



Once Upon a Time in Berlin

(bases on real events)

Original screenplay

March, 2022

East Berlin. (1986)

EX. BERLIN WALL BORDER PRENZLAUER BERG - NIGHT

Just after midnight, two armed border guards, guard dog on a leash and machine guns at the ready patrol along the barb wired Berlin Wall. The dog's barks echo thru the night. The rest is eery silence.

The adjoining apartment buildings from the turn of the century are run down and fall apart. All lights are off. A cobbled back street is dimly lit by a half blind street lamp. A single parked Trabant. In the distance the WATER TOWER, once the borough's landmark crumbles away.

The camera glides along the apartment buildings, past the Trabant and into apartment building number 86, past rows of rusty letter boxes on crumbling hallway walls, through three adjoined courtyards with heaps of black winter coal and grey dustbins. In the third courtyard, on the top floor a single window's still lit...

INT. ANNA AND JAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pounding punk rock. A crowd of East Germans youth wildly pogo to the punk rock underground band 'Freygang', East Germany's answer to the 'Stooges' and scream along,

CROWD

I dream of love!
I dream of sex!
I dream of FREEDOM...

ANNA KOWALSKI (21) young, beautiful and full of life smiles, strides through the bobbing crowd. Abstract underground art on walls, an impression of Che Guevara drawn onto a bare wall with a quote WE CANNOT BE SURE OF HAVING SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR UNLESS WE ARE WILLING TO DIE FOR IT. ANNA reaches kitchen, opens the door, enters.

INT. KITCHEN ANNA AND JAN'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

By the sink, JAN MULLER(24) tall, handsome, straightens up. Anna beams. Jan smiles back, elegantly plucks a beer from the ice water in the sink behind him, swings round and pulls Anna towards him. They kiss passionately. By the window DIETMAR SCHMIDT(29), beer bottle in hand, long hippy hair and beard, toasts Jan and Anna,

DIETMAR

To the dream couple!

Anna gives him the finger. Jan grins.

ANNA
They're all here now...

INT. LIVING ROOM APARTMENT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

The crowd has gathered around Jan who climbs onto a chair,
pauses for effect, announces,

JAN
All the major WestGerman TV
stations have agreed to cover us
tomorrow: ARD, ZDF, NDR, SWR...

The crowd erupt into cheers. Apart from one,

DISSIDENT 1
Western press?!
That's not what we agreed!

The others boo him, cheer,

DISSIDENT2
No! It's even better!

DISSIDENT 1
It's not! It's suicide! Besides the
Western press don't care about us
here in the East! They just go back
and leave us here in the shit!

DISSIDENTS
-- oh, someone's wetting his pants!
-- Stay home then, pansy!
-- Put a candle in the window and
pray to God for changes!

The others holler.

DISSIDENT 1
(top of his lungs)
You're all crazy!
They'll just shoot us!

DISSIDENTS
--No they won't! You just heard
Jan! The Western Press will be our
shield!
--The police won't dare touch us!
--Not with the whole world
watching!

DISSIDENT 1
As if they care who's watching!
They built a Wall around us in
full view of the whole world!
Barbed wire and all!

Jan calm,

JAN

Yes, my friend. But here's the thing: Today the Stasi came for Bernd, tomorrow it will be you or me. If we don't help Bernd now there'll be no one left to help when they come for us. The Western press will be our shield. Trust me.

Big cheers. SASKIA NEUMAN (30) holds up a photo of her husband BERND NEUMANN(30), a kind face with round spectacles. Jan raises his fist.

JAN (CONT'D)

Freedom for Bernd!

The dissidents raise their fists,

DISSIDENTS

Freedom for Bernd!

Anna puts her arm around Saskia,

ANNA

We'll get your husband out.

Dietmar hits the tape recorder and the dissidents become young people again enthusiastically jumping up and down to the punk rock. The doubter shakes his head and leaves. JOCHEN KOWALSKI(17) appears in the crowd. Anna charges over, pulls him aside.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I told you not to come!

JOCHEN

You can't forbid me shit.

ANNA

You're going home to mum! Right now!

JOCHEN

Get off me!

Jochen pushes her out of the way, dives into the crowd, pogos.

SASKIA

Everything ok? Is your brother joining us to tomorrow?

ANNA

No. My mum's going to kill me if she finds out, he came here...

On the dance floor, Jochen is joined by Jan and Dietmar. The trio pogo together.

SASKIA

The Western press will defiantly be there, won't they?

ANNA

Totally. They'll be there, alright. This time tomorrow your Bernd will be free.

SASKIA

Thanks so much, Anna. For everything...

ANNA

Don't be silly. It's all of us here. We're all in this together-

Anna notices Jan and Jochen disappear into the spare room,

ANNA (CONT'D)

Back in a minute...

Anna slides through the bobbing crowd, wants to slip into the spare room but it's locked. She rattles the doorknob,

ANNA (CONT'D)

Shit...shit, shit....

She composes herself, slips back to the hallway, casually picks up the telephone, slides it under her jumper, carries it through the bobbing crowd until she reaches the bathroom and slips inside.

INT. BATH ROOM - A FEW MOMENST LATER

Anna locks the door from the inside, sits down on the edge of the bath tub, glances at the telephone in her lap, hesitates, then lifts the receiver, dials a number,

INT. STASI SECRET POLICE HEAD QUARTER - SAME TIME

On a desk a phone rings. A hand lifts a receiver, the uniformed arm of HANS-PETER KAHLAU (45) lift the receiver to his ear. His collar epaulettes show that he's a Major.

KAHLAU

(into phone)

Kahlau.

INT. BATH ROOM - SAME TIME

Anna clears her throat,

ANNA

I have a tip for you...

INT. ANNA AND JAN'S APARTMENT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Police break down the front door.

POLICE

Police! Police! No one move! Hands up! You're all arrested on suspicion of conspiracy against the state, paragraph 106...

EXT. COURTYARD STASI PRISON HOHENSCHONHAUSEN - SAME NIGHT

A transporter arrives. Stasi men fling the door open. The dissidents stumble out, one by one, blood smeared, beaten, being lead across the yard. Saskia, Jan, Anna, Dietmar and Jochen among them.

INT. HOLDING ROOM PRISON - SAME NIGHT

Males and females dissidents are being separated. A sign reads: TALKING STRICTLY PROHIBITED. The dissidents are being made to strip naked in front of the warden. Anna glances nervously towards her kid brother Jochen. Softly calls him,

ANNA

Jochen...

A female warden slaps her , points to the sign on the wall TALKING STRICLY FORBIDDEN.

INT. TRAFFIC LIGHTS CORRIDOR PRISON - NIGHT

Anna, now in prison uniform stands at the "traffic lights" waiting for 'green'. She tries to orientate herself. The corridors run in all four directions filled with glaring flood light to create optical hallucinations. The light switches to green. The female warden next to her, yells

FEMALE WARDEN

Move.

Anna starts to move when, from one of the other corridors Jan appears, from the glaring light, like an apparition . Anna's isn't sure if her mind's playing a trick. Jan, too, is in prison uniform and led by a male warden. For a moment their eyes meet.

FEMALE WARDEN (CONT'D)

No talking. Move.

Anna is led away by her warden and Jan by his.

INT. VISITOR'S ROOM PRISON - NEXT DAY

INGRID KOWALSKI(45) rises as Anna enters,

INGRID
Anna.

ANNA
Mum...

GUARD
No touching! Sit!

Anna and Ingrid sit down opposite at a table.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Hands on table!

Anna and Ingrid comply. There's document on the table and a pen.

INGRID
I saw the lawyer. He says, you'll get up to ten years.

ANNA
10 years...

INGRID
Because of the leaflets they found in your flat.

ANNA
But we never kept any there!

WARDEN
Raise your voice again and this visit it over.

Ingrid and Anna lean in.

INGRID
(whispers)
It will make no difference. No one will defend you against a State prosecutor.

ANNA
(whispers)
What about Jochen? And Jan?

INGRID
Everyone involved.
(off her look)
Sign this and the WestGerman government will buy you out.

Anna swallows.

ANNA

But Mum, if I sign this... I'll never be able to come back. We'll never see each other again.

INGRID

You must not worry about me. The most important thing is for you and your brother to be out of here and safe over there in the West.

Anna fights back tears.

INGRID (CONT'D)

In twenty years time I'll be a pensioner and permitted to leave the country. Twenty years will go by in a twinkle of an eye. You'll see.

ANNA

Mum...

INGRID

Do it.

Anna takes the document .. "and hereby renounce my citizenship of the German Democratic Republic to become: stateless". Ingrid hands her the pen.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Please, Anna, do it for me.

Anna takes the pen and signs.

EXT. CHECKPOINT BETWEEN EAST AND WEST BERLIN - NIGHT

A bus with drawn curtains arrives. A handful of the dissidents, exhausted and battered, Anna among them are being let out and moved towards the check point lit by the watch tower's rotating searchlight.

Armed guards with Kalashnikovs check their passport against a list, check bags and take both away their passports and bags. A border guards gestures with his Kalashnikov towards the bridge,

BORDER GUARD

Move. Move.

Anna and the other dissidents start to walk thru the check point on the Eastern side.

Before them lies the stretch of no man's land patrolled by armed East German soldiers. Half way into the stretch of no man's land stand the self-firing systems their muzzles turned towards the East to shoot any East German trying to escape.

A soldier pokes Anna with his Kalashnikov,

SOLDIER
Keep moving! Keep moving!

Anna walks faster, leaves behind her the barb wired Wall, the watchtower and the self-firing systems, walks faster and faster.

On the other side of the no man's land appear the bright lights of West Berlin. Anna starts to run towards it.

EXT. CAR PARK REFUGEE CAMP MARIENFELDE WEST BERLIN - NIGHT

A lit sign reads: 'Welcome to WEST BERLIN & WEST GERMANY '

Behind it stretch neatly lined modern barracks. A bunch of refugees Anna among them, eagerly await the arrival of the next refugee bus.

The bus with drawn curtains pulls up. The group eagerly charges toward the bus. The door opens.

More refugees emerge, battered and exhausted but delirious with joy. Some fall into the arms of their waiting friends or relatives. A young man goes down on his knees, kisses the ground.

Anna's looking out for Jan and Jochen. A husband, his small daughter in his arms, pushes past Anna, towards his wife emerging from the bus. The family re-unite. The man cries helplessly. The last passenger leaves the bus. Anna walks through the bus - empty.

INT. BARRACKS REFUGEE CAMP - NIGHT

Anna wakes up with a jolt on top of a bunk bed. Looks at the newspaper in her hand again, reads the article again: *STASI RAID BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN... Dissidents still missing... Fear for their safety grows...*

INT. OFFICE RECEPTION CAMP - DAY

A CIVIL SERVANT counts Deutschmark notes, then double checks on his list,

CIVIL SERVANT
Anna Kowalski.

ANNA
Yes.

CIVIL SERVANT
You're an orphan, right?

ANNA

Semi. My mother' still alive.

CIVIL SERVANT

Yes, but she lives in the 'Zone'.

(off her look)

The Russian Zone. This makes you an orphan and entitles you to a higher refugee benefit rate.

He counts more notes, puts Anna's brand new West German passport on top, moves the neat parcel across,

CIVIL SERVANT (CONT'D)

You're now officially a citizen of the Federal Democratic Republic. A legal German. Now you're free.

ANNA

Thank you.

Anna takes the passport and the money bundle.

INT. AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL OFFICE WEST BERLIN - DAY

Anna carefully puts the money bundle down in front of the lawyer. On the wall hangs a poster: "Amnesty International fights to free imprisoned political prisoners worldwide".

The lawyer puts the money away,

LAWYER

Thank you.

(clears his throat)

I've now had words from my insider contact in East Berlin about the whereabouts of your missing people...

Anna looks hopeful.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

According to my contact, after the raid, the Stasi made Jan Muller disappear in a psychiatric ward-

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON CELL HOHENSCHONHAUSEN EAST BERLIN - NIGHT

The bolt is lifted, the cell door pushed open. Jan and Jochen jump to attention, one left, one right, face turned towards the wall, hands by their side.

WARDEN

LEFT, one step forward.

Jan who stands left, turns, steps forward one step. Two men in white medical coats approach Jan, grab him, he resists, they inject him with a tranquillizer, carry him out.

Jochen stays behind. Terrified.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL OFFICE WESTBERLIN - CONTINUES

Anna whispers,

ANNA

And my little brother... Jochen
Kowalski...

The lawyer, tries his best to break the news gently.

LAWYER

Your brother hanged himself.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON CELL HOHENSCHOENHAUSEN EASTBERLIN - NIGHT

The bolt is lifted, the cell door pushed open. Jochen's naked body hangs lifelessly above the floor from the iron window grill. The noose is made from his prison clothes. Two wardens rush forth, pull the body down and swear when they realise, it's too late.

CUT BACK TO

INT. AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL OFFICE WESTGERMANY - CONTINUES

Anna slowly rises, then collapses.

EXT. INSIDE TRAIN STATION ZOO WESTBERLIN - DAY

Anna stands motionless in front of the ticket window, with a small bag,

ANNA

The next train abroad?

TICKET ASSISTANT

Which country?

Anna shrugs her shoulders. The assistant frowns, then checks his time table,

TICKET ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

There's a train to Lyon, in twenty
minutes?

ANNA
One ticket to Lyon, please.

TICKET ASSISTANT
Single or return?

ANNA
Single.

EXT. PLATFORM STATION ZOO WESTBERLIN - DAY

The train is ready to depart. Anna walks onto the platform, she's the last passenger to board the train. The conductor slams the doors shut one by one as he walks along the platform, bam, bam, bam, blows his whistle.

The train leaves the station.

CUT TO:

Time jump

(20 years later)

Berlin, present day (2006)

EXT. ZOO STATION BERLIN - DAY

A modern intercity train pulls in and comes to a smooth halt. Automated doors slide open with a swish sound.

ANNA, now 20 years older steps out, a small French travel bag in her hand. She walks down the platform, looks around like a stranger, spots a car hire, walks towards it.

INT. CAR HIRE ZOO STATION BERLIN - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Anna hands her driving license to the young sales assistant, He sees Anna's French passport, proudly shows off his French,

SALES ASSISTANT
Bienvenue en Allemagne, Madam!

ANNA
Merci beaucoup.

While the assistant fills in the paper work Anna spots a framed photo on the wall. He proudly explains,

SALES ASSISTANT
EastBerlin dans les années 1980,
quand nous avions encore, vous
savez, « The Wall ». Je n'étais pas
né à l'époque, bien sûr
(MORE)

SALES ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
*(EastBerlin in the 1980's, when we
 still had, you know, 'The Wall'.
 I wasn't born then, of course...)*

ANNA
 Bien sûr...
(Of course...)

She moves closer to the b/w photo: The Berlin Wall in Prenzlauer Berg, around 1986, the run down apartment blocks, a backstreet with pot holes, a single parked Trabant car... the old Water Tower...

CROSS FADE TO:

EXT. BACK STREET PRENZLAUER BERG - SAME DAY

Same angle as in the b/w photo. Anna drives the hired car up the road, now covered with smooth asphalt. The potholes are gone. Anna stops, looks around. The apartment blocks and the Water Tower have been stunningly restored. Modern cars are parked on either side of the road. A few hooded youth hang out to Hip-Hop. Anna drives on.

EXT. OUTSIDE INGRID'S HOUSE BERLIN CENTRAL - SAME DAY

Anna looks up at the once run down apartment building now beautifully restored. On the second floor an older woman steps out onto her green balcony, a plate with cakes in her hand. The woman is INGRID KOWALSKI (65).

Ingrid puts the plate down on the table and joins her neighbour friend of the same age on the balcony. Anna watches the two women for a moment. Kids run past her playing a game: 'hide and seek', then she takes out her mobile, taps in a number.

Up on the balcony, Ingrid answers her mobile.

ANNA
 (into mobile)
 Mum...

Anna watches a surprised Ingrid rise, gesture to her friend something important happened and motions her kindly to leave. The neighbour looks curious, Ingrid gives her the plate with the cakes and shows her out. The surprised neighbour leaves.

INT. OUTSIDE INGRID'S APARTMENT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Ingrid opens the door, beams

INGRID
 Anna...

ANNA

Mum.

They fall into each others arms. Ingrid keeps glancing at her daughter in disbelief. Anna smiles,

ANNA (CONT'D)

Aren't you going to ask me in?

INGRID

Of course, my darling, Come on in, come on in...

She reaches for Anna's bag. Anna protests, but Ingrid is having none of it and carries it inside. Anna follows her.

INT. HALLWAY INGRID'S APPARTMENT - DAY

Ingrid makes space for Anna's jacket on the coat rack. Anna looks around, she hasn't been here in over twenty years, registers new and familiar things. Ingrid beams at her,

INGRID

Coffee?

Anna nods. Ingrid disappears into the kitchen. Anna takes off her jacket, puts it neatly on a hanger, like in the old days. Smiles to herself.

INT. KITCHEN INGRID'S APPARTMENT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Anna runs her fingers over the old kitchen sideboard, smiles, when she feels the dent they put in there as kids. Ingrid is busy with a fancy French coffee machine,

INGRID

... I still can't believe how good the coffee tastes from this fancy Frenchie! If you hadn't sent it...

ANNA

(smiles)

You'd still be using the East German Rondo machine.

INGRID

Well, it wasn't broken!

ANNA

But it wasn't great either.

INGRID

But much simpler to use. Took me ages to figure out the posh Frenchie.

ANNA

But you're ok with it now?

INGRID

O, more than that! Like, the cheques you send me every month. It's more than enough, really...

ANNA

Shall I lay the table?

INGRID

If you still know where everything is...

ANNA

I'll try.

Ingrid gets busy with the coffee. Anna lays the table, looks in different places, discovers Ingrid's collection of the photos she sent her over the years: Anna as medical doctor in various disaster zones and refugee camps around the world ... like a Nomad.

ANNA (CONT'D)

(touched)

That you've kept them all...

INGRID

Of course! I'm very proud of you!

Anna smiles thinly. Ingrid pours them each a cup, loads Anna's plate with cake, sits down,

INGRID (CONT'D)

You never wanted to come back to Germany and here you are, out of the blue, after, how many years...?

ANNA

Twenty.

INGRID

Twenty years... if the Wall was still up I'd be allowed to travel to the West, now that I'm a pensioner!

Anna smiles,

ANNA

True.

INGRID

But that's not what you came to talk about, is it?

ANNA

I received a letter a few weeks back.

Anna takes out a letter. Ingrid dries her hands, puts on her reading glasses, reads the address on the envelope,

INGRID

Have you moved again?

ANNA

Just the letter, mum, please...

Ingrid takes out the printed form.

INGRID

That's an application from the Stasi archive. You came to look at your Stasi file?

ANNA

Someone sent this to me.

Ingrid turns the envelope, no sender.

INGRID

Could be an automatically sent letter?

ANNA

I enquired with the archive, they don't send these out without a request. Besides, they don't have my address.

(off her look)

Someone's tracked me down.

INGRID

But... why?

ANNA

Remember, the night the police arrested us?

INGRID

How can I ever forget!

ANNA

And the leaflets they found in our apartment?

INGRID

The leaflets the Stasi had planted there...

ANNA

This was also in the letter.

Anna takes out a copy of the old leaflet. Ingrid turns it in her hands,

INGRID

What does it all mean?

ANNA

That's what I came to find out.
Can I stay with you for a few days?

INGRID

You don't have to ask, it's still your home ...

INT. ANNA'S OLD BED ROOM - NIGHT

Ingrid and Anna carry in the bedding. Ingrid makes up the bed for her. The walls are covered with framed old photos.

INGRID

I took most of the furniture to the charity shop down the road, this way, it's still of use to someone...

Anna glances at the photos, one photo catches her eye,

Group photo: the Neighbourhood kids huddled together, Anna (7) has her arms around her kid brother Jochen(4) in front of her, next to Anna stands a boy(11) with a flat cap. The kids cheekily grin straight into the camera. Behind them the run down courtyard, heaps of coal and dustbins,

Anna looks out the window, down the same courtyard, the walls now painted with plenty of plants and greenery,

ANNA

You wouldn't think, it's the same courtyard...

INGRID

Yes, they've done it up nicely.
All that pretty greenery...

ANNA

Buildings normally decay with time. Our old street's been made young again. Kohl's promise to turn East Germany into "green pastures" has come to pass. Who would have dared dream so big, back then...

INGRID

You always had big dreams, even as a child.

ANNA
 (drily)
 And that's all it ever was.

Anna turns away.

INGRID
 If the photos bother you, you can
 sleep in my bedroom, I'll sleep
 here.

ANNA
 No, it's ok, Mum, really. Thanks.

INGRID
 If you need anything I'll be next
 door. Good night.

They kiss good night. At the door Ingrid turns,

INGRID (CONT'D)
 How's Michel?

ANNA
 Very well, I believe.

INGRID
 You believe?

ANNA
 He's getting married next month.

INGRID
 Married? But I thought, you two-

ANNA
 You thought wrong, mum. Good night.

INGRID
 Good night and get some rest.

Ingrid leaves. Alone in the room, Anna takes another, look
 at the framed photos on the wall .

Family photo: Anna and Jochen as small kids on Ingrid's lap.
 Ingrid has her arms around both.

Wedding photo: 60's style. Ingrid and Karl on their wedding
 day. Karl has the same intensive eyes as his children, Anna
 and Jochen.

A Portrait: Anna's kid brother JOCHEN (17) with fierce eyes.

Jochen's photo gets to her. Anna opens the window, for
 fresh air, closes it, feels restless, opens the door and
 steps out.

INT. INGRID'S APARTMENT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Anna walks into the hallway with the lights out so as not to wake up Ingrid. Moonlight falls in through the kitchen window. Letter and the leaflet are still on the table.

Anna quietly opens the front door, steps outside, sits down on the staircase in the communal hallway, lights a cigarette-

CUT TO:

Flashback

Time jump (33 years earlier)

East Berlin, May 1973

INT. SAME STAIRWELL COMMUNIAL HALLWAY - DAY

Daylight flashes through the communal hallway's half blind window. March music echoes in the distance, getting closer. Anna(9) rushes excited down the staircase with kid brother Jochen (4) in tow. At the bottom, Anna pushes the gate open and runs into the street.

EXT. STREET EAST BERLIN CENTRAL - DAY

Big Labour Day celebrations. All apartment buildings and the streets are decorated with the East German flag and red carnations in each window. A massive red banner reads:

MAY DAY - THE PARTY SALUTES OUR WORKING CLASS PEOPLE AND FARMERS!'

Ordinary families with their kids stream towards the main road where the Communist Party's May Day parade is in full swing. The army orchestra plays march music.

A girl clique charge towards Anna,

GIRLS

Anna! At last! We've been waiting
for you, like, for-ever!

Little Jochen peeks up from behind Anna, a red balloon in his hand. The girls protest,

GIRLS (CONT'D (CONT'D)

--o, no!
--No way!
--Not him again!
--Can't you leave that nag at
home! For once?!
--He's always spoiling all the
fun!!

(MORE)

GIRLS (CONT'D (CONT'D))
 (towards Jochen)
 --Boohoo

Jochen sticks his tongue out and hides behind Anna. The girls pull Anna away from him , Jochen grabs Anna's hand,

JOCHEN
 Wanna come too...

GIRLS
 Lose the little psycho, I'm telling you! He's going to ruin everything again! Did you know the boys from 5th grade are waiting for us at Alex Square!

ANNA
 The 5th graders? No shit! You're having me on!

GIRLS
 --No, no!! Tell her!
 --Yeah, it't all true!
 --Come on, Ann, lets hurry up!!

Anna wavers. Jochen tucks on her jacket.

JOCHEN
 Mum says, to take me with you...

ANNA
 (mocks him)
 "Mum says, to take me with you."

The girls pull faces, giggle.

GIRLS
 Ann! You coming or what?!

Anna can't make up her mind. The girls run off laughing.

GIRLS (CONT'D)
 Suit yourself!

ANNA
 Hey, stop, wait! Wait for me...

But the girls have disappeared in the crowd.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 All just because of you, you plonker, you really are a pain in the ass, you know--

Anna stops. Jochen's gone. She looks around,

ANNA (CONT'D)
 Jochen? Jochen! JOCHEN! O, great...

She spots his red balloon in the crowd, rushes after him.

EXT. BACKSTREET CENTRAL BERLIN - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Jochen runs through the crowd, towards the main road where the parade is in full swing. His red balloon bobs up and down. Anna weaves angrily through the crowd to catch him.

EXT. KARL MARX AVENUE BERLIN CENTRAL - SAME TIME

Jochen watches the Russian tanks parade in the main road. His balloon slips from his hand and flies away. He runs after it. The balloon flies into a back street. Jochen follows the balloon.

EXT. BACK STREET CENTRAL BERLIN - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Anna running after Jochen, turns around the corner, too and stops in her tracks. A Russian tank broke down, went off the main road and in the process dragged a pedestrian along who lies squashed under the tank. The residents run away as fast as they can. Only little Jochen stares mesmerised at the blood stream from the lifeless body. His balloon lies burst in the gutter.

Anna rushes over to Jan, shields his eyes from the dead body and drags him away. In the apartment blocks above, windows are quickly being shut. No one wants to be a witness to this. On the opposite side of the street Stasi in civilian clothing rush to the scene, seal off the area. A Stasi man spots the fleeing kids.

EXT. BACK STREETS CENTRAL BERLIN - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Anna and Jochen run as fast as they can. Anna stop to check if they're being followed then quickly opens a gate to a nearby apartment building, pushes them both inside the communal hallway, closes the gate. They catch their breath. Saved.

INT. COMMUNAL HALLWAY APARTMENT BUILDING - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Anna and Jochen peek through the gate's window, see the Stasi 2 men hurry past the window. The kids relax. The Stasi return, push open the gate-

INT. COMMUNAL HALLWAY APARTMENT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Two Stasi men press Anna and Jochen up against the wall.

STASI
 What's your name?!
 Where do you live?!

Anna presses her lips together. Jochen starts to cry,

JOCHEN
 My name is Jochen Kowalski.
 I live in Berlin Central on
 Ackermann street thirty one ...

INT. HALLWAY INGRID'S APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT

Through the keyhole Anna watches the two Stasi men
 intimidate Ingrid in the kitchen.

STASI
 ... nothing happened, you
 understand? Make sure they saw
 nothing. If we hear anyone breath
 so much as a word, we'll take
 your kids away.
 Do you understand? Do you?

Ingrid nods.

INT. HALLWAY INGRID'S FLAT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Ingrid locks the front door behind the Stasi men, leans
 against it, visibly shaken. Anna cuddles up to her,

ANNA
 Mum...

INGRID
 You mustn't tell anyone about
 this. Not a word. At school. In
 the playground. In the courtyard.
 To none of your girlfriends. Do
 you understand? Not a single soul
 must know about this. Understood?

Anna nods.

INT. LIVING ROOM INGRID'S APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT

Anna enters barefooted in her nightie, opens the window,
 pulls their East German flag inside, closes the window,
 kneels in front of the coal stove, opens the stove door,
 throws the flag into the flame. The cheap flammable fabric
 immediately catches fire, burns brightly.

JOCHEN (O.S.)
 What'ya doin...

Jochen, barefoot in pyjamas, rubs his sleepy eyes,

ANNA
Get lost, scaredy-cat.

Jochen stubbornly stays.

INGRID (O.S.)
Anna!

Ingrid rushes in. Slams the stove door shut, pulls Anna up and slaps her face. Then pulls her close to her,

INGRID (CONT'D)
Sorry... I'm sorry, I'm so sorry,
I didn't mean to...

Ingrid holds Anna in her arms. They both cry. Jochen stares fascinated into the flames.

EXT. NEWSPAPER STAND CHECK POINT FRIEDRICHSTRASSE - DAY

The rack is mostly filled with the official daily party newspaper NEW GERMANY. The front page shows the head of State and Party ERICH HONECKER, a short man with big horn rimmed glasses. Anna is next in the queue. The shop assistant recognises her, bends down, pulls out the only and sought after woman's magazine SYBILLE, slips it inside the daily newspaper hands it to Anna,

KIOSK ASSISTANT
(leans forward)
Tell your mum there's a cutting
pattern inside for winter coats...

ANNA
Thanks.

She puts the exact change down. The next customer eagerly moves up,

FEMALE COSTUMER
I want a "Sybille" too!

KIOSK ASSISTANT
Are you kidding me? It's been sold
out for weeks! Can't you read?

She points to a 'sold out' sign.

FEMALE COSTUMER
But... I just saw you-

KIOSK ASSISTANT
You saw nothing. Buy the New
Germany papers or move on. Next!

Anna hurries away with Jochen in tau.

Down the road the 2 kids pass an INTERSHOP from which a fat American tourist couple emerge wearing loud T-shirts and shorts. The American lady impatiently rips open the colourfully wrapped up ice cream scones, bite into it with relish, sigh,

AMERICAN WOMAN TOURIST

At last something that tastes like home in this God forsaken place!

KIOSK ASSISTANT

Yeah, let's head back to the check point, honeybun, I've seen enough, already. Nixon was right....

Jochen gawks at them.

ANNA

Stop staring.

She pulls him away.

JOCHEN

I want an ice cream like that!

ANNA

You can't.

Jochen makes himself heavy.

JOCHEN

Why not?

Anna keeps pulling him away,

ANNA

Because that ice cream is from an Intershop. And you know we can't go there.

JOCHEN

But they can.

ANNA

But we can't.

JOCHEN

(digs his heels in)
Why not?

ANNA

Because they're Westerners with Western money, we don't have.

JOCHEN

Why not?

ANNA
Because we're not Westerners.

JOCHEN
What's a Westerner?

ANNA
A person who lives in the West,
silly.

JOCHEN
Where's that?

ANNA
Well, in the West!

JOCHEN
Where's the West?

ANNA
You know where the West is, on
the other side of the Wall.

JOCHEN
Can we see it?

ANNA
You wanna see it?
Ok, I'll show you the West!

Anna marches Jochen around the corner.

EXT. CHECK POINT FRIEDRICHSTRASSE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Anna and Jochen stand right in front of an imposing grey steel gate three times their height. The bard wired Berlin Wall runs along on either side of the gate.

JOCHEN
Can't see a thing ...

ANNA
That's the whole point dummy, the
West is "what we can't see and
where we can't go"!

Jochen looks confused. Behind them someone chuckles amused. Anna, turns. Nearby the check point stands JAN MULLER (9) with a crutch, flat cap in hand, chuckles. His left foot is in a much bigger shoe indicating he's a cripple.

Anna smiles embarrassed, pulls Jochen away, when a WEST GERMAN tourist couple (50s) rush past them towards Jan.

WEST GERMAN WIFE
Good grief, Herman! Look at the
state of that little boy!
(MORE)

WEST GERMAN WIFE (CONT'D)

I can't bear it! Say what you
 want, they're still our people!
 And even though they ended up
 here, they're still Germans!
 (motions her hubby)
 Give it to me!

Herman rolls his eyes, hands over all his East German money,

WEST GERMAN WIFE (CONT'D)

Not their Mickey Mouse money,
 dear! Real money, our German
 Mark!

Herman sighs, reaches into his pockets, pulls out a few loose
 coins.

WEST GERMAN WIFE (CONT'D)

For Christ sake, the child's a
 cripple!

Resigned Herman hands over his wallet. She walks up to Jan,
 empties the wallet into his cap.

WEST GERMAN WIFE (CONT'D)

Here you go, dear...

Jan thanks her with a bow. She gently lifts his chin.

WEST GERMAN WIFE (CONT'D)

Chin up. We pray for you that one
 day this monstrosity of a Wall will
 come down and we'll be one people
 again.

JAN

Thank you, Ma'm.

WEST GERMAN WIFE

It's the least we can do.

She walks back to her husband, they walk to the gate, flash
 their magic West German passport at the armed guards, and
 disappear inside the gate.

Jan winks at Anna and Jochen. Anna's embarrassed but curious
 Jochen pulls her, Anna reluctantly follows. Jochen wants to
 peek inside Jan's cap, sees shiny foreign coins. Anna
 pretends she's not impressed. Gestures to Jochen,

ANNA

That's Western money, there.

JOCHEN

What's Western about it?

Jan grins, bends down to Jochen,

JAN
Want me to show you?

JOCHEN
Yes, please!

Jan to Anna,

JAN
May I?

Anna nods.

EXT. OUTSIDE INTERSHOP - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Jan hands little Jochen a colourfully wrapped Western ice cream scone from the Intershop. Jochen is beside himself. The three kids sit down at the bottom of the stairs and relish their precious ice cream.

JAN
Hold this...

Jan hands Anna his ice scream, unfastens the leg brace, takes off his shoe, holds up his leg: two healthy feet! Anna and Jan collapse in a fit of giggles. Jochen joins in because they look so happy.

ANNA
You're not from around here are you?

JAN
Dresden.

ANNA
No shit. The 'Valley of the Unaware'.

JAN
Says who?

ANNA
Everyone! You can't get Western TV reception in the deep South. You're all left in the dark, right?

JAN
Right...

ANNA
So what brings you here, are you visiting?

JAN
I live here now with my grandparents.

ANNA

And your mum and dad?

JAN

Made off.

(off her look)

They're orchestra musicians, never came back from a concert tour to the West. I was their collateral.

ANNA

That sucks. My dad died in Prague when the Russians invaded it and this one here...

(motions to Jochen)

...was still in my mum's belly.

She affectionately roughens Jochen's hair. He looks at her with big eyes. She gives him her ice cream.

JAN

Don't you like it?

ANNA

Course I do! It's from the Intershop! But he's just a kid, he'll probably never get another ice cream from there...

JAN

I'll buy you another one.

He gets up.

ANNA

Thanks but...

JAN

What?

ANNA

Don't waste your precious Western money on ice cream, it just gets eaten.

JAN

What would you buy?

ANNA

From the Intershop?!

(dreamy)

A pair of Wrangler jeans with the little bell on the flare, or, real coffee beans.

JAN

You drink coffee?

Anna giggles,

ANNA

No, silly! My mum does, she loves it, but we don't have relatives in the West so we never get a Western food parcel.

Jan counts his remaining coins,

ANNA (CONT'D)

Never mind. Forget it.

Jan checks the time, fastens his leg brace, gets up,

JAN

The next tourist bus gets here in ten. Will you wait?

ANNA

No.

Anna grabs Jochen, gets up,

ANNA (CONT'D)

We're coming with you!

Jan smiles.

INT. LIVING ROOM INGRID'S APARTMENT - DAY

Anna enters with a green gold coloured coffee tin JAKOBS CORONATION. Ingrid's fast asleep on the sofa. Anna covers her with a blanket, switches off the TV, then opens the vacuum sealed coffee box zzzzz, holds it under Ingrid's nose. The aroma wakes up Ingrid, she smells the coffee,

INGRID

...mmm...nice...

(see the tin)

Jacob's coffee??!

Where did you get that, Anna?

Anna smiles innocently,

ANNA

From my girlfriend Tina's mum, they got their Western food parcel and she gave me this for you.

INGRID

That's so nice of her! We must make sure to go and thank her.

ANNA

O , there's no need, mum...

INGRID

Of course. It's rude not, too.

ANNA

But... they don't want you to think of it as alms, I'll just take some flowers next time I'm going over there!

INGRID

Ok, then...

Ingrid inhales the coffee smell with pleasure. Anna smiles, snatches her parent's framed wedding photo, slips under the blanket with Ingrid,

ANNA

Tell me the story again, how you met dad!

Ingrid strokes Anna's hair,

INGRID

Don't you get tired of it?

ANNA

Never! Please...?

She snuggles up to Ingrid who puts her arm around her. Anna proudly holds the photo.

INGRID

When I was a young girl, my girlfriends and I used to roam the streets of Berlin, there was rubble everywhere since it was not long after the war but for us it was always an adventure, a chance to play hide and seek in the bombed out ruins, One day...

Ingrid's narration continues as we see a montage of her speech

INGRID (V.O.)

...we were out and about, food still rationed, when I spotted your dad, young and dashing, sat on top of a heap of rubble, he waved at me, so I waved back He laughed and invited us to share his food ration with him, cut his bread into small squares, one for each of us.... and then he smiled and I smiled back ...

ANNA (O.S.)
(tries to sound like
Ingrid)
"and that was that".

We are back in the living room with Anna in Ingrid's arm,
smile,

INGRID
And that was that.

ANNA
Mum, why did dad go to Prague?

INGRID
You know that.

ANNA
Just tell me again...

INGRID
Your dad went to Prague to help his
comrades. He hated war, his dad and
his big brothers all died in
Stalingrad, so he joined the
Communists, for a better Germany,
But when in the Spring of 69
Russian tanks invaded Prague and
killed protesting workers, he felt
he was on the wrong side of history
just like his dad and his brothers
had been. He couldn't bear it, and
went.

ANNA
But, he could have stayed here...
with us...

INGRID
Life gets complicated when politics
get in the way, darling. One day
you'll understand that, too.
Your dad did not abandon us.
He wanted a better future for all
of us. Dad loved us very much and
you especially.

Anna cuddles up to her,

ANNA
Mum...

INGRID
Yes, my darling?

ANNA
What's the deal with love...

INGRID

When you love someone you love
them forever.

EXT. OUTSIDE INGRID'S APARTMENT BUILDING BERLIN - DAY

Traffic noise, hustle and bustle of city life. Anna stands in front of a coal cellar door leading onto the street, instructs little Jochen, who is all ear,

ANNA

Listen carefully, watch the street,
keep your eyes peeled, if a grown
up approaches the cellar you
quickly run down the stairs and
alert us. Other than that, do not
move until we're back. Got that?

Jochen nods enthusiastically, very much in awe of his big sis. Anna affectionately pinches his cheek. Jochen watches as Anna and Jan rush down the staircase and disappear into the dark of the coal cellar.

INT. COAL CELLARS INGRID APARTMENT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

In the semi dark, neighbourhood kids play 'I show you mine, if you show me yours' game, drop trousers and skirts and touch one another. Jan swallows, Anna is nervous, too. They find a corner, whisper,

JAN

You first

ANNA

No, you.

JAN

You.

ANNA

You.

JAN

Ok, one, two...

ANNA

Three...

They pull down knickers and underpants, glance at each others gender, unsure what to do next.

ANNA (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Now what?

Jochen Kowalski
21st June 1968 - 15th May 1986
(17 years old)

Anna touches the stone, puts her flowers on the grave, sits down on a rock, mourns. Only after a short while she notices the other bunch of fresh flowers on the grave and an engraving on the bow *In loving memory, your sister Anna.*

Anna's bemused. Looks around. Has someone been following her? She takes out her mobile, calls the Stasi archive,

ANNA
(into phone)
Good afternoon, I'd like to make an
appointment ...

EXT. STASI FILE ARCHIVES CENTRAL BERLIN - DAY

Anna walks across the car park towards the massive six store industrial building.

INT. RECEPTION STASI FILE ARCHIVES - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

High security. Anna pushes her passport through the narrow gap in the bottle thick glass partition under the watchful eyes of a security guard. An automated door opens. Anna steps through.

INT. ELEVATOR STASI ARCHIVES - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Anna squeezes into the tiny elevator where an archive worker holds onto his trolley overflowing with Stasi files. The sight of Stasi files makes Anna nervous. She gets off at level READING HALL.

INT. READING HALL STASI ARCHIVES - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Anna sits down at one of the many single desks. At the front a supervisor watches over the readers like a headmaster in an elementary school class. Anna glances at her fellow readers hunched over their Stasi files. One looks grim, one bitter, one sobs. Anna's heart starts to beat faster. The reality of reading her own Stasi file kicks in. An archivist approaches Anna with a trolley of files.

ARCHIVIST
Anna Kowalski? Here's your file.

She puts the file in front of her. Anna gets up, rushes out.

EXT. STREET CENTRAL BERLIN - DAY

Anna runs aimlessly through the lively streets, oblivious to everything around her, flees a crowd, end up in a nearby park.

EXT. PARK CENTRAL BERLIN - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Anna sits on a bench, calms herself down. On the grass sit a group of carefree backpacker youth, giggling as they pass a joint. A tram comes screeching around the corner-

JUMP CUT TO:

Flashback

East Berlin. Winter (1981)

INT. KITCHEN INGRID'S FLAT BERLIN - DAY

Anna (17) in a thick winter coat watches a tram screech past the kitchen window.

INGRID (O.S.)

Anna...

Anna turns to Ingrid(40) by the stove cooking lunch. Anna has a travel bag at her feet.

INGRID (CONT'D)

What d'you mean you quit? You can't just quit high school! How're you going to graduate?

ANNA

I won't.

(off her look)

Mum, I don't want anything to do with this country anymore! It's a regime! I'm almost eighteen! I should be travelling the world, instead I'm locked up behind a Wall! I'll never see Paris! Or New York! I'll never see the pyramids of Giza, the desert, the Atlantic Ocean, why? Tell me why?!

Jochen (14) stands quietly in the door frame, looking on. Ingrid stammers,

INGRID

But... I thought, your dream is to be a medical doctor?

ANNA

Yes, Mum, but they make you
pledge loyalty to the Party or
you won't get admitted to uni!
I have to be a party member to
study medicine! Can't do that.
I just can't.

INGRID

But without a degree, without a
profession... what will become of
you?

ANNA

I'll get by.

INGRID

On what?

ANNA

Doing odd jobs, the ones not
controlled by the government,
(off her look)
cleaning a church, or dig graves
in a cemetery...

Ingrid fights tears,

INGRID

What kind of a life is that?
You're destroying your whole
future...

ANNA

No, mum, we're going to create
our own!

INGRID

In a squalor in Prenzlauer Berg,
among the outcast? Not even the
police goes there...

ANNA

Exactly! No police, no Stasi! We
can be ourselves! We can be free!

Ingrid exasperated, returns to her cooking,

INGRID

And what about Sunday lunch?

ANNA

I'll be here! Every Sunday, mum! I
swear!

She hugs Ingrid and Jochen,

ANNA (CONT'D)

(excited)

Don't look so gloomy, the pair of
you! Be happy for me! I'm going to
live in *Prenzlauer Berg*!

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDINGS PRENZLAUER BERG - DAY

In the courtyards a thick layer of fresh snow lies over the black coal heaps, the ash containers and the rubbish bins. A black crow flies across and lands on the window seal of a ground floor flat.

INT. KITCHEN GROUND FLOOR FLAT PRENZLAUER BERG - SAME TIME

Anna wrapped in an old coat, breathes onto the frosted kitchen window, wipes the mist away with her sleeve, sees the crow, smiles, puts on two mittens and carefully lifts the red-hot ceramic pot from the stove, carries it in to the living room of their squalor,

ANNA

...be nice and warm in here, a
minute...

Anna places the hot pot down next to several other hot pots dotted across the room with no heating.

Jan (19) also wrapped in a thick coat and scarf with fingerlings sits at an old typewriter in front of his half finished poem, rips the page from the typewriter, throws it away, feeds a new sheet, the dampness in the room makes the sheet sticky. He flips, rips the page out, gets up and slaps it onto the bare wall where it sticks.

JAN

There! See? It sticks! Frikking
dump!

He slaps more sheets onto the wall. Bang, bang. Bang.

JAN (CONT'D)

We'll die in here, of pneumonia!

ANNA

No we won't. We'll make it work!

Anna wraps her arms around him.

ANNA (CONT'D)

The pots will heat up the room in
no time. And your poems are
beautiful, soon or later everyone
will see that!

JAN
Right ...

ANNA
I believe in you.

She gives him a kiss, then peels the pages off the wall.

JAN
(in jest)
But you're easy to fool...

ANNA
That's not true!

JAN
I fooled you at the check point,
remember?

He mock limps towards her, then lifts her up and pulls her affectionately onto his lap.

JAN (CONT'D)
You're the best thing that ever
happened to me. You're the sunshine
of my life!

Anna smiles,

ANNA
That's so corny, I can't believe
you've just said that.

JAN
It's the truth. I swear! Cross my
heart and hope to die! Put a needle
in my eye...

Anna giggles, they kiss. A knock on the front door. They look at each other,

JAN (CONT'D)
Probably a neighbour who wants to
borrow a blanket because he's
freezing to death just like us...

He goes to answer the door.

INT. OUTSIDE HALLWAY - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Jan opens the door to DIETMAR now (27), with long hippy hair, beard, and wrapped up in a Parker.

JAN
Yes?

Dietmar leans in, lowers his voice,

DIETMAR
Jan Muller...?

JAN
Who's asking?

Dietmar glances around for snooply neighbours, swiftly wipes out a folded up copy of the official daily newspaper from his Parker, hands it to Jan, motions him to open it in the middle. Jan opens it. Inside is one of his poems.

JAN (CONT'D)
How did you...?

DIETMAR
Dietmar Schmidt. May I come in?

INT. LIVING ROOM - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Jan stands between Anna und Dieter, holds up his poem,

JAN
... so, Anna, here, circulates my poems in the CrackJack pub while she waits tables and you're a local punter there ...

DIETMAR
Correct.

Anna smiles mischievously,

DIETMAR (CONT'D)
"Being in the wrong place at the wrong time" is my personal favourite. Your writing resonates with people. Young and old.

JAN
Thank you! And to think, you came all the way here to tell me! Good man! If only you were a publisher.

Dietmar smiles, strokes his beard,

DIETMAR
I'm afraid I'm not, but I might be of some use. I'm with the resistance. We need more voices like yours.

Jan, disappointed,

JAN
My poems are not political.

DIETMAR

But they capture the mood of the people in the country, the hopelessness many feel, the oppression, the deceit!

JAN

Well, if you put it like that...

DIETMAR

I imagine, you've tried many times to have your poems published with the state publishers and were turned down?

ANNA

Every single time!

Dietmar nods in empathy,

DIETMAR

Everything that's not toeing the party line to a tee is marked as 'subversive' or even 'degenerated' and can land you in jail.

JAN

Quite...

DIETMAR

All the more important to have your voice heard then, isn't it?

JAN

Sure but...

ANNA

How and where?

DIETMAR

In a church. The churches in our country are the safe-houses of the resistance. The police's not allowed to enter, nor is the Stasi. You may not know it but many a brave priest have taken it upon themselves to shelter our activities.

Jan, have you ever read your poems out loud in front of a live audience?

Jan shakes his head,

DIETMAR (CONT'D)

How would you feel to have all eyes on you mesmerised by the sound of your poetry.

JAN
I'd love it!

Anna's excited, too.

DIETMAR
Our next event will take place in
2 weeks time at the Nicolai
church in Prenzlauer Berg.
Word of mouth only.
You're invited to take the mic.

JAN
Wow, that's a bit fast. I need some
time to think about it.

ANNA
What's there to think?
(to Dietmar)
Of course, he wants to!
(to Jan)
Just say, yes!

DIETMAR
No, no, he's right.
(to Jan)
You must take your time.
This is not an easy decision.
To side with the resistance is not
without its dangers. Discuss it
first among yourselves, and when
you're ready, call me...

Dietmar hands Jan a piece of paper with a hand written phone
number on it,

DIETMAR (CONT'D)
... here's my number. I'll respect
your decision either way. We don't
judge. Thank you for your time.
I'll see myself out.
Good bye.

He shakes their hand and leaves. Anna turns to Jan

ANNA
And...?

Jan pretends to be indifferent, mock shrugs his shoulders,
then, scoops her up, swirls her around.

JAN
Bloody hell, ye-e-s! You're the
best thing that ever happened to
me.

INT. NICOLAI CHURCH PRENZLAUER BERG - NIGHT

The audience squeezed into the prayer benches listens intently to Jan recite his poem 'In the wrong place at the wrong time'. Anna and Dietmar are among them. The crowd's mesmerised. You could hear a pin drop.

More artists sit on the sideline wait for their turn, another writer, a punk band. Jan's nervous as hell, sweats but manages to finish. There's silence. Then applause. Thunderous applause. People rise, cheer. Anna sighs with relief, looks at Dietmar, mouths a 'thank you'.

EXT. NIKOLAI CHURCH - LATER THAT NIGHT

Anna among the visitors. They pour out of the church and are greeted by POLICE with megaphone,

POLICE
(megaphone)
Police. Police. Form a single line.
Show your ID.

They form a single line. All ID's are being checked and body searches carried out for enticing material but the police finds nothing.

INT. BASEMENT NIKOLAI CHURCH - AT THE SAME TIME

The priest ushers the artists, Jan among them through a labyrinth of cellars leading out onto a back street. The priest slips Jan a key.

INT. HALLWAY APARTMENT BUILDING PRENZLAUER BERG - NEXT DAY

Jan leads a blindfolded Anna up the stairs, stops her, takes off her blindfold. Anna looks around,

ANNA
Where's the surprise...?

Jan grins,

JAN
Right in front of you.

He gestures to a front door, then produces the key the priest gave him, opens the door, scoops her up, carries her inside.

INT. APARTMENT PRENZLAUER BERG - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Anna and Jan walk around. The apartment is fully furnished, complete with plates in the cupboards and toiletries in the bathroom.

JAN

... warm water... central heating,
too... not bad ...

ANNA

What happened ...it looks as if the
tenants just got up and left?

JAN

That's exactly what happened. The
priest told me, the whole family
fled to the West in the dead of
night. They couldn't take anything
with them or sell much beforehand
without raising suspicion, so they
asked the priest to pass it on to
others in need.

ANNA

That's very generous... But we
can't just...

JAN

Why not? They got their freedom and
we our first flat!

Jan rushes over to a telephone in the hallway, lifts the
receiver,

JAN (CONT'D)

Fuck me...still connected! Most
people wait ten years for a phone
line...

ANNA

But won't the telephone company...

JAN

We just keep paying the bill when
it come in.

ANNA

What if the police finds out?

JAN

Then we tell them that we found it
empty.

(off her look)

Officially there're no people
escaping to the West. They'll have
to hush it up, one way or the
other.

ANNA

Still...

JAN

Listen, it's either us or the Stasi
will get their hands on it.

INT. ANNA AND JAN'S FLAT PRENZLAUER BERG - DAY

The walls are now stripped bare. Anna, on a ladder paints
the last words of the Che quote on the wall WE CANNOT BE
SURE OF HAVING SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR UNLESS WE ARE WILLING
TO DIE FOR IT next to Jan's drawing of Che Guevara he just
finishes. Anna mocks him,

ANNA

It doesn't look like Che Guevara at
all!

JAN

Course it does. It's symbolic, hun.
Che's an icon. All you need to draw
is a man's head with a flat cap,
floating hair and piercing eyes...

ANNA

And sensuous lips.

JAN

Oi. Watch it.

Anna laughs, leans over to kiss him when the ladder tips
over. She's about to fall when Jan catches her. He smiles,

JAN (CONT'D)

What would you do without me?

In mock protest Anna slaps red paint on his face with her
brush, Jan mock fights her off, they roll around on the
floor, covered in paint and about to make out when the door
bell rings.

ANNA

(whispers)

O, no, the tenants are back...

JAN

(whispers)

From the West?? Never! Besides,
they'd have a key...

ANNA

Police...

JAN

They don't ring the doorbell they
hit it. Who knows we've moved here?

ANNA
 (whispers)
 Only our friends, my mum, and my
 kid brother...

It rings again.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 I bet it's my brother. Let's answer
 the door.

Anna gets up. Jan holds her back, whispers,

JAN
 Let's first be sure we know who it
 is.

They tiptoe to the front door. Jan looks through the spying
 glass. Outside stands Dietmar with a bottle of red wine.
 Jan jolts back. Anna takes a peek.

ANNA
 (whispers)
 Only Dietmar. Let's open the door.

Jan puts his finger to his lips. Dietmar now bends forward,
 looks straight into the spying glass. Anna tries hard not to
 burst into laughter. Dietmar rings the doorbell again, then
 puts the wine on the doorstep together with a note and
 leaves. When he's gone Jan sneaks out, snatches the bottle
 and locks the door. Anna reads Dietmar's note,

ANNA (CONT'D)
 A house warming note. That's very
 thoughtful of him. Why didn't you
 open the door?

JAN
 I don't trust him.

ANNA
 Dietmar?! But he's part of the
 resistance...

JAN
 I don't trust anyone apart from
 you, ok.

ANNA
 Ok.

Jan sniffs the air.

JAN
 It smells of paint in here.
 Let's take the wine, go for a swim!

EXT. PEOPLE'S PARK PRENZLAUER BERG - SAME NIGHT

Jan leans against the wall, folds his hands into a ladder and helps Anna climb over, then pulls himself up and jumps over the wall.

EXT. INSIDE PEOPLE'S PARK - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Anna and Jan hand in hand run through the park towards the walled public pool: "People's Swimming Pool RED OCTOBER". Jan breaks the lock, they slip inside.

EXT. INSIDE PUBLIC SWIMMING POOL - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

The pool's water surface glistens in the moon light. Anna and Jan take another swig from the wine, take off all their clothes and dive naked into the water.

Later they lay down by the pool side in the moon light,

JAN

No one will ever love you the way I do.

JUMP CUT TO:

Berlin. Present day (2006)

EXT. PEOPLE'S PARK, PRENZLAUER BERG - DAY

Anna stands in the now defunct pool. The sign 'People's swimming pool Red October' has faded. The rusty flagpole creaks in the wind. Anna moves around in the empty pool reminiscing until a group of Japanese tourists arrive, flash their cameras at her and the pool click, click-

CUT TO:

Flash back

East Berlin. (1986)

INT. ANNA AND JAN'S FLAT PRENZLAUER BERG - DAY

A PHOTOGRAPHER (40s) takes flash light pictures of an abstract black and white painting on the bare wall. On closer inspection, the shapes and curves move, and we register the dancer in front, his naked body painted to blend in with the painting.

The dancer moves his body to the rhythm of a free jazz sound produced by a young musician on his home made instrument: an iron rod and a metal string strung over the blade of a buzz saw. The sound goes from high pitched to deep bass and dictates the dancer's every move creating the image of an insect caught in a spider's web. The crowd watches mesmerised. Anna motions towards the photographer,

ANNA

What's a Wessie doing here?

DIETMAR

Jan invited him.

(off her look)

He didn't tell you? Come, I'll introduce you to two. He's great, you'll love him...

INT. ANNA AND JAN'S FLAT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

The photographer shakes Anna's hand,

PHOTOGRAPHER

(ecstatic)

Man, it's like 'Neo DADA behind the Iron curtain' with you guys, here! Reminds me a lot of New York in the sixties, Andy Warhol factory and all! Can you two just stand over there, please, and look this way? Awesome!

(snaps away)

It's really happening behind your Wall! Wow, the East's alive...

Anna gets increasingly irritated.

DIETMAR

Come on, smile, the man's only trying to help us.

ANNA

Yeah, right.

POTOGRAPHER

Thanks guys! Smashing!

The photographer now hands out Western cigarettes, chocolates and chewing gum to the excited crowd from a large brightly coloured plastic bag.

ANNA

Like we're monkeys in a zoo!
Who does he think he's?

She walks over,

ANNA (CONT'D)

You've got bananas in there, too?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Sorry! I know, you guys only get bananas for Christmas... How about cigarettes, chocolate, chewing gum?

ANNA

Mind if I have a look?

POTOGRAPHER

Go for it!

He holds his large plastic bag out to her, Anna grabs the bag marches to the window, opens it, empties the bag down the courtyard.

PHOTOGRAPHER

What the-- ?

CROWD

Are you mad?! Throwing out Western ciggies!! Western chocolates! Real 'Marlboros', for crying out loud! Let's go, get'm...

Half the crowd rush out. Anna shouts after them,

ANNA

Don't you have any pride?!

Fight noises from down the courtyard, there's commotion,

COURTYARD VOICES(O.S.)

O, my GOD, Western ciggies! Western chocolates! Jesus Christ, where'd they come from?? Doesn't matter, I found 'm first, they're mine! No! They're mine! Get off me! Give'm to me! Fuck you! Fuck you, too! Pig! Cunt--

Jan closes the window.

INT. BATH ROOM APARTMENT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Jan closes the door. Anna paces around.

JAN

Let it go, Ann...

ANNA

Why didn't you tell me?

JAN

Because you don't say 'yes' to a *West German* photographer and then 'no'.

ANNA

Damn right, I would have said 'no'!
We don't need him!

JAN

Darling, it doesn't hurt to have friends in the West. Everyone craves them.

ANNA

But we said, we depend on no-one!
For nothing!

JAN

This snapper's very well connected in the Western media. Could be very useful for us one day.

ANNA

For what? To get us arrested?!
Don't you see? The guy doesn't care about us! He just wants to bump up sales for his mag with some cool shots of the resistance in the East but we'll have the Stasi on our neck if he publishes anything in the West and they figure out it was us! Is that ok with you? Because it's not ok with me!!

Jan sighs,

JAN

I'll tell him not to publish the photos, ok?

Anna gives him a kiss.

ANNA

That's better. Honestly hon, we gotta stay smart. Always one step ahead of the game, or the Stasi will get us in the end.

INT. LIVING ROOM INGRID'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jochen stands in front of an EastGerman TV set. Anna moves Jochen's home made aerial to his directions,

JOCHEN

More left, up, up, down a bit,
right... stop!

Onscreen Aerosmith's STEVEN TYLER busts through that wall in RUN-D.M.C.'s famous music video 'Walk This Way'(1986)

STEVEN TYLER
(onscreen, screams)
*Walk this way, walk this way! Walk
this waaaaaay...*

JOCHEN
Mum, mum! We've got Western
reception! My aerial's working!
Come quickly!

Onscreen, adidas rocking RUN-D.M.C. now descent down the stairs, in his iconic trainers,

JOCHEN (CONT'D)
Oh, my God, look at these trainers!
Divine! Mu-um!

Ingrid with spoon and apron comes running. Anna cranes her head, the arial in her hand moves ever so slightly, the picture immediately jumps back to the State programme:

A knees-up of East Germans girls and boys dressed in the blue shirt of the Communist youth jollily sing and dance,

CHORUS
(onscreen)
*So comrades come rally!
For this is the time and place!
The international Ideal!
Unites the human race-*

JOCHEN
You moved!

ANNA
I didn't.

JOCHEN
Yes, you did. Go left, up, up...

On screen the jolly youth disappear and up pops the head of state and party Eric Honecker, the short fellow with horn rimmed glasses, as he enters a Party congress,

NEW ANCHOR
(onscreen)
*...The head of governance and Party
secretary Comrades Erich Honecker..*

Thunderous applause on TV, everyone rises.

INGRID
That's your great invention?
Looks same old to me...

JOCHEN

It worked, mum! I swear, we had a Western channel...

ANNA

Yeah, like, for two minutes...

JOCHEN

Because you moved!

ANNA

I didn't!

INGRID

Enough tinkering before Sunday lunch you two. Go, lay the table.

Ingrid leaves. Jochen chucks the aerial into the corner.

JOCHEN

Someone needs to put an end to this fucking brainwashing propaganda shit everywhere...

ANNA

(jokes)

You'd probably need a bomb, to make it all go away.

Jochen considers her for a moment,

JOCHEN

Can I show you something?

ANNA

Sure.

INT. JOCHEN'S BED ROOM - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Anna motions to the pile of chemist books on his desk,

ANNA

Your latest fad?

JOCHEN

Yeah, chemistry's pretty cool.

ANNA

Glad you found something to excite you

Jochen closes the door.

JOCHEN

Me too ...

Jochen kneels down and pulls out a suitcase from under his bed. A shocked Anna whispers,

ANNA

You're not planning on trying to escape are you?

JOCHEN

What?

ANNA

You know they shoot you without warning if you try to go over the Wall. You'll be dead or at best paraplegic and in a wheelchair for the rest of you life...

JOCHEN

Calm down. I'm not planning to run away. On the contrary,

He takes out a tin box - the old coffee tin JACOBS CORONATION Jan ones bought with the money from the check point.

ANNA

Hey, I wondered where that tin went. What've you got in there? Secret love letters...

JOCHEN

Yeah, something like that.

Jochen opens the tin, holds it up to her,

ANNA

What is it...

JOCHEN

C₃H₅N₃O₉, nitroglycerin trinitrate.
(off her look)
Mix it with gun cotton, nitric acid and sulphur dioxide and you have an extremely effective explosive devise.

ANNA

A what?

JOCHEN

A bomb.

Anna is gobsmacked,

ANNA

A bomb..?

JOCHEN

(quotes)

WE CANNOT BE SURE OF HAVING
SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR UNLESS WE ARE
WILLING TO DIE FOR IT.

ANNA

What the fuck, Jochen!

JOCHEN

It's a Che Guevara quote! It's on
your wall!

ANNA

I bloody know it's on our wall!
It's a quote from a freedom fighter
in a war, you moron!

JOCHEN

I'm a freedom fighter, too! And
this is war! I'm going to finish
what our dad started in Prague.
REAL RESISTANCE! You just carry on
hand out stupid leafle-

ANNA

Shut up! Give me the tin!

JOCHEN

No way.

Anna tries to snatch the tin from him, they fight, but
Jochen, now the stronger one, pushes her aside, puts the tin
back into the suitcase, locks it.

ANNA

Give me the key.

JOCHEN

No.

ANNA

Idiot! You Idiot! Dad went to
Prague because he was *against*
violence!

JOCHEN

Yeah and *the fuck'n reds* killed him
for it. I'm done with the leaflet
shit.

Jochen throws Bernd's leaflets at her feet. Anna picks them
up-

CUT TO:

Berlin. Present day (2006)

INT. READING ROOM STASI ARCHIVE BERLIN - DAY

Anna pulls the copy of the leaflet from her pocket, puts it down next to her Stasi file in front of her, takes a deep breath, braces herself, opens file,

ANNA (V.O.)

The surveillance of Anna Kowalski has been instigated to establish character and role of the observed in the context of the ongoing OP SHIELD... surveying the so called 'resistance' scene at Berlin, Prenzlauer Berg...

The report is signed 'MJ Kahlau'. Anna turns page after page filled with observation reports,

ANNA (V.O.)

... K shows no sign of commitment to the party course and rejects all its values ...

The report is signed SA HAXX/9, Anna makes a note, continues,

ANNA (V.O.)

... K is impulsive, unstable and none-compliant...

signed SA HAXX/21, another report,

ANNA (V.O.)

... mother Ingrid, a widowed nurse, lives with K's younger brother in a small apartment without central heating... no items of notable valuables...

signed SI Che', Anna makes a note, continues

ANNA (V.O.)

...K's relationship with her younger brother appears close and heartfelt ...

This report is accompanied by b/w photos, snapshots secretly taken by the Stasi from inside cars with long lens:

A snapshot of Anna on a bicycle at a traffic light, looking straight at the camera without realising she is being photographed from inside the car next to her.

A snapshot of Anna in the crowd in the church.

A snapshot of Anna and Jan hugging at an underground station.

The intimacy of the details in each report is overwhelming Anna but she forces herself to read on,

ANNA (V.O.)
*... 25.06.84, time: 12:27. Anna K's
 brother approaches the CrackJack
 pub where she works as a part time
 waitress. The brother is
 accompanied by an unknown male...*

A b/w photo:

A snap shot of the run down CrackJack pub, two men approach, one is Jochen ...

Photo turns into live action.

CROSS FADE TO:

Flashback

East Berlin. (1984)

EXT. PUP CRACKJACK - DAY

Same angle of the pub. BERND NEUMAN (30) with round spectacles and Jochen (16) enter.

INT. PUP CRACKJACK - SAME TIME

A group of workers in blue factory overalls celebrate a birthday. The men and women have locked arms, sing a sentimental German beer song,

THERMAL WORKERS
 (sing)
*Such a day as beautiful as today,
 Such a day should never end...*

At the bar, the bar man loads the freshly drafted beers onto Anna's tray.

BAR MAN
 Another round for our heroic
 working class lads and lasses...

Anna, (19), as waitress, lifts the full tray,

ANNA
 Don't they have to go back to work
 at some point?

Barman shrugs his shoulders. Jochen and Bernd sit down in a corner. Anna spots Jochen, waves at him.

BARMAN

No one will earn more if they work more or less if they work less. The only one making a profit is the Party. That's socialism for you...

Anna chuckles, carries the tray with the beers over to the workers. They look pretty wasted,

THERMAL WORKERS

(sing)

...Such a day as beautiful as today, such a day should never end...

Anna serves the beers, then walks over to Jochen's table, kisses him on the cheek,

ANNA

How's mum?

Jochen moves his head away, the teenager's embarrassed by emotional affection.

JOCHEN

She's alright.

ANNA

And who's your new friend here?

JOCHEN

My chemist teacher Mr Neumann.

Bernd extends his hand,

BERND

Bernd, please. And it's ex-teacher, actually. Recently dismissed by the State. A batch of honour, of sorts. Nice to meet you Anna, Jochen sings your praises. He's very proud of his big sister.

Anna sits down.

ANNA

And what brings you two here?

Jan moves a copy of the official daily newspaper across. Without looking at her.

JOCHEN

Open up in the middle.

Anna opens it. Inside is a flyer: *The interrogation rooms of the Stasi at Normannen street are former torture cellars of the Gestapo...* A shocked Anna closes the paper, whispers,

ANNA
Can't be true...

BERND
(whispers)
These are witness statements we secretly collected from old communists who were tortured there by the Gestapo.

JOCHEN
And always feeding us their Antifa propaganda bullshit! I bet, half of them are former Nazis!

BERND
Easy.
(towards the singing brigade)
You never know who's listening in.

ANNA
(to Bernd)
Who're you, really?

BERND
The grass root movement, velvet revolution. None violent.

ANNA
And what do you want from me?

JOCHEN
I told him your boyfriend is Jan Muller. He can help us distribute the leaflets in churches.

BERND
People need to know the truth.

Anna smiles.

ANNA
Is that how you lost your teacher license?

BERND
Pretty much. People say Jan Muller is *apolitical*?

ANNA
We're political, too.
Just in a different way. We...

Anna reaches for the news paper with the leaflet inside.

ANNA (CONT'D)

We...

A Voice Over is heard:

FILE WORKER (V.O.)

We...are closing now.

JUMP CUT TO:

Berlin. Present day (2006)

INT. READING ROOM STASI ARCHIVES - SAME DAY

Anna looks up from her file. The archivist stands beside her,

ARCHIVIST

We're closing now. You can come
back tomorrow.

EXT. PUP CRACKJACK PRENZLAUER BERG - SAME DAY

Anna looks up. The name CRACKJACK is now spelled out in
flashing Neon letters above the entrance door. She enters.

INT. PUP CRACKJACK PRENZLAUER BERG - SAME TIME

The interior looks the same as it did back then, save for
the Turkish barman, a massive flat screen TV and a billiard
table. Anna sits down at the bar, orders an espresso. The
TV runs the news,

TV ANCHOR

*... 65 year old West German
business man Rolf Kramer, fell from
the rooftop of his penthouse
apartment on Alex square this
afternoon and died instantly...*

Footage shows a body bag being carried away from the scene by
ambulance.

TV ANCHOR (CONT'D)

*... Kramer is the second crown
witness to die in the last 3 months
in the latest twist of the Treuhand
scandal...*

The news catches on with the punters. Anna watches intrigued,

PUNTERS

Turn it up Hamza! Turn it up!

Hamza reluctantly complies. He knows his costumers.

NEWS ANCHOR

(onscreen)

The scandal is the biggest industry fraud case committed during re-unification where billions of economic aid went missing and are still unaccounted for today. At the time a trust agency called 'Treuhand' was set up to oversee East Germany's privatisation, hence the name Treuhand-scandal...

The punters come alive,

PUNTERS

--Re-unification my ass! It was a take-over!!
 --Wessies didn't privatise shit!
 --They destroyed our industry to have the market to themselves!

NEWS ANCHOR

(onscreen)

... In his last interview Kramer promised to reveal the truth before the Committee ...

The news shows Kramer being interviewed,

INTERVIEWER

Mr Kramer where're you hiding the Treuhand billions?

KRAMER

Nowhere! I only ever acted on instructions of others. The blame lies somewhere else!

(candidly)

The truth lies where no one looks...

The punters go wild.

PUNTERS

--Liar!
 --Wessie vultures!
 --Destroyed our country!

PUNTER 1

Bullshit! There wasn't much left to destroy! It was all rotting away and we're with it!

PUNTERS

--That's so not true!!
 --We may not have had much, but we
 had dignity! Community! Loyalty-

PUNTER 1

-Loyalty of underlings! Community
 sense of prisoners! We lived behind
 a Wall and in case, you've
 forgotten were forced to shoot one
 another if we wanted to escape!
 (to mate)
 He wants the Wall back?! I'm gonna
 smash his fuckn' head in--

Mate stops him,

MATE

Don't upset yourself, mate, here,
 have another schnapps...

NEWS ANCHOR

(onscreen)
*... concern also grows for the
 safety of the remaining witnesses
 among them 65 year old East German
 business man Hans-Peter Kahlau...*

Anna looks up when she hears the name. On TV a photo of
 Kahlau is shown. Anna immediately recognises him.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

*... an import/export manager in
 East Germany before the Wall came
 down Mr Kahlau later became a
 senior consultant with the Treuhand
 and now runs the five-star wellness
 centre on the outskirts of Berlin
 where industry leaders, business
 men and politicians flock for
 exclusive retreats...*

ANNA

Stasi Major Kahlau and the
 Treuhand...

INT. KITCHEN INGRID'S APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT

Ingrid cooks, Anna helps, peeling vegetables.

ANNA

...have you heard about the re-
 opening case of the Treuhand
 scandal?

INGRID

Politicians do this all the time before an election: wheel out the 'East West divide' one time it it's about the pension, we still get 30percent less in the East, another time about abolishing the Stasi archive to save the tax payer a penny...

ANNA

Explain to me the Treuhand again.

INGRID

It was a Government agency set up to privatise East Germany. Only that didn't happened. Instead West German business men bought up our land and our industries, drove our businesses into bankruptcy and walked off scot-free with the millions of state subsidy meant for reparation. East Germans looked on helplessly, too naive and unskilled in Western economy ...
But that's all in the past, Anna. Why not look forward, to the future? I'm not saying you need to be married, have children and all that, to be happy, just, someone you really love...

Anna puts down the peeler,

ANNA

Mum, I think, my Stasi file's linked to this Treuhand scandal.
(off her look)
Do you remember Bernd Neumann?

INGRID

Jochen's chemistry teacher?

ANNA

Jochen brought him to the CrackJack one day to ask me to help them distribute Bernd's leaflets... at first I didn't want to be involved but I changed my mind and later went to Bernd's house where I met his wife Saskia Neumann...

CUT TO:

Flashback

East Berlin. (1985)

INT. OUTSIDE BERND AND SASKIA'S FLAT - DAY

Anna now (19) rings the door bell. Saskia now (28), opens the door,

SASKIA

Yes?

ANNA

Hi, my name is Anna Kowalski.
I've come to see Bernd Neumann.

Anna holds up the daily Newspaper with Bernd's leaflet inside.

INT. NEUMANN'S FLAT PRENZLAUER BERG - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Anna follows Saskia past a kid's bedroom, where Bernd tucks in his son MARCUS (4).

INT. LIVING ROOM NEUMANN'S FLAT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Anna, in mid conversation with Saskia and Bernd over a tea, glances at the book shelves covering the walls and the typewriter, heaps of typed leaflets and blue carbon paper on the floor.

ANNA

... and what do you guys live on now that you're no longer allowed to work?

SASKIA

(bitter)
I clean churches. So much for my diploma...

BERND

(jolly)
I dig graves. I don't mind.

SASKIA

I do. It's not the life I wanted for us!

BERND

(soft)
Saskia...

Saskia shoots him a look,

SASKIA

What?

A noise from the kid's bedroom,

SASKIA (CONT'D)

Excuse me...

She goes to check up on their son. Anna motions to the leaflets.

ANNA

They can put you away for that.

Bernd smiles.

BERND

It's worth the risk.

ANNA

Is it?

BERND

Yes.

ANNA

Do you really believe a few leaflets can change things here?

BERND

I absolutely do. Information is power. The moment ordinary people will know the truth about what's really going on in our country, they will rise. A few hundred, at first, then a few thousand, eventually millions will take to the street. And no Russian tanks can stop them. The Wall will fall.

Anna has never heard anyone speak like this.

ANNA

The Wall will fall..?

BERND

I know how far fetched this must sound to young people like yourself, a generation born behind the Wall who know no other reality. But trust me, the Wall will fall.

ANNA

How can I help?

BERND

There's a shop on Kollwitz street, one of the last few private print shops left. To print leaflets, instead of copy them with blue carbon paper on a typewriter, would raise the output beyond.

ANNA
What's the name?

BERND
Orge's Print shop.

EXT. ORGE'S PRINT SHOP PRENZLAUER BERG - SAME DAY

Faded gold letters read ORGE'S PRINT SHOP. Underneath it in the dusty window display are nothing but obituary cards. Anna takes a deep breath, enters,

INT. ORGES PRINTING SHOP PRENZLAUER BERG - SAME TIME

The shop is yesteryear. Anna looks around the dusty shelves, most are empty, spots Master Orge's antifascist medal on the wall,

ANNA
Hello? *Hello?* Helllloooo?

Orge (75) in oil covered mechanic overalls eventually slouches in from the back. Grumpy,

ORGE
Stop yelling! I'm not deaf, yet!

Anna with her nicest smile,

ANNA
Good afternoon, Master Orge.
Can I order fifty obituary cards with you?

ORGE
Young Lady, you can order five hundred, if you wish! Printing obituary cards is all I do, all day long!

ANNA
Great! How much would it be for five hundred?

ORGE
Five hundred?

ANNA
Five thousand?

ORGE
Five thousand? Who needs five thousand obituary cards?!

ANNA

No one.

(lowers voice)

But we need five thousand of these,
or ten. As many as you can print.

She takes out the Newspaper, shows him Bernd's leaflet
inside. Orge doesn't bat an eyelid.

ORGE

You go to prison for that.
And me, too.

ANNA

I know.

Anna puts the Newspaper away.

ORGE

Then why ask me?

ANNA

Because you once fought the Nazis.

ORGE

Good day.

He slouches away.

ANNA

Are you afraid? I'm not Stasi...

ORGE

Please. You've got youthful
idealism written all over your
pretty face. The Stasi only send
rats.

Anna leans in,

ANNA

Then - why not help us?

ORGE

Only an amateur would print illegal
political leaflets on a serialised
printer. I'm not an amateur.

ANNA

No, you're not. My sincere
apologies...truth is, I came here
because I thought, a young person
might learn a thing or two about
'resistance' from an antifascist
hero.

ORGE

Well, you thought wrong.
Nothing to learn here.

(towards empty shelves)

There used to be books on these shelves, cover to cover, first editions and all, but all the decent books are banned these days, and the books they want me to print I ain't printing. I'd rather print obituary cards. Not much to censor there - we all gotta die. That's what I'd say to a young person.

ANNA

Thank you. It's been an honour talking with you, Master Orge. Good bye.

Orge watches Anna leave,

ORGE

But I might also say this: if a law is unjust, it should be disobeyed.

Anna stops,

ANNA

How?

ORGE

Bypass the serial number.

ANNA

How would a young person do that...

ORGE

If a young person was to break into my shop at night and take out the press over there, by the door, not too heavy, easy to operate...

(Anna glimpses at press)

and if, a canister filled with ink, happened to stand right next to it because the private possession of industrial ink is also forbidden by aforementioned unjust law...

Now, if all that was to happen, say, tonight, around midnight and I earlier happened to forget to lock up the store ... all I can report to the police in the morning is that I was broken into and know nothing...

Anna smiles.

EXT. ORGES PRIVATE PRINTING SHOP - SAME NIGHT

Anna and Bernd carry Orge's press, wrapped in old blankets across the dark courtyard. Load it into the waiting trabant with driver, get in, too. The Trabant takes a sharp U turn, Bernd and Anna lean out of the window and throw bricks into the window shop display. The car speeds off.

INT. BATH ROOM ANNA AND JAN'S APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT

Anna washes her face. Through the old drainage pipe she suddenly hears Jan and Dietmar's voices from the kitchen, leans in,

DIETMAR (O.S.)

... Anna's impulsiveness is a danger to us all!

JAN (O.S.)

Relax... nothing happened...

DIETMAR (O.S.)

What? They broke into a shop and stole a press! That's criminal and illegal!

INT. KITCHEN ANNA AND JAN'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME INTERCUT

Jan and Dietmar at the table smoking, drinking beer, Orge's press is stood on the table.

Jan laughs it off,

JAN

Chill... It's kinda cool. Besides, the owner was in on it, so, technically, it's not a break in. And think of the potential! We could bloody print our own books! Imagine, that! Setting up EastGermany's first underground publishing house! That'd keep the Stasi busy for years!

Jan roars with laughter,

DIETMAR

I'm serious, Jan. That press needs to go! And you need to restrain that girl! You must straighten her out!

JAN
A'right, a'right... I will ...

INT. KITCHEN ANNA AND JAN'S APARTMENT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER
 Anna storms in, slams an iron on the table in front of Jan.

ANNA
 Let me know when you want to
 straighten me out! In the meantime,
 I'm going for a swim.

And storms out. Jan rushes after her, into the hallway.

JAN
 Anna... Wait... wait...

But the front door slams shut.

DIETMAR
 That's exactly what I'm talking
 about! I'm telling you, man, this
 broad is totally out of control!!
 You gotta-

Jan makes to strike him.

JAN
 Shut up! Shut up! Shut, the fuck
 up!!

Dietmar shuts up, raises his hands. Jan rushes out.

EXT. PUBLIC POOL PEOPLE'S PARK - SAME NIGHT

A beautiful summer night. Anna and Jan sit by the pool lit by
 moonlight.

JAN
 ... I love you, Anna. You mean
 everything to me. When I wake up in
 the morning and see you smile I
 know my day will be good. When
 you're happy I'm happy. When you're
 sad I'm sad. You're everything to
 me. Without you I'm nothing.

She throws her arms around him, they hold each other tied.
 Jan lights two cigarettes, hands one to Anna. They smoke,

ANNA
 What Dietmar said back there...

JAN
 Forget about Dietmar, he's paranoid
 about everything and everyone.

ANNA

He hates me...

JAN

He doesn't hate you. It's just that women don't feature much in Dietmar's revolution.

ANNA

Is he gay?

JAN

Don't think so.

ANNA

But he's hiding something...

JAN

His fear. Deep down we're all scared. Me too.

(beat)

Let's flee the country, Anna. Over the green border in Murmansk into Norway, walk for a week or two. We're young, we'll make it.

ANNA

You want to leave? Now, that everything starts to make sense?

(off his look)

I couldn't leave my mum behind. My kid brother and me is all she's got.

(beat)

This is our country, too! Let's not leave it to them. Let's stay and fight for it!

Jan strokes her hair.

JAN

Ok. Ok. We'll stay.

INT. BACK ROOM NICOLAY CHURCH - DAY

A group of dissidents, among them Saskia, Jan, Dietmar, Anna, Bernd and the priest stand around Orge's printing press. Bernd pours ink into the press compartment. Anna inserts the paper. Bernd grabs the lever moves it up and down in quick succession. The printed leaflets drop down one by one.

Anna picks up the first one, holds it with reverence. Jan puts his arm around her shoulder. Bernd takes off his glasses, cleans them, puts them back on, smiles,

BERND

All revolutions started off small.

JUMP CUT TO:

Berlin. Present day (2006)

INT. FORMER STASI PRISON HOHENSCHONHAUSEN - DAY

A plaque lists the political prisoner who were incarcerated there during the East German regime and died. Among them: BERND NEUMAN. An affected Anna stands in front of it, Saskia (52) stands behind her. She is now a volunteer guide.

ANNA

How did Bernd die...

SASKIA

From a rare form of leukaemia caused by extreme radiation like Chernobyl.

(off her look)

The Stasi used radiation torture on political prisoners.

The equipment were found after the Wall came down but the former Stasi prison doctors deny everything.

We got suspicious when fellow political prisoners died of the same decease. We filed a class action but the old guard still has powerful people in high places who gagged our attorneys.

We've now taken the case to the European Court of Human Rights.

Saskia continues to show Anna down the long corridor with cells on either side,

SASKIA (CONT'D)

I never wanted to come back here but...

They pass another open cell, a school class listens to a volunteer guide.

SASKIA (CONT'D)

... it's important that future generations learn first hand what happened here, back then. Have you been to see Jan?

ANNA

Not yet.

SASKIA

He helped us a lot, especially with the court case. It's good that someone like him went into politics.

ANNA

How's Jan?

SASKIA

The rare kind of MP who hasn't forgotten where he came from. He never married. But he's got a daughter. Her name's Anna just like yours.

(glances at her)

I understand why you never wanted to come back. You lost your kid brother... We all lost someone back then and had to find a way of dealing with it.

ANNA

Saskia, have you read your Stasi file?

Saskia shakes her head,

SASKIA

They Stasi destroyed them shortly before the Wall came down.

They keep walking.

SASKIA (CONT'D)

What have you been up to all these years?

ANNA

Trying to forget the past.

EXT. STASI PRISON HOHENSCHONHAUSEN - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Anna emerges from the building, walks up to her hired car when she has a feeling of being followed. She looks behind her but there's no one. She walks faster, and faster, turns-

JUMP CUT TO:

Flashback

East Berlin. (1986)

EXT. OUTSIDE APARTMENT BUILDING PRENZLAUER BERG - DAY

A busy street. Anna (21) and Jan (24) hurry down the pavement followed by two Stasi men in civilian clothes.

STASI
State security, Anna Kowalskie,
you're under arrest.

They grab Anna, drag her away. Jan lunges for them,

JAN
Get your hands off her! No! No!
Help! Help...

The Stasi men shove Jan aside and Anna into a running car and drive off. The pedestrians look the other way, hurry away. Jan runs after the car.

JAN (CONT'D)
Anna!!

INT. STASI INTERROGATION CELLAR - DAY

Anna's subjective POV, visuals and audio.

Everything's a blur. Anna's been made to sit on a chair for hours, hands under her thighs, forbidden to move, forbidden to close her eyes.

Through the haze she makes out a man in civilian clothes enters, heels click, the man yells out orders, coffee is brought in, the two interrogators leave.

The smell of coffee. The man puts a file on the table, a coffee cup in Anna's hand and helps her put it to her lips. The man is HANS PETER KAHLAU (45).

Anna drinks in small sips, regains full consciousness, her vision refocuses.

KAHLAU
My name is Kahlau, Hans-Peter.
Major Kahlau, actually but let's
not stand on formalities.
How are you holding up, Miss
Kowalski? More coffee?
(she nods)
A piece of cake...

He pours her more coffee, sits down behind the desk. On the desk is Bernd's leaflet. Two guards stand by the door.

KAHLAU (CONT'D)
I apologise for the brutish
behaviour of my colleagues earlier.
(MORE)

KAHLAU (CONT'D)

Some of them just don't know when to stop. Cigarette?

Anna shakes her head.

KAHLAU (CONT'D)

Me neither. Unhealthy habit. There ought to be a law.

Kahlau leans back watches Anna sip coffee,

KAHLAU (CONT'D)

About that plan to hand out these leaflets during our annual May Day parade. Bernd Neumann confessed everything already that makes it easier for the both of us, but still, I need to hear it from you.

ANNA

I have nothing to say.

KAHLAU

I'll be frank: Any attempt to disrupt the May parade with this filth will have fatal consequences for you. Us too, I admit.

(off her look)

I know, you'd think the dissemination of a small piece of printed paper wouldn't warrant the involvement of someone as senior as myself. But you'd be wrong.

You see, this little piece of shit (lifts leaflet)

... incarnates dissent. PUBLIC DISSENT. Among the people. OUR PEOPLE. That can't happen. Won't happen. Will never happen. You understand.

He flicks through the file.

KAHLAU (CONT'D)

You're still so young! Whole life's still ahead of you!

(beat)

Don't throw it away just like that.

Anna swallows. Kahlau looks up.

KAHLAU (CONT'D)

You know what's the worst part of my job?

(beat)

Having to make do with inept staff! *Inept in every sense of the word!* It's insufferable!

(MORE)

KAHLAU (CONT'D)

And then I look at people like
yourself: Courageous, committed,
ready to give your *life* to what you
believe in! Incredible!
I'll make you an offer.

(leans in)

Come and work for us.

Be our eyes and ears.

Anna swallows.

KAHLAU (CONT'D)

In return nothing will happen to
you, your brother, your mother and
your boyfriend. You have my word.
I always keep my word.
What do you say?

Anna's heart beats so fast it might burst.

ANNA

I cannot work for you.

KAHLAU

Can't or won't?

ANNA

Can't.

KAHLAU

And why is that?

ANNA

I cannot lie convincingly.

The two guards are ready to pounce on Anna. Kahlau motions
them to stay back.

KAHLAU

I appreciate your frankness.
It takes some guts, considering
where we're.

I'm sorry you won't be joining us.

Anna anticipates the worse.

KAHLAU (CONT'D)

You're free to go.

Kahlau moves her ID across. Anna can't believe she got off,
takes her ID, gets up. Her legs shake.

KAHLAU (CONT'D)

If you ever need help, here's my
number. A four-digit number. Easy
to memorise.

Anna glances at the piece of paper. Kahlau, friendly,

KAHLAU (CONT'D)

Take it.

ANNA

I'd rather jump off a bridge.

Kahlau chuckles,

KAHLAU

Many a people have sat here and said that, but in the end, no one ever jumps, trust me. Out.

INT. ANNA AND JAN'S APARTMENT PRENZLAUER BERG - SAME DAY

Anna enters. Jan rushes up to her. They hug.

JAN

Anna! Thank God! I was worried sick! What happened?

ANNA

They let me go... just like that... don't know why...

JAN

Yes, I kept wondering why they took you but not me. Guess it's some fucked up mind game they play. Darling, we mustn't be scared.

ANNA

They still got Bernd. We must do something to help Saskia get him out.

JAN

Darling, we need to lay low for a while until it all blows over.

ANNA

No, we need to rally the troops.

JAN

Don't do anything, please, Ann, promise me that, will you?

ANNA

I can't do that.

JAN

Christ sake, you want to ruin us all?

ANNA

Now you sound just like Dietmar...

Jan lets go of her. Anna puts her coat back on and leaves. Jan angrily kicks a chair, then smashes the chair in a fit of rage.

INT. BACK ROOM NIKOLAY CHURCH - LATER THAT DAY

The dissidents dismantle the press and hastily wrap up the pieces.

PRIEST

...take a piece each and bury it in the cemetery.

ANNA

Or, we could take to the street.

DISSIDENTS

And what would be the point of that? Five in public is a crowd they can arrest on suspicion of subversive action!

ANNA

Not if we go where they won't dare arrest us.

The dissidents look bemused,

DISSIDENTS

And where would that be? Pray, tell!

ANNA

Right under their noses:
Bernd planned for us to hand out the leaflets during the official May parade what if... instead, we go there and demand his release?!

DISSIDENTS

Demand Bernd Neumann's release???
HOW?! Where?!

ANNA

The May Parade.

DISSIDENTS

The MAY PARADE? Among an army of police and Stasi?! The moment we open our mouth we'll be arrested or shot!!

Anna thinks on her feet,

ANNA

Not if the Western press is there to record it all - live! Remember the Wessie snapper who came to take our pictures? He's super connected to the Western media!

DISSIDENTS

And why would he help us?

Anna keeps improvising,

ANNA

Because Jan spoke with him. He's on the case as we speak...

DISSIDENTS

No shit! Awesome! Muller's so switched on, I love the man!!!

DIETMAR

Hang on - this was Jan's idea?

ANNA

Yes.

DISSIDENTS

Yeah, sounds just like him! Muller rocks, guy's a genius... Best poet in the country! Yeah, Jan tells it how it is!

DIETMAR

(suspicious)

How come he isn't here to tell us himself?

Anna is on a roll,

ANNA

Because he's meeting some media contacts at the WestGerman embassy as we speak. Time's of the essence!

The Dissidents come alive.

DISSIDENTS

Wow! Muller got balls! Big balls! Brave balls! Enough talk already! If Muller has the guts to do a thing like this, then we ought to have the guts to join him! I'm in!
(another stands up)
Count me in, too! Me too! Me, too!
and, me...

They all stand up, turn to Anna,

DISSIENTS

What did he say, where do we meet?
And when?

ANNA

The night before the May parade,
there will be a party in our
apartment. Be there!

INT. ANNA AND JAN'S APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT

Anna rushes in, sees the smashed chair but Jan's nowhere in the flat. She finds the note on the kitchen table: *meet me at the pool...*

EXT. POOL PEOPLE'S PARK PRENZLAUER BERG - SAME NIGHT

Anna and Jan sit on the ground by the pool. The moon light shines through the trees.

ANNA

... there was no time to ask you.
I just had to go for it. You won't
let me down, will you?

JAN

You did the right thing.

A relieved Anna hugs him.

JAN (CONT'D)

I asked you to meet me here
because, I too, have something to
tell you. The last 24 hours have
opened my eyes. You were right.
(beat)
We have to do something. Something
big. I've worked it all out.

He draws lines in the sand and a letter 'H'.

ANNA

(curious)
What's this...

JAN

(passionately)
A dream. I've been dreaming all my
life. But you and me, Anna, I
swear, we can make it come true!

ANNA

(intrigued)
What is it...

Jan points at his map in the sand,

JAN

The May Parade... the podium... us.
So close to Honecker.
Forget about leaflets and protests.
(circles letter 'H'.)
This will go down in the history
books our grandchildren will study.

He takes a newspaper copy out of his jacket, the front features the head of state and party Erich Honecker with his prominent horn rimmed glasses, on the podium at a previous May parade. There's a red circle drawn around Honecker's head.

JAN (CONT'D)

We'll blow up Honecker.
It's the biggest step we can take.

Anna is gobsmacked.

ANNA

What...?

JAN

Your kid brother has perfected his Molotov cocktail. It's positively lethal now. Here's the plan: During the parade, you guys distract police and Stasi with the leaflets, while we throw Molotovs onto the podium when no one's looking. And the man will be gone. BOOM. And once his head rolls, it'll all come tumbling down like a house of cards, including the Wall! It'll all be over.

Anna rises, stammers,

ANNA

...I... I don't recognise you, at all... You're not who you are ...

Jan shoots up.

JAN

Don't say that!
Don't ever say that again.

She makes to embrace him, he pushes her away and leaves. Anna's devastated.

INT. JOCHEN'S BEDROOM INGRID'S APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT

Anna glares at a copy of the same Newspaper with the red circle around Honecker's head.

JOCHEN

... No. We must fight fire with fire for REAL change!! Show those red pigs! Bernd's velvet-revolution none-violence bullshit will change nothing! NOTHING! He'll just die in a Stasi prison! For a fucking piece of paper!!!

ANNA

Then why did you listen to him in the first place?

JOCHEN

Because I thought he'd be like-
(stops himself)

ANNA

Dad.

JOCHEN

Yes! If you must know!

ANNA

But you don't really know what dad was like, you never met him.

JOCHEN

I know who my father was! He fought the Russians and their fuckn' tanks!!!

Anna pushes him aside, drags the suitcase from under his bed, it's empty.

ANNA

Where's the stuff?

Jochen scoffs.

ANNA (CONT'D)

WHERE is it?

JOCHEN

Gone.

ANNA

I'll find it! And I'll stop you both!

JOCHEN

The only way to stop us is to turn us in.

Anna stops in her track,

ANNA

How can you say that?

JOCHEN

Jan said that. He also said you'd rather turn us in before you watch us die!

ANNA

You idiot. YOU IDIOT! Our father went to Prague to fight the Russians because he was AGAINST violence!

JOCHEN

(cold)

Yeah, and they killed him for it!

Anna rushes out. Jochen stares coldly at the photo of Honecker with a circle around his head.

EXT. KARL MARX AVENUE BERLIN - NEXT DAY

A ten foot East German state symbol is being erected behind the podium in preparation of the May Day Parade. An army tank stands beside it. A platoon rehearses marching in step.

In the foreground Anna and Dietmar watch the preparations from across the street, a push bike each as camouflage.

ANNA

... Dietmar, we never liked each other much, but I'm asking you, this one time, to put our differences aside and help me. It's suicide. You must talk Jan out of it. I've tried everything, he won't listen to me.

DIETMAR

But if I talk to Jan, then he'll know you talked to me behind his back.

ANNA

If that's what it takes, and even, if it means he or my brother will never talk to me again, as long as it keeps them alive, so be it.

DIETMAR

I see what I can do but I can't promise anything. Gotta go.

He rides off.

ANNA

Thank you.

INT. ANNA AND JAN'S APARTMENT PRENZLAUER BERG - NIGHT

The night before the May Parade. The dissidents pogo to Freygang's rock punk, sing on top of their lungs. Jochen goes wild in the crowd.

JOCHEN/DISSIDENTS

(sing)

*I dream of love!**I dream of sex!**I dream of FREEDOM!*

Jan throws his arms around Jochen and Dietmar's shoulders. Anna looks on from across the room while Saskia talks to her,

SASKIA

... I've changed my mind. I'm taking my son with me to the parade...

Anna nods, sees Jan and Jochen disappear in the backroom.

ANNA

Back in a minute.

INT. OUTSIDE BACKROOM - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Anna presses the handle, rattles it, the door stays locked.

ANNA

Shit...

INT. CORRIDOR ANNA AND JAN'S APARTMENT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Anna slips the telephone under her jumper and slides through the crowd towards the bathroom, disappears inside.

From the other end of the corridor Jan appears, glances at the bathroom door, then disappears again.

INT. BATHROOM ANNA AND JAN'S FLAT - SAME TIME

Anna is sat on the edge of the bath tub, telephone in her lap, hesitates, then dials the number.

CUT TO:

INT. STASI HQ - SAME TIME

On a desk a phone rings. A hand lifts the receiver. The hand belongs to Hans-Peter Kahlau. We now see him in the full uniform of a Stasi Major. Behind him on the wall hangs the street map of EastBerlin with the route of the May Day Parade mapped out. (West Berlin is a whitened out space.)

KAHLAU
(into phone)
Major Kahlau.

CUT TO:

INT. BATH ROOM ANNA AND JAN'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Anna clears her throat,

ANNA
I need your help ...

CUT TO:

INT. ANNA AND JAN'S APARTMENT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Anna emerges from the bathroom, slides back through the crowd with the phone under her jumper, slips it back unnoticed, turns, jumps: Jan stands right behind her.

JAN
Nervous? Don't be. Everything
will be fine, tomorrow.

Jan spots the receiver is down the wrong way round. Anna feels her heart drop. Jan lifts it up and puts it down, the right way round, continues,

JAN (CONT'D)
Dietmar had a word with me,
straightened me out. Everything
will go according to plan: we'll
disrupt the parade, demand Bernd's
release, the Western press films
us, the officials release Bernd.
We all go home.

Anna nods, she's nervous, takes out a cigarette. Jan gives her a light. They look each other in the eye.

JAN (CONT'D (CONT'D))
You trust me, don't you?

ANNA
Of course.

Jochen bursts in,

ANNA (CONT'D)

How I wish I could go back in time... undo that call ... Jochen might still be with us...

INGRID

He always is. Dad, too. Here...
(touches heart)
... in our hearts.

They comfort each other, sit down. Ingrid pours coffee.

INGRID (CONT'D)

So, this Kahlau, he broke his word.

ANNA

I'm not sure. He told me later that he could not keep his word because of the leaflets the police found in our apartment that night.

INGRID

But if the Stasi didn't plant them there, who did?

ANNA

I've been asking myself that question for the last twenty years.

Ingrid sighs,

INGRID

Who knows what else's behind this, Anna. Leave the past where it is.

ANNA

It's too late for that now, mum. I'm going back to the Stasi archive.

INT. WAREHOUSE STASI FILES ARCHIVE - DAY

Stasi FILES hang from floor to ceiling in purpose built metal constructs. Camera travels through miles upon miles of files.

ARCHIVIST (O.S.)

11km of Stasi files, 1.5 million photos, 41 million index cards, 47km of filmed stock...comprising 8million Stasi files to survey a population of 16.3 million East Germans... the Stasi could tap into at any given time to look into the brain and heart of its every citizen.

Anna and the archivist walk along.

ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)

A kind of *Stasi Google* before the internet. Eyes and ears of collaborating citizens were their human CCTV cameras...

They stop at a display of a Stasi file:

ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)

A Stasi file is made up of surveillance reports written by either a "SA", a Stasi agent or a "SI", a Stasi informer, recruited from the public. The SA signed off with a reference number, the SI with a code name of their own choice. The real names were kept on index cards accessible only after highest security clearance and even today are kept in a vault.

She gestures towards a vault ahead of them,

ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)

The highest number of reports in your file are signed by SA HAXX/9 and SI Che.

(Anna nods)

'Che' sounds French, perhaps an abbreviation of the French Preposition Cez as in 'at the home or business of'... Do you remember anyone close to you ever having an interest in French culture?

Anna shakes her head.

ANNA

No. Wait... Che? Che... Guevara, we had his quote on our wall and... my kid brother liked to quote him... but that's absurd... no.. no... never...

ARCHIVIST

Unfortunately, when it comes to informers anything was possible: Eighty five percent of all informers were related to the person they informed on.

Anna swallows.

ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)

Do you need a moment?

ANNA

No.

They reach the door to the vault.

ARCHIVIST

Before I disclose the real name of HAXX/9 I have to read you your legal rights: *if the revealed person falls under the private matter act, it's up to you to make the information public. However, if the name is of public interest, say in a court case or for legal matters, you must press charges.* You understand and agree?

ANNA

Yes.

ARCHIVIST

Then you may now fetch your accompanying party from the waiting room and we'll proceed.

ANNA

I came alone.

ARCHIVIST

People usually come here with their partner, or a close friend for emotional support. And we strongly recommend it. Would you like to arrange for another day?

ANNA

No.

Anna steps up to the vault door. The archivist opens it.

INT. VAULT INDEX CARDS - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

The archivist pulls out the index card for 'HAXX/9' from index card shelves stretching for miles. Reads,

ARCHIVIST

Hagen Lehmann.

ANNA

Who?

ARCHIVIST

Hagen Lehmann.
Ahornweg 33, 106779 Berlin.
You don't recognise the name?
Or the address?

ANNA

No.

ARCHIVIST

What about the face?

She holds up the passport photo on the index card. Anna immediately recognises Dietmar, now in Stasi uniform, short hair and clean shaven.

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

Agent Hagen Lehman was a Stasi handler. A handler is someone who recruits informers...

Anna looks up, her eyes focus into the distance:

CUT TO:

Montage:

--Dietmar's first visit in their abode. He holds up Jan's poem. Anna stands next to him, smiles. Jan hesitates, then takes Dietmar's outstretched hand.

--Dietmar looks through the spying glass of Anna and Jan's new apartment.

--Dietmar with Jan in kitchen on the night of the party, both look up when Anna enters.

--Jan in prison uniform with a warden, disappears down the corridor into the glaring lights ...

CUT BACK TO:

Berlin. Present Day. (2006)

INT. VAULT INDEX CARDS STASI ARCHIVE - CONTINUES

Anna stands there, tries to comprehend.

ARCHIVIST

The index card for SI *Che* is missing,

ANNA

How can you decode a code name without an index card?

ARCHIVIST

By subtraction: identify all other people present in a report signed by the codename...

INT. READING HALL STASI ARCHIVE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Anna quickly turns the pages in her file until she finds the reports of the night of the party,

ANNA (V.O.)
*30th April, 22:49: received call
 from Anna K' in her flat and
 initiated 24hrs detention of all
 present...but upon arrival police
 found anti-state leaflets...
 (signed Major Kahlau)*

Flicks back to a report earlier in the day,

ANNA (V.O.)
*... 30th April, 20:16: ...then we
 discussed tomorrow's protest during
 the May Parade, who will turn up
 and who will stay home...
 (scrolls to the end)
 People present in K's kitchen:
 K, HAXX/9 and me.
 (Signed: SI Che)*

Anna looks up, recalls the night in her mind:

CUT TO:

Flashback

East Berlin. (1986)

INT. ANNA AND JAN'S APARTMENT PRENZLAUER BERG - NIGHT

(No audio/ music)

Crowd pogo, Anna opens kitchen door. Anna's POV: By the window stands Dietmar, beer in hand. By the sink stands Jan, sees Anna, pulls a beer from the sink and shuts close the cupboard door underneath with his foot - BANG!

JUMP CUT TO:

Berlin. Present day (2006)

INT. VAULT INDEX CARDS STASI ARCHIVE - SAME TIME

Close Up on Anna's face as the truth sinks in: Jan was an informer. Dietmar was Jan's handler and she, Anna introduced the two... The archivist comes back with a folder,

ARCHIVIST

The file for Che was destroyed by the Stasi before the Wall came down. All that's left of SA 'Che' is this...

She lifts up an empty folder labelled 'SI:Che'.

EXT. SECURITY FIRM KUDAMM BERLIN - NEXT DAY

Anna presses the shiny brass button underneath the company plate 'Security Firm Lehmann&CO' on the upmarket Kudamm avenue in the heart of former West Berlin.

SECRETARY

(intercom)

How can I help?

ANNA

(into intercom)

I would like to see Mr Lehmann.

SECRETARY

Do you have an appointment?

ANNA

No.

SECRETARY

I'm afraid you need an appointment to see Mr Lehmann.

ANNA

Tell him an old 'comrade' wants to say hello.

SECRETARY

O, why didn't you say? Mr Lehmann will be delighted...

She buzzes Anna in.

INT. LEHMANN&CO SECURITY KUDAMM BERLIN - DAY

Anna and the pretty RECEPTIONIST(early 20s) stand in the posh reception looking at a gallery of framed trophy photos all showing Dietmar with important people.

RECEPTIONIST

... Mr Lehmann only works for the top people in the country! Industry leaders, business leaders, leading politicians. They all need protection these days, what with terrorism, knife crimes, and what-have you!

Anna's attention is drawn to a particular photo: a massive five star wellness complex on the outskirts of Berlin, with helicopter pad and log houses. In front of it poses a small group of business men.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

... the Five Stars wellness centre on the outskirts of Berlin. I've been there, too. Once. Mr Lehmann kindly let me come with him. He's a wonderful boss. Everything out there's the best of the best. From the finest gourmet to authentic American style mountain log houses and an Egyptian spa! A place us mere mortals would never get to. A helicopter picked us up from a rooftop in Berlin! Can you imagine?!

ANNA

This man, there, who is it?

Anna points at one of the men: Kahlau.

RECEPTIONIST

I don't recall his name but I think, he's the owner. Everything's ever so discreet out there. Mr Lehmann is here, second left-
(a door opens)
Speaking of the devil...

She beams at Dietmar, now a bulky 55 year old in neat suit trousers and crisp white shirt, unbuttoned at the top, balding head.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Mr Lehmann! The Lady here, says you know each other from the old days. I hope, I did the right thing?

DIETMAR

Absolutely. Thank you, Jessica.

Dietmar immediately recognises Anna, stays supercool,

DIETMAR (CONT'D)

Hallo, Anna.

ANNA

Hello, Dietmar.

DIETMAR

(off secretary's look)
That's alright.

(MORE)

DIETMAR (CONT'D)
 (to Anna)
 This way, please...

And leads Anna into his office.

INT. DIETMAR'S OFFICE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Top view over West Berlin's posh Kudamm avenue shopping mile.

DIETMAR
 For a moment I thought you were
 another one of these snooping, too
 clever by half reporters writing
 garbage articles about a past they
 only know from history books.

Dietmar offers Anna a seat, sits down behind his desk

DIETMAR (CONT'D)
 So, what brings you here after all
 these years?

Anna sits down,

ANNA
 Two reasons: One, I was curious to
 see how 'Dietmar's revolution'
 turned out...

Dietmar doesn't bat an eyelid.

DIETMAR
 My conscience is clear.
 I've got nothing to hide.
 I was an under cover agent, did
 what any agent does anywhere in the
 world: defend my country against
 those who wanted to destroy it.

ANNA
 And look how that worked out.

DIETMAR
 You were the criminals back then
 and we were the law. You disobeyed
 the law and we sniffed you out by
 all means necessary. That's how
 executing state power works.
 No different to today.
 What was the other reason?

ANNA
 I looked up my Stasi file and found
 reports in it by a certain informer
 code named *Che*. But no one knows
 what his real name is.
 I thought you might know.

DIETMAR

Me? Why me?

ANNA

The file for *Che* was destroyed by the Stasi but he appears to be connected to that Treuhand scandal the Investigating Committee at the Bundestag just re-opened.

Dietmar gets up, stammers,

DIETMAR

What, what do I have to do with informers in your Stasi file? Why come to me...

ANNA

Now you've lost all your James Bond cool.
What does *Che* want from me?

DIETMAR

You're asking me? How should I know?

ANNA

Because you know him. You recruited him all those years ago.

Dietmar, exasperated,

DIETMAR

What do you want? Money?

ANNA

Who's *Che* ?

Dietmar scoffs, gives Anna a 'are you for real' look, pours himself a glass of water, drenches it,

DIETMAR

Che was abandoned by his parents as a young boy. As a young man he became a leading figure in East Berlin's resistance scene until his arrest. After the Wall came down he was voted into the resistance's Round Table group which later set up the Treuhand agency that oversaw the privatisation of EastGermany's industries... stayed on as a consultant, became very rich but the world of business was too mundane for him, so he moved into politics. Later he became an MP.

ANNA

That's all out there on the internet. It's all in the past. What about the now?

DIETMAR

Now, he's in trouble, big trouble...

EXT. GERMAN PARLIAMENT - NEXT DAY

An impressive old Neo Renaissance building from the 19th century. Anna walks up the massive staircase.

INT. GERMAN PARLIAMENT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Anna walks from the old part into the new annex made of glass and steel.

INT. OUTSIDE PLEINARY HALL - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Anna passes the plenary hall made of glass to symbolise transparency. Its circular shape allows the public to watch from all sides. Presently, the parliament's Investigating Committee on the Treuhand Scandal is in session.

In the corridor eager members of the public watch simultaneously the parliament through the glass walls and the latest news on the TV screen.

NEWS ANCHOR

(on screen)

... this morning EastGerman business man Hans-Peter Kahlau, 65, fell from the roof tops of his five star Wellness Centre Breggenau by Berlin and was instantly dead...

The news shows the Wellness centre, an ambulance, a body bag put on a stretcher.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

(on screen)

...Mr Kahlau was scheduled to appear before the parliament's Investigating Committee this afternoon...

The crowd reacts lively,

CROWD

Wow, another one bites the dust! Didn't that other guy fall from a building too, last week?

(MORE)

CROWD (CONT'D)

yeah, but he was a Wessie! This one is an Ossie! A tenner they were pushed...

Commotion in the corridor. The reporters report live,

REPORTER

It's just been announced, the third witness to appear before the committee this afternoon, is - MP Jan Muller! His immunity was removed in an unprecedented step...

The reporters rush towards the press conference room.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Lawyer GRUNBERG faces a crowd of eager reporters.

REPORTER 1

Mr Grunberg, do you fear for the life of your client MP Mueller?

GRUNBERG

Not at all.

REPORTER2

Former EastGerman business man Kahlau is the second crown witness in the re-opened Treuhand scandal to die an 'accidental death' by falling off a building. Only two days ago crown witness Kramer fell to his death.

LAWYER GRUNBERG

The MP has nothing to hide. There's no reason for concern.

REPORTER 2

But the public is concerned!

LAWYER GRUNBERG

About what?

REPORTER1

The rumours that the MP belongs to an illegal organisation!

LAWYER GRUNBERG

What organisation?

REPORTER 2

An illegal ring, formed by former Stasi and EastGerman party big wigs shortly after the Wall came down, operating like a criminal organisation, no written contracts, hand shakes only behind closed doors!

LAWYER GRUNBERG

That's ridiculous.

REPORTER 2

That West German businessmen like the deceased Kramer were only puppets on a string let by that ring!

LAWYER GRUNBERG

Absurd.

REPORTER 3

That the ring's not only behind the embezzled Treuhand billions but also the, as of today still missing, Party billions of the former EastGerman Communist Party hidden away in Swiss bank accounts!

LAWYER GRUNBERG

Absurd speculations. Do you have any proof?

REPORTER12

Both the deceased witnesses are alleged to have had connections to the Stasi!

REPORTER 4

And now MP Muller is another witness to be called and his immunity has been revoked! What are the MP's links to the former Stasi?

LAWYER GRUNBERG

None existing, of course!

REPORTER1

Why was he never checked for a Stasi past?

LAWYER GRUNBERG

Why would he? It's a well documented fact, that MP Muller was a dissident who suffered greatly under the oppressive regime and helped liberate the country from it.

REPORTER

Why, then has the MP repeatedly refused to issue any statements in the matter?

LAWYER GRUNBERG

Because the law prevents him from doing so before he has appeared before the Investigating Committee.

REPORTER1

But some see his silence is proof already!

LAWYER GRUNBERG

Of what, exactly?

REPORTER1

That Muller, Kahlau and Kramer are only the tip of the iceberg! That a Stasi Mafia run the TREUHAND, like a spider's web and was instrumental in the sell out of its own country and now bumps off any members who may lead to its head...

INT. MP OFFICE PARLIAMENT - SAME TIME

Panoramic view over the river Spree. On the other side of the river stands the WHITE CROSSES memorial for the East German people shot trying to escape over The Wall. An elegant figure in a tailored suit looks out. An assistant enters,

ASSISTANT

MP Muller, your visitor's here.

JAN

Thanks.

The assistant leaves. Anna enters. Jan turns. Anna und Jan see each other again.

ANNA

Aren't you going to say something?

JAN

It's not easy to find the right words after more than twenty years.

ANNA

A poet would.

(off his look)

How about... 'nice to see you'?

Or 'I hoped, I'd never see you
again'?

JAN

I always hoped I would.

ANNA

You kept that a secret.

JAN

We both kept secrets.

I'm glad you came.

ANNA

I was curious.

JAN

And?

ANNA

Impressive. So many people. So much
responsibility. Can't be easy.

JAN

Usually it's dog eats dog but today
it's shark eats shark.

Anna takes out the envelope,

ANNA

Why did you send me this?

JAN

It was the only way to make you
come back.

ANNA

For what?

JAN

Press charges.

ANNA

Against whom?

JAN

Haven't you figured that one out
yet?

ANNA

You?

JAN

Would you like a drink?

Anna shakes her head,

JAN (CONT'D)
Mind if I have one?

Jan pours himself a drink.

JAN (CONT'D)
You wanted so much to believe in
changes it made you blind to what
was really going on back then:
The entire 'underground' scene at
Prenzlauer Berg was a set-up by the
Stasi. The church was in on it,
too!

ANNA
You're not who you are.

JAN
You said that once before but I was
never more clear than that night -
all I had to do was, get you to
make that call, be arrested and be
deported into freedom.

ANNA
Did you asked me to come here to
tell me that?

JAN
No.

ANNA
What do you want? An assurance no
one will ever find out who informer
Che is?

JAN
It's too late for that. I'll never
make it before the Investigating
Committee. I'm finished.

ANNA
You? With all your power?

JAN
I know too much. They've got to get
rid of me.

ANNA
I don't understand...

JAN
I'll go down either way.
Darling Anna, I brought you back to
give you the chance to get even.

(MORE)

JAN (CONT'D)
 Make your file public.
 I owe you that much.

ANNA
 You don't owe me a thing.

JAN
 I took everything from you, your
 family, your friends, your country
 and left you with nothing but 20
 years of guilt over having killed
 your kid brother.
 Now, why don't you get even?

Anna glances at the envelope...

CROSS FADE TO:

Flashback

Montage

--The first time Anna (7) meets Jan (9) by the check point.
 Jan winks at her.

--Jan pulls his leg brace off, they roll around laughing.
 He's about to go back to the check point when Anna gets up,
 takes Jochen's hand, smiles at Jan " we'll come with you.

--The dissidents around the printing press. Anna picks up a
 flyer, places a kiss on it. Jan puts his arm around Anna.
 Bernd smiles.

CROSS FADE TO:

Back to the envelope. Anna looks up.

ANNA
 Many years ago I belonged to a
 resistance group in Prenzlauer
 Berg. Many people used to come to
 us: rebels, idealists, punks,
 artists, dreamers, all sorts.
 Some wanted to flee the country,
 others fight for it, and some just
 wanted to be different. But one
 thing we all had in common: we'd
 never tell on the other. That's the
 one thing we'd never do.

Jan looks like he's been slapped across the face.

JAN
 Is this your way of getting even?

Anna shakes her head.

ANNA

No. Just the way I see things.

Jan takes a tin from a drawer in his desk. Anna recognises the old green-gold coffee tin, JACOBS CORONATION, can't help feel touched he kept it all these years. Jan puts the tin on the desk,

JAN

When you're betrayed by someone you love, you get even. Do it.

Anna gets up.

ANNA

I once betrayed two people I loved, to save their lives, but they both died, anyway.

One was my kid brother, the other, the love of my life.

Didn't work out for either of us.

Good bye, Mr MP.

Anna turns at the door,

ANNA (CONT'D)

I hope, the investigation turns out to be nothing. Would be a shame to see a lifetime's work go to waste.

She leaves. Jan stays behind. Crushed.

EXT. GERMAN PARLIAMENT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Anna looks up at the building. The lights in Jan's office go out. Shortly after Jan emerges from a side exit, gets into a dark blue Mercedes with a driver and is driven off.

INT. AIRPORT BERLIN - NEXT DAY

Close Up on Muller's crashed dark blue Mercedes surrounded by police and flashlights. Camera pulls back to reveal we're watching a news report on a TV screen.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)

... MP Muller died in a car accident last night.

(MORE)

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*The MP was scheduled to appear
before the parliament's
Investigating Committee this
morning, in the re-opened Treuhand
scandal where billions of
Deutschmark meant for the rebuilt
of former EastGermany are still
unaccounted for...*

Anna turns away from the TV and goes to board her plane.

East Berlin (1986) Summer

EXT. PUBLIC SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Anna (20) and Jan(22) on the grass by the pool. Young, full
of life and very much in love.

JAN

No one will ever love you the way I
do.

Anna smiles. THE END.