

YORKVILLE

Written for the Screen by

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EXT. PARK ROW, LOWER MANHATTAN - DAY

SUPER: New York City, September 14th, 1935

One thousand men in Nazi uniforms gather out front of the New Yorker Staats-Zeitung Building.

UNIFORMED MEN

(Chanting)

Out with the Jews, Out with the
Jews.

An ornately uniformed HEINZ SPANKNOBLE stands on the steps.

UNIFORMED MEN (CONT'D)

(Singing in German; subtitled)

*Up, up for battle, we are born to
battle. Up, up for battle for the
German Fatherland. We are sworn to
Adolf Hitler. And to Adolf Hitler,
we extend our hand.*

Spanknoble quiets the troops.

SPANKNOBLE

(in German; subtitled)

*It is a thing of beauty to hear the
voices of our Amerikaner Deutsche
echoing through the canyons of this
great city. A city we were
instrumental in building and now in
which we rightly re-take our place.
The injustices of the Great War are
past. Our classification as Alien-
Enemies expunged, the internment
camps closed, the burning of our
books, the banning of our language,
the beatings, and yes, the
lynchings of loyal German-
Americans...are over.*

The crowd cheers in approval.

SPANKNOBLE (CONT'D)

*And to those of you who have
suffered unjustly for your
Germanness, I say to you that
today, once again, a Hot Dog is
called a Frankfurter.*

The crowd laughs.

SPANKNOBLE (CONT'D)

*And now if you'll excuse me I have
one more wrong to put right.*

Spanknoble Heads up the steps. The troops again sing.

SUPER: "Yorkville", A Tale of True Facts

INT. BERLIN UNIVERSITY OF THE ARTS - THEATER - DAY

SUPER: A year and a half earlier.

On stage stands FLORENCE WAGNER. A middle-aged lawyer, auditioning before two professors. Her performance is nuanced and passionate.

FLORENCE

(in German; subtitled)

*...before you here, there stands a
man accused that he seduced a girl,
and that he paid.
Gave filthy money for her priceless
treasure.
If this be so, then blame must lie
with both in equal measure.*

PROFESSOR 1

(Whispering)

*Why does she choose such degenerate
nonsense?*

PROFESSOR 2 nods in agreement.

FLORENCE

*For if he bought, then she must
surely sold.
So let me ask you this?
Is that dark, sweet, eternal play
'twixt man and woman to be
understood as trade merely,
commerce?
May it not be...*

PROFESSOR 2

*Thank you. The parts will be posted
Tuesday.*

INT. MAKE-UP ROOM - DAY

Florence removes her wig, makeup, and costume. She applies street makeup. Her transformation complete, revealing her to be 20ish, auburn-haired, and of singular beauty.

Blue-eyed and fair-complected, she looks as if she just stepped off a poster for "The New Germany."

EXT. KU'DAMM SHOPPING DISTRICT, BERLIN - DAY.

Florence picks her way through the street. Small crowds listen to political speeches from makeshift stands. Down another block, a truck passes, overflowing a group of brown-shirted paramilitary stormtroopers (SA).

O.S. A MONOPLANE FLIES OVERHEAD.

Florence looks up. It trails a campaign banner, "Hitler über Deutschland."

O.S, THE SA VIOLENTLY BREAKING UP THE POLITICAL GATHERINGS.

A man sprints past Florence, chased by two SA wielding Black Jacks and leather Sam Browne belts.

INT. BERLIN - WAGNER APT - NIGHT

The Wagner apartment is a model of old-world luxury. Florence, her aunt GERTRUDE, uncle BERTHOLD, and two young cousins, KARL and ANNALIESE, sit around the dinner table.

BERTHOLD

(in German; subtitled)

I am sure you will be wonderful in this part

FLORENCE

I am sure I will not be in this part.

GERTRUDE

Florence, what kind of example is that for your cousins? Failure is a contagion.

FLORENCE

A realistic one. The professors are party members. And the girl in front of me is a girlfriend.

GERTRUDE

And confidence is also contagious. Isn't that correct, Berty?

BERTHOLD

From the stones that block your way, you build beautiful things.

FLORENCE

*These professors want the foreign
and Jewish stones out.*

BERTHOLD

*This too shall pass. Hindenburg
will keep it under control. I've
seen this all before. Politics!*

FLORENCE

This Enabling Act, also politics?

GERTRUDE

Another overreach. The German Jews
are a part of German culture. We
earned our rights, like Bertie in
the Great War.

BERTHOLD

*They will never have the votes.
You'll see.*

EXT. BERLIN UNIVERSITY OF THE ARTS - DAY

A large crowd is gathered on the steps. Card tables sit upon
the landings. Students cue up. A sign hung in front reads
"German Student Federation".

Florence waits in line. Students exchange old ID cards for
new ones. She chats with her friend YAQUB behind her. The
student at the head of the line receives a yellow card.

YAQUB

(in German; subtitled)
(Whispers) *A Jew? Hanna's a Jew?*

FLORENCE

(Whispers) *Hanna Seligman.*

Florence steps up to the table. Hands in her card.

STUDENT 1

(To STUDENT 2) *Wagner, Florence.*

STUDENT 2

Foreign.

Student 2 hands her a blue ID card. Florence turns to Yaqub,
lifts her eyebrows, and gives him a slight smile.

Yaqub hands in his old card. He receives a yellow Jewish one.

YAQUB

*Yaqub with a Q, not a K. I am
Afghani! This is an insult!*

STUDENT 2

Take it or get out.

O.S. AS FLORENCE ENTERS THE BUILDING.

YAQUB

*I will do neither! Give me the
correct card.*

INT. BERLIN UNIVERSITY OF THE ARTS - BATHROOM - DAY

In the mirror, Florence fixes her hair.

FLORENCE

(in German; subtitled)
(Acting to herself) *Fair tresses
man's imperial race insnare, And
beauty draws us with a single hair.*

Florence enters the toilet stall. Sitting down, she lifts a paper tacked to the wall. It is a list of students and teachers with Jewish names and Stars of David.

O.S. SOUND OF AN AMBULANCE SIREN APPROACHING.

Florence gets up, hurries to the window in time to see medics carrying Yaqub away on a stretcher.

INT. BERLIN - WAGNER APT - NIGHT

Gertrude knits. Florence paces back and forth, studying a script. Gertrude looks up.

GERTRUDE

(in German; subtitled)
*You have to consider the great
cultural advantages of a German
education. In New York, what have
you?*

FLORENCE

*Fewer Germans. You should see what
those animals did to Yaqub. You
mean that culture?*

GERTRUDE

*A city of millions out of work.
That's what you have.*

(MORE)

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)

Besides, you are a Wagner. You belong in Germany.

FLORENCE

A Jewish Wagner.

GERTRUDE

Fashion is not culture, Florence. Like Bertie says, the wind here blows strong, but always shifts.

FLORENCE

This one is blowing me home.

GERTRUDE

Don't be rash. I think this Minister Goring will be a moderating force.

FLORENCE

How so?

GERTRUDE

You know our friend, Dr. Epenstein?

FLORENCE

Yes.

GERTRUDE

He is Goring's Godfather, (Conspiratorially) and Goring's mother was his mistress. It's probably good for the Jews.

Florence goes back to her script. Gertrude to her knitting.

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN - 59 WALL STREET - DAY

The Brown Brothers Harriman Building

SUPER: New York City, August 13th, 1935

INT. BROWN BROTHERS HARRIMAN - EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

ROBERT A LOVETT, E. ROLAND "BUNNY" HARRIMAN, and PRESCOTT BUSH, the VP of the bank, gather around the boardroom table. Bunny Harriman throws a magazine down hard.

BUNNY HARRIMAN

We can't have this! Our biggest client painted like a fascist puppeteer.

Prescott Bush picks up the magazine, "Arbeiter Illustrierte Zeitung" depicting Hitler as a puppet in Fritz Thyssen's hands. He yells through the open door.

PRESCOTT BUSH
 Florence, could you come in here a moment?

Florence enters.

PRESCOTT BUSH (CONT'D)
 (Pointing to the cover) What does this say here?

FLORENCE
 "A tool in God's hand or a toy in Thyssen's hand?" Well, it's a nice likeness of Mr Thyssen.

PRESCOTT BUSH
 Thank you, Florence.

Florence exits.

ROBERT LOVETT
 And I thought she was just a hot tom-ah-tow.

PRESCOTT BUSH
 Look, Bunny, politics ain't beanbag. So what if our boy Fritz floats the party? Herr Hitler keeps the Reds out, steel keeps rolling, and we take from Thyssen and give to Adolph. It's a virtuous circle, with us in the middle. No harm.

Florence is overhearing this from her outer office desk.

ROBERT LOVETT
 (To Bunny)
 We could work with the Russians. I hear they've got plenty of Rubles.

Bunny scoffs at the lame joke.

PRESCOTT BUSH
 My Ohio daddy always said, Prescott. "The best fertilizer for sweet corn...is a dead raccoon".

BUNNY HARRIMAN
 Never heard you say that at Yale, Prescott.

PRESCOTT BUSH
Never had to.

EXT. YORKVILLE SECTION OF MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Florence emerges from the 2nd Ave Elevated Station. She sports a Garbo-esque wide-brimmed hat shadowing her face.

The street is crowded. People are poorly dressed, and stores are shabby. Men line up outside a bakery offering "Free Coffee and Donuts to the unemployed". It is the Great Depression.

Florence walks past a defunct travel agency plastered with posters for German cruise ships. Snippets of spoken German fill the air. There are many German-oriented stores and cafes. Florence flips a panhandler a quarter.

A kiosk displays German newspapers dated August 10, 1935. A crowd reads the papers.

INSERT - Staats-Zeitung "Hitler Hate Speech: Vows to Crush All Opposition"

An older woman, MRS FISHMAN, stops Florence.

MRS FISHMAN
(In a thick German accent)
Florence, look at you. I could hardly recognize. You "Vant To Be Alone?"

Florence laughs.

MRS FISHMAN (CONT'D)
I thought you were in school in Berlin.

FLORENCE
No, it's just not good there now.

MRS FISHMAN
Yes, dangerous. (Gesturing to the newspapers) This Nazi thing is making Yorkville crazy. I remember when we could all get along. It was better then.

FLORENCE
Well, maybe again.

MRS FISHMAN

Maybe. Gebn meyn grus to your family. I hardly ever see the old crowd, except at shul.

Florence walking away.

FLORENCE

Yes, Mrs. Fishman, I will.

Florence walks past the Germania Bookshop. FRANZ MITTEMEIER, an attractive man in his forties, opens the door invitingly. A soft waltz emanates from inside. Florence ignores him.

INT. SCHMIDTS BAKERY - NIGHT

A matronly FRAU SCHMIDT stands behind the counter. Florence points to a pastry.

EXT. YORKVILLE - NIGHT

Florence exits the bakery with a paper bag. Frau Schmidt runs after her and presses a flier into her hand.

FRAU SCHMIDT

Für dich hübsche dame

The flyer reads, in both German and English, "Bonfire Celebration for Chancellor Adolph Hitler's Birthday." Walking on Florence crumples it up, throws it in the trash.

INT. YORKVILLE, THE WAGNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

The unfashionable Wagner apartment is filled with books, family photographs, and memorabilia.

JACOB WAGNER, the widowed father, is finishing dinner with his two grown children. He silently reads a letter. ARTHUR, the younger brother, wears a university sweater. Florence sets a plate of pastry on the table.

FLORENCE

Papa... Schnecken. Your favorite.

JACOB

Delicious.

FLORENCE

From that Nazi bakery in Yorkville.

Jacob removes the cake from his mouth. Arthur and Florence laugh. Jacob peruses the letter.

JACOB

Ich danke Ihnen für die. Berthold thanks us for the offer of affidavits. He does not seem to think they will need them.

He passes the letter to Florence, who reads it.

FLORENCE

Gertrude would come, but Berthold no.

Arthur takes the letter. He translates with difficulty.

ARTHUR

I have...sources...in the government who inform me..that after...after what?

Florence takes back the letter.

FLORENCE

After a few minor laws are passed, the anti-Semitism will be over. It is aimed mainly at foreign Jews who are not citizens and take jobs from native Germans.

JACOB

That is somewhat good news.

FLORENCE

It's not good news, and it's not what I hear. They should get out.

JACOB

Berthold is in Berlin. Surely, he knows better.

FLORENCE

I don't think so.

JACOB

You are listening too much to the rabbis.

Jacob again decides to eat the Schnecken. Florence begins to clear the table.

FLORENCE
I have to hurry. I volunteered at
Carnegie.

ARTHUR
Hall or Deli?

Florence ignores him. Arthur gets up to help.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
It's about what?

FLORENCE
Getting the Jews out of Germany.

Arthur is on his way to the kitchen.

ARTHUR
You made that up! Why do you think
Berthold turned down the
affidavits?

Florence follows him.

FLORENCE
Because he's a fool.

INT. CARNEGIE HALL - NIGHT

Florence ushers people to seats and distributes programs. She observes a well-dressed, handsome man, BENJAMIN SIEGEL, down the aisle. His glance travels slowly around Carnegie Hall. He comes up the aisle and takes a program from her.

FLORENCE
Were you looking for something,
Sir?

SIEGEL
(in German; subtitled)
*I was admiring the beautiful
architecture.*

FLORENCE
Are you an architect?

SIEGEL
(in English)
No, but I am a judge of faces. I
knew you would speak German.

He laughs and leaves to find a seat.

The organ plays "America the Beautiful." The congregation sings as various people take their seats on stage. Among them are RABBI STEPHEN S. WISE and RABBI J.X. COHEN.

Rabbi Cohen steps to the lectern.

RABBI COHEN

Dear friends of peace and fellowship. At this moment, you and I should be gravely concerned with the Nazi assault upon the friendly relations now existing between the Jewish and non-Jewish groups in America. But know that Hitler has come, in his own words, to show the nations outside of Germany how best to deal with their Jews.

Benjamin Siegel and the crowd are rapt.

RABBI COHEN (CONT'D)

His emissaries in America are here to foment race prejudice and stir the smoldering embers into a blaze of hatred. The Nazi movement bodes ill for all. If Nazism should get a foothold here, the Jews will not be the only sufferers! I come to warn you and to ask your help.

INT. BROWN BROTHERS HARRIMAN - EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

The BBH brain trust is listening to a pitch from BORIS BROTTA, a tall, suave, continental man in his mid-30s. He has a European accent of indeterminate origin.

BROTTA

My client, Herr Biskupsky, represents some very powerful parties from Russia who have a keen interest in removing the Bolshevik usurpers. And they are willing to use their not-insubstantial resources to help in this endeavor.

Again, Florence in the outer office listens.

BROTTA (CONT'D)

As you know, the new Chancellor supports this effort wholeheartedly.

(MORE)

BROTTA (CONT'D)

He has made Herr Biskupsky the head of the Russian Commission, and in that capacity Herr Thyssen has asked me to see about channeling such resources as he may designate for use in this cause.

Florence stops typing momentarily to pay closer attention.

PRESCOTT BUSH

As Director of UBC and representative of Mr Thyssen's U.S. Interests, I can assure you that we would be more than capable of handling whatever arrangements Mr Thyssen would like made.

ROBERT LOVETT

The usual fees would apply, of course.

Brotta bows yes and exits past Florence. She follows him out with her eyes.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - W.68TH ST. THE FREE SYNAGOGUE - DAY

Florence goes up the steps and enters.

INT. RABBI COHEN'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Rabbi Cohen's secretary, MISS LEVINE, types rapidly. She does not look up.

FLORENCE

Excuse me, I'd like to see Rabbi Cohen.

MISS LEVINE

He's busy.

FLORENCE

I'm Florence Wagner. I need to see him.

MISS LEVINE

He's busy.

Rabbi Cohen comes out of the open door of his office.

COHEN

Come in.

As she types away, Florence gives Miss Levine an annoyed look.

INT. COHEN'S OFFICE - DAY

FLORENCE
Your secretary is not very polite.

COHEN
I apologize. She's underpaid.

FLORENCE
I need some advice, Rabbi. I have cousins in Germany. I lived with them while studying acting at university. We want to send them affidavits, but my uncle doesn't want them. He says it'll blow over.

COHEN
Send them anyway. If they need them, they'll have them. How many?

FLORENCE
Two adults, two children.

Cohen rummages in the desk and hands her the forms.

COHEN
And if, please God, they're right and we're wrong, I'll apologize.

FLORENCE
Thank you.

She begins to get up.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
Rabbi...I heard your speech last night. And I think there is something...I work downtown at BBH, Brown Brothers Harriman, and I overheard something. I think the company is being used to funnel money to Hitler.

COHEN
The White Russians and Thyssen.

FLORENCE
You know?

COHEN

It's an open secret. It's how they get around Versailles...all legal. How do you think we get land in Palestine?

FLORENCE

Rabbi, how's that the same?

COHEN

Corporations, sub-corps, offshore accounts. It's American as apple pie. Do you really want to help?

FLORENCE

I've seen Germany up close.

Cohen studies her. Lightly pats her face.

COHEN

Such a Shayna Punim! There might be something you could do. Can you talk a moment longer?

She settles back in the chair.

COHEN (CONT'D)

These people in Yorkville, they're not just local crackpots. And there's plenty of anti-Semites, white supremacists, and home-grown fascists to help them.

FLORENCE

Why are you telling me this?

COHEN

You speak German?

FLORENCE

(in German; subtitled)
You want me to spy on them?

COHEN

Spy, no, no, observe. You wouldn't be alone. There are others.

FLORENCE

Anyone I know?

Cohen laughs.

COHEN

You want to be an actress?

Florence is non-committal.

COHEN (CONT'D)

Here's your chance. You're a German-American girl who loves the Homeland. You think the Nazis will reclaim Germany's greatness. You want to do everything you can to help them. And you don't like Jews. It's a great part.

FLORENCE

Rabbi, do you know how hard real jobs are to come by right now? And I've got one.

COHEN

Helping Hitler?

Florence hands the affidavits back.

FLORENCE

Is that what you think?

Cohen hands the affidavits back to Florence.

COHEN

We all must make compromises.

Florence stares at the affidavits.

COHEN (CONT'D)

Those are just the first part. Your family will need exit visas, entrance visas, and the Germans will take everything they own. Rabbi Wise is working with our community in Berlin. I could make him aware of your family. We can pay a small stipend. Think about it. You could be a great help.

INT. BROWN BROTHERS HARRIMAN - OFFICE POOL - DAY

Florence is at her desk. A man hands her a stack of papers.

BANK OFFICIAL

Have this typed in duplicate. One to legal, one to international.

She reads it: "Contract to Purchase. Bank Of International Settlements."

INSERT - THE DOCUMENT

"\$79,000, United States Gold Certificates from Acct.#02854100. Deposit, Reichsbank, Central Bank, Acct.#5400036875. Authorized by: Prescott Bush, Dir. UBC."

She puts three pages of carbon paper into the typewriter and begins typing.

Florence at a pneumatic tube loads two canisters and sends them on their way.

Back at her desk, she puts the third copy in her purse.

EXT. YORKVILLE - LATE AFTERNOON

Florence, in her Garbo hat, walks down 2nd Ave.

Led by Heinz Spanknoble A small group of Nazi's parade down the street. They are flanked by a few of the paramilitary Order Division (OD), dressed in quasi-Stormtrooper uniforms. Their signs demand "Stop the Jewish Boycott of German Goods". They carry Teutonic flags alongside American ones.

Few people on the street pay attention, but shopkeepers in doorways give the Nazi salute. Florence sees Rabbi Cohen standing in one doorway.

Up the street come five counter demonstrators, banging pots and pans and carrying signs. "Nazis Out of Yorkville", "Boycott German Merchants and Goods".

Shopkeepers glare at the protestors. As they pass, the Nazi OD men knock down the demonstrators' signs with their flags and set upon them.

A young worker sprints out of a store and fights a protester. More workers join in. The outnumbered anti-Nazi demonstrators are being beaten as the OD men cheer.

Florence looks on in horror. She can do nothing.

O.S. Police sirens wail.

Florence searches for Rabbi Cohen. He is nowhere in sight.

Her visions of the melee are intercut with quick flashbacks of Yagub beaten by Nazi students. Demonstrators lay upon the NYC sidewalk, moaning in pools of blood.

As police wagons appear, their sirens blend into the Hi-Low wails of German police cars.

Flashes of the Yorkville scene blend into Berlin streets where SA Stormtroopers beat political speakers and drag Jewish merchants out of their shops. intercut are New York Shop signs now written in German.

INT. FLORENCE'S DREAM - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Yaqub, bloodied and bandaged, peers up at Florence through his wraps. Florence grabs his hand as it goes limp.

EXT. FLORENCE'S DREAM - HOSPITAL - DAY

Florence hurries down the entrance steps, and she turns quickly. A mob is chasing her. She runs. Glancing back, the mob is led by Stormtroopers. Looking again, she sees it includes a healthy Yaqub trailing bandages, her Aunt Gertrude, Uncle Berty, and her cousins Karl and Annaliese. Panicked, she sprints ahead toward a church.

INT. FLORENCE'S DREAM - CHURCH BASEMENT - DAY

Breathing hard, Florence sits alone in a row of pews in the darkened basement. A female stretches out upon a table as Nazi doctors examine her. Florence looks up. A window leaks light from the sidewalk above. Running footsteps break the light. She is sweating profusely amid the sporadic streams of lit stained glass.

INT. THE WAGNER APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Florence asleep, still, amid her sweat-dampened sheets.

EXT. THE FREE SYNAGOGUE - DAY

Florence goes up the steps into the temple. In time-lapse, shadows move across the building. Florence emerges with a black binder under her arm.

INT. THE WAGNER APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Florence is dyeing her hair Peachy Blonde.

She cuts it shorter and fashions it into a loose Updo.

Mimes the Nazi salute, laughs, and gives herself a hard stare in the mirror.

INT. FLORENCE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Florence at her desk, all the more the pinnacle of Aryan beauty, examining the materials from Cohen. Pictures of various Bund members, a slip of paper reading "Florence Wagner-KQX," and one that reads, "Marie Schroeder, C/O Mrs. H. Wachtel, 23 W.64th St. Apt B, NYC, NY." And a key.

She picks up a police whistle and a handsome Nazi Party pin.

FLORENCE

(in German; subtitled)

My family moved here from Mainz-Kostheim, Hessen, in 1913. I was two years...

Arthur knocks and enters simultaneously. Florence quickly stuffs the documents under her desk.

Arthur wolf whistles.

ARTHUR

Somebody's lookin' for a raise.

INT. YORKVILLE - KREUTZER HALLE - NIGHT

O.S. GERMAN WALLA.

At the rear of the auditorium, Heinz Spanknoble, NYC Group Leader, GERHARD KUNZE, Bund Sec., JAMES WHEELER-HILL, BORIS BROTTA, and SEPP SCHUSTER, head of the OD, converse in German.

Propaganda posters and swastikas decorate the walls. On stage are Nazi and American flags, and a large picture of Hitler.

People mill about. Some find seats. Florence signs in with Mittemeier, the bookseller. He checks her name and address.

He steers her to the literature table. For sale is the "Deutsche Zeitung" newspaper, and the "The Ford International Weekly Dearborn Independent."

Florence opens the paper and sees a column by Henry Ford, "Jewish Power and America's Money Famine".

Books and pamphlets tout the triumphs of The New Germany. Mein Kampf and a board game called "Juden Raus" are for sale.

O.S. Sound of typing.

FLORENCE (V.O.)
Kreutzer Halle, the meeting place
of the FONG, was about half full.

Mittemeier offers her a pamphlet.

FLORENCE
How much?

MITTEMEIER
It's free. Your first visit? I
hope you will return.

FLORENCE (V.O.)
One of them I've seen before. He
has a bookshop on 86th, Franz
Mittemeier.

Florence glimpses Frau Schmitt and sits a good distance away
from her next to an eccentric-looking woman, DR. MAUDE SAYERS
DELAND.

FLORENCE (V.O.)
He seems quite taken with me.
Perhaps he can be useful.

Heinz Spanknoble takes the stage.

SPANKNOBLE
(in German; subtitled)
*Some of you may not know me. I have
recently come to New York from
Detroit, having worked at Ford...as
an exile. Like most of you, I came
due to the disgrace of Weimar and
to escape the decadence and moral
decay of our once-great homeland.
To be free of the vermin Jew.
Profiteers, whose infection laid us
low, left us for dead. And now...we
are here, Americans, but yet,
still, possess a German soul.*

Polite applause.

SPANKNOBLE (CONT'D)
*Most of you fought valiantly for
the German Empire. And for our
sacrifice, for our patriotism, what
did we get? A stab in the back!*

Spanknoble continues, the sound of his speech fading.

O.S. Sound of typing.

SPANKNOBLE (CONT'D)

I have here a letter from Minister Hess...

FLORENCE (V.O.)

He waved a letter from Rudolph Hess, making him "Bundesleiter", with a mission to unite all the German-American groups from the Midwest and East Coast.

SPANKNOBLE

We will have our next convention in Chicago in July...

FLORENCE (V.O.)

I sat next to a very strange woman, a Park Avenue socialite, Maude Sayers DeLand, a midwestern Doctor. I was so nervous I almost told her my real name. I am Marie Schroeder, I am Marie Schroeder...

FLORENCE

I'm Marie Schroeder.

MAUDE

May I call you Marie, my dear? You can call me Dr. Maude. Midwesterners don't stand on ceremony like die Bruderlein und Schwesterlein. But we're all Deutsch under the skin, yes?

FLORENCE

You've come from Kansas, Dr. Maude?

MAUDE

Oh, no, no, I've come from Deutschland, a medical conference.

She shields her mouth with her hand.

MAUDE (CONT'D)

The Institute for Racial Hygiene. Personal invitation from Herr Doctors Ruttke and Gütt. Not for publication, of course!

FLORENCE

Of course.

Maude placing her hands on Florence's face as if taking measurements.

MAUDE

I learned how to spot a Jew by
measuring the features.

Gerhard Kunze appears on the stage and begins his tirade.

KUNZE

(in German; subtitled)

Even our great American industrialist, Mr. Henry Ford, has stated that it was the German Jew bankers who betrayed us. And now, they are at it again. Our tradesman losing their jobs, brought on by this Jewish depression. But God has delivered to us a savior, Chancellor Hitler. And he has taken us to his bosom, to mold us from unformed clay, shaped into a New Germany.

FLORENCE (V.O.)

Kunze talked so fast, Maude had to help me with the German.

Maude whispers to her, translating.

KUNZE

And we are his instrument to erase the false image of National Socialism in America. And to do so, we must destroy this Jewish boycott of German Goods once and for all.

FLORENCE (V.O.)

It was the vilest kind of anti-Semitism. Jews are at once Marxist-Communists and masters of Capitalism running the world. Ridiculous drivel.

Kunze winds up the speech with a salute.

KUNZE

Heil Hitler!

CROWD

Heil Hitler!

Maude glances at Florence. Florence gives the salute.

CROWD AND FLORENCE

Heil Hitler! Heil Hitler! Heil Hitler!

INT. BACK OF KREUTZER HALLE - NIGHT

The crowd is breaking up. Mittemeier looks for Florence. He signals her to follow him. She waves bye to Maude.

Mittemeier presents Florence to Gerhard Kunze.

FLORENCE

Delighted to meet you, Herr
Ortsgruppenführer. A wonderful
speech

He bows, looks her over carefully, then peers at her pin.

KUNZE

Where did you buy that pin,
Fraulein?

FLORENCE

Oh, I didn't buy it. It's a memento
from an old friend of my father's.

KUNZE

And where is this old friend?

FLORENCE

He went back home. He's very ill.

KUNZE

And where is your family's home?

FLORENCE

Mainz, in Hessen.

KUNZE

That could not be. Mainz is in the
Rhineland.

FLORENCE

Oh yes, I always forget. They are
from across the river in Mainz-
Kostheim.

KUNZE

(Incredulous)

You must miss the architecture?

FLORENCE

Yes, and the church and carnival.

KUNZE

Well, he should have known better.
That pin is dangerous. You could
get beaten by Jew thugs...or worse.

Boris Brotta joins the group.

FLORENCE
I'm sure he meant no harm. I do
love it.

MITTEMEIER
It is better not to.

BROTTA
The time hasn't yet come for the
wearing of pins, Fraulein?

FLORENCE
Schroeder. Marie Schroeder.

BROTTA
Enchanted, Fraulein Schroeder.

He kisses her hand in that continental way.

FLORENCE
Well, if the gentlemen agree.

She removes the pin.

MITTEMEIER
Fraulein Schroeder, do you have
transportation?

FLORENCE
Yes, the bus.

MITTEMEIER
I have a car. I will be happy...

KUNZE
Franz, we have business.

MITTEMEIER
Ja, ja, perhaps another time,
Aufwiedersehen.

O.S. SOUND OF TYPING.

FLORENCE (V.O.)
"Rabbi Cohen, I beg you, please, be
very cautious about using my last
name with Rabbi Wise. My relatives
in Berlin are well known through
their furniture stores.

EXT. BERLIN - THE WAGNER FURNITURE EMPORIUM - DAY

Two SA men block the store entrance. Between A thick crowd of passersby, a crude Star of David is revealed, painted on the store window, and the word "Juden".

Berthold Wagner, fuming, emerges behind the SA men.

BERTHOLD
(in German; subtitled)
*Scum! Bastards! Get away from my
store. I will call the police!*

The SA men laugh and push him. He pushes back, but is overmatched, and soon is pushed back inside.

EXT. PARK ROW, LOWER MANHATTAN - DAY

SUPER: New York City, September 14th, 1935

OD troops are chanting as Heinz Spanknoble climbs the stairs to the New Yorker Staats-Zeitung and enters the building.

OD TROOPS
Out with the Jews, Out with the
Jews...

Sitting incognito across the street in City Hall Park Florence sketches the scene and makes notes.

A block away, a trench-coated Boris Broтта takes it all in.

INT. STAATS-ZEITUNG & THE CATHOLIC NEWS - CITY ROOM - DAY

O.S, The singing of men is heard through the window.

A RECEPTIONIST sits near the door. Her eyes grow wide at the sight of the uniformed Spanknoble.

RECEPTIONIST
May I help you, Sir?

SPANKNOBLE
I am wishing to see the brothers
Ridder.

RECEPTIONIST
Are they expecting you?

SPANKNOBLE
Say to them it is Heinz Spanknoble.

The receptionist goes to an office door on which hangs a sign, "VICTOR RIDDER & BERNARD RIDDER, Publishers."

Spanknoble looks around the City Room. The occupants notice him. The noise dies down. The silence becomes uncomfortable.

Spanknoble struts as he realizes the impression he has made.

RECEPTIONIST

Come with me, Sir.

INT. RIDDER BROTHERS OFFICE - DAY

The office wall displays photographs of both brothers in United States Army uniforms, along with plaques and framed citations of awards from Catholic organizations.

The brothers stare skeptically at Spanknoble's uniform and don't get up.

VICTOR

What can we do for you, Herr Spanknoble?

Spanknoble whips out a document and reads from it.

SPANKNOBLE

I am here as a representative of the German government, meine Herren. My message from the Reich is that, as of this day, you are to stop printing all material critical of Der Führer and publish only positive stories about the New Germany. With respect to matters involving German-Americans, Heinz Spanknoble is in full charge.

The Ridders look at each other in disbelief.

BERNARD

Says who?

SPANKNOBLE

Pardon?

VICTOR

By whose authority are you transmitting this policy?

Spanknoble throws the document down on Victor's desk. It is signed by Rudolph Hess.

The Ridders rise. Each takes one of Spanknoble's arms. They hustle him out of the office, out the front door, down the steps, and throw him into the arms of the chanting OD men.

INT. YORKVILLE - GERMANIA BOOKSHOP - NIGHT

Kunze and Wheeler-Hill are speaking to Mittemeier as he packs up pamphlets. Brotta Browses in the background.

KUNZE

(in German; subtitled)
So, Franz, you and Dr. Deland have found us an American girl.

MITTEMEIER

Yes, I talk to her in Deutsch. Her German is very good.

KUNZE

What kind of work could she do?

WHEELER-HILL

Typing, filing, translating. The files are a mess. If I write a report for Berlin, it takes me four hours. And Franz is not so good with translation.

MITTEMEIER

Herr Ortsgruppenführer, I assure you I do my best. I have my shop also to take care of. She would be in the office. Wonderful.

KUNZE

I'm not so sure. An American girl is not the same as a German girl.

WHEELER-HILL

Gerhard, they're not going to send us girls from Germany. Anyway, Franz can keep an eye on her.

MITTEMEIER

She is pure Aryan.

Kunze is silent and remains skeptical. Brotta looks up and interjects.

BROTTA

We can know if her heart is pure Arisch. Is that not so, Herr Ortsgruppenführer?

KUNZE

Perhaps.

MITTEMEIER

*So I will get in touch with this
Marie?*

Kunze nods in agreement. Mittemeier takes out his registration book. It reads, "Twenty-three West sixty-fourth Street, Apt B. Care of Mrs. Wachtel".

EXT. GERMANIA BOOKSHOP - NIGHT

FONG fliers and posters proclaiming "Come, Celebrate German Day Oct 29, 1935" are tacked on a newspaper stand. A New Yorker Staats-Zeitung headline reads, "The Spanknoble Affair, Who is Heinz Spanknoble?"

A car passes and sends a brick through the bookstore window.

INT. 23 WEST 64TH ST - APARTMENT HOUSE - MORNING

Florence stands in a small vestibule. Opening a mailbox with her key, she takes out a single letter. The return address is from Fritz Mittemeier.

INT. YORKVILLE - FONG HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Headquarters is the ground floor of a rundown brownstone.

Florence and Mittemeier sit at a typing table. Florence cuts a stencil, and Mittemeier helps with the platen.

FLORENCE

Herr Mittemeier, if you get any closer, I will fall off this bench.

MITTEMEIER

Entschuldigen Sie, Fraulein, I was only trying to help.

Men come and go from the private office at the rear.

FLORENCE

Why aren't you inside with the others?

MITTEMEIER

You do me too much honor. I am not part of this, the inner circle.

FLORENCE
So you get paid for this job?

MITTEMEIER
Paid? Nein. No money.

FLORENCE
With all this work you put in? You do it for nothing?

MITTEMEIER
Well, sometimes. If I have expenses, if I have to go to Detroit, then they pay.

FLORENCE
Does your wife take care of the bookshop when you are gone?

MITTEMEIER
Sadly, I have no helpmeet. That is the word? If I travel, I close the shop.

FLORENCE
No wife? I can't believe it. An attractive man like yourself with a successful business? I wonder what they're talking about in there that takes so long? I'd like to go home.

MITTEMEIER
What they always talk about, Jews.

INT. SPANKNOBLE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Several members talk animatedly in German. Among them are Schuster, Wheeler-Hill, and Kunze.

SPANKNOBLE
(in German; subtitled)
Perhaps I can shed some light on the discussion, gentlemen. Deputy Führer Hess holds the opinion that the best way to make America more friendly to National Socialism is to direct our efforts to the German-Americans. Blood calling to blood.

GROUP
Ja, ja. Very right.

WHEELER-HILL

So you think Dr Deland can recruit more Ausländische Deutsche.

SPANKNOBLE

It is their wish.

KUNZE

Can not these Deutsche Amerikaner have...divided loyalties.

SPANKNOBLE

Perhaps, but in order to organize and break the back of the Jewish boycott, we must bring these new members to us in numbers. This and some other actions we believe will work because Jews are almost as popular in America as they are elsewhere.

Laughter

INT. OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT

Florence types. The door to the inner office opens. Spanknoble and the others come out.

SCHUSTER

(in German; subtitled)

Dr. Goebbels also has some ideas to make them even more popular.

Laughter. Florence looks up from her typing.

KUNZE

So here is our new helper.

Spanknoble looks her over.

SPANKNOBLE

What kind of work do you do?

FLORENCE

I was a clerk in a bank. I lost my job.

Spanknoble pats her on the shoulder.

SPANKNOBLE

Ja, ja. Bad times. So perhaps you could stay a little late tonight and help Sepp with some business.

MONTAGE -

The screen erupts in flames as a Jewish temple is firebombed. OD men and Florence run through the frame in silhouette.

A hand paints a Swastika on a storefront. Florence acts as a lookout for the perpetrators.

Men wearing sandwich boards proclaiming "Boycott the Boycotters" and "Aryan buying pays Aryan men" hide Florence as she pulls a "Boycott German Merchants" poster off a wall. She replaces it with one advertising "German Day, Oct 29, 1935" and "A German Evening, Sept 22, 1935". Boris Brotta observes from across the street.

Screams ring out as OD men hold down a Jewish youth at knifepoint and carve a cross on his forehead. Florence hides her fear and shame as she watches from a parked car.

EXT. YORKVILLE - JULIA RICHMOND HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Florence stands on the steps, passing out FONG flyers.

O.S. A school bell drills the air.

A flood of girls swoops down the steps. Among them is a young African-American woman, GEORGIA FAYE.

Florence sees Georgia and nervously stuffs her flyers in a nearby mailbox. Georgia heads toward Florence.

GEORGIA

You reliving the glory days? I hardly recognized you with that hair. Very Harlow.

FLORENCE

Just dropping off some mail for Papa. You working here now?

GEORGIA

Teaching. But it's not like our time. It's so rough, the staff's calling it Julia Rikers High.

Across the street, Frau Schmidt pushes a baby carriage filled with groceries. She sees Florence in conversation and, furtively, hides behind a telephone pole to observe the conversation.

FLORENCE

Georgia, we need to reconnect.
Since I've been back, I haven't
seen any of the old crowd.

GEORGIA

Bad times. Most folks are moving on
anywhere they can find work. Drop a
note by the office. I still don't
have a phone.

FLORENCE

Some things never change. I will.

They walk away in opposite directions. When they're out of
sight, Frau Schmidt continues down the street.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER PIER - THE HAPAG-LLOYD LINE - NIGHT.

The SS RESOLUTE is decorated for a party. People in evening
clothes and uniforms alight from cabs and limos. In a parked
car, the Ridder brothers observe with two reporters.

Brotta and Kunze go up the gangway. A sign welcomes them to a
"Kameradschaft Abend: A German-American Friendship Evening."

INT. SS RESOLUTE - DINING SALON - NIGHT

The salon is set up for a gala banquet. Red and black banners
welcome "Our American Friends" and "Der Neue Amerikaner
Bundesleiter, Heinz Spanknoble."

Florence strolls around in an obvious way, making sure she is
noticed, with her party pin on her jacket.

She stops at the propaganda table.

MITTEMEIER

Marie! I never see you so
beautiful. What a good idea to have
a shipboard gala. I have just the
table for you. Up front with the
big shots.

FLORENCE

With Spanknoble? That is an honor.

They stroll up the aisle. Halfway, she glances back and sees
Mittemeier stopped at Maude Deland and Frau Schmidt's table.

MITTEMEIER

Nein, nein, Dr. DeLand, it is not my favoritism. The Bundesleiter himself asked for Fraulein Schroeder to sit near him.

MAUDE

Well, I can't blame him.

She waves enthusiastically to Florence, who waves back.

Mittemeier leaves as Frau Schmidt leans in and whispers in Dr. DeLand's ear.

Mittemeier and Florence approach the dais where Wheeler-Hill, CAPTAIN MENSING, Sepp Schuster, and several men gather around the uniformed Heinz Spanknoble.

MITTEMEIER

Herr Bundesleiter, we are joined by our Fraulein Schroeder.

Spanknoble kisses her hand awkwardly.

MITTEMEIER (CONT'D)

(To Florence)

Captain Mensing, Herr Schuster, and, of course, Ortsgruppenführer Kunze.

CAPTAIN MENSING

It is a great pleasure to see an American girl with such a deep interest in the Fatherland.

FLORENCE

Oh yes...It lifts my heart.

Brotta approaches the gathering.

WHEELER-HILL

(To Mensing) Perhaps you know my friend, Boris Brotta of the German-American Board of Trade.

CAPTAIN MENSING

Of course, we have much business together. (To Florence) Fraulein Schroeder, I think we have someplace met before?

FLORENCE

I wish I could say so, Herr Captain.

SPANKNOBLE

You have family in Berlin?

FLORENCE

Excuse me. No, my family is from Mainz-Kostheim, Hessen.

BROTTA

No wonder, she looks like that German movie star!

MITTEMEIER

Lillian Harvey!

SPANKNOBLE

No, Pedersen, Kristina Pedersen!

The group obsequiously agrees with Spanknoble.

FLORENCE

Oh, I am so very flattered.

EXT. DECK OF THE RESOLUTE - NIGHT

Kunze is smoking with Frau Schmidt.

FRAU SCHMIDT

Herr Ortsgruppenfuehrer you have a right to be angry.

KUNZE

I was promised the Amerikanisch Führer. Now for no reason it is taken away.

FRAU SCHMIDT

He made powerful friends in Berlin.

KUNZE

He is an idiot.

FRAU SCHMIDT

Not the only one in high places. Just wait, they always destroy themselves.

KUNZE

They say he's already made us some influential enemies downtown.

FRAU SCHMIDT

Like at the bakery...

Kunze looks at her quizzically.

FRAU SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
Herr Ortsgruppenführer, take a
number and wait.

They laugh.

INT. DINING SALON - NIGHT

The orchestra plays a romantic tune. Waiters clear tables.

Brotta and Florence are dancing. Brotta dances her out to the deck, where the moon lights the view of the Hudson.

BROTTA
How does an American girl become so
involved with the Friends?

FLORENCE
(in German; subtitled)
*I was in university in Berlin and I
have seen the truth.*

BROTTA
Your field of study?

FLORENCE
European Languages.

BROTTA
(in French; subtitled)
*So you are both brilliant and
beautiful.*

Florence sizes him up before answering.

FLORENCE
(in Italian; subtitled)
*Not so much brilliant but clever
and diligent.*

BROTTA
(in Italian; subtitled)
*And fond of dueling. We must go
tit for tat sometime.*

FLORENCE
It's cold, Herr Brotta. I'd better
go inside.

The gala continues as Florence takes refuge in an alcove. Swallowing her disgust, she observes the proceedings out of sight.

Kunze mounts the stage and holds up his hand for silence.

KUNZE

Dear Friends of New Germany, dear American friends, let me bring to your attention a few of the names of our wonderful supporters here tonight.

Each one rises and takes a bow.

KUNZE (CONT'D)

Joseph McWilliams, National Commander of the Fascist Christian Mobilizers!

Cheers

KUNZE (CONT'D)

Colonel Edwin Emerson, Of Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders, Retired. And Publisher of our "Amerika Deutsche Post". The esteemed William Dudley Pelley of The Silver Legion of America...

The two reporters from The Ridder's car stand in the back and take notes furiously.

O.S. Sound of Typing.

FLORENCE (V.O.)

I have to grit my teeth at the sight of these dressed-up monkeys behaving like lords. Mittemeier's not too bad, but he's low-level. If I encouraged him, he might propose. What would you think of that, Rabbi? Schuster and Kunze are sinister. Brotta's a good dancer, but he's a fascist.

KUNZE

...and too many more to name. Dear German-American friends, what a triumph for German unity tonight.

(MORE)

KUNZE (CONT'D)

Meine Herren und meine Damen,
ladies and gentlemen, allow me to
present den Amerikaner-
Bundesleiter, our American leader,
Heinz Spanknoble.

The lights are dimmed. The crowd is on its feet, cheering wildly. Music plays.

The curtain is raised. Heinz Spanknoble stands amidst a row of handsome young boys waving Nazi and American flags.

The spotlight falls on Spanknoble. He gives the Nazi salute.

Shouts of Heil Hitler from the audience ring out as flash bulbs go off.

INSERT - THE NEW YORKER STAATS-ZEITUNG

In a match frame, Spanknoble is standing, giving the Nazi salute below a headline, "The Spanknoble Affair: Rep. Dickstein, 'Committee will investigate' Feds Issue Arrest Warrant."

EXT. YORKVILLE - YORK AVE. - DAY

A sticker is slapped up over a "German Day" poster. The word "Cancelled" now featured over the old print.

The same poster is up and down York Ave.

On a kiosk, a newspaper headline proclaims, "Where Is Spanknoble? Report 'American Führer Flees Country'"

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - THE HIGH SEAS. DAY

The SS Europa is steaming along.

INT. THE SS EUROPA - SMALL 3RD CLASS STATE ROOM - DAY

Spanknoble lies in a bunk staring at the ceiling.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

A gavel is brought down swiftly. The shot widens.

FIORELLO LA GUARDIA

Hear ye! Hear ye! All those who have business before this court of civilization, give your attention, and ye shall be heard.

The arena is packed. On the floor, a stage set resembles a courtroom. Behind the dais and panel of "Judges" flies a banner. "The Case of Civilization Against Hitlerism".

Placards identify the panel of eminent politicians. One seat is empty. The placard reads, "Ambassador Hans Luther, Germany". They are fronted by a line of radio microphones.

FIORELLO LA GUARDIA (CONT'D)

The love of justice, which is the highest attribute of man, has been stirred to its depths by the unending story of outrage and brutality, which, despite all efforts at suppression, flows steadily out of Germany. The truth is mighty, and the truth will prevail.

The crowd erupts.

INT. MANHATTAN - 47TH AND 10TH AVE.- NIGHT

One by one, Sepp Schuster's OD Men assemble into formation.

SEN. TYDINGS (V.O.)

Who are these German citizens whose rights have been abridged? The statistics state that 17% of the Jewish population of Germany served their country in the Great War, and 2,000 rose to the rank of officer.

The OD men begin their march to the Garden.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

SEN. TYDINGS

These men are now...outcasts! And having given all, are denied the equal privileges of peace.

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

OD Men approach. Mounted NYC police cordon off the street. Behind them, a throng of supporters, some in WWI army uniforms. Their banners read, "Jewish War Veterans", "Germans For Democracy," etc. A voice echoes over the PA.

JUDGE SEABURY

The hideousness of events justly alarms all those who are opposed to Western Civilization again becoming disrupted by a fiery ordeal of battle, which these Hitler tactics, if not prevented, foreshadow.

INT. YORKVILLE - WAGNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Florence and her family listen to the radio broadcast.

VICTOR RIDDER

A minor public official was confronted some time ago with a demand that certain citizens of Germany should be admitted to this country.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

VICTOR RIDDER

He replied that the demand was backed by merely small groups along the Atlantic Seaboard, and that he, as a public official, was not impressed. I want the answer to this assertion to be clear and unequivocal.

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

OD men attempt to push their way past the mounted police. They are rebuffed by billy clubs, horse flanks, and hooves.

VICTOR RIDDER

(Over the street P.A.)

It is not a special interest that is concerned in this question. Not Jews, nor Catholics, nor Protestants. It is the whole of the American people.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

SEC. OF STATE COLBY
Tonight, we place five major crimes
at the doors of Nazism.

EXT. A GERMAN TOWN - NIGHT.

A Synagogue is on fire.

SEC. OF STATE COLBY (V.O.)
The destruction of Jewish culture
and property.

EXT. A BERLIN STREET - DAY

A group of Jews is herded into a truck by SS men. One of them
is Berthold Wagner. The truck drives off.

SEC. OF STATE COLBY (V.O.)
The internment of dissident and non-
German Jews in work camps.

INT. YORKVILLE - WAGNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Their expressions of concern deepen as the Wagner family
listens to the broadcast.

SEC. OF STATE COLBY (V.O.)
The exclusion of German Jews from
German communities through a
campaign of intimidation and
terror. The ouster of Jewish
tradesmen, craftsmen, lawyers, and
doctors from the German economy.

INT. BERLIN UNIVERSITY OF THE ARTS - THEATER - DAY

A play is performed where Florence once auditioned.

SEC. OF STATE COLBY (V.O.)
And the removal and exclusion of
Jewish professors and students from
trade schools and institutions of
higher learning.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

RABBI STEPHEN WISE
 And so the battle against Hitlerism
 is not my battle, nor my people's
 battle. It is a battle for Western
 Civilization.

The crowd cheers.

RABBI STEPHEN WISE (CONT'D)
 It is now time for us to say that
 Hilterism may go thus far, and no
 further.

INT. YORKVILLE THEATER, 96TH ST. - NIGHT

The action from the Garden continues in newsreel form.

RABBI STEPHEN WISE
 We Jews tonight join in a chorus of
 civilization to indict Hitlerism.
 For Western civilization is
 Christian civilization. So let
 Christians act as Christians.

The Garden crowd erupts into a standing ovation.

A few OD Men stand along the aisles. A sparse crowd in the
 audience does not react. Boris Brotta sits with Frau Schmidt.

FRAU SCHMIDT
 (Standing up)
 How does he know anything? He
 wasn't there.

NEWSREEL ANNOUNCER
 In other news of the world, it was
 the 14th birthday celebration of
 the Nazi march on Munich.

INT. BERLIN - RUDOLPH HESS'S OFFICE - DAY

The newsreel continues subtitled in German.

RUDOLPH HESS
 (in German; subtitled)
Shut it off!

Spanknoble sits with ERNST BOHLE, Leader of The Foreign
 Organization

RUDOLPH HESS (CONT'D)

(To Spanknoble)

I'm afraid you have made a hash of our intentions. Our Auslandsdeutsche have indeed rattled the cage, but apparently, the beast has not yet been fed the proper meat.

ERNST BOHLE

Perhaps it is time for a change.

RUDOLPH HESS

Yes, also the Führer's thinking. He believes we must appeal to the Deutschdum on cultural rather than political basis. If a new approach is to succeed, the tensions between Berlin and Washington must, for now, be lessened.

ERNST BOHLE

Ease up on the Jewish Question. A large dent has been made. In the meantime, we placate Roosevelt and keep his Jewish legions at bay.

Hess penetrates him with his gaze.

RUDOLPH HESS

I am glad we are all in agreement. The Führer has asked me to issue a proclamation. All Deutsch must now abandon The Friends of New Germany or lose their citizenship and passports.

He pulls out a piece of paper from a drawer.

RUDOLPH HESS (CONT'D)

As leader of the Department for Germans abroad, you must sign.

Bohle begins to sign

RUDOLPH HESS (CONT'D)

(To Spanknoble) We understand that Schuster will be returning soon and that Detroit has appointed this Kuhn interim Bundesleiter. Do you know of him?

SPANKNOBLE
*An underling, a Midwest Unit
 Leader, a minor player.*

INT. THE WAGNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jacob, in his chair, reading a letter, becomes upset.

FLORENCE
 What is it papa?

Jacob hands her the letter.

JACOB
 Berthold has disappeared. Gertrude
 is sure he is in one of those work
 camps.

Florence hands him back the letter.

INT. SCHMIDTS BAKERY - DAY

Florence is sampling the pastry.

FRAU SCHMIDT
 The Schnecken is fresh, out of the
 oven, twenty minutes.

FLORENCE
 I have no taste for it, too sweet.

She points to the Puddingbrezel.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
 What do you make of the new
 Bundesleiter...

FRAU SCHMIDT
 Bundesfuierer! He is very
 particular about that.

FLORENCE
 The new Bundesführer from Detroit.
 He seems very smart.

FRAU SCHMIDT
 Yeah, but there are factions, you
 know. Not everyone is happy. I tell
 you what...

She pulls an envelope out of her register and pushes it
 towards Florence.

FRAU SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

I know people who would be helpful if you become...close to him. It would be easy.

Florence's eye is caught by a young Middle Eastern-looking man who flashes past the window. She takes the money.

INT. FRITZ KUHN'S OFFICE, THE GERMAN AMERICAN BUND - DAY

FRITZ KUHN speaks with a thick German accent. In a dress Neo-Nazi uniform, he paces as he addresses a small gathering, including Kunze, Wheeler-Hill, and Brotta.

KUHN

We now enter a period of new leadership that will bind our common past with our future. The coming struggles will be great, as will the victories.

They applaud politely.

KUHN (CONT'D)

We will return to the Führerprinzip. Loyalty to the Führer, in Germany, and to the Amerikanischer Führer, the Bundesführer. This is paramount.

O.S. Sound of typing.

FLORENCE (V.O.)

This Fritz Kuhn's smarter than the last guy. They say he was a chemical engineer at Ford. He seems able to put a smily American face on the same fascist stier scheisse.

KUHN

Henceforth, we are a new Bund. Not a German-American Bund, but an American-German Bund.

FLORENCE (V.O.)

Also, he's figured a way around the German membership restrictions.

KUHN

We will have a Prospective Citizens League for those on their way to naturalization. But make no mistake.

(MORE)

KUHN (CONT'D)

We are all still Germans, by race,
by culture, by language. And remain
what we are, Amerikaner, people of
German blood and American soil.

INT. OUTER OFFICE OF THE GERMAN AMERICAN BUND - DAY

The Old FONG office has been transformed into a polished hive of activity. One uniformed worker stuffs envelopes with flyers reading "Purpose and Aims". Another reads "Join The German American Bund" with an application.

O.S. Sound of typing.

FLORENCE (V.O.)

I have to hand it to Kuhn. He's
pushed the Bund to include Krauts
from all over the country. I think
this has got to be a thorn in the
side of Berlin. Still, a useful
thorn.

Two men sit in front of the mail slots. Money and completed membership forms fall out. Florence drops off mail at various desks.

Kuhn and his entourage emerge into the outer office.

BROTTA

Herr Bundesführer, this is the
Fräulein Schroeder I have told you
about.

KUHN

Pleased you are with us, Fräulein.

FLORENCE

It is my pleasure...and my duty to
serve Herr Bundesführer.

They begin to walk on.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Herr Brotta.

BROTTA

Yes, Fräulein Schroeder?

She hands him the envelope with Frau Schmidt's cash inside.

FLORENCE

I believe Frau Schmidt left this. I
was hoping you could return it.

EXT. YORKVILLE - YORK AVE - DAY

Florence leans halfway in a brownstone doorway, nervously lighting a cigarette.

FLORENCE (V.O)
 Money's been coming in from German companies who buy subscriptions and large ads in their news....

A passing young man suddenly buttonholes Florence.

YOUNG MAN
 Hey Florence, they told me you were back. Nice hair.

FLORENCE
 (in Italian; subtitled)
Excuse me, I don't speak English.

YOUNG MAN
 No joke, Flo, let me buy you a coffee.

FLORENCE
 (in Italian; subtitled)
 Sir, please! I am late for an appointment.

Florence brushes past the young man and walks on.

YOUNG MAN
 Bitch!

With her hand behind her back, she flips him the bird.

EXT. YAPHANK, NY - DAY

Kuhn and Kunze stand out in a country field with some men in hard hats and a surveyor's team.

O.S. Sound of typing.

FLORENCE (V.O.)
 With that and the membership money, Kuhn is buying up large tracts of land in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York. For what I don't know.

EXT. YORKVILLE - CITY STREETS AND SHOPS - DAY

Brotta and Wheeler-Hill put up signs reading "DAWA" in shop windows. Others read "German Owned" and "Buy German". A uniformed hand pulls down a "Boycott German Goods" poster.

A butcher is in a heated discussion with an OD man, but relents and puts a DAWA sign inside his display case.

FLORENCE (V.O.)

And he's using the German American Business League to break the back of the boycott. It's not always voluntary.

INT. OFFICES OF THE GERMAN AMERICAN BUND - DAY

Florence is translating and typing up a report.

FLORENCE (SOTO VOCE)

In Milwaukee, haben wir festgestellt, dass die Brauer unseren Anforderungen nicht so gerecht werden.

INSERT - Typewriter platen "In Milwaukee, we have found the brewers to be not so compliant."

Kuhn approaches her.

KUHN

Mien Fraulein Schroeder, they have told me about your old bank work.

FLORENCE

Yes, Bundesführer.

KUHN

I think perhaps you might be more useful to us in this capacity.

Their conversation continues MOS.

FLORENCE (V.O.)

I shouldn't have told them I worked in a bank. This is worrisome. But on the plus side, they want me to keep the books. Is digging a hole I can't get out of worth whatever you get, Rabbi? They can't find out I was just a secretary. I'll need to learn some bookkeeping from my brother.

Kuhn puts his hand on Florence's shoulders as they speak.

FLORENCE (V.O.)
 And this Kuhn's quite a piece of
 work. The ubermensch is out most
 nights chasing skirt.

INT. MANHATTAN - THE STORK CLUB - NIGHT

Kuhn in uniform, drinking with VIRGINIA COGSWEL, a big,
 brassy blonde. Florence, at the maitre'd stand in a red wig
 and business suit, holds a box marked "Natl. Cranberry Assoc."

FLORENCE
 Tell Mr Billingsley that it's Miss
 Casey, Miss Cape Cod, with a gift
 for him.

Benjamin Siegel passes her as he exits.

SIEGEL
 (Whispers)
 I liked you better as a Brunette.

A man in a Fedora hat observes Kuhn and Virginia Cogswell.

FLORENCE (V.O.)
 Walter Winchell was there. His
 column said Kuhn's companion was
 Virginia Cogswell, Miss America
 1925. Imagine that. He called them
 both Ratzis.

INT. YORKVILLE - UPSCALE GERMAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Kuhn in Uniform dining with MRS. FLORENCE CAMP, an older
 divorcee. The waiter brings a platter of Sizzling Schnitzel.

FLORENCE (V.O.)
 His taste in women is...eclectic.
 But you know what they say, the
 spice of life. I hear there's a
 Frau Kuhn, too, but he keeps her
 squirreled away in Jackson Heights.
 And when he's not trysting...

INT. THE BRONX - EBLING'S CASINO - NIGHT

FLORENCE (V.O.)
 ...he's out with the old Beer Hall
 Pusch boys at Ebling's in the
 Bronx.

The Bund brain trust sings the "Auf, Hitlerleute, schliesst die Reihen". Kuhn grabs the butt of a passing waitress.

INT. HARLEM - SHOWMAN'S JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

Kuhn, with an attractive black woman, bops along to the 30's Jazz. Florence, in disguise, sits with Georgia Faye and observes from a distant table.

FLORENCE (V.O.)
 And somehow he manages to
 compartmentalize his Aryan
 superiority to frequent Showman's
 up in Harlem, for the jazz
 and...whatever.

INT. MANHATTAN - THE SHERRY NETHERLANDS HOTEL - NIGHT

Walking down a hallway, Kuhn has his hands all over Virginia Cogswell. He guides her gently into a room. Florence, as Miss Casey, walks the hallway, stops, takes note of the room number, then looks down as if something has caught her eye.

EXT. YORKVILLE CASINO - NIGHT

Outside the club sits a new 1936 Ford Coupe. A sign sits on top advertising "Olympic Journey Sendoff, win this car."

INT. YORKVILLE CASINO - THE TUXEDO BALLROOM - NIGHT

An "Oom Pah" band plays polkas. Steins of beer are served to the Bundists, their wives, and OD men in uniform. Some wear Tyrolean hats and leather shorts. Fritz Kuhn glad-hands the crowd as he circulates.

The place is lively and packed. A banner proclaims "June 23rd, 1936, "Amerikadeutscher Volksbund Olympic Journey." Propaganda is for sale amid a "Golden Book" for Bundists to send well wishes to the Führer.

Florence, in an embroidered blouse and dirndl skirt, is one of three women selling 10-cent lottery chances. She approaches Frau Schmidt.

FLORENCE

Would you like to buy a chance to sponsor the Women's League to the Fatherland?

FRAU SCHMIDT

(Putting money on the plate)
Someone has to keep an eye on these men.

FLORENCE

Indeed.

They both laugh.

FRAU SCHMIDT

Is that what you were doing at the school, selling chances to the Swartza?

Florence looks at her quizzically.

FRAU SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

The Swartza, the Swartza, out in front of the high school.

FLORENCE

Oh, you mean that Negerin.

FRAU SCHMIDT

Yes, the Swartza, same thing.
Jewish slang. I thought you would know it.

Out of nowhere, Mittemeier swoops in, seizes Florence, and sets them careening around the dance floor in double time.

FLORENCE

Franz! Franz, please stop. I can't catch my breath.

MITTEMEIER

Come, I buy you a drink.

He leads her to the long table area where Boris Broтта sits.

MITTEMEIER (CONT'D)

Ah. Here is my friend, Broтта.

Broтта moves over to make room for them.

MITTEMEIER (CONT'D)

I get you a beer.

FLORENCE

Orangeade.

MITTEMEIER

What kind of German girl does not drink beer?

FLORENCE

(Dimpling) One who doesn't want to get fat.

MITTEMEIER

Ach, but you are perfect.

He goes off to get her the drink.

FLORENCE

Did you win anything?

Brotta points to his glass of beer.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Not quite the car you were hoping for? You should have bought your chances from me.

BROTTA

Our benefactor forbids the Business League members to win.

Mittemeier returns with the orangeade.

MITTEMEIER

My apologies, Marie. I am needed in the back. You are in good hands.

Mittemeier rushes off. The band begins a waltz.

BROTTA

Would you care to dance?

Florence rises reluctantly.

They dance. Brotta is an accomplished dancer, and Florence has a few dips and twirls of her own. They get a little applause from the onlookers. They return to the table laughing.

At the rear of the pavilion, Brotta sees Mittemeier arguing with Frau Schmidt and Gerhard Kunze.

FLORENCE

Where did you learn to dance so beautifully, Herr Brotta?

BROTTA

St. Petersburg. Dancing classes for the children of nobility.

FLORENCE

So you are a prince?

BROTTA

Minor nobility. My father was a country cousin to the Czar.

FLORENCE

Where is your family now? Did they...?

BROTTA

Escaped to Paris. My mother works as a maid, my father, a chauffeur.

FLORENCE

But you don't have a Russian accent.

BROTTA

I was educated at Cambridge before the revolution.

Mittemeier returns, shaking his head in disbelief.

FLORENCE

What's wrong?

MITTEMEIER

Nein, nothing.

Fritz Kuhn approaches the table.

KUHN

Fraulein Marie, it would be my honor to give you a ride home if one is needed.

Florence glances at Broтта, but he makes no offer.

FLORENCE

Thank you, but I believe I am going with Herr Broтта.

INT. WEST 64TH ST. - TAXI CAB - NIGHT

They are parked outside Mrs. Wachtel's apartment.

FLORENCE

Thanks for saving my bacon from
Herr Kuhn.

BROTTA

Russians have been fooling Germans
for generations.

Brotta opens the cab door.

BROTTA (CONT'D)

Let me walk you up.

Brotta walks around to the passenger door and opens it.
Florence reluctantly lets him take her arm. She unlocks the
vestibule and fumbles for the door key.

FLORENCE

(Slightly panicked) I seem to have
misplaced my key, Herr Brotta.

BROTTA

Boris, please.

The moment lingers, the perfect prelude to a kiss.

A man in workman's clothes enters. He opens the front door.
Florence catches it just before it closes.

FLORENCE

(in German; subtitled)
*Thanks again...Boris, but I must be
going. Auf Wiedersehen*

BROTTA

(in Russian; subtitled)
*As long as one has the sunshine,
one does not ask for the moon.*

FLORENCE

(in Russian; subtitled)
*But Boris, if one shoots for the
moon...and misses...one will still
be among the stars.*

Brotta laughs and gives a small bow.

BROTTA

(in Russian; subtitled)
Goodnight, my dear lady.

Florence watches as Brotta enters the cab and it drives off.

INT. MANHATTAN - CAB HEADING CROSS TOWN - NIGHT

Florence sits quietly, pensively, in the back seat as the cab heads into Central Park. After a while, she speaks.

FLORENCE
(Quietly to herself)
Jesus, I almost just fucked a Nazi.

CAB DRIVER
Excuse me?

FLORENCE
Nothing.

The cab drives on into the night.

INT. THE FREE SYNAGOGUE - RABBI COHEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Florence majorly upset.

FLORENCE
...did you know that I'd have to help burn a temple and paint Swastikas on stores, or hide from my friends to observe? Did you? No. Did you know that you only gave me a mailbox key? Did you, no. Did you know that if I wear that Nazi pin I can get beat up, or worse! (She starts to break down) Did you know I saw a young Jewish boy knifed in the face... I didn't think...

COHEN
The longest journey you'll ever take is from your head to your heart. The reports are excellent. Rabbi Wise is on his way to Berlin. He has a list of families to get out.

FLORENCE
(Calming down)
Tell Rabbi Wise, Feter Berthold's been taken to a work camp.

COHEN
The difficult, he can do. Miracles take a little longer.

Florence rummages in her handbag.

FLORENCE

I have something else for you.

COHEN

I am truly sorry. I don't have much experience in this line of work.

FLORENCE

(as an aside)

And I do? Or is that your Jewish guilt speaking...and this.

She hands him a Photostatic copy.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

It's the Bund members' list.

There's a knock at the door. Miss Levine puts her head in.

MISS LEVINE

They're here, Rabbi.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Cohen lets Florence out of his office. Two men in dark suits are waiting to see him.

COHEN

Gentlemen, come in. I think you'll be pleased with what I have for you. (To Florence) And keep up the good work, Miss Jones. Now is no time to slack off.

Cohen closes the door. Miss Levine keeps on typing.

EXT. HAMBURG, GERMANY - HAMBURG AMERICA LINE PIER - DAY

The pier and surroundings are industrious and prosperous.

The SS New York disembarks. Bundists walk down the gangway, led by Fritz Kuhn. Sepp Schuster waits for them.

SCHUSTER

(in German; subtitled)

Willkommen to the New Germany

KUHN

*Ah, the true Aryan spirit realized.
New York's still a mess, Sepp.
People begging in the streets,
bread lines...*

Florence, in uniform with the Women's League, disembarks.

SCHUSTER

*I have great news for you, Fritz.
In two days, you will March with us
and the old guard in Berlin. The
woman with our new
Wehrmachthelferinnen, and
perhaps...the Führer will meet with
us.*

Kuhn reacts like a child on Christmas morning.

EXT. BERLIN - OUTSIDE THE OLYMPIASTADT - DAY

A large parade of older SA men in uniform marches down the Olympischer Platz toward the stadium. Onlookers line the plaza and cheer as the men pass. The 5th SA company from Munich approaches, led by Schuster, followed by Kuhn, leading his Bundists. Followed by the Wehrmacht Helferinnen (Female Wehrmacht Auxiliary) and Florence with the Women's League.

Voices from the crowd call to them.

ONLOOKER 1

Amerikanisch, Amerikanisch

ONLOOKER 2

Vielen Dank, Amerikanischer Cousin

ONLOOKER 3

Amerikanisch Amerikanisch, Jesse
Owens, Jesse Owens!

Kuhn looks toward the crowd, perplexed. From the stadium, we hear a starter's gun, and a huge roar goes up.

INT. SMALL OFFICE UNDER THE OLYMPIASTADT STANDS - DAY

Adolph Hitler, his aide-de-camp, and a photographer stand with Schuster, Kuhn, Kunze, Wheeler-Hill, and various OD men. Kuhn hands the "Golden Book" to Hitler.

KUHN

(in German; subtitled)
*Mien Führer, well wishes from all
your admirers in the Volksbund.*

Hitler puts his hand on Kuhn's shoulder.

HITLER

Danke. And how are our comrades of German blood predisposed to this new German miracle?

KUHN

Mien Führer, we are strong in our resolve. And those who are not are quickly persuaded otherwise.

HITLER

Good, good, you must fight the immoral lies of the American Jew press. And what are your further plans in The Fatherland?

KUHN

Tomorrow we will march in Munich to celebrate your great triumph.

HITLER

Wonderful. I will make sure you receive a warm reception.

KUHN

Danke.

Flash Bulbs pop.

HITLER

Then you must return to America to continue this fight, Herr Kuhn. Viel Glück.

Kuhn clicks his heels, gives the Nazi salute,

KUHN

Heil Hitler!

O.D. MEN

(in unison)

Heil Hitler!

Kuhn and the OD men are led out by Schuster. Hitler turns to his aide-de-camp.

HITLER

Make sure I never have to see that man again.

EXT. THE OLYMPIASTADT - DAY

The entire stadium erupts as Jesse Owens leaves the blocks to run the 100 Meters Final.

INT. BERLIN - WAGNER APT - NIGHT

There is insistent knocking on the door. Gertrude reluctantly opens it. Dumbfounded, she is confronted by a blonde Florence in her Nazi Women's League uniform.

FLORENCE

(in German; subtitled)
Aunt Gertrude, I don't have time to explain, but you must go to the Cuban embassy. A rabbi I work for in New York has arranged for visas for you and the children.

GERTRUDE

What about Bertie?

FLORENCE

He's still working on that.

GERTRUDE

(Indicating the uniform) *And this?*

FLORENCE

I'll tell you in New York. I have to hurry before I am missed by my group. I love you and Bertie. Tell the kids I love them, too.

They squeeze hard in an embrace.

EXT. BERLIN STREET - BUS STOP - NIGHT

The spotless street is festooned with Olympic signage. Florence paces nervously, waiting for the bus. Suddenly, a police car pulls up, and an SS officer jumps out.

SS OFFICER

(in German; subtitled)
What is this costume!

FLORENCE

The German-American Volksbund, Women's League. I am here with a group from America.

SS OFFICER

*Impersonating an army officer, even
a woman, is a serious crime. Do you
have papers?*

Florence fumbles through her pocketbook, pulls out her party pin, and hands it to him. He examines it closely.

A crowded bus pulls up. A throng of exiting passengers parts the space between them.

Florence panics and sprints down the street. The officer pulls his gun. Through the crowd, he gets off a shot as Florence rounds the corner.

A waiting bus opens its doors. Florence enters as the bus takes off.

INT. BERLIN CITY BUS - NIGHT

Florence slinks down in her seat. She sees the SS man round the corner searching for her. A young Middle Easterner reminiscent of Yaqub passes behind the SS officer.

INT. BERLIN HOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Florence is violently vomiting in the bowl.

O.S. Loud door knocking.

WOMAN 1

Marie, Marie, are you alright?

Florence gets up from the toilet. Extremely agitated, she sees an unholy mess staring back at her. Vomit drips from her mouth and hair.

INT. YORKVILLE - DOORWAY TO WAGNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Florence, carrying a suitcase, slips the key into the lock as quietly as she can and gently opens the door.

INT. WAGNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jacob is asleep in his chair, a cigarette still smoking in the ashtray. Covering his belly, a newspaper with a picture of Hitler receiving the "Golden Book" from Kuhn. The headline reads "American Führer! Rep. Dies to Investigate."

As Florence sneaks past Jacob, he stirs.

FLORENCE
Oh Papa. I thought you were asleep.

JACOB
How was your trip?

FLORENCE
Just business, Papa.

She kisses him.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
Good night. Get in bed.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Florence sits at the edge of her bed. Rubbing her neck, she slips off her shoes and rubs her feet.

There is a knock at the door as Arthur opens it a few inches.

ARTHUR
Can I come in?

He doesn't wait for an answer.

FLORENCE
If you must.

Arthur sits.

ARTHUR
How's the bookkeeping?

FLORENCE
Good enough. I'm really very tired.

ARTHUR
How was Montreal?

FLORENCE
Just business. A long train ride.

Arthur takes a beat.

ARTHUR
Who hires a bookkeeper who doesn't know bookkeeping? What's up, really?

FLORENCE
Good question.

ARTHUR
Care to elaborate?

FLORENCE
Do you remember when Momma died,
and you'd wake up in the morning,
and for a second, everything felt
normal? And then all of a sudden,
that horrible feeling would grab
you by the pit of your stomach and
yank you back, and you'd remember,
oh god, oh my god!

ARTHUR
Yeah.

FLORENCE
Well, that's what I'm doing. Trying
to get that good feeling back. But
I can't tell you how, and... I'm
not sure why I keep doing it.

He pulls the chair next to the bed.

ARTHUR
Not a good answer. Talk!

INT. NEW YORK CITY - DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY.

Fritz Kuhn is at a jewelry counter examining a diamond ring.

A few aisles over, Florence, in disguise, sits with Georgia
Faye in the store's tea room.

GEORGIA
I enjoy playing dress up as much as
the next girl, but don't you think
this is getting a bit extreme?

FLORENCE
New York's just a big small town,
Georgia, and I've got too many exes
I don't want to know I'm back.

GEORGIA
You know, Florence, as a friend,
your judgment hasn't always been
the best.

Florence sees Kuhn receiving a gift-wrapped box.

FLORENCE
Ever see any of those Nazis around?

GEORGIA

The ones Winchell writes about? All the time in the neighborhood.

Brotta joins Kuhn. They walk off together.

FLORENCE

Does it bother you?

GEORGIA

Honey, if I let all the crazy of the motherfuckers I see bother me, I'd never get any sleep. And you know what? Now don't take this personal, but we've been getting our asses kicked for over 200 years here, just like your Jewish folk in Germany. So it's a little bit much to ask me to get all worked up over it.

FLORENCE

I get it.

GEORGIA

Did you know that they got Negro Nazi boys up in Harlem?

FLORENCE

No!

GEORGIA

Yeah! Carlos Cooks, Sam Daniels, Reverend Ras. They think Hitler's gonna kill all you white folk and set em' free. There's no limit to this foolishness.

Kuhn and Brotta exit the store.

FLORENCE

Come on. It's almost movie time.

INT. BUND HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

O.S. There is a commotion coming from the back offices.

Dr. Maude Sayers Deland emerges slumped over, bracketed by two OD men. Bruised and battered, she is being hustled to the street by Gerhard Kunze. Florence hides her dismay.

Kunze re-enters.

KUNZE

(To Florence as he walks
past)

Apparently, we have a Bonnet Rouge
in our midst. Marie, you need to
take extra precautions. Our
membership list is not as secure as
we had believed.

DISSOLVE TO:

The office is empty except for Florence working late on the
books.

O.S. Muffled speech emanates from behind Kuhn's office Door.

KUHN (O.S.)

In the Fatherland, I have spoken
with Goering and Goebbels and other
leading men concerning our work,
our direction, and our goals. So
today I stand before you knowing
even better the direction our Bund
must go.

Florence gets up to investigate.

INT. KUHN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

KUHN (O.S.)

And as you have undoubtedly heard,
my tenure as your Bundesführer has
been reaffirmed...

Florence, looking around, discovers that the speech is coming
from inside the office closet. She opens the door to find
Kuhn in full uniform practicing his oratory.

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

...by a special someone at the
highest...the highest level.

FLORENCE

Oh, excuse me, Bundesführer, I'm
sorry, I was just checking.

KUHN

No bother. I am practicing for
German Day. The dark, it focuses
the mind's eye. I did not realize
someone was working late.

FLORENCE
Just finishing up.

KUHN
We appreciate your commitment,
Marie. I am sure you will someday
be rewarded for all your hard work.

Kuhn reaches into his pocket and pulls out the diamond ring box.

KUHN (CONT'D)
Perhaps even one day you will earn
one of these.

Florence opens the box, removes the ring, and admires it. Kuhn reaches around Florence and rests his hand on her backside.

Florence flings the ring across the office and out the open door. Then gently pushes Kuhn back a step into the closet.

FLORENCE
My commitment is to the cause, Herr
BundesFührer, and to the party, and
if you ever touch me like that
again, you will not only be fishing
for a new bookkeeper but also for
the ledgers at the bottom of the
East River.

He smiles as if this were the reaction he was looking for.

She slams the closet door on him and exits the room.

KUHN
(From inside the closet)
I will now outline my 12-point
program for further discussion with
the Gauleiters for later today.

INT. YORKVILLE - NIGHT

Florence walks up 2nd. Ave. The area shows signs of newfound prosperity. Most shops display DAWA stickers; others proclaim "Boycott Jewish Goods."

O.S. Sound of Typing.

FLORENCE (V.O.)

Kuhn claims the Führer made him the permanent American Bundesführer, but the scuttlebutt is that no such thing happened. Even the OD men are skeptical but are compelled to believe.

Florence starts and stops her walk. She turns around as if to indicate she thinks someone is following her.

FLORENCE (V.O.)

You may have a Fink, Rabbi. They know about the membership lists, but I think I'm in the clear. And tonight, Kuhn made his move on me. But I rebuffed him pretty good. Isn't the Bible where it says, "Keep your friends close, but your enemies closer"? That's going to be my credo until you get my family out. I relayed your message to Tante Gertrude in Berlin. Patiently yours, Marie,...Florence.

Florence comes to an outdoor cafe, "Cafe Hindenburg."

EXT. CAFE HINDENBURG - NIGHT

Mittemeier, Frau Schmidt, Wheeler-Hill, and Kunze sit at a table. A waiter brings in an extra table. Florence enters.

MITTEMEIER

Sit here, Fraulein Schroeder.

More beer is brought. Steins are clinked.

ALL IN UNISON

Prost!

MITTEMEIER

Zum Wohl!

WHEELER-HILL

It looks like the German miracle has come to Yorkville, yah.

FRAU SCHMIDT

They are calling it the German Broadway.

Brotta enters from the sidewalk and takes a seat. A Bakery truck pulls up to the front of the cafe.

MITTEMEIER
From your lips to...

12 toughs jump out of the truck and begin to pummel customers with fists and clubs.

Frau Schmidt runs hysterically to the door of the restaurant.

FRAU SCHMIDT
We are attacked! We are attacked!

A free-for-all ensues with bloody noses and bruises on both sides.

INT. CAFE HINDENBURG - NIGHT

Men jump up to run outside and fight the toughs.

EXT. CAFE HINDENBURG - NIGHT

Florence heads for the safety of the cafe interior, pursued by a short Black Jack-wielding tough. Looking back, she sees Brotta grab the man and toss him to the side.

Benjamin Siegel views the scene from inside the bakery truck.

INT. CAFE HINDENBURG - NIGHT

Brotta steers Florence through the cafe and out the back.

O.S. Approaching Sirens.

The toughs skedaddle. The truck exits. Several of the Nazis, their noses bloodied and faces swollen, complain bitterly.

MITTEMEIER
We are peacefully going for coffee,
when suddenly they are jumping on
us, hooligans, judische gangsters!

KUNZE
(Out of breath)
Fucking Kikes, Siegel... Lansky.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Florence glances repeatedly at Brotta, who is silent. She opens her purse and checks it. The key is there.

EXT. 23 WEST 64TH. ST. - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The cab drops off Florence and Broтта. They go up the steps and into the vestibule. Florence opens the front door. Florence enters. Broтта follows.

EXT. HIGH ESTABLISHING SHOT - CENTRAL PARK - DAWN

The sun rises over the east side.

INT. 23 WEST 64TH ST, APT B - MORNING

Florence and Broтта lie in bed together.

FLORENCE

Last night, why didn't you help your friends?

BROTTA

I have better things to do than fight Jewish thugs.

FLORENCE

Aren't you a Bund member?

BROTTA

Aren't you a police member?

Florence laughs.

BROTTA (CONT'D)

For my purposes, it is better not to join the Bund. I belong to DAWA,

FLORENCE

(in German; subtitled)
And what purposes are those? Other than kidnapping ladies and taking them home in taxi cabs?

BROTTA

Beautiful ladies. Doing business is better than making war. And to put a stop to these nonsense boycotts.

Florence gives him a look but doesn't pursue the subject.

FLORENCE

(in French; subtitled)
You are different from the others.

He places his hand on his heart.

BROTTA
 (in Russian; subtitled)
I have a Russian soul.

FLORENCE
 I almost believe you do.

BROTTA
 If you are not too busy today,
 there is something I want to show
 you.

FLORENCE
 (Rolling over on top of him) I bet.

EXT. YAPHANK, NY - LONG ISLAND RAILROAD STATION - NOON

Teenage girls in white and black uniforms line the tracks. Young girls wear embroidered peasant dresses. They hold up Swastikas. The boys wear pseudo-Hitler Youth uniforms.

A train is pulling into the station. The locomotive carries a sign reading "Camp Siegfried Special."

The onlookers give the Nazi salute. 1500 passengers disembark. A German marching band of OD men strikes up a tune. Florence and Broтта exit the train.

EXT. YAPHANK, NY - DIRT ROAD - NOON

Florence, Broтта, and passengers march along with the band.

BROTTA
 Welcome to Fritz Kuhn's German Day.

FLORENCE
 Impressive.

The parade turns into "Camp Siegfried." A banner proclaims "German Day, "Obligated to America, Tied to Germany."

Florence and Broтта march along Hitlerstrasse.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
 Does this belong to us?

BROTTA
 It's complicated.

FLORENCE

(Affecting a southern accent)
Oh, do go ahead and worry my pretty
little head.

BROTTA

It's The German-American Settlement
League's. Kuhn's a trustee.

The band's volume dramatically increases as they are joined
by a massive group of OD men carrying instruments and flags.
More campers join. They approach "The Parade Grounds."

The route is lined by endless rows of parents and supporters.

FLORENCE

This is huge.

BROTTA

Kuhn says 20,000. Who knows?

They approach the reviewing stand. A uniformed Fritz Kuhn,
Kunze, and other dignitaries Nazi-salute. Florence, Brotta,
and the passing parade salute back.

EXT. CAMP SIEGFRIED - DAY

Fritz Kuhn is speaking from the reviewing stand.

KUHN

Today we stand aground upon a small
Aryan paradise. A part of Germany
come to America. But not just here
today, but also at Camp Hindenburg
in Wisconsin, Camps Nordland and
Bergwald in New Jersey, Camp
Deutschorst in Pennsylvania, and as
far away as Camp Sutter in Los
Angeles, and soon in twenty other
camps across America.

The crowd signals its approval.

KUHN (CONT'D)

Here we will infuse our children
with the Aryan ideals. We will
teach them our language, our
culture, and protect them from the
lie of the Melting Pot.

Crowd rising as if this is a mini Nuremberg.

KUHN (CONT'D)

And to be there with us on Ter Dag,
The Day, when the true people of
America, the German people of
America, rise up and demand their
just share. And the streets run red
with Jewish blood, and America is
purged of the communist, the Jew,
and his collectivist,
internationalist ways. This, today,
my brethren, is our future. Ein
Volk! Ein Reich! Ein Führer!

CROWD

Ein Volk! Ein Reich! Ein Führer!

KUHN

Ein Volk! Ein Reich! Ein Führer!

CROWD

Ein Volk! Ein Reich! Ein Führer!

KUHN

Ein Volk! Ein Reich! Ein Führer!
And now our Kinderchor vill sing
for us "Kampfendes SOND DER SA."

A uniformed children's choir sings in angelic harmony.

CHOIR

(in German; subtitled)

*You Storm Troopers young and old
Put weapons in your hand.
For the Jews wreak havoc fearfully
in the German fatherland.
When the Storm soldier comes under
fire
He feels courageous cheer.
For when Jews blood spurts from the
knife
Good times are once more here...*

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE SONG CONTINUES

A unit of boys in close-order drill on Goeringstrasse marches past bungalows. Swastikas are carved into the masonry.

Soccer teams in uniform compete on the parade grounds. Families cheer them on.

Target practice with harsh stereotypes of Jewish figures.

A teacher stands before a blackboard. The word "Eugenics" is writ large.

Underneath is a quote, "The production of a defective race of human beings would be a great calamity to the world," Alexander Graham Bell.

Children and parents frolic in the Mill River.

Male campers are dressed down by an OD man.

Young girls dance in a garden arranged into a swastika.

At the "Camp Siegfried Hotel," people sit in the Beer Garden.

A couple walks hand in hand down a nature path.

EXT. BEER GARDEN - DAY

Florence and Brotta sit with Bund members at a picnic table. Plates of traditional German fare are served family style.

Two obviously underage campers, a boy and a girl, purchase beer from a counter and, giggling, head off into the woods.

FLORENCE

That's one way to practice racial hygiene.

No one laughs.

Kuhn, Kunze, and Wheeler-Hill sit across the beer garden.

WHEELER-HILL

(in German; subtitled)

Brotta has been keeping a keen eye on her. He says she is loyal.

KUNZE

My contacts in Berlin say she disappeared for almost a day after our parade.

WHEELER-HILL

What German girl wouldn't avail herself of the shopping Ku'damm affords? Besides, don't we like having her around to look at?

KUHN

The depth of her loyalty is of no matter. She will be of great use to the Washington's Birthday rally.

Mittemeier arrives at Florence's table, his face still swollen from the previous night's brawl.

MITTEMEIER

Herr Brotta.

FLORENCE

Are you okay, Franz?

MITTEMEIER

(To Brotta) Ja, I too needed a Frau to hide behind. (to Florence) I'm afraid we have made much work for you mit the beers, and the uniforms and the...

O.S. Sound of Typing.

FLORENCE (V.O.)

It looks like Kuhn has found a way to finance the bund without Reichsmarks. Five dollars a week for camper's tuition. Twelve dollars for uniforms, Nazi pins, scarves, tie clips, books, and ornamental swords! When the parents come, he rents them rooms. They eat in his restaurant and drink his beer. Lots of beer. Mittemeier says...

MITTEMEIER

Ja, we have sold 946 liters of beer just today.

FLORENCE (V.O.)

And his vendors have to kick back. A Bund 10% surtax.

MITTEMEIER

...113 kilos of wurst, 36 of Kraut, Schnitzel, and...oh my the Kartoffelsalat, have you tried the...

FLORENCE (V.O.)

I've been pumping Brotta, the Russian fascist, who rescued me from that brawl at the cafe about DAWA. He seems nice and....

INT. 23 WEST 64TH ST, APT B - NIGHT

CU on typewriter platen.

Florence backspaces; Xs out all the writing about Brotta. The paper is pulled out with a quick whoosh and a ding.

INT. BUND HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Florence works the ledger, categorizing payments and receipts. She fills out deposit slips for various Bund front companies and Kuhn's personal account.

One envelope contains a paycheck from Ford Motor Company. A uniformed hand reaches out and settles on her shoulder.

FLORENCE

Herr Bundesführer, where do I put this one?

KUHN

Oh that, my holiday pay. I am officially on leave. Put it with my personal funds.

FLORENCE

And this doctor bill?

KUHN

Ah, yes, the Bund shall pay that.

Florence writes it into the operating expenses.

KUHN (CONT'D)

Herr Brotta tells me you were with us at German Day.

FLORENCE

Yes, it was quite the do, Herr Bundesführer.

KUHN

The do?

FLORENCE

An American expression.

He looks displeased. She hands him the envelopes.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Here are your business deposits, and this is for personal accounts.

KUHN

Vonderbar, Ordnung muss sein. There must be order. You are familiar, ja?

FLORENCE

Yes, it is what it means to be German.

KUHN

Gut. You are a proper German girl, ja. And you will be a proper German woman and a proper German mother, so, as they say, you can look the Führer in the eye... a Russian is not good for this, Marie.

Kuhn walks away. Florence finds the invoice for the ring Kuhn bought, then stuffs it in her pocketbook.

EXT. BERLIN - CUBAN CONSULATE - DAY

A weary line of men, women, and children stretches for blocks. In the middle are Gertrude Wagner and her children. Gertrude rummages in a knapsack and finds a children's book.

GERTRUDE

(in German; subtitled)
(To Annaliese) *Take Karl to the park and read to him.*

Gertrude sees a sign at the entrance to the Tiergarten. It reads, "Jews! Forbidden to Enter!"

A man exits the embassy gate and makes an announcement.

EMBASSY EMPLOYEE

*The embassy is closed for the day.
Please come back tomorrow if you
have official business.*

INT. KUHN'S OFFICE - DAY

Present are Kunze, Wheeler-Hill, Frau Schmidt, and Broтта.

FRAU SCHMIDT

I never forget a customer. She is that jew used to come in for Schnacken.

KUHN

Now, when was that?

FRAU SCHMIDT

A year ago, maybe. I told Mittemeier, but his head is turned.

KUNZE

Respectfully, Frau Schmidt, as we get older, our memory...

FRAU SCHMIDT

She is at least mischling. I can tell. I salivate when I get near them.

KUHN

Frau Schmidt, I promise you we will stay close to her. Isn't this correct, Boris?

BROTTA

Yes, Bundesführer.

FRAU SCHMIDT

You know I still have family... Higher-ups with the party I can contact, gentleman. So you will watch your tone with me.

KUHN

Yes, Frau Schmidt, we do respect that, and you. Now, if you please, we have much to do here.

Frau Schmidt exits. Kuhn turns to Broтта.

KUHN (CONT'D)

She is becoming so tiresome. Why do we tolerate these women when they get old? Please, see to it that she is not in my office again.

INT. 96TH STREET YORKVILLE THEATER- NIGHT

Brotta and Florence are eating popcorn while watching Leni Riefenstahl's "SOS Eisberg."

Their dialogue is intercut with scenes of the star as she dives from a burning seaplane, struggles to climb aboard a runaway ice flow, watches a fellow explorer get eaten by a polar bear, and ultimately reunites with her lover on the iceberg.

FLORENCE

She is very good, isn't she?

BROTTA

One of the Führer's favorites.

FLORENCE
I hear he prefers blondes.

They munch popcorn. Brotta leans in to Florence.

BROTTA
(Whispering)
You know, I have seen you before.

FLORENCE
(Whispering)
Of course, don't be silly.

BROTTA
(Whispering)
No, at Brown Brothers. Your hair
was darker.

FLORENCE
(Whispering)
A girl's not allowed to color her
hair? Anyway, how do you know it
was me?

BROTTA
(Grabs her hand)
How could I forget such a face?

FLORENCE
I didn't know losing your job in
these times was a crime.

Brotta leans in to kiss her ear.

BROTTA
You are a woman of many sweet
mysteries, Marie Schroeder. I
intend to know them all.

FLORENCE
(Pushing his hand away)
Quiet. It's almost over.

Leni and a fellow explorer crawl through a collapsing ice
tunnel as the iceberg tumbles into the sea.

EXT. YORKVILLE - 2ND AVE. DAY

Amid Christmas decorations, a thousand Bund members parade
down the street, guarded by NYC motorcycle police. The
sidewalks are packed. Some onlookers give the Nazi salute.

Florence, in her Garbo hat pulled low, stands next to Mittemeier. She sees across the street that his bookshop is closed.

FLORENCE

Franz, why aren't you open? You could be making a killing.

MITTEMEIER

Ah, Marie, I am afraid I am to be going out of business.

FLORENCE

You seem so prosperous.

MITTEMEIER

Ja, the money, the money, a Kartenhaus.

He mimics a falling down action with his fingers.

MITTEMEIER (CONT'D)

You know, I came here because things got so bad. But now I see there is no place for me in this country. All I will ever be is an emigrant. A man with a funny accent that sells books.

FLORENCE

What about the Bund, Franz?

MITTEMEIER

I think maybe America is not a place for German politics.

FLORENCE

We could change that!

Florence sees Mrs. Fishman and pulls her hat down lower.

MITTEMEIER

Before I go, I want to tell you... I think they are planning something. You need to be careful. You are living in two worlds, and if things go bad, as I suspect they will, the Bund will be looking for people to blame.

FLORENCE

Franz, I am surprised to hear you say such things.

MITTEMEIER

There are two things our countries have in common. Politics is how you say...blutsport, blood sport. And the politicians are politicians, and their women are expendable. So be careful. You are smarter than the whole lot of them. And what is dangerous to you is they don't know that.

Mrs. Fishman passes close by. Florence pulls her hat all the way down.

EXT. YORKVILLE - YORK AVE - DAY

Post parade, Florence is walking down the street.

FLORENCE (V.O)

Mittemeier, the bookseller, tells me it's not safe for me anymore and, well, excuse my French, Rabbi, but they're shifting money around like farts in a stiff wind. I spend every day with vendors on the phone getting eggy about not getting...

INT. RABBI COHEN'S OFFICE. DAY

Florence, handing an envelope to Cohen. He opens it.

FLORENCE

...so it's my last one, Rabbi. It's not safe, and my nerves can't take it.

COHEN

I can't imagine. Your reports have been...horrifying.

FLORENCE

Do you know what's horrifying? I got Nazis playing grab ass with my butt! I trusted you, and you're jerking me around with this useless Rabbi Wise BS.

COHEN

(Interrupting) I assure you that...like Elohim, Rabbi Wise moves in mysterious...

FLORENCE

Can it! I heard it the first time!
A little less Green Hornet and a
lot more Lone Ranger...Rabbi.

Cohen files the report away in his desk.

COHEN

You should know, Florence, D.A.
Dewey's been getting my reports.
They tell me what I get from you
has been very valuable. I think
there'll be subpoenas soon.

FLORENCE

And I've been seeing this...

RABBI COHEN

"Neither shalt thou stand idly by
the blood of thy neighbor",
Leviticus.

Florence is working on a good retort.

FLORENCE

"You shall not give any of your
children to offer them to Molech,"
also Leviticus.

She gets up to leave.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Burnt offerings, Rabbi.

INT. KUHN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Kuhn stares down at Florence's ledgers. Many columns now show
red ink.

KUHN

If you just move this from here to
here, it would not look so bad, ja?

Kuhn is jingling keys in his pocket.

KUHN (CONT'D)

And perhaps this from here to here.

FLORENCE

Bundesführer, this means I will
need two sets of books.

Kuhn leans in further.

KUHN
You know, Lügen haben kurze Beine?

FLORENCE
Lies have short legs.

Kuhn laughs, fidgets with his pockets, and leans in further.

KUHN
Ja ja, this will not get far.

Kuhn pressing his erection into her back.

FLORENCE
But, Bundes..

She recoils. He leans back, his erection prominently in his pants.

KUHN
If you were a Jewess, my pimmel
would have gone soft. You have
passed the test.

He turns abruptly and walks back to his office.

EXT. YORKVILLE - CARL SCHURZ PARK - NIGHT

Christmas lights twinkle through the cold mist. Florence sits on a bench smoking. Tears run down her face. Seeing Arthur, she ditches the cigarette and wipes her eyes.

ARTHUR
Don't jump.

FLORENCE
Funny, ha ha.

ARTHUR
Well, it looked like you might.

Florence takes a beat.

FLORENCE
Maybe I will. You remember when I
told you I was doing volunteer
work?

ARTHUR
And you thought I believed you.

FLORENCE

Yeah, well, it's true. Only...it's for Rabbi Cohen. Well, not exactly Cohen, also (in a blurted rush) I'm working for the Bund.

ARTHUR

Shit, I never took you for such a self-hating Jew.

FLORENCE

He asked me...to spy, to observe them. And it's got out of hand. I got a little too close.

ARTHUR

How close?

FLORENCE

Well, they really love me...

ARTHUR

Of course.

FLORENCE

...in their own special... disgusting...I can't say...screwed up way. I mean, well, they look at me like I'm some sort of attractive cut of meat that can balance books.

ARTHUR

That's debatable.

FLORENCE

We're all hausfrau or harlots.

ARTHUR

Which one are you?

FLORENCE

That's how they make you feel. That's what I'm good for. (Gestures down the length of her body) this. Even Cohen's just using me as bait. And the Krauts love (In German accent) their good little German girl.

ARTHUR

So they need you for a little janky in the hanky.

FLORENCE

And I go along with it...for Cohen
and Tante Gertrude and the cousins.

ARTHUR

That's noble. Maybe I could protect
you. Be your volunteer assistant.

FLORENCE

Your German stinks.

Florence takes a long look at the black water of the river.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

And there's something else...I
think I'm in love with one of them.

ARTHUR

Damn! Well, every girl's just
waiting for their Prince Charming.
Yours just happens to be a Nazi.

Both gazing into the watery abyss.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

What are you going to do?

FLORENCE

I don't know. Something.

ARTHUR

You know what they call this, this
part of the river?

FLORENCE

What?

ARTHUR

Hell Gate.

FLORENCE

Yeah, I think I knew that.

INT. 23 WEST 64TH ST - APT B - BEDROOM - MORNING

Florence makes the bed. Father Coughlin is on the radio.

FATHER COUGHLIN

Last week, Rabbi Leo M. Franklin of Temple Beth El in Detroit sought and received an interview with Mr. Henry Ford to discuss the possibility of Ford engaging the services of refugee Jews.

Florence straightens up the room.

FATHER COUGHLIN (CONT'D)

The Detroit Free Press reported "Ford Assails Nazis' and Welcomes Jewish Refugees." Here, my friends, was a gigantic attempt to put into the mouth of America's foremost manufacturer words he did not say. Ford Motors permits us to report the following in a signed statement.

Brotta enters, fixing his tie and tucking in his shirt.

FATHER COUGHLIN (CONT'D)

In truth, Mr. Ford said that he believed there was little or no persecution in Germany. If any, it was due not to the German Government but to the war mongers and the international bankers. Moreover, Mr. Ford expressed that he believed Jews would not be content to work in factories. Again, this is phony news.

BROTTA

America is waking up.

He kisses Florence and exits the apartment.

FATHER COUGHLIN

Christians, by their fruits, these news journalists shall be known!

She turns off the radio.

FLORENCE

(To herself) Gott in Himmel.

Florence checks through the window that Brotta is gone. She pushes a loveseat away from the wall. With scissors, she removes a section of moss stuffing and pushes the sofa back.

From the closet, she retrieves an overnight bag. Lays out a large dark skirt, an oversized blouse, a woman's suit jacket, multiple bras, a girdle, dress gloves, and a makeup case.

Florence cuts and folds the stuffing into a piece shaped like Africa. Trims it and holds it up against her hip.

EXT. MANHATTAN - MADISON SQUARE PARK - MORNING

Florence, as an overstuffed hausfrau, wears a hat, a large bow, and a heavily polka-dotted veil. She crosses Madison Ave.

INT. MANUFACTURERS TRUST BANK - MORNING

Florence steps up and hands the teller some deposit slips.

FLORENCE

Verzeihung, ich bin Frau Fritz
Kuhn. Mein Mann hat mich gebeten,
diese Überweisungen auf seinem
Bankkonto vorzunehmen.

The teller stares at her blankly.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

(With a heavy German accent) I am
zorry. Mine engleesh is not zo gut.
I am Elza Kuhn. Mine Mann, eh
huzband, Mr Fritz Kuhn. He haz a
bank here. He wants to tranzfer
thiz monies.

The teller looks suspiciously at her.

TELLER

Just one second, Mrs. Kuhn. I have
to check with my manager.

The teller walks away. Florence balls up her fists and nervously shifts her weight. The teller points toward her. The manager looks her over.

The teller returns.

TELLER (CONT'D)

Well, it is a bit unusual, Mrs.
Kuhn. But since no money is leaving
the bank, we can approve this.

FLORENCE

Gut. Danke...Zank you.

INT. BUND HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Kuhn comes flying out of his office with a subpoena in hand.

KUHN

(Apoplectic)

They are trying to destroy me.
Dewey and his Jewish circle. So he
can be president instead of
Rosenfelt. We must fight this.

He throws the subpoena on Florence's desk.

KUHN (CONT'D)

Where are my lawyers!

She goes back to the books.

EXT. BERLIN - STAVANGER STRASSE - CUBAN CONSULATE - DAY

A line of people waits to get in. Gertrude Wagner and her two children emerge through the gate. Gertrude carries a small cardboard portfolio. A city bus arrives, and they get on.

INT. YORKVILLE - SCHMIDT'S BAKERY - DAY

Frau Schmidt arranges cookies and cakes. Boris Brotta enters.

FRAU SCHMIDT

Ah mine Russian Count, Brotta.

Brotta laughs.

BROTTA

I am here to pay you a royal visit
from DAWA, Frau Schmidt. Have you
enough of the stickers and flyers?

FRAU SCHMIDT

Posters and flyers, yes, but all
the stickers have gone. They are
very popular.

BROTTA

I will have my group drop off more.

FRAU SCHMIDT

You must try this Russian Babka.
Fresh out of the oven. You can tell
me if it is the authentic taste.

Brotta takes a few bites and chews.

BROTTA

You know this is a Jewish bread,
but if you make it the right way,
in a flute pan with chocolate,
cinnamon, and cream cheese, it is
Russian for Easter. Jews can not
stomach the sweet. Do you mind if I
see your ingredients?

FRAU SCHMIDT

In ze back.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The room is a small industrial kitchen with ovens, mixers,
sinks, and a long flat flouring table lined with ingredients.

BROTTA

(Picking up tins) These, these are
good. This is good. (Picks up a bag
of ground poppy seeds) But these.

Holding the bag in front of Frau Schmidt, she moves closer.

BROTTA (CONT'D)

But these are, these are...

In one move, he stuffs the bag in her mouth, spins the old
woman, grabs an arm, and covers her mouth tightly. She begins
to struggle. He pushes her across the kitchen.

BROTTA (CONT'D)

These are strictly for the Jew, on
his holiday, Purim, I believe.

He has her close to a giant dough-kneading machine.

BROTTA (CONT'D)

No Russian would cook this way.

Quickly removing one hand, he pushes the red start button.
The machine jumps to life and begins kneading dough with two
large iron figure-eight tongs.

Frau Schmidt struggles, but her vehement protests are
muffled.

Brotta slowly moves her head towards the rotating tongs. Then
backs off a little. Then back in.

BROTTA (CONT'D)

Now, Frau Schmidt, you mustn't
struggle. This will be over soon.

She tries biting his hand, but is impeded by the bag of seeds. Suddenly, the bag explodes, forcing seeds out of her mouth and his hand away. As he replaces it, she bites him. Brotta winces in pain. Continuing, he forces her head ever closer to the tongs.

BROTTA (CONT'D)

There is a better world coming,
Frau Schmidt. I intend for you not
to see it.

Through the rotating tongs, we see Frau Schmidt, her eyes bugging out. She is filled with fear. Brotta rocks her back and forth ever closer to the tongs. She struggles but is losing strength. He pushes her right up to the point of contact. Her heart gives out, her body goes limp, and he drops her to the floor, dead. Brotta hits the black "Stop" button.

He drags her body to the flouring table, bends her over, and puts a piece of Babka in her mouth. He pushes her jaw up and down until she has chewed it up. Scooping flour from the table, he dusts her lifeless arms. Walking toward the rear door, he stops at the Kneading Machine and brings it to life. He opens the back door. Her body falls to the floor with a thud.

O.S. The sound of the door closing and the machine whirring.

EXT. CONEY ISLAND IN WINTER - DAY

Brotta and Florence wordlessly going up Deno's Wonder Wheel. It reaches the top, jerks to a stop, and swings there.

FLORENCE

It's broken.

BROTTA

It's supposed to do this.

FLORENCE

No, us. I mean, us, it was a
mistake. I'm sorry.

BROTTA

Marie, never apologize for love.
You know, (in Russian; subtitled)
Love and cream are best when fresh.

FLORENCE

(in Russian; subtitled)
*You know what happens when cream
stands in place too long.*

BROTTA

Sour cream.

FLORENCE

Boris, I am too young to stand in place.

BROTTA

And what happens when you beat cream too long?

FLORENCE

Butter.

BROTTA

Butter is also good. My mother would say (*in Russian, subtitled*) *You cannot spoil kasha with butter.*

FLORENCE

You and Kuhn should have a contest.

INT. BUND HEADQUARTERS - DAY

On the wall is a picture of Frau Schmidt draped in black. Bund members hold a condolence gift box with black ribbons as a photographer takes their picture with it.

Florence finishes hers and hands it to Kuhn. Kuhn slips some Reichsmarks into the box.

KUHN

This is gut Marie. Her family will appreciate this now that she can no longer send support.

Florence moves an erection's distance away from him.

FLORENCE

My condolences, Bundesführer. It is a tragedy when a loyal member dies.

KUHN

Ja, I suspect all those baked goods. We must watch our intake when you reach an age. I will miss the Puddingbrezel.

FLORENCE

Yes, me too.

KUHN

(Patting his belly) You, my dear,
have nothing to worry about.

SERIES OF SHOTS - KUHN IN UNIFORM STRUTS DOWN THE STREET.

Kuhn carries the gift box past Schmidt's Shuddered Bakery. An unseen hand peels the DAWA sticker off the window.

He passes the Kleine Konditorei restaurant bedecked by American flags, past Schaller & Weber, where small American flags hang from the bottom of the wurst, and past a Chock Full O' Nuts stand where two cops give him the "Stink Eye."

Past Mittemeier's book shop. A sign reads "Gone Home."

Kuhn heads up the 84th Street station stairs out of sight.

INT. MANUFACTURERS TRUST BANK - DUSK

Florence, as Elsa Kuhn, hands deposit slips to the teller.

INT. MANHATTAN - LEON AND EDDIE'S BAR - NIGHT

Kuhn with Florence Camp. Across the room sits Florence in disguise and Arthur as a swell with a pencil-thin mustache.

EXT. CAMP SIEGFRIED, YAPHANK, NY. DAY

In the parking lot, FBI agents write down license numbers.

INT. YORKVILLE - BUND HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Florence is at her desk listening in to a phone conversation.

KUHN

(in German; subtitled)
*...of course, Brotta, I am a
trained chemist. I know about such
things. It will be small. Just
enough to hurt the right people, in
the right places...and place the
blame on the right jews. And if
they don't, well, we will always
have a Judas in the making. And
what further about our dear Marie?*

BROTTA

Bundesführer, again, she is a pure heart. But I believe she is done with me.

KUHN

This is troubling. I was sure I had driven her to you when I implored her to stay away. She has been very good with the books, but she carries secrets. I would prefer if you remained close.

Florence picks up bank statements from her desk and secretes them into her purse.

INT. MANHATTAN - THE STORK CLUB - NIGHT

Kuhn, with Virginia Cogswell, engaged in conversation. Across the room, MARLENE DIETRICH spies him. She gets up, walks to him, feigns tripping, and spills her drink all over his suit.

DIETRICH

*(in German; subtitled)
Sorry, I didn't know they let pigs inside this restaurant.*

Florence and Arthur, disguised as an older couple, laugh. No one comes to help Kuhn. He sits mortified.

Walter Winchell, at his table, writes in his notebook.

INT. MANHATTAN - THE SHERRY NETHERLAND HOTEL - NIGHT

Cogswell and Kuhn walk up the hallway. His suit is darkly stained from the drink. They enter a room.

Florence and Arthur, as the older couple, come walking up the hall. Florence motions for Arthur to keep walking. Florence sees a thin wire exiting the bottom of the door.

Following the wire down the molding, she comes to a door where it enters the adjacent room. Florence pulls an envelope out of her purse, slips it under the door, then exits quickly.

INT. THE FREE SYNAGOGUE - DAY

A small office is lit by streams of colored light filtered through stained glass. Rabbi Cohen and a little man sit at Rabbi Wise's desk.

The man is dapper in every way except his face, which is dark, rough-hewn, and scarred from many a street fight.

RABBI WISE

So this problem that we have in common, that you have and I have, and dare I say every Jew in America has, may make for some uncommon alliances... and solutions.

LANSKY

Rabbi, in my business, we find it best to get to the point.

RABBI WISE

Yes, Mr Lansky.

LANSKY

Meyer.

RABBI WISE

Meyer. In my business, we deal in aphorisms and parables. I'm sure you can understand.

LANSKY

Whatever.

RABBI WISE

We are well aware of your efforts to address this common problem. And it has recently come to our attention that there might be some additional danger involved in the near future, so we'd like you to know that we appreciate it in our way.

LANSKY

Sometimes you just do what you gotta.

RABBI COHEN

What I believe Rabbi Wise is saying, Meyer, is that we'd like to offer whatever support we can. Especially when it comes to the larger upcoming events.

LANSKY

Rabbis, we don't need your, eh, resources. I'm happy to kick in and do my bit. But I do ask one thing.

RABBI COHEN

What's that?

LANSKY

Get those monkeys from the Chronicle and that Jew Daily Bulletin off my neck. The less we're talked about, the better.

RABBI WISE

I believe we can accommodate that. But one more request, Meyer.

LANSKY

And?

RABBI WISE

Broken bones and whatever. No deaths.

LANSKY

Rabbi...Rabbis, like yourselves, we too are professionals.

INT. YORKVILLE CASINO - THE TUXEDO BALLROOM - NIGHT

Kuhn speaks to an overflow crowd. Florence sits in the front.

KUHN

The Jewish circle is tightening. We must show this country, that is 25% German heritage, that we embody all that is great about America. The German culture and the American spirit, hand and hand. Like these flags before me. Our founding fathers knew a member of the African race was worth only three fifths a white man. The Jew is no better. They taught us to be great. We must preserve and nurture the pure American Aryan stock. They were our founding fascists. And we will honor them on Feb 20th, 1939, our first Führer, George Washington's 207th birthday.

INT. YORKVILLE - WAREHOUSE GARAGE - NIGHT

Meyer Lansky and Benjamin Siegel address their men.

LANSKY

You'll know when it's time. Follow my lead. Most our guys are already inside. So you know what's what and whose who. (Gesturing to two men in the lineup) This is Barney Rosofsky and Jacob Rubenstein, Benny's friends from Chicago.

EXT. YORKVILLE CASINO - NIGHT

Protesters carry signs from the "German-American Workers Club, reading, "Real Germans Aren't Nazis," Etc. Lansky, Siegel, and their men slowly infiltrate the crowd. A small bored contingent of cops is observing.

INT. YORKVILLE CASINO - NIGHT

KUHN

...each and every one of you must bring not only all the members but the sympathizers. Showing America and the Reich the strength and power of our movement. So then, the question before us is: will this celebration be of the Amerikadeutscher Bund or of all our affiliated American friends?

A man in the crowd stands up and yells.

PERSON 1

Is this an American or a German meeting?

Another man stands and throws a handful of lit firecrackers towards the OD men. A third throws an entire lit pack.

100 Jewish War Vets pull out their Garrison caps. The OD men charge toward them, pulling off Sam Browne belts studded with metal shards. The Vets respond with Black Jacks and Billie Clubs. The room erupts into a full-scale melee.

Some Bundists head toward the exits only to find them locked from the outside.

Florence, observing, cowers behind a mini-bar off to the side.

EXT. YORKVILLE CASINO - NIGHT

Lansky and Siegel's men rush the entrance to the hall. The police stand by and do nothing.

INT. YORKVILLE CASINO - NIGHT

A "Stink Bomb" flies through a window. Then another. The room fills with smoke. Lansky's men and Vets tie scarves around their mouths and beat the Bundists with weapons and fists.

Kuhn is hustled toward the front by two gagging OD men. Florence, seeing this, emerges and heads toward the exit. Ducking fists, kicks, smoke, and belts, she makes her way toward the door. Suddenly, a beer stein flies through the air, hits her forehead, cuts her face, and knocks her out cold.

Barney Rosofsky moves from one victim to the next. His fists fly like a cutting machine, punching faces, guts, and below the belt.

War Vets break legs and arms with heavy clubs.

Jacob Rubenstein blackjacks an OD man, then violently chokes him with his own belt.

Through the fighting, Benjamin Siegel sees Florence. Makes his way to her, picks her up, and heads toward the exit.

Lansky bloodies OD men and Bundists with his pistol butt, his fists, and an occasional chair to the head.

The Bundists are forced to run this gauntlet as they attempt to make their way to the one open exit.

EXT. YORKVILLE CASINO - NIGHT

O.S. Sirens wail in the distance.

Exiting the smoky casino, Bundists and OD men spill into the street. They are met by smacks to the head from the protesters' signs. Vets and Lansky's men chase them down.

Siegel emerges carrying Florence. He heads to an officer.

SIEGEL

See that she's okay, and I'll see
to it that you're okay.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

The policeman puts Florence in the back of a squad car. Eventually, her eyes open. She appears to be all right. An officer in the front seat looks in the rearview mirror.

OFFICER 1

That's one hell of a Guardian Angel
you got, doll.

INT. YORKVILLE - WAGNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Florence's hand sweeps past her father's chair and scoops up a pack of cigarettes.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Florence, bruised and shaking, struggles to light a cigarette. Hearing Arthur, she douses it in the sink. The door opens.

ARTHUR

So you're a smoker now...What the
hell happened to you?

EXT. BERLIN - KRISTALLNACHT - NIGHT

Gertrude, Karl, and Annalise ride in a taxi. Along the streets, a full-scale riot is going on. Jews are hauled out and beaten by SA men and civilians. Shop windows are smashed, their contents looted. They pass a synagogue ablaze.

Two SA men step in front of the taxi and force it to stop. They bang on the windows. Gertrude rolls down hers.

SA MAN 1

Judisch?

SA MAN 2 grabs Gertrude's face. Pressing her cheeks with his fore fingers, he forces her into profile.

Gertrude shows the men her three Cuban visas. SA Man 1 motions for them to proceed.

EXT. BERLIN - LEHRTE TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Smoke is rising from many quarters of the city. Gertrude and her children exit and scurry into the station.

INT. MANUFACTURERS TRUST BANK - DAY

Florence, as Elsa Kuhn, waits in line. Fritz Kuhn enters. Florence sees him and casually removes herself from the line.

Boris Broтта, behind a column, watches. Florence exits.

EXT. MADISON AVE - DAY

Florence recedes up the street. Stopping, she pulls out her compact and, using the mirror, spies Broтта trailing her. A Yaqub-esque young man passes behind Broтта in the distance.

INT. WAGNER APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Arthur is studying. Florence enters in a red-and-white dress with a black velvet jacket. She twirls around for Arthur.

FLORENCE

How do I look?

ARTHUR

Like a swastika. Are you crazy?
Haven't you had enough yet?

FLORENCE

You know what's happening in Germany? People are disappearing, that's what's happening. Even Cohen can't find out about Gertrude and Berty.

Florence, looking in the mirror, adjusts her hair to cover a cut where the beer stein hit her.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Anyway, it's all acting. Arthur, be a dear and fasten this necklace for me, will you?

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Arthur tightens his tie. Slips on a black jacket and exits.

ARTHUR

(In frustration)
Here we go again.

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

A throng of protestors pushes against mounted police. Jeers mix with the PA amplifying the rally inside. The marquee reads "Tonight, Pro America Rally. Tues, Rangers Vs. Detroit"

KUHN

(On PA) We stand before you, loyal
and law-abiding. And resolve to
restore America to the true
Americans. And we pledge to uphold
the ideals...

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

20,000 pack the Garden. Cigarette smoke hangs in the air. OD men line the flanks of the stage. Vendors walk the aisles hawking Bund paraphernalia.

On stage The Kinderchor and Drum Corp line up three deep. Above hang four 30-foot American flags. Between the two Bund swastikas. Centered stands a thirty-foot-tall George Washington against a white cameo.

The floor seats are filled with Bund dignitaries. Sprinkled in are pockets of Neo-Hitler Youth. Victor Ridder sits with the press.

Florence, on the aisle, stands out, her blond tresses against the black velvet jacket.

KUHN

...and principles given expression
in the great farewell address of
President General George
Washington. Free America!

The crowd applauds.

KUHN (CONT'D)

Speaking for myself, and much to my
regret, I must confess that we are
today utterly and completely
disregarding the great political
testament of our founding fascists,
who warned us of foreign
entanglements.

More Applause

KUHN (CONT'D)

History is not written in ink but
in blood, my friends.

(MORE)

KUHN (CONT'D)

But what would be the reason for a World War now or tomorrow? Again, we have no special reason of our own. But you would not know that listening to Franklin Delano Rosenfelt.

The crowd jeers, whistles, and catcalls.

Florence searches the crowd. Settles on a group of men close to the stage in suits.

KUHN (CONT'D)

(Speech building)

But there are those who work to undermine our first principles. The Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Labor, two members of the Supreme Court, all Jews. And their departments are swarming with Jews. All paths lead to them as chief alarmists to spur on the hate against Germany and support for the Jewish boycott.

Florence, head cast downward.

KUHN (CONT'D)

Their allegiance lies elsewhere, as with all Jews, to the international bankers. To the leeches and blood suckers, the Morgenthau, the Baruchs, the Guggenheims, and the Rothschilds.

VICTOR RIDDER

(Yells Out) Bunk!

The crowd reacts as Victor Ridder is surrounded by OD men and forcibly escorted out of the arena. Surreptitiously, an OD man places Frau Schmidt's condolence gift package under Ridder's abandoned chair.

Florence is surprised to see Arthur sitting in front of the press section.

KUHN

(Amping up) So, my friends, it is by the good grace of our own liberal Democrats in government, and their Jewish consort, that we are all victimized by an incredible economic bankruptcy policy.

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

Victor Ridder is thrown out into a near-riot of protestors.

KUHN (ON PA)

We know that the Jew is most concerned with maintaining his stranglehold on the financial systems of the world.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

Arthur removes his jacket. He wears a faux SA shirt and tie.

KUHN

He does not become as excited about pogroms in Eastern European countries as he does about legislation enacted in Germany.

Florence is staring at the backs of the men in suits. One turns. It is Brotta. He leaves his seat and heads toward Florence. She quickly gets up and heads down the aisle.

KUHN (CONT'D)

Which harms no hair on any Jew's head. But deprives him of what the Jew calls the terrible power of the purse.

Florence heads for an exit with Brotta walking in pursuit.

KUHN (CONT'D)

The Jew is as alien, in body, in mind, and in soul, as any other non-Aryan. And he is a thousand times more dangerous than them all by reason of his parasitic nature.

The crowd erupts. Florence, walking quickly, stops behind a line at a concession stand. She sees Brotta enter the concourse.

KUHN (CONT'D)

Making something entirely different out of this nation, destroying its ethics,...

Florence takes off. She turns through a door and down a stairwell. As she descends, the speech echoes from above.

KUHN (CONT'D)

...its morals, its patriotism, and its religious conception. This is not American.

O.S. Loud Cheers.

KUHN (CONT'D)

Many in public life are swayed by the great floods of tears for a few, 100,000 job-taking so-called poor Jewish immigrants, who incidentally, in general...

CUT TO:

Back up on the arena floor. The crowd interrupts, booing!

KUHN (CONT'D)

...who incidentally in general have more of this world's goods than you or I will ever possess!

CUT TO:

Brotta moves swiftly down the stairs and into the wide "Elephant Walk". He searches among the equipment cases for Florence.

KUHN (O.S. FROM ABOVE) (CONT'D)

This is what the Bund stands for. To live to see the day when it will no longer be necessary to give the unproductive Jew a cut on every financial transaction between white men.

Florence pops out a side entrance onto the arena floor and heads towards the rear exits.

KUHN (CONT'D)

It is not our slightest intention to realize these aims through the medium of violence or bullets.

Brotta follows her out the door and fast walks behind her down the aisle.

KUHN (CONT'D)

They can be attained by means of a nationally minded, patriotic electorate.

Arthur sees Brotta in pursuit of Florence.

KUHN (CONT'D)
Therefore, I call upon all of
you...

Florence rushes toward and past Arthur.

KUHN (CONT'D)
...to join us in the battle for a
socially just,...

Brotta towards Arthur.

KUHN (CONT'D)
...economically stabilized,...

As Brotta passes, Arthur sticks out his foot

KUHN (CONT'D)
...financially independent,...

and sends him flying into the press section.

KUHN (CONT'D)
...and Jew free America. (Huge
applause)

Which dislodges the gift package under Ridder's chair and leaves it sitting in the aisle.

Brotta splayed out on the floor, his head resting next to the package.

FLASH CUT: Florence, seeing the box, recalls her photos holding the bomb and smiling.

Arthur makes a motion as if to rush the stage, but is beaten to the punch by another YOUNG MAN, who jumps up toward Kuhn. The man is set upon by OD men. The Garden erupts into chaos.

As the police come to the Young Man's rescue, Florence impulsively rushes towards the bomb, scoops it up, and runs out of the Garden's front exit.

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

Beneath the Marquee, Florence holds the gift package bomb amid the jeering crowd of protesters, unsure what to do. As they push and jostle, she grows increasingly agitated.

An older woman sees her decked out in Black and Red. Spits in her face.

OLD WOMAN

lak meyn shmunda, Natsi bitsh!

The crowd thickens and closes in. Through the masses, Florence sees a mailbox down the block. She presses her way through the ugly scene. Reaching the mailbox, she forces the package down the chute and steps away. A moment later, a muffled explosion forces the mailbox open, and a geyser of paper fills the air, covering the scene with smoke and fluttering paper.

Florence runs through the panicked crowd back into the Garden and meets Arthur at the foot of the arena floor exit.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

The Young Man is being led away by NYC police.

KUHN

Ah, be seated, please. One fanatical don't make any difference ladies and gentlemen. See, see that's the way we'll never do it, see.

Bund members helping the groggy Brotta to his feet.

KUHN (CONT'D)

That's our program. Take it or leave it. If you approve and wish to make your influence felt...

Brotta stares at Florence standing with the handsome young Arthur in SA regalia.

KUHN (CONT'D)

...for alone you are powerless, the Bund is open to you. Provided you are sincere, of good character...

Florence and Arthur watch in silhouette from the exit.

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

...of Aryan stock, an American citizen and imbued with patriotic steel. Therefore, join me. Free America!

The crowd stands giving the Nazi salute. Brotta joins them.

CROWD OF 20,000

Free America, Free America, Free America, Free America.

The chant echoes through the arena. Florence and Arthur turn and disappear into the dense cloud of cigarette smoke.

INT. THE SHERRY NETHERLAND HOTEL - NIGHT

In a hotel room, four cops and a detective listen to something unheard on headphones. They are obviously amused by it.

DETECTIVE

Let's go.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

O.S. The sound of a door opening and shutting.

We follow a patrolman's shoes down the hallway along the floor molding where a thin wire still sits atop the molding.

Two patrolmen ram the hotel room door open. Fritz Kuhn is in uniform, with his pants down over his ankles. Buried in the front of his boxer briefs is the head of Virginia Cogswell.

The cops enter and cuff Kuhn.

EXT. YORKVILLE - NEWSPAPER STAND - DAY

A New Yorker Staats-Zeitung headline reads, "American Führer Arrested in Bunker of Bliss".

EXT. HAMBURG, GERMANY - HAMBURG COMMERCIAL PIER - DAY

Annaliese, her stuffed animal, Gertrude, and Karl head up the gangway of an ocean liner. They carry few belongings.

INT. BUND HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The office is manned by one lonely volunteer. Florence's desk is empty. Kuhn opens his door and looks around.

KUHN

Where is Marie? I must prepare for
this inquisition!

A contingent of New York police arrives at the front door, banging their clubs and demanding to be let in.

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN - CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - DAY

An overflow crowd and press stand on the steps. The crowd cheers as each count is read out over the PA.

JUDGE WALLACE

...Four counts of Grand Larceny in the first degree, four counts of Grand Larceny in the second degree, and two counts of forgery in the third degree.

INT. GENERAL SESSIONS COURTROOM - DAY

Assistant D.A. HERMAN J. MCCARTHY stands before the jury of 12 white businessmen.

MCCARTHY

During this trial, you will hear about Mr Kuhn's affairs. But let me remind you that the state doesn't care about his peccadilloes. Mr Kuhn's private life is not on trial here today. But only insofar as he used Bund money to fund them and then lied to investigators to cover it up.

PETER L.F. SABBATINO, the bombastic lawyer for the defense.

SABBATINO

This case, this case against my client, is nothing more than a politically motivated witch hunt. Designed to deprive Mr. Kuhn of his First Amendment rights and to promote District Attorney Thomas E Dewey in his quest for the Presidency of the United States, at Mr. Kuhn's expense!

DISSOLVE TO:

Sabbatino cross-examines Gerhard Kunze.

SABBATINO (CONT'D)

As New York leader of the Amerikadeutscher Volksbund you are familiar with its bylaws and constitution?

KUNZE

Yes.

SABBATINO

And the leadership principle it assigns to the Bundesführer?

KUNZE

Yes.

SABBATINO

Would you explain that to the court, please?

KUNZE

The Führerprinzip puts the Bundesführer in complete control of the entire organization from the top down.

SABBATINO

Including finances?

KUNZE

Yes.

Judge Wallace interjects.

JUDGE WALLACE

To do anything?

KUNZE

Yes sir.

JUDGE WALLACE

To buy a racehorse?

KUNZE

Yes.

JUDGE WALLACE

He can use Bund funds to buy a cargo of liquor?

KUNZE

If he desires.

JUDGE WALLACE

Throw it down a sewer?

KUNZE

Yes sir.

The courtroom erupts in a burst of laughter.

SABBATINO

I object, Your Honor. You are prejudicing the jury against my witness.

INT. THE WAGNER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Florence listens to the radio. Jacob is asleep in his chair

BUND MEMBER 1

Yes, with this Führerprinzip, we must always follow his directives. This is an advanced form of democracy. But to spend it on vine, viman und zong... this ain't right!

The Court erupts in laughter. Judge Wallace bangs his gavel.

JUDGE WALLACE

Another outburst and I will be forced to clear the court.

INT. GENERAL SESSIONS COURTROOM - DAY

MCCARTHY

Mr Wheeler-Hill, what is your training as a bookkeeper?

WHEELER-HILL

None.

MCCARTHY

Still, could you verify that these checks I hold in my hand were drawn on the Bund account?

WHEELER-HILL

Ja, they look correct.

MCCARTHY

And this one, signed by Mr Kuhn, made to cash, is also?

WHEELER-HILL

Ja.

MCCARTHY

And this one, to a Mrs. Florence Camp for \$567.76, is also?

WHEELER-HILL

Ja.

MCCARTHY

Would you read the memo section for me?

WHEELER-HILL

Love and kisses, Fritz

Courtroom erupts in laughter. Wallace bangs his gavel.

JUDGE WALLACE

Bailiffs, clear the court!

CUT TO:

The courtroom has no spectators. Broтта sits behind Kuhn.

MCCARTHY

Dr. La Sorsa, is this the check drawn on the Bund account you received for unspecified medical expenses from Mr. Kuhn for one Virginia Cogswell?

DR. LA SORSA

Yes.

MCCARTHY

Your Honor, I would like to enter into evidence these seventy-nine cancelled checks and bank transfers from the Bund account, as well as these ledger books kept by the Bund.

Kuhn leans back and whispers to Broтта.

KUHN

It was your Marie who mismanaged the books, was it not?

INT. MANHATTAN DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Herman McCarthy speaks to a man facing away from his desk, looking out the office window.

MCCARTHY

There are 22 Marie Schroeders in the Manhattan phone book.

THOMAS E. DEWEY turns from the window. He is holding the ring receipt Florence had stolen from the Bund office.

DEWEY

You just need one to impeach Kuhn,
and I'm afraid they need her not to
be found. Put a man on the Russian.

EXT. 23 WEST 64TH ST - APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

DETECTIVE 1 watches from across the street as Broтта repeatedly presses the verandah buzzer. There is no response. He takes out a stiletto and picks the door lock.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

Broтта rings for the elevator. It's not working. He climbs the stairs, the stiletto at his side.

He knocks on Florence's door a few times. There is no answer. Taking the stiletto, he again picks the lock.

INT. APT. B - DAY

Broтта enters. It is devoid of furniture and wiped clean. He searches room to room for any telltale signs but finds none.

INT. GENERAL SESSIONS COURTROOM - DAY

McCarthy examines Virginia Cogswell. ELSA KUHN sits behind the defense looking remarkably like Florence's portrayal.

MCCARTHY

Mrs. Cogswell, how long were you a
government informant?

MRS. COGSWELL

Since I first met Fritz, when he
was a chemist at Ford Motor.

MCCARTHY

And has your life been threatened?

MRS. COGSWELL

Yes, I was told I would not live to
testify.

MCCARTHY

And finally, what was the payment
to Dr La Sorsa for?

MRS. COGSWELL
It's very personal, I would prefer
not to say.

She and Elsa exchange glances.

MCCARTHY
Thank you, Mrs. Cogswell. You are
dismissed.

CUT TO:

MCCARTHY (CONT'D)
Mrs. Camp, did Mr Kuhn pay for your
move to New York?

MRS. CAMP
Yes, and then on to Cleveland.

MCCARTHY
At what cost?

MRS. CAMP
\$567.00. And I returned the money
to him personally.

MCCARTHY
Mrs. Camp, do you mind removing
that ring from your finger?

She removes the ring and hands it to McCarthy.

MCCARTHY (CONT'D)
Mrs. Camp, do you believe Mr. Kuhn
bought this ring for his wife,
Elsa?

MRS. CAMP
No, he gave it to me as an
engagement ring.

Elsa diverts her eyes from the testimony. McCarthy holds up
the receipt.

MCCARTHY
Your Honor, I would like this
receipt entered into evidence.

INT. BROWN BROTHERS HARRIMAN - OFFICE POOL -DAY

DETECTIVE 2 watches from a balcony as Brotta speaks
animatedly to a clerk. The clerk pulls a file out of a
cabinet and hands it to him.

SABBATINO (V.O.)
When did the Bund hand over total control of the finances to you?

KUHN (V.O.)
From the beginning. I can use the money as I see fit.

SABBATINO (V.O.)
Did Mrs. Camp reimburse you?

INT. GENERAL SESSIONS COURTROOM - DAY

KUHN
Yes, but it didn't matter, I can do what I like with the money.

SABBATINO
And what of the check to Dr. La Sorsa?

KUHN
I believe that is just a bookkeeping error. You would have to ask our bookkeeper.

SABBATINO
And has the bookkeeper been called to testify by the court?

KUHN
No, she has disappeared. We are looking for her.

EXT. YORKVILLE - THE WAGNER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

MOS Brotta outside the building speaks with a neighbor.

MCCARTHY (V.O.)
And this check I'm holding to Dr. La Sorsa. Is it drawn on your account or the Bund's?

INT. GENERAL SESSIONS COURTROOM - DAY

McCarthy waving the check in Kuhn's face.

KUHN
The Bund.

MCCARTHY

And what of this \$3,676.00 missing from the ledger that mysteriously wound up in your account?

KUHN

A bookkeeping error.

MCCARTHY

And did you propose marriage to Mrs. Camp?

KUHN

Absolutely not!

MCCARTHY

Is this not your letter to Mrs Camp? "Florence, I am terrible in love with you. I beg you to become my beloved wife, you, my Golden Angel."

JUDGE WALLACE

The jury is to be reminded that Mr. Kuhn is not on trial as a writer of love letters.

Elsa crestfallen.

KUHN

I believe that was not me. It was the Schnapps.

MCCARTHY

(Holding the ring) And did the Schnapps buy this ring for Mrs. Camp and have it billed to a fictitious Mr. Franz Karsten at the Bund's Yorkville address?

KUHN

Yes, but it was intended for Elsa, out of my personal money.

EXT. YORKVILLE - BUTCHER SHOP ON YORK AVE. - DAY

OFFICER 1 watches from across the street as Brotta raises his hand to indicate height and asks questions of the butcher. He points down York Ave. The pay phone next to the cop rings. He answers it, hangs up, and walks away.

JUDGE WALLACE (V.O.)
Will the jury foreman please read
the verdict?

INT. GENERAL SESSIONS COURTROOM - DAY

The JURY FOREMAN stands at the corner of the jury box. Three bailiffs surround Fritz Kuhn in a triangle.

JURY FOREMAN
We, the jury, find Fritz Julius Kuhn guilty of Larceny in the First Degree and Larceny in the Second Degree for diverting Amerikadeutscher Volksbund monies to pay Mrs. Florence Camp's moving expenses from Los Angeles to New York. And guilty on two charges of forgery for falsifying Amerikadeutscher Volksbund, account ledgers used to hide the theft of money for personal expenses and gifts.

Elsa's seat behind the defense team is empty.

EXT. YORKVILLE - YORK AVE. - DAY

Brotta walks down the street. He fondles the contents of his pocket.

JUDGE WALLACE (V.O.)
Fritz Julius Kuhn, the court sentences you as follows:

INT. GENERAL SESSIONS COURTROOM - DAY

Kuhn stands emotionless.

JUDGE WALLACE
On the two counts of diverting Bund money to Mrs. Camp, a suspended sentence.

A gasp goes up from the press gallery.

JUDGE WALLACE (CONT'D)

For the remaining counts of Larceny and Forgery, the court sentences you to two and one-half to five years for each offense, running concurrently. Do you have anything to say to the court?

KUHN

(Whispering)

Nothing.

JUDGE WALLACE

This court now remands you into the custody of The Sing Sing Correctional Facility in Ossining, New York.

Slipping handcuffs on Kuhn, the bailiffs lead him out.

EXT. YORKVILLE - CARL SCHURZ PARK - DAY

Florence sits on a park bench, talking with Georgia Faye. In the distance, Boris Brotta walks towards them. He is almost upon them when Florence reacts with a start.

BROTTA

I've been looking all over for you.

FLORENCE

Georgia, I think we need a minute.

GEORGIA

You sure?

FLORENCE

Yeah.

Georgia walks down the park path around a bend.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Just you looking, or your friends?

BROTTA

I wouldn't worry about them. Like the Red Baron says, "Sie sind kaputt."

FLORENCE

They're a vindictive lot.

BROTTA

Kuhn believes you rigged the books.

Georgia peeks around a tree to observe.

FLORENCE
If I did...

BROTTA
I followed you to the bank.

FLORENCE
If I did...from what I hear, I
framed a guilty man.

BROTTA
Still, you're a traitor.

Florence tries to move away. Broтта grabs her wrist.

FLORENCE
Let go!

Georgia runs to East End Ave looking for a cop.

BROTTA
They never really trusted you,
Marie. Frau Schmidt called you a
kheybrid.

FLORENCE
A what!

BROTTA
A Mischling.

FLORENCE
(Pulling against his arm)
That's not what you said!

BROTTA
A Mischling.

FLORENCE
A Kheybrid. I know a Jew word when
I hear one!

BROTTA
Drop the act. I suspect you are not
as you portray yourself. You and
your Negrityanka friend.

FLORENCE
I am total Arisch.

BROTTA
Are you, Florence Wagner?

She wrenches free of his arm and begins to run down the path.
Georgia pulls out a whistle and blows. Still no cop.

GEORGIA
Wouldn't you damn know it.

Brotta chases Florence down, tackles her, knocking them both into a small clearing between shrubs. Florence attempts to scream, but Brotta covers her mouth with his gloved hand. She attempts to bite him, but it has no effect against the glove.

BROTTA
Florence, I'm afraid it is time for
this game to end. I'm going to pull
my hand away, but don't scream.

Florence acquiesces.

FLORENCE
(Softy)
I'm going to scream now.

Georgia comes flying into the frame, knocking Brotta off Florence. Brotta grabs inside his pocket. OFFICER 1 runs in, jumps on Brotta, pins his hand to his pants, and bangs it hard with his baton.

BROTTA
(with a North London Accent)
Bloody hell! Was that necessary?
Look officer! I have something to
show you.

OFFICER 1
It better be good.

BROTTA
I'm going to pull it out of my
pocket very slowly.

Brotta painfully extracts a NYC Private Investigator's badge.

BROTTA (CONT'D)
I work for the Ridder newspapers.
(To Florence) You were part of my
assignment.

OFFICER 1
(To Florence) Can I leave you two
love birds alone now?

Florence thinks, then nods, "Yes."

GEORGIA

Can I leave you two love birds
alone?

FLORENCE

Go!

They leave. Brotta helps Florence to her feet. After a long
look, she slaps him hard across the face.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

That's from your assignment.

BROTTA

(in Russian; subtitled)

It's better to be slapped by truth
than kissed by a lie.

Calming down, looking into his eyes, she grabs his hand.

BROTTA (CONT'D)

Aargh, I think it's broken.

Florence looks down. Brotta's hand is swelling. She sees a
wedding ring. Then, with an open hand, she hauls off and
belts him as hard as she can across his face again. He rocks
back.

FLORENCE

(in Russian; subtitled)

Love is evil. It will make you fall
in love with a goat!

BROTTA

(Grabbing his wrist)

I've been trying to tell you for
three weeks...

FLORENCE

What?

BROTTA

The truth. The Ridders put me onto
the Krauts, and an amateur almost
blew it for me. And the endgame
was...I had to keep you in check.

FLORENCE

Check or checkmate?

BROTTA

Look, these people are evil, so we
make necessary compromises, right?
There's no shining path.

FLORENCE

I've done unspeakable things. What have you done? Cheat on your wife?

BROTTA

What I've done to protect you, I'll never...

FLORENCE

(Interrupting)

Protect me! In that rusty hair suit? You don't even know how dead you should be. You're as phony as that suave European bullshit!

BROTTA

And you? You used your looks, your charm, your wit, and God knows what else, to what? To ensnare a fake Nazi for Rabbi Cohen and a bunch of gangsters. I'll call it even.

FLORENCE

I was helping my family. And I did!

BROTTA

We're all helping our families.

FLORENCE

Maybe you enjoyed yourself a bit too much?

BROTTA

Maybe my feelings got...

FLORENCE

Got the best of your assignment.

BROTTA

I'm sorry.

FLORENCE

I'm not!

BROTTA

Marie, My dear, lovely, Marie... Florence, when one scrapes in the pits of hell, sometimes we must abandon the moral high ground. And deep down in that superior intellect of yours, I suspect you know that's true. And in time, you will forgive... and forget me.

FLORENCE
Another half-truth.

BROTTA
So listen, love, we do our
part...and play our parts. We
played them well. You and I... and
up to the end you had me fooled...
all the way fooled. You played
yours... to the hilt. Bravo.

Florence takes a long, last look at him, shakes her head, and walks away.

Brotta begins to applaud. Mist in his eyes, silently mouths the word "Bravo".

BROTTA (CONT'D)
(Whispered)
Bravo.

Florence turns down the East River walk. The empty frame holds a beat. A Middle Eastern family walks through the frame, their two young children holding balloons aloft as they pass.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION- FREIGHT RECEIVING ROOM - DAY

Henry Ford sits across from the service counter.

CLERK
Mr Ford, it's going to be another
thirty minutes before your car is
delivered.

HENRY FORD
Thank you, I'll wait.

Ford sees police escorting a man past the office window.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - PLATFORM - DAY

Ford walks beside a train, peering into car windows. He stops and sees Fritz Kuhn handcuffed to his seat. Kuhn stares back at Ford. Ford gives a slight bow of the head and moves on.

The train begins to move.

Kuhn's window sweeps past Ford and others walking along the platform, speeding up to a blur.

FADE OUT.

INT. GERMANY - DACHAU CONCENTRATION CAMP - DAY

The jail cell is empty. The cell door swung open.

SUPER: Fritz Kuhn sat out the war in Sing Sing prison. In 1945, he was deported to Germany and interned in the Dachau Concentration Camp. With the help of a thirty-two-year-old employee, Hedwig Munz, he escaped through a door left open.

SUPER: After six months, Kuhn was captured and sentenced to 10 years' hard labor. He was set free in 1950 and died a year later in Munich. His last known words were, "Who would have known that it would end like this?"

INT. MUHLBERG, GERMANY - RUSSIAN PRISON CAMP - DAY

A dying, skeletal Heinz Spanknoble lies on a hard cot in a dank prison hall among other dying men.

SUPER: Heinz Spanknoble was arrested by the Russian secret police in Dresden, Germany, on October 4th, 1945.

SUPER: He died of starvation in NKVD Camp 21 on March 10th, 1947, near Muhlberg, Germany.

INT. LOWER MANHATTAN - SEC INVESTIGATIONS OFFICE - DAY

Prescott Bush sits before a panel from the Securities and Exchange Commission.

Super: Prescott Bush was the director of Union Banking Corp. and a shareholder in several companies associated with Fritz Thyssen, the financial architect of the Nazis.

Super: A government investigation absolved him of responsibility, but under the Trading With The Enemy Act, seized the assets of UBC for the duration of World War II.

Super: He was the father and grandfather to two U.S. Presidents.

EXT. HAMBURG, GERMANY - PORT HAMBURG - DAY.

CU Annaliese, holding her stuffed animal, peers over the stern of an ocean liner pulling away from the Pier, revealing its name, "MS St. Louis".

SUPER: The Cuban government refused to honor the visas they issued to the refugees aboard the MS St Louis, as did the United States and Canada.

SUPER: The Netherlands, Belgium, France, and the United Kingdom accepted a small share of the passengers. Of the 937 refugees returned to Europe, it is estimated that more than 600 died in the Holocaust.

INT. NEW YORK CITY - LARGE WEDDING HALL - DAY

One of Virginia Cogswell's ornate and opulent weddings.

SUPER: Virginia Overshine Patterson Stark Blankenship Seegar Gilbert Kaplan Cogswell, known as "The Georgia Peach," was ultimately married 10 times.

SUPER: There is no record of her ever having been crowned Miss America.

INT. NEWSREEL FOOTAGE OF BARNEY ROSS FIGHTING - NIGHT

SUPER: Barney "Ross" Rosofsky was a professional boxer and world champion in three weight divisions.

SUPER: As a U.S. Marine in World War II, he was awarded the Silver Star and a Presidential Citation for heroism.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS, CA - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Benjamin Siegel lies dead, sprawled out on a blood-soaked couch, riddled with bullets.

SUPER: Credited with inventing Las Vegas, Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel was rubbed out by the mob on June 20, 1947, for supposedly mishandling their money.

EXT. DALLAS, TX - POLICE DEPARTMENT PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Jacob Rubenstein walks down a Dallas street, turns into a dark garage, and out of sight down the exit ramp.

SUPER: Jacob Rubenstein moved to Dallas, Texas, in 1947 and changed his name to Jack Ruby.

INT. YPSILANTI, MI - WILLOW RUN PLANT - DAY

B-24 Bombers hundreds of yards deep on the assembly line.

SUPER: Henry Ford converted his automobile plants to war production and was instrumental in the Allies' victory in World War II.

EXT. COLOGNE, GERMANY - DAY

The Ford-Werke Plant on the Rhine River

SUPER: Ford-Werke in Cologne, Germany, was administered by the Nazi's during World War II and made extensive use of slave labor. Ford's share of its profits was held in escrow by the German Government.

SUPER: In 1951, Ford Motor Company received dividend payments for profits accrued at Ford-Werke during the war years.

EXT. YAPHANK, NY - GERMAN GARDENS - DAY

Shots of the entrance to the German Gardens community, various houses, the new clubhouse where the restaurant and Beer Garden stood, and the Parade Grounds as they look today.

SUPER: Camp Siegfried was renamed the German Gardens private community of Yaphank, NY.

SUPER: Home ownership was restricted to people of German extraction until May 2017, when, by court order, the by-laws of the German American Settlement League were changed.

INT. NEW YORK CITY - DETECTIVE AGENCY OFFICE - DAY

A noir-ish private investigator's office. A lone figure sits at a desk in silhouette. Stenciled letters refract the sunlight streaming through the window behind him.

SUPER: Boris Brotta opened a private investigator's office under his real name, Lewis Rosenthal.

INT. BROADWAY THEATER DISTRICT - DAY

Florence walks down Broadway, past the hit shows of 1945 and under the 46th St Theater marquee. Florence turns the corner.

Florence enters a side door with a sign reading "Dark Of The Moon. Auditions by appointment only, 3:30 pm-5:00 pm"

SUPER: ...and Florence continued chasing her dreams.

THE END