is drunk but still tortured by self consciousness and plain fear. He's sitting smoking with Huth and Wohl and half a dozen others.

Across the room, Weiss and Krüger talk in hushed tones.

Josef eyes Weiss, but stays firmly put, as Huth has reached the maudlin stage:

HUTH
(in German)
... the only question left is, what will remain? Will there be anything to go home to beyond the shame?

Weiss looks over, disapprovingly.

HUTH (CONT'D)
(in German)
Perhaps we'll all be Russian by then. Or fucking American...

WEISS
(in German)
Your defeatist talk is unpatriotic, Captain. Desist.

HUTH
(in German)
Realist, Colonel. Realist talk.

WEISS
(in German)
You don't know what you're talking about. This war isn't over.

HUTH
(in German)
Oh no? Hitler has a rabbit to pull out of the hat, huh? Don't tell me - 'Kirschkern'!
(MORE)

HUTH (CONT'D)
The great miracle, enough to save a nation... That no one knows a thing about!

WEISS
(in German)
I know plenty, Captain, and if I were to tell you, you'd-

Josef finds himself standing suddenly and, even worse, talking with all eyes upon him.

JOSEF
(in German)
Kirschkern is nobody's business here. Any talk of it is treasonous.

Silence. Unsure what to do, Josef goes over to the table, puts the glass down and the cigar in the ashtray, and exits.

99 INT. M ROOM -- NIGHT 99

Bryant takes off his headphones, disbelieving.

BRYANT
He stopped him! Weiss was talking about it and he stopped him!

LUCY
Good lord.

The night shift look up from their desks as Warner mulls it.

BRYANT (O.S.)
What the hell is his game?

100 INT. JOSEF'S ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- NIGHT 100

Josef shakes, panicking, leaning against the wall and trying to get control of his breathing.

CUT TO:

Josef lies in bed, facing the wall.

The door opens and Wohl enters.

Josef listens as he undresses and gets into bed.

WOHL
(in German)
You awake?

JOSEF
(in German)
Yes.

WOHL
(in German)
Well said earlier. Watch out for that Weiss though. I know the type. Total bastard.

Josef closes his eyes and, optimistically, hopes to sleep.

101 INT. JOSEF'S ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 101

Josef stands looking out of the window, gathering himself.

102 INT. LANDING, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 102

Josef breathes as he walks towards the sound of voices.

103 INT. DINING ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 103

Josef enters, to find the room half full, men standing drinking coffee, talking.

He attracts more than one or two glances, but puts his head down and heads straight to the coffee tray.

He glances across the room and sees Weiss, talking to Krüger.

CUT TO:

Sitting eating breakfast, Josef glances up at Eisner as he serves scrambled eggs to Huth, opposite him.

Some egg falls off the serving spoon and onto Huth’s sleeve.

HUTH
(in German)
You clumsy fool.

EISNER
(in German)
Sorry sir.

Eisner goes to wipe Huth’s sleeve.

HUTH
(in German)
Get off me!

Eisner backs off, gathers himself for a moment, then moves on to Lehmann, who makes a show of shrinking away from the spoon.

LEHMANN
(in German)
Pray for me, boys.

The other men snigger at Eisner, who carries on staunchly, watched by Josef.

Josef glances up the table to the far end: Weiss.

104 INT. STUDY, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 104

Josef enters the room and sees Weiss brooding by the window.

He gathers himself and walks over to him.

JOSEF
(in German)
Colonel. I wish to apologise. I didn't mean to imply-

WEISS
(in German)
It sounded very much like you did.

JOSEF
(in German)
I know, but please believe me...

Josef looks over his shoulder at other men close by, watching them.

JOSEF (CONT'D)
(in German)
I'm worried, sir, about Kirschkern. Can we talk alone?

Weiss looks at him for a second, then leads the way.

WEISS
(in German)
Come.

105 INT. M ROOM -- DAY 105

Bryant stands behind Klein, both in headphones.

BRYANT
Where are they going? Pick them up!

Klein repatches, and again, and again, hoping to hear them.

106 INT. ANTECHAMBER, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 106

Weiss and Josef are alone, but Josef still talks in the lightest whisper.

JOSEF
(in German)
I was caught transporting the fuel. They were waiting for us. I don't know how that could be, even I didn't know the ultimate destination. We were to land and find out then.

WEISS
(in German)
Land where?

JOSEF
(in German)
Cherbourg.

WEISS
(in German)
Yes, of course...

JOSEF
(in German)
Maybe the British know the codes.

WEISS
(in German)
Impossible.

JOSEF
(in German)
God, I hope you're right.

WEISS
(in German)
Tell me about Kirschkern.

Josef hesitates.

107 INT. M ROOM -- DAY 107

Bryant and Klein in headphones:

BRYANT
More volume!

KLEIN
That's all there is.

BRYANT
Get me more!

Klein makes a futile attempt with the controls.

108 INT. ANTECHAMBER, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 108

Josef lowers his volume even more.

JOSEF
(in German)
I saw it tested in Belgium...

WEISS
(in German)
Tell me.

JOSEF
(in German)
It will flatten London in two days.

WEISS
(in German)
My god, what!?

JOSEF
(in German)
It's huge.

WEISS
(in German)
So they increased the payload?

JOSEF
(in German)
... Yes. It's devastating.

WEISS
(in German)
And the launch system? They're still using the-

Suddenly, from a room away, they hear shouting:

SERVANT 1 (O.S.)
(in German)
He was doing that with me too!

WEISS
(in German)
What the hell!

109 INT. STUDY, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 109

Servants 1 and 2 have Eisner pushed up against the wall.

EISNER
(in German)
Please, I was just-

SERVANT 1
(in German)
Endless questions about Cherry-
something...

Weiss and Josef enter, along with a dozen others from all directions, as Krüger walks across the room to Eisner.

KRÜGER
(in German)
He's a fucking spy. I thought he
looked like a Jew...

EISNER
(in German)
No, please...

Josef watches as Krüger delves into his boot and pulls out a dagger, a SOLID NICKEL BLADE WITH AN ELABORATE BLACK HANDLE.

KRÜGER
(in German)
There's only one solution for spies.

Eisner struggles to get away from the grip of the two men, as voices are raised all around and Krüger steps towards him.

EISNER
(in German)
Help! Help me!

Just as Krüger is upon him, Josef lurches forward, pulls Krüger aside and starts raining punches down on Eisner.

JOSEF
(in German)
Fucking spy? You pig! Fucking dog!

He keeps his body in front of the others, and punches Eisner over and over.

Suddenly a gunshot rings out, making everyone in the room instinctively duck.

Six British guards with rifles burst in and shout:

GUARD 1
Get back!

GUARD 2
Get off him now!

The Servants move back from Eisner, and the others retreat across the room.

Krüger passes his dagger into another hand, which passes it on again, and again.

Eisner is crumpled on the floor, his face a bloody mess, Josef in front of him with his hand dripping blood.

110 INT. ENTRANCE HALL, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 110

Eisner is carried out and Josef hauled away.

111 INT. BRIEFING ROOM -- DAY 111

Josef has a small towel wrapped around his hand. Warner, Lucy and armed Guards look on.

Bryant is furious, standing in front of the seated Josef.

BRYANT
Eisner’s in the infirmary! He can’t remember his own name! What the hell!?

JOSEF
I had to do something to keep Krüger off him. He had a knife!

BRYANT
That’s impossible.

JOSEF
He had a knife in his boot and he was going to kill Eisner, right there. I had to do something!

BRYANT
So you tried killing Eisner yourself to save him the job?

JOSEF
No! I didn't... I pulled the punches as best I could without...

BRYANT
Tell Eisner that when he wakes up.

JOSEF
... He had a knife.

Bryant turns to the ranking Guard, SERGEANT PICKERING (40).

BRYANT
Any sign of a knife?

PICKERING
No sir.

Bryant paces, seething. Warner talks calmly.

WARNER
(to Pickering)
Turn the place over, the whole house. Thank you, sergeant.

PICKERING
Sir.

Pickering turns and exits. Silence.

WARNER
You stopped Weiss talking about Kirschkern last night.

JOSEF
I didn't mean to, I was just... playing the role. But it worked.

WARNER
How so?

JOSEF
The conversation I had with him this morning. He trusted me.

BRYANT
You mean the conversation you conducted entirely in inaudible whispers?

JOSEF
What are you talking about? You didn't get it?

BRYANT
You're surprised by that?

JOSEF
Yes I am. If I'm risking my life I'd expect you to have the competence to record what's said!

BRYANT
You dragged him to a blind spot!

JOSEF
I was earning his trust! It worked-

WARNER
What did he say?

Josef thinks for a moment.

JOSEF
Not much. He was about to talk about the launch system, but then... Eisner...

BRYANT
We only have your word for that. That makes it low grade intelligence. You're confined to barracks. Out!

Josef looks up at Warner, then Bryant and Lucy, all eyes averted.

He walks out.

112 EXT. INFIRMARY, TRENT PARK -- DAY 112

Josef walks up to the Infirmary, takes a breath and enters.

113 INT. INFIRMARY WARD -- DAY 113

Eisner, the left side of his face ballooned and red, wakes.

As his eyes slowly find focus, he sees the anxious Josef sitting beside his bed.

JOSEF
(in German)
I'm sorry. I didn't know what to do. Krüger was going to kill you. You saw the knife?

EISNER
(in German)
What knife?

JOSEF
(in German)
Krüger-

EISNER
(in German)
I didn't see any knife. Go away.

JOSEF
(in German)
I'm sorry.

EISNER
(in German)
Go away, Leibowitz.

Eisner looks away, consumed by pain. Josef stands.

114 INT. NISSEN HUT -- NIGHT 114

Unable to sleep, Josef smokes and looks out of the window.

115 INT. WARNER'S OFFICE -- DAY 115

Josef stands in front of Warner and Bryant.

BRYANT
If I had a choice I'd never set eyes on you again. But we need the bodies, so you're working.

JOSEF
Sir... I was thinking about Weiss.

BRYANT
What about him?

JOSEF
I told him Kirschkern could flatten London. He was surprised. He didn't think it could carry the payload for that.

WARNER
We don't know whether it can or not.

JOSEF
No but... I think we're chasing Weiss's dream, when there's real information we need that they have.

BRYANT
Like what?

JOSEF
The death camp in the east sir. Or camps. They all know about it, it's real. Bruckner's been there for sure, maybe more of them have. We need to find out exactly-

BRYANT
Jesus Christ. Get to work and, I can't stress this enough; shut the fuck up.

Josef stands still.

BRYANT (CONT'D)
You're dismissed.

Josef doesn't move. Bryant stands.

Suddenly there's an urgent knock on the door, and Klein enters fast, addressing Warner:

KLEIN
Sir, something's happening in the house.

WARNER
What?

KLEIN
Well... nothing.

BRYANT
What?

116 INT. M ROOM -- DAY 116

Josef watches as Warner and Bryant listen, in headphones, along with Lucy and a room full of listeners. Silence.

BRYANT
Is this technical?

KLEIN
No sir. 14 went down about twenty minutes ago and... We've heard nothing since. But the system's operational.

Bryant looks round at Warner.

117 INT. DINING ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 117

Warner walks in, flanked by Guards.

Von Feldt is sitting at a table, all the other senior officers around him. On the table, A MICROPHONE.

WARNER
Von Feldt. What is this?

Von Feldt says nothing. He looks over to the wall: Ripped wallpaper and a hole where the microphone used to sit.

WARNER (CONT'D)
I don't understand.

Weiss scoffs.

VON FELDT
You're not going to insult me by denying knowledge of this.

WARNER
I mean no insult but I have no idea what this is.

VON FELDT
Really? After you sent a spy in here?

WARNER
To be clear, General, I sent nobody in here. All I know is, I have one of your men in the hospital and another in a cell. How they got there seems to me to be entirely a matter for you.

WEISS
(in German)
Spies everywhere. No honour. It's why we'll crush them in the end.

Warner understands. Nothing else is forthcoming from the officers. He stands and picks up the microphone.

WARNER
As for this? Leave it with me.

He exits with the Guards.

118 INT. WARNER'S OFFICE -- DAY 118

Warner and Bryant sit in silence, looking at the microphone on the table.

Other senior staff, including the bespectacled LT SOBEY (26), look to Warner for an idea. Finally:

WARNER
Let me see the circuit plan.

Sobey springs up and goes over to a set of drawers, takes out two large sheets of paper and lays them down on the table.

SOBEY
Ground floor, top floor.

Warner looks at the drawings, showing floor plans and the placement of microphones in the walls. He thinks. Eventually:

WARNER
Redraw them. Omit everything in the bunk rooms. They don't exist. Show half of what remains in communal areas. We'll own up to them. Throw them a bone where we've got overlapping coverage. Age them beyond question. I need it *now*.

SOBEY
Sir.

Sobey gathers up the drawings at the double.

119 INT. STUDY, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 119

Warner and Von Feldt look on as Sobey refers to his newly faked circuit plan and cuts a hole in the wallpaper.

WARNER
... You know the cloak and dagger brigade. It's all a bloody game to them. They put them in thinking it was all a terrific wheeze, and promptly forgot all about them when the next caper came along.

Sobey digs out a microphone.

WARNER (CONT'D)
I'm appalled by the deception, and grateful that their very unseriousness means that no actual damage was done.

Von Feldt offer no comment.

120 INT. M ROOM -- NIGHT 120

The listeners listen. The house is silent.

Bryant listens in anxiously, with Lucy alongside him.

121 INT. M ROOM -- DAY 121

Josef sits at his desk, his headphones silent. He looks around the room.

The acetate recorders all lie idle and there is little-to-no writing being done by the listeners.

Warner enters, and Josef watches him walk to the Control desk and hear Bryant's assessment.

As they talk, Warner looks round at Josef. A feeling of dread settles on him.

122 INT. WARNER'S OFFICE -- DAY 122

Josef in front of Warner and Bryant.

JOSEF
I was clearly protecting Eisner.

BRYANT
You put Eisner in a coma.

JOSEF
They don't know that. They only know I stopped Krüger right as he was about to stab him.

BRYANT
You're mistaken. There was no knife.

JOSEF
I saw it. I described it to Lucy.

BRYANT
We searched every inch of the house. Found all manner of contraband, and no knife.

JOSEF
Then you missed it-

BRYANT
Enough. We're already wondering why, the day after you have an inaudible conversation with a rabid Nazi, they discover a microphone. Some might question whose side you're on.

JOSEF
Permission to speak freely, sir.

WARNER
Granted.

JOSEF
What a load of bollocks.

WARNER
... Kirschkern is an emergency. You go back in first thing.

It's definitive. Josef takes it in.

123 INT. INFIRMARY WARD -- NIGHT 123

Lucy takes chocolate out of her bag and leaves it on Eisner's bedside table, the sleeping Eisner oblivious.

She turns to see Josef lurking at the end of the bed.

LUCY
He's asleep.

Josef goes to speak but she shushes him, and adjusts Eisner's sheets.

124 EXT. INFIRMARY, TRENT PARK -- NIGHT 124

Lucy leads Josef out into the darkness.

LUCY
Why would you imagine he wants to see you?

JOSEF
They say I'm lying about the knife. I'm not.

LUCY
He didn't see it.

JOSEF
... I know.

Lucy looks at him for a moment; defeated, isolated, scared.

LUCY
You should sleep.

JOSEF
Why would I lie about it? So I had an excuse to beat up Eisner? Why would I want to do that? If I was *a fucking Nazi*, what would I gain by doing that?

LUCY
I don't know. Get some sleep.

She walks away.

125 INT. WEISS'S ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- NIGHT 125

Weiss and Krüger smoking.

WEISS
(in German)
He knew Kirschkern.

KRÜGER
(in German)
That doesn't mean anything. He stopped me killing the spy.

WEISS
(in German)
Maybe he was just angry. We all were.

126 INT. WARNER'S OFFICE -- NIGHT 126

Bryant looks through transcripts. A knock at the door. Klein enters carrying papers.

KLEIN
Krüger, sir. He suspects 'Schneider'.

Klein hands Bryant the papers. He reads.

BRYANT
There's nothing concrete here...

KLEIN
... Sir.

BRYANT
Keep an ear out. Bring anything directly to me.

Klein exits, and Bryant screws up the transcript.

127 INT. BARRACKS CORRIDOR, TRENT PARK -- NIGHT 127

Josef walks in and towards his room.

A door before his is open, and some listeners are in the room, talking. When they see him they stop.

Josef pauses at the door, looking for the right words.

Schiller leans across and pushes the door closed.

128 EXT. GATE, TRENT PARK BASE -- NIGHT 128

Sentries sign out a supply truck.

As it draws away onto the road, Josef walks out on the sentries' blindside and carries on up the road.

129 INT. TRAIN -- NIGHT 129

Josef rides a suburban train. He takes a hip flask out of his pocket and drinks.

130 INT. NIGHT CLUB, HAMBURG -- NIGHT 130

Josef and his FRIEND (30) neck a schnapps, and order more.

Caption: Hamburg 1938

Josef looks round at a German Officer, with a gaggle of Party Girls. It is the same officer Josef remembered before.

JOSEF
(in German)
It's the vanity that gets me.

His Friend glances at the German Officer but quickly averts his gaze, weighed down, anxious despite the booze.

JOSEF (CONT'D)
(in German)
I can't be in their stupid army.
I'm a lover not a fighter.

FRIEND
(in German)
I'm sure if you explain that
they'll cancel your call up.

JOSEF
(in German)
It's all right for you. Some cushy
job in Munich. What's your secret?
Friends in high places?

FRIEND
(in German)
Something like that.

JOSEF
(in German)
Breaking up the old team. It's a
crime. Arseholes.

131 EXT. EUSTON STATION CONCOURSE -- NIGHT 131

Josef hurries to the ticket office.

132 INT. EUSTON STATION TICKET OFFICE -- NIGHT 132

The nervous Josef approaches the counter, and the TICKET SELLER sees the stripes on his arm and smiles.

TICKET SELLER
Sergeant.

JOSEF
Hello. A ticket to Holyhead,
please, onto Dunleary.

The accent and destination raise flags for the Ticket Seller.

TICKET SELLER
Single or return?

JOSEF
(lies)
... Return.

TICKET SELLER
Of course. I'll need to see your Sailing Certificate.

His what? Josef stands there, a weak plan already in ruins.

The Ticket Seller's smile is well and truly gone.

133 EXT. EUSTON STATION CONCOURSE -- NIGHT 133

Josef scans the departures board for a clue. There's nothing.

Yards away a Soldier is greeted off the train by his excited Sweetheart - he drops his kitbag and starts dancing with her to no music, spinning her around expertly as she giggles.

134 INT. NIGHT CLUB, HAMBURG -- NIGHT 134

Josef and his Friend dance with EVA (22) and Anna, to lively music - they spin, breathless and intoxicated.

The four of them stumble over to the bar.

JOSEF
(in German)
You see? You dance like that in the army and they court martial you.

EVA
(in German)
Nonsense. You'll be even better in uniform.

JOSEF
(in German)
I'll be all stiff.

He adopts a mock-military posture.

JOSEF (CONT'D)
(in German)
Good morning. Yes, I have an umbrella up my arse, what of it?

Eva and Anna giggle, while his Friend looks round nervously at the German Officer, who glances across.

Josef Nazi salutes the Barman, and necks his drink.

135 EXT. WHARF, DOCKLANDS -- NIGHT 135

In London, Josef drinks from his hip flask on the wharf, and sees a ship being prepared to sail, lines of troops embarking, looking small. The mood is grim.

He looks up and down the wharf, and turns away.

136 INT. DOCKLANDS PUB -- NIGHT 136

Josef drinks whisky fast and taps his glass, addressing the Landlord rudely.

JOSEF
More...

A group of burly Dockers look at him from their table.

137 EXT. HAMBURG NIGHT CLUB -- NIGHT 137

Josef and his Friend stumble out onto the street noisily.

138 INT. DOCKLANDS PUB -- NIGHT 138

Josef is drunk.

JOSEF
Another please.

The Landlord is reluctant.

JOSEF (CONT'D)
Sorry. Please, just one more...

The Landlord pours, and the despondent Josef remembers:

139 EXT. HAMBURG STREET -- NIGHT 139

Josef and Friend reel past a ruined Jewish tailor shop.

JOSEF
(in German)
The poor old Jews. They're so fucked.

He laughs, less amused than appalled, and walks on, his Friend a few yards back.

JOSEF (CONT'D)
(in German)
Do you even know what any of this is about? I don't think it's really *about* anything at all. That's the genius of it.

FRIEND
(in German)
It's not funny.

JOSEF
(in German)
No, but I laugh anyway. You know why? Crying turns the girls off.

FRIEND
(in German)
Fuck you, Hans.

JOSEF
(in German)
There's no need for that! What's it to you anyway, Munich Boy?

FRIEND
(in German)
I'm not going to Munich.

Josef stops and turns to him.

FRIEND (CONT'D)
(in German)
I'm going to England.

JOSEF
(in German)
Ha! I don't think so. They won't let you.

FRIEND
(in German)
They will. It's taken years, but I got an exit visa.

JOSEF
(in German)
Yeah sure. I'm expecting mine any day now. From the King of England himself.

His Friend goes into his inside pocket and takes out a bundle of papers inside a passport. He hands them to Josef.

Josef opens the passport, and the first thing he sees is an exit visa for England.

JOSEF (CONT'D)
(in German)
What the hell...

The next layer is a ticket for the boat.

JOSEF (CONT'D)
(in German)
I don't understand. How...

Finally he comes to the passport, the two open pages both marked with the letter J, covering the whole page.

He struggles to take it in. He looks at the photo - his Friend.

Then he looks at the name - Josef Leibowitz.

JOSEF (CONT'D)
(in German)
Leibowitz? Your name is Böhm.

FRIEND
(in German)
No, Hans. My name is Leibowitz.

Josef looks down. That's what it says. Plus the J watermark. He looks up at his Friend.

JOSEF
(in German)
You're a fucking Jew.

A look between them, then a voice comes out of the darkness behind his Friend.

GERMAN OFFICER
(in German)
Who's a fucking Jew?

A figure walks out of the shadows - the German Officer from the night club. Four Nazi Paramilitaries stand at his side.

Josef and his Friend run the other way. The Nazis pursue them.

140 EXT. DOCKLANDS PUB -- NIGHT 140

Josef falls out of the pub and sees the Dockers across the road, looking at him.

JOSEF
What are you looking at, Arschlöcker?

They just look back at him.

JOSEF (CONT'D)
That mean arseholes, you dimwits. Look at you. Not even in uniform. Cowards. I'm German and I'm doing more for this country than you.

The Dockers walks across the road towards him.

JOSEF (CONT'D)
(in German)
That's it. Come and take your punishment, you cowards!

Josef lands one punch before he's swamped, taking blow after blow, falling to the ground.

141 EXT. HAMBURG STREET -- NIGHT 141

Josef's Friend is beaten by the Nazi Paramilitaries, as the German Officer looks on.

Josef watches, breathless, from a hiding place 40 yards away. The beating goes on and on.

Finally they stop, and he watches as they take his pulse.

PARAMILITARY
(in German)
Dead.

GERMAN OFFICER
(in German)
His papers...

They go through his pockets.

Josef looks down at his own hand - and the real Josef Leibowitz's bundle of papers.

142 EXT. DOCKLANDS PUB -- NIGHT 142

The Dockers walks away from Josef, groaning on the ground.

143 INT. MAIN ROOM, APARTMENT, HAMBURG -- NIGHT 143

Josef bursts in, sweaty and breathless, throwing the bundle of papers onto the table as he hurries into the bedroom.

144 INT. BEDROOM, APARTMENT, HAMBURG -- NIGHT 144

Josef pulls a suitcase out from under his bed and opens it on the bed.

He opens a drawer, pulls out clothes and stuffs them all in the suitcase.

145 INT. MAIN ROOM, APARTMENT, HAMBURG -- NIGHT 145

Josef enters with the suitcase and pauses.

He has a thought, hurries to the table and sits.

He riffles through the bundle of papers, opening out the exit visa and reading:

... Permission to leave... permanent emigrant... Josef Leibowitz...

He thinks, opens Josef’s passport to the photo page.

He rushes to a drawer, searches through it and finds:

A set of four passport photos of himself.

Back at the table he carefully cuts one off the sheet.

He gets his fingernail under the corner of the picture of Josef and, milimetre by milimetre, he pulls it off.

He glues the photo of himself in its place.

He looks at the photo of Josef and stops for a second, overwhelmed by the events of the night.

Then he focuses on the corner of the photo, where a section of the circular Nazi stamp on the page crosses the photo.

On the photo of himself, the stamp isn’t there.

He looks at the clock - 06.55 - and at the boat ticket.

It sails at 08.00.

He takes a pen and starts to recreate the Nazi stamp on the corner of his photo.

Finished, he looks at it - it's no good.

He peels the photo off.

He cuts out another photo of himself from the sheet.

He glues it on.

He makes another attempt at forging the stamp in the corner.

He looks at the result. It could be better.

He looks at the clock. No time.

He picks up papers and the suitcase and heads out.

146 EXT. WHARF, HAMBURG -- DAY 146

Josef queues to get on the boat, his heart racing.

Finally he reaches the front of the queue, and two BORDER GUARDS with Swastika armbands.

BORDER GUARD 1
(in German)
Papers.

Josef hands them over, and The Border Guard checks them one by one - ticket, exit visa, passport.

He looks closely at the photo, up at Josef, back down.

He runs his thumb across the forged stamp at the corner of the photo. Finally:

BORDER GUARD 1 (CONT'D)
(in German)
And today's luckiest Jew in Hamburg, ladies and gentlemen, is... Josef Leibowitz.

The name rings in Josef's ears as he looks at Border Guard 1.

Border Guard 1 slaps him hard across the face.

BORDER GUARD 1 (CONT'D)
(in German)
There's something to take with you, Jew.

Shocked, stung, Josef takes the papers as they're handed back to him and heads up the gangplank.

147 INT. MP’S CAR -- DAY 147

Josef feels his bruised cheek as he sits in the back of the moving car, a Military Policeman sitting alongside him and another driving.

148 EXT. TRENT PARK BASE -- DAY 148

The MP’s car is let in through the gate.

149 INT. CORRIDOR, STATION HQ -- DAY 149

The battered Josef walks between the two MPs.

Coming the other way, Janet raises her eyebrows as he passes.

150 INT. WARNER'S OFFICE -- DAY 150

Josef in front of Warner and Bryant.

BRYANT
You’re not fit to hold your rank.

JOSEF
I agree. Request to return to the Pioneer Corps as a private, sir.

BRYANT
So you can disgrace them too?

JOSEF
I was more useful there.

WARNER
No. This works for us. You beat up the spy and this was your reward.

JOSEF
What?

WARNER
Even better - the spy heard you mention Kirschkern so the British interrogated you on the subject. They suspected you of lying and things got out of hand. There’s no reason to change the plan.

JOSEF
Sir-

WARNER
Get changed.

Josef tries to think of a counter. He has none.

151 INT. STAFF CAR -- DAY 151

Lucy drives too fast and talks to her passenger:

LUCY
You're a capable looking chap. I bet you dinner you'll be a sergeant by the end of the day.

Her passenger is revealed - GOLDMANN - the man Josef was avoiding back in the internment camp.

GOLDMANN
I think you know something I don't.

LUCY
Moi? Perish the thought. Where are you from, Herr Goldmann?

GOLDMANN
Originally, Hamburg. Now, nowhere.

LUCY
Now, now. We have a man from Hamburg. He's troublesome but talented. Josef Leibowitz. Ring any bells?

GOLDMANN
Josef Leibowitz?

LUCY
The very same.

GOLDMANN
Sorry... That's impossible.

Lucy looks round at him.

152 INT. SPECIAL OUTFITTER -- DAY 152

Josef buttons up Schneider's uniform with a heavy heart.

153 INT. CORRIDOR, STATION HQ -- DAY 153

Josef, as Schneider, walks.

154 EXT. TRENT PARK -- DAY 154

Lucy’s staff car pulls up, braking sharply.

155 INT. BRIEFING ROOM -- DAY 155

The room is empty. A knock at the door. Silence.

Josef enters, walks to the window and looks out.

156 INT. CORRIDOR, STATION HQ -- DAY 156

Lucy strides fast up the corridor, Goldmann struggling to keep up alongside her.

157 INT. WARNER'S OFFICE -- DAY 157

A knock. Warner looks up from his work to see the door open and a fierce-looking Lucy.

LUCY
Leibowitz, Colonel?

WARNER
I’m about to brief him.

LUCY
You need to come with me, sir.

158 INT. BRIEFING ROOM -- DAY 158

Josef turns as the door opens, to see Lucy walk in, followed by Warner and, finally, Goldmann.

His face drops, as Goldmann sees him, takes in the sight of him, and says:

GOLDMANN
Hans.

Silence. Then:

JOSEF
Hello Jacob.

WARNER
What the bloody hell?

Josef looks at the furious Lucy, and drops his head.

From this point in the script, the character of Josef is called what we now know to be his real name: HANS.

159 EXT. TRENT PARK BASE -- DAY 159

Bryant and Lucy walk fast, businesslike, stoney faced.

160 INT. DETENTION BARRACKS -- DAY 160

Bryant and Lucy enter. A MILITARY POLICEMAN, a Staff Sergeant, unlocks a barred door and they go through.

161 INT. CELL -- DAY 161

Lying down, Hans sits up as the Military Policeman unlocks his cell and holds the door open.

MILITARY POLICEMAN
Look lively.

Hans stands, looking far from lively.

MILITARY POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
Ten-hut!

HANS
Give it a rest. I'm not in your fucking army any more.

162 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY 162

Lucy and Bryant look up as the MP leads Hans in, shackles on his wrists.

BRYANT
Take those off him.

The MP unlocks the shackles.

BRYANT (CONT'D)
Sit.

Hans sits on the other side of the table to Lucy and Bryant, and looks at the MP, standing to attention.

HANS
Three beers please.

BRYANT
Shut up.
(to the MP)
Thank you, Staff.

The MP turns smartly and marches out.

HANS
What do you want?

BRYANT
The truth.

HANS
I already told you.

BRYANT
Tell me again.

HANS
Why?

BRYANT
Because that way I won't have to call that MP back in here.

A threat. Lucy is embarrassed by it.

HANS
My name is Hans Schmidt, I come from a shitty Westphalia village, my family were farmers, religious maniacs, Lutherans, I haven't seen them for ten years and don't suppose I'll ever see them again. I moved to Hamburg at 15 and worked at the docks, between the wharf and the office. I could speak both languages there too. What else?

BRYANT
How did you come to be 'Josef Leibowitz'?

HANS
You know this.

BRYANT
Tell me.

HANS
... Josef was my friend. I worked with him. Lived with him. Drank with him.
(MORE)

HANS (CONT'D)
I watched four men - men very much like the one you threatened me with just now - I watched them kick him to death. Like it was nothing. You've heard them talk about killing Jews. It's all true, I saw it. They don't feel anything, except maybe pleasure, some of them-

BRYANT
How did you come to be Leibowitz?

Hans looks at him, and answers plainly, without shame:

HANS
I had call up papers. He had an exit visa. He couldn't use it.

BRYANT
You didn't want to fight for your country?

Meaning "So you're a coward"? Hans almost laughs.

HANS
Who does? I mean really? This war is great fun for you and Warner and Von Feldt and all the other Arschlöcker who see it as this big game. For ordinary people, it's a nightmare. So no, I didn't want to fight. I wanted to work and drink and dance with girls like everyone else. Like Josef Leibowitz, in fact, until your man kicked him to death.

Hans's gesture indicates the MP. Bryant ignores it.

BRYANT
Have you ever been a member of the German military?

HANS
I've told you-

BRYANT
Have you ever been a member of the German military?

HANS
Only for you. Remember? That went well. How *is* Eisner?

BRYANT
What did you tell Weiss about Kirschkern?

HANS
I told him it could flatten London in two days. The idiot believed me. I told him I was worried the British had cracked the codes, or else how would I have got caught? That's about it. How's Eisner?

LUCY
He's the same.

Bryant is annoyed by her talking out of turn but bites his tongue.

Hans look at her for a moment, then down.

HANS
I don't believe Kirschkern is what they hope it is. You need to find out about the death camp in the east-

BRYANT
Yes, so you've said-

HANS
They're killing thousands-

BRYANT
Shut your mouth. For once. You don't get to tell us what to do.

HANS
God I hope I meet you after all this is over. *That* would be worth going to jail for.

Bryant stands and walks to the door without looking at Hans.

Lucy follows, takes a last look at him at the door, and goes.

163 INT. M ROOM -- NIGHT 163

Bryant paces. Janet brings a transcript to Lucy, and Bryant intercepts.

BRYANT
Is that for me?

JANET
No sir. Sorry sir.

His frustration grows.

164 EXT. TRENT PARK BASE -- NIGHT 164

Warner waits, looking at London, dark in the distance. Bryant approaches him.

BRYANT
They're talking, but still nothing about Kirschkern.

WARNER
... Show the film.

BRYANT
Yes sir.

Bryant turns on his heels.

165 INT. DINING ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- NIGHT 165

The POWs are gathered on chairs facing a screen.

Two British soldiers load a film reel onto a projector, while other Guards stand around the gathering, armed.

HUTH
(in German)
Please let it be Louise Brooks.

Von Feldt turns to look, unamused. Huth drops his head.

The film runs through the projector, counting down silently, and a newsreel starts to play.

Title: D-Day, 6th June 1944

The film proceeds, detailing the successful landing in Normandy and the advance inland.

They watch grim faced, with only the odd quiet comment, eg, "Normandy, I said Normandy", "It's over" and "Bastards".

166 EXT. HAMBURG STREET -- NIGHT 166

Hans watches the German Officer in field grey looking on, as the Paramilitaries beat Josef to death.

167 INT. PRISON CELL -- NIGHT 167

Hans holds his aching head on his bunk.

168 INT. VON FELDT'S ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- NIGHT 168

Von Feldt undresses in silence.

169 INT. WEISS'S ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- NIGHT 169

Weiss and Krüger sit in silence.

170 INT. HUTH'S ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- NIGHT 170

Huth is snoring, face down on his bed, fully clothed.

171 INT. M ROOM -- NIGHT 171

Headphones on, Warner and Bryant monitor the feeds. Nothing.

172 EXT. ROOF, TRENT PARK -- DAY 172

Early morning. A Pioneer Corps labourer is repairing guttering, high on a ladder against Trent Park House.

He looks down the side of the building, spotting something on a window ledge.

LABOURER
Fuck a duck.

Invisible from any angle but his, sits: A DAGGER, WITH A SOLID NICKEL BLADE AND AN ELABORATE BLACK HANDLE.

173 INT. WARNER'S OFFICE -- DAY 173

Bryant and Lucy look on as Warner examines the fancy dagger.

WARNER
They really do have a weakness for vanity, don't they?

BRYANT
Somehow they unsealed the window. We've found three more the same, and more contraband. Just the one dagger though.

WARNER
And the serial number?

It's engraved on the centre crossguard.

BRYANT
... Krüger's.

WARNER
So he did save Eisner's life.

Bryant would like to argue against it, but can't.

WARNER (CONT'D)
He's our best chance. Perhaps our only chance.

BRYANT
Respectfully, I disagree. He can't be trusted. He's lied about who he is for years.

WARNER
Is it just me, or does that make him the perfect man for the job?

Lucy manages to mask her smile.

174 INT. PRISON CELL -- DAY 174

Hans looks up as the Military Policeman unlocks his cell.

175 EXT. TRENT PARK BASE -- DAY 175

In prison fatigues, Hans attracts looks as he's led towards Station HQ by the MP.

176 INT. CORRIDOR, STATION HQ -- DAY 176

Hans ignores more stares as he walks behind the MP.

177 INT. BRIEFING ROOM -- DAY 177

The MP leads Hans in, to see Warner, Bryant and another man, GENERAL TRUTER (50).

BRYANT
Thank you, Staff.
(to Hans)
Sit down.

The MP leaves and Hans remains standing.

TRUTER
What should I call you? Herr Schmidt?

Hans shrugs.

TRUTER (CONT'D)
My name is Truter, I'm head of British Intelligence. I need to talk to you about something very important.

WARNER
Sit down, old boy, you're making the place look untidy.

Hans finally sits, looking at the table in front of him.

TRUTER
We know Kirschkern is about to go operational. We know it will come from the Pas-de-Calais. We just don't know what to look for. We hoped to find launch sites in Normandy. We haven't. It seems they're mobile, and they've simply ghosted away, if they were ever there. It may be out of range.

WARNER
Weiss knows about the launch system. He was talking to you about it when-

HANS
Only I heard that.

WARNER
Even so.

HANS
You told me that made it 'low grade intelligence'. You're that desperate?

WARNER
Frankly, yes, but also...

He looks to Bryant, who awkwardly puts Krüger's dagger on the table between them.

WARNER (CONT'D)
We owe you an apology.

HANS
(laughs)
Jesus Christ.

TRUTER
I'm told you doubt the potential power of this new weapon. I hope you're right but, you understand, I have to assume you're not. I need to know what Weiss knows. That means you, or, your Lt. Schneider-

HANS
How's Eisner?

Bryant bristles, but:

WARNER
He's on his feet. He knows why you did what you did.

Hans thinks.

TRUTER
We can't force you to do this, but I'm asking you to, because we need it, and countless lives-

HANS
I'll do it.

TRUTER
... Good man.

Hans doesn't look at them.

178 INT. SPECIAL OUTFITTER -- DAY 178

Hans puts on Lt. Schneider's uniform. Lucy stands close by.

LUCY
If you need to communicate with us, request to see the doctor. Likewise if you're in danger and need to get out. Otherwise, we'll extract you as soon as we have what we need. Remember, the communal areas have poor coverage. Get him in the sleeping quarters.

Hans looks in the mirror.

179 EXT. TRENT PARK BASE -- NIGHT 179

Hans is resolute as Two Guards escort him, as Schneider, and Warner towards the house.

180 INT. ENTRANCE HALL, TRENT HOUSE -- NIGHT 180

Hans leads the party as they enter the house.

181 INT. STUDY, TRENT HOUSE -- NIGHT 181

Von Feldt stands as the party enters, immediately angered by the state of Hans's face.

VON FELDT
Warner, what the hell-

WARNER
I know. I'm afraid retribution was extracted. The men responsible will pay the price.

Hans looks around the room, as Warner and the Guards leave.

Huth springs up, his affable self:

HUTH
(in German)
You look like you need a drink.

HANS
(in German)
No thank you.

VON FELDT
(in German)
Is it true? They beat you because of what you did to the spy?

HANS
(in German)
No. They interrogated me.

VON FELDT
(in German)
Regarding what?

HANS
(in German)
I’m not prepared to talk about this. General...

And he turns on his heels and out.

182 INT. HANS'S ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- NIGHT 182

Wohl looks up as Hans enters, and sees the state of his face.

WOHL
(in German)
Shit. They did a good job on you.

HANS
(in German)
Where’s Weiss?

WOHL
(in German)
I don’t know. Be careful, Krüger’s been telling everyone you’re a traitor.

Hans thinks, decides.

183 INT. LANDING, TRENT HOUSE -- NIGHT 183

Hans walks to a door and knocks.

WEISS (O.S.)
(in German)
Yes.

184 INT. WEISS'S ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- NIGHT 184

Hans enters to find Weiss and Krüger sitting, smoking.

WEISS
(in German)
What the hell happened to you?

HANS
(in German)
Interrogation.

KRÜGER
(in German)
You expect us to believe that?

HANS
(in German)
What?

KRÜGER
(in German)
You stopped me killing the spy.

HANS
(in German)
I smashed his head in. If you had a better idea you should have been quicker.

Krüger stands, ready for action.

WEISS
(in German)
Wait. Interrogation about what?

HANS
(in German)
I'll tell *you* that. No one else.

KRÜGER
(in German)
Fuck you.

Krüger steps towards Hans.

WEISS
(in German)
Give me a moment with him.

KRÜGER
(in German)
What!?

WEISS
(in German)
He's careful. Look at him. I understand why.

Seething, Krüger steps past Hans and out of the door.

185 INT. M ROOM -- NIGHT 185

Eisner, bearing the scars of his injuries, listens in headphones, as do Bryant, Warner and Truter behind him. Lucy waits nervously alongside.

HANS (O.S.)
(in German)
They wanted to know about Kirschkern. The spy heard me, that first night, when I...

186 INT. WEISS'S ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- NIGHT 186

Weiss and Hans.

WEISS
(in German)
What did you tell them?

HANS
(in German)
I made up a story about hitching a lift on the boat after taking compassionate leave. My brother was killed in the desert. That much is true.

WEISS
(in German)
Many brothers, I'm afraid. They believed you?

HANS
(in German)
No. And they beat me. But I stuck to the story and in the end they... just stopped. They're fools.

187 INT. M ROOM -- NIGHT 187

Warner, Bryant and Truter listen, and Truter reads the transcript Eisner is producing very fast.

HANS (O.S.)
(in German)
... It's why they deserve to lose. Why losing to them would be unforgivable.

TRUTER
He's convincing. I'll give him that.

188 INT. WEISS'S ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- NIGHT 188

Weiss and Hans.

WEISS
(in German)
We haven't lost yet.

HANS
(in German)
But why the delay with Kirschkern? It was ready to go! The invasion?

WEISS
(in German)
No.

HANS
(in German)
But if they've taken the launch sites...

WEISS
(in German)
There are over 50 Avfyringsramper in the Pas-de-Calais. It will come soon, it has to.

HANS
(in German)
Please make it so.

189 INT. M ROOM -- NIGHT 189

The same people gathered round, as Bryant talks urgently to Eisner:

BRYANT
What is that? "Avfyringsramper"?

EISNER
It means launch pad. Or... launch *ramp*.

TRUTER
Ramp?

WARNER
That's it.

Truter picks up the phone, already connected to someone.

TRUTER
Dunn? Avfyringsramper. That's launch *ramp*.

190 INT. AERIAL RECONNAISSANCE ANALYSIS -- NIGHT 190

CAPTAIN DUNN (28) listens carefully and writes.

TRUTER (O.S.)
(phone)
It's a ramp.

DUNN
On it, sir.
(to the room)
Ramp! Search all objects of interest for anything that can be described as a ramp.

Twenty Analysts sort through aerial photos, take more from drawers and lay them out, to a controlled yet frantic rhythm.

191 INT. DINING ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- NIGHT 191

The POWS eat at three large tables, servants in attendance.

Wohl, sitting next to Hans, points to the scars in the walls.

WOHL
(in German)
You've seen this? Microphones.

HANS
(in German)
Seriously? Very sneaky, I underestimated that idiot lord.

He laughs, and addresses the whole table.

HANS (CONT'D)
(in German)
There must be some nervous war criminals in the room, no? "Oh shit! What did I say?"
(laughs)
That's priceless.

At the other end of the table:

KRÜGER
(in German)
It's not funny, you buffoon. Shut up.

HANS
(in German)
What the hell! It's wartime.
(MORE)

HANS (CONT'D)
It’s more important than ever to laugh in wartime.

The whole room is tuned in now, silent.

HANS (CONT’D)
(in German)
There must be something we can have a laugh about. Dead Jews? That always gets a giggle out of me.

The room is acutely uncomfortable and, indeed, reflecting on things said in the past that may come back to haunt them.

HANS (CONT’D)
(in German)
No one’s any fun any more. Prost.

He drinks his wine down.

192 INT. AERIAL RECONNAISSANCE ANALYSIS -- NIGHT 192

An ANALYST stands and addresses Dunn across the room.

ANALYST
Sir. I think I have something.

Dunn strides across to the Analyst, who holds a magnifier in position, while Dunn looks through it.

He sees, among a cluster of buildings, a shape like a ski on its side; long, thin, with a curve at its end.

DUNN
Good work.
(to the room)
All right, everyone needs to see this and look for more like it.

The Analysts gather around.

193 INT. HANS'S ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- NIGHT 193

Hans can’t sleep. He remembers:

194 EXT. HAMBURG STREET -- NIGHT 194

Hans watches as the Nazi thugs lay into Josef.

195 INT. WARNER'S OFFICE -- DAY 195

Dunn has made the trip here with 30 photos. Warner, Bryant and Truter have them spread out on the table.

TRUTER
Outstanding. Thank you everyone. I'm due at Bomber Command. Warner...
(shakes his hand)
... Simpson's this evening. On me.

WARNER
Yes sir.

Truter and Dunn leave, and Lucy is revealed, standing.

LUCY
Congratulations, sir.

WARNER
To us all.

LUCY
Indeed, sir. What about Leibow- ... What about Schmidt?

WARNER
What about him?

LUCY
He's behaving erratically, sir. Provoking them. We think he's in danger.

196 INT. DINING ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 196

Hans's breakfast is untouched, as he drinks coffee.

Across the room, Krüger eyes him. Hans looks to one side, and Bruckner.

Von Feldt, carrying a bottle of wine, wanders in with Warner.

WARNER
... A whole case of the '32, well I couldn't believe my luck, and I knew you'd appreciate it, so...

VON FELDT
I'm grateful, Your Lordship.

WARNER
Ah, Schneider. I trust you're recovering well?

HANS
(in German)
What is this clown saying to me?

Warner reverts to heavily-accented German.

WARNER
(in German)
I hope you're feeling better?

HANS
(in German)
Do you?

WARNER
(in German)
Would you like to see the doctor?

Hans understands the code - he can get out now.

HANS
(in German)
No.

WARNER
(in German)
... Really? It wouldn't be too much trouble.

HANS
(in German)
All that British 'charm' might work on the Prussians but some of us have more self respect. Save it for your mistress.

VON FELDT
(in German)
Lieutenant!

WARNER
It's fine. I understand his frustration.

He looks at Hans, wondering what this is about.

197 INT. WEISS'S ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 197

Krüger is highly agitated as he appeals to Weiss.

KRÜGER
(in German)
Did you see Warner? He was communicating with him. I'm certain of it. Since when did he come in here offering access to a doctor?

WEISS
(in German)
So why didn't he go?

198 INT. BRUCKNER'S ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 198

Bruckner looks up from his book, as Hans appears at the open door.

BRUCKNER
(in German)
Schneider. Jesus.

HANS
(in German)
There were five of them.

BRUCKNER
(in German)
That'll do it.

HANS
(in German)
Can I ask you something?

BRUCKNER
(in German)
Ask? Sure.

HANS
(in German)
You were at the camp in Poland?

BRUCKNER
(in German)
How do you know that?

HANS
(in German)
People talk.

BRUCKNER
(in German)
Yeah? Well I don't.

199 INT. M ROOM -- DAY 199

Eisner sets the acetate recording and listens, acutely concentrated.

200 INT. BRUCKNER'S ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 200

Hans and Bruckner.

HANS
(in German)
What they’re doing there, they do in all our names.

BRUCKNER
(in German)
Not mine.

HANS
(in German)
That’s not what people will think.

BRUCKNER
(in German)
What do you want me to do about it?

HANS
(in German)
Tell the British where it is.

BRUCKNER
(in German)
You’re mad. Why?

HANS
(in German)
So they can do something about it.

BRUCKNER
(in German)
Fuck that. What’s happening might be wrong but I won’t betray my country. Only a rat would ask me to.

Suddenly they hear a strange engine noise overhead. Bruckner goes to the window to see, followed by Hans.

201 INT. WEISS'S ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 201

Weiss and Krüger hurry to the window.

202 INT. WARNER'S OFFICE -- DAY 202

Warner, Bryant and Lucy run to the window, eyes to the sky.

203 EXT. TRENT PARK BASE -- DAY 203

All eyes look to the sky.

A black cylinder with a large tail fin comes into view, high, its engine making a tearing sound, rasping and ugly.

204 INT. WEISS'S ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 204

Weiss is ecstatic at the sight of it.

WEISS
(in German)
This is it.

The engine cuts out, and the rocket seems to hang for a second, before stalling and hurtling towards the ground.

205 INT. WARNER'S OFFICE -- DAY 205

Warner, Bryant and Lucy watch it fall.

LUCY
Oh God.

206 INT. BRUCKNER'S ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 206

Hans watches the rocket land, a mile away. The explosion is big.

207 INT. VARIOUS SPACES, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 207

The German POWs watch, many cheering, exclaiming (”Yes!”, ”Take that, you dogs!”), others watching anxiously.

208 INT. WEISS'S ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 208

Weiss watches black smoke plume, and tells Krüger:

WEISS
(in German)
Retribution, my friend. I told you.

KRÜGER
(in German)
Send more.

They look to the sky.

209 INT. BRUCKNER'S ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 209

Hans and Bruckner look at the smoke, and to the sky.

210 EXT. ROOF, STATION HQ -- DAY 210

Warner, Bryant and Lucy arrive on the roof and scan the sky, dreading what they might see.

The smoke is rising but the skies are quiet, and London looks big and formidable again.

BRYANT
That's it? They'll need to do better than that, and we're onto them, so bad luck.

211 INT. STUDY, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 211

Huth is disappointed, at the window with Von Feldt.

HUTH
(in German)
That's not going to do it.

212 INT. BRUCKNER'S ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 212

At the window, Hans senses his time here may be short, so he pushes Bruckner:

HANS
(in German)
Tell me the name of the camp.

BRUCKNER
(in German)
Why are you so interested?

HANS
(in German)
I told you-

WEISS (O.S.)
(in German)
Flatten London in two days?

Hans turns to see Weiss and Krüger at the door.

HANS
(in German)
... That’s what I was told.

WEISS
(in German)
You said you saw it tested.

HANS
(in German)
I did.

WEISS
(in German)
Where?

HANS
(in German)
Belgium.

WEISS
(in German)
Where?

HANS
(in German)
... Outside Liege.

WEISS
(in German)
Which Corps was testing it?

HANS
LXV Armeekorps z b V.

213 INT. WARNER'S OFFICE -- DAY 213

Eisner rushes in without knocking, startling Warner, Bryant and Lucy.

EISNER
They’re onto him.

214 INT. BRUCKNER'S ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 214

Weiss moves towards Hans, as Krüger shuts the door behind them.

WEISS
(in German)
What's your service number?

HANS
(in German)
What is this?

WEISS
(in German)
Service number!

HANS
(in German)
642-8976-5.

WEISS
(in German)
Battalion?

HANS
(in German)
D Group.

WEISS
(in German)
Unit?

HANS
(in German)
14th Company.

WEISS
(in German)
Service number?

HANS
(in German)
I just told you.

WEISS
(in German)
Tell me again.

HANS
(in German)
642... 8976-5.

WEISS
(in German)
Who was your commanding officer?

HANS
(in German)
Colonel... It was... Colonel...

WEISS
(in German)
Who? It's a simple enough question.

HANS
(in German)
Colonel...

KRÜGER
(in German)
What the hell?

BRUCKNER
(in German)
He was asking questions. Wanted to know about Auschwitz.

Hans turns his head to Bruckner. There it is.

HANS
Auschwitz.

215 INT. M ROOM -- DAY 215

Eisner hears Hans says it again, clearly, for the benefit of the M room, as Warner and Bryant listen in.

HANS (O.S.)
Auschwitz.

216 INT. BRUCKNER'S ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 216

Weiss, Krüger and Bruckner all focused on Hans.

KRÜGER
(in German)
What the fuck?

WEISS
(in German)
Who was your commanding officer?

HANS
(in German)
I told you. Colonel...

KRÜGER
(in German)
Who was your commanding officer?

WEISS
(in German)
Who was your commanding officer?

KRÜGER
(in German)
Who was your commanding officer!?

WEISS (CONT'D)
(in German)
Who was your commanding officer!?

HANS
Josef Leibowitz!

WEISS
(in German)
What!?

HANS
(in German)
My commanding officer. Josef Leibowitz.

WEISS
(in German)
What is this fucking Jew name?

HANS
(in German)
Josef Leibowitz. *That's* the fucking Jew name.

Hans punches Weiss hard in the face, with feeling.

Weiss goes down and Hans gets in another one as he does.

Krüger jumps on him from the side, grappling him towards the floor, but Hans manages to elbow him in the face. Krüger falls back.

Weiss gets up and swings at Hans, who ducks and punches him in the stomach.

As Weiss doubles over, Hans makes for the door, and out.

217 INT. LANDING, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 217

Hans emerges from Bruckner's room, running.

WEISS (O.S.)
(in German)
Stop him!

Krüger emerges and pursues him.

KRÜGER
(in German)
It's Schneider! Kill Schneider!

Hans rounds a corner and heads down the stairs, but POWs are heading up them.

He turns back into the path of Krüger, who goes to punch him.

Hans avoids the punch and pushes Krüger down the stairs into the others, who stumble but continue up.

At the top of the stairs he heads the other way from where he came, shouting for the M room:

HANS
Get me out of here!

He reaches the far end of the landing and a smaller set of stairs but, before he can descend, another group of POWs head up.

He runs back onto the landing, but Weiss, Krüger and the rest are headed towards him.

With the two groups descending on him, he does the only thing he can and pushes the door on his left. LOCKED.

He kicks the handle, once, twice, three times and it splinters, the door swinging open.

218 INT. VACANT ROOM, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 218

Hans enters the empty room, stands in the middle of it and looks around - no way out.

He turns to the door to see Weiss enter, followed by Krüger and half a dozen others.

GUARD (O.S.)
(shouting, far into the house)
(MORE)

GUARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Back to your sleeping quarters!
Schlafzimmer! Schlafzimmer!

KRÜGER
(in German, to Weiss)
It has to be now.

Hans looks behind him - all there is is a window.

WEISS
(in German)
Go.

As the Guards can be heard on the stairs, the POWs all move forward at once.

Hans turns, runs as fast as he can and jumps through the window.

219 EXT. LAWN, TRENT HOUSE -- DAY 219

Hans emerges through the window in an explosion of glass, falls a full storey, lands in a broken heap on the lawn and lies there, motionless.

220 INT. INFIRMARY -- DAY 220

Hans wakes, and the room fades in and out of focus. He groans.

A figure beside the bed, no more than a shadow, moves suddenly, and the voice is urgent, if distant:

LUCY (O.S.)
Nurse! He’s awake!

He drifts back into unconsciousness.

CUT TO:

Hans wakes, and the room is clearer.

LUCY (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Hans...

Lucy comes into view, beside Hans, who is covered in bandages, plaster casts etc.

LUCY (CONT’D)
You did it.

He talks in a whisper:

HANS
Did what?

LUCY
The launch ramps. We found them, They're taking them out. What you did, it's made a huge-

HANS
Auschwitz.

LUCY
... Yes, we know.

HANS
It has to be stopped.

LUCY
... They'll do that on the ground. The Russians...

HANS
The train tracks... Bomb the train tracks...

LUCY
Yes. I'm sure they...

A wave of pain envelops Hans, and he groans.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Nurse!

As a Nurse comes over:

HANS
The train tracks...

Lucy backs off as the Nurse injects Hans's arm, and the morphine puts him under.

221 INT. M ROOM -- DAY 221

The M Room goes on working - headphones on, acetates recording, transcripts scribbled...

Caption: Information gathered at Trent Park greatly reduced the effect of the V1 and V2 flying bombs late in the war.

222 EXT. TRENT PARK BASE -- DAY 222

Eisner walks to his shift.

Caption: Extensive evidence of war crimes collected by the listeners was never made public, as the intelligence services sought to protect their methods.

Caption: British Intelligence knew about the death camp at Auschwitz as early as Spring, 1943.

FADE TO BLACK.

Caption: No action was taken to hinder its operations.

FADE IN:

223 EXT. RURAL RAILWAY STATION -- DAY 223

In uniform, Hans emerges from the station as the train that brought him here can be heard steaming away. There is red, white and blue bunting decoration the station.

He walks past a newspaper hoarding promising full coverage of VE Day celebrations.

224 EXT. COUNTRY LANE -- DAY 224

Hans look across at the familiar barn as he walks.

225 EXT. COTTAGE -- DAY 225

Hans walks up the path, nervous. He gathers himself, knocks.

The door opens, and Mabel appears. She gasps.

She instinctively puts her hand up to his cheek, which sports a fading scar.

MABEL
What's happened here?

HANS
I'll tell you the truth.
Everything.

She drops her hand and looks him in the eye. Finally:

MABEL
All right.

226 EXT. COTTAGE GARDEN -- DAY 226

Golden hour, and Hans and Mabel are sitting on a rotting bench, their mugs long since emptied of tea.

MABEL
Hans?

He nods.

MABEL (CONT'D)
Well I'm not calling you that.
It'll be fucking Adolf next.

A beat, and then they laugh.

Silence.

MABEL (CONT'D)
Joe. You're my Joe. Aren't you?

HANS
I am.

He smiles.

They kiss.

THE END