

# P I N N A C L E

PILOT EPISODE

"ALL OUT OF CHAMPAGNE"

WRITTEN BY LARRY GELBART

REVISED FIRST DRAFT  
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FADE IN:

CLOSE on middle-aged, leonine MISCHA SPIEGEL speaking to our lens.

He is addressing someone off-camera.

Black and white footage of an indefinable nature is projected on his face throughout his speech.

MISCHA

Celluloid is sacred. To direct a film is divine - a singular privilege that is above all others.

(pointing to the off-camera person)

You have been so blessed, Deiter Jung.

(a beat, then)

You have been so cursed.

In pointing, he has revealed an distinctive, ornate ring which he wears on the third finger of his right hand.

Misha's image disappears.

The projected footage is seen no more.

The screen is all but dark.

Only the red glow of a burning cigarette and the small, luminous hands of a clock offer the barest sources of light.

After a moment, a bedside lamp is turned on.

We are in:

INT, DEITER JUNG'S APARTMENT - HIS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Next to the bedside clock lies a screenplay with the single word, "Pinnacle" embossed on its bright red, leather cover.

A good many of the script's page corners have been folded down.

Next to that, an ashtray filled with a dozen or more stubbed-out cigarette butts.

The clock reads: "3.37."

Deiter JUNG (25), is in his bed, nude.

He puts his large, French cigarette out in the crowded ashtray.

He reaches for a slip of notepaper, uncaps his fountain pen and jots down an idea of some length.

In doing so, we see that Deiter is wearing Mischa's ring.

DEITER'S VOICE

(over)

"Page One Twenty-five, Scene One Eighty-one. Add to the hangman's next-to-last speech. It will give the audience that much more to chew on."

His notation finished, he caps his fountain pen, and picks up the screenplay.

DEITER

(to the script)

Now, let me get some sleep, you bastard.

He kisses the screenplay's cover and places the script on the empty pillow beside him.

When he turns off his bedside lamp, we are plunged into darkness once more.

DEITER'S VOICE

(happily, to himself)

My God! Finally, finally, finally!

Three or four beats pass.

The bedside lamp is snapped on again.

Once again, Deiter uncaps his fountain pen and reaches for a slip of notepaper.

CUT TO:

INT. DEITER'S APARTMENT - HIS KITCHEN - MORNING

Deiter, in a robe, is at his solitary breakfast - a cup of coffee, a croissant and a cigarette.

His newspaper lies on the breakfast table unfolded and unopened.

Deiter is absorbed in reading the screenplay he spent the night with.

He glances at his watch.

CUT TO:

EXT. AERIAL SHOT - A MOTION PICTURE STUDIO - DAY

After establishing,

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AN ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DAY -- MORNING

As CAMERA TRACKS down a corridor that seems to go on forever:

J.G.'S VOICE

(over)

Page One Twenty-five, Scene One Eighty-one. The penultimate speech by the hangman.

The CAMERA takes us behind a pair of monumental doors, and into:

INT. A MASSIVE, EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

Large doesn't begin to describe this vast space, a masterpiece of Bauhaus design and decor.

Sitting at the acre of desk situated at the far end of the room the dark-suited J.G., exudes an air of malevolence.

A pair of magnificent Alsatian dogs are in repose on the floor - one on either side of him.

They seem ready to rip the throat out of any possible interloper.

J.G. is busy scanning one of the many scripts that stand stacked before him.

Its title page is stamped "Pinnacle."

Addressing his comments into a recording device:

J.G.  
(continuing, wearily)  
A film is a film is a film is a film.  
People who want a sermon can always  
go to a church to listen to one.

Laying his copy of "Pinnacle" aside, he picks up the next screenplay, which is several inches thick.

Glancing at the number on the last page, he sighs, then dictates his reaction to the work:

J.G.  
First Draft. "Concrete Jungle."  
Verbal diarrhea. Someone tell the  
writer to allow the camera tell her  
story.

He puts the overlong script aside and opens the next one.

The dogs suddenly look up, as one of the room's sculptured, Sequoia-sized doors opens to reveal HELZEL, a statuesque blonde, her stenographer's pad at the ready.

HELZEL  
(without entering)  
Just a reminder that you are due in  
the little theater, sir.

J.G.  
(checking his watch)  
Thank you, Helzel.

As he continues perusing the next screenplay, Helzel steps into the room and closes the door behind her.

The Alsatians watch, as, unbuttoning her blouse and undoing her bun so that her long tresses are permitted to fall atop her shoulders, Helzel crosses to the desk, where she promptly sinks out of sight behind its modesty panel once she is in front of J.G., who remains seated.

J.G.'s enjoyment of the next few moments (despite the fact that he still manages to look at the screenplay) is interrupted by the ringing of one of his several phones.

J.G.  
(lifting the receiver  
in a flash)  
Yes? ... Magda? ...

ANGLE ON A FRAMED PHOTO ON J.G.'S DESK

J.G., in an informal family shot: sharing a picnic blanket with his frosty-faced wife, Magda, their six youngsters and the two German Shepherds.

J.G.'S VOICE

(over)

Of course, you may buy it, my love.

BACK TO SCENE

J.G.

You can have anything your heart desires, surely you must know that by now.

Hanging up and returning to his desk (and under-desk) activity, J.G. checks his watch once more, then puts the screenplay down.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MOTION PICTURE STUDIO - DAY

J.G. exits the administration building.

THE CAMERA FOLLOWS as J.G. heads for another part of the lot.

It's our first glimpse of how short a man he is and that his walk is propelled by a pronounced limp.

Helzel, easily two heads taller than her employer, has her hair re-piled primly at the back of her head again.

She is using her steno pad to take down the MOS, non-stop dictation her inexhaustible boss is spewing forth.

Milling about the studio street are a good many men dressed in assorted World War II Wehrmacht and Storm Trooper uniforms.

SUPERED OVER SCENE:

"UFA STUDIO  
BERLIN, GERMANY  
1937"

CUT TO:

EXT. UFA (UNIVERSUM FILM AGAIN) ANOTHER BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Approaching the structure in the company of Helzel and his  
Alsations, J.G. pauses at the entrance.

J.G.  
(to Helzel, re dogs)  
See to their morning tea.  
(patting the larger  
of them,  
affectionately)  
No biscuits for you, Fatty.

HELZEL  
(taking the dogs'  
leads)  
Thank you, Herr Doctor.

She goes off with the Shepherds with the officiousness one  
would expect in this place and at this time.

CUT TO:

INT. A UFA SCREENING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

J.G.'s entrance prompts the room's occupants - Deiter Jung,  
his assistant, ANNA ARNHOLDT, UFA Production Manager MAX  
EISLER, and an attractive Production Assistant, FYA SHOUP -  
to stop their chatter and come to respectful attention.

Max immediately hits a switch and alerts the projection booth.

MAX  
Doctor Goebbels is here.

DEITER  
(to Goebbels)  
We have the Fritzi Keppler "Pinnacle"  
tests ready for you, Herr Doctor.

GOEBBELS  
You have seven minutes.

This, as he seats himself in the last row of the little theatre, clearly at a remove from the others.

He is joined in an instant, by pretty, a-couple-of-heads-taller-than-he-is Fya, who takes a theatre seat right next to him.

MAX  
(into phone)  
Arthur?

Deiter, lighting a cigarette, will keep a close eye to Goebbels' reactions throughout the footage that we are about to see.

MAX  
(into phone)  
Go!

The lights dim.

The room's screen jumps to life with an image that is a CLOSE-UP of UFA's legendary star, FRITZI KEPPLER.

Dressed in mountain climbing gear, Fritzi's beautiful, distinctively Aryan features are set off by a huge fur-lined parka,

There is no one in the assembly who is immune to her undeniable elegance and charm.

MAX  
(in the darkness)  
What the good Lord can do when he  
tries, yes?

During the viewing of the Fritzi Keppler (MOS) footage, CLOSE SHOTS of Goebbels reveal the actress' mesmerizing effect on him.

CUT TO:

EXT. UFA STUDIO - STREET - LATER

Helzel at his side once more, Goebbels walks back to his office building at a brisk pace.

An unhappy DEITER is doing the same.

DEITER  
(in mid-protest, to  
Goebbels)  
But, sir --

GOEBBELS  
(firmly)  
Not one more but! No is no! Full  
stop, finished, *finito*! Fritzi  
Keppler is not - repeat not, not,  
not to play the part.

DEITER  
Her make-up was terrible, I could  
see that.

GOEBBELS  
(angered)  
Talk to yourself all you like!

DEITER  
I'm agreeing with you. She looked  
much too old. I can fix that.

GOEBBELS  
(ignoring Deiter; to  
Helzel, anxiously)  
How long has he been waiting?

HELZEL  
Two minutes, sir. No more.

GOEBBELS  
(snapping at her)  
You should have told me!

HELZEL  
(contritely)  
You said I was not to interrupt.

GOEBBELS  
Useless cow!

DEITER  
(to Goebbels, pressing  
his case)  
Trust me! I can take five years off  
her face! Ten!

GOEBBELS  
(walking faster, to  
DEITER)  
Make a lie big enough, simple enough,  
and you will soon believe it yourself.

Still walking beside him, Helzel makes a note of this pearl  
that has dropped from the Propaganda Minister of Germany.

GOEBBELS  
(to DEITER)  
Shall I draw you a picture? For me,  
the woman no longer exists!

DEITER is stunned by Goebbels' vehemence.

GOEBBELS  
The interview is ended!

CUT TO:

INT. UFA STUDIO - ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - THE LONG CORRIDOR -  
MOMENTS LATER

Despite Goebbels' limping gait, Helzel has a hard time keeping  
up with him.

Finally, they reach and enter:

INT. GOEBBELS' OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Standing at attention and obviously on duty: two distinctive-  
looking STORM TROOPERS, one of whom has an enormous white  
leather overcoat draped over one arm.

After exchanging obligatory salutes with Goebbels, the  
Troopers watch as Helzel opens the gigantic doors which lead  
to:

INT. GOEBBEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Goebbels enters alone.

Waiting for him is a bear of a man in an all-white uniform:  
the outrageously bedecked and beribboned Generalfeldmarschall  
HERMANN GOERING.

A manila envelope in hand, the Generalfeldmarschall is stands  
before one of Goebbels' enormous oil paintings and studies  
it.

The doors close silently behind the two men.

GOERING  
(re the painting)  
Valasquez?

GOEBBELS  
I should hope not, given his suspected  
lineage.

GOERING  
Even a converted Jew gives off a  
certain odor - the unmistakable stench  
of the ghetto.

GOEBBELS  
(re painting)  
It was a thank you of sorts from  
Generalissimo Franco.

GOERING  
For me, it has always been Rembrandt  
or nothing.  
(with a sigh)  
Oh, well, all in good time, yes?  
All in good time. Luckily I know  
where the best of what anyone has  
ever done can be found.

GOEBBELS  
(a beat, then)  
You were missed last night.

GOERING  
The Wagner was good?

GOEBBELS  
Can Wagner help himself?

GOERING  
Quite so.  
(a beat, then)  
And how goes the movie business?  
Earning the Party lots of *shekels*?

GOEBBELS  
That is of no concern to me. I  
consider art as strictly a weapon.

GOERING

Nevertheless, art can be art all the same, yes?

GOEBBELS

Only if it serves the goals of the state.

GOERING

(a beat, then)

Your new Fritzi Keppler, it is still in pre-production, yes?

GOEBBELS

It is a marvel, your way of keeping up.

GOERING

One has no choice when one is in the Germany business.

GOEBBELS

For the record, Fräulein Keppler will no longer star - nor, for that matter, will she ever appear in any film made at UFA again, giving off as she does that unmistakable stench.

GOERING

(applauding his delight)

Bravo, dear Joseph! Bravo!

GOEBBELS

The action, given on my personal order, was overwhelmingly approved by my board of directors.

GOERING

That in itself is welcome news, no matter how long overdue.

(quickly)

I hope you know that was not meant as any sort of criticism.

GOEBBELS

(feeling quite the opposite)

Not in the least.

GOERING

The matter which brings me here is  
of a different nature altogether.

(a beat; then, almost  
lyrically)

Trusted Joseph, comrade in arms, as  
I so often have, I turn to you as my  
first confessor.

GOEBBELS

(knowing the signs)

The Generalfeldmarschall is in love?

GOERING

It shows?

GOEBBELS

The lilt in your voice is  
unmistakable.

GOERING

I would be ashamed of myself were I  
not tickled every possible shade of  
pink.

GOEBBELS

Why do I think of romance as more of  
a Springtime Operation for you?

GOERING

Oh, Joseph, Joseph, Father Joseph,  
the whole of Europe is wearing  
galoshes, and your poor, foolish  
Hermann traipses about with nothing  
but rose petals underfoot.

GOEBBELS

May I ask? Does Emmy know? Does  
she have a clue?

GOERING

(another pause, then)

My darling Emmy, God bless her, is  
long resigned to sharing her husband  
with the Third Reich. One member at  
a time, should that prove to be the  
case.

They share a naughty chuckle, then:

GOERING  
Has the director of the film -  
Speigel's protege --

GOEBBELS  
Deiter Jung.

GOERING  
Has he yet --

GOEBBELS  
(not understanding)  
Has he yet -- ?

GOERING  
Assembled his cast? Picked out who  
he is going to cast?

GOEBBELS  
It's still early days. He is only  
just now budgeting.

GOERING  
I was thinking you might ask him to  
arrange a screen test for someone.

GOEBBELS  
Someone like your rose petal friend?

GOERING  
I can arrange for some *Luftwaffe*  
funds to be transferred to defray  
any cost that might be involved.

GOEBBELS  
No need. I'm sure the budget can  
accommodate it.

GOERING  
Good.  
(a beat, then)  
Tell me no, if you can, yes, Joseph?

Opening his envelope, he withdraws an 8X10 glossy photo and  
hands it to Goebbels.

GOERING  
Tell me this is not the face of UFA's  
next big star?

Goebbels takes a noncommittal glance at the photo, then flips his intercom switch.

INTERCUT:

INT. GOEBBELS' INNER & OUTER OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Helzel, at her desk, is on her end of the connection.

GOEBBELS

I want Max Eisler.

HELZEL

I believe Herr Eisler is on Stage  
Seven, Doctor!

GOEBBELS

Wherever he is where precisely where  
I want him!

HELZEL

At once!

GOEBBELS

Even sooner!

HELZEL

Sir!

CUT TO:

EXT. UFA - THE FRONT GATE - CONTINUOUS

A Mercedes-Benz 770 "Grand Mercedes" Cabriolet OF (Wilhelm II), its convertible top down, accompanied by a pair of military Motorcycle Outriders, makes its way off the lot.

Flanked by his two Storm Troopers, the flamboyant *Reichsmarschall*, now wearing his white leather overcoat, sits in the back seat of the huge motor car, using his personally designed, jewel-encrusted baton to dispense papal-like blessings upon his doting admirers.

As his caravan passes several sound stages, WE PUSH IN on:

INT. UFA - STAGE 7 - CONTINUOUS

Max is in a conference with DEITER, DEITER's assistant, Anna and Max's assistant, Fya.

Nearby, Studio Carpenters are noisily erecting what will eventually become the understructure of the top of a mountain.

DEITER  
It's ridiculous, Max.

MAX  
Wait until it's finished, all right?

DEITER  
(lighting one cigarette  
with another )  
It will positively sabotage my film.  
I don't have to wait to know that  
the audience will pee themselves  
laughing the minute they see it.

MAX  
You will be very glad we built it,  
if Innsbruck's weather turns  
impossible.

DEITER  
That is not going to happen.

MAX  
No one has the balls to tell him,  
but the gods of Winter couldn't give  
less of a shit about what our dear  
Adolf wants, you know.

Whatever Deiter says, the hammering and sawing completely obscure his response.

When the work stops momentarily:

DEITER  
(to Max)  
Each one of those nails is going  
right through my heart.

MAX  
Give it time, *liebchen*. A few more  
truckloads of muesli, a few coats of  
paint, and you're going to have  
yourself your very own Matterhorn.

DEITER

(not at all placated)  
"Pinnacle" is my vision of man's eternal quest, his need to touch the heavens. It is not the victory of the human spirit over a fucking wooden mountain made out of a ton of fucking porridge!

MAX

This particular quest happens to have to come in on budget.

DEITER

(vexed)  
All I ever hear is the God damned, holy budget! Tell me, "*liebchen*," is the budget the real reason someone has decided to put a bullet in my brain?

MAX

Excuse me?

DEITER

I have been informed in no uncertain terms that I am forbidden to use Fritzi Keppler.

MAX

(this is news to him)  
Are you serious?

DEITER

Absolutely.

MAX

But that's impossible!

DEITER

One would have thought.

MAX

Who would deprive us of the biggest star in Germany? What fool would give you such a stupid edict?

DEITER

Doctor Joseph Goebbels. That fool.

MAX  
(softly, to Fya)  
Stop her check at once.

FYA  
They already have.

Max turns back to Deiter. The young man is destroyed.

CUT TO:

EXT. BERLIN - WEISENSTRASSE - DAY

A taxi delivers Deiter to Berlin's oldest restaurant, Zur Letzten Instanz.

As he starts to get out of the vehicle, the TAXI DRIVER, a natural-born character man, starts to hand Deiter a few reichsmarks.

DEITER  
(not taking it)  
I said the change was for you.

TAXI DRIVER  
Deiter Jung, right?

DEITER  
(ordinarily he'd be  
pleased at the  
recognition)  
Yes.

TAXI DRIVER  
I was in your first picture, Herr  
Jung. "The More Things Change?"  
Paul Adelman?

DEITER  
(recognizing him)  
You played the judge.

TAXI DRIVER  
(proudly)  
I did my big scene in one take,  
remember?

DEITER  
And stole all the reviews, too.

TAXI DRIVER  
(reaching for his  
billfold)  
I still have them.

DEITER  
You doing all right?

TAXI DRIVER  
(re taxi)  
Me?  
(dryly)  
Fabulously.

DEITER  
(offering him his  
card)  
Give me a call.

The Taxi Driver takes the card, and while he glances at it:

DEITER  
I'm shooting at UFA next month.

The Taxi Driver hands the card back.

DEITER  
Call me. I'm serious.

TAXI DRIVER  
(not taking the card)  
I'll be in America!

DEITER  
(with a condescending  
smile)  
Going to become a star?

TAXI DRIVER  
I'll settle for staying alive.

And off he drives.

As Deiter heads for the restaurant's entrance,

CUT TO:

INT. THE ZUR LETZTEN INSTANZ - MAITRE D'S DESK - MOMENTS  
LATER

WOLF, the maitre d', deferentially takes the newly-arrived  
Deiter's leather beret and scarf from him.

WOLF  
(to DEITER)  
Herr Lazar is at his table.

DEITER  
Thank you, Wolf.

Wolf guides Deiter to:

A TABLE FOR TWO

Sitting alone, his drink in hand, his cigarette in a golden  
holder between his lips, the dapper, diminutive MARCEL LAZAR  
(30) is, despite his young age, bald as a coot.

MARCEL  
(spotting Deiter)  
Deiter !

DEITER  
(exchanging cheek  
kisses)  
Marcel.

MARCEL  
(to Wolf)  
A breast of warm milk for the boy  
wonder and another large *schnapps*  
for me, Wolfie.

WOLF  
(to Deiter)  
A *kir royale*, sir?

DEITER  
Please.

WOLF  
(dripping  
obsequiousness )  
Thank you!

As he leaves their table:

DEITER  
(to Marcel, sensing  
something)  
What is it?

MARCEL  
What what is it you have in mind?

DEITER  
Is everything all right?

MARCEL  
You've stolen my first question.  
What was I going to ask next?

DEITER  
I don't think I've ever seen you  
drinking *schnapps* at lunch before.

MARCEL  
I don't think I've ever had to tell  
Fritzi she's off a picture before.

DEITER  
You know? So fast?

MARCEL  
Bad news is not known to linger, my  
boy. Bad news is much too anxious  
to spread itself around.

Their drinks, brought by an equally deferential WAITER, appear  
in an instant.

WAITER  
(serving Marcel)  
Thank you, sir.  
(serving Deiter)  
Thank you, sir.

Marcel takes a rose from the bud vase on his table and hands  
the bloom to the Waiter.

MARCEL  
(pantomiming a pregnant  
woman)  
Soon, you think, your wife?

WAITER  
Tomorrow, maybe. Sunday, the latest.  
(MORE)

WAITER (CONT'D)  
(re rose, gratefully)  
Thank you, Herr Lazar.

As he exits:

DEITER  
(impatiently, to Marcel)  
And?

MARCEL  
And? As in what do I think? I think that as good as you are, and you are, in my anything-but-humble opinion, literally teetering on the edge of greatness, I think that without Fritzi's name over the title, you are going to find "Pinnacle" a very, very, if not altogether impossible sell to the public.

Wolf re-appears and serves each of them a small plate of food.

WOLF  
An *amuse-bouche* from the chef. A poached duck's egg in a pea shoot puree with green asparagus.

And he exits once more.

Marcel pops his treat into his mouth, and washes it down with his drink.

Deiter, having no appetite at all, lights a cigarette instead.

MARCEL  
As much as audiences adore their climbing-to-the-top-of-the-world epics, those films have, by now, proven themselves to be pretty much of a muchness. Just how many boy meets mountain, boy loses his way on mountain, boy finally mounts mountain can one be expected to buy a ticket to?

DEITER  
But with Fritzi --

MARCEL

Throwing her into the formula you allowed UFA to give people one more look at their precious Alps, with Fritzi serving as the cherry on top - although in her case, it might take the Red Cross years to find it again.

DEITER

It is positively the best script I have ever worked with.

MARCEL

It may be the best script Salka Kinski has ever written.

DEITER

With my changes in it, it is.

MARCEL

(used to Deiter's ego)  
Of course, your changes made all the difference.

DEITER

He knocked the wind right out of me Goebbels did. About not using Fritzi.

MARCEL

Really? You are so easily shattered? Old as you are as young as you are, has it completely escaped your attention, the kind of elation that's aroused by the German sport of kicking a Jewish heart back into the gutter from whence they all surely must have come?

DEITER

The rumors are true? I have never wanted to ask you.

MARCEL

That Fritzi Keppler is a Jewess?  
(a beat, then)  
Her mother was.

DEITER

(taking hope)  
Then she is only half a Jew!

MAX

Being half a Jew doesn't mean you're only half despised. Anyway, for despising purposes, half a Jew is certainly better than none.

DEITER

I need her in my film, Marcel. I need her desperately.

MARCEL

(without bitterness)

Never mind the camps, never mind the sudden, permanent disappearances? First things always come first, yes?

DEITER

You know better than anyone how long it's taken me to get this project this far.

MARCEL

What is worse than a dream deferred? Unless it's your most awful one come true?

DEITER

(a beat, then)

Will you arrange for her to speak with Goebbels?

MARCEL

Fritzi would never beg.

DEITER

I would never ask her to.

MARCEL

The call itself would be a form of it. I'm afraid you underestimate the lady. Fritzi Keppler is as noble as any character she has ever asked to portray. Fritzi is Joan of Arc. She is Mary Magdalene, she is Madame Curie. As luck would have it, unfortunately, she happens to have a dash of Sarah Bernhardt in her, as well.

DEITER

And that is exactly why she would  
get to the top of the mountain, just  
as she has in her own life.

MARCEL

Give it up, dear boy. Your cause is  
as lost as the members of my tribe.  
(a sip of his drink  
and his unavoidable  
empathy wins out)  
Leave it with me.

DEITER

You think there's a hope?

MARCEL

I was born prematurely. Two months  
early. Without hope, I am a hat  
with no one under it.

Deiter still looks pained.

MARCEL

I must say, the length of your face  
seems remarkably unshortened.

DEITER

Just more studio shit.

MARCEL

Sparing me whatever it is I am sure  
is probably too much to ask, I'm  
sure.

DEITER

(proving Marcel  
correct, pouting)  
Some big party cheese is insisting I  
put his sweetheart in the picture.

MARCEL

You will understand that, after all  
these years, I am no longer excited  
by clichés. Let me suggest that you  
lose no sleep over it. Give Herr  
Cheese's tootsie two seconds on the  
screen, she'll give him a kiss on  
his little *schmeckie*, and they'll  
both be happy as larks.

(MORE)

MARCEL (CONT'D)

Have Salka write her in as an icicle  
on the mountain or something.

DEITER

He is insisting on a screen test.  
He has it bad.

MARCEL

Ah, Nazi love. The world's ultimate  
oxymoron.

(a beat, then)

We wouldn't be talking about Goebbels,  
would we? Who has this litch for  
someone?

DEITER

I'm not sure.

MARCEL

It wouldn't surprise me. Since he's  
taken UFA over, he's all but opened  
a branch *schlong*.

(finishing his *schnapps*)

Whoever it is, I leave it to you to  
deal with. I will need all my  
strength to cope with Fritzi's  
situation.

(pointing at Deiter's  
untouched plate)

Are you going to finish that?

DEITER

(handing him the plate)

Help yourself.

MARCEL

I might just eat ten percent of it.

As he tucks into Deiter's *amuse-bouche*,

CUT TO:

EXT. A RESPECTABLE HOUSE - BERLIN - NIGHT

After establishing,

CUT TO:

INT. THE GOEBBELS' HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Goebbels and his wife, MAGDA, are finishing dinner.

Also seated at their long dining table is Goebbels' UFA secretary, Helzel.

Before the fireplace, the German Shepherds are dining on giant bones that have been dumped on the floor's magnificent Aubusson carpet.

A number of fine oil paintings adorn the walls.

As an off-camera phone is heard ringing:

GOEBBELS

(rising)

I won't be long, Magda, dear. I  
just have to go over a few things  
with Fräulein Helzel.

MAGDA

(resigned)

Work, work, work ...  
(to Helzel)  
He is tireless.

Helzel stands.

GOEBBELS

(a perfunctory kiss  
on top of Magda's  
head)

We're watching "Cain and Mabel" in  
an hour. It's the new Clark Gable.

MAGDA

He so reminds me of you.

Goebbels is pleased with the comparison.

A uniformed MAID enters, a cradled phone atop the small cushion she's holding.

Although they do not exchange a word, it is amply clear that between the Maid and Helzel, there is not one ounce of love lost.

After the Maid whispers a message to Goebbels:

GOEBBELS  
(to the Maid)  
I'm still at dinner.

THE MAID  
Yes, Herr Doctor.

GOEBBELS  
(explains, to Magda)  
Fritzi Keppler.

MAGDA  
(impressed)  
She's so wonderful.

GOEBBELS  
(correcting her)  
Only half wonderful, I'm afraid, my  
dear. Only half wonderful.  
(to Helzel)  
To work, Fräulein.

As he exits, with Helzel trailing after his limp, we

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT I

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. AN APARTMENT HOUSE - BERLIN - NIGHT

A fashionable building in a fashionable part of the city.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE - A DISTINCTIVELY FRAMED MONET - ONE OF THE WATER LILY SERIES

MARCEL'S VOICE

(off-camera)

I reject the proposition that survival  
is the moral equivalent of compromise.

A WOMAN'S VOICE

(off-camera)

Really? To me, they are as good as  
married, those two.

ANOTHER ANGLE reveals that we are in:

INT. FRITZI KEPPLER'S APARTMENT - HER BOUDOIR - NIGHT

Fritzi KEPPLER, in a stylish, filmy peignoir, is seated at  
her dressing table.

Brushing her radiant, brunette hair, she is before her  
favorite place in all the world - her three-way mirror.

Sitting on the satin duvet atop the room's plush, ornate  
bed, in a velvet smoking jacket, patent leather tuxedo pumps,  
a champagne flute in one hand and his cigarette holder in  
the other, is the fastidious Marcel Lazar.

Monet's painting, hanging prominently on one wall, has its  
lilies reflected many times over in Fritzi's dressing table  
mirrors.

MARCEL

Trust me, my darling, receiving a  
visit from the legend that you are,  
the good doctor will be flattered to  
the point of coming all over his  
orthopedic shoes.

FRITZI

So flattered he may not have me  
arrested for maybe ten minutes or  
so.

MARCEL

He wouldn't dare.

FRITZI

Is there anything at all left that  
those criminals wouldn't? Or haven't?  
Or don't still intend to?

MARCEL

I keep wondering what was so wrong  
with the old order that we needed  
such a poisonous new one?

FRITZI

Does it matter that my contract with  
UFA still has three years to go?

MARCEL

(chuckles)

What is firing one actress compared  
to those who fired the whole League  
of Nations?

(refilling his glass  
from a nearby  
champagne bucket)

I loved it when the rule said the  
pen was mightier than the sword.  
Now, the people with all the swords  
own all the pens they need to rewrite  
whichever damned rule they please.

FRITZI

(re champagne,  
obviously changing  
her mind)

I don't suppose one sip on top of my  
sleeping pills will kill me, do you?

MARCEL

That's my little Fritzi.

As he pours her half a glass of champagne:

FRITZI

(her mood darkening)  
The bad doctor is going to expect something in return from your little Fritzi, I hope you are prepared for that.

MARCEL

You are not some cheap starlet to chase around the desk, then pay off with a day's work.

FRITZI

I have exactly the same inside plumbing the cheapest starlet has - and which is all that horny pygmy ever has on that twisted, tortured mind of his.

MARCEL

You go too far, my love.  
(getting to his feet  
to refill his flute)  
I really must demand an apology on behalf of all the other horny pygmies of the world.

Old habits being hard to break, they both laugh.

MARCEL

(clinking his glass  
against hers)  
*Touché?*

FRITZI

(with far less  
certainty)  
*Touché.*

As they drink - he to forget; she, to remember, we

CUT TO:

INT. UFA STUDIOS - GOEBBELS' OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Helzel is on her desk intercom:

HELZEL

The screen test you ordered begins in five minutes on Stage Seven.

(MORE)

HELZEL (CONT'D)  
(listens a beat, then)  
Yes, sir!

Taking a handkerchief from her handbag, she removes all traces of her lipstick, picks up her steno pad, then starts for Goebbels' inner office.

CUT TO:

EXT. UFA STUDIO - STAGE 7 - CONTINUOUS

Its cavernous doors open, the noise of the construction Crew's hammers are heard banging away inside the stage.

CUT TO:

INT. STAGE 7 - CONTINUOUS

A dyspeptic Deiter, along with Max and Anna, is examining the additional work that has been done on the indoor mountain.

MAX  
(to DEITER)  
So? It's coming along nicely, yes?

DEITER  
Very nicely.

MAX  
Did I tell you?

DEITER  
I will always hate it, Max. Long after the critics have destroyed me, I will detest this set with a passion.

MAX  
(ignoring that, to the Crew)  
Good work, boys!  
(aside, to Deiter)  
A smile at them once in awhile wouldn't break your face, you know.

DEITER  
Maybe if I could find something to smile about I would.

SIG SOLTERS, DEITER's cinematographer, appears at the base of the construction.

The assistant with him, FREDDIE, is weighed down by the motion picture camera he is lugging, in addition to all of its accompanying equipment.

SIG

(yells up)  
Yo! Deiter! Where do we shoot this thing?

DEITER

(yells down)  
Wherever you say, Sig!

SIG

Maybe up there, up where you are?

DEITER

Wherever you like it, I like it.  
We're only doing an eighth, maybe a quarter of a page at the most.

As Sig and Freddie select a position on the floor of the stage to set up the camera, Max's assistant, Fya, enters.

MAX

(yells down)  
Fya! Tell me.

FYA

Make-up needs twenty minutes more.

SIG

(yells up, re his position)  
Deiter! How about down here? We can angle it so we can get in some of your oatmeal mountain, too.

DEITER

(sourly)  
Fine.

MAX

(yells to Sig)  
Excellent. Pure Eisenstein.

CUT TO:

EXT. UFA - THE FRONT GATE - DAY

Fritzi and Marcel, arrive, their grand car driven by a liveried Chauffeur,

Fritzi is very chic in her original Chanel, topped by a colorful Hermes scarf.

Marcel wears an impeccably tailored suit.

When they go past Stage 7, we lose their car and PUSH IN on:

INT. UFA - STAGE 7 - CONTINUOUS

As the hammering and the sawing continues, Deiter, directing from the floor, is looking up, addressing someone who is obviously at the top of his mountain set.

DEITER

Although the camera is going to be down on the floor, we're going to get closer and closer on you.

Max, watching from the floor, is looking up at the off-screen recipient of Deiter's instructions.

Actually, what he is doing is staring in disbelief.

DEITER

(without turning)  
Sig?

SIG

(from behind the camera)  
I'm good.

DEITER

(to Freddie)  
You remember when to push in, Freddie?

FREDDIE

I'm all set.

DEITER

Then, we go.  
(a beat; then, turning)  
Am I perhaps a bit too loud for the crew, Max? I want to be sure every hammer is heard.

MAX  
(shouts to the Crew)  
Let's give it a rest, boys!

The hammering comes to a stop.

MAX  
(to the Crew)  
Thank you.

DEITER  
All right. Steady, please, everyone.

MAX  
Settle down, people.

After a moment or two, in his element now:

DEITER  
Lights!

The mountain set is suddenly flooded with light.

Artificial snow begins to fall.

DEITER  
Camera!

Sig begins hand-cranking his camera.

DEITER  
Aaaaaand - action!

CUT TO:

INT. GOEBBELS' OUTER OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER - MORNING

Helzel, working at her typewriter, addresses Marcel.

Fritzi standing at his side.

HELZEL  
My orders are that the doctor will  
see only Fräulein Keppler today.  
You are to wait here with me.

FRITZI  
May I ask -- ?

HELZEL  
(as hard as nails)  
Actually, you may not! What you  
will do - the both of you - is you  
will sign this!

She pulls out the sheet of paper that she's been typing on.

Marcel takes it from her and puts his monocle on.

Fritzi stares at it uncomprehendingly.

FRITZI  
Marcel?

MARCEL  
Let me see.  
(scanning the document)  
It's a standard UFA release form!  
(protectively)  
There is no need for you to see it.  
None at all.

FRITZI  
(looking at it,  
astonished)  
Marcel! It has my name on it!

MARCEL  
(putting the document  
down)  
Come.

Before they can leave, a pair of menacing SS MEN enter the room.

It is clear that Fritzi and Marcel are going nowhere at all.

CUT TO:

INT. UFA - THE SCREENING ROOM - LATER

Deiter, Max, Anna, Fya, Sig and Freddie are all watching the off-screen screen.

Watching it with a shared sense of wonder.

ANGLE ON THE ROOM'S SCREEN

Standing high up on the Stage 7 mountain, dressed in climber's garb is the star of the screen test: all six feet four of 21

year-old HEINZ NORDHOFF.

Heinz is very blonde. Heinz is very gorgeous in a perfect sort of way.

Heinz is also a very bad actor, if it can be said that he is able to act at all.

Although fully aware that the camera is going to love him, Heinz has every right to be as nervous as he is finding himself standing in front of one.

(It should be noted that all of Heinz's footage, the whole of his screen test, is seen in BLACK & WHITE.)

HEINZ

(on-screen)

"I leave it to others to dream. I leave it to them to dream of conquest, to pursue their fantasies - "

(stops, addresses someone off-camera)

May I do that again, please?

DEITER'S VOICE

(off-camera)

What's wrong?

HEINZ

I said "fantasies" instead of --

DEITER'S VOICE

(off-camera, courteously but with an edge)

You're doing fine. Please continue.

HEINZ

(confused)

But I --

DEITER'S VOICE

(still off-camera, impatience mounting)

Just keep going.

HEINZ

(to the camera once  
more)

"I leave it to others to dream of  
conquest, to pursue their - fantasies -  
of mastering the world."

(going on, glad to  
have corrected his  
mistake)

"I, for one, am one of those who  
choose not to dream the dream. I am  
one of those who chooses to live  
it!"

RESUME THE SCREENING ROOM GROUP

ANNA

Such a shame. Great face.

MAX

Must be wonderful looking down on it  
from above.

DEITER

(grievously)

He's a disaster! A complete disaster!

SIG

He's whatever's worse than that.  
I'm surprised my camera didn't throw  
up.

Which breaks everyone up.

Everyone, except for the aggrieved Deiter.

CUT TO:

INT. GOEBBELS' OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Helzel works at her typewriter.

She seems oblivious to the fact that, with Fritzi and the  
two SS brutes looking on, Marcel is signing the UFA release  
form.

It is evident that he is affixing his signature with a wobbly  
left hand that is giving him a great deal of pain.

CUT TO:

INT. UFA - THE SCREENING ROOM - LATER

Heinz's BLACK & WHITE screen test is still in progress.

As Sig's camera pushes in for a giant, pictorially magnificent CLOSE-UP of him:

HEINZ

(continuing)

"Though it may well cost me that  
life itself, I choose to scale the  
heights within! I choose to reach  
the pinnacle I know that I can be!"

Finally, Deiter is unable to stand one more moment of Heinz's clumsy performance.

DEITER

(shouts)

Enough!

(flipping on the  
projector's switch)

Enough, Arthur! Enough! Enough!

Enough!

Heinz's on-screen CLOSE-UP immediately FREEZES.

Deiter picks up the room's phone receiver to place a call.

INTERCUT:

INT. THE SCREENING ROOM & GOEBBELS' OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Helzel is on the phone.

Marcel sits fidgeting between the two SS thugs who are making it impossible for him to move from their sides.

Fritzi is no longer present.

HELZEL

(into her phone)

I'm sorry, Herr Jung, but he is in a  
story conference right now.

DEITER

Helping another one along, is he?

SS MAN

(to Marcel, fidgeting)

Sit still!

DEITER  
I must see him, Fräulein!

SS MAN  
(to Marcel)  
Sit!

SECOND SS MAN  
(a smiling sadist, to  
Marcel)  
Heel!

HELZEL  
(checking her journal)  
I would squeeze you in, if I could,  
but he is at the Ministry after lunch  
for the rest of the day.

DEITER  
Shit!

HELZEL  
Is such talk really necessary?

DEITER  
It more than certainly, fucking is!

He hangs up violently.

LOSE HELZEL

Deiter reacts to Heinz's FROZEN image, which still looms  
large on the Screening Room's screen.

DEITER  
(to no one in  
particular)  
Someone make him go away!

MAX  
(flipping the  
projectionist's switch)  
Arthur!

DEITER  
Now!

Poof! Heinz's face disappears from the screen.

CUT TO:

EXT. BERLIN TRAFFIC - LATER

We soon recognize Fritzi and Marcel's chauffeur-driven, elegant car.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. THEIR CAR - TRAVELING SHOT - CONTINUOUS

Marcel and Fritzi, both looking dazed, ride silently in the back seat.

The left sleeve of Marcel's suit jacket appears to be hanging by a thread.

The two of them are worse than sad.

They are diminished.

CUT TO:

INT. A UNIFORMED DRIVER - CONTINUOUS

A MAN'S VOICE  
(from behind the Driver)  
Stop the car!

THE DRIVER  
(complying)  
Yes, sir!

CUT TO:

EXT. UFA - THE FRONT GATE - CONTINUOUS

An excited Deiter is outside Goebbels' car, rapping on one of its rear windows to get the doctor's attention.

Goebbels' dogs, in the back seat with him, are baring their menacing teeth at Deiter.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. GOEBBELS' CAR - TRAVELING SHOT - MOMENTS LATER

Deiter rides alongside Goebbels, the two dogs mercifully quiet now.

GOEBBELS

You are right, of course, the young man is quite impossible. He is quite unacceptable.

DEITER

You watched the test?

GOEBBELS

Aptly named, I must say. That few hundred feet of wasted film is surely a test of anyone's patience.

DEITER

I cannot tell you how relieved I am to hear you say that.

GOEBBELS

There is only one way to deal with this fellow's gift for inadequacy.

DEITER

Yes, sir.

GOEBBELS

Perhaps a line or two of dialogue can be written for him - something not too difficult. Something not too taxing. And, by all means, nothing that has anything at all to do with the plot.

DEITER

(dismayed all over again)

Are you saying I still must use him nevertheless? Regardless?

GOEBBELS

Without question, absolutely.

DEITER

But you have seen for yourself --

GOEBBELS

There is simply no way I can refuse the request that been asked of his - how to put it delicately?

(with a nasty smile)

His principal backer, shall we say?

DEITER

This man is that important?

GOEBBELS

More than you can imagine.

DEITER

May I at least know who he is, this author of my eventual humiliation?

GOEBBELS

Do not add presumption to your other pretenses.

DEITER

And if I said that I would just as soon drop the making of this film picture rather than sacrifice my artistic vision?

GOEBBELS

You don't consider dishonesty that is not state sponsored to be a sin, I take it?

(a beat, then)

The woods are filled with men like you, Deiter Jung.

(sneers)

Artistic vision? Ambition is what you live and breathe. If you were pricked by a thousand knives, you would bleed nothing but ego. You will make this precious picture all right. You would make it -

(corrects himself)

- You will make it - if the devil himself were to insist on a role for the goat that he has made heavy with child.

(flatly, to his Driver)

Stop here.

The Driver complies.

A beat, then the rear passenger door is opened by the Driver.

As he hands the man the dogs' leads:

GOEBBELS

The boys need walking.

(MORE)

GOEBBELS (CONT'D)  
(a beat, then referring  
to Deiter, coldly)  
This one, too.  
(to Deiter; simply,  
curtly)  
Out.

CUT TO:

INT. DEITER'S APARTMENT - HIS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Deiter, nude, is smoking a post-coital Gitane, his head  
resting upon a similarly naked, female's backside.

After a puff or two:

DEITER  
On my mother's life, I swear I would  
never give you away.

THE WOMAN'S VOICE  
(off-camera)  
You could hardly say less.

DEITER  
(pleadingly)  
It's driving me mad, Brigitta. You  
must tell me who it is.

BRIGITTA  
I've told you. I can't.

And now, we see the woman's face.

And learn that Goebbels' secretary Helzel's first name is  
apparently "Brigitta."

DEITER  
There is no question that he will  
ruin my picture. I will never ever  
be allowed to make another one. My  
career will be a shambles.

HELZEL  
(amused)  
So dramatic, you are.

DEITER  
Tell me.

HELZEL  
So you, you are.

DEITER  
If you loved me, you would, you know.

Her foot erotically engaged with some part of him under the  
tangle of sheets:

HELZEL  
If I loved you, I wouldn't be here.  
I would be off somewhere denying you  
all this pleasure.

DEITER  
(re whatever she's  
doing with her foot)  
I love when you do that.

HELZEL  
What a surprise.

DEITER  
(quiet a moment, then)  
Brigitta?

HELZEL  
Stop.

DEITER  
You swear that it's definitely not  
Goebbels?

HELZEL  
Doctor Goebbels is a happily married  
man.

DEITER  
And we both know why he is so happy,  
don't we?  
(a beat, then)  
It is definitely someone who is very  
high?

HELZEL  
That much you know.

DEITER  
Someone very high, obviously.

HELZEL  
(not wanting to play)  
Stop it.

DEITER  
Someone very, very high?

HELZEL  
Someone very, very high.  
(unable to help herself)  
And very, very wide.

DEITER  
(he gets it)  
My God!  
(upon reflection)  
Of course, of course! I should have  
bloody known!

HELZEL  
You didn't hear it from me!

DEITER  
I didn't hear what?

HELZEL  
What I just didn't say.

DEITER  
Absolutely you didn't.

HELZEL  
I absolutely never did!

DEITER  
Of course, you didn't! You wouldn't  
have in a million years!  
(thinking out loud)  
Which is how long it will be before  
I'm allowed to keep the person-you-  
didn't-tell-me-about's little baby  
boy out of the picture that he is  
most assuredly, singlehandedly going  
to ruin.

Turning Helzel over, he begins kissing the small of her back.

HELZEL  
I love that.

DEITER  
(between kisses)  
Change of subject, all right?

HELZEL  
Please, sir.

DEITER  
Tell me how it went today, the meeting  
with Fritzi Keppler.

Pulling him up so that they are face-to-face:

HELZEL  
Would it make you happy if you knew?

DEITER  
You tell me. Would it?

HELZEL  
First, let me find out just how big  
a masochist you are.

As she pulls him even closer:

The sound of a siren is heard, off-camera.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRITZI'S APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

Police everywhere.

A small, sheet-covered body, carried from the building's  
lobby on a stretcher, is placed inside the back of a waiting  
ambulance.

CUT TO:

INT. FRITZI'S APARTMENT - HER BOUDOIR - CONTINUOUS

Clearly ransacked, the place is a shambles.

Emptied and splintered dressing table and dresser drawers  
litter the floor.

The bed has been stripped of its satins.

Every bit of art work has disappeared.

Most notably, the Monet portrait of the water lilies is now gone.

CUT TO:

INT. FRITZI'S APARTMENT - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

A badly shaken Marcel is on the telephone.

MARCEL

(whispering)

Pills, the papers will say. But it was so much more than that. So very, very much more.

(listens, then)

I'll see. I'm not sure I can!

(hearing an off-camera noise, into the phone)

Wait!

He starts for the library doors to check out the source of the sound.

CUT TO:

INT. FRITZI'S APARTMENT - THE HALLWAY - MARCEL'S POV - CONTINUOUS

Two Storm Troopers (first seen Goebbels' outer office at UFA) are carrying the framed Monet oil painting of the water lilies.

As they help themselves to various other works of art:

CUT TO:

INT. FRITZI'S APARTMENT - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Marcel is on the phone once again.

MARCEL

(in a whisper)

Twenty minutes! I'll try!

CUT TO:

INT. THE ZUR LETZTEN INSTANZ - MAITRE D'S DESK - LATER

Wolf is checking his reservations list when Marcel appears.

In addition to his general dishevelment, Marcel's left arm now rests in a sling which we recognize as the Hermes scarf worn earlier by Fritzi.

MARCEL

I'm meeting Herr Jung, Wolfie.

WOLF

(indifferently)

If you will notice, we are fully booked.

MARCEL

(thrown)

I beg your pardon?

As a Wermacht Officer and his date approach the desk:

WOLF

(to Marcel, with a tight smile)

Excuse me.

(adds condescendingly)

Sir.

When Wolf leads the newcomers to a table, Marcel scans the dining area.

He spots Deiter, who does not see him from where he is sitting alone.

Looking about, Marcel sees the Waiter whose wife he earlier gifted with a rose.

Taking a small leather covered pad and a gold pencil from his pocket, he manages to scribble a hasty note, then hisses at the Waiter:

MARCEL

Ernst!

CUT TO:

EXT. A PARK BENCH - BERLIN - NIGHT

It is shared by Deiter and Marcel.

Obviously in pain because of his left arm, Marcel is equally determined not to make any show of it.

MARCEL

Old man Bismarck used to say that Jews were the champagne of Germany. We gave it its sparkle. We gave it its bubbles.

(a beat, then)

Just our *mazel*, his replacement turns out to be a teetotaler.

DEITER

*Mazel?*

MARCEL

It's Yiddish for "luck."

DEITER

(trying it on for size)

*Mazel.*

MARCEL

It's an odd word, you will admit, to give to a people who never seem to have it when they need it.

(a beat, then)

What amazes me is how quickly everything's become so completely different. The whole country, the culture, the people.

DEITER

Things can just as quickly change back.

MARCEL

Not without new seeds. The old ones have been there too long. Always so deep, yet so near the top. Only fools like me, we never took notice. I have been going to that restaurant ever since I couldn't afford to. "Sir," Wolfie called me. Only a German could turn "sir" into such an insult. "Excuse me," he smiled. It's the same old story.

(MORE)

MARCEL (CONT'D)

What starts with a smile can all too easily end with a scream.

(a beat, then)

So they met and they talked. It turned out Goebbels wanted only two things from Fritzi: her body and her paintings. That's all. Her body because who is the liar who ever said he never desired that? The Monet especially the little prick wanted for the wife he is so devoted to, he never *schtupps* a soul unless he has her picture in his wallet.

DEITER

He got the Monet?

MARCEL

However much I would hate to break up such a beautiful friendship, someone should really pass on the information that that fat tub of shit beat that crippled, skinny tub of shit to it.

DEITER

Trust me, someone will. Sooner than you can imagine, someone will.

MARCEL

(a beat, then)

What killed my Fritzi - literally - was that, for the tiniest fraction of the tiniest second she even contemplated saving her career by letting him have his way with her. Can you imagine Joan of Arc dying, filled with disgust for herself?

Despite his resolve, his arm causes him to wince.

DEITER

You must have someone see to that.

MARCEL

I'm going to. As soon as I get to Paris.

DEITER

You're leaving Germany?

MARCEL

I am.

DEITER

For good?

MARCEL

Who can remember whatever that was?

DEITER

When will you go?

MARCEL

I should have been there long ago.

(adds)

Fritzi, too.

DEITER

Where will you stay?

MARCEL

Salka's apartment.

DEITER

She's lending it to you?

MARCEL

She doesn't need a pogrom to fall on her. She's going, too.

DEITER

(a beat, then)

I will miss you, Marcel.

MARCEL

Pervert that I am, I'm looking forward to missing you, too.

DEITER

Do you hate me?

MARCEL

I envy you.

DEITER

You are perverse.

MARCEL

I envy any man who is comfortable in his own foreskin.

DEITER  
(a beat, then)  
Who'm I going to get to represent  
me?

MARCEL  
I have given that some thought.  
Jacob, my old partner is a good man.

DEITER  
He still works?

MARCEL  
He has a very good office. His  
location might be the only drawback.

DEITER  
That's not important.

MARCEL  
Good. It's such a *schlepp* getting  
to Buchenwald.

Leaving Deiter on the park bench, Marcel steps into the street  
and raises his good arm at the oncoming traffic.

MARCEL  
(calls)  
Taxi!!

CUT TO:

A BLACK & WHITE CLOSE-UP OF CLAUDETTE COLBERT FILLS THE SCREEN

The camera PULLS BACK to reveal that we are in:

INT. GOEBBELS' HOUSE - THE LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Used for the viewing of films, Goebbels, his wife, Magda,  
and Helzel are enjoying Colbert's performance in a scene  
from the feature, "She Married Her Boss."

The German Shepherds are also in attendance, their nap barely  
interrupted by the off-camera ring of a phone.

In a moment, the same Goebbels Maid enters bearing a telephone  
that rests on the same small cushion.

Again we notice - but Magda doesn't - the air of unspoken  
animosity between the Maid and Helzel.

THE MAID  
(to Goebbels)  
Field Marshall Goering is calling,  
sir.

GOEBBELS  
(a feeling of great  
satisfaction)  
Tell Field Marshall Goering that  
I've gone to sleep.

THE MAID  
Yes, sir.

As she exits the room,

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON CLAUDETTE COLBERT

as, in her movie scene, she laughs and laughs and laughs and  
laughs.

RESUME THE GOEBBELS LIVING ROOM

where there is general laughter, as well.

None of it, however, wakes the sleeping dogs.

CUT TO:

INT. DEITER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Deiter, nude, smoking, jotting notes in his screenplay.

To someone off-camera:

DEITER  
You know, I believe losing Fritzi is  
actually going to save us some money  
on the budget. I'll probably shoot  
only half the close-ups I planned to  
without her. That should make UFA  
happy, don't you think?

ANOTHER ANGLE REVEALS

The off-scene person, lying next to Deiter and just as nude,  
is Sig's camera assistant, Freddie.

FREDDIE  
Turn the light off.

DEITER  
Two minutes. Wait.

He continues working on his "Pinnacle" script.

He looks up at a sudden, urgent rapping off-camera.

CUT TO:

INT. DEITER'S APARTMENT - HIS FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Deiter, now in a robe, is at his door.

Once again, someone knocks on it.

A MAN'S VOICE  
(off-camera)  
Dieter??

Deiter says nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. DEITER'S HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

A frightened, greatly aged Mischa Spiegel and his terrified wife, HANNAH SPEIGEL, are huddled outside Deiter's door.

MISCHA  
It's Mischa! Please be home! Please!

HANNAH  
Deiter??

CUT TO:

INT. DEITER'S APARTMENT - HIS FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Deiter's response is hesitate a moment.

Then, he takes Mischa's ring from his finger and stashes it in his pocket.

There is another knock.

MISCHA'S VOICE  
Deiter?

55.  
3-17-09

HANNAH

Deiter?

FADE OUT.