

VERSION 8.2

SUPER: **BERLIN MAY 4TH, 1945**

1 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF CHARLOTTENBURG APT BLDG - NIGHT 1
Smoke from explosions. A few people run for cover.

2 INT. CHARLOTTENBURG APARTMENT - NIGHT [STUDIO] 2
MARGIT CHANSONEAU (26) blonde, svelte, carrying an infant in one arm slams shut the front door. She picks up a suitcase.
A LOUD WHISTLE cuts through a momentary silence.
An EXPLOSION rocks the building. Plaster falls.
She runs across the room.

3 EXT. MERCEDES STAFF CAR - NIGHT 3
Margit looks back at the apartment then opens the rear door.

4 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD NEAR A RIVER - LATER 4
The Mercedes speeds along.

5 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD ALONGSIDE THE RIVER - SAME TIME 5
About a half mile from the Mercedes heading towards them, a US Army Jeep bounces along, passing trees.

6 INT. US ARMY JEEP - CONTINUOUS 6
A heavysset CORPORAL drives Lt. Colonel SAMUEL SINGER (43), medical doctor, 18th Surgical Unit, US Army Medical Corps. Slightly overweight with thinning hair, he looks more like someone's friendly uncle than a senior military officer.

SAMUEL

When there's a lull like this
anything seems possible - even
getting home soon. Can't wait to
see my wife.

CORPORAL

Kids, too, I bet?

SAMUEL

(frowning)
No... How about you?

CORPORAL
Got the loveliest gal, but I
haven't heard from her in a while.

SAMUEL
Probably just the mail --

A **mortar shell** EXPLODES some ways ahead of the jeep.

7 EXT. MERCEDES STAFF CAR - NIGHT 7

The EXPLODING MORTAR causes the car to veer off the road.

8 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD ALONG THE RIVER - CONTINUOUS 8

The Corporal and Singer see the Mercedes go off the road. The jeep SKIDS to a stop.

CORPORAL
Holy cow!

SAMUEL
Better get to that vehicle.

CORPORAL
Risky, sir. There could be another
mortar.

SAMUEL
There could be wounded. Drive on.

Samuel nods forward and the Corporal throws the jeep in gear.

9 EXT. MERCEDES - NIGHT 9

The jeep rushes up and halts well back from the Mercedes,
surrounded by smoke.

The Corporal and Samuel leap out and run to the car as
machine guns FIRE.

The Corporal bears down on Senior SS Sergeant YOUNGER HELMUT
ECKLER (28), in uniform, sprawled on the ground by the open
driver's door.

Samuel looks in the car and sees Margit, blood covered face.
Her eyes stare up at Samuel. He wrenches open the door.

10 EXT./INT. MERCEDES STAFF CAR - CONTINUOUS 10

He searches her for a pulse then frowns.

SAMUEL
This woman's dead. How's he?

CORPORAL
Lousy shape, Sir. Let's go before
we get hit!

SAMUEL
Okay, I'll just --

Samuel sees movement under the woman's coat.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
What?

He peels it back and finds the infant who starts to CRY.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
What have we here?

He takes up the child, blue-eyed, in swaddling.

The Corporal runs to Samuel.

CORPORAL
Let's go!

The Corporal grabs Samuel's arm and hustles him from the car.

Younger Eckler scrambles off in the opposite direction.

A MORTAR EXPLOSION engulfs them in smoke.

Singer emerges, stunned, and the child CRIES.

11 EXT. GUGGENHEIM - DAY 11

The striking corkscrew-shaped museum.

SUPER: **NEW YORK 1991**

13 INT. GUGGENHEIM SPECIAL EXHIBITS THEATRE - DAY [STUDIO] 13

Nearly forty-seven years later, that child has become DANIEL SINGER (47), Jewish-American, Assistant Curator. He ENTERS from a side door. He is athletic, tall and thin. He nods to an ASSISTANT at an easel holding a painting and walks to a podium where he opens his notes and scans them.

The Assistant goes past chairs to the rear doors and opens them. REPORTERS and then well-heeled AUDIENCE MEMBERS enter.

Among them is BRUNO SCHMIDT (90), stiff bearing, determined, hawk-like. He jostles people to get a seat in front of the veiled painting. He scrutinizes the covering as if piercing it with his blue eyes.

Daniel's curator boss, EMILE LAPORTE (50s), polished and precise, ENTERS and sits in a reserved seat in the front row.

Daniel looks up, narrows his eyes as his boss sits, and scans the room. The Assistant moves to beside the covered painting. Daniel clears his throat as the audience settles in.

Bruno scrutinizes Daniel intensely as he addresses the room:

DANIEL

A warm welcome to you, and thank you for your continuing support of Guggenheim acquisitions. Today we have a special treat for you - a wonderful, shocking painting that, as far as we know, has never been seen by the public even though Auguste Renoir painted it almost one hundred years ago.

Daniel nods toward the Assistant, who draws back a silk covering to reveal Renoir's colorful, dynamic painting. The audience GASPS and BUZZES with excitement.

Bruno gazes at the painting with nostalgia and then a slight smile as he turns his attention back to Daniel.

Daniel motions for quiet.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I know, it's quite stunning, isn't it? Just as stunning as its subject matter, Oedipus Rex, having gouged out his eyes after discovering the truth of his despicable crimes from the Oracle at Delphi. The citizens of Thebes react in terror and horror. The work is exceptional. Note the vibrant colors and the dynamism conveying the tension and turmoil of the moment.

Bruno raises his hand and Daniel acknowledges him.

BRUNO

Oedipus may have committed crimes, but he was a victim of forces beyond his control!

DANIEL

Well, that is debatable. He did break the taboo of marrying his mother, Queen Jocasta, and killing King Laius, whom he later discovers is his father.

BRUNO

Yes, exactly. He didn't know his true identity.

DANIEL

Regardless, he is still a murderer, and it can be argued that he exercised free will.

BRUNO

Pah.

He raises his hand and swats it down as if killing a bug. Daniel frowns and looks away. He quickly acknowledges a REPORTER with her hand raised.

REPORTER

I've never seen or heard of this painting. Where did this come from?

DANIEL

Well, I don't want to detract from this marvelous painting, but like the Oracle's pronouncement many secrets lie within this frame. The Guggenheim acquired it privately two years ago in 1989. It has been researching its attribution, since it is not signed by Renoir, and...

Daniel glances nervously at LaPorte, who frowns.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

...its provenance. It remained in his studio apparently.

REPORTER

Apparently? Could it be a fake?

DANIEL

(uneasy)

The blended vibrant color and feathered strokes certainly evoke Renoir at his height, and the chemical analysis confirms that it is Renoir's.

REPORTER

What about its provenance?

DANIEL

It was purchased from a reputable gallery...

REPORTER

Before that? Was it in private hands?

DANIEL

Ah, yes, but...

REPORTER

Do you have a rock solid provenance for this piece? Yes or no.

DANIEL

Well, no. There are secrets, as I said.... But what is a stunning painting without a mystery?

La Porte balls his fists, rises, but sits when others notice.

The audience is spellbound as Daniel finishes up.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Well, thank you for your questions and for your support. We will keep you abreast of developments through our Friends newsletter.

The audience CLAPS and stirs to leave. Daniel gathers his notes and steps away from the podium.

Bruno stands, steps forward, peers intensely at Daniel, and pronounces, sphinx-like:

BRUNO

You were certainly correct on one point. Many secrets lie within that frame, to be revealed - in time.

Daniel is startled and opens his mouth to reply but is swarmed by reporters.

REPORTER

When can we expect to hear whether or not this painting is legit?

Daniel focuses on the reporter. When he glances back to where Bruno was he is gone.

14 INT. GALLERY - OFFICE - LATER [STUDIO]

14

Daniel sits at his desk cluttered with books and papers; canvases lean against a wall. One hand on the desk's edge, LaPorte leans toward Daniel.

LAPORTE

You shouldn't have cast doubt on the provenance! That reporter will go to town on this. You have put our case in serious jeopardy.

DANIEL

What case? You know damn well the provenance is sketchy.

LAPORTE

It takes time and money to track these things down.

DANIEL

You've been working on this for two years, and there is still a huge gap. You shouldn't have advised the gallery to buy this until the provenance was airtight.

LAPORTE

The gallery needs more Renoirs. This deal came up. We had to make a decision before the big American galleries scooped it.

DANIEL

Too good a deal. It makes due diligence even more important. I mean, look at how many Jewish families have recently claimed paintings looted by the Nazis. I had one at the D'Orsay.

LAPORTE

(exhales air and frowns)

We can't afford that here. Benefactors will balk. We have absolutely no evidence of Nazi theft with the Oedipus.

DANIEL

No, but you don't have the evidence to show where this painting went after it left Renoir's studio.

LAPORTE
It's all in my report.

DANIEL
There are huge gaps. You shouldn't -

LAPORTE
I should have handled this myself.
Your sympathies lie elsewhere.

DANIEL
What's that supposed to mean?

LAPORTE
I didn't expect you to shoot your
mouth off to reporters! If this
blows up, your head is on the
block.

Laporte EXITS. Daniel's shoulders slump. He shakes his head.

15 INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

15

Daniel ENTERS his apartment and dumps groceries on the
kitchen table where they spill out.

He opens a cupboard, grabs and opens a bottle of wine, fills
a glass, and chugs it.

The apartment intercom BUZZES and Daniel starts.

DANIEL
Shit!

He rushes to the intercom and stabs the enter button. He
quickly tidies, tossing dirty dishes in a cupboard.

A KNOCK interrupts him. He runs his hand through his mop of
hair, wipes his face, goes to the door and opens it.

MADELAINE YOUNG (36), wearing a Star of David necklace, eyes
sparkling, smiles wryly, then notices Daniel's stress and
shows concern. With dark curly hair and dressed smartly in a
business suit, she presents a striking contrast to Daniel.

MADELAINE
Hi. What's going on?

She reaches for his hands, draws him in and gives him a peck
on the cheek. She looks around him and notices the mess.

DANIEL
Ah, could be better. Long day.

Daniel leads her away from the mess into the living room.

16

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

16

Madelaine stands facing Daniel.

MADELAINE

Same here. Just finished the quarterly commodities forecast, and it makes Hurricane Bob look like a rain shower.

DANIEL

That doesn't sound good. Sorry. I've got my own tiny "topical" storm brewing.

MADELAINE

Oh?

DANIEL

Yeah. Turmoil with LaPorte again.

MADELAINE

Oh, no.

DANIEL

I mentioned my doubts about the Renoir in the talk.

Madelaine blows out her cheeks.

MADELAINE

Daniel. Shit! That's what got you into trouble at the Musée D'Orsay.

DANIEL

Yeah, well I'm honest.

MADELAINE

It's rash. You can't afford to do this again.

DANIEL

Plus, people love a bit of intrigue with a famous painter, especially when the subject matter is Oedipus responding to the Oracle.

MADELAINE

Don't romanticize this. A lot of money is at stake, and the Guggenheim's reputation.

DANIEL

Yeah, well LaPorte should have thought of that before he authorized the purchase. It's just greed, and his ego. What if the painting was stolen? He also insinuated that I'm chasing this because I'm Jewish.

MADELAINE

Really? I can't believe that. You could charge him with racism.

DANIEL

Oh, it's all subtle, just an undercurrent.

MADELAINE

Still. You should keep records of your conversations. I mean, a Jewish family founded the museum, for God's sake!

DANIEL

I know, I know! You're right, as usual. I should have.

Daniel flops on the couch and cups his head with his hands.

17

INT. GALLERY - OFFICE - DAY [STUDIO]

17

Daniel arrives at his office. He throws his briefcase on a chair, sits at the desk, and turns on his computer.

LaPorte bursts into the office, wielding the *New York Times*.

LAPORTE

What the hell! Have you seen this!?

LaPorte throws down the paper open at the Arts section.

Daniel reads the headline: **6.8 Million Renoir. Suspect Provenance** and skims the article.

DANIEL

Oh, shit!

LAPORTE

This is the result of your stupidity.

Daniel leaps up.

DANIEL
I'll phone Henckleman, the Arts
editor.

LAPORTE
Oh, is he your buddy, your mensch?

DANIEL
What?

LAPORTE
Very sympathetic to your cause, no
doubt.

DANIEL
What is that supposed to mean?

LaPorte curls his lip.

LAPORTE
I'm sure he would be delighted to
find out that our painting had been
stolen from a Jewish family.

DANIEL
Look, I've had enough of your
insinuations --

LAPORTE
I've had enough of your mishandling
a major portfolio that could cost
us millions. You are fired!

DANIEL
You can't do that! This is
harassment.

LAPORTE
You will receive a generous
severance, if you sign a non-
disclosure agreement.

DANIEL
Screw that!

LaPorte stiffens and snarls.

LAPORTE
Clear out your desk.

He pulls a walkie-talkie from his belt and speaks into it.

LAPORTE (CONT'D)
LaPorte here. We need a security
escort out of the building.

Daniel sits abruptly and POUNDS his desk with his fist.

18

INT. JEWISH BAKERY NEW YORK - DAY

18

Raking his hand through his hair, Daniel sits across from
Madelaine, cappuccinos in front of them.

DANIEL
I should have known this would be
distorted by the press.

MADELAINE
You shouldn't have shot your mouth
off.

DANIEL
I know that provenance is suspect.

MADELAINE
Yeah, but you didn't have to say it
in public! With your racist boss
right there in the audience.

Elbows on the table, Daniel thrusts his head down on his
cupped hands.

DANIEL
Aaagh.

MADELAINE
Still. It is wrongful dismissal.
You need to fight this.

DANIEL
With what?

MADELAINE
A lawyer!

DANIEL
You know I'm not exactly flush.

MADELAINE
You shouldn't have bought all those
prints.

DANIEL
Etchings! That is my passion.

MADELAINE

Well, you are going to have to sell
some to fight to get your job back.
Otherwise --

DANIEL

First, I need to prove that the
provenance is rotten, that the
painting was stolen, and that
LaPorte is at fault, not me.

MADELAINE

How are you going to prove that?

DANIEL

I don't know. I need an oracle.

MADELAINE

Hah! Look at where Oedipus got with
the oracle. No, you need to be
practical. Get a lawyer and get
your job back. They might not
charge you until they win the case.

DANIEL

I won't win. But now I have time to
probe the provenance.

MADELAINE

How are you going to finance that?

DANIEL

I'll figure it out. If I don't I'll
never work in this field again. You
know how small a world it is. This
is all I have ever wanted to do.

MADELAINE

And what about us?

DANIEL

Madelaine, I just got fired. I need
to sort this out before I can think
of anything else. We'll weather
this, won't we? I mean, you're the
forecaster.

Madelaine sighs, looks into Daniel's eyes, then looks down
and shakes her head.

The classical stone facade glows in sunshine.

20 INT. CAFÉ IN MUSEUM - DAY

20

HANNAH PEMBROKE (40), elegant Renoir expert and Daniel sit in a cozy booth.

HANNAH
Remember you used to joke about
this place bewitching us?

Hannah smiles and leans forward a little. Daniel grins.

DANIEL
That was quite a while ago.

HANNAH
Hmm. I was just a grad intern.

Hannah lets her hand brush against his as she picks some lint off his sleeve.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
You know, when I heard you were
coming, I thought you came to see
me. Silly, huh?

DANIEL
No, not silly, Hannah, but I'm with
someone.

Hannah SIGHS.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
She's not in our world, but you'd
like her.

HANNAH
Is it serious?

DANIEL
Serious enough.

Daniel looks into Hannah's eyes, then down.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Anyway, this Oedipus. What if it
was stolen?

HANNAH
Still the romantic. Or it might
just have been in private hands
until it was sold...

DANIEL

From an East German gallery, which makes me suspicious.

HANNAH

You've read too many John Le Carré novels.

DANIEL

Plus, the classical subject matter would have appealed to Hitler.

HANNAH

Try to find out what happened to Hildebrand Gurlitt's collection that he bought for Hitler's *Führermuseum*, but good luck. Probably in South America.

Daniel ruffles his head with his hand.

DANIEL

I can't go traipsing around the world.

HANNAH

Surely the Guggenheim would support you if they want answers.

DANIEL

Yeah. I'm not sure they do, or at least my boss doesn't. I was fired.

Hannah reaches out and puts a hand on Daniel's.

HANNAH

Oh no! They can't do that!

DANIEL

Well, they have. I took a temporary contract after that mess at the Musée D'Orsay. You know what the corporate world of art has become.

HANNAH

Oh, shit! Do I ever. Art as stock portfolio for the one per cent.

She pounds her fists on the table.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I'll do everything I can for you. Start with the Vollard heirs - the Renoir art dealer, Ambrose Vollard?

Daniel nods.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Go back through Vollard's Life and
Work of Renoir, from just after
Renoir died. The National Gallery
has a copy. Dietrich Bosch might
have thoughts, but he is prickly.

DANIEL
Great ideas, Hannah. Thank you.

Daniel gets up. Hannah does as well. She throws open her arms
and gives Daniel a sustained hug.

HANNAH
Remember, I'm here for you, if you
want to.... consult.

As she releases him, Daniel nods and pats Hannah's shoulder.

21 EXT. NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, D.C. - DAY 21

Stormy clouds gather over the gallery.

22 INT. BOSCH'S OFFICE - DAY 22

The office is elegant and immaculate. A gallery poster hangs
behind DIETRICH BOSCH (60s) portly, bald, bow tie, tweed
jacket. He sits behind his desk, elbows on it, hands in a
pyramid tapping his chin.

Daniel sits opposite.

BOSCH
Hmm. I would have to analyze it,
but have not been asked to do so.

DANIEL
Would you?

BOSCH
Now? I have more pressing matters.
As to the provenance, am I correct
in believing that the Guggenheim
purchased the subject painting from
the Stahl Gallery in Leipzig?

DANIEL
Yes.

BOSCH

Perfectly reputable gallery. I am actually from Leipzig so I have dealt with that gallery many times.

DANIEL

Still, many paintings looted by the Nazis have turned up in houses like Christie's and Sotheby's.

BOSCH

The claims on some have been questionable. Since their value has escalated everyone swears to have had a Renoir or a Cezanne hanging in their living room.

DANIEL

Surely, it is well established that Hermann Goering and his dealers stole thousands of paintings.

BOSCH

Some of these were legitimately purchased.

DANIEL

I suppose so, but surely the courts assess the evidence.

BOSCH

Objectively? When it comes to supposedly stolen art there is considerable emotion. Of course I am sympathetic to Jews, but some will take advantage.

DANIEL

Hmm. I see.

Daniel rises.

BOSCH

Sorry to be so blunt, but even this gallery has been duped. You should also be aware that there are forces at large determined to prevent this extortion -- or falsehood.

DANIEL

What do you mean? Who? Antisemites? You're not suggesting there still are Nazis determined to prevent justice being served?

BOSCH

I am not suggesting anything of the sort. Just be careful that you don't fall prey to deceit if you choose to pursue this wild goose chase. It may affect your career.

Daniel opens his mouth to retort, but thinks better of it.

23

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

23

RACHEL JACOBS (53) stands at the front, captivating students. She is gaunt, with curly greying hair in a bun, looking old beyond her years and dressed in black.

RACHEL

People sometimes ask me how I survived Auschwitz. That is not easy to answer. I think after witnessing my Bubbe and Ima die so violently I determined to live for them. I also managed to stay well, despite the meagre daily ration of a slice of bread and liquid with turnip in it. Most strangely, my destiny was shaped by the fact that I was a twin. I became an object of fascination to Dr. Mengele, even though my twin was not in the camp. We told them Max would arrive soon, but he didn't. Never saw him again. So perhaps I owe my life to my missing other half.... Thank you.

Rachel wipes at tears. Students CLAP.

24

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY NEAR ENTRANCE - LATER

24

Rachel walks with her friend, ALMA LOWENSTEIN (57), large features, plump. Rachel's shoulders bow. She holds a handbag.

ALMA

Are you sure you are alright? We can wait here.

RACHEL

(nodding)

I need to sit down. Telling that story always takes it out of me.

They sit on a bench.

They sit and Rachel glances at a *New York Times* beside her. She abruptly leans forward, puts her finger on the paper and scans the article: **6.8 Million Renoir. Suspect Provenance.** A photograph of the Renoir Oedipus grabs her attention.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Oy gevalt!

Rachel pulls out reading glasses from her handbag and puts them on. She holds the paper up close and goes over every inch of the photo.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

This painting.

She bites her lip. A wave of sadness passes over her. She releases the paper. Alma looks on with concern.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE TO **BERLIN, 1944**

26 INT. LIVING ROOM/CHARLOTTENBURG APARTMENT - DAY [STUDIO] 26

The Renoir painting hangs on a living room wall decorated with 1930s wallpaper. Oedipus's terrified face morphs into Rachel's father ARNOLD JACOBS' (37) terrified face and then the situation causing the terror.

Arnold stumbles, hands raised, towards YOUNG RACHEL (7), who cries, seeing his fear. He is thin and wears glasses.

INGRID JACOBS (33), small-boned and gaunt, cries out, bends over and tries to protect Young Rachel from the sight.

An S.S. Officer prods Arnold's back with a rifle.

S.S. OFFICER

Beeil dich, Judensau!

BACK TO THE PRESENT

28 INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY NEAR ENTRANCE - DAY 28

Rachel takes off her glasses and looks abstractly. She puts her hands together, bows her head and prays as a tear runs down her cheek. Alma puts her arm around her friend.

29 INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT KITCHEN - DAY 29

Daniel and Madelaine sit at the kitchen table drinking coffee. On the table are plates with crumbs on them.

DANIEL

Hannah Pembroke was really helpful -

MADELAINE

Didn't you go out with her?

DANIEL

A long time ago.

MADELAINE

So how helpful was she?

DANIEL

She put me on to the indomitable
ego known as Dietrich Bosch at the
National Gallery. He warned me not
to pursue my quest because there
are false claimants.

MADELAINE

What? Who?

DANIEL

Jewish people, he insinuated,
people who sold paintings and now
claim they were stolen.

Madelaine's jaw drops and she shakes her head.

MADELAINE

Why would he focus on false
claimants when that's so rare?

DANIEL

It gets worse. He also insinuated
that there were forces - that's the
word he used - that are out to
prevent extortion.

MADELAINE

What? Like who?

DANIEL

I think he was suggesting ex-Nazis,
maybe without the ex.

MADELAINE

How would he know?

DANIEL

Well, he is German. From Leipzig.
He defended the gallery that the
Guggenheim bought the Renoir from.

MADELAINE

That's creepy. Where was HE during
the war?

Daniel shrugs, but considers the dark possibilities.

MADELAINE (CONT'D)
Maybe start at that gallery to find
out where they got the painting.

DANIEL
I can't afford to go to Germany!

MADELAINE
Maybe you can't afford not to.

DANIEL
There is one more thing.

He turns back to Madelaine.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Just after I unveiled the Renoir
and gave my speech, this old German
guy came up to me...

MADELAINE
And?

DANIEL
Well, he made some cryptic remark
about secrets that the painting
would reveal.

MADELAINE
You didn't tell me that.

DANIEL
I didn't think anything of it - you
know these openings collect
eccentrics.

MADELAINE
That's why I don't go to those
things. He was probably senile.

DANIEL
No. He had a penetrating stare. It
was like it bored right into me.

MADELAINE
Did you find out what he meant?

DANIEL
Reporters mauled me. He was gone.

MADELAINE
Okay, that's weird. And creepy.
You still want to pursue this?

DANIEL
I don't have any choice.

Madelaine looks dubious.

30 INT. ENTRANCEWAY TO DANIEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

30

Wearing a backpack, Daniel, followed by Madelaine, arrives at the entrance in jogging gear.

MADELAINE
I'm not going with you again unless
you slow down.

DANIEL
What? I needed to blow off steam.
Plus, I want to get into LaPorte's
report on the Renoir.

He takes off the backpack, pulls out a binder and waves it.

Madelaine notices a package at Daniel's doorstep.

MADELAINE
What's this?

She picks it up and hands it to Daniel, who reads the label.

It is postmarked July 9, 1990. The sender, "*Kellerman und Czinner*" has a Berlin address.

DANIEL
It's in German.

MADELAINE
Maybe it's from that gallery.

DANIEL
I haven't even written them yet.
Must be a mistake.

Madelaine leans in to read the label.

MADELAINE
It's addressed to you.

DANIEL
Yeah, but there's lots of Daniel
Singers out there.

MADELAINE
Don't be silly. Open it.

Daniel reaches for his key and opens the apartment door.

31

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT KITCHEN - LATER

31

The couple stands at the counter with documents spread out. Daniel drinks from a glass and sets it down. Madelaine holds up a BLACK AND WHITE PHOTO of an apartment building.

MADELAINE
So, what's this photo of an
apartment - 14 *Meinecke Strasse* -
with an arrow pointing to #4?

DANIEL
How should I know?

Daniel throws up his hands and knocks over the glass, which spills onto the documents.

MADELAINE
Daniel! What the hell!

DANIEL
Shit!

He grabs a towel. Madelaine lifts the docs to shake water from them. She puts them down so Daniel can pat them down.

MADELAINE
You're destroying these before we
even know what's going on!

DANIEL
They're for someone else. I'll send
them back. I don't even speak
German.

MADELAINE
Wait a minute. Do you recognize
this Berlin firm, or any of these
names - Bruno Schmidt?

DANIEL
No.... Schmidt is Smith in English.

MADELAINE
I'll call Eric Baur at Deutsche
Bank. He speaks German, and he owes
me for some research I did. Plus, I
think he's got the hots for me.

She makes a seductive pose.

DANIEL
He'd better not.

MADELAINE
Why, what do you care? You're
trying to run away from me.

DANIEL
Alright. Sorry for going so fast.

Daniel puts his hand on Madelaine's stomach and starts to
lift her t-shirt. Madelaine bats his hand away.

MADELAINE
Not so fast, mister. Shower first!

She twists away and scampers off, pursued by Daniel.

32

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

32

Madelaine, Daniel and ERIC BAUR (35), sleek, sit drinking
cappuccinos. Eric fingers docs on the table.

ERIC
Quite the mess. The ink has run.

MADELAINE
Daniel got excited...

Eric smirks and Daniel frowns at Madelaine.

ERIC
Hmm. A bunch of legalese. Wait. It
says you are related to Bruno
Schmidt, a German citizen.

DANIEL
I highly doubt it.

MADELAINE
Really? So, who is this guy?

ERIC
Was. According to the letter, this
Bruno Schmidt just died this year -
in Paraguay of all places --

DANIEL
Nothing to do with me.

ERIC

If it's you, you have inherited an apartment in Berlin.

DANIEL

Not possible. I don't know these people. It's probably a scam.

Daniel abruptly rises and knocks over his chair.

Madelaine leaps up and grabs his arm.

MADELAINE

What! Let's follow this through.

Daniel breaks free and strides towards the café door.

MADELAINE (CONT'D)

Daniel! Daniel!

Patrons stare at Madelaine and then at Daniel as he EXITS.

ERIC

What's up with him?

MADELAINE

I don't know. He's sensitive about his roots since he was... adopted.

ERIC

Still. Who's going to turn down a relative who's left you a fortune?

She grabs the documents. Eric stands and gives her a hug.

MADELAINE

I need to sort this out. Thanks, Eric.

She dashes towards the exit.

ERIC

Call me?

33

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

33

Daniel sits on the couch while Madelaine stands.

MADELAINE

Come on, Daniel. Why else would someone from Paraguay have left you a Berlin apartment? They even had your address.

DANIEL

Must be a mistake. You know I was adopted, even if the means were unusual. Grandpa Bernard was key.

MADELAINE

That's weird.

DANIEL

He was a surgeon at New York's Zion hospital and delivered me through caesarian. My biological mom died on the operating table.

MADELAINE

So he just gave you to your parents?

DANIEL

Mom heard the story, visited the hospital, and fell in love with me -

MADELAINE

Not hard to do.

Madelaine leans over and kisses the top of Daniel's head.

DANIEL

The adoption was arranged. It was all done properly -- at least that's what I was told.

MADELAINE

Well, did they ever reveal your mom's heritage? Was she German?

DANIEL

No. I think my mom wanted to tell me after my father died, but then she got sick.

MADELAINE

Family secrets. My father never talked about Mauthausen, but I know his parents died there.

Madelaine sits down and Daniel puts his arm around her.

DANIEL

Some things are better left unsaid.

Madelaine moves away and stands up and paces.

MADELAINE

No! I always wanted to know the truth. You must too.

DANIEL

My birth mother was probably unwed, so there was shame. But she must have been a Jewish American!

MADELAINE

Or so you believe. Go to Germany and talk to this lawyer. Maybe you are a nephew, or something.

DANIEL

I don't have the money or time to do that. I need to find work.

MADELAINE

You said your work was to find out the truth about the Renoir. You have to check out that East German gallery, so now you have two good reasons to go. How weird is that? If I were foretelling the future I would say it must be fate. Plus, you may be inheriting a German apartment worth who knows how much?

DANIEL

Yes, but... I can't just jet off, leave you here. Miss our anniversary...

MADELAINE

Four years....

Daniel stands and embraces Madelaine. She gazes at him and runs her index finger down his forehead. From her pocket she pulls out an AIRPLANE TICKET and hands it to Daniel.

MADELAINE (CONT'D)

Happy Anniversary! I have decided that I am going to pay for your German adventure.

DANIEL

No! I can't ask you to do that!

MADELAINE

You didn't ask, but I insist. Listen, I stare at a screen and predict all day.

(MORE)

MADELAINE (CONT'D)
If they want to throw money at me,
then let me do something meaningful
with it.

Madelaine puts her hands on Daniel's shoulders.

MADELAINE (CONT'D)
Plus, I always get my way, right?

She kisses Daniel passionately before he can reply.

DANIEL
Well, I don't know what to say. I,
I, that is so generous.

MADELAINE
You don't have to say anything, but
I have to say something.

DANIEL
Oh?

MADELAINE
Maybe it's time that we move in
together and you know....

DANIEL
What?

MADELAINE
Damn it, Daniel, do I have to spell
it out for you?

DANIEL
(tensing)
Maddie, I just lost my job. I'm not
in the right frame of mind. I want
the moment to be special for us.

Madelaine moves away from Daniel and puts hands on her hips.

MADELAINE
There's always an excuse, usually
work. You can't keep postponing
your life, our life!

DANIEL
I'm sorry, but I'm in no position --

MADELAINE
Fine then! You figure it out.

Madelaine grabs her jacket from a coat peg and strides out.
Daniel goes to say something but balls his fists.

34 INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY 34

Daniel dials. It RINGS and an answering machine kicks in.

35 INT. MADELAINE'S APARTMENT LIVINGROOM - DAY 35

Answering machine sitting on a coffee table.

MADELAINE (V.O.)

Hi, I can't answer the phone right now because I'm caught in a whirlwind of passion, betrayal, and... number crunching. You know what to do.

Daniel smiles wistfully.

DANIEL

Hi, look, you know I need you. I just need some time to figure this out... I will make it up to you. You are amazing. Love you.

Daniel hangs up, crestfallen.

36 EXT. RUNWAY - DAY 36

Daniel's plane lifts off.

37 EXT. STAHL GALLERY, LEIPZIG - DAY 37

Daniel hesitates, then ENTERS the gallery.

38 INT. STAHL GALLERY - CONTINUOUS 38

The gallery is slightly down at the heels. Various contemporary artworks hang on the walls. At the rear of the gallery Daniel speaks with a sleek YOUNG MAN.

YOUNG MAN

Sorry, our records were stolen two years ago, along with paintings, before the wall came down.

DANIEL

Stolen? By whom?

The Young Man shrugs.

YOUNG MAN

If I knew that....

DANIEL

So, you have no records of the
Renoir?

YOUNG MAN

I'm afraid not. Try the
Universitätsbibliothek Heidelberg.
They have an art sales archive, but
it may only cover to 1945.

DANIEL

Thank you. That is very helpful.

39 EXT. KELLERMAN UND CZINNER LAW FIRM BLDG - DAY 39

A regal Second Empire style building.

40 INT. KELLERMAN UND CZINNER LAW FIRM OFFICE - DAY 40

MARTIN CZINNER (60s) gaunt, hooded eyes, sits behind an
ornate desk. Daniel sits in an overstuffed chair facing him.

DANIEL

Who is this long-lost relative? A
distant cousin? I've never ever
heard of this man.

CZINNER

He is closer to you than that. This
may come as a shock, but my client,
Mr. Schmidt, is actually your
biological father.

DANIEL

What?! No, that is ridiculous.

Daniel stands.

CZINNER

Mr. Singer, please be patient.
There is much at stake.

Czinner pulls out a document.

CZINNER (CONT'D)

Here is a record of your birth. You
were born July 28, 1944, correct?

DANIEL

I don't know exactly when I was
born. I was adopted.

CZINNER

Ah, yes. Well, this identifies your birth name as Heinrich Gunther Schmidt. Your father is Bruno Schmidt and your mother Steffi Schmidt, both German citizens.

DANIEL

What? Where did you get this?

CZINNER

My client supplied it.

Daniel takes the document and scrutinizes it. Daniel paces.

DANIEL

If this man is my father, which I highly doubt, why didn't he contact me before he died?

CZINNER

He assumed that you had perished along with his wife Steffi in the bombing of Berlin in 1945 when he last saw you as an infant.

Daniel blanches and swipes his forehead. He sits.

CZINNER (CONT'D)

It was only shortly before he, er, passed, when he met an old friend that he found out that your mother had perished, but you had survived.

DANIEL

Why didn't you convey this in that package you sent?

CZINNER

We. I, felt that it would be too much to take in.

DANIEL

That's true! So, how did I survive, in a handbag at a train station, or in a basket floating down a river?

CZINNER

No? I am not understanding you.

DANIEL

Never mind. Go on.

CZINNER

This part will make more sense. You were adopted by an attending Medical officer in the US Army, one Colonel Samuel Singer.

DANIEL

That is certainly my father, but I know nothing of this. Why didn't they tell me?

Daniel SMACKS the document down on the table.

CZINNER

I suggest that you accept this generous inheritance and go and inspect it. You may find evidence that you once lived there.

DANIEL

I doubt that. It has been over forty-five years.

CZINNER

Yes, but apparently the apartment has stood empty all this time.

DANIEL

That is odd in itself. I don't like this, but my parents have both passed so I will never know. I guess I will check this out.

CZINNER

Yes, you are a very lucky man, Mr. Singer. I believe the apartment is worth nearly a million Deutschmark.

DANIEL

What?! Okay, I'll check it out.

Czinner hands over the keys, and Daniel gets up to leave.

41 INT. HALLWAY/CHARLOTTENBURG APARTMENT - DAY [STUDIO] 41

Daniel fumbles with a key and opens the door.

42 INT. VESTIBULE/CHARLOTTENBURG APARTMENT - LATER [STUDIO] 42

The same apartment from the opening scene, 47 years later.

Dust-covered blankets shroud the furniture and cobwebs cover every corner, a ghostly atmosphere.

Daniel COUGHS. With trepidation he explores. He starts pulling dust covers off furniture and chokes from the dust.

He goes to open a window and has to wrench on it to get it to open a crack. Beside it is a large piece of furniture. Daniel pulls the cover off and finds that it is a sideboard.

The cover catches on the sideboard's bottom corner, so Daniel bends over to release it and notices a **dark stain** on the wallpaper. It looks like DRIED BLOOD. He screws up his face.

He then reaches his hand out to a crack, partially covered by wallpaper. He pulls out the door key and runs it up the crack. This reveals three-foot high rectangle, a DOOR.

Daniel runs his hand around the door, pushing and probing.

A CLICK sounds and the door swings inward.

43 INT. ATTIC/CHARLOTTENBURG APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS [STUDIO] 43

Astonished, Daniel mounts narrow stairs and sees dust-covered basic furniture: a table with dishes, chairs, a wash basin.

Children's toys are scattered on the floor. Filthy mattresses lie at one end of the large attic room.

Daniel steps over to a BOX, kicking up dust. He SNEEZES, but bends down and opens the box. He pulls out a yellowed SKETCHBOOK, opens it, and shows surprise.

The top sketch, unfinished but accomplished depicts a faceless Nazi SS officer shooting a fleeing woman in the back in a living room, maybe with a couch and a lamp and a picture hanging on the wall to indicate this location.

44 INT. LAND REGISTER OFFICE/CHARLOTTENBURG, BERLIN - DAY 44

At a library table a CLERK leans over a large old census book, pointing with her finger. Daniel sits beside her.

CLERK

Apartment four. Registered to
Colonel Bruno Schmidt in 1944.

DANIEL

A Colonel? In the German army?

CLERK

Hmm. Interesting. The previous
owner was one Haldi Faramund, who
purchased it in December of 1942.

DANIEL
She didn't own it for very long.

CLERK
Just two years. However, it was during the war, so it is possible... let's see who the previous owner was.

She runs her finger down the page.

CLERK (CONT'D)
Ach, yah. Just as I thought. The previous owners purchased in 1901. Alexander and Esther Grossman.

DANIEL
That's a long time.

CLERK
Exactly. And just as I thought, the name is Jewish.

DANIEL
Meaning?

CLERK
Possibly the apartment was transferred to a non-Jewish friend, Haldi Faramund, and then that it was taken over by Bruno Schmidt.

DANIEL
Do you mean, by force?

CLERK
Hard to say. Many sympathetic gentiles held on to Jewish family properties until after the war.

DANIEL
Do we know what Schmidt paid?

CLERK
No, the *Grundbuch* doesn't contain this information. Try the census rolls in the city archive.

45 EXT. HOTEL IN BERLIN - DAY

45

A modest older hotel.

46 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

46

Daniel walks through the lobby, looking frazzled.

MADELAINE (O.S.)
Hey stranger, this Fräulein needs
help losing her way in big bad
Berlin.

Daniel turns and sees Madelaine, looking stunning in a low-cut dress, standing from a couch in a nook. He lights up.

DANIEL
Wow?! How did you....?

Madelaine sashays towards Daniel.

MADELAINE
I didn't like how we parted. And
I've been thinking --

DANIEL
No, I know. I need to get my act
together. I'm just...my whole world
seems to be turning upside down.

MADELAINE
Yeah, I get that.

Daniel puts his hands around her waist.

DANIEL
You never cease to amaze me. You
look great. So how did you?

MADELAINE
I just booked! Last-minute, on
points. Goldman owed me hours.
Don't worry. I wanted to make sure
you actually went to the lawyer.

She kisses him. They embrace. Smiling, they walk hand in hand through the lobby.

47 INT. DANIEL'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

47

Madelaine and Daniel sit on the bed in the cramped room.

MADELAINE
So, he was a Colonel? That's pretty
high up, isn't it?

DANIEL
(grimly)
Yes, it is.

MADELAINE
I just don't get why your parents
didn't fill you in.

DANIEL
Who knows. The Germans were the
enemy. Maybe Dad didn't know who
the parents were.

MADELAINE
It's pretty broadminded of your Dad
to bring home a German baby. Can
you imagine the red tape?

DANIEL
Or he did it on the sly. I know my
mom wanted kids. She was older.
Perhaps they couldn't have
children. I am an only child.

MADELAINE
They must have really wanted you. I
bet they didn't know your
biological father was a Colonel. It
was probably pretty chaotic.

DANIEL
I'm almost positive they wouldn't
have known. I'm starting to
wonder... I mean, how did Schmidt
possess that apartment from what
appears to have been a Jewish
family, that may have been in
hiding in the attic?

MADELAINE
It's your own Anne Frank story.
Maybe he was sympathetic to them.

DANIEL
As a Colonel in the German Army? I
don't think so. We need to go to
the Federal Archive to try and dig
out his military record.

MADELAINE
And to your apartment. Probably
more hidden in there.

DANIEL

I found some sketches.

Daniel gets up and picks up the sketch book from a side table. He hands it to Madelaine. She opens it and views the picture of a faceless Nazi SS officer shooting a fleeing woman. She purses her lips and shakes her head.

MADELAINE

Wow. Disturbing. Too realistic.

DANIEL

Shocking. And well done. Must be Nazi era. I guess we will never know who the artist was.

MADELAINE

You might be surprised. People leave traces, no matter what.

Madelaine leans over and rummages in her purse.

MADELAINE (CONT'D)

Speaking of surprises, you got a response from the Vollard. The painting was likely sold to another dealer, Paul Durand-Rael. He bought what Paul Gallimard didn't want.

DANIEL

Fantastic! Where can I find his gallery?

MADELAINE

It was in Paris. Apparently he died in 1922, but his sons took over.

DANIEL

Sounds like more digging.

MADELAINE

Sounds like a trip to Paris!

Madelaine stands and makes a flourish with her hands.

DANIEL

On top of everything else.

MADELAINE

One baby step at a time, right?

She pulls him up and takes a waltz dance step with him.

48 INT. LIVING ROOM/CHARLOTTENBURG STREET APT - DAY [STUDIO] 48

Wearing a face mask, Madelaine crosses the room carrying a bucket and a cleaning cloth. Standing by the passageway, Daniel wears old clothes, a mask and carries a broom.

DANIEL

Here is where the passageway was.
Have a look at this.

He points to the stain on the wall.

Madelaine approaches, kneels, observes and runs her hand down the stain. She shivers and stands abruptly.

MADELAINE

That gives me the creeps, but it
could be anything.

49 INT. ATTIC/CHARLOTTENBURG APARTMENT - LATER [STUDIO] 49

Madelaine dusts off a dresser, while Daniel sweeps the floor. Madelaine looks down at a cobweb-covered corner of the wall and notices something. She peels away cobwebs.

MADELAINE

Eew! Daniel, I think there's
something here. Bring the broom.

Daniel approaches. Madelaine takes the broom. She sweeps more cobwebs to reveal a DRAWING against the wall. An enraged Nazi shoots at a bespectacled man wearing a star of David.

Madelaine kneels, looks carefully at the drawing, and puts her hand on her heart.

MADELAINE (CONT'D)

Oh, this is so horrible.

DANIEL

Maybe the same artist?

MADELAINE

This one is more polished. It's
pretty graphic.

She rises and COUGHS.

MADELAINE (CONT'D)

I need to get out of here.

50 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

50

Madelaine ENTERS through the concealed passageway. She looks down at the stain.

Madelaine crumples to the floor, passed out. Daniel, behind her, sinks to his knees beside her and pulls off her mask.

DANIEL

Madelaine! What's wrong?

Madelaine comes to.

MADELAINE

Nothing. I guess the heat and all that dust got to me.

51 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

51

Daniel and Madelaine sit on the bed drinking coffee. A *New York Times* is spread out.

MADELAINE

I feel the artist may be key to figuring out this puzzle.

DANIEL

Maybe he or she was a friend of the Grossmans who owned the apartment, or related to Haldi Faramund.

MADELAINE

Or he could be Bruno Schmidt's son -
- your older brother! I mean he is artistic, like you.

DANIEL

Oh, don't lay that on me. Besides, why would he be in the attic?

MADELAINE

You know kids. They love secret hiding places, forbidden territory.

DANIEL

Yeah, but given the context, I think forbidden has another meaning....

MADELAINE

Maybe you're right....

Madelaine winces and grasps her stomach. She gets up.

Daniel looks at her with concern. She goes to the bathroom.

Daniel opens the paper. He leafs through, then is riveted by a photo: the man who approached Daniel at the Guggenheim.

The headline reads: **Suspected Ex-Nazi arrested.**

Daniel scrutinizes the photo and reads the article.

DANIEL

Madelaine! This is the guy who
approached me at the gallery.

Madelaine returns and looks at the paper.

MADELAINE

How can you be sure?

DANIEL

His name is Herman Katler. This is
the guy.

MADELAINE

Could be just a coincidence.

DANIEL

Or not.

MADELAINE

I didn't think any Nazis were still
around.

DANIEL

Oh, they're out there. I think we
need to find out more about Bruno
Schmidt's military record.

MADELAINE

You think there's a connection?

DANIEL

I don't know. It just makes me
nervous that this guy showed up at
my talk and then gets arrested for
being a Nazi. What are the chances?

Madelaine looks worried.

Daniel and Madelaine sit in the ultra-modern research room
with a paid RESEARCHER.

RESEARCHER

If this is the correct Bruno Schmidt, and I think it is, he was indeed a Colonel in the S.S..

DANIEL

What?! Are you certain?

Daniel frowns and takes a sidelong glance at Madelaine, before scrutinizing the Researcher.

RESEARCHER

As I mentioned, it is a common name, but from what you have told me about him being a Colonel....

DANIEL

Oh, my God.

Daniel stands and turns away. Madelaine looks to him and grasps his hand, gently drawing him back.

MADELAINE

Daniel, he might have been some kind of administrator.

RESEARCHER

It is interesting you should mention that. You see, there are no records for him before 1934 when he became a full *Standartenführer*.

Daniel sits.

DANIEL

Meaning?

RESEARCHER

He didn't work his way up the ranks. He wasn't a career soldier.

DANIEL

That's a relief.

RESEARCHER

Yet, he must have done something remarkable to have been awarded this high rank.

MADELAINE

Remarkable?

RESEARCHER

Successful in some major event or effort on the part of the Reich. Or influence with the right people.

DANIEL

I see.

RESEARCHER

Also, there is no record of him having faced trial at Nuremburg, which means....

DANIEL

Somehow he escaped.

RESEARCHER

Possibly not considered important enough, or, yah, he disappeared.

DANIEL

Apparently, he was living in Paraguay.

RESEARCHER

If you have evidence of this, you must report it.

DANIEL

His lawyer claims he passed away. I need to find out more from them.

53 INT. DANIEL'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

53

Daniel sits on the bed watching a small T.V. on a dresser. Madelaine lies on the bed.

CNN news plays. A NEWSCASTER holds papers at the news desk.

NEWSCASTER

And this just in from New York. Recently arrested Paraguayan businessman Herman Katler has been revealed as SS Colonel Bruno Schmidt of the --

DANIEL

Shit!

Madelaine sits up in bed.

MADELAINE

Is that what I think?

On the screen is a photo of Bruno Schmidt, the man who approached Daniel at the Guggenheim.

DANIEL

That's the guy! He's Bruno. Oh, my God.

54

INT. KELLERMAN UND CZINNER LAW OFFICE - DAY

54

Martin Czinner sits behind his desk, newspaper in front of him. Opposite sit Madelaine and Daniel. He stabs the paper.

DANIEL

Is this man Herman Katler, revealed to be Bruno Schmidt, my father?

CZINNER

Ach. It is not possible!

DANIEL

Why? Because he is dead? Or is he? This man approached me at the Guggenheim when I revealed a Renoir painting a couple of weeks ago.

CZINNER

An old man? Perhaps he is a patron of the arts. Are you certain?

DANIEL

He spoke to me, made some cryptic remark. But there was recognition - of me, and... pride.

Daniel stabs the paper repeatedly.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Is this my father!

CZINNER

Please calm yourself.

DANIEL

This man was a Colonel in the SS. Know anything about that?

CZINNER

About that I cannot say.

DANIEL

You know I can find out if Bruno Schmidt from Paraguay is still alive, if this is the man.

CZINNER

I cannot comment on that. Client confidentiality.

DANIEL

Client confidentiality?! You said he was dead. Are you admitting he is still alive? He must be paying you a large amount of money. Are you going to defend him when he is tried as a Nazi war criminal?

Czinner stands up.

CZINNER

I think our time here is finished. Will you be accepting your inheritance, or not?

55

EXT. PARK NEAR LAW OFFICE - LATER

55

Daniel and Madelaine walk in the rain with umbrellas.

DANIEL

My biological father is a Nazi, and SS officer! Who knows what crimes he committed?!

MADELAINE

You don't know he is your father.

DANIEL

Why would he have left me an apartment? You said this yourself.

MADELAINE

You said he could just be wrong.

DANIEL

I doubt it.

MADELAINE

Plus, he hasn't been convicted.

DANIEL

He has been arrested! They must have a shitload of evidence against him - especially if he is well-off, which apparently he is.

MADELAINE

Lots of Germans supported the Nazis. It doesn't mean they were --

DANIEL

Killers? Listen to yourself. You are defending a Nazi. Think what your family went through. What would your father say if he knew?

Madelaine blanches, covers her mouth with her hand. Tears well up. Daniel tilts his umbrella and puts his arm around her shoulder.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Look, there might still be a mistake, but I have to find out.

MADELAINE

Some things are better left... unknown.

DANIEL

Are you serious? You want me to take this apartment that he stole and ignore the blood?

MADELAINE

Maybe he is trying to right a wrong.

DANIEL

Passing his crimes on to me. The sins of the fathers.... No, I am going to confront this, this bastard and wring the truth out of him. I am going back to New York!

MADELAINE

What? Now! I just got here.

Madelaine tilts her umbrella away from Daniel.

DANIEL

You don't have to come.

MADELAINE

What the hell am I going to do?

DANIEL

You wanted to go to Paris. Follow up on the painting provenance.

MADELAINE

Alone? I don't think so. I was hoping we could --

DANIEL

Well, we can't. I'm going back.

MADELAINE

You're not thinking straight. You haven't even tried to obtain the actual birth certificate of Heinrich Schmidt.

DANIEL

You mean me. Well, why don't you do that? I have to confront this man.

MADELAINE

What makes you think they'll let you see him?

DANIEL

Oh, he will want to see me.

MADELAINE

How do you know? He wanted his true identity a secret. Just write to him.

DANIEL

No. I'm going, Madelaine.

MADELAINE

Well, I'm staying. After all, I am the trained researcher. I will find this birth certificate and I will trace this painting. Maybe we need more time apart. I need to absorb all this. If you go and find out the worst, then what? Have you thought that through?

DANIEL

No. I guess I'll cross that bridge when I come to it.

MADELAINE

Or not....

They stand in the rain, distant from one another.

56

INT. DANIEL'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

56

Madelaine packs her bag. She goes through a pile of research papers. At the bottom of the stack is the sketchbook that Daniel has left behind. She shakes her head. She looks at her watch and frowns. She puts the sketchbook into her bag.

57 INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY [STUDIO] 57

Bruno Schmidt sits at a table, locked to it, bearing stiff, eyes focused. As if rehearsing a speech, he says:

BRUNO
I had ambitions, just like you. But
I came from a poor family. This was
my way out... and up.

He looks at the door.

BRUNO (CONT'D)
I had to deal with criminals
because Germany was a swamp filled
with extremists. Communists, trade-
unionists.... But ironically that
was how I met my wife.

Bruno sniffs and puffs his chest, smiling wistfully.

58 INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - DAY 58

Daniel ENTERS the apartment dragging suitcase with one hand, key and a handful of mail in the other.

He goes to the kitchen table and sorts out the mail, pulling out a hand-addressed envelope with the name "Rachel Jacobs" and a return address. He opens the letter and reads.

59 EXT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 59

Shadows from clouds darken the modest exterior. In a third floor window candles illuminate the darkness.

60 INT. RACHEL JACOBS' DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 60

A print of Marc Chagall's 1909 Sabbath hangs on the wall facing Rachel, who sits at the dining table, pen in hand, writing a letter. Shabbat candles form the centerpiece and illuminate the room. She ponders, then reads aloud.

RACHEL
Dear Mr. Singer, I read about your
quest to discover the provenance of
the Renoir Oedipus and have been
debating whether to write. I saw
the picture of the painting in *The
Times* and it shocked me.

Rachel drops the pen, looks away and wrings her hands.

She looks back at the letter and continues.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 I think my family may have owned
 this painting when they lived in
 Berlin, and it scared me! I was
 very young, though, so I would need
 to see it to be sure. I don't know
 what happened to it, since we had
 to go in hiding in our own home!

FLASHBACK TO **BERLIN, DECEMBER 1942**

62 EXT. CHARLOTTENBURG APARTMENT - NIGHT 62

Wehrmacht OFFICER #1 and OFFICER #2 bang on the front door.

OFFICER #1
Öffnen! Schnell!

63 INT. LIVING ROOM/CHARLOTTENBURG APARTMENT - NIGHT [STUDIO]

Young Rachel GASPS and takes a plate of food from HELDI FARAMUND (49), who rushes the girl to a hatch behind a sideboard, which she EXITS through. Hildi closes the opening, which matches the wallpaper, and rolls the sideboard back into place. The Renoir hangs next to the sideboard.

BACK TO THE PRESENT

Rachel shudders.

64 INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - DAY 64

Daniel puts the letter down and covers his mouth with a hand.

65 INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - DAY 65

Madelaine sits on the bed, phone in hand, papers beside her.

66 INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT KITCHEN - DAY 66

Daniel paces nervously.

67 INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION 67

MADELAINE
 It took forever, but I got it!

DANIEL
 Oh? And?

MADELAINE
 Well, it's puzzling. It doesn't
 line up with the document you got
 from the lawyer's office.

DANIEL

Really?

MADELAINE

According to the official birth certificate, your mother is not Steffi, but is someone called Margit Angelique Chansoneau.

DANIEL

What? Really? Who is she?

MADELAINE

I have no idea, but her age was twenty-one in 1944.

DANIEL

What? How old was Bruno by then?

MADELAINE

Forty-four.

DANIEL

That's quite the age gap.

MADELAINE

Maybe not that uncommon back then.

DANIEL

Hmm. But why didn't Schmidt give the correct name in the doc?

MADELAINE

No idea. Maybe she wasn't his wife?

DANIEL

Just gets stranger and stranger. I need to talk to Schmidt.

MADELAINE

They won't let you in.

DANIEL

They will when they find out my relation to him.

Madelaine pulls up her hair with one hand.

MADELAINE

Ugh, Daniel, please don't go there.

DANIEL

So, here's my news. A Rachel Jacobs wrote.

(MORE)

DANIEL (CONT'D)
She believes the Renoir belonged to
her family in the 1940s, but she
doesn't know what happened to it.

MADELAINE
You have to talk to her!

DANIEL
I will, but I have to be cautious.

MADELAINE
Why?

DANIEL
You remember what Bosch said.
People make claims....

MADELAINE
Don't be ridiculous! She's our best
lead.

DANIEL
Maybe. First I need to see Schmidt.

MADELAINE
Mistake. Oh, and you left the
drawings here. Was that deliberate?

DANIEL
I left in a rush. Besides, what
would I do with them here? Maybe
you can find out more about them.

68 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, SPECIAL INVESTIGATIONS - DAY 68

Daniel sits across from a Department of Justice (DOJ) Special
Investigations AGENT #1, documents in front of them.

AGENT #1
So you had no prior knowledge of
this Bruno Schmidt, who claims to
be your father?

DANIEL
Yes! Just what I got in the mail.

Daniel points to the documents in front of the Agent.

Behind a one-way mirror sit two senior DOJ AGENTS. AGENT #2
looks at AGENT #3 and shakes his head.

AGENT #1

Why wouldn't Bruno Schmidt have contacted you prior to this as your supposed biological father?

DANIEL

I have no idea. Ask him that. I thought he was dead. Contact his lawyers.

AGENT #1

We will need to see your adoption papers. Presumably Bruno Schmidt is listed as one who surrendered parental rights. Who is the mother?

DANIEL

No, Schmidt is not listed. I don't actually know my birth mother's name. She died in childbirth. No father is listed. I always presumed she was a single mother.

AGENT #1

This birth certificate must have been falsified.

Agent# 1 peers at the doc. Daniel grips his hair.

DANIEL

I don't know what to believe. My girlfriend discovered a German birth certificate with my German birth name, and a different mother.

Daniel slides a FAX across to the Agent, who looks at it.

AGENT #1

A different mother? We need to verify these documents. Have you ever travelled to Paraguay?

Daniel screws up his face.

DANIEL

No. Why?

AGENT #1

Bruno Schmidt, as Herman Katler, lived there. We will be digging into his past and any connections, including you. We will need your full cooperation.

DANIEL
Yes, of course.

AGENT #1
You will be permitted to see Mr.
Schmidt, but we have some questions
that we want you to ask him.

69 EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY 69

Daniel walks along the street, pensive.

At a discreet distance a dark American sedan follows him.

70 EXT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 70

A modest older apartment building.

71 INT. RACHEL JACOBS' DINING ROOM - DAY 71

Rachel and Daniel sit facing each other, plates of apple cake
and coffees in front of them.

RACHEL
I remember the Renoir hanging in
our living room. The man with his
arms stretched out. I imagined he
was trying to grab me. I would have
been about six.

DANIEL
Do you remember where it went?

RACHEL
No idea. I remember when we were
discovered. My Bubbe, Esther...

Rachel wrings her hands.

FLASHBACK TO **BERLIN - 1944**

72 INT. LIVING ROOM/CHARLOTTENBURG APARTMENT - DAY [STUDIO] 72

GESTAPO OFFICER #1 manhandles Arnold, Ingrid, Young Rachel
and her Bubbe (grandmother) ESTHER (52) towards the door.

GESTAPO OFFICER #2 shoves Ingrid, making Rachel fall.

RACHEL
Aagh.

She CRIES and Esther SHRIEKS and lunges at him. Gestapo
Officer #2 loses his balance and falls with Esther.

Gestapo Officer #3 smashes the butt of his submachine gun on the back of Esther's head.

INTERCUT

Foreground of Renoir's Oedipus. A figure with arm raised about to strike.

PRE-LAP the sound of Esther's skull CRACKING.

BACK TO SCENE

Blood spurts from Esther's skull as her lifeless body rolls off the soldier.

BACK TO PRESENT

74 INT. RACHEL JACOBS' DINING ROOM - DAY 74

Tears fall from Rachel's face.

RACHEL

The horror of my grandmother being killed... in front of me. It made the painting, well, I thought it predicted... I never wanted to see it again, but that was just the beginning of our horrors.

FLASHBACK

76 INT. TRAIN BOX CAR 1944 - NIGHT 76

Standing, Jewish prisoners are literally crushed together, among them the Jacobs.

Carried by and pressed against her mother, Young Rachel CRIES. Ingrid heaves and SOBS. Arnold tries to force his way to them, but before he can get there, Ingrid loses consciousness and dies, Young Rachel still in her arms. Due to the crush of bodies Ingrid remains upright, but dead.

RACHEL

Mutti! Mutti!

Young Rachel presses her face against her mother's with no response. Arnold sees this and his face contorts in anguish.

ARNOLD

No! Ingrid...

Young Rachel SOBS and kisses her *Mutti*.

BACK TO PRESENT

78

INT. RACHEL JACOBS' DINING ROOM - DAY

78

Rachel bites her lip to keep it from trembling.

RACHEL

But it didn't end there. I felt the train lurch to a stop. Then my nostrils filled with a noxious scent. Ash and death.

Daniel looks intensely at Rachel, grasps his thighs, and looks down. Pained, he looks up.

DANIEL

Oh, my God. I cannot even imagine. How did you manage to survive?

Rachel shrugs and shakes her head slowly.

RACHEL

I thought of my twin, Max. Going back. We loved drawing and playing *Mühle*, with buttons.

DANIEL

What a memory. Was he not in the camp with you?

RACHEL

No. He was hiding under a floorboard in the attic. We thought we would return to be with him.

Rachel looks up.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I never could find out what happened to him.

DANIEL

Where was your apartment?

RACHEL

I don't know. I... lost everyone.

Rachel breaks down and Daniel comforts her.

DANIEL

But it was in Berlin?

RACHEL

Yes, yes. In Charlottenburg district.

DANIEL
Was it 14 Meinecke Strasse?

RACHEL
Oh, I...I really couldn't say.

79 INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY 79

Wearing crumpled sweats, Daniel lies on his couch, a FAX of his birth certificate in hand.

80 INT. PARIS HOTEL ROOM - DAY 80

Madelaine sits on the bed in her cramped room.

81 INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - DAY 81

MADELAINE
Hey, guess what! I found the Durand-Ruel archive, and - get this - he did buy the Oedipus painting!

DANIEL
No way!

MADELAINE
I mean the guy purchased around fifteen hundred Renoirs in his day, so there was a good chance.

DANIEL
Great! But then....

MADELAINE
Well, I also found a list of his Renoir customers, and Jacobs doesn't appear on it.

DANIEL
That doesn't really surprise me.

MADELAINE
However, Durand-Ruel did have a Berlin office in collaboration with a German art-dealer, Paul Cassirer. The Oedipus went there!

DANIEL
Really! All roads lead to Berlin.

MADELAINE
Yeah, it means I have to go back there before I come home.

DANIEL

I don't even know what home means anymore. I've been staring at my birth certificate, the real one. It's so surreal. I mean I had a whole other existence.... Anyway, I took it in to the prison.

MADELAINE

I told you not to go there.

DANIEL

You know I have to find out.

MADELAINE

It could be dangerous. You don't know what you are getting into.

DANIEL

Guess I'll find out.

Madelaine SIGHS, resigned that she won't change his mind.

82 INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY [STUDIO]

82

Bruno sits at the metal table gazing into space.

FLASHBACK TO **BERLIN DECEMBER 1943**

84 INT. LIVING ROOM/CHARLOTTENBURG APARTMENT - NIGHT [STUDIO]

Beside a Christmas tree with lit candles is a piano. Younger Helmut Eckler, in uniform, plays. Radiant, Margit Chansoneau sings. Guests admire her. Younger Bruno, uniform askew, gazes at her. He is tall, alert with narrow eyes, louche attitude.

Bruno's wife, Steffi Schmidt, drink in hand, dallies with a handsome officer in a far corner, ignoring the singing.

MARGIT

Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht.

An air-raid siren BLARES. Everyone rushes. The officer takes Steffi by the arm and hurries her towards the front door.

STEFFI

(slurring)

Fuckin' Limeys. Don't they know it's Christmas time?

The guests follow.

Margit scurries around turning off lights. She heads for the door. From the shadows, Bruno takes her by the arm.

YOUNGER BRUNO
You know I care for you. I will
protect you.

She smiles, flattered. Younger Bruno pulls out a small box.

YOUNGER BRUNO (CONT'D)
This is for you. I wanted to give
it to you earlier, but...

Margit beams as she accepts the gift.

He leads her towards a different door.

YOUNGER BRUNO (CONT'D)
Open it up here - more exciting.

MARGIT
Herr Schmidt!

YOUNGER BRUNO
You have the voice of an angel.

Margit blushes.

YOUNGER BRUNO (CONT'D)
I want to hear you sing a little
more. I know you want to.

MARGIT
I really should go down --

Margit tries to evade him, but he blocks her, and holds her
waist.

YOUNGER BRUNO
Should should should. Duty calls,
but there's not enough fun now. And
I *am* your commanding officer.

Margit smiles and then GIGGLES. **She plants a kiss on Bruno.**

85 INT. MARGIT'S BEDROOM, CHARLOTTENBURG APT - LATER [STUDIO]

Still half-dressed, Younger Bruno makes passionate love to
Margit. Air-raid sirens punctuate his GRUNTS and her MOANS.

BACK TO PRESENT

86 INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY [STUDIO]

86

A metal door GRINDS open. Bruno focusses. Daniel ENTERS, with
a PRISON GUARD. He sees Daniel settled and then leaves.

Bruno rises slightly from his chair, but keeps his hands concealed. He scrutinizes Daniel.

BRUNO

So you have come to see me at last.
Welcome, my boy. My accommodations
are not very hospitable or I would
offer you a drink.

DANIEL

Do you think this is some kind of
joke? Who are you?

BRUNO

Come now, you know who I am to you
or you wouldn't be here.

DANIEL

And yet I had never heard about
you. Why didn't you contact me?

BRUNO

I didn't know you had... survived,
until shortly before I spoke with
you at the Guggenheim.

87 INT. ROOM BEHIND THE ONE-WAY MIRROR - CONTINUOUS [STUDIO]

Two AGENTS sit and record notes. AGENT #1 sits up when Bruno
makes this claim and looks at the others grimly.

88 INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS [STUDIO]

88

DANIEL

Why didn't you tell me then?

BRUNO

I wasn't quite ready. I wanted to
be sure, and for you to know about
your inheritance.

DANIEL

I was led to believe by your lawyer
that you were dead.

BRUNO

A precautionary measure.

DANIEL

You mean, you didn't want me
finding you.

BRUNO

I wanted to give you time... to absorb your true history.

DANIEL

And what exactly is my history? The son of a Nazi war criminal?!

BRUNO

I was a lawyer - for the state, nothing more.

DANIEL

A Colonel in the S.S.. What did you have to do to attain that rank?

Bruno removes his hands and THUMPS them on the table. They are handcuffed.

BRUNO

Listen, I was very good at my job, organizing and... solving problems.

DANIEL

Like the final solution?

BRUNO

I was never particularly interested in *Der Führer's* focus on that. In fact, I thought it used up our resources and cost us the war.

DANIEL

What? It was bad economics to slaughter seven million Jews!?

BRUNO

Der Führer gave us hope that we could make our nation great again. I believed in that, like millions of Germans, and did what I had to do to make it so. Look, I accept that you were raised as a Jew. That is ironically how you survived.

DANIEL

And how is that?

BRUNO

Singer didn't tell you? All I know is that he rescued you from the car. I owe him a debt of gratitude.

DANIEL
Where were you?

BRUNO
I had other matters to take care
of. The Brits were bombing the shit
out of Berlin.

89 INT. ROOM BEHIND THE ONE-WAY MIRROR - CONTINUOUS 89
The AGENTS are getting restless.

AGENT #1
He needs to get on to the
questions.

90 INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS [STUDIO] 90
Daniel puts his elbows on the table, hands clasped.

DANIEL
I see. Where was my mother?
Bruno turns away and casts his eyes down.

BRUNO
Your beautiful mother, Margit, was
killed in that car.
Daniel puts his hands on his temples. He looks up.

DANIEL
So why the fake birth certificate
listing a Steffi Schmidt as my
mother?

BRUNO
She was my wife... I wanted you to
feel... respectable.

DANIEL
Respectable?
Daniel lets out a dark LAUGH.

BRUNO
I was respectable. Margit was my
true love. I intended to marry her.
I shouldn't have led you astray
with Steffi.

DANIEL

Led me astray! You've turned my world upside down. Why did you contact me now?

BRUNO

I told you, I only found out recently that you were alive.

DANIEL

How?

BRUNO

I encountered my old friend, Helmut Eckler.

91 INT. ROOM BEHIND THE ONE-WAY MIRROR - CONTINUOUS [STUDIO] 91

The Agents are suddenly more alert.

92 INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS [STUDIO] 92

Daniel sits up, looks intense.

DANIEL

Where?

Bruno purses his lips before replying.

BRUNO

In Paraguay. At a kind of reunion. I thought he had died in 1945. It was quite a shock. Since I met him he has sadly passed on.

93 INT. ROOM BEHIND THE ONE-WAY MIRROR - CONTINUOUS [STUDIO] 93

Agent #1 purses his lips.

AGENT #1

We need a check on this Eckler.

Agent #2 nods and writes down the name.

94 INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS [STUDIO] 94

Daniel scrutinizes Bruno.

DANIEL

I see. And why were you in Paraguay?

BRUNO

I moved there after the war. It was
a more... hospitable climate.

DANIEL

Better than the climate at the
Nuremberg trials.

Bruno's lip curls.

BRUNO

I told you, I was just doing my
job. We created order out of chaos.
Just remember, history is written
by the victors. I had nothing to do
with actions against the Jews.

DANIEL

Hmm. I guess your trial will
determine that. If that is true,
how did you come to possess the
Charlottenburg apartment? I know it
was owned by a Jewish family.

BRUNO

I didn't buy it from them. They
were gone. I bought it from an
Austrian woman....

DANIEL

Heldi Faramund?

BRUNO

That sounds possible. How did -

DANIEL

She was the maid of the Jacobs, the
Jewish family that owned it and was
in hiding in the attic. Did you
have them taken away?

Bruno stands and SHOUTS.

BRUNO

Jews were not allowed to own
property by then. They had gone.

Daniel rises.

DANIEL

So you don't know anything about
them, about someone living there
who drew pictures? Children?

Bruno blanches and turns away.

FLASHBACK

96 INT. LIVING ROOM/CHARLOTTENBURG APT 1944 - DAY [STUDIO] 96

Younger Bruno ushers Heldi into the living room. He inspects the furnishings and nods approval.

YOUNGER BRUNO
Very nice indeed.

HELDI
I have lived here for some time.

YOUNGER BRUNO
Didn't you tell me you are the maid
of these Jews?

HELDI
I own this apartment. I have the
papers.

She goes to the side board and opens a drawer, pulling out papers. She hands them to Bruno, who glances at them.

YOUNGER BRUNO
I know exactly what you have done.
Harboring Jews is a crime
punishable by death.

Heldi backs away and holds the sideboard for support.

YOUNGER BRUNO (CONT'D)
I could arrest you, but instead I
will let you go free. You will show
your gratitude by transferring this
apartment to me.

HELDI
(shouting)
No! I will not. I own it!

Seven-year-old Max Jacobs starts to emerge from the hiding place behind the wardrobe.

MAX
Heldi! Hel --

Younger Bruno SHOOTs in the direction of the movement.

HELDI
Max! No. Aaagh.

She runs to the boy, kneels, and gathers him in her arms.

HELDI (CONT'D)
 (SOBBING)
 Max! Max! Oh, My God!
 (to Younger Bruno)
 An innocent boy. You monster!

Younger Bruno blanches and averts his gaze away from the bloodshed.

BACK TO PRESENT

98 INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS [STUDIO] 98

Bruno shudders, trying to shake off the memory.

DANIEL
 Well? What's the matter? I think
 you know something.

Bruno looks down and then straight at Daniel, with intensity.

BRUNO
 I know that you were born in that
 apartment to two loving parents.

FLASHBACK

99 INT. BEDROOM/CHARLOTTENBURG APT 1944 - DAY [STUDIO] 99

Younger Bruno and a very pregnant Margit survey the room.

YOUNGER BRUNO
 Well, what do you think, dear?

MARGIT
 (fingering her expensive
 necklace)
 It's perfect.

YOUNGER BRUNO
 Excellent.

He hugs Margit.

YOUNGER BRUNO (CONT'D)
 You are so lovely. You're sure you
 want to give birth here?

MARGIT
 Yes, especially after what you told
 me about the hospital. I was born
 on the farm, and I'm healthy.

She smiles and kisses Younger Bruno.

YOUNGER BRUNO

Well, then, I will have a couple of
SS nurses attend, to bring little
Heinrich into the world.

MARGIT

Only if it's a boy! Hannah if it's
a girl.

YOUNGER BRUNO

(chuckling)

I am convinced he will be a boy. My
only regret is that I cannot stay.
Der Führer has called me to his
summer home in Austria.

MARGIT

What? Bruno, I need you here. Don't
you want to see your *son*, your
first born child?!

YOUNGER BRUNO

I cannot escape this mission. You
should be proud that I am playing
such an important role in
supporting *das Vaterland*.

MARGIT

(huffing)

What about your role as a father?

She turns and STOMPS out of the room.

100 INT. BEDROOM/CHARLOTTENBURG APT 1944 - DAY [STUDIO] 100

A uniformed Younger Bruno takes Heinrich from Margit, sitting
upright in bed. Margit frowns and looks up at Heinrich, but
then forces a smile as an SS OFFICER takes their photo.

BACK TO PRESENT

102 INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS [STUDIO] 102

BRUNO

I made sacrifices for you, brought
you up in the best possible
circumstances. Show some gratitude!

DANIEL

Gratitude? For what? Lies and
deception? How do I know what you
are saying is true?

BRUNO
Why would I leave you an apartment!

A prison guard ENTERS.

GUARD
Time's up.

DANIEL
I don't know, manipulation,
blackmail, extortion. Who knows!

Bruno sits down, head bowed. The guard escorts Daniel out.

103 EXT. PARK/NEW YORK 1991 - DAY 103

Morning. Daniel jogs in a park. A sedan follows him at a distance. It drives ahead of him, then stops. Two burly HENCHMEN jump out and jog towards Daniel. Henchman #1 is blond with fine features and Henchman #2 is dark, a bulldog.

Daniel notices, looks alarmed, and darts into the empty park.

Daniel looks behind him and stumbles on a root.

The two men overtake him and bring him down.

104 EXT. CAR - LATER 104

Henchman #1 stuffs Daniel in the rear door, slides in beside him, while Henchman #2 gets in the other rear door.

HENCHMAN #2
Lass uns gehen!

105 EXT. BACK ALLEY NEW YORK - LATER 105

The sedan SCREECHES to a stop.

HENCHMAN #1 opens the passenger rear door and pulls Daniel out. Daniel struggles, but there is fear in his eyes.

106 INT. BACK ROOM OF A BUTCHER SHOP - LATER 106

The room is spotless, with meat cutting machines on counters and one heard WHIRRING, and knives on racks on the walls.

HENCHMAN #1 hustles Daniel to a chair near a stainless steel table. Several other chairs are at the table. The Henchman stands behind Daniel, one meaty hand on his shoulder.

Helmut Eckler (now 75), Bruno's loyal former SS Sergeant Major driver, wizened, craggy, and slightly stooped, limps in and sits in a chair facing Daniel.

DANIEL

What the hell? Who the fuck are you
to grab me off the street and
abduct me?! This is America!

Daniel tries to shake off the Henchman's hand, without
success. The Henchman grabs both of his shoulders.

HELMUT

Calm down. I needed to speak with
you Daniel -- without interference.
You were being surveilled.

DANIEL

What? By whom?

HELMUT

The Feds, I assume. They want to
find out more about your
association with Bruno.

DANIEL

I have no association with him. I
just met him.

HELMUT

What did he say to you?

DANIEL

Who the fuck are you?

Daniel tries to rise, but Henchman #1 prevents this.

HELMUT

My name is Helmut Eckler.

DANIEL

Eckler?

HELMUT

Yes. I'm an old friend of your
father's. What did he say to you?

DANIEL

I don't know, just that you met up
in Paraguay and were dead.

Eckler relaxes.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Oh, and that you drove when the car
got hit and my mother was killed.

HELMUT

I saved your life. I, er, told them you were concealed under your mother's cloak. They wouldn't have found you. You owe me gratitude.

DANIEL

Is that so? It seems everyone wants my gratitude. I would rather not have known any of this.

HELMUT

Your father has been very generous to you. Here's what you will do. I have a letter that I need you to deliver to him - discreetly.

DANIEL

What? Why would I do that? What is it, an escape plan?

HELMUT

No, but it is information that will benefit him, that he has asked for.

DANIEL

Such as?

HELMUT

I cannot tell you.

Daniel crosses his arms.

DANIEL

And why would I do this?

HELMUT

Because he is your father, because I saved your life at some cost...

He pats his lame leg.

HELMUT (CONT'D)

Because I have a document that you need to see.

DANIEL

What? His confession?

HELMUT

His true story.

DANIEL

Hah. And if I refuse....

Helmut looks to the henchmen. Henchman #1 clamps down on Daniel's shoulders. Daniel squirms.

HELMUT

You won't refuse. Your girlfriend, Madelaine, wouldn't want you to.

DANIEL

How do you know about her?

HELMUT

I did my research after I found you. Very attractive Jewess.

DANIEL

You keep away from her.

HELMUT

I will, because, as I was saying, you will conceal this small letter in your shoe. Remember, it is your father's wish, and he has given you the apartment where you were born.

Daniel shakes his head in disgust and resignation.

107 INT. WASHROOM/PRISON - DAY [STUDIO] 107

A GUARD waits in the washroom for Daniel.

108 INT. TOILET CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS 108

Daniel sits on the toilet, lid closed. With shaking hand, he takes off a shoe, lifts the sole, and removes a small letter. He puts it up his sleeve. He stands and lifts up the toilet seat and HURLS into it.

109 INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM - LATER [STUDIO] 109

Daniel ENTERS, looking around at the guard as he closes the door. Bruno sits at the interview table, with a quizzical expression and his hands on the table.

BRUNO

You have decided to gift me with your presence once again. I am grateful.

DANIEL

Yes, well. If that is true, show me. I need more answers from you.

BRUNO

Ah, I see, so a practical mission.

DANIEL

I need to know about my mother,
Margit.

BRUNO

What can I say? She was beautiful,
tall, *zaftig*, heart-shaped face,
laughing blue eyes. An endearing
giggle. Best of all she had a
freshness, a *joie de vivre* about
her, despite the chaos of the war.

DANIEL

Hmm. Sounds like you actually cared
for her.

BRUNO

You have no idea.

DANIEL

Where did she come from?

BRUNO

Northern France, a farming town.

DANIEL

The name?

BRUNO

Hmm. Can't remember. No, Bayeux.
The tapestry town. Angelique was
her middle name, and she sang like
an angel. I can still hear her.

Daniel shifts in his chair uncomfortably.

DANIEL

Do you know where... she is buried?

BRUNO

I wish I did. The Americans would
have a record somewhere.

DANIEL

And you never tried to find out?

BRUNO

I was not at liberty to travel to
Germany.

DANIEL
You made it to New York.

BRUNO
I wanted to engage with you,
but...look where that has got me.

DANIEL
To face justice!

Bruno rises.

BRUNO
I will not face their justice.

DANIEL
Oh, I think you will.

BRUNO
I am condemned before I even stand.
I've had to live with what I did,
in the raging torrent I was swept
away in. It hasn't been easy.

DANIEL
I am confident you will get what
you deserve. Good bye.

110 INT. ROOM BEHIND THE ONE-WAY MIRROR - CONTINUOUS [STUDIO] 110
AGENTS # 1 and #2 sit and record notes.

AGENT# 1
Well, that's that.

AGENT #2
Agreed. He's not spilling anything.
Coffee?

The door opens and Agent #3 enters with coffees. Agents #1
and #2 pivot towards #3.

BRUNO
Is that all I get? I brought you
into this world.

Daniel remembers his mission and palms the letter from his
sleeve. He reaches out his hand. Surprised, Bruno takes it
and shakes. Daniel passes the letter to him. Bruno lowers his
hand and keeps a poker face, but probes Daniel with his eyes.

BRUNO (CONT'D)
I have revealed to you who you
really are, a German.
(MORE)

BRUNO (CONT'D)
You should be proud. You need to
accept this, the truth!

Pained, Daniel shakes his head, stands and walks away.

BRUNO (CONT'D)
I see. It is finished. You have
Aryan blood, but... a Jewish soul.

Daniel knocks on the door and the guard lets him out. Daniel
does not turn back.

111 INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT KITCHEN - DAY 111

Daniel paces, phone in hand, fiddling with the cord.

112 INT. BUTCHER'S BACKROOM - DAY 112

In a coat, Helmut leans against a counter holding a phone.

113 INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION 113

DANIEL
I did what you asked. Now I want
that document.

HELMUT
It will be delivered. By the time
you receive it I will be long gone.
Goodbye, Daniel.

Daniel hangs up.

DANIEL
Good riddance.

114 INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY 114

Daniel flops down on the couch, exhausted.

The intercom BUZZES. Daniel sits up and looks scared. The
BUZZER continues. He gets up and stabs the intercom button.

DANIEL
Yeah?

MADELAINE (O.S.)
It's me!

DANIEL
Maddie?!

115 INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT FRONT DOOR - LATER

115

Madelaine carries a briefcase. She sets it down. Daniel embraces her and SIGHS. She steps back and scrutinizes him.

MADELAINE

What's the matter? You look like a deer caught in headlights.

DANIEL

I thought you were someone else.

MADELAINE

Who?

DANIEL

How did you get here?

MADELAINE

Ah, a plane? Standby out of Berlin.

DANIEL

Yeah. Well, I'm glad you're here.

MADELAINE

So am I. I'm wiped. Researching a painting's provenance is turning out to be a lot harder than researching commodities futures.

116 INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

116

Madelaine sits on the couch beside Daniel, coffee in hand.

MADELAINE

So, the Oedipus did come to Berlin. Paul Cassirer died in 1926 but it's not in his estate. It must have been sold before that. No record of any sale to the Jacobs though, but at least we know it was in Berlin.

DANIEL

Shit. We must be missing something. I might know more soon.

MADELAINE

How?

DANIEL

I can't say right now.

MADELAINE

O...kay. Did you find out any more from Rachel Jacobs?

DANIEL

Oh, yes. She has vivid memories of what appears to be the Renoir. It's caught up with the trauma of her Bubbe being murdered and her family being sent to Auschwitz.

MADELAINE

How horrible!

DANIEL

Here's the thing: She lived in the Charlottenburg district, and I'm wondering whether --

MADELAINE

It might have been your apartment?

DANIEL

Exactly. You need to meet her.

From her bag, Madelaine produces the drawings Daniel found in the Charlottenburg apartment. Daniel takes them.

MADELAINE

Did you get anything out of your - Bruno Schmidt?

DANIEL

He told me more about my real mother, where she was born in France.

MADELAINE

Oh, that's good, I suppose. Anything else?

DANIEL

No.

MADELAINE

Well, that's done. Now we can focus on the painting.

Daniel looks grim.

117 INT. RACHEL JACOBS' KITCHEN - DAY 117

Rachel makes challah. She puts it on a baking tray. She brushes egg wash atop the braided dough, then sprinkles it with sesame seeds. She takes off a small piece of dough, wraps it in foil, and throws it in the bottom of the oven.

Her intercom BUZZES. She wipes her hands on a tea towel and scurries to the intercom.

118 INT. RACHEL JACOBS' FRONT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 118

RACHEL

Yes?

DANIEL (O.S.)

It's Daniel - and Madelaine.

Rachel presses the door release button.

119 INT. RACHEL JACOBS' LIVING ROOM - LATER 119

Daniel and Madelaine sit on a couch facing Rachel in a modernist chair. Coffees sit on a coffee table.

RACHEL

Your parents and grandparents in Mauthausen, one of the worst. I mean, they were all torture chambers. It's a miracle your parents survived.

MADELAINE

It left its mark on both of them in different ways. My mother was controlling. She was devastated when my sister married a gentile. My father saw his parents die, but would never speak of it. His health never recovered. He was frail and absent. To me he always seemed skeletal. He died when I was six.

Rachel gets up and goes to Madelaine, sitting beside her. She takes Madelaine's hand and holds it with both of hers.

RACHEL

Oh, my dear. I am so sorry.

Tears run down Madelaine's face. Rachel finds a hanky in her skirt pocket and hands it to Madelaine.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I was your age when I lost all of
my family.

Madelaine wraps her arm around Rachel.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
It wells up at the oddest times,
like when I see a chickadee feeding
its young in the park.

MADELAINE
My mother cared for animals too. We
had cats and dogs and a budgie. I
think she felt they were more
trustworthy than humans.

RACHEL
I understand that. I didn't have a
family of my own. I decided to
dedicate my life to educating
little ones. Or as I like to put
it, I was in the ignorance removal
business.

MADELAINE
Tough gig.

Rachel LAUGHS.

RACHEL
Speaking of business, what have you
found out about the painting?

Madelaine reaches into her handbag and pulls out a folder.

MADELAINE
Have you heard of Paul Cassirer, a
famous Berlin art dealer?

RACHEL
I can't say that I have. Who is he?

DANIEL
The art dealer who purchased the
Oedipus painting among other
Renoirs from a dealer in Paris.

MADELAINE
I have his customer list, but I'm
afraid that Jacobs is not on it.

RACHEL

Oh, I see. Hmm. My father lost his job as a lawyer, so... it must have been my Zayde, Alexander Grossman who purchased the painting.. Did you check Alexander Grossman?

MADELAINE

No! But....

Excited, Madelaine pulls out the LIST and scrutinizes it, running her finger down the names.

MADELAINE (CONT'D)

Yes! Here he is! He did purchase a Renoir, way back in 1924!

Rachel CLAPS her hands together.

DANIEL

Wow! Let me see that.

Madelaine passes the sheet to Daniel, who reads.

RACHEL

It must be him! A nephew told me he was a connoisseur. He loved modern paintings, cigars, jazz.

DANIEL

This is a huge step forward, but it's not enough.

MADELAINE

What do you mean?

DANIEL

We still have to prove that the Renoir was stolen, not sold.

RACHEL

Hmm. It's possible we had to sell. Things were very tough for us.

She sniffs the air.

DANIEL

We do have some pictures to show --

A kitchen timer BUZZES.

RACHEL

Oh, my challah.

Rachel leaps up and heads for the kitchen with the others.

120

INT. RACHEL'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

120

Rachel puts on oven mitts and opens the oven door. She pulls out a challah loaf, the aroma filling the room. Madelaine and Daniel take deep breaths in.

DANIEL

Mmm.

Bent over the oven door, Rachel pulls out the smoking tinfoil containing the charred dough.

MADELAINE

Oh, no. What happened?

RACHEL

The challah!

Madelaine and Daniel look puzzled and Rachel notices.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Don't you know about the challah,
the dough piece sacrificed to God?

MADELAINE

No. My mother didn't go in for
rituals, but she did practice the
values of Judaism.

DANIEL

Neither did my parents.

MADELAINE

After what she experienced with my
Dad, her mantra was -- actions
speak louder than words.

RACHEL

Hmm. Rituals can comfort and focus
the mind -- and heart. The challah
symbolizes the sacrifices our
people have made and will make
until justice is served.

Madelaine nods slowly.

DANIEL

God knows we are still making
sacrifices.

RACHEL

But the challah also signifies the possibility of redemption. Rarer, but possible. And...it's delicious.

Rachel pulls a hunk off the braided bread, releasing an intoxicating steam. She passes pieces to Rachel and Daniel.

MADELAINE

Mmm. Daniel, we need to show Rachel the drawings.

Swallowing, Daniel nods.

121 INT. RACHEL'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

121

Daniel sits across from Madelaine and Rachel. Madelaine puts yellowed drawings from the sketchbook on the coffee table.

Rachel picks one up and stares, hands shaking, tears welling.

RACHEL

Where did you get these?

She picks up the other drawings and looks at them reverently.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

These are my twin brother Max's.

MADELAINE

Your brother's?!

She places her hand on Rachel's back.

DANIEL

(eyes widening)

Really? Wasn't he just a child?

Daniel joins Madelaine on the couch, peering at the drawings.

Rachel nods, gazing at them. The less accomplished ones are of happier scenes, such as a child playing with a ball in a park, whereas the more skilled ones are darker, with the last unfinished one being the Nazi shooting the woman in the back.

RACHEL

He was seven when we were taken. I spent hours just watching him. The magic of him taking a blank piece of paper and with a few lightning strokes create a world -- joyful, tragic -- that made me shudder.

(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)
When I tried to draw, the lines
remained lines. He was a prodigy.
He could have been a Renoir.

Daniel taps his fist to his lips and shakes his head. Rachel
scrutinizes the last sketch and points.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Look! This one shows the painting
where it hung above the sofa!

MADELAINE
Unbelievable!

DANIEL
Agh! If only there were more
detail...

Rachel looks directly at him.

RACHEL
Where did you find these? Is Max
still alive?

She presses her cheeks with her hands.

DANIEL
No, no, but we have been in the
attic where he drew these.

RACHEL
What? How? In Berlin?

DANIEL
Yes, you see. I inherited the
apartment where you lived.

RACHEL
How so? I thought you were
American.

MADELAINE
So did we.

DANIEL
I was adopted, raised in New York.
I only recently found out that my
biological father is German.

Daniel stands and retreats to his chair across from Rachel.

RACHEL
Was he Jewish? Maybe we are
related?

DANIEL
No, no we are not, but I was born
in that apartment.

RACHEL
Really? How can this be? Who were
your parents?

Daniel bows his head and runs his hand down his hair.

DANIEL
My father was Bruno Schmidt... the
SS Colonel.

Madelaine withdraws her hand from Rachel's back. She looks
down and cups her head in her hands.

RACHEL
What?! I thought you were Jewish!

DANIEL
So did I.

RACHEL
Oh, my God. Wait. "Bruno
Schmidt"... Is he the one who was
arrested?

DANIEL
Yes.

RACHEL
How did he get my family apartment
after all these years?

DANIEL
I believe he stole it.

RACHEL
What?!

DANIEL
I want to make this right.

RACHEL
Max is gone. Did your father have
something to do with it...?

Rachel blanches. She bursts into tears. Madelaine puts her
arm around Rachel who shakes it off. She stands, trembling.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I need you to leave, now. Please.

Madelaine glares at Daniel. He gathers the drawings.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Those stay here.

122 EXT. RACHEL JACOBS' APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER 122

Daniel charges out of the building, fists clenched, followed by Madelaine.

MADELAINE
What did you expect?

DANIEL
(over his shoulder)
I don't know anything anymore.

123 INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT KITCHEN - DAY 123

Unkempt, Daniel fries chicken in a pan, smoke encircling him. Daniel hears a KNOCK, turns his head, but keeps cooking. He swats away smoke, and puts the frying pan on another burner.

124 INT./EXT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS 124

Daniel opens the door but no one is there. He steps forward and stumbles over an eight by twelve BROWN PAPER PACKAGE. He picks it up and scrutinizes it. There are no markings on it.

125 INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY 125

Sitting on his couch, Daniel empties the package. An old coin drops out in a cardboard coin folder. Daniel picks it up.

On one side is a Star of David and an inscription around the circumference, EIN NAZI FÄHRT NACH PALÄSTINA. Daniel reads a printed translation on the folder.

DANIEL
(under his breath)
A Nazi Travels to Palestine. What?

Daniel flips it over and sees a Swastika with inscription UND ERZÄHLT DAVON IM ANGRIFF. He reads the translation.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
And tells about it in the Attack
newspaper.
(shouting)
What the fuck, Bruno!

He flips it back and forth and tosses it down in disgust.

He shuffles the papers and a small black and white photograph falls out: a uniformed Bruno holds little Heinrich beside a beautiful woman we recognize as Margit sitting up in bed.

Daniel turns it over and reads: **Bruno, Heinrich, Margit. Berlin, '44.**

He stares at this image of his birth mother.

126 INT. MADELAINE'S APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAY 126

Madelaine stands in front of the mirror. She holds the back of one hand to her forehead, and grasps her stomach.

She lurches to the toilet and THROWS UP in it.

127 INT. MADELAINE'S BEDROOM - LATER 127

Madelaine holds a **pregnancy test**, which reads **positive**.

She jumps up, raising her hands, shaking her fists and doing a little dance. She grabs the phone, but pauses and frowns.

128 INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - LATER 128

Daniel starts to read the papers, a bottle of Scotch and glass on the coffee table.

BRUNO (V.O.)

Daniel, or should I say, Heinrich,
I knew you would want the truth.
After all, you are my son. Like the
Nazi Travels to Palestine coin your
heritage is both German Nazi and
Jewish. Do not judge. Accept.
Respect me for revealing the truth.

Daniel frowns, puts down the sheaf, and drinks the entire glass of Scotch. He stands and walks around the room, brushing back his hair with his hand. He sits back down.

He reads, lost in the story. The phone RINGS but Daniel ignores it. He pours another Scotch and downs it.

TIME LAPSE

--He sits and a shadow covers the papers and then his face.

The Intercom BUZZES.

Daniel looks at it, then at his watch.

DANIEL

Shit!

He goes to answer, then stops, then goes again.

INTERCOM

MADELAINE (O.S.)
Hey, mister!

DANIEL
Madelaine!

MADELAINE (O.S.)
We were meeting at Zucker's!

DANIEL
Oh, yeah. Sorry. Something came up.

MADELAINE (O.S.)
Well buzz me in!

129 INT. DANIEL'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

129

In the doorway Madelaine holds her belly. She notices Daniel is distracted. She starts to speak then changes her mind.

MADELAINE
You're quite the sight. Try not to dwell on things.

Head down, Daniel goes to her and awkwardly embraces her.

MADELAINE (CONT'D)
Okay, something is wrong. Are you drunk? Have you become mute?

DANIEL
I have been reading this....

Daniel goes to the coffee table and picks up the sheaf of papers and hands it to Madelaine. She reads the title.

MADELAINE
Bruno Schmidt. I thought that was finished.

DANIEL
Have to know, for Rachel's sake... and mine.

MADELAINE
And you found out what?

DANIEL

He was known as the *Führer's* Fireman because he put out problems. The Night of the Long Knives, *Kristallnacht*. Dealt with dissidents in Russia and Hungary.

MADELAINE

So, he was a lawyer, wasn't he? An administrator?

DANIEL

He oversaw mass murder in Hungary, and did nothing to stop it.

FLASHBACK

131 EXT. ROAD ALONG RIVER SIDE - DAY [STOCK FOOTAGE] 131

Hungarian Nazi Arrow Cross Party members force columns of Jews wearing the Star of David to line up in rows.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Bruno and a Hungarian officer stood at attention as the armed men took their position as a firing squad.

HUNGARIAN OFFICER (V.O.)

Ready, aim, fire!

SHOTS ring out. SCREAMS of terror and splashes are heard.

BRUNO (V.O.)

Again!

SHOTS, SCREAMS and SPLASHING as bodies fall in the river.

132 INT. DANIEL'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 132

DANIEL

One of those victims could have been your father who also was taken to Mauthausen. That's where Bruno was headed, with the son of Horthy, the head of the Hungarian Government, who was considered a traitor because he started peace talks with the enemy.

Madelaine goes to sit down, grasping her stomach.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Oh, he claims he didn't want to do it, that he was horrified at the sight of Jews dropping into the Danube. He prevaricates and has excuses for everything. The point is, he was responsible. He was an opportunist who became rich off the Reich. And he was a murderer of Jews, of our people.

MADELAINE

My people, you mean.

DANIEL

How can you say that! I am Jewish.

MADELAINE

Are you?

Madelaine thrusts the sheaf of papers at Daniel. He takes it and drops his hand holding it.

DANIEL

I'm the same person. He's the one --

MADELAINE

Don't, Daniel. No more.

Compelled to confess, Daniel ignores her.

DANIEL

He was responsible for the death of Rachel's family, I believe. That's how he got their apartment.

MADELAINE

Oh, my god.

Madelaine covers her mouth with her hand. She stands.

MADELAINE (CONT'D)

You should not have pursued this, this monster. I told you!

DANIEL

And what? Turned away? Accepted a gift in total ignorance that originated in the murder of an innocent family, a gift that was given by a murderer. My father! What a curse!

Daniel throws the sheaf of papers and they scatter in the air, falling like ashes from a burning fire.

MADELAINE

Daniel, no more. I'm, I'm not
feeling well.

She grasps her stomach. Daniel is oblivious.

MADELAINE (CONT'D)

I'm going.

DANIEL

Well, I can't blame you.

Madelaine goes to the door, and turns, tears running down her face. Daniel stands and watches her.

MADELAINE

I think we need to take a break.

DANIEL

Maddie, what are you talking about?

MADELAINE

You aren't who I thought you were.

This wounds Daniel deeply. He has no words.

She walks back into the apartment through the living room.

133 INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

133

Madelaine returns with her toilet kit and a few pieces of her clothing that she had kept at Daniel's apartment.

MADELAINE

Don't contact me.

Daniel slumps and CURSES under his breath.

Madelaine leaves.

134 INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT KITCHEN - LATER

134

Dishevelled, Daniel sits drinking. A bottle of Scotch sits on the table beside the photo of Margit and Bruno.

He hears a KNOCK on his door.

Daniel puts down his glass and looks alert. He wipes his mouth with his hand, and does up a shirt button. He stands.

135 INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS 135

Daniel smooths his rumpled shirt and opens the door.

The two special investigations Agents stand at the door.

AGENT #1

Mr. Singer, we need you to come
down to the office.

Daniel bristles but fear flashes across his face.

136 INT. SPECIAL INVESTIGATIONS INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY [STUDIO] 136

Daniel sits at a table across from Agent #1 and Agent #2. A
recording device sits on the table.

AGENT #1

I'm sorry but your, er, father,
Bruno Schmidt is dead. Poisoned.

DANIEL

(blanching)

What? Poisoned! How?

AGENT #1

That's what we'd like to ask you.

DANIEL

I have no idea. Why would I?

AGENT #1

There was tension between you.

DANIEL

Well, I just found out that he
existed, and was a Nazi, so yes
there was. But I didn't kill him.

AGENT #1

You stood to inherit a valuable
property from him. You wanted to
move that inheritance along.

DANIEL

What? No! He had already made
arrangements for me to inherit
while he was alive. Check the
document I gave you. I had no
motive. I wouldn't kill anyone. It
goes against everything I believe.

AGENT #1

You're Jewish, correct? That could be a motive. He committed war crimes against your people.

DANIEL

No! I meant that being Jewish I would never take another life.

AGENT #1

Did you assist him in dying?

DANIEL

What? How?

AGENT #1

The poison was cyanide. Crystals. It doesn't take very much.

DANIEL

I don't have access to any poison. I just told you, I didn't kill him!

AGENT #1

Hmm. You realize that he will never be brought to justice now.

DANIEL

I wanted him brought to justice. I told him that.... He did say that he would never face justice... and that he was finished, or something.

Agent #1 glances at Agent #2, then at Daniel.

AGENT #1

We are not finished with this investigation. We may need to speak with you further.

Daniel shakes his head and scowls.

137 EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

137

Daniel listlessly walks along, shoulders slumped.

FLASHBACK

139 INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY [STUDIO]

139

Daniel slips the letter to Bruno. Daniel notices that Bruno's lip curls in a grimace/smile and yet his eyes are sad.

BACK TO PRESENT

Daniel claps his hand to his mouth as he realizes --

DANIEL
Oh, fuck! No! My god!

A passerby gives Daniel a stare and makes a wide berth.

141 EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - LATER 141

Daniel stumbles and takes a swig from a bottle in a bag.

FLASHBACK

142 INT. RACHEL'S KITCHEN 142

Rachel holds the challah, toasted dough, with her oven mitt.

RACHEL
The sacrifices our people have made
and will make until justice is
served.

BACK TO PRESENT

144 EXT. PEDESTRIAN WALKWAY, BRIDGE - NIGHT 144

On the bridge platform a few pedestrians walk.

Drunk, Daniel stops about mid-point and leans over, staring down at the glassy river. He starts to climb the barrier.

Passersby show shock. Several turn away and keep going.

PASSERBY #1
Hey! Stop, stop!

A Hasidic JEWISH MAN runs to Daniel holding out his hands.

JEWISH MAN
Sir! Get down. You could fall in.
Call the police someone!

Passerby #1 runs for help.

DANIEL
(slurring)
I'm a traitor Jew! Bastard son of a
murderer!

The Jewish man grips Daniel.

JEWISH MAN
Are you Jewish?

Daniel does not know how to answer.

JEWISH MAN (CONT'D)
We do not own our bodies. We merely
rent them. The preservation of life
is the most sacred commandment.

Daniel wrenches away, but ANOTHER MAN comes and grabs hold of Daniel. Daniel falls and gashes his head on the railing.

145 INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY 145

Unshaven and haggard, Daniel sits at the table holding a photograph, his father and mother cradling him as an infant.

The photograph reads: **Our new arrival, Daniel. 1945.**

He looks wistful and pained and sets the photo face down.

With grim determination, he picks up the phone.

146 INT. RACHEL JACOBS' FRONT DOOR - DAY 146

Rachel opens the door to a disheveled Daniel.

RACHEL
Daniel, I don't want to see you --
She notices the gash on Daniel's forehead.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Are you alright?

Daniel self-consciously touches the gash.

DANIEL
What, this?... an accident.

Rachel ponders, opens her mouth to speak but doesn't.

147 INT. RACHEL JACOBS' LIVING ROOM - LATER 147

Unlit Shabbat candles sit on the table with Max's drawings.

Daniel sits on the sofa, bent forward, elbows on his knees, hands clasped. Rachel observes him, framing a question.

DANIEL
I went to see him, to find out why
he had bequeathed to me this
apartment, and then he died.

Daniel TAPS the coffee table rapidly.

RACHEL
He died? In prison? Was he...?

DANIEL
The authorities suspect...
(swallowing)
...he was poisoned. He lived by the sword, and... I don't know how to say this, but he stole your family's apartment. And, and, not only that, but he gave the order to send your family to the death camp.

Rachel blanches. She bursts into tears.

Daniel goes over to comfort her, but she bats him away.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
I am so sorry. I want to make amends, to make this right.

Rachel stands shakily and stares at Daniel.

RACHEL
My Bubbe was beaten to death by a Nazi while I watched. My entire family was murdered, gone forever! You cannot make amends for that!

Rachel raises her fists and POUNDS on Daniel's chest.

She abruptly leaves the room, escaping into the kitchen.

148 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

148

Daniel follows.

DANIEL
I am so sorry. I needed to --

He cuts his way through her WEEPING and starts to leave.

RACHEL
My mother died holding me, crushed in a cattle car.

Sorrowful, Daniel clasps his hands in front of his chest.

Rachel takes in Daniel's sorrow and pain.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Come.

She ushers him out of the kitchen.

149 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

149

Rachel sits down and indicates Daniel should sit. She takes up one of Max's drawings. She feels the texture of the paper the holds the drawing against her chest.

RACHEL
Max must have been found out and
killed or was taken away.

DANIEL
Yes.

RACHEL
But, you have given me something of
my family back with little Maxie's
drawings.

She looks at the drawing again, puts it down and runs her hands over all the drawings.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
You can't be held responsible for
the sins of your father, a father
you didn't even know existed.

DANIEL
If I had known I would have --

RACHEL
What? Killed him?

DANIEL
I, well I don't know how to say
this, but... yes. I think I did --

Rachel jerks back in her chair.

RACHEL
What?

DANIEL
I delivered a letter to him, which
may have contained cyanide.

RACHEL
Daniel!

DANIEL
His old crony, Helmut Eckler forced
me to deliver the letter. I thought
it was for his own good.

Rachel is silent.

RACHEL
Perhaps it was.

DANIEL
No! I wanted him to face justice.

Rachel scrutinizes Daniel. She points to his gash.

RACHEL
And that?

Daniel looks down.

DANIEL
I hit my head on a bridge railing.

RACHEL
A bridge railing?

Rachel gasps as it occurs to her what he was up to:

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Oh, Daniel. No....

DANIEL
I've lost everything. My religion.
My parents. My sense of who I was.
I murdered my father.

RACHEL
You have Madelaine. Such a lovely --

DANIEL
Madelaine left me because I'm the
son of a man who killed Jewish
people, her people.

RACHEL
No....

Rachel shakes her head. She leans forward and reaches out her hands and takes Daniel's.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
But you survived... and your future
ancestors will survive.

DANIEL
A Hasidic man pulled me down.

Rachel pauses and searches Daniel's face.

RACHEL

A Jew saved one of his people. You are a Jew. You have been adopted in to our traditions. Judaism is not a race. It is a practice. A people. You seek the truth.

DANIEL

Yes. Yes, I do. I wanted him to face the world and admit to all of the horrors he committed.

RACHEL

I know you did. You tried.

Daniel stands, deep in thought.

DANIEL

The only way I have left now to make restitution is to return your apartment to you.

RACHEL

If it is my family's... I don't even know if I would want it.

DANIEL

Would you come with me to see it?

150 INT. VESTIBULE/CHARLOTTENBURG APARTMENT - DAY [STUDIO] 150

The sheets are gone, the apartment cleaned. Daniel ENTERS with Rachel, who GASPS and clasps her hands to her face.

RACHEL

Oh, my God!

151 INT. LIVING ROOM/CHARLOTTENBURG APT - CONTINUOUS [STUDIO] 151

She staggers to a chair and sinks into it, WEeping.

Daniel moves to her and puts his hand on her shoulder.

RACHEL

It's too much! It's flooding back.

DANIEL

Take your time.

Rachel stands surveying the room, Daniel at her side.

RACHEL

Oh, it is just as we left it.

152 INT. ATTIC/CHARLOTTENBURG APARTMENT - LATER [STUDIO] 152

Rachel stoops as she walks up the attic stairs. She walks to a mattress and sits as dust shoots into the air. She COUGHS.

RACHEL
This is the bed I shared with Max.
He tried to get me to giggle.
Mischievous he was. We had to be so
quiet. Our home became our prison.

She puts out her hand and Daniel helps her up.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
So many restrictions, and yet... we
were so close.

She walks around the room, and pauses in a corner.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I wasn't allowed in that corner
because the noise travelled down to
the living room? No, I remember.

She steps forward and slowly gets down on her knees. She tugs at a wallboard as dust flies up. She COUGHS.

Daniel kneels beside her. He helps her remove the board.

Rachel plunges her hand into the hole and pulls out a filthy PHOTO ALBUM. Daniel is shocked.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Oh, my God. It's still here.

DANIEL
That is incredible.

RACHEL
This was our hiding place, for the
only things we had -- our memories.

She carefully opens the album on the floor and goes through it, staring intensely at the photos.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Oh, oh my. This is my family. Here
is Bubbe...

She puts her hand to mouth.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
...and Zayde.

She points and Daniel nods.

DANIEL
Zayde Grossman's the one who would
have bought the painting.

Rachel flips to a photo of her family in the living room.

RACHEL
Oh...

She start to WEEP. Daniel places his arm on her shoulder. He
looks at the photo, then more closely.

DANIEL
May I?

He gently takes the photo album from her, helps her up, and
goes to the attic window.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
I think - Rachel, look at this.

She comes to him. Daniel points at the family photo.

INSERT FAMILY PHOTO

A PAINTING hangs on the wall above the Jacobs/Grossman
family. It is the Renoir Oedipus painting.

RACHEL
That is the painting! That's the
one. I can't believe it.

DANIEL
This changes everything.

They stand transfixed by the photograph.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
I will do all I can to make sure
this painting is returned to you.

RACHEL
I don't know what to say, Daniel.

DANIEL
And you must take this apartment.
It is rightfully yours.

RACHEL
So much pain...

DANIEL
And yet the truth. Truth can open
the way to love....

154 EXT. BAYEUX CHURCH GRAVESITE - NORMANDY, FRANCE - DAY 154

A hedge encloses the graveyard, dotted with ornamental cherry trees. A light rain falls as Daniel searches gravestones. He comes to his mother's simple stone gravestone.

It says: **Margit Angelique Chansoneau b. 1922 d. 1945.**

DANIEL
So young!

He squats down and touches the stone.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
What were you like, mother? Were
you happy?

Daniel closes his eyes in prayer.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
May your memory be for a blessing.

155 INT. GUGGENHEIM OFFICE - DAY [STUDIO] 155

Daniel stands facing his former boss, Emil LaPorte (50s).

LAPORTE
We don't have time for this, Mr.
Singer. I have definitively
established the Renoir provenance.

DANIEL
We'll see.

The female Executive DIRECTOR walks in.

DIRECTOR
Daniel, hello. You have some
information for us?

DANIEL
A revelation.

He hands over an enlargement of the painting hanging on the wall in the Jacobs family photo. The Director scrutinizes it.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
This shows definitively that the
Arnold Jacobs family owned Renoir's
Oedipus Rex and the Oracle.

LAPORTE

Impossible!

DIRECTOR

This is extraordinary. Who is Arnold Jacobs?

DANIEL

A victim of Auschwitz. The sole survivor, Rachel Jacobs, actually lives in New York.

The Director peers closely at the photo.

DIRECTOR

We will need to see the original photograph, of course.

LAPORTE

Let me see that.

She hands over the photograph and LaPorte stares at it.

LAPORTE (CONT'D)

Easy enough to fake.

DANIEL

Oh, it's genuine, and I have the dealer's name who sold it to Arnold Jacobs' father.

LAPORTE

Where did you get this?

DANIEL

The Oracle yielded it up.

LAPORTE

Spare us the riddles.

DANIEL

With the help of the rightful owner, I found the photo between the walls of the Berlin apartment where it once hung. I also know who seized the apartment and contents illegally after he had the family sent to a death camp.

LAPORTE

What kind of fiction is this?

DIRECTOR

Emile, that is enough. You failed to do due diligence on this provenance. We will have to consider reinstating Mr. Singer.

DANIEL

Well, thank you. I realize that I shouldn't have cast doubt on the provenance in public, and I am sorry for that. I knew that the provenance did not hold up though.

LAPORTE

That is ridiculous.

The Director glares at LaPorte as she tells Daniel:

DIRECTOR

You might want to update your resume. A position may be opening up.

156 INT. MADELAINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

156

Daniel ENTERS and steps into the long rays of light coming through the living room window near sunset. He fiddles nervously with his hands and glances furtively at Madelaine.

She steps forward from the shadows holding a letter. She peers at his face as if remembering every feature and age line, with sadness in her eyes. She takes in the gash, now a purple bruise, and presses her lips together before speaking.

MADELAINE

Daniel, I after I read what you have done, and what you have suffered --

DANIEL

I still don't understand why my parents didn't tell me.

MADELAINE

They loved you. They probably didn't know exactly who you were, but I do. Now. And I've decided....

She rubs her tummy, just showing signs of being pregnant.

MADELAINE (CONT'D)

I want my child to know who its father is.

Daniel looks astonished. Madelaine reaches out her arms, and he embraces her with gusto.

As the CREDITS roll:

157

INT. GUGGENHEIM SPECIAL EXHIBITS ROOM - DAY

157

An exhibit lays out the story of Auguste Renoir's Oedipus Rex and the Oracle, with panels showing Papa Grossman and the Jacobs family, featuring an enlarged copy of the family photo with the painting in the Charlottenburg apartment. The eye is drawn to the painting itself, at the center of the display.

To the right stands Daniel at a podium.

Sitting to one side are Rachel, dressed vibrantly, and Madelaine, noticeably pregnant wearing an engagement ring.

DANIEL

I would like to introduce to you a woman who has surmounted incredible pain and suffering to embrace the spirit of generosity. Rachel Jacobs lost her entire family in the Holocaust. She alone as a small girl escaped this horror. The atrocities committed against her family cannot be taken back. Nor can they be for all Jewish families and others who were called undesirables. However, the stories of these losses must continue to be conveyed against the darkness of totalitarianism, during the Nazi reign of terror right up to the present day and into the future. Despite being raised Jewish, I discovered that my biological father was not. He had been a perpetrator of this evil, a perpetrator at the highest levels. He was the Nazi officer responsible for the deaths of Rachel's family.

The audience, including Rachel's friend Alma, GASPS. Daniel wipes his brow with a handkerchief, his hands shaking.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

This brought me to the brink of despair. However, Rachel did not revile me, but taught me that I am indeed Jewish. Judaism is a practice at the center of which is love and devotion.

(MORE)

DANIEL (CONT'D)
God has protected me from the sins
of my father. Only through love can
we hope to move forward.

Madelaine breaks into a radiant smile as she looks at Daniel.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
On that note, I welcome Rachel
Jacobs, an extraordinary human
being and benefactor, to tell her
remarkable story.

Daniel sits beside Madelaine who raises and kisses his hand.

RACHEL
Daniel Singer has been on a
remarkable journey. Instead of
blinding himself to the truth, as
did Oedipus, he has gained insight
and happiness with his lovely
fiancée, Madelaine.

The audience CLAPS. Daniel looks to Rachel and places his
palms together in gratitude.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I have embraced this restitution
and am donating our Renoir to our
Guggenheim with the stipulation
that its full story accompany it
wherever it goes. I have also
decided to donate the proceeds from
my family's Charlottenburg
apartment to support orphans, like
me, from the wars raging today. In
this small way I hope we show a
better way than the cycle of deceit
and violence that has consumed both
victims and perpetrator. Thank you.

The audience CLAPS. Rachel smiles through tears. She walks
over and embraces Daniel and then Madelaine.

THE END