

PUNCH CARD

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Faith moves mountains, but only knowledge
moves them to the right place.

-- Joseph Goebbels

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY (1937)

A beautiful new day dawns over the city that never sleeps.

Sidewalks overflow with bustling men and women on their way to work.

Cars, taxicabs and buses fill the streets, jam intersections, stopping only when forced to by a red light.

Subway stations unload throngs of workers, who weave their way up to the street, faces full of optimism and pride.

EXT. IBM BUILDING - DAY

The DOORMAN, an older African-American gentleman, dressed in an immaculate uniform holds the entry door open for everyone.

He nods happily to the workers filing their way in, smiling.

One man, PAUL MORTON, early thirties, wearing a tailored suit and carrying a briefcase, makes his way up to the entrance.

He smiles at the doorman, pausing to let others go by.

PAUL

How did you do at the races last night?

DOORMAN

Very well sir, Seabisquit by the nose! Thank you for the tip, Mr.. Morton.

PAUL

Good man! Glad to be of help.

Paul taps the doorman's shoulder in friendship as he walks inside the lobby.

INT. IBM BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

Lines of people crowd around the door to the elevators, pushing and shoving to get on.

Paul makes his way into one, stands behind the elevator operator, BERNIE, another African-American man.

PAUL

Morning, Bernie.

BERNIE
Another day, another dollar.

Paul laughs, winking at an attractive women across the way.

PAUL
Life in the big city...

INT. IBM BUILDING - DATA PROCESSING - DAY

The elevator doors slide open, a handful of people get out, including Paul Morton.

A vast space spreads out across the floor, with row upon row of desks and machinery, punch card tabulators and collators.

Paul strides up to his section, opens his briefcase on his desk, taking out a file folder of documents.

A co-worker, DELORES, early twenties, glides by his desk, dropping a file next to his pen blotter pad.

She leans over, whispering in his ear.

DELORES
Mr. Brinkman is looking for you.

Paul steals a smell of her finely coiffed hair.

PAUL
Is it good news?

Delores flashes a sweet smile over her shoulder.

DELORES
Lucky dog...

PAUL
Still looking forward to that
drink, Delores...

She wags her finger at him as she walks away.

Paul's heart melts, laughing, as he plops down in his chair.

He swivels around to find another co-worker, DAVE JOLOSKY, early thirties, sitting on the corner of his desk.

DAVE
She's right, Paul.

Paul leans back and throws his feet up on the desk, hands behind his head.

PAUL
I must be doing something right to
garner all this attention.

Dave's eyes dart around the room, speaks under his breath.

DAVE
Rumor is the Hollerith team is knee
deep in shit--

Out of nowhere, MR. BRINKMAN, early sixties, appears from
behind Dave's back.

Short and stocky, Brinkman is all work and no play.

Paul takes his feet off the desk and straightens up in his
chair, Dave on cue jumps to his feet at attention.

MR. BRINKMAN
That's putting it lightly, Mr..
Jolosky. Morton. My office. Five
minutes.

PAUL
Yes, sir!

Mr. Brinkman nods at them both, then turns away.

Paul and Dave look at each other, then laugh out loud as soon
as he's gone.

DAVE
Queer duck, always sneaks up on me.

PAUL
You have that new column set sorted
out yet?

DAVE
Piece of cake, Paul. Take me with
you.

PAUL
Am I going somewhere, Dave?

Paul hands Dave another file from inside his briefcase.

DAVE
Don't be so humble.

Dave scans through the papers in the file, Paul watches for
his reaction, smiling.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Damn... You asshole.

Dave walks away, his eyes studying the documents.

PAUL
I'll put in a good word for you,
buddy!

Dave wanders off to his desk, nodding, lost in thought.

DAVE
Uh huh, I'm still waiting...

Paul looks at his watch and abruptly jumps to his feet.

PAUL
Shit.

EXT. BRINKMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Paul stands outside the private office, looking through the window. He can see Mr. Brinkman talking on the phone.

He waits until Brinkman sees him, waves him to come in.

INT. BRINKMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Paul closes the door behind him, pretending not to hear Brinkman on the phone.

MR. BRINKMAN
Tell Martin that I'm sending Morton
out right away, and not to do
anything until he gets there, you
got that? Goddamn right. Goodbye.

Brinkman slams the phone down on the receiver, agitated.

He motions to Paul to sit opposite his desk.

Paul hurries to the seat, giving Mr. Brinkman his full attention.

Brinkman goes through his drawers looking for something haphazard -- finds a cigarette, lights it up.

Takes a long draw and blows out a stream of smoke.

MR. BRINKMAN (CONT'D)
Damnit, now I have to go use the
bathroom.

Paul stifles a smirk.

PAUL

You've got a new assignment for me,
sir?

Brinkman paces behind his desk, smoking up a storm.

MR. BRINKMAN

You're going to Dehomag, our
subsidiary in Berlin, day after
tomorrow. Martin's team needs your
expertise.

Paul didn't see that coming, jumps out of the chair excited.

PAUL

Martin's team?

MR. BRINKMAN

Reich Office of Statistics.

PAUL

What? They want to conduct another
census already?

MR. BRINKMAN

Are you trying to be smart, Morton?

PAUL

That census four years ago was a
real ball-breaker. Sir.

Brinkman blows smoke from his nostrils in disgust.

MR. BRINKMAN

Well, they're getting ready for
another big one in '39 and we're on
the hot seat for it.

Paul eases back into his chair, watching the smoke.

MR. BRINKMAN (CONT'D)

We don't consult them on their
reasons, why they do what they do.
We're only hired to do a job.

PAUL

It's hard to put your nose to the
grindstone and still look the other
way.

MR. BRINKMAN

Which way is there to look at it?
The politicians have their job and
we've got ours.

PAUL

Can I take Dave with me?

Brinkman snubs out the cigarette and sits at the desk, slipping on a pair of eyeglasses.

MR. BRINKMAN

Probably not a very good idea...

He picks up a copy of the New York Times open on the desk top, peers at small article buried inside.

Glances up at Paul, indicating to come look at this.

Paul walks around the desk and leans over his shoulder, reading the paper.

CLOSE ON NEWSPAPER

A small headline reads "A Nazi decree bars Jews from receiving university degrees."

Brinkman and Paul exchange a glance.

PAUL

It's going to get worse before it gets better.

Brinkman folds the paper closed -- the large headline on the front page screams out a story about the Hindenburg disaster.

He goes over to a file cabinet and rummages out a large file folder, an envelope and a work visa -- hands them to Paul.

MR. BRINKMAN

Make sure your passport is in order. Call me whenever you need to. I'm trusting you on this, Paul.

Paul looks inside the envelope -- a boat ticket along with a large stack of American dollars and German marks.

MR. BRINKMAN (CONT'D)

Your expense account. You set sail tomorrow at 9:00am. A room has been booked for you at the Hotel Aldon. This is your first time over isn't it? Sprechen sie deutsche?

Paul cracks a smile.

PAUL

Ein bisschen.

MR. BRINKMAN

Good. They'll be happy if you at least make the effort to throw a few words around from time to time.

Paul walks to the door, pretending to still be confident in himself.

Brinkman stares back at him with the utmost seriousness.

PAUL

How long am I going to be over there?

MR. BRINKMAN

For as long as it takes, Morton. Good luck.

Paul's smile evaporates as he closes the door behind him.

INT. IBM BUILDING - DATA PROCESSING - DAY

Paul lays the file and envelope on his desk as both Delores and Dave scurry up to him.

PAUL

Sorry, Dave. He's worried they'll string you up.

Dave works hard to suppress an angry outburst.

DAVE

I'd love the chance to string up those--

DELORES

He's got a right to be worried. I don't understand why we still own Dehomag anyway.

She picks up the envelope -- riffles through the wad of cash, her eyes lighting up.

PAUL

You're looking at the reason.

Paul shoves the file into his brief case and plucks the envelope out of Delores's hand.

DAVE

Can we at least send you off with a drink?

Delores throws Paul a flirtatious grin.

PAUL
How about an early and long lunch
on me?

They all laugh in agreement.

As they walk away Paul looks over his shoulder and sees
Brinkman in his office -- watching them leave.

EXT. SS MANHATTAN - BOAT DOCK - DAY

Dave and Delores stand on the dock with Paul, his baggage in
each hand.

DELORES
I hear it's a wonderful trip.

DAVE
Yeah, if he doesn't get seasick.

Dave digs an elbow into Paul in jest.

PAUL
I'm just hoping the average age
isn't above seventy.

A beautiful woman walks past them up the boat ramp, she
flashes a smile at Paul.

DAVE
(suddenly in love)
She doesn't look seventy...

Paul's mood brightens considerably by the sight.

Delores steps in front of his view and gives him a big wet
kiss full on the lips.

Paul smiles, shocked, but delighted.

PAUL
What was that for?

DELORES
For luck. Come back to us in one
piece okay?

DAVE
Oh, the humanity!

They all laugh as Paul makes his way up the ramp.

DELORES
Send me a postcard!

DAVE
Bon voyage, sucker!

PAUL
Out of the frying pan and into the
fire!

He nods his head at them in lieu of a wave, his hands holding his baggage.

Dave and Delores wave back, turning to leave.

DAVE
That's just great. He gets a mini
vacation and we have to go back to
work...

EXT. SS MANHATTAN - MAIN DECK - DAY

Paul walks up to the ship's PURSER, stops to pull out his boarding pass and gives it to the man.

The purser stamps it and gives him a room key.

PURSER
First Class cabins are down that
hallway, take the first left. Enjoy
your trip, Mr.. Morton.

Paul smiles and nods, putting the pass back inside his suit jacket pocket.

INT. SS MANHATTAN - FIRST CLASS CABIN DECK - DAY

Paul finds his cabin, lets himself in.

INT. SS MANHATTAN - CABIN - DAY

Paul closes the door, lays his bags on the bed.

A spacious and ornate room, with a small private balcony.

He opens the balcony door, steps outside to peer over the edge of the railing.

Another fine morning over the magnificent skyline of New York City.

INT. SS. MANHATTAN - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dressed to the nines in evening attire, Paul walks up to the Maître d' standing behind a podium.

MAÎTRE D'

Do you have a reservation, sir?

PAUL

Not yet, I guess. Do I need one?

Paul scans the crowd: as suspected, it's mostly a scene of moneyed elderly people.

His eyes stop on the beautiful woman seen earlier going up the boat ramp. Her name is HANNAH STERN, early thirties.

Her magnetic eyes are frozen on him -- she touches the glass of champagne before her, beckoning him.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Her. I'm here to meet her.

Paul tries to get the maître d' to follow his line of sight.

The man turns to look, spots her, turns back and says without missing a beat:

MAÎTRE D'

So you're the party Fräulein Stern is expecting?

PAUL

Fräulein Stern, yes I am.

The maître d' snaps his fingers and a waiter suddenly appears at his side.

MAÎTRE D'

Take this gentleman to table 13.
Enjoy your dinner, Mr.--

PAUL

Morton. Paul Morton. Thank you.

The waiter nods and leads Paul over to Fräulein Stern's table.

The heads of various elderly men make note of Paul's destination with envy.

WAITER

Paul Morton, miss.

HANNAH

Thank you, Remy.

Paul automatically throws out his hand in greetings to her.

A bit surprised, she offers up her hand to him.

He takes it gently and kisses it, his eyes never leaving her radiant face.

PAUL

Pleasure to meet you, Fräulein Stern.

HANNAH

Hannah, bitte, sit down, Paul.

Paul takes the empty chair beside her and sits, having no idea what's going to happen next.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Were those friends of yours seeing you off today?

Another waiter arrives with a glass for Paul, puts it down before him and fills it with champagne from a bottle in an ice bucket nearby.

PAUL

Thank you my good man. Co-workers, yes. And friends of mine, yes.

HANNAH

So, what brings you to Germany?

PAUL

Work. My company has a rather large client in Berlin. Do you live in Germany?

HANNAH

No, not anymore. I immigrated to America four years ago.

PAUL

Really? How do you like it?

HANNAH

It's nicer than to live in fear all of the time, let's put it that way.

PAUL

Fear?

HANNAH

You've been keeping up on current events, no?

PAUL

Well, of course. Are you referring to the new leadership?

HANNAH

Would you call a gang of thugs "leadership", Mr.. Morton?

PAUL

Okay then, why are you going back?

HANNAH

To convince my parents to leave.

Paul begins to choose his words carefully.

PAUL

I have to admit, this is my first trip over there. Is the situation really that bad?

HANNAH

Worse than you can possibly imagine.

Hannah can see her honesty makes Paul uncomfortable.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Do you mind if I ask you who your client is in Berlin?

Paul looks around the room, suddenly becoming self-conscious.

PAUL

The Reich Office of Statistics.

Hannah's demeanor undergoes a palpable change.

HANNAH

What does your company do for them?

Paul finishes off his glass and reaches for the champagne.

He offers to re-fill her glass, she nods.

A waiter hurries over and takes the bottle from Paul and fills both of their glasses.

PAUL

Oh, sorry.

WAITER
Quite alright, sir.

PAUL
We, I.B.M. that is, lease them
tabulation equipment for their
census projects.

HANNAH
I.B.M.?

PAUL
You're not familiar with--? It
stands for International Business
Machines.

Hannah follows his every word with intense attention.

HANNAH
Sounds serious.

PAUL
It is our biggest account in
mainland Europe, yes.

HANNAH
So they're planning another census?

PAUL
Yes, I guess so, in a couple of
years I think.

HANNAH
Were you involved in the census of
1933?

PAUL
No, not directly. I've only been
with the company for three years
now. But I know all about it.

HANNAH
Well, if you know all about it,
then you must know what the
National Socialist are doing with
that information?

He's on the hot seat now.

PAUL
I, uh...

HANNAH

I'm sorry, we've only just met and we're discussing such serious matters already.

PAUL

No, that's okay. I'm just a computer programmer. Pushing around numbers, designing punch cards and--

HANNAH

Did you come here to eat dinner, Paul?

PAUL

Yes, I did.

Hannah catches the attention of the waiter, he hurries over.

HANNAH

May we have the menus now, please?

WAITER

Yes, one moment.

The waiter runs off to retrieve the menus.

HANNAH

I think we might feel better about discussing these things on a full stomach, what do you think?

Paul finishes off his glass again, trying hard to relax.

PAUL

That's an excellent idea, Fräulein Stern.

HANNAH

Hannah, please...

PAUL

Hannah...

They both smile as the waiter returns with the menus.

INT. SS MANHATTAN - CABIN - NIGHT

Paul returns alone, after his dinner with Hannah.

Throws off his suit jacket and sits on the bed. Opens the job project file Brinkman gave him and begins to read.

EXT. SS MANHATTAN - MAIN DECK - DAY

Paul walks around the deck, watching the passengers.

Sees Hannah talking to an elderly couple, she seems not to notice him.

Paul makes himself scarce...

MONTAGE

Over the next seven days of the voyage, Paul and Hannah watch each other from a distance while walking around the ship.

Eating dinners, talking to other passengers, they pass each other by like ghosts on a long lost trip...

EXT. HAMBURG BOAT DOCK - DAY

The SS Manhattan sails up to the dock, where throngs of people are waiting.

A crowd of full of sullen, sad faces.

EXT. SS MANHATTAN - MAIN DECK - DAY

Paul watches the boat pull up to the dock, surveys the city skyline of Hamburg.

Bright red, white and black National Socialist banners and flags adorn several buildings.

EXT. HAMBURG BOAT DOCK - DAY

The boat passengers debark from the ship, it's a somber scene for a lot of the people.

Paul carries both his bags, makes his way to the exit ramp.

He runs into Hannah again.

PAUL

Guten morgen, Hannah.

She's apprehensive about talking to him.

HANNAH

Good morning, Mr.. Morton.

PAUL

Hope the discussion of my work didn't put you off--

HANNAH

I sincerely hope you are able to work for the good of Germany, Mr.. Morton.

Paul reaches into his suit pocket and retrieves a business card, hands it to her.

PAUL

Take this, I hope we can meet again in the States after you've safely gotten your parents back.

She tentatively accepts the card, studying the IBM logo on it with scepticism.

HANNAH

Thank you.

Paul puts down his bags and finds a pen in another pocket and a leather covered note pad.

PAUL

Just a minute--

He takes the card back from her, opens the note pad and finds a telephone number -- writes it on the back of the card.

PAUL (CONT'D)

This is my work telephone number in Berlin. If there is anything I can possibly do to help you and your parents please don't hesitate to call.

Paul hands it back to her, trying hard to communicate his empathy with her.

Touched, Hannah slips the card into one of her bags.

HANNAH

Okay. Good luck, Paul.

She lets a smile slip from her lips.

He's happy to finally see her loosen up even the tiniest bit.

PAUL

It's been a pleasure to meet you Fräulein Stern. Auf wiedersehen.

HANNAH

Auf wiedersehen.

She nods and turns to walk down the ramp.

Paul picks up his bags and waits his turn to go down the ramp.

INT. HAMBURG TRAIN STATION - DAY

Paul buys a ticket to Berlin, makes his way to the train.

Brown-shirted SS guards are in evidence everywhere.

The sight of firearms carried openly in public makes Paul uneasy.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Paul finds an empty seat, shoves his baggage in an overhead shelf.

Other people quickly crowd in around him, sitting in all available seats, everyone speaking German loudly.

Paul sits in his seat, smiles and nods at an elderly couple sitting opposite him.

OLD MAN

Guten tag.

PAUL

Guten tag.

The OLD MAN, in his seventies, can tell from Paul's accent he's not German.

OLD MAN

Where are you from, my son?

Paul instantly realizes he's been pegged as a foreigner.

PAUL

I just arrived from America.

The OLD WOMAN, also in her seventies, brightens slightly.

OLD WOMAN

Er ist ein Amerikaner?

The old man gently puts a hand on her knee, his eyes never leaving Paul.

OLD MAN

Ja.

OLD WOMAN

Was bringt ihn nach Deutschland?

He's attentive to her question, but Paul does not understand.

OLD MAN
I'm sorry, but my wife does not
speak English.

Paul laughs.

PAUL
That's okay!

OLD MAN
She wonders what brings you to our
country -- Mr.---?

PAUL
Morton, Paul Morton.

OLD WOMAN
Herr Morton?

OLD MAN
Ja.

The train jostles forward, beginning the journey to Berlin.

PAUL
Work. My company has an office in
Berlin.

OLD MAN
(to wife)
Seine Firma hat ein Büro in Berlin.

She nods and smiles faintly at Paul.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
What is your company if I may ask?

PAUL
International Business Machines.
I'm to work at the Reich Office of
Statistics.

A look of horror comes over the face of the old man.

He grabs his wife by the arm and motions to her to get up.

The old woman looks at Paul, not comprehending, but intuits
the fear dripping off her husband.

Surprised by their reaction -- Paul starts to get up,
nodding, trying to think of a polite way to say goodbye.

The elderly couple disappear down the aisle crossing over to another car.

Several nearby passengers are all now gaping at him, wondering what he said to set off the elderly couple.

Paul stares back at a number of faces -- then slides back over to the window and stares outside.

EXT. GERMAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The train rolls through the beautiful green countryside of Northern Germany --

-- passing through small villages adorned with swastika flags and banners.

EXT. BERLIN - DAY

The train pulls into the sprawling metropolis, entering the Friedrichstrasse station.

INT. FRIEDRICHSTRASSE STATION - DAY

The train comes to a stop at a platform -- a massive crowd of people are waiting for the train.

EXT. TRAIN TO BERLIN - DAY

Paul exits the train with his luggage in both hands.

INT. FRIEDRICHSTRASSE STATION - DAY

Paul pushes his way through the crowd -- spies a man near the back of the room holding a sign with the letters "I B M".

Paul waves to the man, MARTIN GRUBER, late thirties, the IBM colleague in charge of the Berlin government accounts.

PAUL

Martin! Nice to finally see a familiar face around here!

Martin puts out his hand -- Paul shakes it eagerly.

MARTIN

You're not homesick already I hope!

PAUL

Oh no, just a little culture shock
I guess.

MARTIN

Yeah, well you better get used it,
because their way is certainly not
the American way of doing things.

PAUL

I trust you will help me get up to
speed, Mein Herr.

Paul laughs a little bit too loudly, Martin looks around
nervously.

MARTIN

Please don't make jokes about the
language, Paul. They take such
things here much too seriously.

PAUL

Okay, Martin. Good to know.

Martin grabs one of Paul's bags and begins to lead the way
out, with Paul jumping in behind to catch up.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Where are we headed to first?

MARTIN

We'll drop your bags off at the
hotel and head straight to work.

They both disappear into the swirling crowd as they make
their way in and out of the train station.

EXT. FRIEDRICHSTRASSE STATION - DAY

A long black Mercedes-Benz 320 town car waits for them at the
loading zone, the chauffeur sees Martin and immediately jumps
out.

Goes to open the trunk -- just as Martin and Paul arrive with
the bags.

Helps get them packed, then goes to open the car door for
them -- Martin guides Paul inside first.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

With everyone inside, the chauffeur speeds away from the
station at high speed.

MARTIN

Hans, please take us to the Hotel Adlon, we just need to drop Mr.. Morton's bags before heading back to the office.

HANS

Yes, sir.

Hans makes a sharp turn at the next intersection.

Paul smiles at Martin as he hangs onto a door handle for support.

PAUL

Nice hotel?

MARTIN

The very best Berlin has to offer. Lucky dog...

PAUL

That's the second time in a week someone has called me that. Now I'm getting worried.

Now Martin laughs out loud a little too much.

MARTIN

Don't worry, you have your work cut out for you on this assignment. Trust me.

PAUL

Damn. And I thought this was going to be the vacation I never got last year.

EXT. UNTER DEN LINDEN - DAY

Driving down the famous boulevard, the Brandenburg Gate is visible at the end of the street.

They pull up to the front of the luxury Hotel Adlon, bedecked with flags and banners of the Reich government.

Paul gapes at the impressive facade with awe.

PAUL

Looks dressed for a party.

MARTIN

In fact it is. The city is getting ready to celebrate the 700th anniversary of Berlin.

PAUL

Does that mean things are going to get crazy around here?

Martin motions to Hans where to pull up and park.

MARTIN

Things already are...

EXT. HOTEL ADLON - DAY

A melting pot of all sorts of nationalities, milling about, coming and going.

Hans parks the car and retrieves Paul's bags from the trunk.

Paul and Martin get out of the car and take the bags from Hans.

MARTIN

Hans, this shouldn't take more than ten minutes, I hope. Wait here.

HANS

Yes, sir. I may have to circle, so--

MARTIN

Yes, yes, very well.

Martin grabs Paul by the elbow and leads him into the hotel.

INT. HOTEL ADLON - DAY

The opulent surroundings are abuzz with life, bellhops run up offering to take Paul's bags inside.

MARTIN

Wir können es schaffen, danke.

Paul smiles at the bellhops, shrugging his shoulders.

A loud outburst of group laughter erupts from the nearby hotel bar.

PAUL

Looks like a fun place.

MARTIN

Just be careful, these people like to drink like there's no tomorrow.

PAUL

Ah, what's wrong with a drink now and then, Martin?

MARTIN

Absolutely nothing. Just don't let someone drink you under the table.

PAUL

Duly noted.

They make their way up to the front desk to check in.

EXT. HOTEL ADLON - DAY

Free and clear of the baggage, Paul and Martin step back outside onto the sidewalk.

The black Mercedes is nowhere to be seen.

MARTIN

Damn it, Hans.

PAUL

Is Hans your personal chauffeur?

Martin lets out a loud guffaw.

MARTIN

God no, he's another I.B.M. employee.

PAUL

I thought the office was close to the hotel -- couldn't we just walk?

MARTIN

It is close, but it's a long walk, trust me.

PAUL

Okay. Is that him?

Paul points down the street.

The black Mercedes comes screeching out of traffic and skids to a halt in front of them at the curb.

Hans jumps out and opens the car door for them.

HANS
Sorry, sir. The Security Police you
know...

MARTIN
Yes, I know...

Martin and Paul climb into the car, Hans gets in after them.
They pull away from the hotel and dive back into the traffic.

EXT. NEUE KONIGSTRASSE - DAY

Driving down the long avenue crowded with traffic, they come
upon a large, seven-story office building.

MARTIN
Here's your new home for the next
few weeks.

PAUL
Is that it? Looks like a department
store.

Hans laughs, then decides to stifle it. This makes Martin
laugh as well.

MARTIN
As a matter of fact it used to be
the local Karstadt. You know your
architecture, Paul.

PAUL
Just a good guess.

EXT. REICH OFFICE OF STATISTICS - DAY

Hans pulls over to a loading zone in front of the entrance
and stops.

Martin grips Hans' shoulder for a moment.

MARTIN
Go ahead and park, we can open the
door ourselves.

HANS
Very well, sir.

Martin nods to Paul to go.

PAUL
(to Hans)
Nice meeting you!

Surprised at his outburst of good will, Hans nods.
The black Mercedes pulls back into traffic and disappears.
Paul steps back and stares up at the building for a moment.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Am I ready for this?

MARTIN
Welcome to the belly of the beast.
Let's go, punctuality is a must
with these people.

Paul can't decide if he should smile or not.

INT. REICH OFFICE OF STATISTICS - LOBBY - DAY

Quiet as a library, the cavernous entry has few people about.

An elderly GUARD sits behind a small podium, reading a copy
of the Völkischer Beobachter newspaper.

He looks up, recognizes Martin.

GUARD
Guten tag, Mein Herr.

Martin nods to the guard.

MARTIN
Guten tag. This is the man I was
telling you about, Paul Morton.

Paul nods a hello to the guard.

The guard sizes Paul up, clearly not impressed.

GUARD
Very good, sir.

PAUL
Danke.

The guard raises an eyebrow at Paul's accent and almost
smiles.

Martin walks over to the elevators, pushes a button, Paul
follows close behind.

The elevator door opens and they both enter.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Martin laughs out loud for no apparent reason.

PAUL

What is it, Martin?

MARTIN

Oh, I don't know. I hope you will be able to help us with this project.

PAUL

The file Brinkman gave me was pretty vague. What else can you tell me to get me up to speed?

MARTIN

There's going to be another countrywide census, planning to launch it next year.

PAUL

What, again already?

MARTIN

Yes, I know... I don't think it will happen till after next year.

PAUL

Why is that?

MARTIN

Because they keep expanding the data sets on a daily basis. That's where we need your help.

The elevator stops and the door opens, they exit.

INT. REGISTRATION DEPT. - DAY

Martin and Paul walk onto the floor -- it seems to stretch for as far as the eye can see in all directions:

Row after row of metal office desks, chairs populated by studious, well-dressed employees, all focused and working.

Martin guides the way for Paul.

MARTIN

Let me introduce you to our Reich
liaison, George Schneider.

Paul notices the high degree of focus and concentration of
the workers as they walk across the floor.

Martin leads them up to a private corner office with a
spacious view of the Berlin skyline.

A young secretary sits at a small desk outside the man's
office -- as they approach, Martin raises a hand in greeting
to her.

The secretary looks down at her phone -- a blinking light
indicates her boss is talking on another line.

SECRETARY

Einen moment, bitte.

She smiles at Paul, she seems interested in seeing a new,
unknown face.

MARTIN

I see, yes.

Martin turns to Paul.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

God forbid we should hear him
talking on the telephone...

Paul smiles back at the pretty young secretary.

She sits patiently staring back at him, waiting -- for the
blinking light on her phone to extinguish, which it does.

SECRETARY

Bitte.

She gestures for them to go ahead and enter the office.

MARTIN

Danke.

Paul sneaks another glimpse of the secretary as they walk in,
but she has gone back to work and has forgotten about him.

INT. SCHNEIDER'S OFFICE - DAY

George Schneider sits behind a large, black immaculate desk.

His hand still rests on the phone in its cradle, his eyes are scanning a sheet of technical data as they walk in.

MARTIN

Herr Schneider, I'm happy to announce that Paul Morton, from I.B.M. New York has arrived today.

George snaps to attention at the mention of the name and stands up, looking Paul up and down.

GEORGE

Mr. Morton, how good it is to finally meet you. I understand you're I.B.M.'s top programmer back in the United States.

Paul extends his hand to George, they shake firmly.

PAUL

Pleasure to meet you, Herr Schneider.

George gestures for them to sit in a couple of chairs opposite his desk.

GEORGE

Please, sit down. Was your journey restful I hope?

PAUL

Yes it was. Berlin is a beautiful city.

GEORGE

I agree with you -- it is quite beautiful.

MARTIN

Have your contacts in the Registry department been in communication with you, of late-- ?

GEORGE

Sorry to interrupt you, Martin -- but do either of you want a coffee or tea?

Martin and Paul exchange looks, sure why not.

PAUL

I'll have a coffee if you don't mind.

MARTIN

No, thank you.

GEORGE

Wunderbar.

He pushes a button on his phone.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Matilda, can you bring us two coffees, please. To answer your question, yes and no. Yes -- they have been supplying me with information, and no -- no definite decisions or deadlines have been made or put into action...

Martin crosses his legs, a little relieved.

MARTIN

I'm not surprised. Those people in the Race Political Office can't seem to get it all together.

George carefully slides the technical sheet on his desk around facing it toward Paul.

GEORGE

The dissemination of the vision from the Chancellory changes daily, this is true.

(to Paul)

Mr.. Morton, please take a look at this data set and tell me, can we fit such a beast on an eighty column punch card?

PAUL

You can call me Paul, sir. What have we got here...

Paul stands up to get a closer look at the paper, Martin gets up to look over Paul's shoulder.

The pretty young secretary seen earlier, MATILDA, walks in with a small tray carrying two coffees.

Paul smiles at her -- George motions for her to put the tray down on his desk.

MATILDA

(to Paul)

Do you take cream, sir?

PAUL
No, thank you.

GEORGE
Bitte.

Matilda pours some cream into a cup for Herr Schneider, moves the cup next to his blotter pad.

She turns and hands the other cup to Paul -- his fingers brush against her hand.

Martin tries not to notice this, distracting George.

MARTIN
It looks like they have added a lot of data to poll for the new census.

GEORGE
Der Fuhrer is tightening the noose around the neck of the Jewish vermin that threatens the purity of German culture and heritage.

Paul almost does a double-take, not quite sure what he has just heard from George.

He looks at Martin, who doesn't bat an eye over George's racial remark.

MARTIN
Well, when he becomes obsessed with something, he certainly doesn't let go until the job gets done!

Martin returns Paul's glance -- sees he has frozen over the topic of conversation -- momentary abyss.

GEORGE
Is there something the matter, Paul?

Paul slowly turns his eyes back on George, speechless.

George eyes him with the utmost seriousness -- wait patiently for his reply.

PAUL
I...think, this will require some fancy formatting and...perhaps even the design of a new, taller card.

Paul has decided on the spur of the moment to keep his opinions to himself, for now.

GEORGE

I am very glad to hear that, Paul.
Martin here assures me you are the
right man for this job.

Visibly relieved, Martin watches Paul continue to play ball
with the two of them.

PAUL

I love the work that I do, and the
company I work for.

Paul looks down at the data sheet, his eyes narrowing on it.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I will do the best job I can to
bring this together while exceeding
your already high expectations of
service.

George laughs out loud, gives Martin a pleased look.

GEORGE

That sounds perfect. If we are able
to get this project done early, do
you have any aversion to tackling
small projects in the field?

Paul confidently sits down -- his eyes never leaving George.

PAUL

That sounds very interesting, can
we discuss it more after finishing
this first project?

GEORGE

Of course. I hear through the, how
do you call it, "grapevine", that
we are expecting a distinguished
guest this Friday -- do you think
you will be able to have a working
proposal for this project to
present by then?

George has folded up the large technical data sheet and
placed it inside a file -- which he presents to Paul.

Paul accepts it, looks over at Martin (whose return look
says: "don't look at me!"), then casually holds the file
folder on his lap, ready to leave.

PAUL

Yes. What time?

GEORGE
Nine a.m. sharp -- in conference
room 1A, top floor.

Martin can't believe Paul said yes.

MARTIN
Sorry to interrupt, but, Paul, are
you sure you can do this by--?

Paul stands up -- gesturing to Martin to do the same.

PAUL
Nice to meet you, Herr Schneider.

George stands up and extends his hand again to Paul.

Paul takes it firmly, slowly shaking it.

GEORGE
It has indeed been a pleasure to
meet you, Mr.. Morton. I will call
you, Martin, if there are any more
changes before Friday.

Martin quickly shakes George's hand.

MARTIN
Danke, Mein Herr.

Paul leads the way out of the office, with Martin tailing
him.

INT. REGISTRATION DEPT. - DAY

Wound so tight, Paul begins walking really fast.

MARTIN
Where are you going, Paul?

PAUL
Is there someplace we can smoke in
private?

MARTIN
Smoke? I thought you quit?

PAUL
Not any more... Are our offices on
this floor?

Martin guides him back towards the elevators.

MARTIN

No, our designated area is down on the third floor.

PAUL

Do we need to go outside for the--?

Martin pushes a call button at the elevators.

MARTIN

We have a private office down there, don't worry about it.

The elevator arrives, they both enter when the door opens.

Paul turns around -- and in the split second before the door closes -- he can see Matilda at her desk, watching him.

As soon as the door completely closes, Paul lets loose the wave of pressure building in him.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Paul exhales loudly, almost having to catch his breath. He looks at Martin, looking more than a little stunned.

PAUL

What was he going on about, Martin?

MARTIN

Going on about? What do you--

PAUL

"Jewish vermin"?!

MARTIN

Oh, that...

PAUL

What do you mean, "oh, that"?

MARTIN

It's one of Hitler's obsessions, he wants to make German blood pure by flushing out the Jews.

Paul shakes his head in disbelief, as the elevator door opens to their floor.

INT. PROGRAMMING DEPT. - DAY

Another large room, with staff working over several punch card machines.

Paul bolts forward -- dragging Martin with him.

PAUL
Where's this private office you
were talking about?

Martin shakes Paul's hand free of his arm and leads the way.

A young woman, GERT HELM, late twenties, hurries up to
Martin.

GERT
Herr Gruber, do you have time to
come check our progress?

MARTIN
Yes. I need to chat with our new
colleague here, Paul Morton, in the
conference room for a few minutes.

Paul puts on a perfunctory smile for the woman.

GERT
Ah! Herr Morton has arrived! Very
glad to meet you, sir.

Gert looks pleased to see him, showing the barest hint of a
smile.

Martin sees the opportunity for an introduction.

MARTIN
Paul, this is Gert Helm, she's one
of the team members on the project
you'll be helping us with. Maybe
you can look over their work after
our chat?

PAUL
Pleased to meet you, Gert. Let me
talk to Martin here and then we'll
come find you.

Gert nods and heads off back to her work area.

Martin nods to Paul, they move off to a small private room
and close the door.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Paul immediately closes the venetian blinds for privacy from
the office, as Martin goes to open one of the view windows.

Paul stands by the window, staring down at the street.

Martin sits down by the conference table, waiting.

Paul looks at Martin, perturbed.

PAUL

You still smoke don't you?

MARTIN

Yes. Oh, you need one? Right,
sorry, here--

He pats down his suit jacket pockets and finds a pack of cigarettes, offers one to Paul.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

They're not American I am afraid.

PAUL

Don't care.

He quickly takes the cigarette -- and waits for a light from Martin.

Martin stands up, and fumbles in another pocket to produce a lighter, lights up Paul's cigarette.

Paul takes a long, deep drag and immediately starts coughing.

MARTIN

They're a bit nasty, have to warn
you.

PAUL

Now you tell me...

MARTIN

What's the matter, Paul? You're not
Jewish are you?

PAUL

No, I'm not Jewish, Martin. It's
one thing to read and hear bits and
pieces of what the Nazis are doing
to the Jews here in Germany -- it's
quite another to come to it face to
face. What is corporate's stance on
this? Never thought to ask Brinkman
about it.

MARTIN

There is no stance that I'm aware
of. It just business as usual.

Paul looks around for an ashtray -- Martin points to one on the conference table.

PAUL

Just business as usual, don't that
just beat all...

MARTIN

What's wrong, Paul? Can't you tell
me what's really on your mind?

PAUL

I don't know what's on my mind yet,
Martin. I can't claim to be a
staunch defender of all human
rights, but I think Jews are hardly
"vermin."

MARTIN

Well, of course you're right, Paul.
But we can't very well get involved
in their politics, now can we? The
National Socialist government is
our largest client in Europe, and I
don't think Watson would like us
going around sticking our noses
into other people's business.

PAUL

Fuck Watson!

On cue with Paul's outburst comes a knock on the door -- it
causes them both to jump.

Martin gives Paul a "calm down!" look as he goes to answer
the door.

Paul angrily snubs out the cigarette in the ashtray.

A young man, FELIX PRESSBURGER, mid-twenties, pops his head
in to speak to Martin.

FELIX

Sorry to interrupt, Herr Gruber,
but you have a call from New York
holding on line three.

MARTIN

Saved by the bell.

(to Paul)

Okay, this is Felix Pressburger,
another member of our team.

(to Felix)

This is Paul Morton from New York.
Please take him over to the crew
working on the D-11 and make the
necessary introductions.

Felix beams at Paul, extends his hand to shake.

FELIX

Mr.. Morton, I've heard a lot about
you! Come this way please.

Paul blurts out a laugh at Martin, who smiles back at them as they all leave the conference room.

INT. PROGRAMMING DEPT. - DAY

Martin walks away to his private office across the floor.

Felix walks quickly in another direction -- Paul works hard to keep up.

Felix slows up and leans over to Paul's ear.

FELIX

I know where to get some American
cigarettes on the black market if
you're interested.

PAUL

I might just be, Felix.

They arrive at an open work area surrounding a large IBM D11 punch card computing machine.

A couple of PEOPLE are working on the machine itself, one of whom is Gert.

Two other PEOPLE sit at desks close by, all are obviously working together as a team.

GERT

There he is!

Everyone looks up from their work to look at Paul.

FELIX

Everyone, the famous Paul Morton
has just arrived from New York
today -- and is here now to save
our sorry asses!

Paul's not sure if he should laugh at this remark, or not.

PAUL

Now wait a minute, Felix--

Felix wags a friendly finger at Paul -- continues onward.

FELIX
Let me introduce Gert Helm--

PAUL
Yes, we've met--

Gert smiles and nods.

FELIX
--programmer extraordinaire. And
this is Ilse Meyer, master
documentarian.

ILSE MEYER, mid-twenties, sits at one of the nearby desks,
smiles and nods.

Felix turns and throws an arm around the shoulder of one of
the men bent over the computer.

FELIX (CONT'D)
This is Hermann Rademacher -- and
over there is Franz Novak, both
amazing mechanical geniuses.

FRANZ NOVAK, early thirties, and HERMANN RADEMACHER, early
forties, both walk over and shake Paul's hand.

PAUL
Hello, nice to meet you all. Let me
see here: Gert, Felix, Ilse, Franz
and Hermann.

GERT
Don't forget Herr Gruber.

PAUL
Yes, and Martin. Can someone tell
me exactly, what I am doing here?

The group all look at each other seriously, then
spontaneously burst out laughing.

HERMANN
Well, we were hoping you could tell
us Herr Morton.

PAUL
Just to get this out of the way,
you guys can just call me Paul. Not
Herr Morton or Mr.. Paul. And
please do not call me sir.

Paul takes off his suit jacket and loosens the tie around his
neck, looks around for a place to put it.

GERT

We need help fitting more data for
the census on the standard size
punch card for the D-11 machine.

Ilse jumps up and takes the jacket from him, drapes it over
her chair -- Gert looks at her, surprised.

PAUL

Data sheets, card layouts, tables.
What work have you done so far?
Show it all to me.

Ilse and Gert start gathering up sheets of documents from
various drawers and desks and shelves and begin laying them
on a large work table next to the computer.

Franz finds a chair for Paul to sit on as everyone slowly
gathers around the table.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Thank you, Franz.

Paul opens his briefcase, finds the large data sheet given to
him by George Schneider.

He carefully lays it out on the table top before everyone,
looks up to gauge their reactions as they look it over.

Ilse looks ill at ease and gets up, returns to her desk to
work on something else.

PAUL (CONT'D)

What's wrong, Ilse?

Felix doesn't mince his words, but neither is he condemning.

FELIX

Ilse is Jewish.

PAUL

Then I can understand her unease. I
am not Jewish and all this makes me
very uncomfortable.

Everyone stays mum, not sure what to say next.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Can any of you explain to me why
the government would need this
specific kind of information?

Ilse sits with her back to everyone, replies to him under her
breath.

ILSE
They want to rid Germany of the
Jews. Simple as that.

PAUL
Why haven't you emigrated, Ilse?

She turns around surprised, looks him straight in the eye.

ILSE
Why should I? This is my home, I
was born here. I have lived here my
entire life!

Gert walks over to Ilse, to put a calming arm around her
shoulder -- but she's pushed away.

GERT
Ilse...

ILSE
Stop pretending that you feel sorry
for me.

Ilse stands and walks away from the group, heading for the
elevators.

FELIX
As distasteful as you might find
all this, Paul -- we don't really
have much choice in the matter.

HERMANN
Felix is right, if we don't perform
the work we are asked to do here,
we will be replaced like that--
(snaps fingers)
--and someone else will do the
work.

Paul sits there, taking it all in, studying each of their
faces in turn.

GERT
Damned if we do, damned if we
don't.

FELIX
There are rumors of people
disappearing...

Martin walks up just in time to hear the tail end of what
Felix is saying.

MARTIN

People disappearing? Are you people discussing the task at hand, or are you trying to second guess our elected leadership?

Franz makes a snorting sound and turns his back to the group, fiddling with a mechanical piece on his machine.

FELIX

I think Mr.. Morton is trying to express his concerns over the content of these expanded data sets.

MARTIN

It is not our job to question what has been handed down to us. If you defy orders--

PAUL

What? If we defy order--?

Hermann slowly nods at Paul, as if to say, "don't bother."

GERT

I think if we can add more vertical punches to each column and double up the if/then/else code tables--

HERMANN

--we'll have to re-write the sorting routines by hand!

PAUL

We'll have to make a wider card, it's the only way to add more data without re-writing the code books.

HERMANN

Will corporate allow us to do that?

Paul glances at Martin, whose blood is beginning to boil.

PAUL

If they want this job done right, they won't have much of a choice.

MARTIN

Do you have any idea of how much extra cost that will bring to the overhead of every camp--

Martin cuts himself off, realizing he's going in a direction he doesn't want to go.

PAUL

Camp?

Ilse returns with a new pile of folders right at the awkward moment -- she's curious to hear Martin's reply.

MARTIN

Labor camps, detention camps,
mostly for Jews, Gypsies,
Communists, homosexuals... Anyone
the government considers to be a
detriment to German blood.

PAUL

Christ. I was sent here to do a
job, expanding data sets, or so I
was told. I was asked to help
enable the persecution of--

HERMANN

Then maybe you should go back to
New York.

GERT

We don't know for sure how the
government plans to use this data,
if in fact it ever does.

FELIX

Isn't all this in preparation of
the national census next year?

MARTIN

Yes, it is. Look, we're moving too
fast here and jumping to a lot of
conclusions based on information we
don't have.

PAUL

How do we go about getting that
information?

MARTIN

(to everyone)

I think Paul needs a little rest up
at the hotel, since he's had such a
long journey--

Paul jumps up -- the large data sheet nearly crumpling in his hands.

PAUL

--you mean I need a stiff drink at
the hotel? Who wants one with me?

He looks around at every member of the team.

They all look a bit surprised by the sudden offer, not sure if he's serious or crazy.

ILSE

I'd like a drink.

FELIX

Why not, but Martin will never go.

HERMANN

We have too much work to do.

Hermann looks sternly at Franz -- he nods in agreement, turning back to the machine with a tool in hand.

GERT

I'll go too. Besides, it's almost lunchtime and I'm hungry.

PAUL

Great, Ilse, Felix and Gert -- sure you won't come Martin.

Martin looks around the room nervously, as if he is being watched.

MARTIN

I will catch up with you later tonight at the hotel, okay?

Paul looks around at the team again.

PAUL

Do you mind if I take this? Make it my bedtime reading.

Gert and Ilse snicker, while Hermann gives Martin a stern look.

Martin shakes his look off, ready to guide them to the elevators.

MARTIN

Just don't let it out of your sight, agreed?

PAUL

Yes sir, Herr Gruber, sir.

Paul folds the over-sized paper back up and puts it in his briefcase.

Ilse, Felix and Gert gather up coats, bags and belongings as they rush to follow Paul and Martin.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 (over his shoulder)
 Nice meeting you Hermann. Franz.

Hermann grunts in reply, offering up a fake salute.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 (to Martin)
 Nice guys?

MARTIN
 Who, Hermann and Franz? They can be, with a enough liquor in them.

ILSE
 They voted for Hitler.

PAUL
 What are you saying, Ilse?

They arrive at the elevators, Martin is about to have a conniption fit over the way the conversation is going.

MARTIN
 Okay, keep it down, keep it down. There are plenty of party hardliners around here always looking for someone to turn in.

PAUL
 Don't worry, Martin -- I won't get you fired, yet.

The elevator doors open and the group piles in.

MARTIN
 Yeah, well, don't let these hooligans get you fired!

Ilse, Gert and Felix all groan in unison, good-naturedly.

PAUL
 You mean you don't want me to corrupt them?

Martin smiles and shakes his head, walking away quickly as the elevator door closes.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Paul stands in the middle of the four of them, smiling.

PAUL

Is he always that goddamn uptight?

Gert and Ilse look at each other knowingly.

Felix keeps mum.

GERT

Always.

PAUL

Wasn't that way when he lived in the States. So, is it cheap to take a taxicab around here?

FELIX

Don't worry, you can expense it to Dehomag.

ILSE

What hotel are you staying at?

PAUL

A little place called the Adlon.

All three of them are stunned, and then excited.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Would you call it a nice place?

They all laugh out loud.

GERT

It's the finest hotel in Berlin!

PAUL

Then we should all have fun, don't you agree?!

They all nod in unison -- which makes them all laugh even harder together again.

EXT. ADLON HOTEL - DAY

A taxi pulls up to the entrance, and Paul, Ilse, Gert and Felix get out.

They enter the hotel.

INT. ADLON HOTEL - DAY

The hotel still buzzes, alive with activity.

PAUL
 Shall we go to the restaurant or go
 straight to the bar?

Ilse nods in the direction of the restaurant.

Gert looks at Felix.

GERT
 You've been here before, haven't
 you? Doesn't the bar serve food?

FELIX
 Yes, they do. Maybe not as fancy as
 the four star restaurant--

ILSE
 Let's go to the bar then--

PAUL
 Okay -- the bar!

They head off in the direction of the hotel bar.

INT. ADLON HOTEL - BAR - DAY

The group finds a table in the fast moving crowd.

A waiter comes by and takes drink orders from everyone.

PAUL
 (to Ilse)
 Aren't you going to order something
 to eat?

ILSE
 I can't afford to--

PAUL
 Ah baloney! Don't they pay you
 enough?!

Ilse can't tell if he's joking or being serious.

ILSE
 I don't live at the Adlon Hotel.

PAUL
 Okay fine, then it'll be on me.
 Everything -- drinks, food, it's
 all on me.

Ilse opens her menu again and starts looking.

GERT

Are you crazy, Herr Morton?!

Felix eagerly picks up the food menu.

FELIX

Well, if you insist, maybe I will
have something to eat after all.

Gert looks a little astonished.

Paul grabs her wrist, reassuring her.

PAUL

Don't worry about it, Gert. It'll
be on I.B.M.'s dime, not mine.

Gert smiles and picks up a menu too.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Wow, looks like everyone IS hungry
after all.

Paul succumbs and joins everyone, thumbing through his menu.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Hmmm, how about this: steak, medium
rare. Done. Waiter!

A waiter jumps to attention, appearing at Paul's side.

They each give food orders to the waiter.

Another waiter appears with the cocktails on a tray.

PAUL (CONT'D)

About time. I propose a toast.

Gert, Ilse and Felix all smile together, ready to play along.

FELIX

Here, here...

Paul has a couple of shot glasses full of vodka -- he picks
up one and holds it high.

PAUL

To the end of tyranny.

The team follows in kind, holding up their glasses -- they
all clink them together.

ILSE

The end of suffering.

GERT
The end of prejudice.

FELIX
The end of boredom.

Paul downs his shot glass fast, coughing and laughing after.

PAUL
Holy shit, that's good.

They take sips from their glasses, and go back to watching Paul with serious expressions.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Are you bored, Felix?

FELIX
Sometimes, yes.

GERT
He's just pulling your leg, is that the right expression?

PAUL
I understand you perfectly well, Gert.

Paul eyes his other shot glass, decides to drink it.

ILSE
These are dangerous times.

PAUL
How so? The government?

ILSE
It's what the government is trying to do that is dangerous.

PAUL
What would happen if we tried to speak out?

Felix and Gert look uneasily at each other.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Well, what do you think?

GERT
I'm not sure what to think...

FELIX
It's not so simple to express one's self in these matters--

PAUL
And why is that?

ILSE
Fear.

PAUL
Fear?

Several waiters appear with trays of food, begin laying it out.

Everyone eagerly digs into their food, Paul watches with a concerned eye.

INT. ADLON HOTEL - PAUL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Paul sits on the bed, holding the phone to his ear.

PAUL
Yes, I'd like to make a collect
call to New York direct, is that
possible? Manhattan 3-2368. Yes.

He fumbles with a cigarette, lights it up and smokes.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I'm still here -- okay, thank you.

Paul hangs up the phone and stands, pacing around the room.

The phone rings and he picks it up again.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Hello? Mr.. Brinkman, fine, fine.
The boat was just fine. Look, I've
met with Martin and his team and--

He snubs out the cigarette.

PAUL (CONT'D)
--he's already talked to you? I
know, and, he what? I'm not getting
cold feet, I'm just surprised by
what's going on over here, and how
we seem to be directly involved in--

Paul walks up to the window, peers down at the street.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Yes, yes. Okay. I will keep you
posted.

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

No, I'm not going to bail and I
promise not to do anything
rash...Okay, I'll talk to you
later. Say hello for me to Dave and
Dolores, will ya? Thanks, Mr..
Brinkman. Goodbye.

He hangs up, stretches out on the bed, kicking off his shoes.
Finds the project data sheet and begins to pour over it.

EXT. UNTER DEN LINDEN - DAY

Paul walks down the street, going in the direction of the
Reich Office of Statistics.

An overcast sky hangs a dim pallor over the city and the
faces trudging through the streets.

As Paul walks through the crowd, he witnesses a strange scene
outside a small storefront.

Brown-shirted S.A. men paint a crude Jewish star of David on
the shop window and door.

Someone in the crowd throws a rock shattering the window.

Wild hoots and cheers erupt from the crowd on the sidewalk.

Paul tries to hurry on his way -- when he bumps into a
PASSERBY.

PASSERBY

Geschieht ihnen recht, meinst du
nicht?

PAUL

I'm sorry, my German is not so
good.

The passerby is surprised to hear Paul speak English.

PASSERBY

(very loudly)

Sind Sie ein Amerikanischer?

Other people in the crowd turn around at this and stare at
the passerby and Paul confronting each other.

PAUL

I need to go to work, I'm terribly
late and--

PASSERBY
(yelling)
Er ist ein Amerikaner!

Paul turns and walks away as fast as he can without running, not knowing why this man has singled him out.

EXT. REICH OFFICE OF STATISITCS - DAY

Paul has finally made it to the building, winded from the long walk.

He looks up at the massive facade, debating whether to enter or not.

MARTIN
Having second thoughts, Paul?

Martin seems to appear out of nowhere, startling him out of revery.

PAUL
Martin. Not yet.

MARTIN
Good. Lets go, we need your help.

They enter the building.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Martin and Paul are alone on the elevator as it rises to their floor.

PAUL
I walked this morning.

MARTIN
I know. I sent Hans over to pick you up, but you had already left. You should have let me know.

PAUL
Sorry. I was walking down the Under den Linden, and I saw these police or army-like guys painting a star of David on a small storefront, with a crowd out front and they seemed to be on a witch hunt.

MARTIN

They are on a witch hunt, Paul. Why do you think so many Jews are emigrating? For survival.

The elevator stops, opens on their floor.

INT. PROGRAMMING DEPT. - DAY

Once again the massive room, with diligent workers working.

Paul and Martin make their way over to their work area -- Gert, Felix, Hermann and Franz are all present.

Notably missing is Ilse.

PAUL

Good Morning. Ilse hasn't arrived yet?

GERT

No. It's very strange because she's usually always the first one here.

Paul looks at Martin -- should we be worried?

MARTIN

Don't look at me, I hear you took them out for an afternoon bender yesterday...

PAUL

Hell, a late lunch with a few getting to know you drinks.
(to Gert & Felix)
We didn't get sloshed did we?

FELIX

Sloshed?

MARTIN

Betrunken...

FELIX

Nein!

Paul looks around for a desk to put his briefcase on and his suit jacket down.

MARTIN

You might as well use Ilse's desk until she gets here.

PAUL

Okay.

He unloads his stuff on her desk, takes the data sheet out of the briefcase and lays it out before him.

MARTIN

What's on your agenda for today?

PAUL

Working together with these fine folks to find a solution for this.

Martin begins to walk off to his office.

MARTIN

Let me know if you need me for anything...

PAUL

See you later, Martin. Yeah, right. Okay.

The team gathers around Paul, standing over his shoulders looking at the data sheet.

Paul stares down hard at the information, silent.

The team begins to look at each other, wondering if Paul is okay or not.

GERT

Did you get any ideas, Paul?

PAUL

Yes I did, Gert.

FRANZ

You care to share them with us?

Paul continues to stare at the data sheet, surprised.

PAUL

That's the first time I've heard you're voice, Franz. I'll tell you what I think we will have to do to re-organize this to fit on the card.

He turns to look at Franz in the eye.

PAUL (CONT'D)

But I have to admit, I'm uncomfortable with the subject matter of this data set.

FRANZ
Uncomfortable?

PAUL
Yes. There appears to be an
unhealthy obsession with details on
people of Jewish descent.

Everyone on the team looks expectantly at Franz, now on the
hot seat.

FRANZ
I see nothing wrong with our
government legally obtaining this
kind of information about its
citizens.

HERMANN
The sooner the Jews are routed out
of the Homeland, the better our
lives will be.

Paul looks over at Hermann.

PAUL
But, it just seems arbitrary to me.
What's really the point?

GERT
Mr.. Morton, I hate to remind you,
but we have a deadline of Friday to
meet for our first--

PAUL
I haven't forgotten, Gert.

He finds a pen in his bag and begins marking up the data
sheet -- circling groups of data as he talks.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I propose we group these together,
and these, and then these, in
columns 78, 79, 80 respectively.

He looks up at the faces around him.

PAUL (CONT'D)
We can then cross-reference the
answers against a rewrite of the
sorting routines code--

Paul looks up at Hermann, smiling in agreement.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Yes, Hermann, you were right about that.

HERMANN

It's not a small job.

PAUL

I realize that. Can you tackle it with Franz?

Hermann and Franz exchange looks.

HERMANN

Why Franz? Ilse has a better grasp of those routines than he does.

Paul looks high and low around the room for effect.

PAUL

Do you see Ilse? Until she comes in, can you handle the work Franz?

FRANZ

Yes, I am capable of handling the work.

Franz smacks Hermann on the shoulder with his fist, rough, but a little playful.

HERMANN

Owww!

Franz leans over the project data sheet and notes on a pad the groups of information Paul wants him to work on.

PAUL

Who's the best draftsman here?

All eyes turn to Hermann. He shrugs his shoulders.

HERMANN

You want me to re-draft the columns?

PAUL

Exactly -- do you need assistance, or do you prefer to complete it by yourself?

Hermann is surprised at being taken so seriously for once.

HERMANN

I work better on my own, yes.

PAUL

Then take your lead from the work
that Franz produces.

HERMANN

Ja, Herr Morton.

Herman turns to Franz and they move off to a nearby desk and
get to work.

Paul stands up and goes to the IBM D11 machine sitting in the
middle of the work area.

PAUL

Who's capable of assisting me with
recalibrating the distance between
the punches on this machine?

He looks back and forth between Gert and Felix.

GERT

I would say we probably are--

FELIX

Yes, but maybe I should work closer
with Martin on getting the final
data sets required for the census.

GERT

Felix has a better working
relationship with Martin than I
do...

Gert and Felix exchange a sly, knowing smile.

Paul notes their attitude, but moves onward.

PAUL

Okay then. Gert will help me on the
machine and Felix can go work with
Martin's people.

Felix nods and heads off in the direction of Martin's office.

Gert finds herself alone with Paul, not something she could
have foreseen.

She looks around over at Hermann and Franz huddled over their
documents -- sees Felix talking to Martin in his office.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(tries to get her
attention)

Tools?

GERT

Tools. The tools are right there.

She points to a large mechanics tool chest on wheels.

Paul starts to drag it near the D11 machine -- Gert rushes to help him.

PAUL

Let's start by getting this sync
block head off first.

Gert realizes he's all business --

-- she forces herself to focus and opens a tool drawer containing a variety of screwdrivers.

GERT

Here.

She hands him a small screwdriver -- she takes one for herself.

Together they begin to take apart a large panel on the punch card machine.

Paul unscrews one side, Gert does the other side -- with the screws out, they carefully lift the piece off and put it on a table.

PAUL

If you don't mind my asking, how
did you come to be working here?

GERT

I graduated from a technical school
program -- starting as an intern.

PAUL

Engineering student?

GERT

Yes. I haven't gotten my degree
yet, I guess work has kind of taken
over my life for the moment.

Paul looks through the tool drawers for something, can't find it.

Gert opens a cabinet door at the bottom and takes out a flashlight.

GERT (CONT'D)

Looking for this?

PAUL

You read my mind! Thank you.

He takes the flashlight and turns it on, bends over the hole from the piece they just removed and peers inside with the light.

GERT

Just an educated guess.

PAUL

I need to take that flywheel out,
do you think we can do it?

Gert leans over his shoulder and looks inside the machine.

GERT

If you take that off there--
(points)
--it should be no problem.

They work together like doctors in surgery.

Paul's eyes remain on the flywheel --

-- while his hand opens in front of her, expecting her to give him the right tool for the task.

Gert opens another tool drawer -- retrieves a specific tool for the task, hands it to Paul.

PAUL

Do you plan on finishing your degree?

GERT

I hope to.

PAUL

You don't sound very enthusiastic.

Gert looks over her shoulder at Hermann and Franz, tries to keep her voice out of their earshot.

GERT

Well, work has been keeping me busy, and...

Paul hands her the flashlight -- demonstrates to her how he wants her to hold it on the area he needs to work on.

PAUL

Germany seems to be in the middle of an economic boom.

GERT
Yes, times have been getting
better, but--

PAUL
But you're not convinced?

GERT
The government likes to paint a
pretty picture, but it's not always
smelling of roses...

Paul laughs.

PAUL
That's an interesting way to put
it.

GERT
They know how to put on a great
show. But that's all it is, just a
big show.

PAUL
You mean the government is a fraud.

GERT
In a way, but sometimes I think it
is worse than merely a fraud. It is
becoming dangerous.

Paul yanks hard on the tool until the part finally comes
loose.

PAUL
Got it. Almost got it. You seem
afraid to talk about it.

GERT
Paranoia has been woven into the
fabric of everyday life. We've
become afraid of our neighbors
willing to turn us in for
subversion.

Paul grabs his chair and drags it over, sits looking up at
her.

PAUL
That sounds depressing. What
happens if you get "turned in"?

GERT
You disappear.

PAUL
Into jail you mean.

GERT
No, you just disappear.

Gert looks over at the chair Franz sits in.

Ilse's chair.

Paul follows her gaze, starts to pick up on what she might be thinking.

PAUL
Are you worried about her?

Shaken from her reverie, Gert looks back at Paul.

GERT
It's not like her to not show up or
not even call, or--

PAUL
There must be a rational
explanation. Maybe she did get
sloshed after we parted ways at the
restaurant?

GERT
No, I've never seen her drink
enough to get drunk, ever.

Felix walks up, looking at Paul.

FELIX
Herr Gruber wants to speak with
you.

Paul hands the flywheel piece to Felix.

PAUL
Great. Can you take care of this?

Paul walks off to Martin's office without looking back.

Felix smirks at Gert -- she takes the flywheel out of his hands.

INT. GRUBER'S OFFICE - DAY

Paul looks in the window -- Martin waves him inside.

MARTIN
Close the door, please.

PAUL
Is something wrong, Martin?

He closes the door.

MARTIN
I need to ask a favor of you.

PAUL
Okay. What is it?

Martin stands up from his desk, and walks to the window overlooking the street.

MARTIN
Well, I just spoke with Director Burgdorfer. He needs me to send you down to a labor camp in Dachau to help them with one of their Hollerith machines.

PAUL
Why me?

MARTIN
They want a certified I.B.M. programmer to help them with their routing train schedules.

PAUL
That sounds dreadfully boring.

MARTIN
No argument there. But I'm afraid at the moment, you're the best man for the job.

PAUL
What about my project here--

MARTIN
It looks like you've put everyone to task, yes?

Paul looks out the office window at the team in the work area, each member absorbed in their work.

PAUL
Yes, it's seems to be working out so far--

MARTIN
Wonderful. Train leaves tomorrow at 8:00am. Don't worry, you will be gone for only a week at most.

PAUL
Guess I better go buy a map...

MARTIN
Call me when you're on the way
back. If the team has any problems,
I'll call you.

Paul nods, and leaves the office.

INT. PROGRAMMING DEPT. - DAY

Paul returns to the work area, a little stunned and pissed
off.

GERT
What's wrong, Paul?

He sits down in a chair, staring at the D-11 machine.

PAUL
Somebody named Burgdorfer just
pulled me off this project to send
me down to Dachau for some kind of
problem they're having.

Felix, Hermann and Franz all snap to attention at the mention
of the name.

FELIX
Dachau?

Hermann smiles at Paul, delighted.

HERMANN
Good luck, my friend.

FRANZ
"Lieber Gott, mach mich stumm, dass
ich nicht nach Dachau gekommen."

Hermann and Franz laugh and turn back to their work on the
desk.

PAUL
Why thank you, Hermann.
(to Gert and Felix)
Why would I need good luck? What
was that jingle he just said?

FELIX
(whispering to Paul)
He said: "Dear God, make me dumb,
that I may not to Dachau come."

GERT
(whispering)
Dachau is a concentration camp for
political prisoners.

PAUL
Why are you whispering?

Felix grabs Paul by the shoulder, and gestures to him to
huddle with him and Gert.

FELIX
There are ugly rumors of
mistreatment.

GERT
You mean murder.

PAUL
Hold on -- murder? Why would they
murder political prisoners?

FELIX
You're not actually that naive are
you, Paul?

GERT
You'll find out for yourself if you
go...

Paul looks at the D-11 and the flywheel in Felix's hand.
He grabs it from him and takes a tool from Gert.

PAUL
Thanks for the pep talk guys, now I
really can't wait to go.

Paul turns to find Hermann and Franz staring at him with dead
seriousness.

PAUL (CONT'D)
So what have you got there, Franz --
can we squeeze them together
another five or six centimeters?

FRANZ
Try four centimeters.

PAUL
Wow, really? Okay, four
centimeters. You guys must be
really good...

Hermann and Franz both crack goofy grins.

FRANZ

Don't listen to them, Paul. I'm sure going to Dachau will be an eye opening experience.

HERMANN

The triumphant will of the new thousand year Reich.

PAUL

Great. Thanks guys. Now I'm really getting nervous.

Gert and Felix are more than a little shocked at Paul's naive attitude.

GERT

An eternal twilight of evil has descended upon Deutschland...

PAUL

All right, I'm sick of the politics already, lets finish this job, okay?

The lines have been drawn between the camps of Hermann and Franz and Gert and Felix.

Paul goes back to the D-11, attacking it with vigor.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Gert -- flashlight, please.

EXT. ADLON HOTEL - NIGHT

Paul gets out of a taxicab at the curb outside the hotel entrance.

People in elegant evening clothes mill about up and down the sidewalk, going in and out of the hotel.

The doorman holds the door open for him as he enters, Paul nods at the man.

INT. ADLON HOTEL - FRONT DESK - NIGHT

Paul goes to get his room key at the front desk.

The FRONT DESK MANAGER remembers something upon seeing Paul.

The man retrieves the room key, then pulls from under the counter a large manila envelope, stuffed fat.

FRONT DESK MANAGER
Herr Morton, this package arrived
for you about an hour ago, sir.

He hands it to Paul.

PAUL
For me?

Paul turns the package over and sure enough, finds his name.
He looks at the sender: Race Political Office, Berlin.

FRONT DESK MANAGER
Is all well, sir?

PAUL
Yes, thank you.

An elderly couple standing behind him impatient to check in
practically shove him aside as he begins to leave.

Paul looks around the room -- decides to head to the bar
instead of his room.

INT. ADLON HOTEL - BAR - NIGHT

Alive with people talking loudly, a pianist plays off in a
corner. Cigarette smoke fills the air.

Paul sits at the bar, laying the package on top of his
briefcase in front of him.

A sharp looking bartender in uniform walks up to him.

BARTENDER
Was möchten Sie?

PAUL
A martini, bitte. Extra dry with a
twist -- do you know what that is?

BARTENDER
Of course, sir.

The bartender starts to move off to make the drink -- when
Paul grabs the man's wrist -- leaning over to speak to him.

PAUL
Excuse me, but do you sell
cigarettes here?

BARTENDER

But of course, sir. What would you like?

PAUL

You wouldn't happen to have anything American would you?

Bartender tries not to act exasperated.

He looks under the bar, stands up and sets down a pack of Lucky Strikes before Paul.

Paul tries to mask his surprise, fails.

BARTENDER

Does that work?

PAUL

Perfect. Thank you.

Paul opens the pack of cigarettes -- by the time he's got one in his mouth, realizes he doesn't have a light.

Bartender places the martini down in front of him, then slides a book of matches next to the glass.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Danke...

He lights up the cigarette and takes a deep drag, turns to look around at the crowd -- exhaling smoke.

Paul sees a couple of men in heavy overcoats sitting in a corner staring at him -- or at least it appears they are.

The two men stop staring and go back to their conversation.

Paul takes a long sip of the martini -- putting it back down on the bar, he notices a beautiful young woman at the end of the bar smiling at him.

She sits with a young man in military uniform -- a ranking member of the SS.

Paul takes another drag off the cigarette -- raises his glass to the woman, smiling at her.

When the SS sees his girl smiling broadly -- he turns to follow her gaze -- locks cold eyes with Paul.

Paul feels the heat and slowly swivels on his stool to face another direction.

Sitting beside him -- unexpectedly is Hannah Stern.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Hannah! What a pleasant surprise!

He's genuinely pleased to see her.

HANNAH
Good evening, Paul. I had a feeling
I might find you here.

PAUL
What are you doing here? How are
your folks?

Hannah nods to the bartender, to get him to come over and
take a drink order.

HANNAH
Now that I've found you, I have to
say my visit is more for business
than for pleasure.

BARTENDER
Fraulein?

HANNAH
Bitte einen Gin Tonic.

BARTENDER
Ja, Fräulein.

Paul suddenly feels self-conscious with the cigarette in his
hand -- looks around for an ash tray.

Hannah slides one up to him.

PAUL
Uh, sorry -- I, uh--

HANNAH
May I have one?

She gestures to the pack of cigarettes.

PAUL
Go ahead. I don't remember seeing
you smoke on the boat.

HANNAH
I don't remember you smoking
either.

Hannah lifts a cigarette up to her lips -- Paul immediately
lights it with a match.

PAUL
Yeah, well, I guess my work has
been more stressful than I thought
it would be.

Paul sees his package and briefcase still sitting on the bar
beside him -- he discreetly puts them together by his feet.

HANNAH
I'm sorry to hear that.

PAUL
It's okay, I'll figure it out.

He finds himself snubbing out one cigarette and reaching for
another one.

PAUL (CONT'D)
So, are you on your way back to
America with your parents?

HANNAH
Not yet. We're having trouble
getting them the proper visas.

PAUL
That's too bad. What are you going
to do?

Hannah looks him directly in the eyes, very serious.

HANNAH
I came to ask for your help, Paul.

PAUL
My help? Okay, sure -- what would
you like me to do?

HANNAH
Would you go to your American
consulate and speak to them on my
parent's behalf?

She fights back tears, looks away, smoking.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
I don't know what else to do or
try...

The gravity of the situation finally sinks into Paul.

PAUL
Hannah -- don't worry, I'll try my
best to help.
(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

I don't know if my talking to the consulate will do anything -- but I can try. Okay?

HANNAH

Thank you, Paul.

Hannah places a hand on top of Paul's.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Germany is changing, and not for the better. It's frightening.

PAUL

I think I'm beginning to agree with you. I mean, I can't claim to know what life was like before the new government -- but there seems to be fear in the air.

HANNAH

Innocent people are disappearing, all because of who they are.

They both crush out their cigarettes together.

PAUL

Listen, I can go to the consulate tomorrow on my lunch hour, see what I can find out.

HANNAH

Let me give you my parents names and address.

Hannah takes a small, leather bound notepad and pen out of her hand bag.

She finds a blank page and writes down her parents names and street address.

PAUL

Isaac and Greta Stern.

HANNAH

Yes. The Reich government refuses to issue them a visa because they are Jewish. Maybe the Americans can grant them political asylum?

Paul wonders if he's getting in over his head.

PAUL

Write down your phone number so I can let you know what I find out.

She writes down a phone number on the page -- then tears it out of the note pad and gives it to him.

HANNAH

This is my parent's phone number.
I'm staying with them.

Hannah looks at Paul -- then spontaneously embraces him, tightly. She whispers over his shoulder.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I thank you with all my heart,
Paul. I hope your words will be
able to help us.

Paul pulls away -- holding her by the arms.

PAUL

Like I said, don't worry, Hannah. I
will call you as soon as I talk to
someone at the consulate.

He has a strong urge to kiss her, but he resists.

HANNAH

Thank you. I'll talk to you
tomorrow.

She turns and walks out of the bar.

Paul sits back down, sees Hannah never touched her drink.

He picks it up and downs it in a few gulps.

EXT. ADLON HOTEL - DAY

Paul gets into the company car, Hans in the driver's seat.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

PAUL

Hans, we need to make a slight
detour before going to the train
station.

HANS

Detour?

PAUL

Yes, take me to Bendlerstrasse 39.

Hans pulls away from the curb into traffic.

HANS
Herr Gruber will be mad if we miss
the train.

PAUL
We'll make it, don't worry.

HANS
What is on Bendlerstrasse?

PAUL
The American consulate.

A little stunned, Hans looks at Paul in the rear view mirror.

EXT. AMERICAN CONSULATE - DAY

A huge crowd waits outside the building -- a line going
inside wraps around the street corner.

Anxious, frightened faces, many clutching bags and
belongings, pushing and shoving, tempers are short.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

HANS
I don't think this is a good idea,
Herr Morton.

PAUL
Holy Christ! What the hell is going
on?

HANS
Exodus...

PAUL
Pull over here and let me jump out.
Keep driving around the block until
I come out, okay?

Hans steers the car over to the curb -- people on the
sidewalk are already yelling at him to watch out.

HANS
Please don't make us late for the
train, Herr Morton.

Paul opens the door and jumps out.

EXT. AMERICAN CONSULATE - DAY

Hans accelerates back into traffic, Paul makes his way up to the entrance.

Two American MILITARY POLICE guard the entrance, trying to keep the crowd under control.

Paul tries to push his way in past the front of the line.

One of the guards pushes him back roughly.

FIRST GUARD

Back of the line, mister!

PAUL

I'm an American, I need to speak to someone--

SECOND GUARD

Show us your papers.

Paul quickly digs through his jacket pockets -- produces his American passport.

The second guard looks it over, slaps it back in his hands, nods to the first guard.

The first guard grabs Paul by the shoulder and physically pulls him inside the doorway.

FIRST GUARD

Good luck...

INT. AMERICAN CONSULATE - DAY

Inside is just as chaotic as it is outside, with hundreds of people all seeming to talk at once.

The line from outside goes up to a pair of windows, there are guards posted by each window here as well.

CONSULATE WORKER

Can I help you?

Paul turns around in a daze -- face to face with a woman, mid-thirties, a consulate worker, CLAIRE PARKER.

She walks to a nearby open desk in the corner, points to a chair for Paul to sit in as she sits herself behind the desk.

PAUL
I'm sorry, but I have to ask --
what are all these people doing
here?

He tilts his head at the line and the crazy scene going on
behind them.

CLAIRE
They are mostly Jews seeking
political asylum in the United
States. As you can see, we are very
busy, Mister--?

PAUL
Paul Morton, of I.B.M. I'm in town
on business for my company.

CLAIRE
May I see your passport please?

Again he takes out the passport and hands it to her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
What can we do for you today, Mr..
Morton?

PAUL
Well, I'm not sure exactly. I have
a friend, her name is Hannah Stern.
She's German, but has been living
in America for a number of years. I
met her on the boat coming over,
she came back to help her parents
emigrate to the U.S. -- but she
came to see me last night saying
they were having trouble getting
visas from the government here--

Claire closes his passport and gives it back to him.

CLAIRE
I'm sorry, all I can say is you
will need to tell them to come back
here in person, and stand in line
and wait their turn like everyone
else.

She nods toward the line of people behind them.

Paul finds the paper Hannah had written their address and
phone number on -- he holds it up to Claire.

PAUL

I understand, but, could you possibly just call them and ask the details of why their government is refusing them visa's--?

CLAIRE

Are they Jewish, Mr.. Morton?

PAUL

I guess they could be -- what does that have to do with--?

Claire finds herself empathizing with his persuasive manner and relents -- grabbing the paper from him.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Thank you, I truly appreciate it.

She picks up a telephone on the desk and their number.

It rings and rings and rings -- a voice comes on the line saying the line has been disconnected.

Claire hands the phone to Paul -- gesturing to him to listen to the recording -- he hears it in disbelief.

PAUL (CONT'D)

That doesn't make sense...

CLAIRE

Frankly, not a lot around here makes any sense anymore. Like I said before, Mr.. Morton -- if you can arrange to have them come down in person and get in line--

She hands back the hand written note from Hannah.

PAUL

Okay, okay, I hear you. Thank you for your time.

Paul gets up abruptly and storms toward the front door.

EXT. AMERICAN CONSULATE - DAY

Paul pushes his way through the crowd across the sidewalk to the curb -- when he hears a loud CAR HORN BLARING.

He looks and sees Hans coming in his direction -- Paul runs out into the street --

-- jumps on the running board and gets inside the car without it having to stop.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

Paul slams the door behind him, immediately shoves the note from Hannah into Hans' face.

PAUL
Is this address far from here?

Hans tries to keep one eye on the road and the other attempting to read the note -- he grabs it from Paul to hold it steady.

HANS
It's a little bit far, but--

PAUL
Okay, then drive us there, now!

HANS
But we'll miss the train for sure,
Herr Morton.

PAUL
Don't worry about it, Hans -- I'll
tell them you tried to talk me out
of it, okay?

Hans shakes his head in disgust and steps on the accelerator.

EXT. MUNZSTRASSE - DAY

The Mercedes drives down a side street lined with residential apartment buildings.

Hans watches the address numbers as they pass by.

HANS
There -- it should be in there.

He quickly jerks the car over to the curb, skidding to a stop.

Paul takes back the hand written note from Hans, reading the address again.

PAUL
Number 15?

Hans looks at the building entrance.

HANS

Yes, there should be a bell you can ring -- please hurry, Herr Morton.

EXT. STERN'S APARTMENT BLDG. - DAY

Paul gets out of the car, goes up to the entrance.

The street is eerily QUIET, a few passersby can be seen at a distance.

He finds the bell ringer for number 15 labeled "Stern, I."

Pushes the button, looking up at the facade of the building.

No response anywhere. Paul looks at Hans in the car, shrugs his shoulders.

He tries opening the door -- it's unlocked, he goes inside.

INT. RESIDENTIAL BLDG. - DAY

A small lobby with rows of post boxes and staircase going up.

Paul begins to run up the stairs, looking at the door numbers as he goes by.

Arriving on the third floor, he finds room number 15.

He knocks on the door -- it echoes loudly down the quiet hallway.

No response.

He puts his ear to the door and knocks again, listening.

A door opposite opens a crack -- frightened eyes of a NEIGHBOR peer out from darkness.

Paul hears this and turns to look.

PAUL

Excuse me -- do you know the Stern's?

NEIGHBOR

Wer sind Sie?

PAUL

Excuse me? My German is not very good.

Paul begins to walk toward the neighbor -- then stops.

NEIGHBOR
Stop! Was willst du?

PAUL
I am a friend of Hannah Stern. I'm
looking for her and her parents--

NEIGHBOR
Sie waren weggenommen...

The neighbor slams the door shut.

Puzzled, Paul turns back to the Stern's door -- pounds on the door harder this time --

-- the door is unlocked and nudges open, squeaking on its hinges.

PAUL
Hello? Hannah?

He gently pushes the door open -- the apartment is silent.

INT. STERN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Paul walks down a short entry hallway -- into the main living room -- finds the place has been completely trashed.

Furniture turned upside down, belongings smashed and strewn around the floor.

PAUL
What the--? Hannah!

He darts around the various small rooms searching -- no sign of anyone.

EXT. STERN'S APARTMENT BLDG. - DAY

Paul leaves the building in a hurry, looks up and down the street before getting back into the Mercedes.

HANS
What's happening?

PAUL
Take me to the station, Hans...

Hans starts up the car and begins driving.

HANS
Did you find those people?

PAUL
No one was there. Their place was
broken into...

Hans looks at Paul in the rear view mirror -- can see the
state of his distress.

Paul stares out the window, overwhelmed.

HANS
Maybe they've gone to the police?

Paul looks at Hans like he's talking nonsense.

EXT. FRIEDRICHSTRASSE STATION - DAY

The train station is a frantic hub of activity.

Hans parks the Mercedes at the curb.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY.

Hans looks at his is watch, worried.

PAUL
Maybe I can take a later train.

HANS
Herr Gruber is going to be very
upset with us--

PAUL
Stop worrying, Hans. I said I would
cover for you, okay?

HANS
You want me to take you back to the
office?

PAUL
Get my bag, Hans.

Paul and Hans get out of the car.

EXT. FRIEDRICHSTRASSE STATION - DAY.

Hans retrieves his luggage from the trunk, hands it to Paul.

PAUL
Just go back to the office and tell
Martin that you dropped me at the
station.

HANS
But what if he--

PAUL
I'll call him and tell him what
happened.

HANS
Very well, sir. Good luck.

Hans nods, and unexpectedly takes Paul's hand to shake it.

HANS (CONT'D)
I overheard your destination from
Herr Gruber. Please be careful.

Paul's a little freaked out by the man's sudden seriousness.

PAUL
I will see you later, Hans.

Hans hurries back inside the car and drives away.

INT. FRIEDRICHSTRASSE STATION - DAY

Paul goes up to a ticket window, stands in line to wait.

People are rushing to and fro, the general overall mood seems
to be panic.

INT. TICKET WINDOW - DAY

When it's his turn, Paul steps up to the window, handing his
ticket to the CLERK.

PAUL
I missed my train, can I transfer
this to a later departure please?

The clerk examines the ticket, then scans down a schedule.

CLERK
The next train leaves at 3:00pm.

PAUL
Fine. I'll take it.

The clerk prepares a new ticket and gives it to Paul.

CLERK
Track 9.

PAUL
Thank you.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Paul shoves his one piece of luggage into the booth and wiggles the door shut.

Picks up the phone and dials the operator.

PAUL
Hello, I need to make a call to
Berlin 4-43561, how much money do I
need to put in?

The operator tells him -- Paul counts through a handful of coins and inserts them into the phone box.

The number rings -- Martin picks up.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Hello, Martin? It's me. I'm at the
station -- going to have to take
the 3:00 pm train -- yes, I know,
I'm sorry, it's my fault.

INT. GRUBER'S OFFICE - DAY

Pacing behind his desk, Martin holds a phone to his ear.

MARTIN
Hans told me you went looking for
some woman in (street) strasse?
What the hell is going on, Paul?

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Paul rubs his eyes, the stress begins to weigh heavily on him.

PAUL
It's a woman I met on the boat,
Martin. She's a German who came
back home to get her parents to
move to America -- she found me
last night asking for help--

INT. GRUBER'S OFFICE - DAY

Martin stops pacing at the window -- staring down into the street.

MARTIN

Paul, I know you're a good man, but our asses are on the line here. Can't you help them when you get back?

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

A passerby begins to wait outside Paul's phone booth.

PAUL

I don't have much of a choice now as the woman and her parents seem to have suddenly disappeared.

MARTIN

(on phone)

I'm sure there will be a rational explanation. Call me when you reach Munich. I will let Oberführer Loritz know that you will be arriving on a later train. Goodbye.

Martin hangs up.

PAUL

Martin-- hello? Damn it.

Paul steps out the booth, dragging his bag.

The passerby rudely shoves his way past him into the booth.

LOUDSPEAKER

München Abflüge 301 wurden am Länge
29 Blätter in fünf Minuten.

Paul tries to listen to the announcement -- quickly scans his ticket's train departure number -- realizes its his train.

INT. TRAIN TO MUNICH - DAY

Paul places his luggage in an overhead shelf, settles down on a seat.

Sitting opposite are a young mother and her daughter, around seven years old.

They sit quietly playing a game of Cat's Cradle with a piece of yarn.

Paul takes a file out of his briefcase to read, looks it over for a moment, then shoves it back inside the case.

He puts the case behind his head as a pillow and stretches himself out on the long, booth-like seat to take a nap.

EXT. GERMAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The train heading to Munich speeds through picturesque countryside.

INT. TRAIN TO MUNICH - NIGHT

The train slowing to a stop in the Munich train station.

The little girl sitting opposite Paul gets up and goes to gently wake Paul up.

Paul moves with a start -- staring up into the little girl's face.

LITTLE GIRL
Wir sind angekommen!

Paul sits up, stretching his shoulders and back, smiling at the little girl, then her mother.

PAUL
Danke schön.

The mother smiles warmly at Paul and stands up, herding the little girl out the cabin door.

Paul retrieves his luggage and briefcase and follows suit.

EXT. MUNICH TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Paul walks outside, surrounded again by another throbbing, mad crowd of people.

A DRIVER dressed slickly in military garb, stands still amongst the crowd staring at a photograph -- of Paul.

The driver spots Paul and puts away the photo.

DRIVER
Herr Morton? Paul Morton?

Paul hears his name being called out over the din of the crowd, looks around.

He turns and spots the driver walking up to him.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Paul Morton?

PAUL
Yes, that's me.

DRIVER
May I see your papers, sir?

PAUL
My papers?

Paul starts digging through his pockets again, producing his passport.

DRIVER
Security precaution, nothing
more....

The driver looks at the passport, then at Paul, confirming his identity.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Very good, sir. Right this way.
Here let me take that.

The driver grabs Paul's single piece of luggage.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
I will be driving you to the camp.

Paul nods and follows the driver through the crowd.

EXT. MILITARY CAR - NIGHT

They walk up to a vehicle in the train station parking lot covered with military insignia.

The driver opens the passenger door -- and puts the luggage on the seat opposite -- gestures for Paul to get in.

INT. MILITARY CAR - NIGHT

Paul climbs into the back seat, shoving his luggage over farther on the seat.

The driver closes the door and gets behind the steering wheel, starts the ignition and pulls out of the parking lot.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The military car speeds down the narrow, dimly lit road.

INT. MILITARY CAR - NIGHT

Paul leans forward to speak to the driver.

PAUL

Where are you taking me? A hotel?

The driver smiles.

DRIVER

Hotel? No, sir. We are going directly to Dachau.

PAUL

Where will I be staying?

DRIVER

There are accommodations on site, sir.

PAUL

Oh, thought maybe I'd get a chance to relax before starting work.

DRIVER

You didn't hear it from me, sir, I hear the work is behind because of your lateness. Sir.

The driver glances briefly at Paul in the rearview mirror.

Paul is suddenly self-conscious about what to expect.

EXT. DACHAU CONCENTRATION CAMP - NIGHT

Lights on towers at perimeters of the camps flash back and forth in the night, manned by heavily armed guards.

The military car pulls up to the main gate -- a guard walks up the to car -- sees the driver, waves him through.

Another guard opens the gate -- the doors swing open and the car goes inside the camp.

A sign on the gate made of metal lettering reads: Arbeit Macht Frei.

INT. DACHAU CONCENTRATION CAMP - NIGHT

The military car parks next to a large office/barracks building.

The driver gets out and opens the door for Paul, he climbs out with his luggage.

They walk up to the building and go inside.

INT. DACHAU CAMP OFFICE - NIGHT

The driver brings Paul up to an attendant sitting at a desk.

DRIVER

Herr Morton ist hier für Oberführer
Loritz.

ATTENDANT

Ja, er hat ihn erwartet.
(to Paul)
Bitte gehen Sie auf.

The attendant stands up and walks to a nearby door, opening it for Paul.

The driver turns and quickly leaves the office.

Paul picks up his luggage and walks through the doorway, the attendant closes it behind him.

INT. LORITZ OFFICE - NIGHT

Oberführer Hans Loritz, late forties, sits behind a large, ornate desk, studying a pile of documents.

Paul enters, not sure what to do next.

Loritz looks up at Paul, then looks at his watch.

OBERFÜHRER LORITZ

Paul Morton?

PAUL

Yes. Sir.

OBERFÜHRER LORITZ

I am very happy you have finally
arrived. I thought you might be
older.

Paul still holds onto his bags, wonders if he should put them down.

PAUL

Well, I've been with I.B.M. for
five years now--

OBERFÜHRER LORITZ
Don't worry, I won't hold your
youth against you!

PAUL
Are we going to begin the project
right now?

OBERFÜHRER LORITZ
Heavens no, you'll get a good
night's sleep first I assure you.
Your accommodations are being made
up as we speak, I'll take you over
there in a moment.

Paul puts his luggage on the floor by his feet.

Oberführer Loritz points to the chair opposite his desk.

OBERFÜHRER LORITZ (CONT'D)
Please, have a seat. You must be
fatigued from your journey.

Paul sits down.

PAUL
It wasn't too bad. Sorry I'm late,
I got hung up with trying to help
someone earlier today.

OBERFÜHRER LORITZ
I'm glad to hear you're the helpful
sort as we are definitely in need
of your expertise.

Paul is clearly uneasy by the location and situation.

PAUL
Martin Gruber didn't tell me much
of anything as to what kind of help
you need.

Oberführer Loritz smiles, doing his best to put Paul at ease.

OBERFÜHRER LORITZ
Let's say for now we are in
desperate need of streamlining our
operations here.

PAUL
You have I.B.M. equipment on site?

OBERFÜHRER LORITZ
 But of course, it is by far the
 only game in town for the type of
 intense organizational work that we
 do here.

An intercom on the phone on the desk buzzes -- Loritz pushes
 a button.

ATTENDANT
 Herr Morton's Zimmer ist fertig,
 sir.

OBERFÜHRER LORITZ
 Sehr gut. Your room is ready.

Oberführer Loritz stands up and guides Paul out of the
 office.

INT. DACHAU CONCENTRATION CAMP - NIGHT

Paul and Oberführer Loritz walk through small alleyways
 between the office and barrack buildings.

INT. HOUSING BARRACKS - NIGHT

They enter the building, the HOUSING MANAGER is waiting for
 them.

OBERFÜHRER LORITZ
 Very good, Herr Morton. I sincerely
 hope you enjoy your stay. We will
 talk more tomorrow about the work
 we need to have done, yes?

Oberführer Loritz shakes Paul's hand firmly, patting him on
 the shoulder before leaving.

PAUL
 Thank you. Nice to meet you.

The housing manager gestures to Paul to follow him.

HOUSING MANAGER
 This way please, sir.

They walk up a flight of stairs to the second floor and down
 a dimly lit hallway.

HOUSING MANAGER (CONT'D)
 Here you are, sir.

The housing manager opens a door in the hallway, guiding Paul inside.

PAUL
Thank you. May I ask your name?

FRITZ
You can call me Fritz, sir.

INT. DACHAU SLEEPING QUARTERS - NIGHT

The small, spare room contains a single bed, desk, chair, toilet and sink -- and a window overlooking the camp.

Paul sets down his luggage and briefcase on the bed.

FRITZ
If you require anything, you can dial 35 on the phone to reach me.

PAUL
I would like a--

Paul sees a pitcher of water and glass on the night table by the bed -- his request has already covered.

PAUL (CONT'D)
--never mind. Thank you, I'll let you know if I need anything else, Fritz.

FRITZ
Very well, sir. Good night.

Fritz closes the door, and walks off down the hallway.

Paul puts an ear to the door, waits until Fritz has gone before locking the door.

He goes to the pitcher of water and pours himself a glass -- quickly drinks it down, then pours another.

Grabs his briefcase and sits at the table, picks up the phone and dials 35.

PAUL
Hello, Fritz? Yes, I just wanted to ask, am I able to make long distance calls on this line? No? Okay. No, that's okay, it's not an emergency. Thank you.

Paul kicks off his shoes and searches around the room for an ashtray -- doesn't find one.

He lifts the lid on the toilet and lights up a cigarette.

Blowing smoke, he suddenly gets self conscious and goes to open the window.

A rush of wind flows into the room after he opens it.

Flicks some ash into the toilet bowl, then drags the chair by the window, blowing smoke outside.

The dull NOISE of heavy MACHINERY can be heard in the distance -- along with the muffled SCREAMS of human beings.

Paul looks at the spot lights on towers around the camp, then notices one building with tall smoke stacks, spewing ash.

He closes the window and drops the cigarette butt into the toilet and flushes it away.

THE NEXT MORNING

Paul has fallen asleep -- when the phone abruptly starts ringing -- rudely waking him up.

He makes a groggy grab for the phone.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Hello?

HOUSING MANAGER

Good morning, Herr Morton. I just wanted to tell you breakfast is now being served in our cafeteria. You might want to eat something before your eight o'clock meeting with Oberführer Loritz.

Paul tries to focus on his wristwatch laying on the night table next to the phone -- it reads 6:30 am.

PAUL

Okay, thank you. I'll be right down.

HOUSING MANAGER

Very good, sir.

Paul hangs up the phone and sits up in bed.

He looks around, having almost forgotten where he is.

Gets up and goes to the sink and mirror, begins splashing cold water on his face to wake up.

Outside the window, a loud barking announcement can be heard echoing from loudspeakers somewhere in the camp.

The sound blast startles Paul -- he quickly goes to look out the window -- can't see anything happening.

Puts on a fresh suit, grabs his briefcase and leaves.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

A half dozen office workers are eating breakfast.

Fritz walks in with Paul, points to the food line.

FRITZ
Help yourself, Herr Morton. I will
let you know when Oberführer Loritz
arrives.

PAUL
Thank you, Fritz.

Fritz walks out.

Paul goes up to the food line and takes a food tray.

A FOOD SERVER behind the counter waits for Paul to pick out his food.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Good morning.

The food server nods, silent.

Paul looks the food over, decides on some scrabbled eggs and ham and a cup of black coffee.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Do I need to pay you?

The food server shakes his head, god forbid he should smile.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Okay, thanks...

He takes his tray and finds an empty table to sit at.

Paul eats slowly, taking sideways glances at the workers around the room.

Some of the people glance at him, mildly interested.

A MAN, late thirties, enters the cafeteria, then goes to get a cup of coffee from the food line.

Paul watches him turn and walk directly up to his table.

MAN

Paul Morton?

PAUL

Yes?

HERBERT

My name is Herbert Blaettel, may I
join you?

Paul shrugs his shoulders -- doesn't see why not.

PAUL

Sure.

Herbert sits down opposite.

HERBERT

I'm the lead Hollerith technician
here, Oberführer Loritz told me you
were coming.

PAUL

Oh, then nice to meet you.

Paul wipes his mouth with a napkin and extends a hand to
shake -- Herbert takes his hand firmly.

HERBERT

You came all the way from New York
I hear. That's very impressive. You
must be dedicated to your work.

PAUL

I usually enjoy my job--

HERBERT

Usually?

PAUL

Well, frankly, I'm not sure what
exactly I am doing here. I was sent
over for a project in Berlin--

HERBERT

--the Reich Office of Statistics,
yes. They do very important work.

Paul tries to hurriedly finish up eating his food.

PAUL
I guess they do, though I'm still a
little in the dark about this new
census they are preparing.

Fritz appears at their table, seemingly out of nowhere.

FRITZ
Ah, I see you've met Herbert. Very
good! The Oberführer is here now,
are you ready?

Both Fritz and Herbert smile at Paul.

Paul looks at his clean plate, finishes drinking his coffee.

PAUL
Yes, I am ready.

Fritz nods to the food server, who comes over to take Paul's
food tray.

FRITZ
Right this way then.

Paul and Herbert get up and follow Fritz out.

INT. LORITZ OFFICE - DAY

Fritz opens the door and presents Paul and Herbert.

Oberführer Loritz, prim in his freshly pressed uniform,
stands up to greet them, shaking hands.

OBERFÜHRER LORITZ
Herr Morton, Herr Blaetell, I see
you have met.

HERBERT
I think Paul is ready to get down
to business, Oberführer.

Paul smiles, a little anxious.

PAUL
I just hope I'm able to help.

OBERFÜHRER LORITZ
Let's go then.

Oberführer Loritz leads them out of the office.

INT. DACHAU CAMP OFFICE - DAY

They exit the camp office and walk over to another building, it looks like a two-story reinforced concrete block.

OBERFÜHRER LORITZ

(to Paul)

We affectionately refer to our computer facility as the "Hollerith Bunker".

Oberführer Loritz looks up admiringly at the building.

HERBERT

No doubt the safest place in the entire camp!

Herbert and Loritz both laugh strangely.

Paul stares the building, apprehensive at the forboding sight of it.

INT. HOLLERITH BUNKER - DAY

Loritz, Herbert and Paul enter. The ground floor sprawls with the clicking clacking IBM machinery.

Staff buzz around the machines like busy bees, feeding punch cards in, pulling printed documents out.

The scope of activity impresses Paul.

PAUL

This is quite a setup.

Herbert and Loritz smile at his reaction.

HERBERT

Believe me, you haven't seen anything yet!

OBERFÜHRER LORITZ

Have you told him about the--

HERBERT

No, not yet.

They begin climbing stairs to the second floor.

PAUL

Told me about what?

INT. HOLLERITH BUNKER - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Another large space housing dozens of machines and workers.

Herbert leads them up to one particular machine.

HERBERT

This.

PAUL

The D-11?

OBERFÜHRER LORITZ

The D-11-A!

It finally dawns on Paul what he is looking at.

PAUL

The new alphabetizer modification?

OBERFÜHRER LORITZ

So you're aware of it?

PAUL

Yes, there has been some discussion
of it back in the home office.

Paul walks up to the machine to take a closer look.

HERBERT

It's on the verge of being
operational--

PAUL

--verge?

Herbert and Loritz both turn to Paul.

HERBERT

That's where we need your
programming expertise, Herr Morton.

OBERFÜHRER LORITZ

I trust we are in good hands,
Herbert. I'll leave you two to get
to work.

Oberführer Loritz turns to leave, nodding at both of them,
smiling.

PAUL

What exactly needs to be done to
get it working properly?

Herbert opens a door on the machine and slides out a plug-in circuit board.

HERBERT

We need a method of distilling our data down to one unique identifying number to keep track of our workers.

PAUL

Are you using the alphabetizing function in conjunction with the Mark Sense toolset?

HERBERT

Hmmm, I think I see where you are going with that... Do you think the collation of data will be precise enough utilizing that method?

PAUL

So you haven't tried it yet?

Paul pulls a punch card out of the machine and studies it.

HERBERT

No. Do you think it would work?

PAUL

Usually the simplest solution is the best way to go.

Herbert waves to a worker at a cubicle nearby to come over.

HERBERT

Ulrich! Come over here and look at this.

ULRICH KOLM, late thirties, walks over to Herbert and Paul.

HERBERT (CONT'D)

This is our I.B.M. man from New York, Paul Morton. Paul, this is Ulrich Kolm, the lead engineer on the D-11 conversion.

Ulrich nods and shakes Paul's hand.

ULRICH

Thank you for coming.

Paul sits at the punch card keyboard and rapidly begins typing in a program code.

PAUL

Can you give me samples of the data
you are trying to codify?

Ulrich turns to a desk and sorts through a pile of punch
cards, picks out a few and hands them to Paul.

ULRICH

These distinguishing
characteristics need to be compiled
for further routing and tracking.

PAUL

Okay, but where is the code legend
for these numbers?

Ulrich and Herbert glance at each other -- now Herbert turns
to the desk and opens a drawer, takes out a sheet of paper.

He lays it on the table next to Paul.

Paul compares the punch card code numbers to the legend on
the sheet of paper.

It becomes apparent the "distinguishing characteristics"
pertain to very specific details of Jewish identity.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Um...what exactly is this data
being compiled for?

HERBERT

Census records to aid in locating
and routing Jews to labor camps.

Paul looks up at Herbert and Ulrich.

Neither of them are uncomfortable about the direction the
conversation is taking.

PAUL

This camp here, Dachau, is a labor
camp for political prisoners?

HERBERT

Yes, that is correct.

Paul looks back and forth from the punch card to the legend
sheet to the D11 machine, with its prominent IBM logo plate.

ULRICH

Is there a problem, Herr Morton?

HERBERT

Can you please try out the solution
to the problem that you just
formulated, Herr Morton?

Paul feels a cold sweat come over him, an eternal moment of
existential revelation washes over him.

PAUL

Can you please stop calling me
"Herr Morton"? It's making me--

HERBERT

Paul, I truly think your idea may
work!

Paul's fingers hesitate on the keyboard.

PAUL

I'm not here to pass judgement
about what you have set out to
achieve. It just seems like this
data is so extremely specific--

OBERFÜHRER LORITZ

Extreme problems require extreme
solutions, Paul.

Oberführer Loritz has suddenly appeared out of nowhere,
standing over Paul's shoulder.

Paul jumps slightly at his jarring appearance.

PAUL

Oberführer Loritz, I didn't see you
standing there, sorry. I, uh--

OBERFÜHRER LORITZ

I believe your employer sent you
here to complete a job, yes?

Now all three men have their eyes trained on him, on the hot
seat.

PAUL

Yes, they did.

OBERFÜHRER LORITZ

And they chose to send you, because
you are the best of the best, no?

Paul starts to feel trapped.

PAUL

I--

With the pressure weighing on him, Paul begins typing his program into the punch card machine.

Ulrich watches him work, fascinated.

Herbert and Loritz smile slyly at each other, content and relieved.

The D11 machine drops out the completed punch card program and Paul grabs it -- hands it to Herbert.

Herbert takes the punch card and wraps it onto the program wheel and inserts it into the D11 machine.

Ulrich loads a stack of punch cards into the feeder bin -- and Herbert turns the machine on.

The punch cards are fed into the machine and processed, a printer begins printing the results.

Both Herbert and Ulrich watch the printout as it emerges.

Paul swivels in his seat and looks up at Oberführer Loritz.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Was there anything else that needed to be done?

Oberführer Loritz looks to Herbert and Ulrich for confirmation.

HERBERT

Perfect!

ULRICH

I guess what we really needed was a fresh set of eyes and perspective.

OBERFÜHRER LORITZ

(to Paul)

A job well done, sir. You can go back to Berlin and finish your work there.

Paul jumps up -- makes no bones about being ready to go.

PAUL

So I could leave today?

OBERFÜHRER LORITZ

You can leave right now if you like. I'll have my driver take you to the train station.

Herbert and Ulrich are both very happy -- they enthusiastically shake Paul's hand.

HERBERT

Thank you very much for your
commitment to the work, Paul. The
Reich will forever be in your debt.

Paul shrugs and manages a weak smile.

PAUL

You're welcome.

He begins to walk out -- turns to wait for Oberführer Loritz to lead the way.

Ulrich motions to other workers nearby to come over and look at the work Paul has performed --

-- they swarm around the D11 machine excited.

EXT. HOLLERITH BUNKER - DAY

Oberführer Loritz and Paul exit the building, to find a long line of people walking into the camp from the main gate.

SS guards carrying weapons are herding the prisoners along the road to the barracks.

Paul stares stunned at the sight: men, women, children of all ages, ragged and dirty, ground down -- crying, screaming.

PAUL

What is going on?

OBERFÜHRER LORITZ

Just the last round of workers
being inducted into the camp.

HANNAH

PAUL! PAUL!

Paul hear's his name being shouted -- he's not sure if he really heard it, or if they are yelling at him.

In the crowd going by -- incredibly enough -- is Hannah Stern along with her elderly mother and father.

They are all terrified -- Hannah desperately tries to get Paul's attention.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

PAUL!!

Paul connects the yelling with Hannah's face -- and the shock of the sight of her hits him like a bolt of lightning.

PAUL

Hannah?

Paul begins to walk toward her without thinking.

OBERFÜHRER LORITZ

Herr Morton, what are you-- ?

Oberführer Loritz tries to grab Paul by the shoulder, but misses.

Hannah tells her parents about Paul -- and points him out to them -- their pleading faces turn to him.

PAUL

Hannah Stern? I know that woman,
she's American--

OBERFÜHRER LORITZ

I can assure you there are no
American workers here, Paul--

Loritz manages to stop Paul from walking into the crowd -- a burly SS guard points a gun at Paul menacingly.

Paul angrily pushes the rifle out of the way.

PAUL

What are you doing-- ?

Loritz makes eye contact with the guard -- assuring him he has Paul under control.

OBERFÜHRER LORITZ

(to guard)

Ich werde um ihn kümmern.

Hannah tries to break away from the crowd -- running towards Paul -- she screams out his name --

-- a second SS guard nearby thinks she's going after Oberführer Loritz -- in the heat of the moment, he raises a pistol and shoots her dead.

Hannah falls down hard on the road, life knocked out of her in an instant.

Paul can't believe his eyes -- screams.

PAUL

NOOOOO!!!

He tries to get to her -- but now both Loritz and the SS guard are struggling to hold Paul back.

Hannah's parents make their way to their fallen daughter, dropping to their knees in shock and horror.

A third SS guard plows through the crowd and begins to beat them both with the butt of his rifle -- hustling them back into line, keeping them moving, leaving Hannah behind.

PAUL (CONT'D)
He murdered her!! Why aren't you
doing anything-- ?

OBERFÜHRER LORITZ
(to guard)
Nehmen ihn die Verwaltung--

Loritz and the SS guard carry a writhing, fighting mad Paul off the street and into the administrative building.

INT. DACHAU ADMINISTRATION BLDG. - DAY

Paul does not giving up the struggle -- the SS guard finally grabs him in a bone-crushing bear hug from behind, holding him still, waiting for orders.

A startled office attendant jumps out of her seat and runs up to Oberführer Loritz.

OBERFÜHRER LORITZ
Mein Fahrer sofort! Eile!

The attendant picks up a telephone and makes the call.

OBERFÜHRER LORITZ (CONT'D)
(to guard)
Nehmen ihn zu meinem Auto.

The SS guard nods and hauls the seething Paul outside.

EXT. DACHAU ADMINISTRATION BLDG. - DAY

The Oberführer skids to a stop at the door as the SS guard drags Paul outside.

Oberführer Loritz opens the car door and the SS guard shoves Paul inside.

Paul has calmed down slightly -- stares with eyes of disbelief at the Oberführer.

Loritz walks around to the driver -- who rolls down his window.

OBERFÜHRER LORITZ

Take him to the train, immediately.

(to Paul)

I'm sorry to have you leave under such unpleasant circumstances, Herr Morton, but I'm sure important work still awaits you in Berlin.
Goodbye.

The Oberführer nods to the driver -- the car accelerates away at high speed out of the camp.

Paul looks out the back window at the Oberführer and SS guard standing there, watching him leave.

INT. TRAIN TO BERLIN - DAY

Paul sits by the window, staring out, disillusioned.

A small child on the seat opposite laughs with her mother.

Paul turns to look, he's unable to crack a smile.

EXT. FRIEDRICHSTRASSE STATION - DAY

The train pulls into the station.

INT. FRIEDRICHSTRASSE STATION - DAY

A crazy chaotic scene with crowds of people desperately trying to leave the city.

Hans, the driver, waits at the arrival track.

Paul walks by, not seeing him, lost in his thoughts.

HANS

Herr Morton!

Paul stops and eventually recognizes Hans.

HANS (CONT'D)

Where is your luggage?

PAUL

Still down at the camp.

HANS
Herr Gruber wants to see you right
away, I'm to take you to him now.

Paul shrugs in approval.

PAUL
Fine. Take me to him.

Hans looks at Paul with concern.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

Paul stares blankly out the window -- watching random scenes
of life going by:

Regular people going about their daily business.

Families out for a walk in the park.

Brown-shirted SS men taunting Jewish shop keepers,
humiliating them by making them wash the sidewalk with
toothbrushes.

Passersby applaud the actions of the brown-shirts -- the
sight sickens Paul.

He looks up at Hans to see his reaction -- Hans acts as if he
were wearing blinders, oblivious.

EXT. REICH OFFICE OF STATISTICS - DAY

Hans walks Paul into the building, making sure he makes it to
his destination.

INT. PROGRAMMING DEPT. - DAY

The elevator door opens and Paul and Hans get out.

Hushed whispers weave around the work floor -- all eyes begin
turning to watch Paul walking in.

Martin stands at the doorway of his office, not happy.

MARTIN
(to Hans)
Thank you, Hans.

Hans nods and turns tail, leaving Paul to Martin.

Martin puts an arm around Paul's shoulder and quickly guides
him into his office, shutting the door.

INT. GRUBER'S OFFICE - DAY

Martin pushes Paul into a chair, then turns and closes the venetians blinds on the window.

MARTIN

Tell me what happened, Paul. In your own words.

Paul looks up at Martin like a whipped dog.

PAUL

They shot her dead, like an animal.

MARTIN

Paul -- I have deportation documents right here--

Martin goes to his desk and picks up a pile of official Reich stamped documents -- waving them in Paul's face.

PAUL

What had she done, Martin? Is it a crime to be Jewish here now?

MARTIN

I am afraid it is, Paul. And I, WE cannot do anything about it.

Paul jumps up in anger.

PAUL

Of course we can do something about it, Martin! We have to tell the world about what is really going on here--

MARTIN

Part of me completely agrees with you, Paul -- but another part of me is afraid for my job.

PAUL

Screw the job, Martin. Our company has aided and abetted a crime here!

Martin picks up another piece of paper from his desk.

MARTIN

Thomas Waston, our C.E.O., has just arrived today -- he's here as President of I.C.C. -- and he's going to be awarded a medal of honor from Hitler for distinguished service to the Reich!

Paul grabs the paper from Martin in disbelief.

PAUL

You have got to be kidding me!

He reads it for himself. Utter stupefaction.

Paul looks at Martin with seething contempt.

PAUL (CONT'D)

And you're content not to tell him anything-- ?

MARTIN

He had a private meeting with Hitler today. What do you think you could say to him that would possibly make him change his mind?

Martin sits behind the desk and opens a drawer, retrieving an envelope.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

For Watson, it's all about the bottom line, Paul. No more, no less. Business is business.

He tosses it on the desk before Paul.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

You have less than twenty-four hours to leave the country--

Paul laughs.

PAUL

--or else what?

MARTIN

Or else they will forcibly put you on the boat themselves. Is that what you want? Really?

Paul picks up the envelope and looks inside -- a boat ticket back to America -- plus a large wad of American cash.

Paul looks at Martin, confused.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Think of it as a bonus.

PAUL

Hush money?

MARTIN

A bonus. If you don't want it, I'll
take it back.

Paul takes the money out of the envelope and tosses it over his shoulder -- takes the ticket and walks out of the office without looking back.

INT. PROGRAMMING DEPT. - DAY

Paul slips the ticket inside a jacket pocket as he walks up the work area with Gert, Felix, Hermann and Franz.

Hermann and Franz both grimace at the sight of Paul, they turn their back to him.

Felix looks up from his desk, nods to Paul.

Gert gets up from her place to greet Paul.

GERT

I was very sorry to hear what
happened to you down there.

PAUL

Where's Ilse?

He looks around the floor.

GERT

No one knows. She never came back
to work.

PAUL

You're kidding. Doesn't that strike
you as suspicious?

Gert looks over at Felix -- Felix looks down at his work.

GERT

Of course.

Paul gathers a few of his papers from his desk, shoving them into his briefcase.

PAUL

Don't you wonder what may have
happened to her?

GERT

Oh no. I couldn't get myself
involved with politics--

Paul grabs her by the forearms -- stares directly into her eyes.

PAUL
Politics?! The Reich is racially
profiling people like the Jews,
rounding them up, then shooting
them dead!

Felix jumps out of his seat -- Hermann and Franz turn around to see what's going on.

GERT
It was nice meeting you, Paul. But
I have work to do --

She turns to sit back at her desk -- trying to shake him off.

Paul lets go, disgusted.

PAUL
Don't you all want to know whether
Ilse is all right or not?!

HERMANN
Why don't you mind your own
business, Herr Morton?

On that grim note, all the faces of the team turn to Paul, waiting for a reaction.

Both Hermann and Franz stand up -- ready to keep provoking Paul.

PAUL
You're right, I'll go home and mind
my own business, in my own damn
country. It was nice meeting and
working with you. Good luck.

Paul takes off, heading for the elevators.

Gert hesitates a moment -- then follows him into the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

The door closes behind Paul -- he turns to Gert, aggressive and brusque.

PAUL
What do you want?

GERT
I just wanted to thank you for
coming, Paul.

Paul looks away.

GERT (CONT'D)
Your concern has really touched us,
please believe me.

PAUL
Are you aware of how your work here
is actually being used? In the
camps?

Now Gert looks away.

GERT
Yes -- and, no. It's hard to know
what to believe --

PAUL
I saw it with my own eyes, Gert!
They're --

Gert turns to him -- puts her hand up to his lips to hush him
for a moment.

GERT
What can we do?

PAUL
Stop! Quit! Anything but -- !

The elevator reaches the lobby, the door opens.

Paul gives Gert one more piercing look, then storms out.

INT. REICH OFFICE OF STATISITCS - LOBBY - DAY.

People waiting for the elevator give Paul a wide berth as he
makes his way through the crowd of people.

EXT. REICH OFFICE OF STATISITCS - DAY

A bright, sunny day in Berlin.

The sunlight stings Paul's eyes for a moment -- he stops
walking for a moment to let them readjust.

Slowly he starts walking again -- watching the faces of
people go by -- blank, emotionless, lost.

EXT. SS MANHATTAN - MAIN DECK - DAY

Paul leans over the railing, watches a mass of people below as the ship leaves the dock.

People shout and wave goodbye to loved ones, while other people plead to be let on the boat to escape.

EXT. PEACOCK ISLAND GALA - NIGHT

Thomas Watson is bestowed the medal of honor by Hjalmar Schacht while newsreel cameras and press photographers document the event.

Fade up text on screen:

Thomas Watson, CEO of IBM, on June 28, 1937, accepted the Merit Cross of the German Eagle with Star medal from Adolf Hitler, to "honor foreign nationals who made themselves deserving of the German Reich", for his company's work in assisting the National Socialist Party with its efforts.

Fade up text on screen:

World War II began on September 1, 1939. IBM exercised highly visible minute-to-minute on-site micro-management of its German subsidiary Dehomag until the summer of 1940 when Thomas Watson was pressured into returning the medal.

EXT. SS MANHATTAN - MAIN DECK - EVENING

Paul looks out across the harbor to the open sea -- the sun beginning to set.

Fade up text on screen:

Even after the U.S. entered the war in December 1941, IBM never lost control of its companies in Nazi-controlled lands. When German custodians, or receivers, took over, virtually all IBM staff and management remained in place.

Paul hangs his head down, staring at his hands, over the water rushing by below.

Fade up text on screen:

Only the profits were temporarily blocked as in any receivership. After the war, IBM successfully fought to recover all those Nazi-blocked accounts, claiming they were legitimate company profits.

Paul looks up at the sunset one more time, then moves off to disappear inside the boat's cabin.

FADE OUT

THE END