

UNKNOWN WHITE MALE

by

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adapted from
the novel

"Out of My Head"
by

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FADE IN:

INT. PASSENGER JET - EARLY MORNING

Sleepy thick fatigue, the end of a red-eye flight. Most passengers still asleep, a few read, or stare blankly.

In business class, A HUSBAND and WIFE, mid-30's. He's awake, reading a document. She sleeps nestled against his shoulder. He's trim, sharp, good looking in an academic way. Even in sleep, she's beautiful. Wide-mouthed and honey-haired.

The plane's aspect SHIFTS, the pilot's voice comes on in German. The man lifts his window shade, peers out at the first rays of sun touching the skyline of Berlin.

EXT. TEGEL AIRPORT, BERLIN - EARLY MORNING

Halo of lights. Giant talons, the airplane's LANDING GEAR appears through cloud. Tires hit slick asphalt.

INT. ARRIVALS TERMINAL, TEGEL AIRPORT - SAME

The couple. Dr. Martin Harris and Elizabeth Harris. WIDER: a German IMMIGRATION OFFICER glances up at MARTIN and LIZ. KA-CHUNK! KA-CHUNK! Stamps both passports, swipes the bar codes over a scanner, hands them back. Martin slips his into a leather briefcase.

EXT. ARRIVALS TERMINAL, TEGEL AIRPORT - DAWN

Raining. A melée of travelers and vehicles. Liz beside him, Martin wheels a baggage cart through the crush. An ATTENDANT ushers them toward a waiting cab and DRIVER...

... a CRASH of THUNDER -- the rain suddenly triples in strength. A DELUGE. The taxi driver hustles Martin and Liz towards his car. He shields his head with a newspaper, piling their bags into the trunk, cursing.

Martin sets down his case, moves to help the driver...

I/E. TAXI CAB - DAWN

The DRIVER merges onto the autobahn. Liz yawns with jet-lag, studies Martin who stares out at the passing city.

LIZ
Hey... You're gonna do great.
You always do.

I/E. TAXI/HOTEL IMPERIAL, BERLIN - MORNING

Modern 'Deco Revival' hotel/conference center. A banner welcomes delegates to the World Biotechnology Forum. The Harris' taxi pulls up in the forecourt thick with red-eye travelers arriving for early morning check-in.

Martin takes out his billfold.

MARTIN

I'll do this. You check in.

Liz pecks his cheek, gets out. Martin leans forward.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

How much do we owe you?

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - SAME

Liz presses up to the crowded desk. A busy RECEPTIONIST takes Liz's booking slip.

LIZ

The Eisenhower suite. Dr. and Mrs. Harris.

EXT. HOTEL FORECOURT - SAME

A BELLHOP holds a large umbrella up to the rain, loads the Harris' bags onto his cart. Shuts the trunk, the taxi pulls away. Heading for the entrance...

BELLHOP

Welcome to the Hotel Imperial.
Have you stayed with us before?

MARTIN

No, this is our first visit to Berlin. We're --

-- he stops short, staring at their bags, stacked on the luggage cart. He turns, tracks the their taxi, already pulling out of the drive...

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - SAME

... a stab of concern on Liz's face.

LIZ

What do you mean the suite may not be available?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RECEPTIONIST

I have to check with the manager.
Security inspections of the rooms
are still being completed.

LIZ

But we confirmed two months ago.

Receptionist raises an apologetic hand as she attends to a ringing phone. Liz sighs, glances back toward the entrance. Suddenly curious as she sees...

LIZ'S P.O.V. -- THROUGH THE GLASS WALL

... Martin standing in the open door of the next taxi in line. He speaks to the bellhop who nods, quickly pushing the cart in through the doors, headed for Liz...

I/E. TAXI/BERLIN - SAME

Martin getting in, agitated.

MARTIN

Tegel airport. Arrivals. Quick.

The driver pulls out into traffic. The rain still heavy.

Martin stares out at the wet city. Eyes track as the shadowy columns of the Brandenburg Gate pass by. He lets himself relax a little, enjoying this moment of forced calm.

He catches sight of the driver in the rear-view. Young, female, shortish hair. Tomboy cute. Smart eyes, older than her years. Layers of clothing. GINA.

She glances into the mirror, catches Martin watching her.

GINA

Everyone says how much it's
changed. Berlin.

Eyes connect, brief. Wipers flip-flap.

MARTIN

...I wouldn't know. First time.

GINA

Yes, me too. I mean, I wouldn't
know either. You're American?

He looks back at her, inquisitive...

GINA (CONT'D)

For the airport, it's always
Americans in the morning...
Asians at night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Martin nods, pulls out his phone. Service dies as Gina downshifts, Doc Martins working the pedals, accelerates away from the large "Flughafen" (Airport) sign, down a cobbled road next to main route.

MARTIN

I think you missed...

He stops, smiles as he realizes she's navigated around a large construction back-up, saving them time.

GINA

You do what you do, I do what I do, right?

MARTIN

What do you do, when you're not...?

She laughs. He smiles, nods. Okay, dumb thing to say.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Sorry, I didn't mean anything --

GINA

It's okay. I know what you meant.

Her eyes meet his in the mirror.

She swings the taxi onto Wilhelmstrasse. Stops at a red light. Ahead, the Marshall Bridge over the River Spree.

LIGHT TURNS GREEN

Gina moves the taxi mid-stream in the traffic heading onto the bridge. Martin checks his phone, he's got service. He starts to dial...

Suddenly -- the cars in front of her start VEERING WILDLY IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS, just missing the boxed REFRIGERATOR tumbling off the truck in front of them. The box BURSTS open. Gina swerves to avoid it, CLIPS the corner...

... front tire BLOWS OUT... taxi skids crazily, HITS the CURB. Tires SHREDDING... shower of SPARKS. Taxi SLAMS over the curb, THROUGH the rail. Plunges off the bridge.

MARTIN'S FACE

Strangely serene. Intense vivid IMAGES... the playing card 'ACE TAXIS' logo on the dash... GINA'S EYES in the MIRROR... Silent free-fall dive. Timeless. Dreamlike.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WHAM--! TAXI HITS THE WATER

Martin's head SMACKS against the side window. Gina cushioned by the airbags, which she wrestles back. WATER SPRAYS IN. Gina can't open her door. Steel steering-lock on the floor. Grabs it, SMASHES the side window. Hauls herself out...

INTO THE RIVER

... gasping. On the bridge above, people frantically flag down traffic... Gina turns, sees the Taxi, midstream, sinking. Martin still in back, unconscious.

No time. Gina gulps air, dives. She reaches into the front of the cab, grabs the steering lock, HAMMERS it against the passenger window, glances up:

THE SURFACE, starts to recede as the taxi slips underneath, sinking...

Gina hammers at the glass again, it BREAKS. Grabs Martin's limp body, drags him up to the surface.

A CROWD ON the bank. People wading out to help. Taking Martin from her, carrying him up onto dry land. LIGHTS, SIRENS... The POLICE arriving, pushing back the crowd. PARAMEDICS quickly laying Martin out on the concrete.

Everyone's focus on the unconscious man. Gina eases back... melts away into the growing horde of on-lookers as the paramedics rip open Martin's shirt...

... feeding a tube down his throat. Pushing on his stomach. DEFIBRILLATOR paddles. WHINE as defibrillators charge.

A PARAMEDIC lifts Martin's eyelid, shines a flashlight...

MARTIN'S P.O.V. -- FAINT HALO OF LIGHT

in a dark fog. Distant voices --

SUDDEN SHIFT -- INTENSE FLASH OF MEMORY...

UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL. Youthful MARTIN speaking on the spotlight podium. Intense, energized. A college age LIZ in the audience. LAUGHTER of rapt students. Loud APPLAUSE. A jovial older COLLEAGUE eagerly shaking Martin's hand...

SMASH BACK TO THE RIVER BANK...

Paddles on Martin's chest. Paramedic calls out:

PARAMEDIC

Achtung!

WHOMP! The charge surges into Martin's body.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARTIN'S P.O.V. -- FLASH OF WHITE LIGHT...

... a CONSERVATORY. Martin as a CHILD. Fascinated, delighted as his FATHER shows him the opening bud of a blossom. Butterflies' wings SHIMMER in sunlight...

WHOMPF! SECOND ARCING CHARGE...

Martin's chest heaves up. Slumps back down...

SMASH CUT INTO MEMORY -- TWO BODIES MOVING...

... Liz and Martin making love. Passionate, intertwined.

WHOMPF! ANOTHER SURGE OF ELECTRICITY...

Martin's chest rising up...

SMASH CUT AGAIN -- LIZ...

... half-dressed, hair ruffled and wet. Towelling it. Turning toward us. Smiles. Her lips moving...

WHOMPF! A FOURTH PULSE...

Martin's body slumping back. Sudden QUIET now, the world removed. Just his face. His eyes.

MARTIN (V.O.)

They say your whole life flashes before you... but it's the little things... the details... the moments. It's like looking at a painting. Stand close, all you can see are the brush strokes. It's only when you step back that you get the whole picture...

SLOWLY BECOMING...

MARTIN'S P.O.V. -- THE FILMY RED

... of light seen from behind closed eyelids. Quiet... except for a distant sound. CRACKLING. Like falling rain. The sound growing. Close now. Filling our ears, as...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

...a tiny pin-hole of light, TOO BRIGHT. GLIMPSES of a NURSE as she tears the wrapping off a fresh drip sac...

BLACK

...A man's voice... distant. German words. Small, faded image of a German DOCTOR, speaking with the nurse...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLACK

...again, a pin-hole of consciousness. The Nurse, taking a private moment, speaking in German on her cell-phone. The Nurse looks over, straight at us, realization in her face, she hurries from the room.

We REVOLVE... finding... MARTIN HARRIS. Arms by his sides. A few days beard. A sutured cut on his temple. His eyes fluttering, barely open... then closing.

Clipboard beside the bed. An admission form. In German. Where Martin's name should be: "*unbekannte maennliche Person*", and the SUBTITLE becomes our MAIN TITLE...

... 'UNKNOWN WHITE MALE'...

CLOSE - MARTIN'S FACE

Squeak of a door. Distant FOOTSTEPS. Quiet again. Just the distant PULSE of his heartbeat. His eyes... flick OPEN.

MARTIN'S P.O.V. - HIS SURROUNDINGS...

Vision BLURRED, BLINKING to focus. Scrubbed floor, white walls, Banks of drips and monitors, his possessions on a table near him...

VOICE (O.S.)

Können Sie mich hören?

MARTIN'S EYES -- TRACKING OVER

Daylight through a window. Sitting by the bed is a dark-haired man with a van Dyke beard. DR. FARGE.

FARGE

Wenn Sie mich hören können,
blinken Sie zweimal.

He watches as Martin's eyes tilt. Look directly at him. A sound. A dry croak... slowly forms itself into speech:

MARTIN

I... I don't... speak German...

FARGE

(beat - accented)
Are you English?

MARTIN

... American...

A beat. Farge signals the Nurse to come in. Speaks to him slowly and clearly in English:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FARGE

My name is Doctor Farge. You are in the Waldfriede Hospital. I'm the head neurologist here. You have been in an accident.

(beat)

Can you tell me your name?

Beat. Martin nods. Voice weak.

MARTIN

Martin... Harris. Doctor...

Martin Harris...

Farge exchanges a look with the nurse. To Martin...

FARGE

Where are you staying? Is there anyone here, in Berlin, that we might --

Martin suddenly looks around, struggles to sit up.

MARTIN

My wife...?

(sudden panic)

Where's my wife? Liz...? Is she hurt? Where is she --?!

FARGE

Doctor Harris, it's all right. The taxi you were in went into the river. You were the only passenger. Your heart stopped for six minutes. It is Thursday, November 27th. For four days you have been in a coma.

MARTIN

Thanksgiving... but my wife... she's in Berlin with me. Where is she? Why isn't she here?

FARGE

We didn't find any identification with you, Doctor Harris... the driver, who saved your life, disappeared soon after the accident and no one else has come forward. I must apologize, but we had no idea who you were.

It sinks in. Martin shakes his head wretchedly.

MARTIN

Oh, Jesus... Liz doesn't know... She'll... she'll be worried sick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FARGE

Calm down, Doctor Harris, please.
Where can we reach your wife?
Does she have a cell phone?

MARTIN

Yes... yes, she does... it's... I
can't remember...

His voice trails off. A long beat. Farge asks gently:

FARGE

Can you tell me what you do
remember, Martin? Do you
remember what day it is?

A beat. Giving it thought... then:

MARTIN

Thanksgiving. You told me that.
I remember... almost everything.
But I don't know how I got here.

Another beat. He shakes his head. Scared...

FARGE

It's called retrograde amnesia.
With severe trauma of this kind,
memories get lost, or fractured.
Most return... although it's
unlikely you'll ever fully recall
the events around your accident.

(beat)

In the meantime, let us see if
anyone has filed a report looking
for a Martin Harris, okay?

MARTIN

Yes, yes... okay.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DUSK

The light outside greying into dusk. On the TV, a German
chef showing how Americans prepare Thanksgiving dinner. The
NURSE comes in; starts to make a note in Martin's chart.

MARTIN

My wife...? *Meine Frau*... ?

Beat. The nurse shakes her head, apologetic.

Martin watches a FAMILY, a wife and children, pass his door,
visiting another patient.

He turns his head, stares at his belongings...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

... His clothes, Neatly laundered and folded, shoes beneath them. A Rolex with a stainless steel band, a ballpoint pen, a wad of CASH in a billfold. Three hundred or so Euros, a small blue BOOK. Crinkled, water-stained.

Painful effort, he rises, reaches out and picks up the watch. It's 6.48. He turns the watch over. An engraving on the backplate: "E.H. to M.H. 7.18.03".

FLASH OF MEMORY...

Snow falling outside a warmly lit living room. A fire crackles. Martin unwraps a present: The Watch. He turns it over, reads the engraving, smiles up at Liz across from him, beautiful, also smiling...

BACK IN THE HOSPITAL ROOM

MARTIN (CONT'D)

...She gave it to me, our anniversary.

The Nurse smiles, shakes her head, not understanding.

Martin sets the watch down, picks up the little blue book beside the watch -- 'Horticus' -- the classic botanical reference. He flicks through it, reads the handwritten inscription: "For Martin, that he may discover the worlds inside..." A distant smile...

FLASH OF MEMORY -- GENTLE, LESS VIOLENT

Martin as a child sits with his father in his father's study. His father shows him the illustrations in the new book. Martin's eyes are wide.

BACK IN THE HOSPITAL ROOM

Martin starts to close the book, tracks some NUMBERS, handwritten on the endpaper. A beat.

He shuts the book, glances at the TV, silently playing the local English language TV News: "Prince Fahad arrives in Berlin..." Biotech Forum logo. A striking 30-something Saudi man shakes hands with German dignitaries. A shot of the Hotel Imperial...

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Hotel Imperial... I'm here for the Forum...

(frantic)

Doctor! Please, get the Doctor.

DOCTOR!!!

INT. EISENHOWER SUITE, HOTEL IMPERIAL

A high-end suite, empty, but with the signs of someone staying there. The phone rings... and rings...

INT. NEUROLOGICAL WARD, RECEPTION AREA - MINUTES LATER

Martin fully dressed. Farge has just hung up the phone, trying to reason with him.

FARGE

-- you have to realize the risk --

MARTIN

Doctor, I've been gone for four days. My wife is out there, in a city she doesn't know. She must be terrified... I need to find her before --

FARGE

-- Let me call the hotel again. We can leave a message...

MARTIN

Yes, fine, but look, I know her. She's looking for me. You're married, aren't you? What would you do?

Farge tracks his own wedding band. A long beat. He sighs. Not happy about this at all.

FARGE

This is my card. Any nausea, dizziness, difficulty with speech, you contact me immediately. Do you understand?

EXT. HOTEL IMPERIAL FORECOURT - NIGHT

A Taxi pulls up. Familiar biotechnology forum banner. Martin gets out, strong Deja Vu. Trying to orient.

INT. HOTEL IMPERIAL - CONTINUOUS

Eyes peeled for a possible glimpse of Liz, Martin heads for elevators. HOTEL SECURITY is everywhere. An entrance to a ballroom is flanked by guards, checking IDs and invitations.

INT. 14TH FLOOR, HOTEL IMPERIAL - NIGHT

DING. Martin steps out into carpeted silence, makes his way down the hall to the 'Eisenhower Suite.' About to knock when he sees the door is ajar. A beat. Martin pushes it open...

MARTIN

...Liz?

INT. EISENHOWER SUITE - CONTINUOUS

... hallway leads into the spacious sitting room. No one there. Draped over a chair, Martin recognizes Liz's jacket. Martin smiles, blinks against tears, he's home.

Sound of MOVEMENT from the BEDROOM DOOR...

MARTIN

Liz! I'm here, I...

A HOTEL MAID appears from the bedroom door. Startled as she sees Martin...

MARTIN (CONT'D)

My wife... *Meine Frau*... I'm looking for Mrs. Harris...

She suddenly gets him... nodding, pointing down.

MAID

Ah. *Empfang*... reception...

INT. HOTEL IMPERIAL, MEZZANINE LEVEL - NIGHT

World MUSIC. GUESTS flow in through the ornate doors. Martin moves among them. Significantly under-dressed in his tattered jacket, the sutured head injury. Almost at the doors... when a hotel SECURITY GUARD intercepts him.

GUARD

Excuse me, sir. Do you have an invitation, sir?

MARTIN

No... I mean yes...

Distracted, still looking at passing faces...

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I don't have it with me. My name's Harris, Dr. Martin Harris. I'm on the list. My wife is Elizabeth Harris.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTIN (CONT'D)
I'm trying to find her. I've
been in the hospital.

As the guard checks a screen, a crop-haired man in a cheap
suit nearby tracks them: HERR STRAUSS, head of hotel
security. He approaches, also checks the screen as the guard
speaks to him quietly in German.

STRAUSS
Dr. Harris. Do you have any
other identification? Passport?
Drivers license?

MARTIN
I've already told this gentleman,
I've been in the hospital. I was
in an accident...

Martin sees someone through the crowd...

P.O.V. -- ENTERING FROM THE FAR DOOR

... a striking, intense-looking man with dark, wiry hair, a
designer laptop bag slung over his shoulder. Smiling, arms
around his two ten year old daughters, twin GIRLS, prettily
dressed. Immediately the center of attention. People moving
forward to meet him. Flashguns POP...

MARTIN, raises his hand, calling out:

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Professor Bressler!

Words lost in the noise. Martin pushes toward him. But:

STRAUSS
I'm sorry, sir...

MARTIN
That's Professor Bressler, right
there. He knows me, he can
confirm who I am.

STRAUSS
If you would be patient, sir.

MARTIN
No, I'm done being patient...

Martin stops short. Staring past them:

MARTIN (CONT'D)
That's her, that's my wife. Over
there. By the buffet table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

P.O.V -- GLIMPSED THROUGH THE CROWD

Liz. Looking superb in a black evening dress. In conversation with a group of men and women.

MARTIN

Seeing her. The look on his face. Processing... an overwhelming mixture of confusion and relief.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

That's her. That's Liz, my wife.

Strauss stares at him blankly. Martin starts to lose it.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Look I have been missing for four days and she has no idea what happened to me! So you need to take me to her, right now.

Heads are turning. A beat. Herr Strauss mutters to the guard, then beckons Martin to accompany him inside.

MARTIN AND STRAUSS

thread through the crush. Martin ignoring the glances he's getting. His eyes fixed on Liz... her back to him. A glass of wine in her hand... her golden hair... the ivory skin of her shoulders. Strauss taps her on the arm. She half turns...

STRAUSS

Excuse me Madam. Your husband is here. He needs to --

MARTIN

Liz...

Liz turns fully. That beauty. A flash of surprise as she sees Martin. His clothes. The suture on his head.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Oh, Jesus Liz, I --

Moving in to embrace her... abruptly she steps away from him, a flustered look of confusion on her face. Beat.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Liz, I... I was in an accident. I was in the hospital, in a coma ... I'm so sorry, they didn't know who I was --

LIZ

Excuse me... do I know you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Liz stares at him, nonplussed. Her group also staring.

MARTIN
Liz...? Please. It's me.

LIZ
And just who might 'you' be?

Amused whispers. Martin, bewildered, growing angry.

MARTIN
It's me. Martin. Your husband.

Liz half smiles, glances around. Is this a joke? To the security guard, flustered:

LIZ
This is a... misunderstanding.
I... I don't know this man. This
is my husband... Martin.

She calls to a MAN nearby engaged in conversation. Mid-30s like Martin. Elegant, groomed, athletic... conspicuously more handsome in a chiselled way. Know him as MARTIN B.

MARTIN B
(coming over)
What's up?

STRAUSS
You are Dr. Harris?

MARTIN B
Last time I looked...

He checks his name tag. There it is: 'Dr Martin Harris.'

MARTIN B (CONT'D)
Yeah... still me.

More laughter. Martin pales. A beat. Turns to Liz.

MARTIN
Is this some kind of a joke?

LIZ
What are you talking about... ?

MARTIN
-- because it really isn't funny.

LIZ
... joke about what?

MARTIN
Do you have any idea what I've
been through?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LIZ

No. I have no idea what you've been through.

MARTIN

I've been in the hospital for four days! Where were you? Were you even trying to find me --?!

Moment's strained silence. Strauss unsure what to do, signaling a guard. Martin B steps in...

MARTIN B

Look, You seem like you've had an accident, or perhaps --

MARTIN

-- who the hell are you!?

MARTIN B

Okay, okay. Can you please just get him out of here?

Martin rounds on Martin B. Jabs a finger.

MARTIN

You. Whatever you think you're doing, you need to stop it.

(to Liz)

Liz, please. This is...

He tries to put his hand on her arm. Liz shies away. Martin B between them now. Martin shoving him back.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Get out of my way --!

Guard GRABS Martin's shoulder. Martin shakes him off. Guard grabs him again. Martin elbows him. A scuffle.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Liz --! Please...

... Martin's hauled back... away from Liz.

STRAUSS

If you don't leave now, sir, we'll have to call the police.

Martin pulling free, steps away.

MARTIN

(loud, sardonic)

Great! That's the first good idea anyone's had. Call the police. Call the God damn Army!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MARTIN (CONT'D)
 (to Liz, serious)
 It's not funny. I was hurt...

Liz just stares at him, afraid, anchored to Martin B's arm.

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Seen through glass. A WALL OF MONITORS show images from around the hotel. Inside, Martin sits, surrounded.

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Martin rocks in a chair; restless, hands knotted. A FEMALE DETECTIVE watches him. An OLDER DETECTIVE is on the phone. Strauss sits near him, studying him, while a TECHNICIAN fast-forwards 4-PANE video of the hotel reception area, the drive in front of the hotel...

MARTIN
 There! Right there!

ON THE VIDEO: Slowing to real-time. Liz, arriving at reception, speaking with the Receptionist, gesturing outside.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
 That's Liz, and I... I must have been outside, I... I can't remember.

The video plays on. Liz thanks the receptionist, leaves.

STRAUSS
 As you can see... you're not there.

Martin STARES at him, helpless. The Older Detective hangs up the phone...

OLDER DETECTIVE
 Immigration confirms the arrival of a Doctor and Mrs. Harris on November 23rd at 16.37. An hour later they checked into their suite at the Hotel.

Martin breathes in. Chooses his words carefully.

MARTIN
 He's not Martin Harris. I am Martin Harris. The man downstairs is pretending to be me.

OLDER DETECTIVE
 And this impostor... may I ask? Did he also steal your wife?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Silence. Martin searching for a response. The hint of a smile on the female detective's face.

MARTIN
He's forcing her... he must have--

STRAUSS
-- but why? Exactly? ...Why?

There's no answer to that. Martin looks down. A beat.

MARTIN
This... this is insane.

He stares at their faces. He calms himself, trying to get a grip. A memory resurfacing...

MARTIN (CONT'D)
My lab number... at Dartmouth...
Call my assistant, she can verify
who I am. Call her right now...

He picks up a pad, scribbles down the number. Beat. The female detective picks up the phone, dials. She switches to speaker. RINGING TONE. CLICK. A recorded message...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hello. This is 235-0535, the
office of Doctor Martin Harris.
If you're calling...

The older detective presses "off". Martin recalling...

MARTIN
... it's Thanksgiving... no one's
going to be there till Monday...
(racking his brain)
Rod... Rodney Cole... he's a
colleague. A friend. I know his
number... 603-389-4457...

Female detective dutifully dials the number. RINGING again. CLICK of a machine. Then a jovial male voice:

VOICE (O.S.)
(through phone)
This is Doctor Cole. I'm having
an out-of-office experience right
now, so... leave a message.

Click. Awkward SILENCE. Martin flailing...

MARTIN
Professor Bressler, talk to him.
He's why I'm in Berlin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STRAUSS

You want us to disturb a Nobel prize winning scientist, simply to attest to your story... when no crime has been committed?

MARTIN

But it has!... That man has taken everything from me, don't you see? You have to arrest him...

STRAUSS

For what? Entering the country legally? Presenting all the correct documentation?

ON ONE OF THE MONITORS: A view of the Rose Room: Liz and Martin B visible in the corner, dining.

STRAUSS (CONT'D)

(off the monitor)
...And sharing a hotel suite with his wife? Excuse me, your wife?

MARTIN

(eyes glued)
She is my wife!

OLDER DETECTIVE

Even if she is your wife, sharing a room with her is not illegal. Not in Germany.

FEMALE DETECTIVE

(German, subtitled:)
Look at her. Soon we'll have twenty more men claiming to be her husband.

The room tries not to laugh, can't help smiling. The monitor image flips, now just a corridor.

MARTIN

(cold)
I'm sorry, I didn't realize this was funny to you.

The Older Detective frowns, offended. The Female Detective speaks into her radio. Martin tracks, panicking.

OLDER DETECTIVE

Listen... you have no proof you are even American. We can arrest you only for that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARTIN
 I told you, I was in an accident.
 I lost... I lost all my -- Wait,
 what are you doing...?

The Female Detective listens to the radio response, nods to the Older Man who checks in with Strauss.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
 Oh God... You're going to arrest
 me. You're going to --

OLDER DETECTIVE
 On Monday, you can speak with a
 lawyer. Tell him who you are.

The Older Detective confers with the Female Detective.

ON THE MONITORS: the image from the Rose Room reappears: Liz and Martin B visible: laughing, drinking.

Martin's gaze darts, panicked: The image. The detectives.
Strauss. Martin... coming to a decision...

MARTIN
 (low, pained)
 I'm sorry... you're probably
 right.

Faces look over, interested.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
 I... the accident. I haven't
 been remembering things, very
 well. Perhaps this is just...
 perhaps I'm confused.

Martin remembers something, fumbles in his jacket and produces Farge's card.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
 This is my doctor, at the
 hospital. He warned me this
 might happen. I should go back
 there. I'm really embarrassed...

Strauss LEANS in, half convinced.

STRAUSS
 So... now you are saying that you
 are not Dr. Martin Harris?

ON MARTIN. Eyes tight. Point of no return.

MARTIN
 I... I don't know.
 (beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Please, I won't be any more
trouble. You can call the
doctor. Please.

EXT. SERVICE ENTRANCE, HOTEL IMPERIAL - MOMENTS LATER

Martin in a humiliated daze as TWO HOTEL GUARDS escort him out of a service entrance. Dirty pavement, a few bellhops smoke in the cold by a propped-open door. The guards move Martin along, out towards the hotel taxi stand.

INT. TAXI CAB - SAME

Martin climbs into the back seat. One of the guards hands Dr. Farge's business card to the driver, speaks to him in German. Door slams, cab starts to move.

MARTIN'S P.O.V. -- THE HOTEL

Even as they pull away, several high-end Mercedes are sweeping up. SAUDI SECURITY get out of the first and last cars, check around before opening the doors of the center car. The man we saw on TV gets out. PRINCE FAHAD, flanked by bodyguards and gorgeous female companions.

The HOTEL MANAGER and CONFERENCE HEAD greet him, smiles and handshakes, they usher his entourage inside.

Martin tracks the Prince, then FOCUSES BEYOND: A view into the hotel bar. Liz and Martin B entering...

MARTIN

His gaze FIXED on them as the cab starts to move again...

MARTIN
Wait! Stop! I've changed my
mind...

Martin thrusts a few bills forward, steps out...

EXT. KONIGSTRASSE - NIGHT

SCRECH! A large brown Range Rover locks up tires as Martin steps out in front of it. A brief moment, Martin staring up into the tinted front glass... can't make out the driver.

He holds up his hand, apologizing, makes his way to the street. Weaving back through pedestrians, eyes fixed on the bar... FREEZES as he sees them.

MARTIN'S P.O.V. -- LIZ AND MARTIN B

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He leans into her, speaks quietly. She nods, intimate, smiles and shakes her head. What an evening...

Liz and Martin B get up, leave. She takes his arm, intimate, heading out to the lobby. P.O.V. DARTING, SEARCHING... PICKS them up again in...

... an EXTERIOR ELEVATOR rising up the side of the building. The two of them inside. Alone...

EXT. BERLIN STREETS (VARIOUS) - NIGHT

Martin walks fast, blind, lost. Miasma of LIGHTS and SOUNDS. Frozen MANNEQUINS in windows... the din of CLUBS and BARS... sex-shop neon SIZZLING. Nowhere to go but to keep going. The river. Martin gazes at the dark water...

MARTIN'S P.O.V. -- SHOCK CUT -- MEMORY FLASH

... silent free-fall. WHAM! The taxi hits the water.

The RATTLE of a U-BAHN TRAIN on a bridge snaps him back. Its PULSING LIGHTS STROBING like a silent movie.

EXT. STREET PAY PHONE - NIGHT

Faint VOICE in Martin's ear as Rodney Cole recites his message. Hands numb with cold, Martin pumps in change.

MARTIN

Rodney it's me, Martin. Rod, I'm in Berlin for the conference, but it's Liz. She's... I'm in trouble, Rod...

Phone issues a DEMAND for more money. Martin fumbles for change, drops a crumpled ball of Euros into the GUTTER.

INT. TRANSIT HOTEL - ROSENTHALER PLATZ - NIGHT

'Hotel' is a charitable description. Martin counts out sodden bills, hands them to a WOMAN behind the desk. She in turn gives Martin a form to fill.

WOMAN

Fur Reisepaß... passport...

A beat. Martin looks at her, helpless. The woman sighs. Pushes back his money.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Nicht Reisepaß, nicht Hotelzimmer. Police... very bad.

EXT. TRANSIT HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Martin exits, pulling dirty clothing closed against the cold. He scans the street, unnerved, frowns as he spots A BROWN RANGE ROVER, up the street, parked, idling. He squints, paranoid, checks the other way...

His eyes lock on a lit S-BAHN station across the Platz.

EXT. S-BAHN STATION, BERLIN MITTE - NIGHT

Martin pushes through the turnstiles, his footsteps echo in the empty tile corridor as his eyes play over the advertisements. Happy sexy Germans smile back at him... The SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS behind him, matching his. He slowly becomes aware, glances back.

MARTIN'S P.O.V.: The empty corridor, curving away...

Martin STOPS, listens... nothing. He starts to move again, aware that the delicate "click" of the following steps also begins again.

UP AHEAD, the corridor straightens out at the train platform, several late-night travelers waiting. Martin begins to hurry... the FOOTSTEPS also increase in speed.

Another sound: A TRAIN APPROACHING. Martin gives up cool, starts to run as the train barrels into the station, its noise eclipsing all sound. Doors open and Martin leaps in, turns to face the open door...

...moments pass, the car's bell signals. Then a MAN appears, rushing from the corridor, one hand raised.

MAN

(German, subtitled:)
Please! Hold the door!

He's mild-faced, glasses, carrying a shopping bag in one hand. He FROWNS as Martin does nothing to stop the door. The two men stare through the glass as the train begins to move. The man shakes his head: foreigners.

INT. S-BAHN TRAIN - NIGHT

Martin shivers with cold and exhaustion, eyes play over the few passengers in the car... a nondescript man a few benches down who stares at him, then back to his paper.

Martin eyes him, paranoid. Slowly gives up, lets his gaze play over the adverts. Times, dates... Nov 28th. Memories reawakened...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Has to write something down. Fumbles in his jacket for his the copy of 'Horticus,' looking for a blank page to write on. A piece of CARD falls from between its pages. Something printed on one side. Martin flips it over, scribbles on the other: "28th. Bressler. 12.30..." Other times, dates, numbers. Everything he can remember...

Sudden overwhelming fatigue. The roar of the train. VOICES. Lights racing by the windows. Martin's eyelids droop. Flickering. Closing...

SUDDEN FLASH CUT - FRACTURED MEMORY...

... LECTURE HALL, younger Liz in the audience. Students CLAPPING. Smiling older colleague SHAKING his hand... becoming... bees' WINGS swarming in their hive... YOUNG MARTIN watching mesmerized through a magnifying glass...

... their movement morphing into NAKED BODIES. Urgent, passionate. Martin and Liz making love.

WHOMP! SUDDEN SHIFT -- A HOTEL BEDROOM...

... Liz towelling her hair. Only now it's dark, and cut short. Turns, smiles at him. Face close. Lips moving.

LIZ

Are you ready...?

INT. S-BAHN TRAIN - MORNING

Martin's eyes creak open. The train is still moving, but everything has changed. Morning passengers crowd the car, giving him space. An AMERICAN COUPLE, their bags tucked tight. The WIFE staring down at him.

INT. S-BAHN BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Martin runs water, combs his hair with his fingers. Tries to press creases out of his stained suit. He stares into the graffiti-stained metal mirror of the bathroom.

MARTIN

Are you going to give up?

(beat)

Okay. Solve the problem...

INT. INTERNET CAFÉ - NIGHT

Martin sits in front of a stickered and stained monitor, eyes glued to the screen as he types in an URL. The Dartmouth Mail website appears. Martin types in his login, password.

"Login failed. Please try again."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Another attempt. Same results. He switches tactics. Types "Martin Harris" into Google... 605,000 results come back at him. On an impulse, he clicks "IMAGES."...

...page after page of men young and old. Getting married, posing, partying, historical illustrations...

Behind Martin, door jingles, a YOUNG MAN comes into the cafe, seats himself across and to the side of Martin.

Martin focuses, tries 'Martin Harris, Phd'... Cursor clicks. A new window opens. 'The role of Gorytini and Thynnidae in Drakea pollination.' ... 'Research Faculty information: Dr. Martin Harris...' Contact numbers. No picture.

He stares in disbelief... suddenly becomes AWARE of the man across: Young, nondescript, his head bobbing gently to whatever his Ipod earbuds are playing, staring into his computer... The young man looks over, meets Martin's eyes, holds for a long moment, small smile, looks back.

Martin studies him for a moment, forces his gaze back to the page, the negation of his life on a small screen.

THE YOUNG MAN

... Glances over again. Martin catching him.

MARTIN

Can I help you? Hello?

The guy points to his headphones, shrugs. Martin STARES at his screen, ears listening for the tell tale sound of music seeping from the earbuds... nothing.

Martin rises suddenly, looks to the bored ATTENDANT who nods towards the back. Martin moves past college kids on Facebook, to a dim back corridor, a door marked "Männer," and what's he's looking for: a back door, cracked.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE INTERNET CAFE - NIGHT

Martin slips into the alley, trots towards the street, glancing back. No one is following.

He moves onto the street, waits at a light... eyes lock onto the familiar "Ace Taxi" logo of a taxi passing...

SUDDEN FLASH OF MEMORY --! CARTWHEELING TAXI...

Silent freefall dive. The 'Ace Taxis' logo... The face in the mirror. Looking back at him. Gina. Eyes meet...

I/E. TAXI DEPOT - BUCHER STRASSE - EARLY MORNING

Revvng ENGINES. Echoing VOICES. Hunched against the drizzle, Martin pauses outside it. The playing card 'Ace Taxis' logo. Martin ducks under the open steel shutters...

INT. 'ACE' TAXIS - DISPATCH OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

The DEPOT MANAGER, a bully with a face like boiled meat, rants at Martin in German. BIKO, a gentle-looking Somalian, translates. His English is impeccable.

BIKO

He says he doesn't care if she saved your life... the bitch cost him 20,000 Euros... the insurance won't cover the cab because she had no license... the driver who was letting her moonlight in his taxi, skipped town...

The depot manager's rage reaches a Hitlerian climax...

BIKO (CONT'D)

... He says illegal immigrants are destroying German society...

MARTIN

So. I'm guessing he doesn't know where she is.

BIKO

(small beat)

No one knows where she is.

Martin studies Biko, nods.

MARTIN

Please thank him for his time.

EXT. TAXI DEPOT, BUCHER STRASSE - EARLY MORNING

Biko exits the depot, starts to tuck in Ipod earphone when Martin catches up with him, meets his pace.

BIKO

Hey, American. I'm sorry we couldn't help you --

MARTIN

You know where she is. You paused. I could tell.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Please, I just want to thank her.
She saved my life.

Biko eyes him, wary...

MARTIN (CONT'D)
I thought, maybe she could use my
help. Maybe I could give her
some money...
(softening)
...I just want to thank her.
Please.

Martin puts out his hand, sincere. Biko sizes him up, then
takes his hand, shakes it.

BIKO
Solomon... Solomon Obiko. My
friends just call me Biko.

MARTIN
Martin. Martin Harris.

INT. HASIR CAFÉ - CONTINUOUS

Berlin's 'Little Istanbul'. A Turkish working man's joint.
Steam rises around a busy food counter. Condensation on the
windows.

GINA picks up steaming food from the kitchen, drops it off
with two Turkish men, chats with them briefly in fast
Turkish. There's a bruise around her eye, now healing.

She moves to the register where a beefy OWNER counts off a
week's pay and stuffs it in an envelope for her. She thanks
him in German, tucks it away and ducks behind the counter to
steam milk for a coffee. Glances up... freezes.

ACROSS THE COUNTER: MARTIN

... Stares at her, gauging her reaction. A long moment, she
looks back down to her work.

MARTIN
You remember me. You know who I
am.

She finishes the Turkish coffee, starts another.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
I was in your taxi.

GINA
I don't drive a taxi.

She takes the two drinks towards a table. He follows.
Across the room, the Owner eyes them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTIN
 No, you do. I was in your taxi,
 we crashed. Why did you leave?
 Why didn't you talk to the
 police? Hey!

She puts up a hand, calming him.

GINA
 Okay. Okay. How did you find
 me?

MARTIN
 Your friend, Biko.
 (cutting her off)
 It's not his fault. I told him I
 had money for you.

GINA
 Do you?

MARTIN
 No. I mean, not now. I --

Gina laughs, shakes her head, tries to push by him. He gets
 in her way. Eyes from around the room track.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
 Please. Listen to me, I've been
 in the hospital, since the
 accident. My memory, it's... I
 don't remember what happened but
 something is going on and there
 are some people I need you to
 speak to. I need you to tell
 them what happened.

Gina ducks back behind the counter.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
 Look, things have been happening
 to me. I think I'm being
 followed.

That got her attention. Her eyes lift, scan outside.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
 You're my only link to before
 everything went...

GINA
 (moving away)
 ... Crazy?

MARTIN
 Yes, crazy... but it's true.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Owner is now really watching.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
You have to help me --

She rounds on him. Patience snapping. Pushes through doors, gesturing him with her into...

INT. KITCHEN, HASIR CAFÉ - CONTINUOUS

...pots, pans, food bubbles. Immigrant cooks work, glace up but speak no English. Gina, really angry.

GINA
What do you expect me to do? I'm an illegal, driving a taxi without a permit, in an accident without insurance. If the cops catch up with me they'll throw me in jail. If I'm in jail, I lose everything, understand? If I'm in jail, they deport me.

MARTIN
You're not listening to me --

GINA
No! It's you who is not listening. You're an American. Go to your fancy embassy. Go to the Police. There a million people here who will help you.

MARTIN
But you know who I am.

GINA
No, I don't. What's your name?

MARTIN
Martin Harris, Doctor M --

GINA
Okay, fantastic, you're Martin Harris. You're whoever you say you are. Yes, I picked you up and we crashed. It doesn't mean I know who you are!

She backs off, a hand raised against him. He STARES after her, the truth of what she's said hitting him.

MARTIN
(suddenly)
Where was I going? In the taxi?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA

What...?

(beat, softening)

To the airport. Arrivals. You
were in a hurry.

MARTIN

But I'd just arrived. It doesn't
make any sense...

She raises her hands, enough. He looks at her, takes in the
bruise on her face.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

You got hurt, too. In the crash.

(off her shrug)

Thank you. For saving my life.
Thank you.

GINA

You'd have done the same.

MARTIN

No. You can't be sure how you'll
act. Not until something like
that happens.

GINA

Well... I know me. I jump in
without thinking. It causes me
lot of trouble.

She looks up at him. Meets his eyes square for the first
time. Then...

GINA (CONT'D)

So please. Just leave me alone.

He nods. She turns, pushes back into the restaurant. He
watches her explaining to her boss... Then turns away,
towards a back door.

INT. US EMBASSY - MORNING

Fluorescent lights. Linoleum floor. Martin sits in a small
plastic chair filling out paperwork. Alone. The place is
closing early for the long weekend.

A man opens a door, looks at Martin.

MAN

Martin Harris?

INT. OFFICE, US EMBASSY - DAY

MARC SPIEGLER is German, fluent English. Patient, but wishing he was on his way home as well. He looks over Martin's paperwork as Martin places his watch and the "Horticus" book on the table.

Where the form asks for a complaint, Martin has written "Identity Theft."

SPIEGLER
(not looking up)
Have you contacted your Credit
Card companies?

MARTIN
No. You don't understand. As I
explained to the last guy -- who
went home by the way -- it's not
about Credit Cards. Someone has
taken over my identity. Someone
is pretending to be me. Here.
In Berlin.

Spiegler nods, sensing this won't be an easy one.

SPIEGLER
Did you contact the local
authorities?

MARTIN
Yes. They... They believe the
other man. I need a new
passport, papers to prove --

Spiegler sighs, a mixture impatience and sympathy.

SPIEGLER
Why do they believe the other
man?

MARTIN
Because... Because my wife. He's
staying with my wife. They must
be forcing her --

Spiegler suppresses a small laugh, looks away.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
You don't think I know how it
sounds? Let me ask you this, if
my wife was having some hot and
heavy affair with another man,
why not just leave me? Why this?
After all, we're in Europe,
right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Spiegler burns, nods.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
 Look, I need a passport.
 (tapping the forms)
 I need the documents that this
 embassy is supposed to provide.

SPIEGLER
 Do you know, the things people
 will do to get a US Passport...?
 (beat)
 Anyway, we're closing until
 Monday. If you come back then --

MARTIN
 Monday?! They've kidnapped my
wife. You need to find out who
 this other man is, you need to be
 in contact with my wife --

Spiegler exhales, cutting Martin off. He picks up Martin's
 Rolex, glances at the initials. Looks at his copy of
 'Horticus', the inscription on the inside cover. As he does,
 a slip of paper comes loose, Martin picks it up.

SPIEGLER
 You understand, we're not a
 detective agency, we...

Spiegler stops, sensing Martin isn't listening anymore.
 Martin's staring at the slip of paper where on one side is
 scribbled: "28th. Bressler. 12.30 pm..."

MARTIN
 I have a meeting with Bressler...

SPIEGLER
 What?

MARTIN
 (collecting things)
 Never mind. You've been very
 unhelpful. Earlier a woman
 yelled at me because I had it so
 easy... being an American. Have
 a nice day...

Spiegler watching him. Second thoughts. Consults his
 address book. Scribbles down a number...

SPIEGLER
 Hey. Martin Harris. Here...

Martin takes it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SPIEGLER (CONT'D)

An old friend. He needs work,
and he's good at finding things.
He may be able to help you.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL, TECHNICAL UNIVERSITY - DAY

Cavernous lobby, echoing VOICES and FOOTSTEPS. Ancient brickwork and tile contrast with new-age furniture and technology. An atomic clock reads 12.35. Martin heads to the desk.

MARTIN

Excuse me. I need to find
Professor Bressler's lab. I have
an appointment at 12.30... I'm
late...

The female RECEPTIONIST behind the desk consults her screen.
Beat. Frowns.

RECEPTIONIST

Your name please?

MARTIN

Dr. Martin Harris. The professor
knows who I am. We scheduled
this meeting weeks ago.

RECEPTIONIST

The professor knows you?

MARTIN

Well, we haven't met, but we've
been corresponding. He invited
me here to discuss my thesis.
Dr. Martin Harris...

She frowns, rises from the desk.

RECEPTIONIST

Wait here please.

MARTIN

Is there some sort of problem?

No answer, she disappears into a back office. Martin shakes his head, exasperated. He scans the building plan on the wall... 'Bressler. L.P - Molekulare Botanik - 305'...

Suddenly about-turns, heads for the stairs. The woman out of the office. SEES him.

RECEPTIONIST

Nein... eingang ist verboten!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She quickly grabs the phone on the desk, speed-dialing.

INT. BRESSLER'S LABORATORY - MORNING

Surreal. Rows of head-height CORN in a large humid chamber under bright lights. Above, ancient rusting girders and brick. Insects HUM. RESEARCH STUDENTS clip seed spikelets, bagging and logging the samples.

Martin slips quickly in through a door, unseen. Heat and moisture hitting him. Above the drone of bugs... VOICES. Martin tenses. He recognizes one of them...

MARTIN B (O.C.)
 ... *Drakea*, named after Anthea Drake, the English botanist who wondered how it manages to reproduce when it doesn't appear to attract any insects...

A wave of anger... that's Martin's work he's discussing!

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LAB - MARTIN B WITH BRESSLER...

BRESSLER
 It's puzzling, one wonders how --

Bressler stops talking. Stares past Martin B at MARTIN, heading toward them down a corn row, eyes burning.

MARTIN
 Professor Bressler...

Martin B turns, sees him. His eyes harden. But it's Bressler who speaks first. Alarmed, indignant:

BRESSLER
 This laboratory is a restricted area. Who are you?

MARTIN
 It's all right, Professor...

MARTIN B
 What the hell are you doing here?

BRESSLER
 You know this man?

MARTIN B
 -- how did you get in here? Are you absolutely out of your mind?

MARTIN
 Professor. He is not Martin Harris. I am Martin Harris.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

That's a conversation stopper. Bressler looks to Martin B... who shakes his head, embarrassed. Martin pointing:

MARTIN B

... oh, Jesus...

A phone RINGS somewhere in the room. It's picked up.

BRESSLER

So what is this? Some sort of hybridized propagation? There are two Martin Harrises?

MARTIN B

No... let me explain. This man showed up at the hotel last night. Security had to remove him. The police were called...

MARTIN

I called the police, you sonofabitch --!

MARTIN B

-- seems he checked himself out of the hospital. He was in an accident of some sort.

... one of the research students CALLS to Bressler in German. Martin catches the word "*polizei*". A surge of panic. He looks around. Sees a straw he can grasp at...

MARTIN

Drakea Drakensis... Miss Drake was wrong...

... the PLANT SAMPLE on the table behind Bressler.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

A single insect was attracted, but she couldn't see it. It's too small and it moves too fast. *Thynnidae*. It's a kind of wasp, but it looks like an ant. Only the males have wings. The orchid re-produces the pheromones of the female wasp to lure it in. It's a trick. It's pretending to be something it isn't...

Bressler looks to Martin. Surprised... curious now. Martin sees his opening. Hope in his voice...

MARTIN (CONT'D)

We talked... you and I... on the phone...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

We discussed your interest in alternative forms of propagation. I told you about my father, a school teacher... his passion for science... how he passed that on to me...

MARTIN B

-- I don't believe it! You've been listening to my calls? Just who the hell are you?

MARTIN

... I said I'd like to do the same for my kids. You talked about your children... Two girls... right? Yeah... their --

His voice falters... tails off into silence. Searching his memory. Expression shifting to one of panic...

MARTIN (CONT'D)

You... you told me their names... I can't... I know them... I...

Martin B picks up for him. Icy clarity:

MARTIN B

... Laurel, and Lily.

Martin frozen as Martin B goes on...

MARTIN B (CONT'D)

Twins... ten years old. The same age I was when I told my father I wanted to be a botanist. We discussed that on the phone, Professor... how I'd never seen him so happy.

Martin sways on his feet, sweat beading...

MARTIN

No! That wasn't you. Don't you remember? We spoke of how brave our wives were to marry --

MARTIN B

-- to marry scientists. I told you about our honeymoon --

MARTIN

(overlapping)
-- our honeymoon in Paris. My wife and I. Liz wanted to go to the museums. All I wanted to do was visit the --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARTIN B

-- THE ECOLE POLYTECHNIQUE...

MARTIN B (CONT'D)
... but she insisted and
that's how I first saw
Leonardo's Vitruvian Man!

MARTIN
... but she insisted and
that's how I first saw
Leonardo's Vitruvian Man!

A beat, a breath. Bressler looking between them. Wow...

MARTIN B (CONT'D)

Look STOP IT!

Martin B suddenly seems to SNAP.

MARTIN B (CONT'D)

This is my wife we're talking
about! My father, whom I loved.
You may think it's funny, but
it's my life. Whatever sick
pleasure this gives you -- I'm
tired of it. I'm done. You need
to... STOP.

Martin just STARES at the Martin B who's shaking, upset.
Like looking in a mirror that has taken your emotions.

MARTIN

I... this isn't happening...

... the POLICE suddenly there. Two OFFICERS. Bressler
signals for them to stay back. Martin lifts his eyes...

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I... I'm... He's not...

A beat. Martin B shakes his head.

MARTIN B

I can't believe I need to do
this...

He reaches in his jacket. Produces a passport. Martin B's
face. Dr. Martin Harris. Then he opens his wallet. Credit
cards, New Hampshire driver's license... a PHOTOGRAPH in the
wallet's plastic sleeve...

Martin sees the photograph. His EYES WIDEN...

P.O.V. -- THE PHOTOGRAPH

... dog-eared with age. A younger Martin B with Liz. In the
Tuilleries in Paris, his arm around her. The image CLOSER ...
BLURRING out of FOCUS... VERTIGO SPIN... The floor RUSHING
UP... WHAM! Then NOTHING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WHITE LIGHT

Flickering like a candle in darkness. Suddenly CLOSER.
BLINDING. Voices behind the light. A distorted form slowly
TAKES SHAPE. A familiar bearded FACE...

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM, WALDFRIEDE HOSPITAL - DAY

... DR. FARGE fans a penlight across Martin's eyes. Propped
up on a gurney. Flinches at the glare.

FARGE
The police brought you here. The
mistake was mine. I should never
have let you leave.

Martin blinks, bleary. Farge talks briefly to the nurse in
German. She nods, starts prepping a hypodermic at a table.
Farge looks back to Martin. Explains gently:

FARGE (CONT'D)
Confusion... memory loss... the
complete or partial loss of
identity... these are common
stages in recovery. Some
temporary, others longer term.
We're going to do an MRI. Try to
find out what's happening.

Martin stares out the window, not fighting, hardly listening.
A bird alights on a branch.

FARGE (CONT'D)
The mind is like a jigsaw puzzle.
The pieces fit together to create
the person we are. With major
trauma, the puzzle is shattered.
But the brain's ability to
recover is remarkable. The mind
needs a narrative, an identity...
a soul. Without memory, without
a past, we are nothing. In the
coma state, memories are rebuilt.
In some cases the pieces move.
In others they go missing. And
sometimes... completely new
pieces are found.

The bird flies off. Martin's eyes track... empty.

FARGE (CONT'D)
Comas sometimes perform a kind of
alchemy. A patient awakes
convinced of a reality that was
previously only fantasy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FARGE (CONT'D)
New men, in effect, with new
lives... new loves.

MARTIN
Doctor... Do you know what it
feels like, to become insane?

FARGE
...There is quite a lot of
literature on the subject. But
finally, I would say it's a
subjective --

MARTIN
I can tell you.

Martin looks over, Farge almost RECOILS at the intensity in
Martin's eyes. Fear. Loss. Anger.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
(almost calm)
It's like a war, between what you
know...

He taps his forehead.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
...and what you believe.

His hand moves down his body to his chest, taps his heart.
He LEANS towards Farge.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
...who do you think wins?

Martin SMILES. Tight, hurting, fatalistic. Farge, almost
afraid, nods to the nurse who slips the needle in.

MARTIN'S P.O.V. -- THE NURSE'S FACE FADING INTO...

Far-off VOICES. Gurney MOVING beneath him. Looking up.
Lights passing. RHYTHMIC SOUND of the wheels becoming...

INT. MRI ROOM, WALDFRIEDE HOSPITAL - DAY

...Claustrophobic nightmare; a support holds Martin's head
rigid, earphones piping soothing CLASSICAL MUSIC, but the
noise of the machine is all-engulfing. DUNN-DUNN-DUNN. The
sound DEAFENING. Scanner moving over him...

Martin's eyes empty... far far away.

SMASH CUT INTO MEMORY - FRACTURED IMAGES...

... Undulating bodies moving over each other, Martin and Liz
making love. Urgency building. Suddenly SHIFTING...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

... Martin B and Liz drinking in the hotel bar... she leaning over, whispering to him, intimate.

BACK TO SCENE -- SUDDEN QUIET

... an abrupt jolt. Electric WHINE. Platform moves, sliding Martin out of the tube. His eyes open, take in the room.

MARTIN'S P.O.V. -- TWO ORDERLIES

...tending to him. One raises a needle, injects a CLOUDY SUBSTANCE into Martin's IV bag...

...The MRI Control Booth, empty. Martin squints, a little confused. He raises his eyes, looks into the face of the man from the Internet Café! Call him JONES.

MARTIN

... his mind struggles to compute. The sudden overwhelming realization that he's not insane. This man is HERE. His eyes DART as the other Orderly glances over, the man from the train tunnel. Call him SMITH. He smiles at Martin, polite, nondescript. Ghostly in his disinterest.

JONES

Hello, Martin. This won't take very long.

Martin tries to raise up but can't move -- his arms and legs are like lead. He opens his mouth to call out, his voice barely a murmur. His eyes lock on the IV bag, the steady drip... drip... down the line into his body...

The two men quickly lift Martin, hefting him face-down onto a gurney. One arm dangles.

MARTIN'S P.O.V.-- STRAIGHT DOWN

-- The Men's shoes, thick soled, black. Linoleum Tile. Wheels of the gurney.

-- Jones, stuffing his clothes and effects into a plastic bag, tossing them under the gurney. Smith pushing...

NURSE

(German, subtitles:)

Excuse me, where are you taking this patient?

Martin's vision RACKS, traces the Nurse's white sneakers, standing in the now open doorway to the room. Martin STRAINS to yell, to speak, nothing. He can just move his head enough to eyeball the IV. Drip... drip... drip...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JONES

(German, subtitles:)
We have instruction to move this patient to the American Hospital at Wiesbaden. Here are the papers.

The rustle of paper. Martin CONCENTRATES, eyes on the IV tube, hanging between the bars of the gurney and his arm. Great Effort, He LEANS, pinching the tube closed.

CLOSE ON THE IV: The drips... stop.

NURSE

(German, subtitles:)
I'm surprised I wasn't informed... Let me check with --

A SOUND, like paper torn quick...

... and THE NURSE FALLS TO THE FLOOR, STARING UP AT MARTIN, HER THROAT CUT.

Martin gazes down at her in HORROR as she bleeds out, staring upwards at him, the light in her eyes dying.

Around him Smith and Jones start to MOVE, locking the door, opening cabinets, working fast, Martin's eyes lock on: a pair of scissors, tucked in her apron.

Eyes watering, adrenaline surging, Martin WILLs his hand to reach down, palm the scissors, just as the Nurse's body is dragged away, leaving a trail of red...

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

The MRI ROOM door opens, the two 'orderlies' wheel the barely conscious Martin out into the corridor. Behind them, the room is spotless.

They round a corner, almost at the EXIT... Doors ahead BLOW OPEN. Doctors, Paramedics rushing forward with various WOUNDED on gurneys. Something big has happened.

Smith and Jones eye the madness coming their way, command decision, they duck into

INT. PATIENT'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

... where a feeble OLD MAN mumbles at them from his bed.

They ignore the man, go about checking Martin. Jones lifts his head, pries open one eyelid after the other while Smith ties down his arms, covers him with a sheet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, the door OPENS. A DOCTOR, breathless.

DOCTOR
(German, subtitles:)
You two. We need help! Right
now!
(off their hesitation)
COME ON! NOW!

No choice. They exit after the doctor, Jones glancing back at Martin as the door swings shut behind them.

A beat. The covered shape on the gurney starts to MOVE. Martin's hand saws back and forth, using the scissors to cut the straps that bind him.

ACROSS, the Old Man tracks the motion... scared.

Success! A strap gives way. Martin paws the blanket weakly away. Feels along his arm, and pulls out the IV. Blood drips. He rises up, trying to orient...

MARTIN'S P.O.V. -- FLARED, DISTORTED

... the old MAN staring at him... DAZZLING daylight framed by a window... strange reverberating ECHOES...

MARTIN

... pulls himself upright. Tries to stand, but his body is like Jello. Reaches out, grabs the leg of a steel equipment trolley which TEETERS... CRASHES to the floor, showering Martin with a CASCADE of instruments and dressings.

INT. RECOVERY ROOM (ALONG CORRIDOR) - SAME

ALARMS RING. Emergency team clusters around a lifeless PATIENT, working fast. Smith and Jones, resentfully holding drip bags. They heard that. Turn, eyes meeting. Set down their drip bags. Edge back toward the door...

INT. HALLWAY, HOSPITAL - SAME

... Smith and Jones, hurrying down the hall. Quick check into the patient's room reveals Martin GONE, the old man GESTURING, panicked...

They moves on, fast, around a corner into...

INT. HOSPITAL E.R. RECEIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Very busy. Patients... doctors and nurses. Smith and Jones push into the room, scanning... see:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A FAMILIAR FIGURE

... shuffling towards the doors! Given away by the plastic bag and the hospital gown showing under the jacket.

... BAM! Entrance doors SLAM OPEN. PARAMEDICS charge in, wheeling in MORE ACCIDENT PATIENTS on a gurneys past Martin as he exits. Smith and Jones break into a run, trying to press through TWO MORE CREWS coming through with more CRASH VICTIMS...

EXT. HOSPITAL E.R. ARRIVALS - SAME

CHAOS here. Ambulances arriving, departing. Crews slamming their rigs closed, taking off, SIRENS WAILING. Other arriving with wounded...

Smith and Jones rush out of the hospital doors, pull up. The many ambulances, the crowds... no sign of Martin.

I/E. AMBULANCE/ BERLIN STREETS - SHORT WHILE LATER

Cop cars and fire trucks surround an accident scene where a truck has side-swiped a trolley-car. Ambulance pulls up behind them. PARAMEDICS jump out, one of them pulling open the back doors...

... startles as he finds Martin, now dressed back in his clothes, a reassuring hand held up, climbing out unsteadily:

MARTIN
It's okay... I'm fine...

Paramedic would do something, but his colleague's YELLING at him to hurry. Just has to watch Martin go...

EXT. FRIEDRICHSTRASSE, BERLIN MITTE - DAY

... weaving down the busy sidewalk, buffeting against annoyed shoppers. Looks behind to see if he's being followed. Nobody. Keeps pressing on, finally arriving at

A FOOD CART

... tended by a Middle-Eastern Man who stares at Martin. Martin eyes warm Gyros and Souvlakis, rummages for money... comes out with just a slip of paper with writing on it: The slip the man from the embassy wrote on.

He focuses, his mind clearing: A name: Jurgen. An address. It's something.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A CORONER's hand slides a zipper closed, past the lifeless eyes of the Nurse.

ACROSS THE ROOM

The two DETECTIVES from the Hotel Imperial sit with Farge who pours himself a drink with remorseful hands. The entire scene in German, subtitled:

FARGE

...The man's condition was unusual, yes. But there was nothing to indicate violence.

OLDER DETECTIVE

Any idea where he'll go?

FARGE

...He'll try to prove he is who he believes himself to be.

OLDER DETECTIVE

Is he still dangerous?

Farge watches the Coroner wheel away the Nurses's body.

FARGE

To someone who threatens that fantasy...? Yes. I believe he is.

INT. S-BAHN - NIGHT

Metro train car almost empty, save for a few noticeably down-at-heel passengers. Martin looks up at the map.

EXT. MARZAHN, EAST BERLIN - NIGHT

Bleak, uniform blocks of Communist-era housing. Graffiti-covered walls: hammers and sickles, swastikas... Martin stops outside one, checks the address on the card.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Urine stench. Water pooling on concrete. 'Gebrochen' sign blocking off the elevator. Martin climbs the steps. Approaching FOOTFALLS, SHOUTS from above. A group of young SKINHEADS thunders past him, on downward...

INT. FIFTH FLOOR, APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

Martin presses a bell. Hears it RINGING. No answer. A door behind him OPENS. A grey-haired LADY peers out. A beat. Martin tries the BELL again. COUGHING from inside, the sound of a LOCK. The door half opens...

... revealing ERNST JURGEN. Piercing eyes in a face far older than its sixty-some years. Frayed suit jacket, stained shirt; grey hair yellowed by nicotine.

JURGEN
Alles in ordnung, Frau Brunner.

He smiles. Frau Brunner retreats back behind her door. Jurgen turns to Martin. Eyes reading him.

JURGEN (CONT'D)
Come in. Come in.

INT. JURGEN APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jurgen leads Martin down a hallway piled with books.

JURGEN
Spiegler used to work for me.
Did he tell you that?

His laughter becomes a COUGH that racks his body. Lets it pass, before ushering MARTIN into a tiny living room.

JURGEN (CONT'D)
Sit down...

Points Martin toward a battered chair. Opens a bottle of cheap brandy, pours two glasses. Turns to find Martin looking at FRAMED PHOTOS on the sideboard...

... a YOUNGER JURGEN in East German army uniform... in a large office... smiling beside a Russian-made sedan...

JURGEN (CONT'D)
The *Staatssicherheit*. The
Ministry for State Security.

MARTIN
That's where Spiegler worked for
you? The secret police?

JURGEN
A true believer, like the rest of
us. Now look at him. I should
have had him shot.

Another laugh, more COUGHING. Hands Martin a brandy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JURGEN (CONT'D)

He forgot. Germans are experts at forgetting. We forgot we were Nazis. Now we've forgotten forty years of Communism. All gone. But it's not just history that's forgotten. It's people, too.

He sinks into a chair. Tired smile.

JURGEN (CONT'D)

But enough of me...

LATER -- SMOKE RISES FROM A CIGARETTE

Jurgen jots notes in a pad. Hand unsteady, he perches his cigarette on the ashtray, picks up the 'Horticus'.

MARTIN

I always have it with me. It was a gift from my father...

Jurgen flips it open. Notices the inscription, the NUMBERS written inside the front endpaper. A beat.

JURGEN

These mean anything to you?

MARTIN

No. It's my wife's handwriting.

JURGEN

So, they mean something to her.

He looks to Martin. Direct.

JURGEN (CONT'D)

Her involvement in this. There must have been something... in the past... some indication?

A beat. Martin shakes his head, at a loss. Jurgen leafs on... the piece of CARD drops from between the pages. Jurgen picks it up. Martin's notations from the night before in the train: times... dates... places.

MARTIN

My schedule... for this week. It's everything I remember.

Jurgen turns over the card. German print. A cheery cartoon Uncle Sam: *'Uncle Sam's Bowling & Billiards'*.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

My friend Rodney Cole told us to go, said it was a blast.

LATER STILL -- JURGEN

Tapping his pencil on the pad... intrigued.

JURGEN

Passport, credit cards, family photos... things like these take time to prepare. You say this man has detailed knowledge of your research, of your relationship with...

MARTIN

Professor Bressler. He knows everything...

JURGEN

Including the fact that you were going to have a random accident that would allow him seamlessly to take your place? These people may be good, but they're not God. The question is, why would they want to take your place? What could they gain from being you?

MARTIN

They tried to kill me.

JURGEN

Yes, did you a favor I'd say. Now you have... *Redlichkeit*... Now you know you are right.

MARTIN

Do you believe me?

A beat. Jurgen pours them both another brandy.

JURGEN

In the *Stasi*, we had a basic principle: Ask enough questions and a man who is lying will eventually change his story. But a man who tells the truth cannot change his, however unlikely his story sounds. I believe you are telling the truth, Doctor Harris.

A long beat. Jurgen closes the notebook.

JURGEN (CONT'D)

I'll start by calling these numbers again... as you say, it's Thanksgiving...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JURGEN (CONT'D)
and there's the time difference,
so it may take time to make
contact. And then there is the
question...

MARTIN
... of money... ?

JURGEN
Yes. Of money.

Martin takes off his Rolex. Sets it on the table.

MARTIN
It's all I have. I'll pay you in
cash as soon as I can.

Jurgen nods, picks up the watch. Turns it, looks at the
engraving on the back. As Martin turns to leave...

JURGEN
Doctor Harris...

A wince of pain as Jurgen gets up. Lifts a tea tin off the
shelf. Opens it. Takes out a hundred Euros...

JURGEN (CONT'D)
A loan against your guarantee.

MARTIN
Thank you.

JURGEN
I'll need twenty-four hours.
Call me tomorrow afternoon. Do
you have a place to stay?

A long beat. Off Martin's FACE...

INT. HASIR CAFÉ - NIGHT

Gina is cleaning up for the night, counting her tips, jotting
numbers in a small notebook. The television plays the
evening news quietly. In a corner, her boss is tallying the
days receipts at a table.

Gina ducks under the counter, calls out to a man who's parked
in a corner seat, out of sight.

GINA
(Turkish, subtitled:)
Hey, friend. We're closing...

The man looks up: It's Martin. He's exhausted, wet. His
eyes full of need and fear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA (CONT'D)
(stepping back)
I thought I told you to --

MARTIN
I'm sorry. Please. I had
nowhere else to go...

She starts to respond, holds it back. Nods.

GINA
I know the feeling.

MARTIN
I just need to know. The man you
picked up, the man who's life you
saved. That was me, right? It
was me.

She looks down at him, moved. Eyes track his wedding ring.

GINA
You're married. What about your
wife?

MARTIN
I... don't know.
(beat)
Can you imagine what it's like,
to wake up one day, and your
life... has been erased.

Beat. He starts to rise, collect himself.

GINA
It was you. Martin Harris. You.

MARTIN
(nodding)
Thank you.

He starts to go. She puts a hand on his arm. He stares at
it. Human contact.

GINA
Don't be an idiot. Come on...

He hesitates, then lets her lead him out of the café.

In the corner, the owner watches them go. The TV NEWS
changes, flashes a special. The Owner looks up:

ON TELEVISION: Martin's face, caught by a camera at the
hospital. Juxtaposed next to it, a smiling picture of the
Nurse. German text scrolls: "Wanted for Murder..."

The Owner's hand moves, picks up the phone.

E/I. STREET / RANGE ROVER - NIGHT

The Brown Range Rover idles on the street. Exhaust plumes.

Inside, two figures statue in silence. Smith and Jones. Waiting. The engine idles, the vents blow heat. Suddenly, an ELECTRONIC SCRAMBLER on the dashboard SQUAWKS in German.

EXT. BERLIN STREETS - NIGHT

Martin and Gina walk side by side, unused to the company.

GINA

So, how long are you married?

MARTIN

...Five years.

GINA

Where did you meet her?

MARTIN

Yale... I was a teaching assistant. Liz heard me lecture.

GINA

And there's no way she just didn't... recognize you?

He shakes his head. They reach the cement steps of an overpass, climb.

MARTIN

...You don't have to believe me. It's crazy, I know.

Gina pauses, stares through chain-link at the cars below.

GINA

Everyone has a story... Where they came from, where they are going, what happened to them. Why they're not happy, or alone...

(looking over)

Who cares what I believe. It's bullshit. All that matters is...

(pokes his chest)

Who you are, what you do, right now.

She reaches in her jacket. Opens the notebook she was writing in. Columns of figures.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA (CONT'D)

This is me. 2,259 Euros and counting. The number's the only thing that changes. I reach 4000, I can buy papers...

(beat)

Or maybe I'll come home one day and find a stranger who claims to be me. I'd like that. Walk away. Leave it all behind.

(beat)

You could do that.

Martin shakes his head.

MARTIN

I'd still have my memories.

GINA

You see? We're different. You like your memories. Very American of you.

He nods. She shrugs, turns away.

GINA (CONT'D)

Come on...

INT. GINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Key in the lock, door opens. Gina shows Martin in.

Run-down but clean. Rainwater seeps in through the window. Martin sits, watches Gina as she goes to a sideboard and uncorks a bottle. Pours Martin a glass of clear liquor.

GINA

Slivovic.

MARTIN

Thank you.

He takes a sip. Then another. Gina watching him. Muffled TV and arguing VOICES in Turkish from the floor below.

GINA

The walls are made of cardboard... but it's home.

Another smile, tired. A long beat. Abruptly, Gina gets up and leaves the room. Sound of drawers opening.

GINA (O.S.)(CONT'D)

You can sleep on the floor in there. I have an extra mattress.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She reappears... tosses something to Martin. A sweater, a pair of man's jeans. Before he can speak...

GINA (CONT'D)

Don't ask.

EXT. INTERNET CAFE, STRAUSBERGER PLATZ - NIGHT

Night-owl STUDENTS and BACK-PACKERS at rows of terminals, fingers tapping. The unlikely figure of Jurgen waits in the line at the counter. Signs in, gets his swipe key.

AT A COMPUTER TERMINAL

Moment's thought, Jurgen types Martin Harris Ph.D into the search window. Hits return.

CLOSE on the list, the same Martin got. No pictures.

Jurgen writes something in his notebook. Types again...

'World Bio-technology Forum' homepage. Schedule... delegates... speakers... photo of Bressler, sub-heading: 'Keynote Address'... An enlarged color PHOTO: Guest of Honor and forum sponsor Prince Fahad.

Google search results... NEWS HEADLINES: 'Saudi Prince in assassination attempt'... 'Failed killing highlights controversial figure in Arab world'... Another CLICK...

CLOSE ON SCREEN -- YOU-TUBE VIDEO CLIP

Al-Jazeera News footage. Fahad at a press conference. Sudden shift of focus, someone approaching the podium. Security move to intercept. EXPLOSIVE FLASH of a grenade. Blood on the lens, hand-held pandemonium.

INT. HASIR CAFÉ - NIGHT

The Café Owner is still watching the local news, looking for another glimpse of Martin. Door jingles. He glances over to see two men, one holding up a POLICE Badge.

CAFÉ OWNER

(German, subtitled:)

You guys are quick...

The BADGE lowers. It's Jones. Looks utterly nonthreatening, plain. But the Owner's voice falters.

INT. GINA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Martin sets the borrowed clothing down on the bed, looks around himself as he takes off his jacket.

Intimate, to be in here. Photographs on a cluttered vanity: Old country, Bosnia. Men in suits and women in long dresses. Children, a boy and two girls... Gina?

IN THE KITCHEN

Gina goes to the fridge, removes a pot of plain stew and sets it on the stove. She uses a spoon to pull off a chunk of fatty meat. Drops it on a chipped plate and opens the window...

... leaning out into the rain, Gina reaches up, slides the plate onto a sloping roof above. Excited YOWLS as stray cats come running from every direction.

Gina ducks back inside, pulls the window shut, glances towards the cracked door to her bedroom as she ducks into the bathroom, turns on the hot water...

GINA
(calling out)
The light's bust so you have to
leave the door open if you want
to see anything. Don't worry, I
won't peek.

EXT. GINA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The RANGE ROVER pulls up outside the building.

INT. GINA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Martin takes off his shirt, lays it down. Notices several charcoal drawings, tucked behind a radiator. He pulls a few out. A lonely man in the park. A woman with her child. Dark, shadowed... Beautiful.

Gina clears her throat. Martin looks over, sees Gina standing in the doorway, realizes.

MARTIN
Oh. I'm sorry, I just... I'm
sorry. Did you do these?

GINA
I give you a place to stay, it
doesn't give you the right to --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTIN
 No, you're right...
 (putting them back)
 I'm sorry. They're beautiful.
 You should --

GINA
 I should what? Have been an
 artist? Perhaps in Bosnia...
 (beat, quoting him)
 "Can you imagine what it's like,
 to wake up one day. And your
 whole life... has been erased?"

He STARES at her, moved. That connection again. He looks
 away. Looks back again...

GINA (CONT'D)
 What is it?

MARTIN
 Your eyes... It's the one thing
 I remember about the accident.
 Your eyes in the mirror...

He tails off. Face-to-face...

BANG! BANG! Pounding on the door. Gina motions Martin out
 of sight as she opens the door...

...It's Biko, the soft-spoken Somali taxi-driver. He grins.
 Tries teasingly to peek past her into the apartment.

BIKO
 You got company?

She puts her foot against the door, inscrutable. Biko drops
 a set of keys into her hand.

BIKO (CONT'D)
 Bring it back to my place. Leave
 the keys on the TV. And don't
 forget to reset the meter.

GINA
 You're the best.

She pecks him on the cheek. Biko pushes in the door, just a
 little, but enough to catch Martin, in his undershirt,
 carrying the rest of his clothes, halfway to the shower.

MARTIN
 I'm... I'm just going... in here.

Biko looks at Gina, raises an eyebrow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GINA

Yes, that's right. I sleep with every married American you send my way -- Thank you for that, by the way.

BIKO

Hey, no need to explain to me.

GINA

Get on your way! Go!

She pushes him out, closes the door. The stew has started to SMOKE. Gina moves it off the burner.

IN THE STAIRWELL

Biko trots down stairs, laughing to himself. Passes two men, working on the PHONE BOX tucked below the stairs.

BIKO

(German, subtitled:
Hey, while you're at it, check the line to number eight. She's always getting bad service.

One of the men lifts his face. It's JONES. Biko takes them in, their clothes... frowns.

EXT. PAY PHONE, KARL MARKSTRASSE - NIGHT

Jurgen making a call, rain dripping off his coat.

INT. SECURITY HQ, TEGEL AIRPORT - NIGHT

"The Eye". Banks of CCTV SCREENS monitoring Tegel's passenger areas. Night-shift STAFF sip coffee.

An incoming CALL. DESK OFFICER answers. Calls to an older UNIFORMED MAN, who picks up, punches a button.

CAPTAIN BRANT

(German, subtitled:
This is Brandt.

JURGEN (O.S.)

(German, subtitled:
Hans. It's Colonel Jurgen. From the old days. I need a favor.

INT. GINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Gina punches PLAY on an old boom-box and a cool Bosnian hip-hop groove plays. She spoons some of the stew into a bowl, sets it on the table.

IN THE BATHROOM

Martin lets the hot water run over his head, drip across his face, allowing himself a tiny moment of relaxation.

IN THE KITCHEN

BANG! BANG! Knocking on the door again. Gina puts the bowl in the sink, heads for the door.

GINA
Just a moment, Biko. And you're
going to be late --

She throws open the door... SMITH and JONES press in! Jones clamping a hand over her mouth.

Watching them work is awe-inspiring, chilling. There's no wasted motion whatsoever. Their faces calm, observant.

Jones holds Gina, gun covers the dark entrance to the bathroom where the shower still runs as Smith turns the music up LOUD, then opens the oven, blows out the pilot light, turns on the gas...

CLOSE ON THE GAS -- A hazy layer, rippling over the floor...

... Smith grabs a candle off Gina's table, lights its wick, sets it on top of the stove.

IN THE DARK BATHROOM

PRESSED against the wall, trapped, fully aware of what's going on, Martin. He's pulled on clothes. By looking in the small mirror over the sink, he can see the men going about their work. He can see their weapons.

His eyes SEARCH for anything useful, anything at all. There's nothing. He reaches towards the small window to the exterior. It swings open, revealing the FIRE ESCAPE beyond.

IN THE APARTMENT

The gas HISSES as it spills into the room. Smith grabs the bottle of alcohol, douses Gina as with one hand Jones produces a hypodermic...

... A LOW THUMP from the bathroom. Smith REACTS instantly, KICKS in the bathroom door, gun lined...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

... on NOTHING. The empty shower runs. The window to the exterior swings gently.

GINA

Terror-stricken, realizing Martin has abandoned her.

Jones nods to Smith who goes out the door, covers the hall. Jones FLIPS Gina onto her stomach, presses her face to the floor, pulling down the top of her pants as he prepares to inject her with the hypodermic.

She struggles, SCREAMS IN RAGE, chokes on the gas. Her EYES WIDEN as Jones slides the needle in, starts to PRESS...

... CRASH! Martin blasts in from the fire escape, through the window nearest them, catching Jones in the face, cutting his face. He tumbles over -- his gun sliding away...

MARTIN AND JONES

... Tumble together, SMASH into the sideboard which collapses, splintering into the kitchen.

Martin tries to hit Jones who easily deflects the blow, leaps cat-like to his feet, moving towards his gun as Smith re-enters, weapon drawn, and FREEZES, his eyes tracking:

THE CANDLE, teetering on the stove... now falling over... rolling...

Jones, Smith, Martin... all track the candle, its progress towards the edge of the stove...

Jones and Smith RUN towards the door. Martin grabs Gina, HAULS her towards the bedroom as the candle falls...

KABOOM --!!! GAS EXPLODES. Doors SPLINTER outward...

... BLAST hurls Gina and Martin onto the bedroom floor. Martin covering Gina. PRESSURE WAVE sweeps over them, burning debris raining.

FRACTURED VISION... TINNITUS DAZE...

Fires spreading, the main room beyond the bedroom an INFERNO. Martin pulls Gina up. They move to the window and the fire escape. Gina begins to slide it open...

MARTIN

No, look!

She tracks his gaze: Down below, Jones exits the building, looks up amidst other onlookers. Wipes blood from his face.

Martin looks around, wild, for anything, his gaze settling on: the far wall. Flames FLARE in, growing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GINA
(looking out window)
We have to chance it --

With a ROAR Martin rushes the wall, IMPACTS it with his shoulder, goes right through!

INT. NEIGHBORING APARTMENT - NIGHT

... LANDS HARD in a small empty bedroom, Turkish decorated. Drywall and plaster everywhere. Gina follows him through as they thread through the abandoned flat out into...

INT. STAIRWELL, GINA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Martin and Gina slip out a door, into a crowd of immigrant families, other residents fleeing down the stairwell. Smoke is thick, flames roar.

MARTIN'S P.O.V. -- SMITH

Laying in wait near the entrance to Gina's place. Hand tucked in his coat. Gaze RACKS, looking for another way...

MARTIN
We have to go up...

He starts to pull her, but she's FROZEN, staring in horror. Martin tracks her gaze: Biko's body, tucked under the stairs. Lifeless eyes stare back.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
(quiet)
Come on. We have to go...

EXT. GINA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Immigrant families emerge from the flaming building. Jones stands next to the Range Rover, eyes tracking the crowd, the upper floors, now engulfed in flame...

EXT. ROOF TOP, GINA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Martin and Gina emerge at the top, run to the edge. He LEANS... reaching across to the next building...

BELOW HIM: Five flights down. A mortal fall.

Martin's hands grip a ledge, pull him over. He reaches back, pulls her across. They keep moving...

EXT. STREET, KREUZBERG DISTRICT - CONTINUOUS

Crowds parting as FIRE TRUCKS scream around the corner. Smith comes out, the last to exit the building. He meets eyes with Jones, satisfied.

DOWN THE STREET

Martin and Gina emerge from the neighboring building. See Smith climbing into the Range Rover.

Martin takes Gina's arm, steers her away. Notices an old Mercedes Diesel taxi at the curb, covered in debris. Biko's.

MARTIN

The keys. Where are the keys?

Gina stares at him, lost. Martin reaches into her pockets. Finds Biko's keys. He HAULS broken panes, debris off the car, manages to get it open. He bundles her inside.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Martin fumbles the key into the ignition. He turns it. Warning light delay as the diesel's glow-plugs warm up.

MARTIN

C'mon. C'mon...

IN THE REARVIEW: The Range Rover, making a U-Turn, heading their way...

INT. RANGE ROVER - SAME

Jones drives, Smith shotgun. They cruise slowly, keeping an eye peeled. Pass the debris-covered taxi, empty. They keep moving, gaze still tracking. Smith pops his cell phone.

I./E. TAXI/KREUZBERG DISTRICT STREETS - SAME

Crouched down, Martin watches in the mirror as the Range Rover turns a corner. He restarts the engine, puts the car in gear and pulls them away from the curb.

Gina still in stunned silence. Wipes tears and grime off her face. She looks across at Martin. He glances up at the mirror...

... sudden change in his expression. Gina turns, sees...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEHIND THEM -- THE BROWN RANGER ROVER

Four cars back. Jones driving. Smith riding shotgun. Faces expressionless as they swerve out into traffic, deftly cut back in one vehicle closer to Martin and Gina.

Gina turns back to Martin. Eyes wide. This can't be happening. Adrenaline clearing her mind...

GINA
Left --! Turn left...

Martin spins the wheel. Taxi swerves across oncoming traffic into a SIDE-STREET. Gina waving frantically...

GINA (CONT'D)
Left again! Left again! Now
right. Here. HERE!

Just in time, Martin pulls a right. Cab drifts, SLAMS a wall side-on... bounces back into the center of the road.

GINA (CONT'D)
Jesus!

A look from Martin: What? Gina glances behind. No sign of them. Moment's relief. Turns to her right. Sees the RANGE ROVER racing down the parallel side-street...

GINA (CONT'D)
They're going to cut us off!
Right. Turn right -- !

Martin SCREECHES into a turn. Heads for the parallel alley. Range Rover FLASHES through the intersection just ahead. Taxi cuts across feet behind them...

IN THE RANGE ROVER

Jones spots the taxi in the mirror. BRAKES, high speed 180... races back up the alley.

IN THE TAXI

Martin floors the gas. SCREAMS out into oncoming traffic, across a red light. Zig-zags past cars. Edge of control. Zooms through open gates into...

EXT. VOLKSPARK CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Tree-lined avenue. Closed GATES at the far end...

... Range Rover moving fast down the street alongside the cemetery. Suddenly cutting left across traffic. Bounces over the curb, full-speed into the grounds. 4WD slaloming past gravestones, rapidly closing on the taxi...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Closed gates ahead. No choice. Martin puts his foot down. SMASHES through the gates. Flying hinge SLAMS the windshield -- glass instantly spidering opaque...

Martin driving blind. Careens against the embankment, WHIPLASHES up, spin on its axis. Rolling...

... over the edge of the embankment, TUMBLING over and over. SLAMS DOWN right way up, axles crumpling. QUIET. Steaming HISS of the engine.

Martin's hands still locked on the wheel. Gina next to him. Martin shoves open the door. Clambers out.

EXT. BERLIN RAIL YARDS - CONTINUOUS

A maze of tracks and power lines below street level. S-Bahn, U-Bahn, high-speed ICE trains, freight... tracks disappearing in each direction into tunnels. A sound. Martin turns, looks up...

THE RANGE ROVER, Jones at the wheel... SPOTS THEM. Engine GUNS, Range Rover plunges headlong down the embankment...

Whistling ROAR... as a HIGH SPEED TRAIN hurtles out of the one of the tunnels. Martin grabs Gina's hand.

MARTIN

C'mon...!

Running side-by-side. Train horn BLASTS as they cross right in front of it as the Range Rover, cut off, SPINS 90 degrees, races down the tracks alongside it.

Martin and Gina scramble across tracks, towards a tunnel...

... the Range Rover passes the back of the train. HARD right, over the tracks. Too Fast. The car catches air...

... BELLIES down hard onto the next set of tracks. Front tire EXPLODES.... Range Rover SPINS... rear wheels SLAM into the track. Another tire BURSTS. Scraping STOP, car straddling the rails. Jones shifts into reverse. Rims SPIN against metal.

ACROSS THE TRACKS

... Martin and Gina sprinting towards the tunnel. Smith jumps out of the Range Rover, lines his weapon. BLAM! BLAM!

INSIDE THE TUNNEL

Martin and Gina hit the ground, bullets chipping ceramic off the walls. Up ahead, illuminated, some utility stairs. Gina GASPS air, spent. Martin looks behind them...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTIN'S P.O.V. - SMITH IN SILHOUETTE. COMING IN AFTER THEM.

Martin GRABS Gina, pulls her after him.

IN THE RANGE ROVER -- JONES

Jams shift into 'drive.' Pedal to metal. Four wheel drive rims SCREAM on the rails, inches forward. Almost off the tracks. A vibration. Jones looks around...

FREIGHT CARS -- LUMBERING RIGHT FOR HIM...

Shunted by a rear engine; no way the driver can see him. Scrambles for the door. Too late - !

... FREIGHT TRAIN PLOWS INTO THE RANGE ROVER! Coupling smashes through the window. Impales the car, CRUSHING Jones, pushing the mangled wreck along the tracks...

... INTO THE TUNNEL

Range Rover scraping along the wall in a tail of SPARKS. Smith dives out of the way. Car wreck and freight cars THUNDERING past him...

...toward Martin and Gina, pelting full-speed... almost on them... last second, they DIVE into the alcove... through the steel door into the utility access STAIRS.

Gina doubled, gasping for breath... but they've got to keep going. Both staggering up the zig-zag iron steps...

SMITH

Jumps up. Sprints after them. Through the steel door...

INT. UTILITY STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Smith sprinting up to a landing. Another landing. Narrow tunnel. Booming ECHOES. Rush of AIR. Smith dashes around a corner. Slows...

INT. 'U-BAHN' STATION - CONTINUOUS

... breathless. Station JAMMED with SOCCER FANS. The bars have let out. Faces painted. Singing, drinking, a swarming party. A train just emptying, the mass crowding out.

UP AHEAD

Martin and Gina, squeezed together between laughing faces, drunken youth, singing, chanting...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

... Both of them in this chaotic oasis. Almost peaceful. Gina struggling to catch her breath. Relief. Shock. Grief. Anger. Martin, looking at her. He knows what she's feeling. She meets his eyes a moment, glances back...

...sees Smith, caught in the crowd, but pushing his way towards them.

GINA

Come on...

They push their way forward through the crush.

EXT. S-BAHN TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

The crowd dissipates into the night. Gina takes Martin's hands, pulls him along a street of neon club signs, lines of youth waiting to get in.

BEHIND THEM. Smith emerges from the station, tracks them.

EXT. BERLIN STREET - NIGHT

Gina hurries them past bars and clubs. They come to a door crowded with youths, Middle-Eastern and Balkan.

Gina pulls Martin to the front. Unfriendly eyes STARE down Martin, the huge BOUNCER nods recognition to Gina.

ON THE STREET

Smith stops, takes in the many clubs, the various Bouncers guarding their doors. Looks down at his boring suit, nods defeat. Turns and walks away.

INT. 'SHINE' NIGHT CLUB- NIGHT

The club is barely-lit, punctuated by beams of moving light, constant music. The bar a glowing oasis. Gina leads Martin through. They pass down through old WWII bomb shelter construction, through curtains, into...

CHILL SPACE

Even darker, only small glowing lights, candles, neon tubing casts shadows. Quiet almost, only the dull 'thud' of the bass reaches them.

He puts a hand on her shoulder... she pushes it off.

MARTIN

Gina...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

... and she **LOSES IT**. Flies at him, slapping clumsily. Like an enraged child. Martin grabbing her... holding her tight. Bodies pressed together... as her anger and fear and grief dissolve into sobbing...

GINA

His family is in Africa. The money will just stop coming... they'll never know why...

... Martin calming her, stroking her head. Her hand finding his, gripping it tight, wanting the contact. Martin looking down at the face buried in his chest. Feeling versus memory. Gina... Liz... Torn.

A long beat. Her control returning. And her strength. She separates from him.

GINA (CONT'D)

You saved my life.

No response. Eyes locked.

GINA (CONT'D)

...You never know, what you will do, until the time comes, right?

Martin looks down, unsure. She stays on his face. Looking for... Her eyes shift:

ACROSS THE SPACE

A young Serbian **MANAGER** speaks with a female **BARTENDER**. Both cool, young, tough. Gina makes eye contact, heads nod in recognition.

GINA (CONT'D)

Wait here...

Martin watches her go, speak with them through low light and smoke. His gaze wander... into the strobing lights...

MARTIN'S P.O.V. -- SUDDEN CUT -- MEMORY FLASH

...all **WHITE**. It's snow, drifting down... settling on a small idyllic home. Picket fence. Lights glow inside...

...Suddenly **INSIDE**. Liz sits on the edge of a bed, glass of red wine in her hands. Martin enters the frame, his clothing and hands covered in drywall dust.

LIZ

Are you ready....?

Liz rubs dust off his face, leans in to kiss him...

INT. SHINE NIGHT CLUB- NIGHT

Martin's eyes flick open and the SOUND and LIGHT of the club come flooding back in...

MARTIN'S P.O.V. -- GINA. UNDRESSING

Low, moving lights pass across her body, wifebeater undershirt and jeans. She unzips the jeans, pulls them down long legs, pulls off the wifebeater, no bra...

...hesitates. Looks back, sees that Martin is watching her. Beat. Beat. Lights catch glimpses of her body, her breasts, the arch of her back.

She turns slightly away from him, pushes a pile of borrowed clothing towards him. A heavy coat, some jeans.

GINA

...Put these on.

She pulls a mod shirt on, glances back as he now undresses.

GINA (CONT'D)

Were you happy?

He looks up, shirt in his hands. She doesn't waiver.

GINA (CONT'D)

Your marriage? Was it happy?

MARTIN

...Yes. I think so... I don't remember... how it felt exactly.

She approaches him, leans in so she can see his eyes...

GINA

So why would she do this to you?

MARTIN

...For the same reason I would. If I thought it was the only way to protect her.

Gina nods, distant. Martin presses on, difficult.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I keep having a dream. Liz is in the bedroom of our home, although it's different somehow. Her hair's different... she's smiling, about to say something. Then it ends. I can remember places, details...

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I just can't remember... how I
felt.

He stops. Just the low pulsing BEAT from the other room The
lights revolving over them.

Gina watching him. Looking back at her. That connection
again. He looks away.

She shakes it off, produces a borrowed joint, offers it to
him. He shakes his head no. She shrugs, sparks it. Inhales
deeply, eyes close. She leans back.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

You'll need to get out of town.
There's a man who's helping me.
He can --

GINA

(seems to ignore him)
In Bosnia... It was not like you
probably imagine. It was nice.
...there were cherry blossoms.

(beat)

One day, I was sixteen. My
sister and my brother came to me
and said hey let's play hide and
seek, down by the creek. He had
ten Marka for whoever won. It
was amazing, the way he just said
it...

Beat. She raises the joint, hits it again. Her eyes open,
but she's deep in the memory and it's intense.

GINA (CONT'D)

...So I went down to this place I
knew, under the small bridge over
the creek. And I hid and waited.
Not really that long... Then I
went back home, to find my
brother and collect my money.

(beat)

He, and my father and my uncle
were dead. And so was my mother.
My sister was alive... for a
little while.

She turns her head, eyes blaze straight at Martin.

GINA (CONT'D)

It was not enough, to kill us.
They wanted us to remember, every
day, for the rest of our lives.

MARTIN

We're you...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GINA

What? Raped?

(beat)

No. No one touched me. But
now... I'm not going anywhere.
I'm not running anymore.

She nestles in under his arm. Closes her eyes. He lets his
hand gently stroke her hair.

MARTIN

I won't let anything happen to
you.

GINA

(smiles sleepy)

Liar... Say it again.

MARTIN

I'll protect you.

She opens her eyes again, looks up at him, smiles, on her way
to sleep.

GINA

...Cool.

CHILL SPACE - LATER

Gina sleeps, at peace. Martin leans over the one object he
has left, his copy of "Horticus." He studies the number
markings on the flap, working...

EXT. BERLIN VELODROME - DAY

Vast windowless cylindrical building on the city's edge.

INT. BERLIN VELODROME - DAY

Cheering CROWD; a sound like THUNDER. A massive indoor
STADIUM, CYCLISTS racing on a reverberating wood track below
a suspended lighting rig the size of a spaceship.

MARTIN at the counter of a busy bar. Jeans, T-shirt, Bomber
Jacket. Different look, to say the least. Across the bar,
GINA nurses a coffee. They exchange looks, briefly. A
familiar grey-skinned figure settles next to him: JURGEN.

MARTIN

Thank you for coming.

Martin glances around, edgy. Jurgen watches him, glances at
Gina long enough to let Martin know he's spotted her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JURGEN

You know, the most dangerous man in the world is the man who feels that he is drowning. He will drag under anyone who tries to help him.

Jurgen sets his newspaper on the bar. A picture and article about the murdered nurse. Martin's picture, fuzzy.

MARTIN

(nods, bitter)
I... I didn't do it.

Jurgen studies him, hard. Looks back at Gina.

JURGEN

You said you had something.

Martin feels in his pockets, takes out the copy of 'Horticus', turns to the numbers on the end papers.

MARTIN

These numbers, are a code. The first number refers to the page of a given book. The second to a specific line on that page. The third number to words on that line. If I didn't have the exact edition of the book, the code would be unbreakable.

JURGEN

(nodding, impressed)
And what do the numbers refer to?

MARTIN

That's where it breaks down -- the words are the Latin names of two plant species... *Calochortus Albus...* and *Umbellularia Californica*. Fairy Lantern... and California Bay. Both common flowering plants...

JURGEN

Not part of your work? Or Professor Bressler's?

Martin shakes his head. Jurgen grunts. Pencils notes...

JURGEN (CONT'D)

Your thesis. The one you sent Bressler. What was the title?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARTIN

"The role of *Gorytini* and
Thynnidae in *Drakea* pollination."

JURGEN

And it was after reading it that
he invited you here. Correct?

MARTIN

Correct. Yes. Look --

JURGEN

Did you ever know someone called
Laurence Darnell?

Martin looks at him quizzically. Shakes his head.

JURGEN (CONT'D)

He was a graduate student at the
University of Wisconsin. He died
in an auto accident earlier this
year. He was doing research very
similar to yours.

Jurgen studying him closely. Martin shakes his head.

JURGEN (CONT'D)

What is Professor Bressler's
relationship with Prince Fahad?

MARTIN

(shrugs)
Fahad's sponsoring the Forum,
Bressler's the keynote speaker.

JURGEN

So they're not close?

MARTIN

In a way... they're opposites.
Bressler wants to end world
hunger. Open research...
universal access to all his data
on crop cultivation...

JURGEN

But Fahad's just a businessman.

MARTIN

They're both progressives. Fahad
knows we'll need food long after
oil. New agricultural patents
are worth billions...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JURGEN

But his progressiveness has cost
him... his own people hate him...
the attempts on his life...

MARTIN

He's got balls, that's for sure.

Another beat. Jurgen slides the 'Uncle Sam' bookmark card from the pages of the 'Horticus'... turns it over, Martin's remembered schedule scribbled on the back.

JURGEN

There's a cocktail party, before
Bressler's speech tonight?

MARTIN

It's in our suite. Champagne and
hors d'oeuvres for Bressler and a
few of his guests.

JURGEN

Is Fahad going to be there?

MARTIN

Yes. Bressler invited him...

Martin trails off. Starting to get there...

JURGEN

Martin Harris... with just a few
guests, in a confined space with
Prince Fahad. For some, that
might be a very good reason to
want to be you.

MARTIN

Oh, Jesus... You can't --

Jurgen flips his notebook shut. Gets up.

JURGEN

-- I need a few more hours. You
need to go somewhere you will not
be seen. Then meet me outside
the Café Adler on the
Kochstrasse. 6.30 sharp.

EXT. NEUKÖLLN DISTRICT, BERLIN - DAY

Martin and Gina thread their way through streets teeming with
AFRICAN and MIDDLE EASTERN immigrants, music blasting from
storefronts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An ELECTRONICS STORE. In the window a muted TV flickers with the NEWS: A report on the hospital murder. Martin's image. Gina glances around... a COP up the street.

GINA

We have to go. We have to do
what Jurgen said, stay out of --

She starts to pull him away, but he's not moving. He's staring at the pre-paid cell phones on display.

MARTIN

Jurgen may have nothing.
(beat, to her)
I need your help.

INT. EISENHOWER SUITE, HOTEL IMPERIAL - DAY

Liz sits in front of the bedroom vanity in her bra and skirt, putting on makeup. The room's shower is on.

CLOSE as she applies mascara. The Camera searches her face, her small gestures, looking for clues... Shower stops.

IN DEEP FOCUS behind her, Martin B comes out of the bathroom, nude. He picks a robe up off the bed, pulls it on as he approaches her, places his hands on her shoulders.

They stare at each other in the vanity mirror... RING! RING!
Martin B picks up the phone.

MARTIN B

Dr. Harris speaking.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

(German accent)

Yes, hello, Dr. Harris. This is
Else Adlam from Dr. Bressler's
office. Dr. Bressler was
wondering if you might be able to
meet with him today...

EXT. TIERGARTEN PARK - DAY

Gina, dressed in the modish cap and shades, on a new pre-paid cell phone:

GINA

(into phone)

...No, I don't know, but he
stressed it was important.
Eleven o'clock, if that's all
right? Weinhaus Huth on
Tiergarten... yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She closes the phone. Across from her, Martin, a cap pulled low over his features. He opens another phone, dials...

MARTIN

Yes, hello, this is Dr. Harris.
I have a message for Dr.
Bressler...

INT. LIBRARY BUILDING, FREIE UNIVERSITAT BERLIN - SAME

Jurgen hands over a library card. A LIBRARIAN finds his request slip, slides two documents across the counter. One a printed monograph; the other a photocopy in brads.

A WHILE LATER -- JURGEN AT A DESK

He finishes reading the printed monograph. Closes it. Looking down at the cover... "The role of *Gorytini* and *Thynnidae* in *Drakea* pollination" by Martin Harris, PhD.

He slides the bound photocopy next to it. "The process of *Drakea* pollination" by Laurence Darnell, University of Wisconsin. A long beat. The two titles side-by-side.

Sudden thought... Jurgen takes something out of his pocket; the card that was inside Martin's 'Horticus'. The scribbled schedule notations on one side... turns it over: the bowling alley's Uncle Sam logo. Jurgen holds closer, studying it. His mind clicking...

... printed German text. A number: 21. And right at the bottom, a small time-clock stamp...

EXT. TIERGARTEN PARK - DAY

Martin and Gina stand amidst a flow of tourists and locals, near the entrance to Berlin's equivalent of Central Park and its zoo. Across, the Weinhaus Restaurant is a fin-de-siecle style brasserie bordering the avenue.

GINA

Why here?

MARTIN

...The zoo. She loves Polar Bears. I never knew exactly why.

Gina nods, looks over to the restaurant. Looks back at Martin who hasn't moved. She checks her watch.

GINA

Okay, go. You're going to be late for your date.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Martin nods, heads into the park. Long, curving paths bordered by green. A labyrinth.

AT THE PARK'S ENTRANCE

Gina watches, sunglasses on, as a taxi pulls up and a wiry haired man steps out, pays the driver. Lap-top bag over his shoulder. BRESSLER.

FEW MOMENTS LATER

Another taxi arrives, Liz and Martin B get out.

MARTIN

This shouldn't take long. I just need to see what Bressler wants.

Liz's gaze settles on the painted sign for the zoo.

LIZ

Take your time, I want to see the zoo anyway.

ON LIZ. Memory, or nostalgia, touch her cool face.

LIZ (CONT'D)

I love the Polar Bears...

Martin B nods, watches her go. He checks his watch and heads inside.

OPPOSITE SIDEWALK -- AMONG THE SHOPPERS

GINA, doing her best to casually window-shop at a designer storefront. Stolen glance across the street...

INT. WEINHAUS HUTH RESTAURANT - SAME

The WAITER offers to take Bressler's lap-top bag. Bressler politely declines him...

The waiter nods, leaves. Bressler opens the computer bag, checks on the lap-top inside. Zips it back up. Positions the bag by his elbow. Smiles to Martin B.

BRESSLER

I thought we might have a table for three, in case you still had your alter ego with you.

MARTIN B

No, thank God. I assume he's safely back in the hospital.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRESSLER

Well, it's a lesson. You never know what people will do. All my work used to be on-line, my e-mails on an open server. A year ago, someone broke into my office and stole my computer. I believe they were after my research. Luckily, I split my data up and double encrypt it until I put it all together and make it public. That's why this stays with me until tonight's over...

Martin B nods, starts to look at his menu...

BRESSLER (CONT'D)

Now what was so important that it could not wait until this evening?

ON MARTIN B, REALIZING he's been played. A single BLINK. A beat. When he looks up, he's cool.

MARTIN B

I hope you can forgive me. It was something you said...
(beat)
...It's been tormenting me.

UNDER THE TABLE. Martin B has his phone out and is TEXTING, blind...

EXT. TIERGARTEN PARK - CONTINUOUS

SMITH sits on a bench near a pond, tossing bread crumbs to ducks. His phone chirps, he checks it and is MOVING...

EXT. TIERGARTEN STRASSE - SAME

Gina ducks into a store doorway. Takes out her cell phone...

EXT. TIERGARTEN PARK - SAME

... the other cell phone in MARTIN'S hand. He answers it...

GINA (O.S.)

They just sat down.

Martin's gaze doesn't waiver. Up ahead of him, glimpsed through the crowds... Liz.

He follows, watching, transfixed.

INT. 'UNCLE SAM' BOWLING ALLEY, BERLIN - SAME

CLATTER of falling pins... 'Uncle Sam' logo. Juke box Elvis serenading desultory daytime bowlers. Jurgen hands the TICKET from Martin's book to a bored ATTENDANT.

She goes away... returns a moment later with a purple bowling TOTE BAG. Plonks it on the counter. Rips off a ticket counterfoil - '21'. Checks the time-stamp...

ATTENDANT

(German: subtitled)

August. Three months. That'll be twenty-five Euros.

A beat. Jurgen pays her, picks up the bag...

EXT. ENTRANCE TO TIERGARTEN ZOO - DAY

Parents buying tickets... excited kids push through the turnstiles under the gilded elephants of the entrance.

Liz buys a ticket. Passes beneath the elephant gate.

Martin starts to move forward... then DOUBLES BACK as Smith arrives, hurrying, again checking his phone. He pushes to the front of the line, pays his way in, eyes searching.

Martin moves out behind him, hat pulled low.

INT. DESIGNER STORE/TIERGARTEN STRASSE - SAME

Watchful staff; soothing music. Gina at a rack of dresses, anxiously looks out of the window, staring at Martin B and Bressler in the restaurant, a silent heated exchange...

INT. WEINHAUSE RESTAURANT - SAME

Bressler in high form, reacting --

BRESSLER

No! God NO! You're focusing on the science, but this...

(patting his laptop)

...this is history. You open the research before it's finished, the conglomerates gobble it up. In the entire history of human development, name me one time when business has ever acted except in its own self-interest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Martin B catches a waiter's eye, signals for the check. Bressler catches this, looks to Martin B, questioning.

MARTIN B
I'm sorry, it's my fault.
Another appointment I forgot.

BRESSLER
It doesn't matter.
(jumping back in)
But see you, you say I am too
cautious. It's an idiot thing to
say. I'm a realist!

EXT. TIERGARTEN ZOO - SAME

Liz wanders past some flamingos, checks a sign, heads in another direction.

Behind her, Martin keeps his distance, keeps his eyes on Smith who's shadowing Liz, one path over...

INT. WEINHAUSE RESTAURANT - SAME

Martin B standing. Bressler, collecting his bag and scarf...

MARTIN B
I'm sorry if I offended you, Dr.
Bressler. I just --

BRESSLER
Don't be stupid. You can't
offend me. We are colleagues,
this is good discussion. But
please, Dr. Harris -- Power is an
animal, all to itself. It
adapts, mutates to whatever form
will best preserve it. It's
always closer than we know.

ON MARTIN B, extending a hand...

MARTIN B
...Perhaps you're right.

EXT. TIERGARTEN STREET - SAME

Gina, crossing the street, searching the restaurant windows, the table empty, busboy gathering up plates. P.O.V. urgently searching. Finds...

... Bressler outside the restaurant getting into a taxi. He's alone. No sign of Martin B. Pulls out her phone...

EXT. TIERGARTEN ZOO - SAME

Liz, following the winding path lower as it descends. The sound of a cell-phone RING. Liz glances back...

...Martin, pressed out of sight against a wall. He SILENCES his phone, tucks it away.

EXT. TIERGARTEN PARK - SAME

Martin B striding through the park toward the zoo...

... Gina way behind, trying to catch up. Dials again, Martin's phone going straight to voicemail.

EXT. TIERGARTEN ZOO - SAME

P.O.V. -- LIZ PAUSED AT A GLASS WALL -- GETTING CLOSER

Her slim shoulders; her hair tucked into a scarf against the rain, silhouetted in front of an underwater view. The giant Polar Bear swims, inches in front of her.

LIZ'S FACE. Her eyes, soft. A smile... which fades as she senses a presence. Turns. FACES us.

MARTIN

Standing across from her in this protected space. A strange numbness. Doesn't know where to start...

MARTIN

... Liz.

Just that syllable. She stares back, features tense.

LIZ

What are you doing here?

MARTIN

Liz. What's happening?

LIZ

You're crazy -- you have to leave me alone.

MARTIN

Why --?! I have to know why, Liz. Are they making you do this? Are they threatening you?

LIZ

...How did you find me --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTIN
 The zoo. The Polar Bears.
 (beat)
 You see? I KNOW YOU, Liz. You
 KNOW me...

Liz's eyes fixed on his. She searches his face. A long
 beat. Her facade seems suddenly to crumble...

LIZ
 I can't...

MARTIN
 You can't *what*?

LIZ
 ... can't get out. Can't leave.
 They'll kill me.

EXT. ZOO PATH - SAME

Smith's path has veered him away from Liz's. Frustrated,
 he's a little lost. His eyes play over the entrance to the
 lower area, other women, also with umbrellas...

EXT. ZOO ENTRANCE - SAME

Martin B waiting in the ticket line at the gates...

... Gina approaches, breathless. Sees Martin B. Hangs back
 from the ticket line. Spots a large party of school kids.
 Gina steps past the line, confidently joins the group... just
 another parent. Swept through the turnstiles. Behind her,
 Martin B steps up to the ticket window.

BACK WITH MARTIN AND LIZ

MARTIN (CONT'D)
 What are they making you do? Is
 it about Fahad?

LIZ
 I... I can't answer that.

MARTIN
 Come with me, right now. We can
 run --

LIZ
No! They'll kill us both!

MARTIN
 Who are they?

She shakes her head, tormented.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZ
 Please. Not now. Not until
 we're safe. Then I'll explain
 everything, I promise. All I
 want is for us to get out alive.
 You have to believe me...

Urgent look around. Her eyes lock on his.

LIZ (CONT'D)
 Your case.

MARTIN
 My case...?

She closes on him. A wave of emotion as she's almost in his
 arms, her hands on his face, searching his eyes.

LIZ
 Your briefcase. It got left
 behind. At the airport. That's
 why you were going back there.
 You need to find it...
 (close)
 In an hour, there's a chance for
 me to get away. Meet me at the
 airport at three o'clock. We can
 run together...

Martin's eyes. Mind racing. Eyes suddenly catching GINA,
walking right by. Moment's urgent eye contact. The signal.
 Martin B's here. He's on his way...

What can he do? He knows he can't stay. Suddenly, Liz moves
 her face to his. Kisses him on the lips. Whispers...

LIZ (CONT'D)
 I love you.

A beat. Martin steps back slowly. Their eyes hold. Then he
 turns, walks quickly away...

GINA

Behind the glass of the penguin exhibit. She saw the kiss.

MARTIN

Cuts up a small path rising up from the Polar Bear area. At
 the top he turns, hiding himself, looking back.

MARTIN'S P.O.V. -- BELOW

Smith and Martin B converge from opposite directions on Liz,
 speak at her, close, heated. Smith pops open his phone.
 Martin B GLARES at Liz, almost pushing her back against the
 glass. She GLARES back up at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARTIN

...Nothing he can do now. He turns away, moves to the top of the path where Gina waits for him. They walk in silence...

GINA

She's pretty...

Martin doesn't acknowledge. Each face a mix of emotions.

EXT. MARZAHN DISTRICT, EAST BERLIN - DAY

A light rain. JURGEN crosses the street to his building, carrying the bowling bag.

INT. JURGEN'S APARTMENT - SAME

The phone on his desk starts RINGING. No one to pick up.

EXT. TIERGARTEN STRASSE - DAY

Martin and Gina hurry across the street. Cellphone to Martin's ear. Listening to it RING...

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - SAME

Jurgen lumbers asthmatically up the stairs. Gets to the fourth floor. Sound of the PHONE RINGING above. Trudges up the last flight...

...Phone STOPS RINGING just as Jurgen reaches the top. He stops, wheezing. An ENVELOPE propped against the door. He picks it up. Thumbs it open. Takes out:

DETAIL SHOT -- TWO PRINT-OUT SCANS...

... from the security camera at airport Immigration. A couple at a desk. Liz and Martin. Unmistakably Martin.

JURGEN

hears the phone START RINGING again inside his apartment. Fumbles in his pocket for the key.

INT. JURGEN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jurgen grabs the phone. Puffing:

JURGEN

Ja?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE (O.S.)
 (through phone)
 Is that Ernst Jurgen?

JURGEN
 Yes, it is.

VOICE (O.S.)
 My name's Rodney Cole. You left
 a message on my phone. There
 were two from Martin as well.
 What kind of trouble is he in?

INT. LEHRTER BAHNHOF TRAIN STATION, BERLIN - DAY

Trains rumble and whoosh. Booming ANNOUNCEMENTS. Hurried commuters pushing past...

... RODNEY COLE -- he's the academic colleague we've seen in Martin's memory flashes -- an avuncular man about ten years Martin's senior. Talks on a cell phone:

COLE
 Oh my God... that's unbelievable,
 the poor man. Well here's the
 good news -- I've just arrived in
 Berlin... yes, I've been teaching
 in Leipzig, at the *Hochschule für
 Technik*. I came up for the last
 day to hear Bressler's speech...
 (listens)
 I'll come right over, it's not
 far... No, it's no problem.

INT. JURGEN'S APARTMENT - SAME

JURGEN
 (into phone:)
 ... I appreciate it, Herr Cole...

Puts the phone down. A beat. Another look at the airport scans of Martin. Studying them a moment.

Jurgen opens the bowling bag, up-ends it onto the table. Bowling shoes, a shirt, a hand towel...

Taking a knife from the counter, Jurgen cuts around the bottom of the bag... lifts away a false floor. Reaches inside. The contents hidden from us... a shadow of tension crosses his face. Then a slow, enigmatic smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A LITTLE LATER -- A KETTLE BOILING...

... the mournful HOWL of its whistle. Jurgen turns off the gas. Spoons Nescafé into a mug. Opens a closet, reaches over a musty clutter of jars and boxes...

... finds a rusted sugar tin. Inside is a single ancient sachet of sweetener. A beat, pensive. He tears it open, adds it to the Nescafé. He looks up. Listening for... anticipating...

... the lively KNOCK at his door.

THE HALLWAY

Jurgen opens the door... it's RODNEY COLE, grinning... shaking rain from his coat.

COLE

Herr Jurgen?

JURGEN

Dr. Cole... Please, come on in.

Jurgen ushers him in. Leads them into the living room.

JURGEN (CONT'D)

Drink? I've a bottle labelled 'brandy', which is more than likely hair lacquer... or some vodka my neighbor gave me after it made her husband go blind.

COLE

(laughing)
No, thank you...

JURGEN

Maybe some coffee? I'm making some for myself.

COLE

I'm good. Thanks.

Cole looks around the tiny apartment. Sees the framed photos on the mantel. Looks closer.

COLE (CONT'D)

You were in the military?

JURGEN

The *Stasi*. In East Germany.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLE

Wow, wait till I tell my son. He loves all that Cold War stuff. Look at that car. What is that?

JURGEN

A 'Zil'. Suspension of a donkey cart and smelt like a tannery. Vanished as quickly as the Wall.

Cole studies the other pictures. Notices Martin's Rolex beside them. Jurgen pours the kettle into his mug.

COLE

So. This business with Martin. A hell of a thing. How did he find you?

JURGEN

Quite by chance, as it happens.

COLE

Sounds like he was damn lucky. So, what can I do to help?

JURGEN

Come with us to the authorities. Help them confirm his identity.

COLE

The authorities? Jesus, it's that bad? A guy comes to you with a story like that. What made you take the case?

JURGEN

Curiosity...

COLE

Curiosity? Is that all?

JURGEN

Professional curiosity. There's not much in this world left to interest an old spy like me...

Cole's face tightens... his back still toward Jurgen.

JURGEN (CONT'D)

... a few questions I still think over. One in particular. From when I worked for the *Aufklärung*: our foreign intelligence wing.

Cole still hasn't moved. Discreetly slips open a button on his jacket. Jurgen cradles his coffee, steam rising.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JURGEN (CONT'D)

There was this rumor. Of a US based assassination unit called Section 15. Freelance, deniable. They'd work for whoever would pay -- public sector, private sector. Second-to-none in their planning and efficiency. They never failed. What's more, they were invisible. They'd strike, and nobody would even know there had been foul play. It was only rumor, of course...

Cole turning to face Jurgen. Smile gone. Glint of a gun inside his jacket. Jurgen looking steadily back at him. Takes a deep gulp of coffee.

COLE

You had fifteen minutes after I called. Why didn't you run?

JURGEN

Where would I run from Section 15, Mr. Cole? I can hardly walk.

The edge of a smile, another large gulp of the coffee. Jurgen sets down the cup. He wheezes...

JURGEN (CONT'D)

Before I could get Chesterfields, I smoked sixty *machorkas* a day. Filthy Soviet things. Killed more Russians than Stalin. My doctors assure me I'll soon be joining their list of casualties.

Cole looking back at him, impassive.

COLE

I want to know how he found you. I want every number, every source you've contacted on his behalf.

JURGEN

And then what? We shake hands and you go away?

Cole reaches a hand inside his jacket...

JURGEN (CONT'D)

There's no need for that.

Beat. Cole's eyes flicker. Jurgen's body tightening... the coffee... the empty satchet of sweetener...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Cole looks at Jurgen. A moment's glimmer of respect. He doesn't move. His gaze lingering. Understanding.

JURGEN (CONT'D)
You never think... you'll have
the courage to use it.

COLE
But we do. The best of us.

Jurgen coughs again. Suddenly sways. Puts a hand out to steady himself. Knocking over the mug of coffee...

... as the cyanide sweeps through him. Trembling hands clasp the edge of table. Building force. Shaking. His piercing eyes never leaving Cole... through the pain:

JURGEN
Tell me... if he remembers
everything. What then...?

No answer. Jurgen's hands slip. He slumps forward, his head hammering down onto the table. A final convulsion. Then he's still.

A long beat. Cole buttons his jacket. Slips on some gloves. Gently lifts Jurgen's head from the table top, rests it on a forearm, as though Jurgen were asleep rather than dead. Restoring some dignity to him.

Cole goes to the mantel, wipes off the one framed photo he picked up. Takes Martin's Rolex, drops it into his pocket. He turns, casting an expert eye over the apartment... The legs of the stove... ever so slightly askew...

The phone RINGS... RINGS... Cole ignores it, moves forward.

I./E. "JET EXPRESS" BUS/AUTOBAHN - LATE AFTERNOON

Martin hits re-dial on his cell. Listens, frustrated. The phone RINGING and RINGING. He flips it shut. Gina's eyes meet his. A long beat. She looks back out the window. Sleeting rain streaks the glass. Endless grey city-scape.

He tracks a clock: 1:40. Looks back at Gina who senses his gaze, keeps hers straight out.

INT. JURGEN APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

COLE -- THE STOVE PULLED AWAY FROM THE WALL

He finds a section of loose KICK-BOARD. Carefully pries it away. Reaches into the hole: The PHOTOGRAPH of Martin and Liz, arriving. And Jurgen's NOTEBOOK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns up the gas, feeds the photograph to the flames. As he watches it burn, he leafs carefully through the notebook.

I/E. ARRIVALS TERMINAL, TEGEL AIRPORT - LATE AFTERNOON

Cathedral-like, overcrowded. Inaudible PAs. Carts loaded with luggage. Watchful POLICE and SECURITY.

Martin and Gina, heads down under caps, navigate a surge of passengers rushing out of the doors, clutching bags, competing for taxis in the pouring rain...

Martin stops. Deja-vu overload. His fractured memories. Past and present merging. The FACES. The SOUNDS...

An AIRPORT SECURITY Man glances over, concerned. Gina tracks the attention, moves into Martin, fake-romantic, her face close to his...

GINA (O.C.)

Martin. C'mon...

Gina touching his face. Bringing him back. He glances to a clock on the wall: 2:10...

INT. LOST AND FOUND, TEGEL AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Martin and Gina wait at a counter. Clock reads 2:25. A WOMAN returns with a leather briefcase. A name tag on the handle. 'Dr. M.A. Harris'. Martin stares at it... reaching for memories. The woman checks her computer.

WOMAN

May I see some identification?

She looks up. Martin's expression distant...

GINA

He doesn't have any. He was in an accident, that's why the bag was unclaimed...

MARTIN

The combination. For the lock.
It's 2... 8... 0... 6...

A beat. The woman and Gina both looking at Martin. The woman enters the numbers. The locks pop open. She lifts the lid, picks something up. A pause... then her expression softens. She turns it toward Martin...

THE BRIEFCASE

Filled with personal effects. Sitting on top a US passport. A long beat. Martin's hands unsteady as he opens it...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

... His photo. And his name... Doctor Martin Harris.

INT. AIRPORT CAFE - LATE AFTERNOON

Noisy and busy. Gina uneasy... watching Martin as he carefully examines each item in the case. Everything familiar, yet strange. His, but somehow not his.

... a copy of 'Scientific American' magazine, a comb, some gum, a Newark Airport parking ticket. His published paper -- the same edition Jurgen found at the library.

... his leather wallet. Martin studies it. Identical to the one Martin B had. Opens it...

CLOSE -- THE WALLET

New Hampshire Driver's license. Credit cards. Martin fumbles inside a pocket, pulls out...

... the EXACT SAME PHOTO we saw in Bressler's lab of a younger Liz with a younger Martin B in Paris. Except this time it's a younger Martin beside Liz in the photo.

MARTIN

gazing at it. He runs his fingers over its dog-eared corners, every bump and crease. Looks up to find Gina watching him. A long, awkward pause. She reaches over. Takes the photo from him. Studies it.

GINA

Can you remember now... how you felt?

Martin's silence hangs in the noise and activity around them. Gina handing back the photo. He stares down at Liz again as Gina stands, start to collect her things...

GINA (CONT'D)

We shouldn't stay here, it's not safe for you...

Her voice trails off as she looks at Martin, really sees him in this moment. He looks up at her, torn, back down at the pictures, the relics of his life, his memories, spread out in front of him. He glances at the clock: 2:55...

Gina tracks his gaze... gets it, takes a step back...

GINA (CONT'D)

Oh, God. I'm an idiot. She's meeting you here.

Martin meets her gaze, open book.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTIN

...Yes. I'm sorry. Yes. She's my wife. She's in danger. I have to --

GINA

(nodding, auto-pilot)
That's good. I'm happy for you. I have to go.

MARTIN

No, wait. I meant what I said. We can take care of you. I can get you money, arrange --

GINA

(fierce)
Stop. Be quiet. You've got what you wanted. You don't need me anymore and in case "we've" forgotten, I take care of myself very well.

She starts for the door. Martin getting up...

MARTIN

Gina --

Gina stops, turns. A beat. Sadness, anger.

GINA

One kiss and suddenly...
Everything that's happened? To Biko? To us? -- I know, she's your wife. Like I said, I'm an idiot.

(beat)

Goodbye, Martin.

She turns away again. Martin, frozen, watches her go.

EXT. ARRIVALS TERMINAL - SAME

Gina keeps walking. Pouring rain... ROAR of traffic. No look back. She joins the line waiting for taxis.

INT. AIRPORT CAFE - SAME

Martin still sitting there. The photo of him and Liz in Paris. Sudden decision, snaps the briefcase shut...

EXT. AIRPORT TAXI RANK - SAME

Gina almost at the head of the taxi line. A glance back. People... vehicles... no sign of Martin.

EXT. ARRIVALS TERMINAL - SAME

Martin out of the doors. Eyes frantically searching for Gina. In the distance... he sees her...

EXT. TAXI RANK, TEGEL AIRPORT - SAME

Gina at the front of the line. A taxi pulls up. She steals a last look back at the terminal...

TAXI DRIVER (O.S.)
(German: subtitled)
Hey, lady. You ready...?

Gina's face suddenly lighting up... she can see Martin!
Spins back to the TAXI DRIVER...

GINA
Wait. There's another passenger.

EXT. ARRIVALS TERMINAL - SAME

Martin weaving quickly through the crowds toward her... BUMPS PAST a man who looks back, his face lighting up...

MAN
Martin. Martin...?

Martin hesitates, turns. Sees...

RODNEY COLE. Beaming smile. Martin stares at him, bewildered.

COLE
Jesus, Martin, how are you doing?

MARTIN
Rodney? What are you doing here?

COLE
You called me, remember? You left a message on my machine.

MARTIN
Yeah... but how did you know --?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cole suddenly right up close. Presses a rolled newspaper into Martin's side. Cold steel of a concealed gun.

COLE
Stay one step ahead of me. Any
move, I'll shatter your spine.

His voice flat with menace. Martin's mouth opening...

MARTIN
What are -- ?

COLE
-- Go...

Martin glancing round. Cole jerks him back, guiding him toward the passenger pick-up zone.

EXT. TAXI RANK, TEGEL AIRPORT - SAME

Gina looking back around. Bemused. Martin vanished again in the crowd. Then a sudden stab of alarm...

GINA'S P.O.V. -- MARTIN... MOVING FAST

A man she doesn't know carrying his case... headed toward a parked commercial van. Driver waiting for them. She recognizes him... SMITH. Martin hustled into the back... Van door shuts. Engine starts. A VOICE snaps us...

... BACK TO SCENE -- THE TAXI DRIVER...

standing in front of Gina -- losing patience.

TAXI DRIVER
(German: subtitled)
Miss. I ain't got all day.

Mind racing. Beat. Points to a suitcase a few yards away.

GINA
Help me with my bags, please.

The driver goes to fetch the case. Is stopped by its OWNER. Raised voices. Moment's confusion. Then...

...the SQUEAL of TIRES. The taxi driver spins around to see Gina gone and his own taxi pulling away. He YELLS after her, furious. But she's off in traffic...

I/E. VAN/BERLIN CITY MOTORWAY - DUSK

Smith drives. Deadly silence. Martin motionless. Cole opposite him with the gun, impassive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Interior goes dim as Smith takes a hard right, into an ABANDONED PARKING STRUCTURE, taking a ramp, spiraling up.

MARTIN'S EYES

dart between Cole and Smith. Heart racing. Struggling to make sense of things. Cole studying him in quiet amazement. Shakes his head. Thinking out loud...

COLE

My God... she's right. You're completely gone. You really think you are Martin Harris.

MARTIN

What the hell Rod! You're my oldest friend! You know who I am. It's me... it's not that other guy. He's not --

COLE

-- Martin Harris? You're right. He's not. He's the guy who took over for you after you went missing.

Exasperated, Cole leans forward. Spelling it out.

COLE (CONT'D)

But you're not Martin Harris either. There is no Martin Harris.

Martin staring at him. Blank. Confused. Scared.

COLE (CONT'D)

Martin Harris doesn't exist. You invented him. He's your legend. A fiction you created. You made him up as a cover to get Bressler to invite you to the conference...

MARTIN

No... That's insane. Liz, she--

COLE

'Liz'...? Your "wife"? How do you think she feels about all this? You two were a good team, then you go and get Norman fucking Rockwell on her.

MARTIN

That's not... she...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COLE

-- they aren't real memories.
Don't you get it? Martin Harris
is a fabrication... but you've
gone and filled in the gaps,
invented a whole damn life for
him. They could write a textbook
about you! Jesus --!

Martin's face. Spinning. Refusing to believe. The Van SCREECHES to a stop, Smith gets out pops the doors. The distant sound of the city traffic, a light wind, whistling.

INT. TAXI CAB - SAME

Gina, driving through traffic, searching, no sign of the van... then her gaze LOCKING ACROSS THE RIVER, four stories up on a parking garage: The white van.

She hauls the wheel over, Taxi sliding through a U-turn.

EXT. TOP STORY, PARKING GARAGE - SAME

Martin is tossed out onto the asphalt. Picks himself up, trying to orient...

The structure abandoned, broke. No side rails, just pavement to the edge. Trash and graffiti everywhere. Desolate.

Cole approaches, losing it now. Boiling with rage:

COLE

All that studying... planning.
Hell, you even had us take out
that kid after we ripped off his
thesis. A year of prep and you
try to screw it up.... we do
everything to bring you back in,
but you go on trying to screw it
up. Do you know how much time
you've wasted? It's Thanksgiving
for Christ's sake! I should be
eating turkey with my kids, not
here cleaning up after some wacko
who bumps his head and decides
his cover story's for real.

Martin's eyes... staring back at him. Crumbling...

MARTIN

But... I... who am I...?

A pause. Cole shakes his head, pats him on the cheek.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLE

You. You were my best boy.

...suddenly Cole SLAMS a fist into Martin's stomach. Martin doubles over. Cole WHIPS the gun across his FACE. Kicks him AGAIN. Martin on his hands and knees, spits blood. Cole glaring down at him. Disgusted.

Smith covers Martin as Cole moves into the van, empties out a junkie's works: dropper with needle, bottle top, cotton balls, lighter. Expertly cooks up a fix of brown heroin. Draws it into the syringe, glancing back:

COLE (CONT'D)

Look at you now. Nobody. A no-one. Just another dead junkie...

Streak of CONCERN as the sound of tires screeching reaches them. Cole looks up in time to see Gina's taxi, rounding the ramp, accelerating towards them!

Smith steps forward, gun raised, firing!

INT. TAXI CAB - SAME

Gina DUCKS as bullets pierce the front windscreen. The image of Smith, firing, grows large...

BAM! -- IMPACT!

EXT. TOP STORY, PARKING GARAGE - SAME

Taxi catches Smith, carrying into the van, crushing him as the two vehicles slide towards the edge...

Cole is HURLED across the van like a rag-doll, his legs are crushed between buckling rows of seats as...

... The van SLIDES with the TAXI'S IMPACT... front wheels pushed off the garage edge... teeters, see-sawing.

Gina scrambles from the wrecked taxi. Runs toward Martin, lying on the ground. Pulls Martin away, arm around him...

MARTIN

Wait! WAIT!

Martin breaks free, walks unsteady to the rear of the van, locks eyes with Cole, trapped, clawing towards the back...

Martin puts a hand out... and takes his briefcase.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Is it true...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLE

Caught, the van TEETERING... Sneers at Martin, starts to speak.. Eyes go WIDE as...

THE VAN... TIPS... FALLING off the edge, Smith's body going with it... disappears. A moment of calm silence and then CRUNCH! A dull sick crash as the Van hits below.

MARTIN

Stares down at the wreck. Mind spinning... Gina comes up, touches his shoulder.

GINA

Martin...

He turns, MOVES. She chases after him...

EXT. GRUNERSTRASSE - CONTINUOUS

Pouring rain. Vehicles hiss over the bridge. Gina catches up to Martin. Her voice straining above the traffic:

GINA (CONT'D)

Martin! Stop! Martin, what's wrong... ? Martin!

MARTIN

... Jurgen... we were going to meet... I have to see him.

GINA

We've got to go... leave Berlin. We've got to get out of here...!

MARTIN

I have to!

Martin's face. Blood streaking in the rain. Absolute. A long beat. Gina takes a deep breath.

INT. CAFE ADLER - AFTERNOON

A café looking onto the *Kochstrasse*, Checkpoint Charlie. Rain mists the windows. Mostly empty...

TWO FIGURES, sitting in the shadows. Martin and Gina. He STARES down, lost, shivering -- not from the cold.

GINA

Martin...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He glances up, lost, looks away. Gina takes his hand in hers, presses it to her lips. Holds it. Places it against the skin of her neck and collar bone. Stares at him.

He looks up... the intimacy. From far away:

MARTIN

... he told me I'm one of them...
the things he said... the things
he said I've done...
(beat, anguish)
How can I be that person?

GINA

Listen to me. You're not.
You're not...

Martin, looking up at her, lost. His eyes back to the clock on the wall: 6.15... Martin closes his eyes. Gina reaches out. Quiet. Gentle:

GINA (CONT'D)

Martin. He's not coming.

A long beat. He nods, heavy-hearted. She's right. As they stand to go... door JINGLES...

P.O.V. -- IN THE DOORWAY

... a FIGURE peering around anxiously ... FRAU BRUNNER -- Jurgen's neighbor, breathless determination as she hurries over. The bowling tote bag in her hands.

She thrusts it at Martin, talking rapidly and urgently in German. Gina translates...

GINA (CONT'D)

She's sorry she's late. She says
Jurgen gave it to her. He said
that you'd know... that Martin
Harris would know what to do...

Slowly, almost dazed, Martin takes the bag. Frau Brunner looking at him intently, still talking...

GINA (CONT'D)

Herr Jurgen told her to wish you
good luck... that it was a
pleasure knowing Dr. Harris.

Martin looks at her, nods slowly. A beat. Finally...

MARTIN

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Frau Brunner nods. A pause. Then she turns, bustles away out the door, into the rain. Martin looks at Gina. In the half light of the café window, he unzips the bag...

MARTIN'S P.O.V. -- INSIDE THE BAG...

Shoes... towel... shirt... digs down, pushing them aside. The floor of the bag neatly cut out. Revealing...

A hidden compartment. Thick roll of BILLS... Euros, US dollars, Swiss francs... and TWO PASSPORTS...

Canadian. He takes one out, flips it open. An entry stamp: 'Berlin... August 28th.' Finds the photo page...

It's him. Martin! But fair-haired, and in horn-rimmed glasses. The name... 'Tim Carmichael'... a Canadian citizen. The second passport...

'Rachael Carmichael'. It's Liz... with short, dark hair.
The Liz from his recurring memory.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

No... No...

SUDDEN P.O.V. MEMORY FLASH -- HITTING HARD, CLEAR...

Liz towels short dark hair. Door of a hotel bathroom. Liz turning... smiling. Embroidered on the towel... the 'H... I...' now visible in detail: 'Hotel Imperial'...

BACK TO SCENE -- MARTIN RISES FAST

His chair falling. Gina moves to help, he pushes her away.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

No! Leave me alone.

He stumbles away, pushing towards the bathroom.

INT. CAFE BATHROOM - SAME

Martin lurches in, locks it, goes to the small sink, STARES at himself in the mirror.

MARTIN

No...

SUDDEN P.O.V. MEMORY FLASH -- PUSHING OPEN...

... the door to the Eisenhower suite bedroom... moving through the suite... towards the bathroom...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMASH CUT -- BACK TO MARTIN

He puts hand out against the memory, covers his reflection. His eyes stare back at him all the same...

SUDDEN SUPER-INTENSE MEMORY FLASH... CLEAREST YET...

...Liz towelling short, dark hair. She smiles up. Lips moving...

LIZ
Are you ready...?

...and MARTIN ENTERS THE FRAME, hair cut and colored differently. There's drywall dust on his hands and clothing. As he leans to kiss her, we CONTINUE...

...INTO THE BATHROOM... to a wall beside the shower... panels cut away, exposed plumbing. Something integrated into the wall behind the pipes. MOVING CLOSER...

... Semtex plastique... circuits and wires... digital video timer connected to a high-tech DETONATOR....

SMASH CUT -- BACK TO MARTIN

Shaking his head, knowing. Tears streak, he wipes them away, hard. His fingers find his shirt pull it open...

...STARES at his own body in the mirror. Fingers trace a scar across his chest, a healed knife wound. Three small raised bumps on his torso: healed bullet wounds.

He blinks. His breath flows out of him. Surrender.

INT. CAFE ADLER -- MOMENTS LATER

Gina, uncertain, with the passport... looking at the small photograph of 'Tim Carmichael'... notices Martin's paper in the case, the one he was reading on the airplane. Pages splayed... underlined.

Cautious... she removes the document. Opens to the end. Paragraphs, underlined. A biography of sorts...

HER P.O.V. -- GLIMPSES OF LINES:

"Martin Harris, principle biography... married to Elizabeth Terman, August 12, 2002. Martha's Vineyard... Father died, Sept 9, 1987 of a Heart attack... Encouraged scientific study from an early age... Elizabeth... loved DaVinci..."

MARTIN (O.S.)
I made him up... I made him up to
kill a man I've never met.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gina STARTS, puts the paper down. Martin is at the table, looking down at her. His emotions sick, his gaze rotten.

GINA

The entry stamp in your passport.
You were in Berlin three months
ago...

Martin, like a statue. Voice, dead.

MARTIN

Prince Fahad is going to be
assassinated today. There's a
bomb in the suite. I put it
there.

A long beat. Gina's eyes meet his, brief, scared. Sudden shift. Martin stuffs the cash back in the bag. Grabs her by the arm, propels them both outside...

EXT. KOCHSTRASSE - SAME

Martin pushes them into the alley next to cafe, jams the bag into her arms.

MARTIN

Take this... get out of Berlin.

Gina shaking her head.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Take it and go! Get as far away
from me as you can.

GINA

I'm not leaving you! Listen to
me: Maybe you're not the man who
went into the water. But you are
the man I pulled out...

Martin, staring into his reflection on the wet street...

GINA (CONT'D)

Martin, there's no way you can
show your face at the hotel.
Everyone is looking for you. I
can --

WHAM! MARTIN LURCHES UP AT GINA! He SLAMS her back against the brick wall, his hand around her neck, cutting off her air, literally lifting her feet off the ground.

MARTIN

(the monster)
Look at me. Look at me...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gina SPUTTERS, tries to draw air. Her eyes LOCK on his.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
 ...Is this what you want? Is
 this the person you still want to
 help.
 (squeezing tighter)
 You should have let me drown...

She sputters, eyes start to roll back in her head, losing consciousness. Martin RELEASES and she drops in the dirt water of the Alley, hands and knees, GASPING for breath.

Martin stares down at her. He picks up the bag, drops it in front of her face...

MARTIN (CONT'D)
 ...Go.

Pure instinct and adrenaline. Gina grabs the bag, stumbles across the street, HORNS BLARE as cars swerve to avoid her... And she's gone.

EXT. BERLIN STREETS - LATE AFTERNOON

Martin walks... numb. He waits at street corners, crosses with lights, moves through the city...

EXT. MARSHALL BRIDGE - SUNSET

Martin stands at the broken railing where Gina's taxi plunged into the water seven days ago. The tire marks are there. The railing is half-repaired, half taped off.

He stares down into the oily black water, toes near the edge... weight shifting... then his knees give. He sits hard, his hands moving uselessly, almost on their own.

Tears flow freely. Sobs RACK his body.

PULLING WAY BACK -- ACROSS THE STREET

...to where Gina stands, hidden in shadows. She's followed him here. Now frozen, watching him suffer.

E/I. HOTEL IMPERIAL & CONFERENCE CENTER - NIGHT

Lit up for the big night. Taxis and limos pulling in. In the lobby, beautiful people mingle with the celebrities of science. Herr Strauss scans the crowd, watchful.

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Two attentive SECURITY GUARDS scan monitors, roll through different views of the hotel.

ON MONITORS: Crowds pass through security on their way into the conference room. Outside, a line of Mercedes pulling up. Fahad entering the building, surrounded by his entourage of security and beautiful women.

E/I. SERVICE ENTRANCE, HOTEL IMPERIAL - SAME

The same entrance Martin was led by before. Two BELLHOPS, wearing only T-shirts, enjoys smokes in the crisp night air. One tosses the butt, reaches for his jacket... it's gone.

PASSING INSIDE

Martin, buttoning the last button of the jacket, moves into the hotel. No longer lost. Here to make amends.

INT. 14TH FLOOR HALLWAY, HOTEL IMPERIAL - SAME

PRINCE FAHAD, flanked by his entourage, arrives at the door to the Eisenhower Suite. Hum of a party from within. Security KNOCKS. Beat... Liz opens the door. Radiant.

LIZ

Your highness... we're honored
you could attend this evening.

FAHAD

(kissing her hand)
The honor is all mine.

Liz BEAMS, gestures him into the room filled with a dozen or so notable guests. Martin B engrossed in a conversation...

BRESSLER (O.S.)

Look, I probably have it
somewhere... Perhaps my wife --

BRESSLER, held at the door by Fahad's security, searching his pockets for an invitation.

BRESSLER (CONT'D)

I'm late. Very un-German of me.

FAHAD

(to his security)
I don't think the professor needs
an invitation. He is, after all,
the reason we are all here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bressler steps in, takes Liz's outstretched hand. He looks her up and down. Matter-of-fact.

BRESSLER
Now I can see why somebody would
pretend to be Martin.

Liz laughs, her face lighting up... then chilling as
Bressler's TWO DAUGHTERS appear behind him, smiling shy.

LIZ
...I didn't realize the girls
were coming this evening.

FAHAD
But of course. Lily and Laurel
are the real reason any of us put
up with Leo at all.

Fahad bends down and the girls run to him, a familiar face.
Fahad hoists one up, takes the other by the hand.

ON LIZ. Hard beat. Looking to Martin B who stares back,
cool. Liz nods, accepting the casualties. She takes
Bressler's coat, reaches for his computer bag.

LIZ
Let me take these...

Bressler hesitates a moment, then lets go...

BRESSLER
Separation anxiety. Just leave
it there, if you could.

He gestures to a sideboard in open sight.

LIZ
Of course...

LIZ -- WITH HIS BAG

She turns, hangs up his coat. As she does so... her fingers
slip inside the laptop bag. Slide a tiny Bluetooth
connection card into the computer's bus port.

Liz turns away. Smile gone. Moves down the hall towards...

BATHROOM

Same P.O.V. we've seen in Martin's flashes. SMASH CUT...

INSIDE THE BATHROOM WALL

The BOMB. Semtex... circuit boards... a TIMER vamped from a
DIGITAL VIDEO RECORDER. A sleeping monster.

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - SAME

The Security Guard on the monitors squints, watches a "Bellhop" moving down a hall. Something about the way he moves... ZOOMING in on him.

SECURITY GUARD
(German, subtitled:)
Where is Herr Strauss...?

INT. EISENHOWER SUITE BEDROOM - SAME

Liz closes and locks the door. Sits at the desk at another laptop, firewire plugged into a Linksys antenna.

CLOSE -- THE COMPUTER

Liz's fingers tap the keyboard. The 'desk-top' divides in two... files headlined in German; Bressler's computer. 'Password blank' pops up. First encryption.

Liz opens a new copy of 'Horticus' to a marked page. Finds the words. Types in: 'Calochortus albus'. Another 'password blank' flashes up. Second encryption. Liz types: 'Umbellularia Californica'. Screen blanks, then refreshes. Padlock icon gone... Liz quickly drags them across to her desktop. Spinning egg-timer symbol. Files transferring...

INT. 14TH FLOOR, HOTEL IMPERIAL - SAME

Elevator doors open, letting out a few guests and Martin. An arrow indicates "EISENHOWER SUITE."

He starts to move, clearing a corner, up ahead the entrance to the suite... OOOF! The wind taken out of him as four BURLY MEN in suits SCOOP him by his arms...

INT. EISENHOWER SUITE - BEDROOM - SAME

Egg-timer disappears... 'file transfer complete'. Liz shuts the laptop. Slips it in a case.

She picks up the REMOTE CONTROL for the suite's plasma TV. Selects 'Menu', thumbs in a ten digit code. Points the remote at the wall. Tight pause... Presses 'enter'.

INSIDE THE BATHROOM WALL -- THE DIGITAL TV TIMER

... SUDDENLY COMES ALIVE, 00:08:00, 00:07:59, 00:07:58...

INT. EISENHOWER SUITE - SAME

Bressler's daughters, shyness gone, play hide-n-seek amidst the grown ups. Bressler steps away from Fahad, heads over to his computer. Stops as Liz comes out of the bedroom.

BRESSLER (O.S.)
Ah, Mrs. Harris...

LIZ
Checking on your baby again?

BRESSLER
I can't help it.

LIZ
Why don't you just wear it? As a nerdy accessory? Here, turn around.

Liz picks up the bag. Adjusts the strap... slipping out the Bluetooth. Places the bag over Bressler's shoulders.

LIZ (CONT'D)
There. Perfect.

TIMER COUNTING DOWN: 00:05:12., 00:05:11...

INT. 14TH FLOOR HALLWAY, HOTEL IMPERIAL - NIGHT

Elevator doors open on an ELEGANT COUPLE who step forward revealing... Gina, at the back at the elevator. She's transformed: An elegant designer dress, plunging neckline. As she moves forward, toned legs flash from a high slit in the dress. She's graceful, beautiful, heads turn...

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Martin is pushed roughly into a chair facing a displeased HERR STRAUSS. A GUARD handcuffs his wrist to the chair.

MARTIN
You're not listening! There is a bomb, in the Eisenhower Suite. I put it there.

STRAUSS
But isn't that the suite 'you' are staying in, 'Dr. Harris'...? Or wait, you're not Dr. --

MARTIN
I've told you! There's no time to explain this...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Strauss rises, starts to turn away. Martin's gaze lands on one of the VIDEO MONITORS. Eyes lock:

P.O.V. -- ON THE MONITOR: Gina, beautiful, approaching the Eisenhower Suite.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

(suddenly)
I can prove it. Pull up your
lobby recordings from August 27
of this year.

Strauss, startled by the ferocity in Martin's voice.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Do it. NOW. Do it or many
people will die. I'm not lying.

A beat... Strauss nods to one of his technicians who starts to type into a console...

INT. 14TH FLOOR HALLWAY, HOTEL IMPERIAL - NIGHT

Gina reaches the door to the suite, stopped by security.

SECURITY GUARD

Invitation?

She meets the guard's gaze with cool superiority. Her eyes flick to Fahad across the room.

GINA

Are you serious...? Why don't
you ask the Prince?

The guard hesitates, unsure... it's all she needs. She moves by him, into the room.

INT. EISENHOWER SUITE - SAME

Gina quickly takes in the suite. Far away, Bressler and Fahad, engrossed in conversation. One of Bressler's daughters, LILY, peeking out from under a table. At the bar, Martin B, drinks in his hands, turning towards her...

She turns towards a picture window, watches the reflection...

MARTIN B

... makes eye contact with Liz across the room, she heads towards the back. He begins to follow... hesitates...

He looks back, to the picture windows. Empty now.

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Martin, sweating, nervous, eyes flicking to the monitors as the technician brings up the reception video, starts fast-forwarding through footage. Images go by, almost too fast...

STRAUSS

...What exactly are you hoping to find?

Martin ignores him, his eyes TRACKING.

INT. EISENHOWER SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Fahad finishes a joke. Laughter. Martin B still scanning the room... Gives up, turns to meet Liz already there with their computer case and a sportsbag. She hands him the sportsbag, they wordlessly leave through the rear door...

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Unseen by anyone, a monitor shows Liz and Martin B, entering an emergency stairwell, hurrying. Martin's eyes scan...

MARTIN

There! Stop!

The technician freezes the image: A dapper couple, checking in. He wears a sportsjacket, light-haired, horn-rimmed glasses. She's got short dark hair.

Martin points. Strauss leans in, sensing it.

INT. EISENHOWER SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Gina approaches Bressler and Prince Fahad, intense, urgent. Fahad's SECURITY reads her expression, GRABS her arm.

GINA

(calling out)

Sir! Your highness! You're in danger here. There is a bomb in this room!

Bressler and the Prince look over, confused, interested...

... and Fahad's Security ACTS. A gun lined on Gina, pushing her back. Two men grab the Prince, pushing back other guests, hustle him toward the suite's emergency exit,.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Champagne crystal, hors d'oeuvres and furniture FLYING.
 Fahad in the middle, looking back as he's swept out, captive
 to his own security...

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The image ROLLS FORWARD, slowly: The man at the counter
 kisses his wife's hair, glances upwards... It's MARTIN.

MARTIN

(quiet)

Do you see...?

Beat. Beat. And then MOTION on the monitors: The Prince
 and his detail, rushing down a corridor. Strauss tracks...

STRAUSS

(German, subtitled:)

Sound an alarm. Evacuate the
 hotel.

(to 2 of his men)

You and you, you're with me.
 We'll meet the Prince at the
 loading docks.

(to a Guard)

You, take him downstairs.

Strauss and his men flood out. The guard pulls keys, starts
 to uncuff Martin from his chair.

INT. EMERGENCY STAIRCASE - SAME

Martin B and Liz stop in their tracks. Doors opening ABOVE.
 Sound of panicked guests pouring onto the stairs.

... Liz's face. Ice cold. Processing. Deciding. Hands
 Martin B the computer, takes the sportsbag from him.

LIZ

Stop the timer. I'll finish it.

Martin B nods, takes the stairs back up two at a time,
 shouldering his way past the folk streaming downward...

TIMER COUNTING DOWN: 00:2:05., 00:02:04...

INT. EISENHOWER SUITE - CONTINUOUS

ALARMS BLARE! Lights flash. Guests press out. A German
 voice comes over speakers, advising people to leave...

Gina moves towards the exit, turns to see Bressler standing
 in the middle of the room, one daughter in his arms,
 frantically searching for the second.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRESSLER

Lily! Lily!

GINA

Professor! Over here!

Gina at the table she saw Lily at before, lifts the tablecloth to find a frightened little girl staring back.

GINA (CONT'D)

It's okay, come on...

The girl, convinced, swept into Gina's arms. She and Bressler head for the door, each carrying a child.

INT. MEZZANINE FLOOR - SAME

Confusion, alarm. People doubling back down the stairs. Automated evacuation ANNOUNCEMENTS...

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Guard begins to cuff one of Martin's arms. Martin faces the monitors, SMILES as he sees Fahad's people meet up with Strauss at the loading dock, hustle Fahad into a Limousine...

ANOTHER MONITOR: Martin B, rushing back upstairs.

Martin watches... interested... eyes track... narrow.

ANOTHER MONITOR: Gina and Bressler, running into a corridor with the two girls. Martin smiles a little, relieved...

MARTIN

Lily, Laurel...

The smile... dying. Realization...

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Bressler's daughters... Lily.
Laurel... *Calochortus albus*...
Umbellularia Californica...
Flowers... Passwords...

He SCANS the many monitors, LOCKS onto: Liz, moving down a corridor, purposeful.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Fahad was never the target. It's
Bressler! You have to tell
Strauss! They're after Bressler!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The guard shoves him against the console, starts to cuff his other arm. Martin LURCHES back, both of them tumbling over. Martin scrambles for the door...

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Martin stumbles out into a crush of panicked stragglers, ducks down, lost in the press. Moments after, the guard appears at the door, speaking into his radio...

INT. EISENHOWER SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Martin B rushes into the room. Stops. Like Pompeii: a party abandoned. Furniture upended. Guests. All gone.

Urgently searching for the remote. Down on his hands and knees. Looks at his watch. Pales...

INTO THE BATHROOM -- MARTIN B

... KICKS at the wall. No good. RIPS the heavy cistern lid off the top of the toilet. SMASHES it against the plaster. Dents... dust... beginning to give...

INT. LOBBY, HOTEL IMPERIAL - CONTINUOUS

Gina and Bressler come out onto the floor with the girls, heading to the bottleneck at the exits...

BEYOND THEM

LIZ, moving purposefully towards the group, closing, her hand in the unzipped top of the sportsbag slung over her shoulder. Glimpse of an oiled-black Uzi machine pistol.

FAR ACROSS THE LOBBY

The other direction. Martin appears, handcuff dangling from one wrist. He SCANS frantic through the bottlenecked crowds.

SEES Gina and Bressler! Martin starts forward, ducks back as Strauss re-enters, commanding his security.

BEHIND THEM

Liz closes, tracking, finger flicks off Uzi's safety.

MARTIN

Gina! Gina!

MARTIN is moving, pressing through crowds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gina hears his voice, can't find him through the crowds as next to her Bressler comforts his daughters as BEHIND THEM Liz moves closer, closer...

... Suddenly seeing Martin. A decision, sudden SHIFT. Liz passes, brushing Gina lightly as she goes.

GINA, registering the touch, looks up at the woman walking away from her now recognizing Martin, pressing through the crowd towards her. Gina's face lighting up!

MARTIN, pushed by a group of people, closing towards Gina and suddenly Liz is in his arms, grasping him, romantic...

LIZ

(loud)

Oh thank God you're here!

Martin stares at her in horror as she beams up at him. One hand caressing his cheek...

...her other hand pressing a knife against his chest.

GINA

Seeing Martin and Liz, embracing. Confused. Alarmed. Hurt.

LIZ AND MARTIN

Liz still hugging him tight, whispering hard, her free hand sliding something metallic into his pocket.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Hello, Martin. I just placed a gun in your jacket pocket. One bullet. There's really only one person, one right way to kill Bressler now, isn't there? The crazy man whose been stalking him, the crazy man who pretended to be Martin Harris...

MARTIN

No...

LIZ

Oh, and after you've shot him, point the gun at the Police.

MARTIN

I won't do it...

LIZ

God you're weak. The 'Martin' I knew wouldn't have been able to go on living like you are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Her eyes duck, purposeful, he tracks her gaze. Sees the Uzi in the sportsbag...

LIZ (CONT'D)
I'll kill them all. Bressler,
the girls... your new girlfriend,
and whoever tries to stop me.
Look at it this way: I'm giving
you a chance to save most of
them. You can be the hero...

A kiss, sexy. Gina in the background, taking a step back...

LIZ (CONT'D)
Ooops, bet you wish you could
explain that. Time's up, Martin.
Go finish what you came to Berlin
for in the first place.

On Martin. Caught. No play. He turns, walks...

INT. BATHROOM, EISENHOWER SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Martin B has a small hole opened up. He can see the digital timer. 00:00:14, 00:00:13...

Jams his hand into the hole. Trying to force it past the narrow opening. Desperately feeling for the controls.

INT. LOBBY, HOTEL IMPERIAL - CONTINUOUS

Martin, on a suicide mission. Walks in a daze towards Gina, Bressler beyond. His hand moves into his pocket.

Gina, stepping forward...

GINA
Martin...? Martin?

He STARES at her. Tears in his eyes...

REAR ENTRANCE TO THE LOBBY

Strauss re-enters, commanding his security. STOPS as he recognizes Martin, mouths words to his men...

INT. BATHROOM, EISENHOWER SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Martin B, forcing his arm further. Fingers reach the controls... search for the right one...

00:00:04., 00:00:03...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

...his finger flips a small switch. The timer... STOPS.
Martin B sighs, breathes hard. Holy shit that was close.

INT. LOBBY, HOTEL IMPERIAL - CONTINUOUS

Martin and Gina, locked, staring. Her face a million questions... No answers. Martin shakes his head, turns away from her, towards Bressler, his hand coming out of his pocket with the gun... In Martin's face: horror, deadly conviction... Time SLOOWS. Sound AMPLIFIES...

STRAUSS AND HIS MEN

...Seeing the gun. Shouting! Weapons being drawn!

GINA

Also seeing the gun. A hand going out, a scream building...

MARTIN

Bringing the gun up, pointed at Bressler's head, perfect kill shot. No choice. Finger on the trigger...

INT. BATHROOM, EISENHOWER SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Martin B stands, dusts off his coat, starts to walk out of the bathroom... "crunch" he steps on something. A soft "beep." He looks down, REACTS to: The remote control... under his foot.

VISION RACKS TO THE BOMB: 00:00:02., 00:00:01...

MARTIN B

Fuck...

KABOOM!!! WHITE OUT BLAST

... as the bomb DETONATES. Martin B atomized. Sheets of flame bursting through windows.

INT. LOBBY, HOTEL IMPERIAL - CONTINUOUS

KA-BOOM! The blast ROCKS the room. People tumble, chandelier falls. KER-ASH!

LIZ dives aside as a column SLAMS down near her. SPRINKLERS burst on. Water rains down. Main lights black out... beat, then emergency lights come on. Total CHAOS. Find...

BRESSLER, clutching his DAUGHTERS as SECURITY reaches them, surrounding them, searching for signs of Martin...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA, dazed, bleeding, picks herself up. Searching the room for Martin... gone.

INT. KITCHEN, HOTEL IMPERIAL - CONTINUOUS

Food-laden serving carts, cook-tops, pots and pans, knives. Falling plaster and debris... deserted.

Liz walks through, brisk, angry. Dress torn, a cut across her forehead. She stops at a disposal chute, disposes of the sportsbag. Reaches high under her dress, comes out with a knife, starts to toss it as well...

...She STOPS. Looks up, into the distorted mirror of the stainless steel surface in front of her.

LIZ

...Hello, Martin.

REVOLVING... to find Martin there. Bleeding, hurt, covered is debris, but holding the gun on her in unsteady hands.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Be careful, that might go off.

She turns to face him. Hair slicked, clothes drenched. Stunning despite everything

LIZ (CONT'D)

Five years as a team... and you end it like this.

Her hand almost casually moves back, the knife still seated in her palm. Martin tracks it, steadies the gun.

MARTIN

Don't. Keep your hands where I can see them. Please...

GROANING from the hotel structure. Plaster and cables fall, SPARK across the floor. Martin FLINCHES, tries to keep steady. Liz is steady, cool. Laughs a little.

LIZ

You know, working with you... it almost wasn't work. We were so good... You, were so good. At the job. At other things...

She smiles a little, warming.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Don't you want to know your real name?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTIN

Let go of the knife, Liz.

LIZ

'Liz?'... Don't you want to know
my real name? Don't you still
 want... me?

She leans forward, just a breath. Warmth radiating, Martin stepping back...

MARTIN

Please, just stop, Liz...

Her face, reading him. His fear, his uncertainty... She smiles, just a little... Liz throws the knife! Martin FIRES as the blade sinks into him, sending him reeling back onto the floor.

MARTIN

His hand going to the knife sunk in his shoulder, SCREAMING in agony as he rips it out, looking up at...

LIZ

A soft distance in her face. A small hole in her chest, just below her beautiful collar bone. Her eyes find him, focus, smile...

LIZ

You'll never know. You'll never
 know who you are...

A long beat. We're not sure when exactly the life goes out of her eyes. Finally, Martin pulls himself forward. Gently closes her eyelids.

EXT. HOTEL IMPERIAL - NIGHT

Police keeping people back. FIRE TRUCKS everywhere, jets of water fighting back the flames. A collective GASP...

... as the bomb-damaged corner of the hotel starts to FOLD INWARD in a spray of dust and smoke.

GINA

moves through the crowd, anxiously searching the stream of people still pouring from the building...

She JUMPS as a hand takes her arm. Turns her. Martin. she stumbles back, hands raised against him. Fear, betrayal, love... Him standing there, empty, bleeding...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gut instinct wins. She takes a step towards him, he pulls her tight to him. Holds on. All he has. All he knows.

IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE

Hotel survivors... Bressler: shaken, oblivious that he's the epicenter and object of the destruction all around him... BECOMING...

CLOSE ON A TV... BACKGROUND NOISES...

Echoing CHIMES of a PA calling platforms... an espresso machine nearby. ON SCREEN, CNN... the Hotel Imperial. Day-after shots of the blown-out 14th floor.

TV ANCHOR

Less than twenty-four hours after the failed assassination attempt on the Saudi prince...

Image switches to Fahad seated in a PRESS CONFERENCE where Bressler is speaking...

TV ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... Nobel laureate Professor Leo Bressler announced the development of a new strain of corn... fast growing, self-propagating, drought tolerant and pest resistant... To be made available worldwide without patent or copyright costs...

Rapturous applause. Standing ovation...

TV ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Humanitarian organizations applauded the announcement, while the Dow Jones saw agri-business stocks plunge four percent...

PULL BACK from the TV... one of several in the central CAFÉ AREA in...

INT. LEHRTER BAHNHOF TRAIN STATION, BERLIN - DAY

... FINDING two figures nestled among the travelers... Martin and Gina, seated close. The two of them, gentle. Small touches. Getting used to peace...

GINA

Hey... Do you know? What you would have done...?

He looks back at her, starts to speak. An ANNOUNCEMENT cuts through, their train leaving. They stand, move off...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

... as we CRANE UP SLOWLY above the crowds streaming along a platform to board an inter-Europe express -- families, business travelers, soldiers on leave... ordinary people... another day in their lives...

MARTIN (V.O.)

They say your whole life flashes before you... but it's the little things... the details...

Gina reaches out, takes Martin's arm. Draws him closer.

MARTIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I don't know who I am now, what I would have done. But one thing's for sure... I'm not the man I was. And I'm going to try my best to find some sort of redemption, for what he did. Because maybe, just maybe...

Slowly we LOSE THEM among the sea of bobbing heads...

MARTIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... I can become the man I was always meant to be.

FADE OUT