

THE CARETAKER'S BIBLE

Written by

R.L. Galbraith

540-699-4180
rickgalbr@aol.com

US Copyright: 2009

FADE IN:

EXT. HAGENMÜNSTER MONASTERY NEAR KREMS AUSTRIA - DAY (1939)

In the late afternoon, a motorcade of four black Mercedes staff cars slowly traverse a small road leading down to a monastery.

INT. BACKSEAT OF SECOND CAR IN MOTORCADE - DAY

HEINRICH GLOSSEN, deputy Propaganda Minister for the Third Reich under Joseph Goebbels, is sitting next to a NAZI SOLDIER and is recoiling in his seat out of anticipation.

NAZI SOLDIER
Sir, it's time.

GLOSSEN
Please, give me a moment.

EXT. MONASTERY ENTRANCE - DAY

The Nazi delegation escorting Glossen quickly storms up the steps of the monastery toward the front entrance where a REPRESENTATIVE OF THE ABBEY meets them.

REPRESENTATIVE OF THE ABBEY
This monastery is sacred.

The delegation ignores the representative and races past him.

INT. LARGE HALLWAY - DAY

Glossen, dressed in civilian clothes and with the Nazi soldiers behind him, knocks on a large wooden door.

The ABBOT opens the door and appears frightened.

GLOSSEN
Bring this person to me.

He hands the Abbot a 6 by 8 photo.

ABBOT
You want to speak to Brother Matthias. May I ask why?

GLOSSEN
I am Heinrich Glossen, assistant Propaganda Minister.
(MORE)

GLOSSEN (CONT'D)

It is by decree of the Third Reich that we talk to this person. I must remind you we have come a long way.

ABBOT

Yes, of course.

The Abbot whispers to one of his secretaries to find Brother Matthias and take him to one of the prayer rooms.

ABBOT (CONT'D)

Follow me.

EXT. RADDA IN CHIANTI ITALY - DAY (1972)

An old BMW is driving up a hill to the Villa Pontevecchio, south of Florence. BRIAN BENNETT, investigative reporter for Time magazine, is there for a two-week vacation. He parks, gets out of the car and walks up the rugged concrete steps to the front door.

INT. INSIDE VILLA - DAY

After he takes his luggage to the master bedroom, he decides to go out back and look around. He walks out the back door.

EXT. OUT BACK OF THE VILLA - DAY

As Brian approaches the pool, he hears what sounds like a door closing. Adjusting his eyes from the sun casting shadows, Brian can see an old man wearing dungarees and a faded orange plaid shirt standing there. He is the caretaker, and his name is HORST. Brian walks over to him.

BRIAN

Brian Bennett. Nice to meet you.

HORST

I'm Horst, the caretaker.

BRIAN

You're German.

HORST

Yes, from Munich, but I very much love the Italian summers here in Tuscany.

BRIAN

Do you happen to know the owner?

HORST

Yes, of course. He's from Germany as well.

BRIAN

What's his name?

HORST

That's not important. Why have you come to Tuscany and how did you know this beautiful villa was for rent?

Horst motions they take a seat near the pool.

BRIAN

I rented it from a friend of a friend. Have you always been a caretaker?

HORST

No, only for twenty years.

BRIAN

What did you do before that?

HORST

(smiles)

What line of work are you in, Mr. Bennett?

BRIAN

I'm a reporter.

HORST

When I was young and living in Germany, I wanted to be an artist, a painter, but it never came to pass. I spent a lot of time doing odd jobs, and eventually went into the military.

BRIAN

World War One?

HORST

I was a corporal in the army assigned to Flanders. I spent most of my time there during the war and didn't see much action; except a bombshell exploding, which put me in the hospital.

BRIAN

I can only try and imagine what
World War I was like.

HORST

It was horrid. The nights I spent
running through trenches delivering
messages were terrifying. I vowed
never to fight in another war.

BRIAN

What did you do when you got out?

HORST

I was so shell-shocked from the
fighting that I went back to Munich
and took on small jobs until I
could get back on my feet. It was a
terrible time.

Horst appears aloof.

HORST (CONT'D)

You must excuse me for a moment.

Horst goes into the villa. Brian looks around the grounds.

INT. HAGENMÜNSTER PRAYER ROOM - DAY (1939)

Glossen enters the room and the door is shut behind him. A monk dressed in a black robe is looking out the window. He turns around and faces Glossen. The likeness between BROTHER MATTHIAS and Adolf Hitler is incredible. The only thing missing is the signature mustache.

GLOSSEN

So you are Brother Matthias?

BROTHER MATTHIAS

(smiles)

Yes, may I help you?

GLOSSEN

I'm here at the behest of the
Führer. I only want to talk to you.

BROTHER MATTHIAS

(smile disappears)

We're not affiliated with Nazis.

GLOSSEN

Of course, I understand, but I'm not here to hurt you. I only have questions I need answered.

BROTHER MATTHIAS

I have nothing to say.

Brother Matthias starts to walk toward the door when there is a knock. One of Glossen's associates hands Glossen some papers. Glossen sits and reads over them quickly. Brother Matthias stands still glaring at the Nazi.

GLOSSEN

Where were you born? Are you Austrian?

BROTHER MATTHIAS

Yes, I was born here in the area.

GLOSSEN

Were you born on April 20th, 1889?

BROTHER MATTHIAS

Yes, I grew up in and around Linz.

Glossen quickly reads a short letter.

GLOSSEN

I have a letter from Brother Dimitrius. Who were your parents?

BROTHER MATTHIAS

My parents were farmers and lived north of the monastery. They were good and decent people who raised me to be subservient to God.

GLOSSEN

Are they still alive?

BROTHER MATTHIAS

Only my mother. Why?

GLOSSEN

I would like to talk to her.

BROTHER MATTHIAS

I won't let you do that. She's old and frail.

GLOSSEN

When did you decide you wanted to become a monk?

BROTHER MATTHIAS

I attended school at the monastery. When I was old enough, I took the required classes to be a monk and then I dedicated my life to serving God.

GLOSSEN

Do you still believe you are acting in the interest of your God's will?

BROTHER MATTHIAS

I'm as faithful to my God as you are to your so-called Führer.

Glossen stiffens in his chair and sneers at Brother Matthias.

GLOSSEN

There is no God above our leader. You and your righteous clergy; how dare you criticize us. We and we alone will cleanse the German race from their sins.

BROTHER MATTHIAS

How can you deny God?

GLOSSEN

For a Nazi, it is not debatable. God does not exist, but the Führer does.

BROTHER MATTHIAS

May I leave? I have nothing else to discuss.

Glossen reaches into his coat pocket, brings out the 6 by 8 photo and hands it to the reluctant monk.

GLOSSEN

I think this might look familiar to you. I imagine it's like looking into a mirror.

Staring at it, Brother Matthias doesn't say a word but rather raises his eyes to Glossen for a second, and then looks back at the picture.

**EXT. RADDA IN CHIANTI ITALY - OUT BACK OF THE VILLA - DAY
(1972)**

Horst brings out a tray consisting of the wine, bread, and cheese, and sits next to Brian again.

HORST

World War II was a war Germany should have won. We made mistakes but I know the leadership of the Third Reich believed in what they were doing.

BRIAN

You mean Hitler.

HORST

(nods)

The German people wanted the same thing he did: a purified and blue-blooded nation that was respected by the rest of the world.

BRIAN

So, you didn't fight in World War II?

He pours some wine and begins eating cheese and some bread.

HORST

No, not exactly. I do know the combat was fierce. Conditions were often miserable with fog, constant rain, and muddy fields making it difficult to fight.

BRIAN

It must have been intolerable. There's a saying in the States. War is hell.

HORST

Yes, I suppose that's true.

Horst hesitates.

HORST (CONT'D)

I believe in what Germany was trying to achieve, but saddened at the number of Germans who died trying to legitimize the Führer's vision. But I do not regret our attempt at immortality.

BRIAN

You sound like you regret the war. Do you believe the Nazi cause was justified?

Horst's smile is somewhat sarcastic.

HORST

Would you expect me to say anything else? Hitler was not an evil man hell bent on destroying people's lives.

BRIAN

Do you believe he meant what he said?

Horst looks away at first.

HORST

Of course.

BRIAN

The Americans don't have the same fondness for your Führer as you do.

HORST

Yes, I'm not surprised.

BRIAN

What did you do after the war?

HORST

I went to live in southern Germany to forget about the horrors and devastation the German military suffered. The nightmares never seemed to stop.

Brian picks up an old Bible from the table that he found in the villa and looks at it.

HORST (CONT'D)

I see you have been looking through the library.

BRIAN

This Bible's in pretty good shape considering it appears to be a hundred years old.

HORST

Yes, it's very old.

BRIAN

Does it belong to you?

HORST

It belongs to the owner, as do all the books in the library.

Brian skims quickly through the Bible, seeing faded pen entries every so often. Horst motions for the Bible and stares at it.

HORST (CONT'D)

Would you like to have it?

He hands the Bible to Brian.

BRIAN

I'd love to take it, but I thought you said it belonged to the owner.

HORST

I don't think he has much use for it. You take it. I know you admire it.

BRIAN

Thank you. I have a few rare books and this will be a welcome addition to my collection.

The caretaker gets up and goes into the villa. Brian thumbs through the Bible with a sense of enthusiasm.

INT. HAGENMÜNSTER PRAYER ROOM - DAY (1939)

Brother Matthias moves closer to Glossen.

BROTHER MATTHIAS

Where did you get this?

GLOSSEN

I've had it for some time. It's a picture of our Führer relaxing at Berchtesgaden. But why is it that it looks exactly like you?

Brother Matthias doesn't say anything, but rather looks down at the floor.

GLOSSEN (CONT'D)

Come, Brother Matthias. Surely you can see the resemblance. Why is it that you look so much alike?

Glossen waits for an answer, but doesn't get one.

GLOSSEN (CONT'D)

What can you tell me about a baby left on the doorstep of this monastery on the same day the Führer was born? Please, I want to know everything.

BROTHER MATTHIAS

I don't know what you are talking about.

GLOSSEN

I think you were that baby; left to die, but spared by the loving arms of a monk.

Brother Matthias doesn't reply; stares at Glossen.

GLOSSEN (CONT'D)

I think you are Adolf Hitler's twin brother. No one knows it and no one can prove it, but I believe it's true.

BROTHER MATTHIAS

It's not possible.

GLOSSEN

I understand why you would deny it. But you must face the facts.

BROTHER MATTHIAS

It cannot be possible.

GLOSSEN

It is not only possible. It is the truth. I think it's fate that led me here to find the twin brother of the Führer.

Brother Matthias goes over to the window. He looks at the picture, and then gazes at the image of his face in the glass. After studying the photo, Brother Matthias still gazes out the window.

BROTHER MATTHIAS

(whispering)

How can this be? I am a man of God, and Hitler is a feared dictator.

Glossen goes over and pats Brother Matthias on the shoulder. The monk abruptly turns around.

BROTHER MATTHIAS (CONT'D)
 What do you want from me?

GLOSSEN
 We want what is best for you. It is only fitting you have the opportunity to meet your natural flesh and blood.

BROTHER MATTHIAS
 I have no desire to leave Hagenmünster.

GLOSSEN
 Of course not, but the Third Reich awaits you. But more important, your brother awaits you.

Brother Matthias moves closer to Glossen; almost defiantly.

BROTHER MATTHIAS
 I won't leave here. This is my home. I have lived here my entire life.

Glossen knocks on the door and two Nazi foot soldiers come in.

GLOSSEN
 Watch over Brother Matthias until I return.

INT. ABBOT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Moments later, Glossen is standing in the Abbot's office.

GLOSSEN
 No one must know where we are taking him. Is that understood?

ABBOT
 But he belongs here. He's doing God's work.

GLOSSEN
 I warn you, If you ever divulge where we have taken him, we will destroy this entire monastery. Perhaps it is best you forget he was ever here. I trust you will comply with my wishes.

The Abbot is speechless. He bows his head, and then looks away.

EXT. IN FRONT OF MONASTERY - NIGHT

Nazi delegation storms down the steps with Brother Matthias.

The motorcade departs much as it had arrived, except with the addition of a unwilling soul.

INT. GLOSSEN'S OFFICE - BERLIN - NIGHT

It's two o'clock in the morning and Glossen enters the sanctuary of his office. He looks around, paranoid, making sure no one is watching.

Two guards bring the monk into the office. Brother Matthias reluctantly sits in a tiny chair while the guards depart the room. Glossen stares at the monk like he is some sort of deity. Brother Matthias looks down at the floor.

GLOSSEN

Are you comfortable?

BROTHER MATTHIAS

I have no reason to be here.

GLOSSEN

You will understand in due time.

BROTHER MATTHIAS

I cannot believe what you've done.

GLOSSEN

You have a destiny that must be fulfilled.

BROTHER MATTHIAS

My place is with my fellow monks at Hagenmünster. I demand you take me back.

There is a loud knock at the door. PETER DUCKERT, a young man, perhaps Brother Matthias' age, comes in and quickly sits. Glossen renames the monk HORST.

GLOSSEN

I want to introduce your bodyguard. He is a lieutenant in the SS and will be with you at all times.

DUCKERT

My name is Peter Duckert. It is good to meet you.

GLOSSEN

Peter has your best interests at heart. He will take care of you.

BROTHER MATTHIAS

(faint smile)

I cannot believe for one moment you think I'm somehow related to your Führer.

GLOSSEN

I assure you I have taken the proper precautions to keep your identity a secret until we can arrange a meeting with the Führer.

Brother Matthias appears aloof; staring down at the floor.

BROTHER MATTHIAS

I cannot imagine he would want to meet a monk regardless of what you tell him about me.

GLOSSEN

You must allow us to make that determination. When the time is right, you will meet him. From this day forward, you will be known as Horst.

Duckert leans down and puts his arm around Horst.

DUCKERT

You shouldn't agonize over it. It is a noble name, and I'm sure the meeting will go fine.

GLOSSEN

We must take him to the hotel.

DUCKERT

(addresses monk)

There will be security guards at the hotel to protect you.

HORST

Protect me from what?

DUCKERT

Surely you can see because of your likeness to the Führer, you could be taken advantage of by people who don't have your well-being in mind.

Horst stares at the floor as he speaks.

HORST

Please take me back to the monastery. That is all I ask.

GLOSSEN

This is where you belong.

HORST

I belong at Hagenmünster.

Glossen ushers Duckert to one side.

GLOSSEN

You can see how important this is, can't you? He must accept his fate. Is that understood?

DUCKERT

I will do my best.

INT. GLOSSEN'S OFFICE - DAY

The next day, Manfred Wormser, deputy assistant to Glossen, enters the office and abruptly sits next to Glossen.

WORMSER

I understand you recently went to a monastery. What could possibly be your desire to do so? Have you decided to become a monk?

GLOSSEN

(smiles)
No, but if I do, you will be the first to know.

WORMSER

I have information you are hiding something from the Reich.

GLOSSEN

And what might that be?

WORMSER

I'm not certain, but I will find out.

Glossen leans closer to Wormser.

GLOSSEN

Do you think you can just come in here and threaten me?

WORMSER

I warn you, you must tell me everything. I have assurances from the Propaganda Minister in that regard.

Glossen abruptly sits uneasy in his chair.

GLOSSEN

I am rather busy today.

WORMSER

If you are in any way placing the Reich in danger by your carelessness, I will ensure you answer for it.

Glossen stands; hesitates.

GLOSSEN

Let me be clear, you work for me. I would be concerned with your own career. Is that understood?

WORMSER

I will tell you this. You cannot hide anything from me. I will not stop until I find out what it is.

Wormser storms out of the office. Glossen sits back and smiles.

INT. DONATELLO'S RESTAURANT - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT (1972)

Walking in, Brian can see his fiancée, LAURA Prescott, all the way in the rear of the bar. After the long embrace, they drink wine to celebrate.

LAURA

So how was Tuscany?

BRIAN

How do I explain it? It's hard to put into words. I'm convinced it's really heaven. It's just a well-kept secret.

LAURA

So what did you do?

BRIAN

You know, Laura, I met a very interesting German at the villa.

LAURA

I thought you had the place to yourself.

BRIAN

He was the caretaker. His name is Horst. He's an old timer who fought in the first world war.

LAURA

Did he fight in World War II under Hitler?

BRIAN

Apparently not, but he regrets the war. However, he did pledge allegiance to Hitler and seemed to defend him whenever I said anything.

Laura smiles and takes a sip of her wine.

LAURA

Well, Mr. Brian, now that you have my attention, I want to know more about this Horst.

BRIAN

I'm not sure there's much more to tell. You know, that crazy old man gave me an incredibly old Bible I found in the villa. I'm not sure why. It has to be worth something.

LAURA

Do you have it with you?

BRIAN

No, I left it home. So, what have you been up to?

LAURA

Nothing much. Except my workload has increased. Oh, I met someone the other day who said she admired your work.

BRIAN

Who?

LAURA

Her name is Gerta Honiker. She came into my office the other day to drop off a query letter and a sample of her work.

Brian looks around the bar as he talks.

BRIAN

I thought you didn't like that sort of thing.

LAURA

We don't, but she showed up nevertheless.

BRIAN

Does she live here in New York or is she just visiting? How does she know about me?

LAURA

She said she reads Time magazine faithfully and likes your articles.

BRIAN

Did she say what she wanted to talk about?

LAURA

No, not really.

Brian drinks down his wine and smiles at Laura.

BRIAN

Wish I could have met her. Sorry, I have to get going. Got an early morning tomorrow.

They kiss and they walk out together.

**INT. NEW YORK CITY - BUILDING WHERE TIME MAGAZINE IS
PUBLISHED - DAY**

Brian walks into his office with a cup of coffee. He pulls the Bible out of his briefcase and puts it on his desk. BINNEKER, his boss, rounds the corner and sits in a chair in the corner. Brian slowly takes a seat.

His boss crosses his legs and adjusts his tie, which remains crooked. He picks up the Bible, looks at it and puts it back down.

BINNEKER

I suppose the two weeks you were away put you woefully behind. I need some reassurance you can meet all of your deadlines.

Brian takes a long sip of his coffee.

BRIAN

Don't worry, I'll take care of it.

BINNEKER

I need the very best to go with a small team of writers and photographers to cover the Summer Olympics in Munich. I think you're the perfect choice.

BRIAN

I'm not so sure. Can I give it some thought?

BINNEKER

I need you to go. For now, I need you to think about two articles. First, the modern day influence of Jesus on the young generation. Second, Beatniks to Hippies. The transition.

BRIAN

What about the other stuff you asked me to write? I mean the folk music article you asked for before I left is just about finished.

Brian grabs the copy out of the typewriter.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

See, it's right here.

BINNEKER
I'm more concerned about the Summer
Olympics.

BRIAN
When is it exactly?

BINNEKER
The last two weeks of August.

BRIAN
I have other things to do.

BINNEKER
You're one of my best reporters.
I'm counting on you.

Brian hesitates.

BRIAN
Okay, I'll go. Is that what you
wanted to hear?

BINNEKER
By the way, a young lady was here
to see you yesterday.

BRIAN
Who?

BINNEKER
She didn't give her name.

BRIAN
What did she look like?

BINNEKER
A rather tall good-looking brunette
with a slight accent. She was
neatly dressed and very polite.

BRIAN
She didn't leave a message?

BINNEKER
No, I'm afraid not. When I told her
you weren't here, she just smiled
and left.

Binneker departs quickly and Brian shuts the door.

Setting the Bible on his desk, moving some papers out of the
way, Brian opens it to the first several pages.

He notices on many of the pages there is writing, as if someone had been interpreting or remarking about individual verses. Not being able to read German, he doesn't have a clue what any of it means.

When he puts the Bible down, he notices the back cover is thicker than the front. It has a soft feel to it like it has padding in it.

He retrieves a small pocketknife from his desk. Slowly, Brian makes an incision at the top of the inside of the back cover. Carefully, he pulls out two folded pieces of paper stuck inside. When he opens the first piece of paper, he isn't sure what it is. It looks like some sort of birth certificate. There is a seal at the bottom right-hand side. It appears to be German, or possibly Austrian. Looking it over, the only thing he recognizes is what appears to be a date. It reads April 20, 1889. Picking up the next piece of paper, he sees what looks like a one-page letter that is signed at the bottom by Brother Dimitrius.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

Brian walks down 72nd Avenue to Laura's apartment with a briefcase.

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT- DAY

After hearing a knock at the door, Laura lets Brian in.

LAURA

You look tired.

Brian walks in the living room and sits on the sofa, putting his briefcase down.

BRIAN

What a hell of a long day. Binneker wants me to go to the summer Olympics.

LAURA

What did you say?

BRIAN

I told him I would do it to get him off my back. You wanna go?

LAURA

I don't know. I'll see. Do you want something to drink?

Brian notices a book on the coffee table.

BRIAN
Sure. What's this?

LAURA
It's a book about Hitler. I thought you might want to look at it. I got it a while ago. Never bothered reading it.

BRIAN
Do you mind if I browse through it?

LAURA
(laughs)
Of course not, that's why I showed it to you.

She goes to get some refreshments. Brian thumbs through the book, focusing on a particular page.

When Laura returns, Brian has a strange look on his face.

LAURA (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

BRIAN
Do you know when Hitler was born?

LAURA
No. Why?

BRIAN
20 April, 1889.

LAURA
Is that supposed to mean something?

Brian reaches down into his briefcase and brings out the documents he found. He hands the birth certificate to her.

BRIAN
Look.

LAURA
It's the same date. That's certainly suspicious.

BRIAN
Hitler was born in Braunau, which is on the Austrian-German border.

He hands Laura the letter.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

It's from someone named Brother
Dimitrius.

LAURA

Apparently he was a monk from the
Hagenmünster Monastery in Austria.
He found a baby on their doorstep.
It was sick and he took it in. This
is a letter of commitment he had
written to his brethren; that they
would take the child into their
hearts.

BRIAN

According to a map I saw in the
book, the monastery is very close
to where Hitler was born. Do you
think this has any literary value?

Laura collects her thoughts.

LAURA

I don't know what to think about
it. The monk probably considered it
a sign from God. For him it was
likely a very moving experience.

BRIAN

(smirking)

So what do you think? Did the
baby grow up to be a monk?

LAURA

A very good possibility. He would
be what; eighty-two now.

BRIAN

If he's still alive.

LAURA

Did you bring the Bible?

Brian reaches into his briefcase and hands it to her. She
skims through it.

LAURA (CONT'D)

It's entirely possible the Bible
could have belonged to a German.

Laura hesitates.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Perhaps a Nazi.

BRIAN
What?

LAURA
It could also have been a soldier,
a sympathizer, or someone in
government. The sentiments are
often crude, almost sacrilegious.

BRIAN
Like a Nazi trying to deny the
Gospel.

LAURA
Yes, something like that. We
probably should have a handwriting
expert look at it.

BRIAN
Okay, but do you think it's really
necessary?

LAURA
I know of one of the best. His name
is Dr. Myron Lewis.

BRIAN
How long will that take him?

Laura skims through the Bible as she talks.

LAURA
A few days if he's not busy. You
can leave it with me. I'll take it
to Myron, if you don't mind.

BRIAN
Go to Munich with me. It won't be a
vacation but it'll allow us to get
away from New York.

LAURA
I'll think about it.

She puts the Bible in her handbag.

INT. DONATELLO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Brian sits at a table surrounded by two tall ferns. He waits
for Laura and a mutual friend, Dr. RONNY WHITAKER to arrive.

LAURA
 Sorry we're late.

Ronny shakes hands with Brian and they take a seat.

RONNY
 Laura told me about your vacation.
 Sounds like Horst had quite a life.

BRIAN
 I'm not sure how old he is, but he
 looked somewhat frail. I guess
 spending his younger years fighting
 in the military took its toll.

RONNY
 Maybe I can help. The subject of my
 thesis was the German Third Reich.
 I'm now teaching a course about
 Nazi Germany at New York
 University.

BRIAN
 I wish you could have met Horst.
 Having him there at the villa was
 an unbelievable surprise. But I
 never had the chance to say
 goodbye.

RONNY
 Why not?

BRIAN
 I don't know. The afternoon before
 I left to come home, I went to his
 room to talk to him and he was
 gone; his clothes, his belongings.
 He simply vanished.

LAURA
 Why would he do such a thing? I
 mean not even say goodbye?

RONNY
 He's a caretaker. Probably had
 somewhere else to go and just
 packed his stuff and left. Germans
 can be impersonal sometimes.

BRIAN
 (raises his glass)
 To Horst!

Brian notices a figure standing a few feet away out of the corner of his eye. Laura finally notices the stranger. The nicely dressed woman is GERTA HONIKER.

LAURA

Gerta, how nice to see you again.
Please, sit down.

GERTA

It's certainly fate that we meet again. I leave for Italy tomorrow afternoon.

BRIAN

What part of Italy?

GERTA

Rome and then probably Florence.

BRIAN

Florence. I was just there. Well, in Tuscany. It's so beautiful there.

Gerta flashes a sexy smile.

GERTA

You were? Yes, it is a wonderful place.

LAURA

I must tell you we can't accept your manuscript at this time, but I can give you several leads on agents if you would like.

GERTA

Thank you for your help. Perhaps I'll reconsider later.

RONNY

What is your book about?

Gerta's demeanor suggests she not interested in explaining.

GERTA

It's very complicated.

BRIAN

Why are you going to Italy? Are you visiting friends?

GERTA

My brother lives in Rome and my
younger sister lives in Florence.

Ronny rolls some spaghetti on his fork, stuffs it in his
mouth, and washes it down with a swig of Chianti.

RONNY

What do you think about Vietnam?

GERTA

What do you mean?

BRIAN

Ronny, that's a silly question.

RONNY

No it's not. We talk about it all
the time. What do you Italians
think about the war? Justified?
Waste of time? What?

Gerta gives Ronny a look that could kill.

GERTA

I think it's none of your business.

BRIAN

I agree. I would like to read your
manuscript sometime.

GERTA

Thank you. If you don't mind me
saying, I think you're one of the
best writers at Time magazine.

BRIAN

I've been thinking about writing a
novel, but I'm so damn busy at work
it will probably never happen.

RONNY

Come on, Brian. That's a bit much,
don't you think?

BRIAN

What are you talking about?

RONNY

A novel? You never said anything
about writing a novel.

LAURA

Yes, he's said that to me many times.

GERTA

It has been a pleasure. I must go.

BRIAN

Wait!

He rushes to the front of the restaurant and watches as she slides into a cab and departs.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

The sunlight reflects off the lake as Brian sits on a park bench. He reads the New York Times and waits for his fiancée to arrive.

LAURA

I hope you didn't have to wait too long.

Brian gives her room to sit comfortably. Lynn opens her purse and hands him the Bible.

BRIAN

What did your friend say about the writing? Did he come up with anything?

LAURA

It's a good thing you're sitting down.

BRIAN

(laughs)
Why?

LAURA

Myron reviewed the entries made in the Bible. His initial conclusion wasn't reasonable at first, so he decided to get a second opinion from another well-known handwriting expert.

BRIAN

So what did they say?

LAURA

Brian, the writing in this Bible belongs to Adolf Hitler.

BRIAN

What? There has to be a mistake.

LAURA

Myron Lewis doesn't make mistakes.
It's Hitler's handwriting.

BRIAN

That's hard to believe.

LAURA

According to Myron's analysis of
the ink, it dates back to the early
1930s.

Brian holds the Bible firmly in his hands.

BRIAN

So this could have actually been
Hitler's Bible. Do you think
there's a story here?

LAURA

I don't know. Could be worth
looking into.

BRIAN

What is the connection between
Hitler and Brother Dimitrius? Or
the baby, for that matter? I can't
imagine there is one.

LAURA

The only way to find out the truth
is to go to Austria, find the
monastery, and talk to the Abbot.

BRIAN

I'm already inundated with work,
not to mention the Olympics. How in
the hell can I do it all?

Laura grabs Brian's hand.

LAURA

Tell your boss you're onto a
fascinating story and maybe he'll
let you off the hook for the
Olympics.

BRIAN

Not Binneker. He's way too
demanding. He'll want me to do
both.

LAURA

Austria does border Germany. You could go there first. Then go off to Munich.

BRIAN

I want you to come along.

LAURA

Oh, I don't know. It's going to be hard enough to get off to go to the Olympics.

BRIAN

What possible value could this have to the world? The only thing I do know is if we don't go to Austria, no one will ever find out.

In the early afternoon, they sit on the bench with their arms around one another watching the ducks skim across the water. Brian clenches and looks at the Bible, opens it and stares at the handwriting.

LAURA

If nothing else, you possess an interesting historic artifact. That should count for something.

Brian doesn't say anything, but rather stares at the Bible.

EXT. HAGENMÜNSTER MONASTERY - AUSTRIA - DAY

After parking, Brian and Laura climb up a narrow set of granite steps that are surrounded by trees and heavy foliage.

INT. ABBOT'S OFFICE - DAY

Brian and Laura sit in the waiting room. Seconds later, the door opens and a young postulate, looking scared to death, comes out of the office and immediately leaves. The Abbot, BROTHER BURNIER, motions for them to come in.

BROTHER BURNIER

I'm Brother Thomas Burnier. Please, make yourselves comfortable. Would you like some tea?

LAURA

Yes, thank you.

BROTHER BURNIER

It's not often we have Americans
come for a visit.

Brother Burnier walks over and pours tea into two cups and
comes back to his desk.

BRIAN

Father, I have brought some papers
I found. I would like you to look
at them and tell me what you think.

The Abbot motions for Brian to give him the papers. He looks
at the birth certificate first.

BROTHER BERNIER

1889. Interesting, the child was
born in this province somewhere.

BRIAN

Please read the letter.

Brother Bernier reads it quickly.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Does it make sense to you? Who was
Brother Dimitrius?

BROTHER BURNIER

There have been three with the name
Dimitrius. One is with us now. One
died almost ten years ago. The only
other monk I can think of died in
1940.

LAURA

Could he be the one?

BROTHER BURNIER

(perplexed)

I don't know. Where did you find
this letter?

Brain hands the Bible to the Abbot.

BRIAN

I received this Bible from a
caretaker in Italy. I found the
documents inside. We were told the
Bible belonged to Adolf Hitler.

BROTHER BURNIER

What makes you think this Bible
belonged to Hitler?

LAURA

The handwriting's been analyzed. It belonged to him.

BROTHER BURNIER

I don't believe it. The Lord God never intended for such a man to exist. He was misguided and lost his way. But I suppose God has forgiven his sins.

BRIAN

Father, do you know anything about a child that was found on your doorstep many years ago?

BROTHER BURNIER

No, we have no record of it.

BRIAN

Are you sure? The letter appears to be a genuine.

BROTHER BERNIER

Yes, I'm sure.

Brian doesn't respond; he looks over at Laura.

BROTHER BERNIER (CONT'D)

Being the Abbot of this monastery and a historian of the order, I would know if such an incident occurred. I have to tell you this letter is a fake.

LAURA

He would be eighty-two now. Is there no way we can look through your archives?

BROTHER BURNIER

Not all the dates of birth have been recorded. You must believe me. This is a terrible hoax. Please accept my apologies. I'm at God's mercy to turn you away. I have nothing against your willingness to find the truth. I simply cannot help you.

BRIAN

Thank you for your time.

A monk leads them down the long hallway to the entrance of the monastery. Laura puts the Bible and documents in her purse.

EXT. LARGE PARK IN LINZ NEAR GÄSTHAUS WHERE BRIAN AND LAURA ARE STAYING - DAY

They walk along a small asphalt trail leading to a small pond.

LAURA

We have no choice but to forget about this and go on with our lives.

BRIAN

I have this feeling the Abbot was dismissing us for a reason. It was like we were bringing up something from the past he didn't want to talk about.

LAURA

He did seem agitated when you mentioned Hitler.

BRIAN

Yeah, I know, but I can understand how he feels about Hitler. I think he was afraid we would find something.

LAURA

I really need to get some work done. Why don't we leave this afternoon for Vienna?

Brian stops and faces Laura.

BRIAN

Let's wait until tomorrow morning. We should go back to the monastery and look around.

LAURA

I don't know about that. Did you ever stop to think that just maybe the Abbot was telling the truth?

In the distance they can see someone coming toward them, a rather tall person who is dressed in black. As the figure gets closer, they realize it's a MONK appearing very apprehensive.

MONK

I'm but one of the faithful from
the monastery near the River Krems
and I must talk with you.

LAURA

What is your name?

MONK

I'm here at the behest of God's
will. I must ask you to forget
everything you know about the
letter you found.

BRIAN

Why?

MONK

It can never be proven that a sick
baby was left on the doorstep of
our monastery or that the child
grew up to be a monk.

Brian looks away for a moment.

BRIAN

Did the Abbot send you here?

LAURA

Why is this so important you had to
travel all the way to Linz just to
tell us?

MONK

You must stop looking into this
matter. Go home and pretend you
never found the documents. You have
God's blessings.

Brian can't help himself and raises his voice a notch.

BRIAN

What the hell is going on here?

LAURA

Why don't you want us to know the
truth?

MONK

The Holy Father looks after his
flock. I am only but a mouthpiece.
What you have found is not only
unimportant, it cannot be verified.

BRIAN

Can we have another audience with the Abbot?

MONK

I'm afraid that's simply not possible. You must leave and never return.

Brian glances at Laura, then addresses the monk.

BRIAN

I'll tell you what I think. I believe this has something to do with Adolf Hitler. I don't know what, but I'm going to find out.

MONK

Please, you will be in great peril if you pursue this nonsense.

LAURA

What kind of peril?

MONK

May God be with you.

The monk reaches into his pocket and brings out a small piece of paper. He hands the folded note to Brian and disappears within the crowd.

Brian opens the note. There is a name and a partial address—Heinrich Glossen, Chiemsee near Munich.

BRIAN

He's trying to warn us.

LAURA

About what?

BRIAN

It's obvious we are on to something.

LAURA

What do we do now?

BRIAN

I guess we have two choices. Either put the documents away and forget this ever happened, or try to get to the truth.

LAURA

If we ignore what the monk told us, we're putting ourselves in danger. It's clear to me the monk meant what he said. We're only asking for trouble if-

BRIAN

If what? This could be the story of a lifetime. The name on this paper could be the key to everything.

LAURA

If he's alive. We need to go to a library and research Glossen's past.

BRIAN

(smiles)

I knew you would go.

INT. HORST'S HOTEL SUITE - DAY (1939)

Duckert greets Glossen at the door.

GLOSSEN

How is Horst?

DUCKERT

He's depressed. You can understand that.

GLOSSEN

He'll change his mood when he realizes he is the twin brother of the Führer.

DUCKERT

Are you sure?

GLOSSEN

I'm positive. Where is he?

Glossen goes into the kitchen. Duckert goes to the bedroom and brings Horst out to the living room where they sit on the couch.

DUCKERT

Herr Glossen would like to talk to you.

HORST

What have I done?

DUCKERT

He merely wants to see how you are doing.

Glossen walks into the room.

GLOSSEN

So, have you come to your senses?

HORST

About what?

GLOSSEN

Have you now resigned yourself to the fact you are the Führer's brother?

HORST

Of course not. How dare you insult me.

GLOSSEN

(hot with rage)

Never use that tone of voice with me. You will do as I say and that will never change.

He walks over to the wall behind the couch and pounds his fist against it.

Duckert puts his arm around Horst.

DUCKERT

This can be easy or it can be very painful. You must realize you will never leave here. It is forbidden. You must accept your fate.

HORST

But I know in my heart it isn't true.

GLOSSEN

We know the truth and that's all that matters.

HORST

All I have ever wanted to be is a priest. That is what I believe God wants me to become.

Glossen starts to smile, then takes it back.

GLOSSEN

I understand what you think your destiny is, but your life is now part of a much larger scheme, I can assure you.

HORST

What can that possibly be?

GLOSSEN

You will know very soon.

DUCKERT

It will be all right.

Glossen takes Duckert aside.

GLOSSEN

Maybe I should just tell the Führer about Horst now. But will he listen? Or should we keep this secret to ourselves for a while longer? What do you think?

DUCKERT

(looks over at monk)
Maybe we should wait.

EXT. BERLIN STREET - NIGHT

The next evening, Glossen slowly walks from the Reich Chancellery to the hotel where they have sequestered the monk.

INT. HOTEL - THIRD FLOOR - NIGHT

An ARMY OFFICER, looking very upset, meets Glossen before he has a chance to get to the monk's hotel room.

GLOSSEN

What's the matter?

ARMY OFFICER

You don't want to go in there.

GLOSSEN

Get out of my way.

Glossen storms past the guard.

INT. HORST'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Glossen encounters a visibly shaken Peter Duckert.

GLOSSEN
What happened here?

DUCKERT
He's escaped.

GLOSSEN
What?

DUCKERT
I took the monk for a short walk
because he was getting restless.
When I turned my back for a moment,
the monk slipped away.

GLOSSEN
You idiot, we must find him
immediately. Do you know what will
happen if someone else finds him?

He looks around at the other guards.

GLOSSEN (CONT'D)
Capture him. Now!

He looks over at Duckert.

GLOSSEN (CONT'D)
What were you thinking? You knew he
wasn't to leave this room.

DUCKERT
He somehow convinced me to allow
him to get some fresh air.

Glossen stands in front of Duckert and points his finger.

GLOSSEN
If my plans are foiled, I'll have
you executed.

EXT. NIGHT - LARGE CITY PARK - NIGHT

No more than a kilometer away, a dozen guards with police dogs comb the area. Sirens sound and searchlights brighten the area.

As the guards approach a small wooded area, a man jumps up and starts running toward a building.

They yell for the man to stop. He does so just before the guards prepare to release their dogs.

INT. HORST'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

HORST is brought into the hotel room in shackles. Glossen motions for them to be removed and for the guards to leave. He takes Horst in the living area and sits him down. Duckert stands at attention.

GLOSSEN

You disobeyed my orders. What do you have to say?

HORST

I don't want to be here.

GLOSSEN

That is apparent. But you have no alternative.

He turns toward Duckert.

GLOSSEN (CONT'D)

I suppose I should fire you for incompetence. Can you think of a reason why I should not do so?

Duckert remains silent.

HORST

It's not his fault. I never meant any harm. Please forgive me.

Glossen points his finger at Duckert.

GLOSSEN

I will ignore your inattention to detail this time, but if it happens again, I'll ensure your life becomes a miserable hell.

Horst bows his head; appearing contrite.

HORST

It was my idea to escape. I must take the blame.

GLOSSEN

It's of no consequence now. These walls are the only scenery you will see until it's time to meet the Führer. Is that understood?

Glossen storms out of the hotel room.

INT. BAYER STRASSE RESTAURANT - MUNICH - DAY (1972)

In the late morning, Brian and Laura are escorted to a quaint table in the rear.

LAURA

Well, It took some time but now we know who Glossen is.

BRIAN

I guess Goebbels was convinced appointing a young professor of economics at Freiburg University as an assistant would bring the new blood needed to further the cause of the Führer.

LAURA

It appears that way.

BRIAN

Glossen probably knows what these documents are all about.

LAURA

I'm sure he won't tell us anything?

BRIAN

But I still want to try to find him.

LAURA

I'll tell you what I think. If there's a story here, it's never going to be told.

Brian stops and stares at Laura for a moment.

BRIAN

We should go back to Hagenmünster and find the monk that gave us Glossen's name.

LAURA

I'm not so sure that's a good idea. The monk probably won't want to be approached and will just deny it.

BRIAN

You know I'm not one to give up.
There's always a way for a reporter
to get what he wants.

Brian watches as a man walks into the front of the restaurant. He is wearing a black cape and fedora, small, round, black-rimmed glasses and his black hair now graying. He catches Brian's eye only because he looks ominous. He stands in front of them. Laura grabs Brian's arm.

WORMSER

My name is Manfred Wormser and I
only wish to talk to you.

He removes his cape and puts it over his chair, then takes his hat off and places it on the table before finally sitting. A waitress brings him a Weizen beer.

BRIAN

What can we do for you, Herr
Wormser?

WORMSER

I know who you are, Herr Bennett.
It is good to finally meet you.

BRIAN

How do you know who I am?

WORMSER

(laughs)

I read American periodicals. I know
you write for Time Magazine. I had
the pleasure of seeing your picture
in one of the issues. I admire your
work, Herr Bennett.

Brian glances over at Laura before he responds. His voice suggests he doesn't mean it.

BRIAN

Thank you.

WORMSER

You must be on holiday here in
Munich. It's such a wonderful place
to visit. I wouldn't live any place
else.

LAURA

How did you know we would be in
this restaurant eating?

Wormser sips his beer and glances around the restaurant.

WORMSER

It was just a suspicion, I assure you. Will you be in Munich long?

BRIAN

We're on vacation.

WORMSER

That's very interesting. I thought you were here to cover the Summer Olympics. Is this not true?

BRIAN

How would you know that?

WORMSER

I have my sources, Herr Bennett. I'm interested in your work. It is not unusual for me to know these kinds of things. So I ask you again: Are you here long?

BRIAN

Yes, I'm covering the Olympics.

Wormser takes a cigarette case out of his pocket and puts it on the table. He takes a cigarette out and lights it.

WORMSER

Do you like sports, Herr Bennett?

BRIAN

I've written about them for years.

WORMSER

I'm a great admirer of physical competition myself and love the idea of winning. Of course that is what sports are supposed to be about. Would you agree?

BRIAN

Yes.

WORMSER

I thought so. But that is not why you are here, is it, Herr Bennett?

BRIAN

What do you mean?

Wormser puffs his cigarette.

WORMSER

I simply mean you are not just here to write a story about the Olympics. You have other business in Munich.

BRIAN

I don't know what you're talking about.

WORMSER

Come now, surely you must realize I know why you have come to Munich. We can talk about it, can we not?

BRIAN

I suppose.

WORMSER

I represent an organization called the Freundedesreiches. Our objective is to protect the integrity of the greatness of the Reich under the leadership of Adolf Hitler. We must preserve what was once grand. Do you think Nazi Germany is dead?

BRIAN

Yes, of course, but what does this have to do with us?

WORMSER

You recently came into possession of some documents.

Wormser leans over to Brian with a defiant scowl.

WORMSER (CONT'D)

Where are they?

BRIAN

I think you're mistaken.

WORMSER

I don't make mistakes. What have you done with them?

BRIAN

Nothing, now I want you to leave and let us finish our meal.

WORMSER

After the war ended, the Russians confiscated many of Hitler's private and personal artifacts. I believe the Americans managed to salvage a few themselves. We will stop at nothing to get what rightfully belongs to the Reich.

BRIAN

What do you want?

WORMSER

(hostile)

I want the Bible. Where is it?

BRIAN

It doesn't belong to you or the Third Reich.

WORMSER

I want the Bible, and you will give it to me.

BRIAN

I don't know how you found out about the Bible, but I wouldn't give it to you even if I had it. What do you know about a former Nazi, Heinrich Glossen?

WORMSER

Why do you ask?

BRIAN

I'm trying to locate him.

WORMSER

He's a former colleague of mine, but he's dead, a victim of an unfortunate accident.

He drinks down his beer.

WORMSER (CONT'D)

You must stop your meddling into our affairs and stick to what you do best: writing.

BRIAN

I believe the Bible does mean something and I'm going to find out what the hell it is.

WORMSER

I warn you, Herr Bennett. I will have that Bible. You're interfering with something you know nothing about. If you persist in this madness, you will be in grave danger. I hope I've made myself clear.

Wormser stands, puts on his cape and hat, maneuvers through the patrons, and walks out the door.

LAURA

(scared)

What do we do now?

BRIAN

Let's go to Italy and track down the caretaker? He has to know something about the origin of the Bible.

LAURA

(frustrated)

How are we going to get there?

BRIAN

We'll go to the airport and take our chances.

LAURA

What about the Olympics?

BRIAN

We'll worry about that later.

INT. GLOSSEN'S OFFICE - BERLIN - DAY (1940)

Glossen is waiting for EVA DOFMÜNSTER, his secretary, to join him.

EVA

Excuse me, sir, is this a good time?

GLOSSEN

Please be seated, Eva.

EVA

You said earlier, you wanted to talk to me.

Eva takes a seat.

GLOSSEN

In a recent meeting with the Propaganda Minister, he said it is time to allow a small group of trustees to learn about Horst and make a decision how to proceed in regard to telling the Führer.

EVA

I understand. I can set up such a meeting.

GLOSSEN

I also have been asked to write a report concerning German military prowess and the respect the leaders of the High Command have for their Führer.

EVA

(slight smirk)
Propaganda of course.

GLOSSEN

It could be nothing, but our generals are tired of the Führer's misguided leadership. They feel it is not in our best interest now to attack the West.

EVA

The Führer is adamant. What can we do?

GLOSSEN

It's our job as the propaganda directorate to turn that perception around.

Eva laughs heartily before she responds.

EVA

We can only do what is humanly possible. We cannot be expected to perform miracles.

GLOSSEN

We must also decide how to prepare Horst for the inevitable. I believe it's time.

EVA

Yes, and you must tell the trustees of your intentions soon.

GLOSSEN

Exactly, I intend to do so when you can arrange the meeting.

INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The next day, the conference room is full of staff members. Eva attends to take notes.

GLOSSEN

May I have your attention? I want to be clear. Horst will be ready to meet the Führer in only days now. Is that understood?

WORMSER

Certainly, Herr Glossen, but to what end do we take the chance the Führer will accept the notion of a twin?

GLOSSEN

Horst is now ready to meet with the leader of the Third Reich. Herr Goebbels and I will be present.

WORMSER

I want to be there. No, I must be there.

GLOSSEN

It has already been arranged.

WORMSER

Have you thought what will happen if the Führer dismisses Horst as a fraud? Will you take all the credit then?

GLOSSEN

Herr Wormser, I believe their destiny is undeniable. Of course, if not, you may take the credit.

Glossen looks around the room at the smiling staff. There is silence.

WORMSER

You must be careful, Herr Glossen. The Führer is a busy man. I would not want you to anger him in spite of your seemingly good intentions.

GLOSSEN

My intensions are clear. Your concerns are without foundation.

WORMSER

I'm convinced the Führer will not believe Horst is his twin any more than he believes the long-suffering Russian Army can defeat Germany. Do you remember when someone had the ridiculous idea to create a double for Hitler so he could be better protected? Do you recall what happened, Herr Glossen?

GLOSSEN

Yes, of course, Hitler went into a tirade when he found out.

WORMSER

We must learn from our mistakes. I'm rather surprised Goebbels has even agreed to this nonsense.

Glossen pounds his fist on the table.

GLOSSEN

It was his idea to go to the monastery and find him in the first place.

WORMSER

So Goebbels believes the Führer's reaction will somehow be much different now?

GLOSSEN

Yes, Horst will meet his brother whether you like it or not.

Glossen storms out of the meeting, leaving everyone else seated.

INT. HORST'S APARTMENT - DAY

A day later, Horst, now wearing a mustache, is sitting alone on the sofa, staring at the floor when Glossen and Eva arrive. They hang up their snow-covered coats and approach Horst.

GLOSSEN

Where's Duckert?

HORST
He's in the other room.

GLOSSEN
I know what's wrong. You miss
Hagenmünster.

HORST
The monastery is the only home I
have known for many years. Berlin
is not the same.

Eva sits next to Horst.

EVA
You must take all of this in
stride.

GLOSSEN
You must understand the importance
of being here. You are the
identical twin of the leader of the
Third Reich.

HORST
I have asked God for forgiveness.

GLOSSEN
Why?

HORST
When I first became a monk, I
learned God's will was to take care
of others. Now I have somehow been
chosen to look after my brother.

EVA
No one can do it better than you.

Duckert comes into the room.

DUCKERT
I expected you earlier this
morning.

GLOSSEN
We were indisposed.

DUCKERT
As you can see, Horst is resting
comfortably.

GLOSSEN
 (looks at Horst)
 Are you prepared to meet the
 Führer?

HORST
 I don't think he will accept me as
 his brother. Even if he believes
 I'm related to him, what do you
 want me to do?

GLOSSEN
 I'm convinced over time you will be
 allowed to stand in for the Führer,
 especially if he is feeling ill.

There is a sign of melancholy in Horst's voice.

HORST
 Will I ever be allowed to return to
 the monastery?

GLOSSEN
 It's certainly possible, but we
 must spend our time rehearsing for
 your meeting with the Führer.

HORST
 What if he meets me and thinks I'm
 an imposter? What will happen to
 me?

DUCKERT
 We will-
 (looks at Glossen)

GLOSSEN
 If nothing else, if things don't go
 well, I will take you back to
 Hagenmünster.

Glossen goes over and pats Horst on the shoulder.

EXT. HAGENMÜNSTER MONASTERY - DAY (1972)

Parking the car at the monastery, they can see no sign of
 life anywhere. They get out of the car and observe the
 monastery.

BRIAN
 (angry)
 I knew Horst wouldn't be at the
 villa.

LAURA

I can't understand why the rental agents in Siena said you were mistaken about staying there.

BRIAN

I'm not crazy. Okay, I was there. They're trying to hide something.

LAURA

It doesn't make any sense. I'll stay here. You need to be careful.

INT. MONASTERY HALLWAY - DAY

Once inside, Brian tries to find a place to hide while the monks are in Morning Prayer, but a shadow overcomes him. When he turns around, he notices an imposing figure staring at him. BROTHER FLAVIUS, a middle-aged monk, moves closer.

BROTHER FLAVIUS

May I help you? I am Brother Flavius. You mustn't be afraid. I will not judge you.

BRIAN

No, I was just leaving. I didn't mean to alarm you.

BROTHER FLAVIUS

Why have you come here to Hagenmünster?

Brian starts to turn around, but changes his mind.

BRIAN

I need to get some information. I don't know if you can help me.

BROTHER FLAVIUS

You must only ask, my son. I cannot help you if you don't tell me what it is you want.

INT. OFFICE OF BROTHER FLAVIUS - DAY

They go into his office and take a seat. Brian reaches into inside pocket of his sports coat and retrieves the birth certificate and letter.

BRIAN

Here. Look at these.

BROTHER FLAVIUS
Why do they matter to you?

BRIAN
I think they're important. A monk
from this monastery warned me I
would be in danger if I pursued
this story.

Brother Flavius stands up and goes over to an old bookcase
and grabs a large book, blows off the dust, comes back and
places the book in front of Brian. He opens it to a page a
quarter of the way through and moves it closer to Brian.

BROTHER FLAVIUS
His name is Brother Matthias.

BRIAN
This must have been taken a long
time ago.

BROTHER FLAVIUS
It was probably taken in the early
1920s.

BRIAN
Who is it?

BROTHER FLAVIUS
He is the baby Brother Dimitrius
found on the doorstep of our
monastery.

Brian's face says it all.

BROTHER FLAVIUS (CONT'D)
He was looked after by Brother
Dimitrius and become a monk.

BRIAN
Is he still here?

BROTHER FLAVIUS
I'm afraid not. He left many years
ago. I cannot remember the exact
date, but I think Brother Matthias
departed here sometime around 1939
or 1940.

BRIAN
Where did he go?

BROTHER FLAVIUS
I don't think anyone ever knew.

BRIAN
Have you ever heard of a Heinrich
Glossen?

BROTHER FLAVIUS
No. I haven't.

BRIAN
He belongs to a group called the
Freundesdesreiches.

BROTHER FLAVIUS
Why would I know such a thing?

BRIAN
I just thought you might. May I
have this photo?

BROTHER FLAVIUS
Yes, if it is necessary.

Brother Flavius escorts Brian out of the office.

INT. LAURA AND BRIAN'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Laura is sitting on bed reading Hitler's Bible. Brian throws
the picture down in front of her.

LAURA
What's this?

BRIAN
It's a picture of a monk.

LAURA
I can see that. Who is it?

BRIAN
Brother Matthias. He was the baby
left on the doorstep.

LAURA
So, now we know. This is very
interesting.

Laura examines the photo with heightened curiosity.

BRIAN
What's the matter?

LAURA
Have you really looked at this
photo?

BRIAN

Yes. Why?

LAURA

Look at his face. Look closely.

Brian glances over Laura's shoulder; trying to get a good look.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Do you see what I see? He looks like a spitting image of Adolf Hitler when he was a young man.

BRIAN

How do you know that?

LAURA

When we were in the library in Munich, I saw his picture while you were reading that book on Nazi leadership.

BRIAN

It has to be a coincidence.

LAURA

Does it? The date on the birth certificate is the same day Hitler was born.

Brian hesitates; walks around for a moment.

BRIAN

So what are you saying? You're not suggesting Adolf Hitler had a twin brother. Are you?

LAURA

I don't know. I suppose.

BRIAN

What if it's true? Hitler had a twin brother and he was a monk. What an extraordinary story.

LAURA

You know, there may be something to this. Why is the Freundedesreiches so interested in what we're doing? They have to be protecting something.

BRIAN
It looks like it.

Laura stands and paces back and forth.

LAURA
How were we going to prove Hitler had a twin? No one is going to believe us unless we have real proof. No one. I find it extremely hard to believe myself.

BRIAN
I think we need to go to Braunau and try and find someone who knew Hitler's family.

LAURA
Do you really think anyone would discuss Hitler and his family now?

BRIAN
I don't know, but we have to try.

EXT. VIENNA STREET - DAY

In the morning, Brian and Laura park their car, get out and walk up to the apartment of JOSEPH SCHÄFFER.

LAURA
I knew we wouldn't get much information in Braunau. Hitler is a sore subject.

BRIAN
That's okay, at least we know about Herr Schäffer now.

Brian knocks on the door and Schäffer answers.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Are you Joseph Schäffer?

SCHÄFFER
Yes, may I help you?

BRIAN
We are doing a documentary about Austria during World War II. Can we take a few minutes of your time?

SCHÄFFER

You seem like a nice couple, please
come in.

INT. DIMLY LIT LIVING ROOM - DAY

They are escorted in the sparse living room and Schäffer
offers them a seat.

BRIAN

Would you tell us a bit about
yourself?

SCHÄFFER

I was born in Vienna in 1887. My
father was a banker and my mother
an opera teacher. After graduating
from university, I became a banker.

BRIAN

What did you do during the war?

SCHÄFFER

I remained a banker. I must say I
never fought in the war.

BRIAN

What do you know about Adolf
Hitler?

Schaffer's sudden glare at Brian is obvious.

SCHÄFFER

I know a little. Why?

LAURA

I understand you knew him
personally.

SCHÄFFER

None of that matters now.

LAURA

Can you please tell us what you
know?

SCHÄFFER

After we met, we shared a love of
opera and spent quite a bit of time
together. I remember he was down
and out. Once he left Vienna I only
saw him once again.

BRIAN

When?

SCHÄFFER

It was during the annexation of Austria when Hitler came to Vienna. He wanted me to join the Nazi Party and be his Finance Minister.

BRIAN

You declined.

SCHÄFFER

Yes. Adolf said he regretted my decision, but respected my reasons for not accepting. I never saw him after that.

LAURA

Please tell us, did Hitler ever talk to you about Jews?

SCHÄFFER

Not really, but I don't think he cared for them much.

LAURA

What do you mean?

SCHÄFFER

He told me once they believe they rule the universe and he didn't think they were worthy of that distinction.

Brian asks Laura for the Bible and hands it to Schäffer.

BRIAN

Do you recognize this?

SCHÄFFER

It looks like a well preserved Bible.

LAURA

It belonged to Hitler.

SCHÄFFER

This does look like his writing to me. Where did you find this?

Brian hands the picture to Schäffer.

BRIAN

Look at this. It is a picture of a monk taken in the mid-to-late twenties. It was taken at Hagenmünster, a monastery near Linz.

Schäffer hesitates.

SCHÄFFER

Is this some kind of joke? You could have fooled me. It looks like Adolf: thin, sunken cheeks and hair down on his forehead. This is how I knew him.

LAURA

Is there any possibility he could have had a twin?

SCHÄFFER

(befuddled)

That's impossible. He would have told me.

BRIAN

What if he didn't know?

SCHÄFFER

I don't believe it.

Schäffer gets up and goes over to an old wooden bookcase. Sitting down, he shows them a small notebook filled with flamboyant writing penned by Hitler while in Vienna.

SCHÄFFER (CONT'D)

This belonged to Hitler also. He gave it to me before he left for Munich. In it he talks about his love of the arts, among other things.

Brian looks at the notebook and smiles.

SCHÄFFER (CONT'D)

May I have this picture?

BRIAN

I'll tell you what. I'll leave it here tonight and be back tomorrow to pick it up. Can we take the notebook with us?

SCHÄFFER
That will be fine.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - DAY

The next morning, Brian and Laura arrive in the lobby of a hospital. They see a young POLICE OFFICER.

BRIAN
(agitated)
What happened to Herr Schäffer? We were just at his apartment and we were told to come here.

POLICE OFFICER
I'm afraid he is in critical condition. He was attacked last night in his home. How do you know him?

BRIAN
I'm a reporter and he was giving me a story.

They walk down the hall and an older NURSE approaches.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Is Herr Schäffer all right?

NURSE
I'm afraid he passed away only minutes ago.

BRIAN
Did he have any belongings?

NURSE
Only his clothes. I'm sorry.

The nurse walks away.

Brian slams his fist against the wall.

BRIAN
What the hell are we going to do?
We need that picture.

LAURA
It isn't the end of the world.
After all, we have the diary.

BRIAN

Damn it, it had to be the Wormser.
We need to go back to the house and
search for the photo.

LAURA

No, I'm afraid it's gone. We'll
have to live without it now.

EXT. THE ENGLISCHER GARTEN - MUNICH - DAY

Ronny, having arriving in Munich, meets Brian and Laura for a
round of drinks. They sit at a table away from others.

RONNY

You're looking fit.

LAURA

And you, I'm glad you could come.

RONNY

(smiles)
What's so important?

Brian motions for the Bible Laura is holding.

BRIAN

See this Bible. It belonged to
Hitler. Laura's friend confirmed
it.

RONNY

Hitler? Really? Did he get a second
opinion?

BRIAN

Of course he did. I also found two
interesting documents in the back
cover of the Bible.

He hands the documents to Ronny and he quickly looks at them.

RONNY

Why do you really think the
caretaker gave you this Bible?

BRIAN

I have no idea, but after the Abbot
at the monastery told us it was all
a hoax, a monk approached us and
told us to forget what we knew
because we would be in danger.

RONNY

He didn't tell you why?

BRIAN

No, but he gave us a name and the address of Heinrich Glossen.

RONNY

Glossen. I seem to recall he worked for Goebbels enhance the credibility of the propagandea directorate.

BRIAN

Yes, Glossen supposedly escaped allied hands at the end of the war.

RONNY

He could still be alive.

LAURA

He's dead.

RONNY

How do you know?

LAURA

A man named Manfred Wormser told us.

RONNY

Manfred Wormser. I've also heard that name before.

BRIAN

He is involved in a group he calls the Freundedesreiches.

Ronny takes a swig of his beer and glances around the area.

RONNY

Roughly translated, it means The Friends of the Reich. It's a secret organization that was created to preserve the dogmas of the Third Reich. They have managed to recruit a diverse membership: doctors, lawyers, police officers, housewives, and even a large contingent of military officers.

LAURA

We saw a picture of a monk that looked just like Hitler when he was younger.

RONNY

May I see it?

BRIAN

We don't have it. We gave it to an old friend of Hitler. But he gave us this diary that also belonged to Hitler.

Ronny quickly looks through the diary.

RONNY

This is worth something. Where is this friend now?

BRIAN

He's dead and now we don't have any proof.

RONNY

Proof of what?

LAURA

Ronny, we think Hitler had a twin.

RONNY

(laughing)
A twin. That's preposterous.

BRIAN

Why?

RONNY

There's no record of it. Someone by now would have uncovered it, if it were true. I don't believe it.

Laura frowns at her friend before she responds.

LAURA

You might if you had seen the picture of Brother Matthias.

RONNY

I would be careful. They could be interested in Hitler's Bible and possibly the documents simply because they are artifacts of the Third Reich.

LAURA

Wormser asked for the Bible and we didn't give it to him, so I now think more than ever Hitler had a twin brother: one that became a monk.

BRIAN

And we're going to prove it.

LAURA

Yes, and I want you to help us figure it out.

RONNY

Fine, but I will say this; Hitler would never have condoned a twin. You two need to forget about this nonsense.

INT. HITLER'S OFFICE - DAY - BERLIN (1940)

Glossen is escorted into Hitler's office by his secretary. Hitler is standing at the side of his desk waiting.

GLOSSEN

Seig Heil.

HITLER

What is so important that must be discussed today?

GLOSSEN

Mein Führer, I want to tell you I've found an individual near Linz I think is related to you.

HITLER

Who is this person?

GLOSSEN

He is a monk from Hagenmünster.

HITLER

What does that have to do with me?

GLOSSEN

He has your resemblance. It really is incredible.

HITLER

(face contorting)
What is the meaning of this?

He waves his fist before he pounds the table.

HITLER (CONT'D)

I have built the Third Reich with sweat and determination. I have no one else to thank. How dare you tell me you have found this person. You would have me believe I somehow have a twin brother? That is utter nonsense, and I will not have it. I never want to hear of this again.

He dismisses Glossen with a flick of his wrist.

INT. GLOSSEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Glossen sits at his desk looking terribly rejected. His secretary comes in.

EVA

May we have a word?

GLOSSEN

Yes, is there a problem?

EVA

In a brief discussion, Herr Wormser made a point to say in only days now I would be working for him since you would be punished for your incredibly arrogant act of treachery.

GLOSSEN

Perhaps I was wrong. I suppose I should take the monk back to where he belongs.

EVA

Do you really want to do that?
You're not one to give up.

GLOSSEN

I believe Horst is the Führer's twin brother. Making the Führer accept it has been considered difficult from the very beginning.

EVA

If you believe it, you must act. I haven't seen Herr Goebbels in here with the SS attempting an arrest. I think you have another chance.

GLOSSEN

I cannot imagine Goebbels allowing me to meet with the Führer again.

Glossen hesitates.

GLOSSEN (CONT'D)

Besides, Wormser wants me fired.

EVA

And what would you say to that?

GLOSSEN

(smiles)

I would say he shouldn't pack up his office anytime soon. It is difficult conducting business standing in the hallway.

EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - DAY (1972)

Brian, Laura and Ronny walk out of the stadium after the last event and stroll along a side street to relax from their long day at the games.

BRIAN

You know, I think after the Olympics end, I'll go home. I need a rest from anything to do with Hitler or the Third Reich.

RONNY

Good, you are well advised to forget about it. The story you're pursuing is nothing but a hoax.

LAURA

Thank God, the nightmare will soon be over.

As they cross the street, Brian notices several suspicious looking men standing on the corner who appear to be watching their every move.

Before they can react, the men start running toward them. Brian motions for Laura and Ronny to run in the opposite direction toward the Olympic Park, so they can get away easier. He runs down the street trying to find a crowded building to go into or a back alley in which to hide. But within a matter of minutes, Brian is surrounded. He has no choices left.

INT. SMALL BEDROOM - DAY

The creaky door is opened and an older man, an INTERROGATOR, enters the eerie looking room where Brian is in bed.

INTERROGATOR

How are you feeling, Herr Bennett?

BRIAN

I've felt better. How long have I been here?

INTERROGATOR

Not very long. You are our guest. I merely want to talk to you about a few things. That's all. Nothing to worry about.

Brian lifts his head a bit and tries to look around the room.

BRIAN

Where am I?

INTERROGATOR

I want to know why you have come all the way to Munich. What do you possible have to gain?

BRIAN

I'm a reporter, covering the Olympics, but you already know that.

INTERROGATOR

Why have you been traveling around the countryside; to Austria and Italy? The Olympics are in Munich. Are you not aware of that?

BRIAN

But you're not interested in that. Are you?

INTERROGATOR

The Third Reich did not die in 1945, Herr Bennett. The death of the Führer did not change the sentiments of many citizens. We live to protect his image, his legacy.

BRIAN

That can't be.

The interrogator leans down toward Brian.

INTERROGATOR

You have the undivided attention of the Freundedesreiches. We are incensed you are making up stories about the Führer. You must stop this investigation.

BRIAN

You just don't want me to uncover the truth.

INTERROGATOR

There is nothing to tell. If you persist, you and your friends will suffer the consequences.

BRIAN

What are you people trying to hide?

INTERROGATOR

I want you to listen to me, Herr Bennett. Don't let your obsessions ruin your life. Go home. Forget about all of this. If you do, you will never here from us again.

INT. BRIAN AND LAURA'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Laura and Ronny are sitting together and talking.

LAURA

I'm worried about Brian. It's been how many days?

RONNY

We can only hope and pray. The Freundedesreiches will think nothing of doing something terrible to Brian if he doesn't comply with their wishes.

LAURA

We should have left well enough alone.

The door is opened and Brian comes in looking drained and cold from the wet rain. He sits on the bed.

LAURA (CONT'D)

I thought I would never see you again. You look terrible. They drugged you, didn't they?

BRIAN

I don't know. It feels like it. I don't remember much.

LAURA

Maybe it will all come back to you if you just relax.

RONNY

It was Wormser's doing. He wanted to send us all a message.

BRIAN

All I remember is an old man who looked like a mad scientist.

Brian looks around the room.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Where are the documents?

LAURA

They're gone.

BRIAN

What happened?

RONNY

Two men grabbed Laura's purse and emptied it on the street. They took off with everything.

BRIAN

Damn it, what are we going to do without them? What day is it? When's the closing ceremony?

LAURA

The Olympics ended three days ago.

BRIAN

Jesus, what the hell am I going to tell Binneker?

LAURA

That should be the least of your worries. We need to figure out what to do about the Freunedesreiches.

BRIAN

So where does that put us? I think it's all over. They have the Bible, the documents. We have nothing.

LAURA

It's time to go home.

RONNY

I'm willing to stick it out. I think we're on to something.

Laura throws Ronny a dirty look.

LAURA

I thought you said it was a hoax.

RONNY

I'm not so sure now.

LAURA

I think it's a losing battle, as they say. We don't need the aggravation. I'll make the travel arrangements.

The phone rings. Brian answers it.

BRIAN

Hello.

Brian listens to the caller and hangs up; looking perplexed.

LAURA

Who was that?

BRIAN

She calls herself Marta and wants to meet with me in the morning near the river.

LAURA

Why would this woman want to talk to you? It doesn't sound right. She probably belongs to the Freundedesreiches.

BRIAN

Perhaps. What bothers me, though, is I know I've heard that voice somewhere before. I'm going to meet with her.

LAURA
I'll go with you.

BRIAN
No, you need to stay here. I can
take care of myself.

LAURA
You can? Is that why you were
kidnapped, drugged, and put through
an interrogation?

Brian remains silent; he just glances at Laura and Ronny with
a sense of embarrassment.

EXT. ISAR RIVER - DAY

In the early morning fog, Brian waits for his visitor;
leaning on a railing overlooking the river. MARTA approaches
wearing a long coat with her head covered, but takes it off
when she arrives.

MARTA
(slight smile)
My name is Marta.

BRIAN
(confused)
I thought your name was Gerta.

MARTA
No, that is what I wanted you to
think. May we sit down?

They go over and sit on a park bench.

BRIAN
What the hell is this all about?

MARTA
It is a long story, but I am
obliged to tell it to you if you
are willing to listen.

BRIAN
Yes, what is it?

MARTA
Heinrich Glossen escaped the
gallows only days before Hitler
shot himself in his bunker.

(MORE)

MARTA (CONT'D)

He went to London and when he returned five years later, he promoted the idea of a new world order.

BRIAN

Glossen seemed to have a lot of influence. What did he really want?

MARTA

I cannot be sure, but I think Glossen was obsessed with the greatness of the Third Reich.

BRIAN

Why are you still involved with them?

MARTA

Since I was a little girl, my father had convinced me Hitler was a political genius who had made Germany into a great nation: one that world had to reckon with.

Brian's demeanor shows frustration and responds appropriately.

BRIAN

But why are you so interested in me?

MARTA

The sole objective of the Freundesdesreiches is to gain total power over Germany once again. Within the last several years, the Freundesdesreiches has splintered into two factions. One still holds onto the old Nazi principles and wants to revive them. The other group is beginning to realize Nazism can never be embraced again and would rather tell Hitler's story than keep it a secret.

BRIAN

What secret?

MARTA

You have knowledge of something most Germans would never believe.

(MORE)

MARTA (CONT'D)

I will tell you what you want to know, but you must never tell anyone who told you.

BRIAN

Okay. What?

She stands and goes toward the water and leans against the railing. Brian follows her.

MARTA

The Hitler twins were born in the late afternoon of April 20th in 1889.

BRIAN

How do you know that?

MARTA

It's all based on a conversation Hitler's father had with a relative. A midwife delivered the children. Adolf was healthy enough, but his brother was very sick and not breathing very well. The father decided to take the weak baby to a priest to be blessed. He made the long trek through the night to a monastery close to Linz. But he was confronted by a monk and told to leave. He then went to Hagenmünster, a short distance to the east. Afraid they would simply bless the child and he would then be turned away again, he left his son on the doorstep, hoping he would be saved. A kind monk named Dimitrius found the baby in the early morning hours.

BRIAN

I know the rest. A monk at the monastery told me.

MARTA

Brother Flavius.

BRIAN

You know him?

MARTA

He belongs to the
Freundedesreiches, at least the
faction that wants the truth to be
told. Many whom you have talked to
belong.

BRIAN

He gave me a picture of Brother
Matthias.

MARTA

He was expecting you. He wanted you
to have the picture so you would
believe what you had doubted for so
long.

BRIAN

I gave the photo to Herr Schäffer
who was killed. They kidnapped me,
and now the Bible is gone.

MARTA

It's the work of the other faction
that wants nothing to do with
sharing Hitler's past. They will
kill anyone who gets in their way.

BRIAN

I figured they just wanted to scare
the hell out of me.

MARTA

You must understand if they had not
thought you would comply with their
wishes, they would have killed you.
Without a doubt.

Brian begins to pace.

BRIAN

This is Wormer's doing. Isn't it?

MARTA

Yes.

Brian grabs Marta's arm.

BRIAN

If what you are saying about
Hitler's brother is true, where is
he now?

MARTA

I don't know. To be honest with you, I've never known. I believe he's alive, but I cannot prove it.

BRIAN

Who would know?

Marta reaches in her pocket and pulls out a note.

MARTA

You must talk to Fräulein Hildabrand. She was Heinrich Glossen's mistress. She lives in Garmisch Germany.

BRIAN

Will she talk about Glossen?

Marta turns to leave, but faces Brian.

MARTA

I'm not sure, but you must consider the possibilities. If Glossen did find the Führer's twin brother, what would that have meant to the Third Reich?

She walks away, putting her hood up.

EXT. GARMISCH GERMANY - DAY

Brian knocks on a door of a rather large home belonging to Fraulein HELGA HILDABRAND. A middle-aged HOUSEKEEPER answers.

LAURA

Are you Fräulein Hildabrand?

HOUSEKEEPER

No, I am the housekeeper. Please come in, I will tell her you're here.

She disappears quickly.

INT. FOYER OF FRÄULEIN HILDABRAND'S HOUSE - DAY

An older lady enters the foyer.

HELGA

I am Fräulein Hildabrand. You may call me Helga. How may I help you?

LAURA

We understand you were the mistress
of Heinrich Glossen.

HELGA

Why have you really come here?

LAURA

We are researching several key
individuals who supported Hitler in
order to carry out the objectives
of the Third Reich.

Helga steps back a few steps; her demeanor suggesting she
isn't at all happy with what she heard.

HELGA

How dare you come here and ask me
these questions.

BRIAN

We're interested in Herr Glossen.
If you could just oblige us.

HELGA

I'm not sure I should say anything.
What do I have to gain by it?

BRIAN

Knowing you told the truth.

HELGA

They will know.

BRIAN

Who?

HELGA

The Freundesdesreiches. I must ask
you to leave.

LAURA

(polite smile)
No, please, we really need to know.

Helga appears perplexed, but motions for them to follow her.

INT. HELGA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

They sit on a large sofa. Helga paces back and forth and then
stands by the fireplace.

HELGA

When we first met, I didn't like him because he was so arrogant. The third time we met, Glossen asked me to dinner. Immediately, I knew he was very intelligent and savvy; someone I knew the Führer would want to promote the Third Reich.

BRIAN

Did he say what he actually did for the Führer?

HELGA

No, not really.

BRIAN

So, you were never privy to his relationship with Hitler.

HELGA

We only talked about it briefly. Heinrich claimed he was sworn to secrecy and could not under any circumstance reveal the intimate inner dealings of the Third Reich.

BRIAN

What about Goebbels? Did you ever meet him?

HELGA

Once, which was one time too many. I do remember one night, Glossen was so upset at Goebbels that he spent the entire evening throwing up in my bathroom. I concluded early on in our relationship the tensions of being an influential and trusted leader in the Third Reich were practically suicidal.

BRIAN

You mentioned the Freundedesreiches earlier. What do you know about them?

Appearing upset, Helga sits on a large chair facing Brian and Laura.

HELGA

All I know is that they are evil. They will kill anyone they feel threatened by.

BRIAN

What do you know that is so important that the Freundesreiches would take your life if you told someone?

A look of fear comes over Helga's face.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

We have reason to believe Adolf Hitler had a twin. What do you know about that?

HELGA

I'm not the one you should ask.

LAURA

Please, if you know something, anything.

HELGA

At the end of 1941, I attended a small get-together with Glossen for the senior members. I enjoyed socializing with the Führer. It was certainly an honor. But what Glossen said shocked me. He told me the Führer had come down with a very bad cold and was confined to bed. When I asked how that could be since I had just talked to him, Heinrich said it was not Hitler I had addressed. It was an impostor. His name was Horst.

BRIAN

Horst, that was his name?

HELGA

Yes, I must not say anything more.

She goes over to her bookcase and writes down a name and address. Brian looks at the small piece of paper. It reads Eva Dofmünster, 501 Marlybone Drive, South Kensington, London, England.

HELGA (CONT'D)

I believe you will want to talk to Heinrich's former secretary.

BRIAN

Is Glossen still alive?

HELGA

I don't know.

The housekeeper abruptly comes into the room.

HOUSEKEEPER

Madam, there are men at the door
who say they must talk to you
immediately.

Helga motions for them to go out the back door. They leave
reluctantly.

INT. MUNICH RESTAURANT - CROWED - NIGHT

Brian, Laura, and Ronny are having dinner.

RONNY

So, you talked to Glossen's
mistress.

BRIAN

Yes. She wasn't exactly
forthcoming.

LAURA

We had to leave. Someone was at the
door. Her life was in danger.
We should have stayed and protected
her.

BRIAN

They know we're on to their secret
and can't let us get away with it.
That's why we had to leave.

LAURA

Helga's fate is in God's hands.

BRIAN

Don't you think it's odd the
imposter's name was Horst?

LAURA

I don't know what to think.

RONNY

While you were gone, I found out
that Glossen's son, Rudolf, lives
somewhere in Munich.

BRIAN

We need to track him down.

Brian is staring at the front of the restaurant, specifically at two men dressed in long black coats who look suspicious.

Then, quickly, they enter the establishment and, with no warning, pull long-nosed pistols out from under their coats and yell for everyone to get down. They point the guns at Brian's table. Brian pushes Laura down off her chair and shields her. Ronny tries to jump under the table. The two men leave quickly out the front door.

EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - NIGHT

Several days later, Brian slowly walks to the Olympic Stadium. He hears a voice coming from a side entrance to the stadium. As the figure comes closer, her face is revealed. It is Marta, and they take a walk around the track.

BRIAN

I'm glad you called. I need to talk to you.

MARTA

You're short of breath.

BRIAN

(shaken)

Damn it, the Freundedesreiches is trying to ruin my life. My fiancée got so scared, she went back to New York.

MARTA

They don't want you to succeed.

BRIAN

I think they kidnapped the mistress.

MARTA

She's fine. She's in a safe house. We're protecting her.

BRIAN

Good, she gave me a name.

MARTA

Yes, Eva Dofmünster.

BRIAN

Helga said she would know more than anyone else about Hitler's twin.

MARTA

It is possible, Eva had daily contact with Glossen.

Brian stops dead in his tracks and grabs Marta's arms.

BRIAN

Why did you really call me? Tell me.

MARTA

You could have easily been killed at the restaurant. You want to find out the truth. Right?

They continue walking along the track.

BRIAN

You know, I'm not so sure anyone will believe it.

MARTA

If you think that's the case, then why are you so desperately trying to prove it?

BRIAN

Obsession, I guess.

MARTA

A dangerous one. If the twin is still alive and you somehow find him, Wormser will become enraged and track you down to the ends of the earth. So you see, finding him would be just the beginning. You must be careful.

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

In the morning, Brian walks down the street looking for Eva's address. He walks up the steps to the door.

INT. EVA DOFMÜNSTER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Eva pours a round of tea and presents a cup to Brian.

EVA

I'm surprised you found me. It's been so many years.

BRIAN

I was told you would know quite a bit about Heinrich Glossen and quite possibly the monk.

EVA

Yes, I suppose. In late October of 1939, Heinrich and several associates went to Hagenmünster to get Brother Matthias.

BRIAN

So they went and got the monk. Just like that.

EVA

Yes.

BRIAN

How did you meet Horst?

EVA

Heinrich escorted me to the hotel. Once inside the suite, Heinrich asked me to have a seat. He came out of nowhere. Horst was standing there glaring at me. He looked and sounded like the Führer. But it was his eyes that made the difference. They were mesmerizing like Hitler's eyes; dark, rich, and able to convey a sense that he was staring through the person to whom he was talking.

BRIAN

When did he meet Hitler?

EVA

Horst endured a very long transition period, but the first time Glossen approached the Führer about the twin, Hitler wouldn't hear of it.

BRIAN

What do you mean?

EVA

Hitler was infuriated and Heinrich thought both he and Goebbels would be fired. But it was the second time that was the charm.

(MORE)

EVA (CONT'D)

Hitler, for some reason, decided he wanted to meet Horst. Glossen's explanation was haunting.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HITLER'S OFFICE - DAY (1940)

Glossen and Horst reluctantly enter Hitler's office. Hitler and Goebbels are sitting at the Führer's conference table. Hitler stands and approaches Horst and motions for him to take a seat.

HITLER

I understand we share a birthday.

GLOSSEN

Mein Führer, Horst is from Hagenmünster. He-

HITLER

I know. May I see the paperwork?

GLOSSEN

Of course.

He hands the paperwork to Hitler.

Hitler scans documents and looks at Horst.

HITLER

You were abandoned. I cannot imagine such a fate. You never knew who your real parents were?

HORST

(scared)

No, mein Führer. No.

HITLER

I hope it wasn't the will of my father that caused you this pain.

The hush at the table is eerie. Hitler is showing emotion he has not expressed very often around his senior leaders. They are shocked.

HITLER (CONT'D)

(face stiffens)

Can you be the brother I always longed for. Is it possible you were left to the will of God at some monastery out in the wilderness?

(MORE)

HITLER (CONT'D)

How could it be you look so much
like the leader of the Third Reich?

Hitler looks around the room.

GLOSSEN

Mein Führer. I-

HITLER

(motions for silence)

Have they treated you well here in
Berlin? Do you have a reasonable
place to stay? If not, I will have
you transported down to my mountain
retreat. There you can relax and no
one will know you are there.

HORST

I will do what you think is best,
mein Führer.

RETURN TO PRESENT

Brian is taken aback and has a hard time getting the words
out.

BRIAN

Is the twin still alive?

EVA

I don't know.

BRIAN

What about Glossen? I was told he
was dead.

Eva retrieves a small address book from the kitchen.

EVA

Here is his address.

Brian looks at the note. It reads Florence, Italy.

BRIAN

Where?

EVA

He usually stays at the Hotel
Dorian by the Duomo. That is where
you will find him.

BRIAN

I will be glad to talk to him. I have already met Manfred Wormser.

EVA

Where? When?

BRIAN

It's not important. He is a terrible human being.

EVA

(unnerved)

If you've already met Wormser, it could be too late. You may never get to see Glossen. You must go now. There is not much time left.

EXT. THE ENGLISCHER GARTEN - MUNICH - DAY

A day later in the late afternoon, Brian and Ronny walk along a small trail leading into the park.

RONNY

So, do you think Glossen will answer all your questions about Horst?

BRIAN

I can't be certain, but I'm going to give it a try. Who's this person we're suppose to meet here?

RONNY

I don't know. He didn't give his name on the phone.

They could hear footsteps behind them. It is RUDOLF GLOSSEN. They wait for the worst.

RUDOLF

You mustn't fear for your lives. I am Rudolf Glossen, Heinrich's son.

RONNY

You scared the hell out of us.

RUDOLF

I don't mean to alarm you, but I must warn you of the dangers you're facing with Wormser.

BRIAN

Who told you how you could reach me?

RUDOLF

Eva Dofmünster. She said we should talk.

BRIAN

Why?

RUDOLF

Eva and I belong to the Freundedesreiches. We are at war with Wormser over how to preserve the glory of the Führer.

BRIAN

(agitated)

I know Glossen's your father, but you seem to have a personal vendetta against Wormser.

Rudolf's face becomes rigid, as he looks away for a moment.

RUDOLF

He killed my wife. That bastard murdered her out of vengeance against my father. I could never change the fact that I'm the son of Heinrich Glossen. Wormser has even stalked my sister.

RONNY

What about her?

RUDOLF

She wasn't spared the abuse of those bastards. They hounded her so much and for so long that she had to leave her husband and go underground.

BRIAN

Where is she now?

RUDOLF

You've met her.

BRIAN

Where?

RUDOLF

Her name is Marta.

BRIAN

What?

RUDOLF

She has been a guardian angel to you both in your quest to tell the truth.

Brian hesitates.

BRIAN

Marta's your sister?

Brian seems at a loss for words for a moment.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Is your father in Florence?

RUDOLF

Yes, you must go and talk with him. He can help you.

BRIAN

Do you know if Horst is still alive?

RUDOLF

My father is the only one that can tell you that. I know it's hard to believe Hitler had a twin, but he did.

INT. RESTAURANT NEAR OLYMPIC PARK - NIGHT

Ronny and Brian drink Pilsners and makes a toast to their friendship.

RONNY

I've made a decision to go to Italy with you.

BRIAN

No, you need to stay here. For some unknown reason, I know I have to solve this mystery alone.

RONNY

That doesn't make any sense.

BRIAN

(smiles, then laughs)
Yeah, I know.

It's the weight of a hand Brian feels first on his shoulder pressing down.

WORMSER

Herr Bennett, how nice to see you this evening. You must introduce me to your friend. I believe your fiancée returned to America weeks ago. You must like Munich this time of year.

BRIAN

What do you want? We're having dinner.

WORMSER

I can see that. We must talk. You don't mind if I smoke, do you?

BRIAN

Not especially.

WORMSER

Now tell me, Herr Bennett, are you still trying to find out if the Führer had a twin brother? Of course, it's nonsense but I believe you are very stubborn.

BRIAN

I know all about you, Wormser. For some reason I can't explain, you are hell-bent on making sure I don't find out.

Wormser pauses and exhales smoke at the both of them.

WORMSER

I don't know why you are so persistent. There is nothing to tell. My conscious is clear.

BRIAN

We're leaving. Going back to the United States tomorrow. I'm sure you're glad to hear that.

WORMSER

I must say that's very convenient. Why would you abandon your story, Herr Bennett? You're such an inquisitive reporter. I'm very disappointed.

BRIAN

I know when I'm defeated. You win.
Is that what you want to hear?

WORMSER

Yes, if I thought you were serious.
Come now, Herr Bennett, do you
expect me to believe for one moment
you are giving up? That would not
be like you.

BRIAN

You can think what you want, but my
stay in Munich is over.

WORMSER

(looks at Ronny)
And what about you?

RONNY

I'm leaving as well.

WORMSER

Your mother is Jewish. Is that not
correct?

Ronny doesn't say anything.

WORMSER (CONT'D)

Perhaps it is time to go home and
visit with her.

Looks over at Brian.

WORMSER (CONT'D)

And I would suggest you go back to
New York and see your beautiful
fiancée. Forget about all this. You
must leave for everyone's sake.

BRIAN

What the hell does that mean?

WORMSER

Only that you owe it to yourselves
to protect the ones you love.

BRIAN

If you ever think about hurting my
fiancée or Ronny's mother, I will
track you down and kill you. Do you
understand me?

WORMSER

I warn you, Herr Bennett, you would already be dead if it were not for the incredible incompetence of my men. If you carry on with this charade, I personally will ensure your death will be carried out. I will be watching your every move.

EXT. FLORENCE STREET - NEAR DORIAN HOTEL - DAY

In the late morning, Brian is walking toward the hotel and notices suspicious men on several street corners. They begin chase.

Brian begins running wildly in and out of people; practically knocking them over. His assailants pursue him relentlessly. He can see a yellow Peugeot coming down the street. The car bypasses him at first and then abruptly stops.

MARTA

Get in!

Brian jumps in the car. She wastes no time putting the car in gear.

BRIAN

What are you doing here?

MARTA

Getting you to safety. What does it look like I'm doing?

The car speeds off around a corner.

INT. MARTA'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

They walk into Martha's hotel room. She motions for Brian to sit on the sofa and then joins him.

MARTA

They know you are here. You must remain with me. Make yourself at home.

BRIAN

I guess I should thank you. I just saw Wormser in Munich. He's crazy. I'm convinced of it.

MARTA

So you want to talk to my father.

BRIAN

Yes, I saw your brother the other day. He told me that your father was here.

MARTA

He's alive and well.

BRIAN

Why have you repeatedly lied to me? What is your role in all this?

Marta walks in the other room and brings out a bottle of wine and two glasses and places them on the coffee table.

MARTA

Being the daughter of Heinrich Glossen is not something I'm necessarily proud of, but over the years, he convinced me he never sanctioned such violence himself.

BRIAN

But he was involved in propaganda.

MARTA

I know it's hard to understand.

BRIAN

Why have I been chosen?

MARTA

I'm not sure.

BRIAN

And why you? Why were you selected? I mean to watch over me.

MARTA

Because the time is right. At least that's what my father told me. For the sake of history, if nothing else, he believes the German people need to know about Horst.

Brian's enthusiasm shows in his voice.

BRIAN

Is he still alive?

MARTA

Only my father can tell you that.

BRIAN

When can I meet him?

MARTA

I will drop you off near the Piazza della Signoria tomorrow morning. He will be waiting by the Palazzo Vecchio. He probably will be standing in the shadows, but I assure you, he will be there.

BRIAN

I can't wait to talk to him.

MARTA

You know, I suppose you are the chosen one.

BRIAN

Why?

MARTA

Spending two weeks at Villa Pontevecchio wasn't just a coincidence.

Brian stands and goes over to look out the window.

BRIAN

How do you know about the villa?

MARTA

My father owns it. Has for years.

BRIAN

Do you know Horst, the caretaker?

MARTA

I don't know anything about a caretaker.

BRIAN

I hope to hell your father will tell me what I want to know.

MARTA

Once you talk to him, I'm sure your mystery will be solved and life will go on.

Brian just stares at Marta.

EXT. PIAZZA DELLA SIGNORIA - DAY

The yellow Peugeot hugs the back streets, slowing down, the lights cutting off. Brian gets out of the car and the car drives off. The fog is heavy as dawn breaks.

As Brian nears the Palazzo Vecchio, he can see a faint outline of a figure off to the side by the Loggia dei Lanzi. The fog obstructs his view. As he gets closer, he can clearly see a man standing there. Glossen steps out of the fog toward Brian.

GLOSSEN

You must be Brian Bennett. I am Heinrich Glossen.

BRIAN

It's nice to finally meet you.

GLOSSEN

Has my daughter been taking care of you?

BRIAN

Yes, I'm sure I would have been killed if it weren't for your daughter's quick thinking.

GLOSSEN

She has always been a caring person.

BRIAN

I appreciate you taking the time.

They continue walking toward the River Arno. Brian is convinced they will be ambushed at any time.

GLOSSEN

You've come a long way to find the truth. I don't want to disappoint you.

BRIAN

I never thought I would get to talk to you. Wormser said you were dead.

GLOSSEN

(laughs)

I'm not surprised. I lived on the fringes of the Third Reich as a professor of economics.

(MORE)

GLOSSEN (CONT'D)

In January 1939, I was paid a visit from a Nazi recruiter who said he was there at the behest of the Minister of Propaganda. He said Goebbels wanted to talk to me. So I went in April and Goebbels hired me on the spot.

BRIAN

It must have been a shock to be a professor in a university one day and a servant of the Third Reich the next.

GLOSSEN

I still wonder why I gave up my freedom so easily.

BRIAN

Marta said you were a very influential part of Hitler's regime.

GLOSSEN

I suppose. It was all very deceiving. Nothing was as important as supporting the Führer from the moment a person woke up in the morning until he closed his eyes at night.

BRIAN

Did you ever think when you brought Brother Matthias to Berlin it would end up the way it did?

GLOSSEN

I had no such expectations. Why Hitler eventually accepted his brother is still a mystery to me. But what was more mysterious was how Horst eventually took on his brother's personality even though Hitler treated him poorly. I had my hands full. I will tell you that.

Glossen gazes across the river.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HORST'S ROOM - FÜHRERBUNKER - DAY (1945)

Hitler meets with Horst and Glossen in what looks like a gloomy cell: a room void of the most common of things, and lit by a small table lamp.

HITLER

You will stand at attention when I address you. Is that understood?

HORST

Yes, mein Führer.

HITLER

We must preserve the Reich. It is our destiny to be victorious. You will remain in Berlin and lead the masses while I remain hidden.

HORST

I will do my best, mein Führer.

HITLER

The Allied forces will never reach Berlin. Their threats are idle. We will win the war and revel in our triumph and become the saviors of Europe. I must now go talk with Goebbels. We will meet tomorrow morning. Here in this room.

Horst salutes Hitler and the Führer departs. Glossen remains.

HORST

The Führer is no longer competent to run the Third Reich. You must subdue him so I can make the decisions that will ultimately win the war.

GLOSSEN

Are you out of your mind?

HORST

I know his thoughts, his feelings, and, more important, his visions for the future.

GLOSSEN

But you are not the Führer. Surely you must understand that.

HORST

He is a sick man and I'm the only one that can help.

GLOSSEN

You cannot just assume you are in command.

HORST

We must win the war at any cost.

Glossen steps in front of Horst and addresses him face-to-face.

GLOSSEN

I understand your concern for your brother, but I will not allow insurrection. Do you understand me?

HORST

I will remain here and ensure correct decisions are made. That way the German people won't think their Führer abandoned them.

GLOSSEN

You may be the Führer's brother, but you are still the lowly monk I found at Hagenmünster. Never forget that.

RETURN TO PRESENT

Brian and Glossen continue to walk to the front of the Pitti Palace in the early morning.

BRIAN

You must have thought you made a mistake finding Horst.

GLOSSEN

I was incensed he actually believed he was going to cast his brother aside.

BRIAN

He seemed to take over Hitler's soul.

GLOSSEN

There were times when I even thought I was talking to Hitler himself. The transformation from monk to dictator was astounding.

BRIAN

So you brought him to Berlin to stand in for his brother when necessary.

GLOSSEN

Yes, but by 1945, he was out of control.

BRIAN

What did you do to stop it.

GLOSSEN

I talked to him repeatedly about what the Reich expected of him. He was oblivious. It was what happened in early April that still haunts me till this day.

Glossen stops and appears upset.

GLOSSEN (CONT'D)

Hitler informed the entire staff if Horst was threatened, they were to ensure he had safe exit from the city.

BRIAN

So Hitler went to his mountain retreat, but he did come back at the end. Right? What did Horst do? He did leave Berlin before the allied invasion.

They stop at the Ponte Vecchio Bridge.

GLOSSEN

No, if reports are accurate, Horst took his own life and that of Eva Braun on the thirtieth of April. Nazi soldiers burned them in the garden and the Russians found their scorched bodies.

BRIAN

(stunned)

If Horst died in the Führerbunker, what happened to Hitler?

GLOSSEN

That, I believe, Herr Bennett, is why you have come all this way.

Brian stares at Glossen in anticipation.

GLOSSEN (CONT'D)

The Führer lives. He wants to see you. I can arrange everything.

BRIAN

He's still alive?

GLOSSEN

Yes, of course, but you have already met him. The caretaker at the villa. He remembers you well.

BRIAN

What? How can that be?

GLOSSEN

I believe the Führer has quite a story to tell. But he is dying of cancer and doesn't have much longer.

BRIAN

Where does he live?

GLOSSEN

Here in Italy, on the eastern shore of Lake Garda by Bardolino. They all know him there as Horst the caretaker. I will escort you there myself in the morning if you wish.

Brian looks at the beauty of the River Arno in the brilliant rays shining from the sun. When he turns around to say goodbye to Glossen, the former Nazi isn't there.

EXT. STREET NEAR HOTEL DORIAN - DAY

The next day, Brian walks at fast pace along the street. Passing a small alley, he sees someone standing there. Thinking it is a trap, he realizes it is Marta. She points across the street.

MARTA

We must go quickly. They are on to us. They will kill you for sure.

BRIAN

I know Hitler's alive.

MARTA

Of course. Why else would Wormser want you dead?

BRIAN
Why didn't you tell me?

MARTA
I was forbidden by my father.

BRIAN
It would've been nice to know.

They walk only a few steps before all hell breaks loose. Men swarm toward them from all directions. Brian and Marta begin to run as fast as they can toward the church.

They hide in the shadows and watch the assailants pass by. They wait for a second and head toward the Dorian Hotel.

MARTA
What are we going to do?

BRIAN
We need to find your father and get the hell out of here. Let's go to the Dorian.

MARTA
Won't Wormser's men be there?

BRIAN
We'll have to take our chances.

As they approach the Dorian Hotel, an ambulance arrives.

INT. LOBBY OF DORIAN HOTEL - DAY

Marta rushes to the aide of the victim. She realizes it is her father. Marta tries desperately to revive him, ignoring the fact that he obviously had been shot in the head at point blank range. Brian grabs her and pulls her away as the medics cover the body.

Brian looks around frantically for Wormser's men.

BRIAN
I wonder how often trains go to Milan? We can get a cab to Bardolino from there.

MARTA
I cannot leave my father.

BRIAN

Marta, there's nothing you can do for him now. I know you love him, but they'll kill you next.

MARTA

I cannot leave. I don't know what they'll do with him.

BRIAN

Once we're safe, you'll be able to return and pay your respects.

MARTA

Please, I love him very much.

BRIAN

I know, but your life is in danger. You have to trust me.

INT. TRAIN STATION - VERY CROWED - DAY

Brian and Marta race down the train platform. Five men are chasing them. They dart for the train.

Without warning Marta breaks away.

MARTA

I must stay here. Please understand.

She runs across to the opposite side of the platform. Two men grab her at gunpoint and take her away. Brian gets on the train just before it leaves the station.

EXT. STREET IN BARDOLINO - NIGHT

Brian gets out of an old 50s BMW and talks to the DRIVER. Brian points to the house on the hill.

BRIAN

Is that where Horst lives?

DRIVER

Yes, that's the caretaker's house.

Stealing across the street, he finds a small dirt road that looks like a driveway. Halfway up, he can hear voices outside the front of the house. When he arrives at the rear of the house, the back door is open and no guards are present.

INT. HITLER'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Brian can see a light emanating from a room down the corridor. As he gets closer, he can see French doors. Peeking in, he sees HITLER sitting in a chair reading a book.

He goes in. Hitler places the book in his lap.

HITLER

I have been waiting for you, Herr Bennett. What has taken you so long?

BRIAN

I've had some help. Others didn't want me to ever meet with you again.

HITLER

Yes, I suspect you are correct. You managed to avoid security. I say you are very determined, Herr Bennett.

BRIAN

It wasn't easy. I will say that.

HITLER

You know, I liked you the first day we met. I did my research before you ever set foot on the grounds of the villa. I decided you would be the one who could best tell my story. You were my only choice.

Hitler motions for Brian to take a seat.

BRIAN

Why didn't you just tell me who you were when we were at the villa?

HITLER

Do you really think you would have believed me if I had just told you who I was?

BRIAN

(smirking)
Of course not.

HITLER

I truly believed your compulsion to investigate the documents in the Bible would lead you to one conclusion: that I had a twin brother.

BRIAN

So you placed the documents in the Bible knowing I would find them.

HITLER

I wasn't so sure. It was a chance I had to take. I asked Glossen to send his daughter to New York to try to find out if it worked.

BRIAN

She took her job seriously.

HITLER

Unfortunately, she could never verify rather you had the documents, but when you first showed up at the monastery, I knew all was well.

BRIAN

Glossen is dead. He was shot in the head in the lobby of the Hotel Dorian by Wormser's men.

Hitler appears displeased with Brian's revelation.

HITLER

Glossen was a bright light in a dark tunnel. He was a loyal servant. Wormser on the other hand is a criminal: someone who would rather watch an execution than a play or an opera or one who would rather see blood staining the streets than patients recovering in a hospital. I suppose Glossen knew the dangers he faced.

BRIAN

I'm not so sure about that.

A thunderous sound startles both of them. Brian looks to the side and sees Wormser and two guards busting through the French doors. The guards stand in the background with their guns drawn while Wormser approaches Hitler. He stands at attention and rigidly raises his right arm.

WORMSER

Heil Hitler.

(looks over at Brian)

You must have known I would find you. It was only a matter of time.

BRIAN

I never doubted that, but you appear to be a little late.

WORMSER

It's never too late to protect the Führer. But I give you credit, Herr Bennett. You never gave up your quest to find him. It is commendable.

BRIAN

I'm just a reporter trying to get a story. What you didn't realize is I thought right up until the end I had been looking for Hitler's twin, not Hitler himself.

WORMSER

I must be clear, Herr Bennett. The world is not ready to learn the Führer is still alive. Surely you can understand that.

BRIAN

I didn't do this on my own. I uncovered the documents in a Bible I received from Horst the caretaker.

(points at Hitler)

The Führer, in June, at a villa in Tuscany.

WORMSER

The Freundedesreiches lives to protect the Führer. We know the truth no one else should ever know. It was that traitor Glossen who betrayed us and gave you the chance to find the truth. That is why he had to die. They all had to die.

BRIAN

You bastard. You had no right.

Hitler gets out of his chair.

HITLER

Only a fool would not know I was the one who asked for Herr Bennett's help. I want the world to know I survived the Allied onslaught; that I did not succumb to the terrible devastation of my beloved Berlin. The Führer lives and I want the world to be informed of such good news.

WORMSER

But, mein Führer, they will kill you.

HITLER

It no longer matters.

WORMSER

It does matter, mein Führer. I have sworn to protect you. I will not let this man ruin what I have given my life to.

HITLER

You will put your gun away, and when you do, you will leave.

WORMSER

I cannot abandon my convictions.

HITLER

I should have done this years ago.

Hitler takes the gun from Wormser and points it at him and fires.

Wormser violently falls back against the wall, his face showing signs of disbelief. Blood saturates his chest. The two guards rush to Wormser's side and soon confirm that he is dead. Hitler motions for the guards to remove the body and leave them alone.

Hitler and Brian slowly sit and stare at each other for a moment.

BRIAN

Wormser was a madman. How did you ever deal with him?

HITLER

He never fooled me. His ego was bigger than his ambition.

(MORE)

HITLER (CONT'D)

Truthfully, I never liked him from the start. He got what he deserved.

BRIAN

What did you really think when you were first introduced to your brother?

HITLER

I was suspicious but I remember feeling butterflies when we first met. I'm not sure what he felt.

BRIAN

Did you accept him as your flesh and blood from the very beginning?

HITLER

The idea he had dedicated his heart to God and I was the leader a nation somehow intrigued me. I believed we were essentially the same: guiding the souls of men to a higher destiny.

BRIAN

But you must have felt threatened when Glossen proposed he impersonate you.

HITLER

(weak voice)

I suppose. He was no different than the others.

Hitler stands and walks over to the bookcase in the corner and picks up the Bible. He gives it to Brian.

HITLER (CONT'D)

You seemed to have lost this and I thought you would want it back.

BRIAN

Yes I would.

HITLER

This is what brought you all this way to Bardolino. I knew you would figure it out. I didn't want to die without the world knowing of my plight and my incredible life after the war ended.

BRIAN

Most Americans I know will think it's inconceivable a man as despised as you were could have really survived the war. And that you could have had a twin. No one is going to believe it, I'm afraid.

HITLER

But you are well respected as a journalist. I trust you to tell my story. What you think of me doesn't matter.

BRIAN

Why did you leave your brother in Berlin to die?

HITLER

It wasn't suppose to work the way it did. I loved my brother.

BRIAN

Perhaps you left him there, defenseless, so you could live to see another day.

HITLER

(voice labored)

I did no such thing. He was unable to escape Berlin. I have regretted that for years.

BRIAN

What about the Holocaust? How did you justify killing millions of people?

HITLER

(weaker voice)

It wasn't what everyone thought.

Brian looks at a painting in the corner, shaking his head.

BRIAN

There is no reasonable explanation for what you and your henchmen did. It defies the very essence of humanity to think human beings who didn't measure up to your standards would just be summarily executed. I think the world deserves an answer.

When Brian turns around, Hitler is slumped in his chair and not breathing, his dark eyes still open. Brian checks his pulse.

A guard enters the room. He checks Hitler for any sign of life before disappearing. Brian just stands there and stares at Hitler's body.

INT. BAR AT DONATELLO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Brian, Laura and Ronny are having drinks.

BRIAN

Well, I no longer work for Time magazine. I'd rather drive a cab. It'll be less stressful.

LAURA

I can certainly understand why.

BRIAN

I never thought it would turn out this way. I never imagined standing face to face with one of the most feared dictators of the twentieth century, especially when that dictator was supposed to be dead.

LAURA

There still could be a story. Both Ronny and I were witnesses.

BRIAN

And what am I going to say? That I found out that Hitler had a twin who was a monk, who impersonated the Führer and eventually died in the Führerbunker? And that I tracked down the real Hitler, had a conversation with him, and watched him die right in front of my eyes?

LAURA

It does seem outrageous.

RONNY

Don't worry; we'll all get over it. Based on what you've told me, we won't have to worry about a Fourth Reich since Wormser and Glossen are dead.

BRIAN

I think the German people are the lucky ones.

Brian pays the tab. Laura takes the Bible out of purse and thumbs through it.

LAURA

See, this is what started it all.

BRIAN

You know, accepting this Bible from the old caretaker must have been fate.

Laura hands Ronny the Bible as they walk out of the restaurant.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

They all walk outside. Ronny hails a cab. Brian and Laura start to walk down the street.

LAURA

So, when should we get married?

BRIAN

I don't know. How about next April.

LAURA

That would be wonderful. I have to be honest with you. I never want to talk about Hitler again.

BRIAN

You know what I think?

LAURA

What?

BRIAN

I think Adolf Hitler finally got what he deserved many years ago.

LAURA

What's that?

BRIAN

A chance to stand before the Alter of God and explain the unexplainable before being cast into the bowels of hell.

Laura puts her arm around Brian.

LAURA

But not before he has to answer to
the millions of souls he erased
from the face of the earth.

BRIAN

(laughs)
I couldn't have said it better
myself.

They continue walking down the crowded street, horns blaring.

FADE OUT.

THE END