Noir Originale

Ву

Justin Murphy

His Novella

INT.--JOHN CALEB HALVORSON'S ATTIC--DAY

GARY HALVORSON, 40s, walks into the attic and opens a trunk, in which he sees three objects. One of which is a letter he pulls out, the others are not important at the moment.

GARY

Wow...

It is an old letter stashed in an envelope, he opens it and unfolds the letter, one that appears to be old and faded with cursive writing he cannot even to make out at all.

GARY ...what is this?

Pulls out an object from the letter, revealed to be an old locket. He looks at the inscription on it, yet he cannot make it out either. There is no way to decipher either item.

INT.--JOHN CALEB HALVORSON'S LIVING ROOM--DAY

Gary enters his grandfather's living room, sitting on his couch. Unfolding his laptop, he gets on FACEBOOK, typing a message regarding his recent discovery in the attic.

> GARY My grandfather died recently...

Says this out loud as he types this in his message before typing "and I found this old letter and a locket I think are from World War II, but he was not even born yet".

INT.--LOCKSMITH SHOP--DAY

Gary is now speaking with a very old LOCKSMITH who looks over the locket, and gazes at it with fascination. He nods with this same smile, almost as if it looks familiar.

LOCKSMITH

My great grandson got your message...I'm not much into that Facebook thing or The Internet...

Gazing at the locket through an eyepiece.

LOCKSMITH

...but I was intrigued and you're right,they haven't made this model since the end of World War II....

Takes off the eyepiece and puts it down.

LOCKSMITH ...and I would know...because I used to make these myself...

Chuckles over this.

LOCKSMITH

...oh yes...many a girlfriend used to give this very locket to their girlfriends during the war...

INT.--USS ARIZONA MEMORIAL--DAY

Arriving here, Gary encounters an old GERMAN LADY, who seems a bit morose. Yet they face each other and Gary shows her the old letter with the locket wrapped inside of it.

GARY

I hope you don't mind me asking, but I was wondering if you could give me a hand here...

Unfolds the letter from the locket, showing both items to her.

GARY ...I have no idea what is written on either of them, you see my grandfather just passed away and...

The German Lady looks up at him with a smile.

GERMAN LADY Oh, I know exactly what they are...

She nods.

GERMAN LADY ...this locket was given to me by a soldier...so many years ago.

Gazes out at the surroundings of Pearl Harbor.

GERMAN LADY And I wrote this letter when I tried to break it off.

Looks down at the letter.

GARY

Why?

2.

The German Lady holds her hand up in midair, she does not want to be interrupted.

GERMAN LADY Life is more complicated than you will ever know...more than anyone should ever have to know.

GARY

Tell me...

Looks on as she tries to walk away.

GARY ...believe me, I want to know.

The German Lady turns around and shrugs her shoulders.

GERMAN LADY Oh, alright...

She faces Gary once more.

GERMAN LADY ...now, what is this about your grandfather...was he a soldier here?

Gary shakes his head.

GARY He died recently and left behind these items in a trunk. This is why I need you to tell me about them...

GERMAN LADY

Alright...

Wiping a tear from her eye.

GERMAN LADYI will tell you...

Buries her face in her palm, before she looks up and continues.

GERMAN LADY ...but please do not interrupt me...as this is very painful...

Looks at him, scrunching her eyes together as she reflects on what happened.

GERMAN LADY I first met this American soldier on this very harbor decades ago...

She smiles.

GERMAN LADY ...the most handsome soldier I ever met...

Places her hand on her cheek and blushes as the memory rushes back to her.

GERMAN LADY ...not only in his features, but how he carried himself. So outgoing and friendly...

Her smile becomes a frown once more.

GERMAN LADY ...nothing at all like the German soldiers I knew...

Holds her hands together.

GERMAN LADY I first saw him around here when he was doing a routine inspection...

Shrugs her shoulders with a smile.

GERMAN LADY ...trying to keep the enemy out...and I should know...I was the enemy...

Not saying a word, Gary listens with his full attention.

EXT.--PEARL HARBOR--DAY

It is DECEMBER 6, 1941, there is a soldier walking through here all bright eyed and happy to be alive, MAX ADAMS. Yet in spite of this demeanor, he investigates a serious matter.

> MAX Alright...let's see if there are any paintings in here...

Walks over to two soldiers who open a crate with a couple of hammers and crowbars. He waits to see what is inside.

MAX ...yep...this is exactly what I was afraid of...

In the crate, there are a bunch of GERMAN EXPRESSIONIST paintings from the 1920's. Max eyes them with a nod.

MAX ...find the ones who smuggled these in here and bring 'em to me!

Pulls out these paintings and shows it to these two soldiers before sitting it down and looking to his right.

MAX

Oh wow...

In the distance, he sets his eyes on ILSA, an exotic beauty with blonde hair and blue eyes. Yet only after one brief second, she walks away and there is no trace of her.

SOLDIER #1

Here they are...

Max turns around to see two NAZI SPIES being restrained by their American counterparts, as a few other soldiers confiscate the smuggled items. He eyes them with a stare.

> MAX Now where do the two of you get off bringing these into the harbor? What sort of plans do you have?

Neither of the Nazi spies say a single word.

MAX Well, since they won't talk..., have someone wait for them in the interrogation room...

Faces the other direction as the Nazi spies are taken away.

SOLDIER #2 So, are you geared up for the fight?

Max shrugs his shoulders and nods while punching his fists in midair.

MAX Ready as I'll ever be.

Soldier #2 pats him on the back.

INT.--GYMNASIUM--DAY

In the boxing ring, Max is dressed in trunks and gloves as he throws a hard punch at his opponent without hesitation. The glove makes contact with this other fighter's face.

> SOLDIER #1 Damn! He's really laying into him!

The two soldiers who investigated the crate with Max sit at ringside watching him participate in this fight.

SOLDIER #2 You're telling me...

Shakes his head and smiles.

SOLDIER #2 ...look at him go!

Max blocks a punch from his opponent, and delivers three more punches in return.

SOLDIER #2 Who is that?

Gazes at Ilsa, the beautiful and hypnotizing blonde now walk in here and watches the fight.

SOLDIER #1

Beats me!

Max sees her from across the gymnasium, and blocks another punch from his opponent. She leaves and he recoils his other arm, as he readies for a long winded punch and connects!

SOLDIER #1

Damn!

Max delivers this hard punch right to his opponent's face, who now goes down to the mat like a ton of bricks. THE REFEREE now steps in to make the count at this moment.

REFEREE

One!

Draws one finger down to the mat as the opponent remains motionless right here.

REFEREE

Two!

Max looks on as the referee counts again.

CONTINUED:

REFEREE

Three!

Soldier #1 watches this fight wind down.

REFEREE

Four!

Soldier #2 also looks on.

REFEREE

Five!

Max's opponent gazes up at the referee counting him out.

REFEREE

Six!

Max gazes at the crowd.

REFEREE

Seven!

The crowd gazes back at him.

REFEREE

Eight!

THE TIMEKEEPER waits to ring the bell.

REFEREE

Nine!

Max takes one last look at his opponent.

REFEREE

Ten!

RING ANNOUNCER (O.S.) The winner of this bout...Max Adams!

The bell rings and the referee raises Max's arm high up in the air as the crowd cheers.

SOLDIER #1 Alright! Way to go!

The two soldiers are clapping and cheering as they come into the ring and celebrate with Max, who has now won this fight.

7.

EXT.--PEARL HARBOR--DAY

Max, now in uniform, and these other two soldiers walk out of the gymnasium with a handful of soldiers clapping and cheering. He pumps his fists in the air, punching them.

> SOLDIER #2 You did it again...what can I say? You did it again!

Max shrugs with a smile.

SOLDIER #1 Come on...let's go celebrate...

MAX Hold on a second...

SOLDIER #2 Hey...you're going to cut out on your own party?

Holds his hand up in midair as the other two soldiers are about to leave. He sees Ilsa eye him from across the harbor. Blowing off the other two soldiers, he goes to see her.

> ILSA I saw you in the ring...you're a very good fighter...

Max smiles at Ilsa.

ILSA ...do you box often?

MAX Yeah...quite often...

Nods at Ilsa.

MAX ...it keeps me out of work detail and clean up duty.

They both start laughing.

MAX Your accent...is it German?

Ilsa smiles.

ILSA

Yes.

Max's gaze on her remains curious.

MAX Are you with...?

Ilsa shakes her head.

ILSA I'm sorry...I can't talk about that...

Max shrugs his shoulders.

MAX Well...that's okay...

Holds her hand.

MAX ...do you want to go to The Officer's Club sometime?

Smiles at her.

ILSA With you...you mean like on a date?

Astonished by this question.

MAX Well...yeah...

Ilsa nods.

ILSA I would like that very much...thank you...

They both smile at each other.

MAX Alright...it's a date then.

Max leaves with the other two soldiers.

ILSA I've reeled one in...

Now communicates on a Walkie-talkie she pulls from her pocket.

HERR COMMANDANT (O.S.) Stay close to him, liebchen...don't let him out of your sight...

Ilsa's pleasant demeanor now fades as she gazes around the harbor.

ILSA I won't...you know I promise to live and die by The Fuhrer's command...

A smile returns to her face, but in a more cold and calculating way.

ILSA ...and by extension...your command as well...

HERR COMMANDANT (O.S.) Always good to hear such words from a dedicated soldier in The Third Reich...

Ilsa nods over this sentiment.

HERR COMMANDANT ...especially one in my company...

ILSA And I you...my excellency...

As she lowers the Walkie-talkie, she surveys the harbor with this cold and calculating smile still on her face.

HERR COMMANDANT If anything should happen...you will be remembered with honor...my prized student...

Ilsa raises the Walkie-talkie to her ear and mouth once more.

HERR COMMANDANT ...and my love...

She turns to the Walkie-talkie ready to address him.

ILSA I do not believe we are supposed to use such terms of endearment during these missions... HERR COMMANDANT My point is you never know what can happen...

Leans her ear closer to the Walkie-talkie.

HERR COMMANDANT I may be in charge...but I do not want to lose you either...

Ilsa's smile turns more affectionate.

INT.--THE OFFICER'S CLUB--NIGHT

Max and Ilsa are seated at a table sipping on drinks, as they both wait for their orders to come. They both smile at each other yet again, and are now also holing hands.

> MAX You're going to love this...it's an American delicacy...

Holds her hand close to his cheek.

ILSA Mmmm...what is it?

Eyes widen out of curiosity.

MAX Why ruin the surprise?

Chuckles a bit.

ILSA I hope they bring it out soon...I'm starved...

They both take another sip of their drinks.

MAX

Same here.

Raises his glass in midair, in a "Cheers" like fashion.

MAX

Okay...here we go...

The waiter brings out a cart of food.

ILSA

Yum!

The waiter places a couple plates of chicken on the table. One plate goes over to Ilsa while the other goes to Max. They both dig in, as if they had nothing to eat all day.

WAITER

Dig in!

Ilsa grabs her fork and starts picking at the food before taking the first bite.

ILSA Mmmm...this is actually pretty good.

Max takes a bite of his own plate.

MAX Of course it is...

Chuckles a bit.

MAX ...why wouldn't it be....

Shrugs his shoulders.

MAX ...it's American!

EXT.--PEARL HARBOR--NIGHT

Max and Ilsa walk along the harbor, not many soldiers are visible, and it seems they both have this area all to themselves. The two turn around to face each other.

MAX So, you liked the chicken, huh?

Ilsa smiles at him.

ILSA

Oh yes...

They move closer to each other, as his lips inch toward hers, but she pushes his lips away with her hand.

ILSA ...not yet.

With the smile remaining on her face, she shakes her head with a laugh.

ILSA I thought it was an American custom not to do such things on a first date.

Lets out a small laugh.

MAX You're right...I'm sorry...

Joins her in laughing about this.

MAX ... you want to do this again soon?

Ilsa nods.

ILSA I would love that.

They hold hands once more and resume walking along the harbor.

MAX So, I guess I'll see you then?

ILSA I guess you will...

Ilsa nods once more as he walks her to the end of the harbor, and she steps into the boat now taking off.

MAX

Bye.

Max waves at Ilsa as the boat departs this harbor.

MAX

I'm going to marry her someday...

Says this to himself as he watches the boat in the distance.

MAX

... there's no stopping us.

EXT.--PEARL HARBOR--DAY

On December 7, a whole squadron of Japanese fighter planes hit entire sections of the harbor, creating massive explosions and fires everywhere. Max now exits his quarters.

> MAX What in the hell?

With the two other soldiers emerging, the three of them duck for cover. Yet one is not so lucky, as an explosion goes off right next to him and he collapses right to the ground.

> MAX Are you alright...you alright?

Kneels over Soldier #2, now bloody and wounded, and tries to shake him and see if he is okay. Max sees he lets out a few more breaths, but rolls his eyes into the back of his head.

> SOLDIER #1 It's no use...he's gone...

Clasps his hand to Max's shoulder.

SOLDIER #1 ...he's in a place where no one can hurt him now...

Both he and Max try to run from the scene while carrying Soldier #2's body and Japanese planes are bombing everywhere. Yet Soldier #1 becomes a prime target.

MAX

Wait...no!

A Japanese bomber hits the spot where Soldier #1 stands.

MAX

Oh my god...

Races over to the very same spot, but is stopped by a couple of guards.

GUARD Please stay where you are...we have everything under control!

Holds his hand up in midair as a way to hold Max off.

MAX Under control? Where in the hell were you when they bombed him? Screaming this at the top of his lungs, Max points to the dead body of Soldier #2 while getting in the guard's face.

GUARD Sir...please step back while we handle this...

MAX You have no idea what you're doing!

Max looks as he watches this guard and a few others place both soldiers on stretchers. While Soldier #1 only appears to be injured, one guard places a sheet over Soldier #2.

INT.--INFIRMARY--DAY

Max walks in and sees Soldier #1 placed on a bed, all bandaged up. He does not look very good at all, Max now sits beside him as the sound of bombs still drop outside.

> MAX How are you feeling?

Grips Soldier #1's hand.

SOLDIER #1 It's useless...we're on the brink of entering a war and it's useless...

Max leans toward him, trying to understand what he means.

SOLDIER #1 ...sooner or later you'll be dead too.

Eyes roll back into his head and he dies.

NURSE

This one wasn't going to live much longer anyway...

Max takes a step back as this nurse now covers Soldier #1 with a sheet.

NURSE ...it's always the brave ones.

Max's eyes are fixated on the sheet covering his fallen comrade.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE He a friend of yours?

Turns around and asks him this.

MAX Now I've lost two friends today...

So overcome with grief, he does not even move.

MAX ...I can't imagine it getting any worse.

All of a sudden, two military issue paramedics bolt through the tent, bringing in another wounded soldier. Max looks on frozen as this happens before his very eyes at this moment.

> PARAMEDIC Please make way...this soldier's about to die on us...

Slow to move, Max steps out of the way, almost in combination of shock and carelessness. He is so quiet and stone faced, as if this does not even faze him at all.

PARAMEDIC This tent needs to be cleared!

EXT.--PEARL HARBOR--DAY

Max exits the medical tent to discover death and destruction continuing all around him. Fires and explosions continue as he walks around in a daze, not believing this is happening.

ORPHAN

Mama! Mama!

Spots a small Asian child walking around saying this while carrying around a blanket and a teddy bear in its arms.

MAX You need your Mommy?

The orphan nods.

MAX Okay...we'll go find her...

Max picks up the child, carrying it across the battlefield, ducking from every fire and explosion along the way.

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(CONTINUED)

MAX It's alright...it's alright...

Says this as the child now cries.

MAX ...everything's going to be okay...

Gazes at a MASH unit from a distance and walks over to it.

MAX This child can't find its mother...

The very same nurse who pronounced Soldier #1 dead comes out as he says this.

NURSE I'll take her.

Takes the child out of Max's hands and holds it.

MAX I wish to stay here until the child finds its mother...

The nurse holds her hand up in midair.

NURSE Don't worry...this child will be fine...we'll take care of this...

The nurse takes this orphan into the tent with her.

MAX How are you sure you'll even be able to find its mother?

Stands here at the tent all confused and frustrated.

MAX A hospital unit is no place for a child!

Seeing it as no use, Max presses forward.

PARAMEDIC We're about to lose this one over here...

Turning around, Max sees a couple of paramedics tend to another fallen soldier. He now covers his ears as sirens blare all over the harbor. This is a full blown crisis.

17.

PARAMEDIC ...get 'em on a stretcher quick!

Max remains frozen, watching this unfold as the fallen soldier is loaded onto the stretcher and carried away to a nearby MASH unit. This is happening all around him.

> DYING WOMAN Where's my daughter...where's my daughter?

Max eyes the woman and kneels at the woman's side, holding her hand.

MAX Was she carrying a little blanket and a teddy bear?

The dying woman nods.

MAX I think I know where she is.

Turns around and looks at one of the paramedics.

MAX

Hey, could you take her to the MASH unit down the harbor? I think her daughter might be there...

He and the paramedic help carry the woman, as they both walk her to the MASH unit. The nurse helps the paramedic bring her inside, Max sees the little orphan he rescued.

ORPHAN

Mama! Mama!

Max watches the little orphan hug the woman, as she is being treated. With her blanket and teddy bear in tow.

NURSE

Your Mommy's going to be fine.

Max turns away from the MASH unit with a small smile on his face. Walking out into the harbor again, this smile quickly fades as he sees more death and destruction around here.

PARAMEDIC I can't keep up...there are just too many hurt or dying around here...

The paramedic steps away and takes a breath, as Max watches.

Max walks in as great deal of the chaos engulfs the harbor, and gazes at his commanding officer who sits at his desk. They lock eyes over an important matter occurring right now.

> MAX With your permission..I would like to enlist in the upcoming effort...if there is one...

Salutes his commanding officer upon arrival.

COMMANDING OFFICER We haven't gotten the official word yet...but I could use all the men I can get...

Rises to his his feet in a somber fashion and salutes his junior officer in return.

COMMANDING OFFICER ...but what we're facing right now looks much, much worse at the moment...

Lowering their salutes, they both look very humble at this moment in disbelief regarding these current attacks.

COMMANDING OFFICER ... just get back out there and do what you can.

Squatting down, he attempts to lower back into his seat.

MAX I've already done quite a bit out there...watched two soldiers, my best friends, get killed...

His neutral face and speech pattern now become angry.

MAX ...rescued a little girl from being killed and found her sick mother...

Shakes his head in disgust.

MAX ...and witnessed countless others be injured or killed...

Shrugs his shoulders.

MAX ...now what more do you want from me?

Being confronted in this way before he can fully sit down, this commanding officer rises to his feet once more.

> COMMANDING OFFICER You're right.

Nods at his junior officer.

COMMANDING OFFICER Every time I see any of that I get upset, but it's the field we're in.

EXT.--EUROPEAN THEATRE--DAY

Max walks along the base, when he spots a familiar blonde woman at the opposite side of it. Seeing her turn to face him, he sees exactly who this very woman actually is.

> ILSA Oh my god...you are stationed here? I don't believe it!

Chuckles a bit seeing Max.

MAX Felt I needed to be here after what happened at the harbor.

Shrugs and nods.

ILSA That must have been horrible!

MAX Tell me about it...

Looking out at the theatre.

MAX I never thought I'd see so many people get hurt or die in my entire life.

Ilsa places her hand on his elbow.

ILSA I cannot imagine what that must have done to you and your troops. Turns around to face her, a bit on the defensive side.

MAX Oh, you can't, huh? Aren't you with the enemy to begin with?

Ilsa caresses his arms.

ILSA Those were Tojo planes...not ours...

Looks into his eyes.

ILSA Do you not realize I would never do anything to hurt you?

Max looks away from her and starts walking to the other end of this base while she follows.

ILSA Honestly, that is the last thing I would ever want to do!

Snaps him around and gives him a long passionate kiss.

ILSA Could we talk about this over drinks at your officer's club?

They kiss some more.

INT.--THE OFFICER'S CLUB--DAY

Max and Ilsa are indeed having drinks at a table. She places her hand on top of his, trying to reassure him of her love for him despite her alliance with the enemy in this war.

> ILSA I am well aware I am affiliated with the wrong party...

Takes a sip of her drink.

ILSA ...but at least I am willing to admit such a mistake.

Max looks at her not too convinced.

MAX Is that supposed to make me feel better?

Ilsa looks deeper into his eyes.

ILSA

I just want you to know how I feel about you regardless which sides we are on...

Still holding his hand.

ILSA ...that is all that matters to me.

Runs her fingers along his hand.

MAX Why should I believe you?

ILSA I do not care if you believe me...I just want you to know how much I love you...

Smiles at him.

ILSA Do you understand that? This is all I want you to know.

Gets up from the table and is about to leave when he holds her wrist. Max gets up and confronts her at this moment.

> MAX Listen...you were trying to be nice, and I was being jerk...

Smiles at her.

MAX

...and I'm sorry...

Kisses her on the lips and they both walk of this officer's club together after he leaves a tab for the service.

EXT.--EUROPEAN THEATRE--DAY Max and Ilsa walk alongside a portion of this base near The Officer's Club, hand in hand as they have seemingly resolved this issue regarding their allegiances in this war. MAX Would you mind if I gave you something? Ilsa turns around, kissing him on the lips. ILSA And what would that be? Max chuckles a bit. MAX Shhh...I can't tell you...it's a surprise... Puts his index finger over her mouth as they both laugh. ILSA Where is it? MAX I don't have it with me! Ilsa rifles through Max's hands as he hides them behind his back. ILSA Then where is it? MAX I'll have to get it for you... ILSA You don't even have it...do you? Playfully shoves Max. ILSA I bet you don't even know what it is! They both hold each other while laughing. MAX Don't worry... I have it arranged! Still laughs.

ILSA

What do you mean by "arranged"?

Max holds her fists at bay, as she punches at his chest.

MAX

I'm having someone make it for you.

Ilsa squints her eyes, puzzled yet intrigue.

ILSA

Make it?

Max nods.

ILSA Well, it better be expensive.

Delivers hard slaps to Max's back as he runs along the base.

INT.--LOCKSMITH SHOP--DAY

Max enters and sees the locksmith put the finishing touches on an item. Pulling out some military scraps and hands them to this very same locksmith as payment for this job.

> MAX I've got a job for you...

The locksmith looks at Max with his full attention.

MAX ... I want you to make a locket for this woman I'm dating.

The locksmith laughs with a small nod.

LOCKSMITH Well, that's what they all pay me for around here...

Counting each of the scraps Max just paid him.

LOCKSMITHso, you want anything special for her?

Max holds his hands up in midair, almost spelling it out for this locksmith.

MAX Oh yeah, I've got the perfect idea...

Takes out a pen and pad writes down a message before tearing this same piece of paper and it to the locksmith.

MAX ...here's I what I want to be on the inscription...it's perfect!

The locksmith nods while gazing at this small sheet of paper.

LOCKSMITH Sounds like a good idea to me...

Nods again, shrugs his shoulders at Max.

LOCKSMITHI'll get right on it!

Salutes Max as he is about to resume his work.

LOCKSMITH I should have it for you later today.

Max heads out of this shop with a salute of his own.

MAX

Thanks.

Leaves the shop entirely.

INT.--HERR COMMANDANT'S OFFICE--DAY

Ilsa faces HERR COMMANDANT while debriefing about her mission, he paces back and forth, a tall man with a pencil thin moustache. She eyes him in a very confident demeanor.

> ILSA I have just reconnected with that American soldier I met in Pearl Harbor.

HERR COMMANDANT Oh I see...

Turns to face her.

HERR COMMANDANT Is he investigating our nations artwork from The Expressionist era, or does he have another assignment?

ILSA

Same as before.

His moustache twitches as he grows more curious.

HERR COMMANDANT Oh, I certainly hope you are watching him like a hawk...my dear liebchen.

Ilsa is not phased by this term of endearment.

ILSA Of course I am.

HERR COMMANDANT Good, but...

Raises his index finger.

HERR COMMANDANT ...always be cautious...you never want to get too emotionally involved...

Places this same index finger on her cheek.

HERR COMMANDANT ...it will cause misery for everyone all around on both sides...

ILSA I understand.

Herr Commandant kisses her firmly on her lips.

HERR COMMANDANT Now go my dear Schatzi...please continue on with your mission.

The two eye each other as she leaves.

ILSA By your command... INT.--LOCKSMITH SHOP--DAY

Max walks back into the stop, where he sees the locksmith pour a vat of hot molten liquid into a wooden container. He now he takes a small hammer and knocks something out of it.

> MAX Wow...what is that?

Gazes at the small rock like object he just knocked out of the wooden container. Almost transfixed by its charm.

> LOCKSMITH It's yours...hold on...

The locksmith puts on an eyepiece and takes a very small knife, which he uses to engrave the inscription.

MAX

How do you manage to do that?

The locksmith now stabs a tiny hole at the top of this object before putting a very thin necklace through it.

LOCKSMITH It's all in the wrist.

Takes off the eyepiece and hands the now finished locket to Max.

MAX Do I owe you any additional fees or charges now that you're done?

The locksmith goes back to working with his materials when he hears Max ask this question and he turns around. Yet he waves his hand in midair as if it is a good thing.

> LOCKSMITH No...no it's alright...

Nods with a smile.

MAX ... just that once time fee upfront and you're secure.

Max holds up this brand new locket by opposite sides of the necklace and gazes at it.

LOCKSMITH So, how do you like the new present for your girlfriend? Max shakes his head with a chuckle.

MAX It's fantastic.

Still gazing at it.

MAX Hey...thanks...

Shakes the locksmith's hand.

EXT.--EUROPEAN THEATRE--DAY

In a dark corner of this base, Ilsa is speaking to two comrades of hers, giving them instructions as they guard a crate. These are the exact smugglers Max previously caught.

> ILSA I don't want any repeats of the mistakes you made at Pearl Harbor...

Shoots them a cold stare.

ILSA ...are we understood?

Crossing her arms.

NAZI SMUGGLER #1

Yes.

Nods at her.

ILSA Very well then...

Grabs his face and squeezes both of his cheeks before kissing him on the lips.

ILSA ...get to it!

Releases him from her grasp.

NAZI SMUGGLER #1 By your command...

Both smugglers grab the crate and start walking.

NAZI SMUGGLER #2 Are you having relations?

A furious scowl comes over the first smuggler's face when asked this question.

NAZI SMUGGLER #1 Where do you even get off prying into our business like that?

Shakes his head in disbelief.

NAZI SMUGGLER #1 Get your head out of the gutter and realize we are here to carry out orders for Herr Fuhrer...

Grabs the second smuggler and gets in his face.

NAZI SMUGGLER #1 ...and by extension...we are also here to carry out the orders of Herr Commandant and her as well...

Lets the second smuggler's arm go.

NAZI SMUGGLER #1 ...now get it together...for the sake of this job!

EXT.--ROOFTOP--DAY

Max and another soldier stand atop a roof on a location here at the base. Looking through a pair of binoculars, Max sees the two Nazi smugglers carrying a crate through this area.

> MAX There they are...

Lowering the binoculars, Max see them from a distance.

MAX ...let's go!

Max and this other soldier make their way down an exterior staircase.

MAX Hey! Where do you think you're going with that crate?

Still standing in the middle of the staircase, Max shouts this as the two smugglers now stop in their tracks.

(CONTINUED)

MAX Don't try anything with us...

Resumes looking through the binoculars, seeing one of the smugglers is pulling out a gun.

MAX

Alright...on my signal...

Lowers the binoculars and pulls out his own gun.

MAX

...and fire!

Shoots one of the smugglers and can see him collapse from a distance.

MAX Stay there with your hands up...don't even think of trying to fire back...

Max and this other soldier make their way down the remainder of this exterior staircase.

EXT.--EUROPEAN THEATRE--DAY

The second smuggler remains standing with his hands held in midair while the first now lays on the ground dead in a pool of his own blood, as a result of the bullet from Max's gun.

MAX Get to him quick...

Max pulls out a Walkie-talkie while this other soldier forces the second smuggler to the ground with his hands behind his head. Max now radios this report to dispatch.

> MAX We've found two Nazi smugglers sneaking contraband materials in a crate...please send security...

The Walkie-talkie is close to his lips.

MAX ...one smuggler has been shot to death...while the other is now being apprehended...

Eyes the other soldier holding down the second smuggler.

MAX ...I repeat, please send help...in need of your assistance...two Nazi smugglers have been captured...

Looks around to see no one but the four of them here.

INT.--THE OFFICER'S CLUB--DAY

Max and Ilsa are once again having drinks here at the very same table where they renewed their relationship after a bout of frustration. Their current mood is quite somber.

> ILSA Listen, I heard about the incident with those smugglers...

Places her hand on top of his.

ILSA ...that must have been awful.

Max takes a sip of his drink without even looking at her.

MAX You would know...since they were some of your troops.

Ilsa pulls away from him.

ILSA Please let us not start this again.

Max shrugs his shoulders.

MAX You're right...it's bad enough we're on opposite sides of the war...we shouldn't argue...

Pulls out a small box.

MAX ...and besides...I have something special for you...

Hands it to her and she opens it.

ILSA Oh my god...

Pulling out the locket, he holds it by opposite ends of the necklace.

ILSA ...it is so beautiful!

Max gets up from the table and walks to the rear of Ilsa's seat, where he now takes the locket, placing it around her neck and snapping together before he moves to kiss her lips.

MAX So, how do you like it?

Ilsa turns around to kiss him back.

ILSA I love it...I love it almost as much as I love you!

They wrap their arms around each other to share another kiss.

EXT.--EUROPEAN THEATRE--DAY

Later on, Max and Soldier #3 walk along the very same portion of the base where they found the two smugglers. The two of them both look around in every which direction.

> SOLDIER #3 Did you hear there might be Nazi activity around here?

Max looks around this portion of the base to see if this is indeed true.

MAX Oh, that's what they're saying alright...

Still looks around.

MAX ...and I'm sure it's true myself.

Stands gazing at the rooftops here on this portion of the base.

MAX Maybe we should go back up top and see if there are anymore coming in here...

This other soldier shrugs and nods in agreement.

SOLDIER #3 Yeah, we probably should...

EXT.--ROOFTOP--DAY

Max and Soldier #3 return to this area where he once again pulls out his own pair of binoculars and looks through them to see if there are another pair of smugglers around here.

> MAX I don't see anything...

Lowers the binoculars and gazes at Soldier #3.

MAX

...do you?

Soldier #3 shakes his head before Max resumes looking through these binoculars.

MAX There are a few crate over there...look...

A few American soldiers meet around those crates.

MAX ...damn! It's a few of our guys...

Shakes his head.

MAX ...no smugglers around here...apparently...

Looks in the opposite direction, where the smugglers first appeared to begin with.

MAX What in the...

Hears a set of footsteps and lowers his binoculars to see two more American soldiers standing here on the rooftop.

> SOLDIER #4 We're here for our shift...

Max points down to the crates down below in an inquisitive fashion.

MAX

You mean...

Soldier #4 nods.

SOLDIER #4 Yeah, it's our time to keep an eye on those crates.

Max takes a deep breath while laughing.

MAX Oh, thank god...I thought you guys were Nazis...

All of the soldiers on this rooftop are now laughing.

INT.--HERR COMMANDANT'S OFFICE--DAY

Ilsa stands in front of Herr Commandant while he paces back and forth out of anger, as if he is disappointed in her. So much he will not even look at her in the eyes at all.

> HERR COMMANDANT In all the time you have been in my service...you have rarely ever failed me...

Turns around and gazes at the Venetian blinds in his window.

HERR COMMANDANT ...but this time, you did make a mistake...

Closes the Venetian blinds and at last faces her.

HERR COMMANDANT I do not ever recall any of my troops getting caught in enemy territory...not on my watch!

Walks closer to her.

HERR COMMANDANT Now what is going on with you...

Tilts his head in one direction.

HERR COMMANDANT ...does this have anything to do with that American soldier you are watching?

Places his index finger in front of her mouth just as she tries to open it.

HERR COMMANDANT Now, what did I say about getting too emotionally involved?

Nods at her.

HERR COMMANDANT If you stick to the job at hand, then there will not be a problem?

Smiles at her.

HERR COMMANDANT Are we understood?

Holds both sides of her face gently with his thumb and index finger before kissing her on the lips.

ILSA

Yes.

INT.--THE OFFICER'S CLUB--DAY

Max sits at a table where he has drinks with Soldier #3. They both look more than a bit weary after what happened with the mix up involving soldiers they mistook for Nazis.

> MAX Do you think we're being driven paranoid by this war?

Takes a sip.

SOLDIER #3 What do you mean?

Looks a bit curious.

MAX Hell, we're getting to the point where we believe our own guys are spies for the enemy...

Shakes his head in disbelief.

MAX ...I mean, who in the hell are we going to trust?

Soldier #3 shrugs with a smile.

SOLDIER #3 It's no big deal...you just got a little jumpy...that's all...

Takes a sip of his own drink.

SOLDIER #3 ...but it's not like I'm dating one of them or anything...

Max slams his drink on the table.

MAX What the hell is that supposed to mean?

SOLDIER #3 Take it easy...I was just saying...

Max halfway rises from the chair, as if he is going to choke Soldier #3, but sits down an takes a deep breath.

SOLDIER #3 ...but honestly...maybe she's the one driving you paranoid. Ever think about that?

Max grips onto his glass once more.

SOLDIER #3 She's a nice girl and everything...

Shrugs his shoulders.

SOLDIER #3 ...just watch your back, alright?

Pats Max on his own shoulder.

MAX Oh wow...they're actually having a dance here...

Watches a couple of soldiers put up some makeshift poster on the wall promoting the dance.

MAX ...you think I should bring her here?

Soldier #3 shakes his head out of confusion.

SOLDIER #3 I don't think that's such a good idea...

Shakes his head.

SOLDIER #3 ...I mean, bringing an enemy soldier onto our base for a social gathering...I don't know...

Sits here, still stunned at Max's suggestion.

SOLDIER #3 ...it could certainly bring a lot of trouble...

Nods at Max.

SOLDIER #3 ...and there is no telling what kind of advantage this could mean for her and The Nazis...

MAX I think I should still bring her...

Still gazing at the poster on the wall.

MAX

...I just want her to have a good time...I don't see the harm in her having a little fun.

Soldier #3 shrugs his shoulders once more..

SOLDIER #3 Whatever you say...I still think it's wrong.

Max chuckles a bit.

MAX Well, we're both American...so, we're entitled to our opinions...

Soldier #3 both nods and shrugs.

SOLDIER #3 Yeah...even opinions that could get us killed.

Max chuckles a bit while raising his glass to this comment.

EXT.--EUROPEAN THEATRE--DAY

Max and Ilsa walk along this portion of the base, holdings hands and gazing at the sun. Now they turn toward each other without even a blink in their eyes, these two get close.

> MAX There's a dance here on the base...would you like to come?

Ilsa nods.

ILSA I would love to...

They walk along the base.

ILSA ...our troops are not allowed to have dances.

Squints his eyes and looks at her out of confusion.

MAX

Why not?

Clears his throat when he realizes what she is referring to.

MAX

Oh...

Looks in the other direction while trying to avoid a sore subject.

ILSA

But still...

Turns his face around with her thumb and index finger on each cheek.

ILSA ... I would love to go.

They both chuckle before kissing.

MAX I just hope no one has a problem with having you as my date.

Ilsa squints, as if she does not understand what he means.

ILSA Why would they?

Looks away from Max suspiciously.

MAX Well, you are with the enemy...

Wraps his arms around Ilsa.

MAX ...but that won't stop me from being with you.

INT.--GYMNASIUM--DAY

Later on, Max watches Soldier #3 hang up streamers from the ceiling's catwalk at the top of a ladder. Max begins laughing while he watches this, but quickly hides it.

> MAX So, you don't have a date for the dance?

Soldier #3 begins laughing.

SOLDIER #3 How'd you guess?

Climbs down from the ladder while still holding decorations.

SOLDIER #3 Nah...I couldn't find anyone, so they enlisted me to become apart of "the committee"...

Shakes his head in disbelief.

SOLDIER #3 ...are you still planning on bringing her?

Speaks in hushed tones so he will not be heard.

MAX

Of course.

Soldier #3 grabs his arm and confronts him.

SOLDIER #3 How exactly are you going to explain to them why she has a German accent? Max grins.

MAX I just won't have her talk...they won't be able to tell the difference...

Soldier #3 does not waver from his stance.

SOLDIER #3 What about the blood flag insignia or the swastika on her uniform? How will they respond to that?

MAX She'll wear a ball gown...

Shakes his head in disbelief.

MAX ...as long as she sticks close to me and doesn't say a word...they won't care who or what she is!

Having made his point, Max stands here at odds with Soldier #3. Neither of them say another word to each other at this very second. Both seem a tad upset with the other right now.

EXT.--EUROPEAN THEATRE--NIGHT

At a back entrance, Max watches Ilsa travel through the ocean in a small boat arriving at this point, near the dock. Like a true gentleman, he extends his hand to help her out.

ILSA Oh thank you...

Holds onto her tight as she steps onto the dock.

MAX Kinda cold out here, isn't it?

Ilsa bristles within his arms.

ILSA Tell me about it...

Max walks her through the rest of the back entrance.

MAX You look beautiful. Takes her coat off and this long, flowing gown appears from its confines. She twirls around for Max to see, yet covers her arms and rubs them frantically almost immediately.

> ILSA Ohhh...it is still cold!

Max removes his own coat, placing it over her shoulders.

MAX You want to go inside?

Ilsa still shivers.

ILSA That would be so nice...

Max holds the door open for her.

ILSA ...thank you!

INT.--GYMNASIUM--NIGHT

A big band style jazz orchestra plays as Max and Ilsa enter this boxing gym turned dance hall. The two of them are arm in arm, as all eyes quickly turn to her at this moment.

> SOLDIER #4 Is this the foreign girl we've been hearing about?

Locks eyes with her.

MAX She can't talk...she has a sore throat..

Ilsa mimes this.

MAX I guess we'll see you around, right?

Max and Ilsa leave for another part of this dance hall.

SOLDIER #4 Isn't she German?

SOLDIER #3 Oh believe me...she is...

Steps out from the decorations hanging here.

SOLDIER #3 ...you have no idea.

SOLDIER #4 He's going to get himself killed...you know that?

SOLDIER #3

Oh I'm more than aware, but I'm pretty sure he's been blinded by love. Or what he thinks love is!

Soldier #4 shrugs his shoulders.

SOLDIER #4

True...

Leans in toward Soldier #3 and whispers.

SOLDIER #4 ...do you think he could be sleeping with the enemy...or a Nazi sympathizer?

Soldier #3 shakes his head.

SOLDIER #3 I don't think he's gone that far...

Watches Max and Ilsa dancing.

SOLDIER #3 ...at least not yet anyway.

Max and Ilsa are enjoying themselves on the dance floor.

MAX Wow...you're actually a natural for someone who isn't often allowed to dance on your own base!

Throws her outward while still holding onto her hands.

ILSA Oh believe me...I've had my share of practice...

Bounces back toward him.

ILSA We sneak off to what you Americans call a "honky tonk"...

Max chuckles a bit.

MAX

0h...

Nods at Ilsa.

MAX

...I see...

Shrugs his shoulders.

MAX Are you a virgin?

Ilsa opens her mouth and her jaw drops.

ILSA

How dare you!

Punches him in the shoulder while laughing.

ILSA Why do you ask?

They now shift into a slower dance pattern.

MAX I wanted tonight to be special.

Ilsa kisses him on the lips.

ILSA I think it already is.

Max holds her tight.

MAX Do you want to get some punch or sit down somewhere?

Shakes her head as she lays it down on his shoulder.

ILSA No, that is alright...

Exhales a deep breath.

ILSA ... I think I am just fine right now...

Max smiles.

MAX

I'm having a lot of fun here too.

The two continue dancing closely as all eyes are on them.

MAX

Look...they're all staring at us.

Opens her eyes.

ILSA

Why?

Max smiles.

MAX

Maybe they're jealous.

Ilsa looks around at each of them, stunned they are actually gawking at her. They are not even dancing or saying anything. Each of them remain here standing still.

MAX

I say...let 'em be jealous!

In a dance move, he throws her out to the crowd once more as a more bombastic number starts. The two now twirl around as the rest here at the dance look on with amazement.

ILSA

What are you...

Ilsa starts laughing.

MAX Just hold on...

Runs to the other side of the dance hall and now races back toward her, taking her into his arms as they make their way around every single inch of this dance hall and keep moving.

> MAX ...now here we go!

Spins her outward toward everyone else before reeling her in and dipping her downward. She now comes back up.

MAX You want to do it again?

Does this move once more as they both wow the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

ILSA I think this is the most fun I've ever had...

The crowd is clapping for them as the music plays, which leads to Max twirling and dipping Ilsa one last time.

MAX

Same here.

Holds her close to him and kisses her on the lips.

ILSA Wow...I never thought an American could dance like that!

Max chuckles a bit.

MAX You must've spent way too much time in Germany!

Everyone else has moved on and resumed dancing.

ILSA I probably have.

They also resume dancing in return.

MAX I told you I wanted to make tonight special...

Presses his nose to hers.

MAX ...and we're not done yet!

INT.--OFFICER'S TENT--NIGHT

Max brings Ilsa into this very same tint where he and a few other officers often sleep. Right now, it seems to be quiet with no one awake. He now unzips her dress from the back.

> MAX We'll both do this after we get undressed...okay?

Ilsa bursts with a small chuckle.

ILSA I know how this works...I'm no virgin.

Whispers this as Max turns around.

MAX Why didn't you say anything at the dance?

ILSA I usually do not tell people everything...

Shimmies out of her dress at last.

ILSA ...and besides, it was not very nice of you to ask!

Throws her dress at the now shirtless Max.

ILSA Come on...let us do this if we are going to...

They both crawl into bed, and Ilsa lays her head on Max's chest, caressing it with each of her fingers. She kisses his neck, while he feels the heart beating inside her own chest.

ILSA What are you thinking right now?

MAX I'm thinking about how I could end up with such a beautiful woman...

Ilsa rises off his chest and begins kissing every inch of Max's stomach.

MAX ...I mean there's no denying you are...look at you!

Ilsa smiles while she twirls her index fingers around the circular edge of his navel.

MAX I know...I know...

Kisses his navel twice.

ILSA Can I tell you something? Lays down next to him once more. MAX What is it? Wraps his arm around her. ILSA I honestly fear The Third Reich and My Fuhrer... Gets closer to Max. MAX Then why don't you you leave Nazi Germany? Kisses her on the cheek. MAX You can always defect to America... Nods at her. MAX ... it doesn't hurt. Ilsa looks away. ILSA Defection is much harder than it sounds... Turns around to face him. ILSA ...don't you realize if I or any other Nazi attempted to defect and got caught, we would be punished... Shakes her head. ILSA ...worse than a Jew or Pole, retard or cripple, or homosexual. Much less anyone with odd skin color... Shrugs her shoulders.

47.

ILSA ...don't you see it?

MAX

Those words you used to describe those people weren't exactly kind, but yeah, I get what you're saying.

Max lays back down on the bed, not believing what he just heard.

ILSA If you only knew how difficult it is for us who serve under The Gestapo...

Lays her head on his shoulder.

EXT.--EUROPEAN THEATRE--NIGHT

Max sneaks Ilsa out of the base while no one is apparently around, and she gets into the boat. He smiles at her before giving her a goodbye kiss, as the boat takes off right now.

> GUARD What do you think you're doing?

Max turns around and sees he has been caught, holds his hands in midair as if he is trying to explain.

GUARD Oh, don't worry about that...I see soldiers sneaking their girlfriends out all the time...

Points his index finger at Max.

GUARD ...but you're stepping into some very dangerous waters...

Grabs him by the elbow and takes him for a walk.

GUARD ... you need to get it through your thick skull that she is with the enemy...

Max nods at this guard.

MAX I'm more than aware she is.

The guard shakes his head.

GUARD Yeah...but you don't seem to be doing anything about it...

Stops in his tracks and turns to Max.

GUARD ...if I were you, I'd get the hell away from her before I get in too deep...

Stands in the middle of this portion of the base, as Max starts to walk away.

GUARD I'm just trying to help you...we're all concerned...

These words seem to have no effect whatsoever, as Max walks away without even budging.

MAX Oh yeah? Well, take your concern somewhere else...

Points toward the direction of the ocean where Ilsa's boat traveled.

MAX ...that woman loves me...if none of you can see that, maybe you're the ones with a problem...

The guard throws his hands up in frustration.

GUARD

My problem is that love is blind and you might be making the wrong decision...

Max stands here listening, but is not convinced.

GUARD ...believe me! I've been there myself! In some way, we all have...

His voice gets hoarse, as he is tired.

GUARD ...don't you see? You're simply infatuated with her and she's using you!

Exhausted and ready to give up.

GUARD Just offering some friendly advice...that's all!

MAX It's not appreciated!

Leaves this side of the base.

INT.--NAZI LATRINE--DAY

Ilsa walks up to one of the toilets, as she holds her head and stomach before bending over and vomiting outright. Clutching her abdomen, she falls to her knees this second.

> ILSA Oh my god...

Holds her head over the toilet.

FEMALE NAZI Need some help?

Ilsa wipes her mouth.

ILSA No...I'm fine...

Rises to her feet, stands attention.

FEMALE NAZI Well, you certainly don't look it!

Notices Ilsa looks a tad sickly and holding her stomach.

FEMALE NAZI Are you still seeing that American soldier?

Takes Ilsa's hand like a true friend.

FEMALE NAZI Have you been intimate with him?

Looking away for a second, Ilsa turns to her.

ILSA

Yes...

Nods at her.

ILSA ... just last night after the dance...

Attempts to turn away once more.

ILSA ...we went into his tent, got into his bunk, and...

Sheds tears at the mere thought of this.

FEMALE NAZI Don't say anymore...

Hugs a despondent Ilsa.

FEMALE NAZI ...I'll schedule an appointment this afternoon.

Runs her fingers through Ilsa's hair.

INT.--EXAMINATION ROOM--DAY

With her legs spread out, the gynecologist pops up and reveals himself as he rises to his feet. Taking off his latex gloves, he has something he must reveal to her.

> GYNECOLOGIST Yes...you are indeed...pregnant...

An expression of worry exists on Ilsa's face as she lies on the table.

GYNECOLOGIST ...so, you say this happened just last night?

Ilsa nods.

GYNECOLOGIST Neither Herr Commandant nor our Fuhrer want any female personnel in this condition...

Ilsa rises into the seat.

GYNECOLOGIST ...now, suppose you tell me who the father is?

Looking down, Ilsa still does not make full eye contact with this gynecologist.

ILSA

An American soldier...

Confused, the gynecologist does not hear her above a small mumble.

GYNECOLOGIST What was that?

ILSA An American soldier...

GYNECOLOGIST

Wow...

Looks away from her in disbelief.

GYNECOLOGIST ... is this the same one you have been spying on during these last few years?

Ilsa nods.

ILSA

Yes...

Looks up at the gynecologist.

ILSA ...it is...

INT.--DOCTOR'S OFFICE--DAY

Ilsa comes out of the examination room with the female Nazi waiting for her. There is no denying Ilsa is indeed a tad depressed over what is occurring here at this moment.

FEMALE NAZI So, what did he say?

Caressing Ilsa's arms as a way to make her feel better.

ILSA I am...indeed...pregnant...

The female Nazi turns and looks at her affectionately yet honestly.

FEMALE NAZI There are a few ways you can go about this...

Takes Ilsa by the arm and walks with her.

FEMALE NAZI ... you can keep the baby and raise it...

Ilsa nods.

FEMALE NAZI ...or give it up for adoption...

Sits her down on a seat.

FEMALE NAZI ...or even come to a doctor's office like this one and take care of the problem...

Squints her eyes and gives Ilsa a stern gaze.

FEMALE NAZI ...and no one would ever speak of it again...

Ilsa widens her eyes over what this means.

FEMALE NAZI ...in America you would be forced to do it in a back alley...it is much better here...

The female Nazi picks up a magazine and starts flipping through it.

ILSA How can you be so cavalier about this?

FEMALE NAZI Oh believe me...I've been through this myself...you'll do nicely...

Puts down the magazine and holds Ilsa's hand with a smile to express affection and concern in spite of her words.

Max is sharing drinks with Soldier #3, who still looks a bit weary toward Max over his choices in life. Holding his drink, his gaze holds steady on his good friend.

> SOLDIER #3 So...are you still dating...her?

Max shrugs his shoulders.

MAX Haven't seen her since the night of dance...

Plays with his fingers, looking down at them.

MAX

Shrugs his shoulders once more.

MAX

...we...uh...

Nods at Soldier #3.

MAX ...slept together.

Soldier #3 widens his eyes.

SOLDIER #3 You slept with one of...

Gulps.

SOLDIER #3

...them?

Sits here frozen, with no idea how to react.

MAX Is that wrong?

Has no clue why Soldier #3 is so shocked.

SOLDIER #3 It's not every day that one of our guys sleeps with...

Tries to find the right words.

SOLDIER #3

...the enemy.

MAX Could you say it a little louder? I don't think anyone heard you.

Soldier #3 throws his hands up in midair.

SOLDIER #3 What in the hell are you thinking?

Shakes his head.

MAX First, that guard here on the base and now you...

Soldier #3 is so upset he is an inch away from slamming his fist on the table.

SOLDIER #3 You don't see what's in front of you at all...

Max looks away in disbelief before turning back.

MAX Why can't you see that I love her?

SOLDIER #3 She's leading you down a very dark path you have no business going near in the first place...

Shakes his head.

SOLDIER #3 ...you're going to end up dead somewhere...

Squints his eyes out of concern.

SOLDIER #3 ...everyone can see it coming but you...

Max does not seem to listen.

MAX Have you ever been so in love with a woman that it was all you could think about in your entire life? SOLDIER #3 Of course...we all feel this way at some point...but you are obsessed with this woman...

Takes a long sip of his drink.

SOLDIER #3 ...what's wrong with dating your own kind?

Max almost slides away from the table.

MAX I think I've heard about enough of this!

Gets up from the table and leaves.

SOLDIER #3 Wait a minute...now hold on...

Turns around and tries to grab Max by the arm, who instead keeps walking and leaves The Officer's Club entirely.

INT.--ILSA'S QUARTERS--DAY

Ilsa has a pen, inkwell, and stationery at her desk where she begins writing a letter with the phrase "Dear Max". All of a sudden, she hears a loud knock at the door.

> ILSA Who is it?

The female Nazi opens the door and peeks in.

ILSA

0h...

Slides the letter in a panel underneath the desk.

ILSA ...I thought it was Herr Commandant.

The female Nazi smiles and shakes her head.

FEMALE NAZI No...it is only me...

Cocks her head in a slanted direction.

FEMALE NAZI ...but he does want to see you.

Ilsa runs her fingers through her hair out of worry.

ILSA

Oh great...

The female Nazi grins.

FEMALE NAZI You never want to keep Herr Commandant waiting...

Holds her head high in a formal fashion.

FEMALE NAZI ...now let us go.

Ilsa rises from her seat.

FEMALE NAZI

Remember...

Holds up her index finger in midair as Ilsa stops.

FEMALE NAZI ...he wants you to be prompt without so much as one single flaw...

Brushes off Ilsa's shoulders.

FEMALE NAZI ...I think you're ready.

Ilsa nods and they both walk out the door.

INT.--HERR COMMANDANT'S OFFICE--DAY

Ilsa walks in as Herr Commandant first stands about face before turning to her. The look in his eyes is very stern, and cold, not at all the man she is used to greeting.

> HERR COMMANDANT I hear you're with child...

Gets closer to her.

HERR COMMANDANT ... is this true?

Looks at her and waits for his answer.

57.

HERR COMMANDANT See...what did I tell you about getting too close to that American soldier?

Sees the locket around her neck.

HERR COMMANDANT Ah...you even have a little decoration of his...

His index finger plays with the locket.

HERR COMMANDANT ... how cute.

Ilsa wipes a tear from her eye.

ILSA One thing led to another and...it just happened.

Herr Commandant walks over to look outside the venetian blinds.

HERR COMMANDANT You even speak like an American now...

Smiles at the venetian blinds.

HERR COMMANDANT ...using their expressions and excuses...

Smile becomes a frown as he shakes his head.

HERR COMMANDANT ...first our Fuhrer commits suicide and now this...

Ilsa widens her eyes in horror.

ILSA

WHAT?

Approaches him as he buries his head down in his hand near the window.

ILSA You can't be serious!

Places her hand on his shoulder.

HERR COMMANDANT Oh believe me...I am...

His head rises from his hands.

HERR COMMANDANT ...it is all over...

Wipes a tear from his eye.

HERR COMMANDANT ...all gone.

Ilsa looks at him with a concerned expression.

ILSA Is there anything I can do?

Herr Commandant gazes at her.

HERR COMMANDANT Just go ahead and have the baby...

Shrugs his shoulders.

HERR COMMANDANT ...do whatever you need to.

Looks away from her.

ILSA Are you sure there's nothing...

The now powerless and defeated Herr Commandant holds his hand up in midair to interrupt her speech. He is now seated while continuing to gaze out the window like a child.

> HERR COMMANDANT Just go...please...

Ilsa turns and leaves his office.

EXT.--EUROPEAN THEATRE--DAY

A number of soldiers, including Max and Soldier #3, stand here as they wait for an announcement to come over The P.A. System. There is some buzz between soldiers over this.

> SOLDIER #3 What do you think it is?

MAX Well...let's wait and find out... Some feedback comes over The P.A. System. P.A. SYSTEM (O.S.) It's official... The Nazis have surrendered... I repeat The Nazis have surrendered! Many soldiers throw up their service caps and scream in victory. SOLDIER #3 Oh wow...I can't believe it! Hugs Max. MAX I can't wait to tell Ilsa! Soldier #3 grabs his arm and looks at him. SOLDIER #3 Don't you remember... Nods at Max. SOLDIER #3 ... she's the enemy! Max shrugs it off.

> SOLDIER #3 Don't worry about it...

The commanding officer comes out screaming.

SOLDIER #3 ... there are plenty of better women back home anyway!

COMMANDING OFFICER Drinks for everyone...on me!

Most of the soldiers cheer and follow him inside.

SOLDIER #3 Come on...what are you waiting for?

Heads over to the door of The Officer's Club, waving at Max, who now looks at the outlay of the base when he turns around and nods as he follows the others inside almost immediately.

60.

MAX Oh alright...

INT.--ILSA'S QUARTERS--DAY

Ilsa gets back out the letter she started with the address "Dear Max" and resumes writing it, starting with the very first line. Tears now emit from her eyes at this moment.

ILSA I am sorry...

Says this to herself as she writes this letter.

ILSA ...I am so so sorry, but I just cannot do this...

Rubs her stomach and looks down, as if she is talking to her unborn child.

ILSA ...no child deserves such a life...

Sobs and tries to hold back the tears.

ILSA ... you are not even born yet and you deserve so much better...

Rubs stomach once more.

ILSA ... you deserve to be with a family that can give you all the love you need...

Writes more of the letter.

ILSA ...but I just cannot give you that...

Gazes at what she has written so far.

ILSA ...not in a place like this.

Shakes her head while looking down at her stomach.

61.

ILSA And besides...there is too much horror...

Turns her head, almost reflecting on this.

ILSA ...some of it I even caused myself...

Picks up her pen, dips it in the inkwell, and writes more of the letter.

ILSA ...there is nothing I can ever do to take it back.

INT.--THE OFFICER'S CLUB--DAY

Max and Soldier #3 are having drinks in celebration of the victory here in Europe. Many of the soldiers are raising their glasses and cheering over this. These two included.

SOLDIER #3 So, do you think we'll actually be able to go back home...

Takes a sip of his drink.

SOLDIER #3 ...or do you think we'll be deployed to Japan?

Max shrugs his shoulders.

MAX I don't know...

Gazes at Max.

SOLDIER #3 Are you still thinking about...you know...

Tries to find the right way to describe Ilsa.

SOLDIER #3

...her?

Max slams his drink down on the table.

MAX Her name is Ilsa...

Soldier #3 takes a longer sip of his drink.

MAX ...please remember that!

Gazes at Max, trying to reason with him.

SOLDIER #3 Look...you need to forget about her...

Shakes his head.

SOLDIER #3 ...it's only going to get worse if you keep trying to see her...

Smiles at Max out of concern.

SOLDIER #3 ...and besides, the war here in Europe is over...in case you haven't noticed!

MAX I just...I guess I still love her...

INT.--OFFICER'S TENT--DAY

Max walks into the tent with a letter in his hand while Soldier #3 is packing up his trunk. Soldier #3 sees the letter and squints his eyes out of sheer curiosity.

> SOLDIER #3 Thought you already got your discharge papers...

Max still gazes at the letter.

MAX It's a letter from Ilsa.

Opens the letter and starts reading it.

ILSA (V.O.) I now understand the war is coming to an end...

His eyes remain focused on the letter.

ILSA ...and I know you'll most likely be going back to America very soon... Reads further. ILSA ... I just want to see you one last time... Reads near the end. ILSA ... since there's something I need to tell you... Begins folding the note in thirds. ILSA ...please come alone...Love, Ilsa. Soldier #3 looks on. SOLDIER #3 Don't tell me she wants to see you one last time...Dammit! Runs his fingers through his hair out of frustration. MAX Don't be upset, I'm just going to see her...that's all! SOLDIER #3 Don't you realize she's setting you up? MAX I've made up my mind and I'm going to see her...whether you like it or not! INT.--ILSA'S QUARTERS--DAY Max walks into this room as Ilsa's rises to her feet and

Max walks into this room as lisa's rises to her feet and confronts him. Neither one of them says a single word at this moment, even though they are looking eye to eye.

> ILSA I am having your child...after that night we spent together in your tent...I started feeling sickly...

64.

Max.

Stands still and makes absolutely no gesture whatsoever. ILSA ...and sure enough... I went to my gynecologist and found out I was pregnant... Max feels his head and is unable to keep his balance. MAX I...I don't... Ilsa shakes her head while tears stream down her face. ILSA I let myself get in too deep...I should have never slept with you... Backs a good distance away from him and pulls out a gun. MAX Hey, it's not...what are you doing? Shakes the gun at him. ILSA Don't come any closer... Max holds his hands up in midair. ILSA ... I never should have let this happen between us... Starts sobbing and hyperventilating. ILSA ... The Fuhrer shot himself and Germany has surrendered... More tears stream down her face. ILSA ...and I have no idea what to do... Max smiles at her. MAX It's okay...we can go to America and raise the baby together... Ilsa shakes her head violently with the gun still aimed at

(CONTINUED)

ILSA No...no...it was never supposed to be like that!

Pants each breath out of desperation.

ILSA I was ordered to follow you and get information...

Looks into Max's eyes.

ILSA ...it was never supposed to go this far!

Frowning, Max appears a bit sad for her.

MAX But don't you see? That's alright...we have a baby to raise!

Ilsa holds the gun steady.

ILSA No...I have betrayed my country, as you have done yours...

Backs away as Max tries to approach her.

ILSA

...stop...

Shakes her head once more.

ILSA ...I must follow my last order that my Commandant gave me!

Max still holds his hand in midair, begging her.

MAX Put the gun down...it doesn't have to be this way!

Without hesitation, Ilsa shoots Max point blank in the chest and he drops to the floor, now lying in a pool of his own blood. There is now a blank, dead stare on his face.

> ILSA Oh...I'm afraid it does...

Gazes into his now lifeless eyes.

ILSA ... you and I were never meant to be...

Kneels down toward him in a loving fashion.

ILSA ...and I just cannot keep this baby.

Shoots him once more in the head.

INT.--USS ARIZONA MEMORIAL--DAY

Back in the present day, Gary is still here with the old German Lady after hearing her story. They both gaze at each other in shock and awe over the sheer tragedy of it.

> GERMAN LADY I told you I was the enemy...

Looks out at the outlay of this memorial.

GERMAN LADY ...I later gave the baby up for adoption...

Turns back to Gary.

GERMAN LADY ...I think he might have been adopted by some American family...

Scratching her head, trying to remember.

GERMAN LADY ...their name might have been Halvorson or something...

GARY ...my last name is Halvorson...I was raised by my grandfather!

Pulls something out of his pocket and gives it to her.

GARY

Here...

The German Lady gazes at the adult photo of the man she gave up for adoption years ago. A man with a head full of gray hair and wrinkles, it seems time has passed him by also.

(CONTINUED)

GERMAN LADY Oh, he has his father's eyes...

Gary frowns as she continues looking at this picture.

GARY He passed away recently.

The German Lady looks up with her hand over her mouth in sadness.

GERMAN LADY Oh my...I had no idea...

Shakes his head.

GARY It's alright...he had a good life...

GERMAN LADY I only wish I had the chance to know him.

Wipes a tear from her eye.

GARY He was a good man...

The German Lady smiles.

GERMAN LADY I'm sure he was...

Gary pulls out the old letter with the locket concealed in it.

GARY Could you tell me what this is?

Unfolds the letter and hands her the locket.

GERMAN LADY Oh yes...this is the letter I wrote him to come see me for the last time...

Looks at it with sadness.

GERMAN LADY ...and this is the locket he gave me...

Points to the inscription on the locket.

GERMAN LADY ...see? It says always remember Pearl Harbor...

Finishes pointing it out.

GERMAN LADY ...so I could be reminded of the place where Max and I first met...

Extends her arm out toward the base.

GERMAN LADY ...right here!

Shakes her head.

GERMAN LADY But I know what terrible things I did...

Looks down at each of these items, the photo of the recently deceased son she gave away, along with the old letter and the locket. All three of them in a neat row together.

GERMAN LADY ...and I deserve to die alone...

Nods her head.

GERMAN LADY ...I was a Nazi spy and I should spend the rest of my life paying for it.

Wipes another tear from her eye.

GERMAN LADY I'm sure there's some other place you have to be...

Smiles at her great grandson.

GARY I guess I do...

Gives her a firm nod.

GARY

...it seems like you've come to terms with what you did and are accepting responsibility...

The German Lady buries her head down.

GARY

...I agree you deserve what you're getting, even if the situation was beyond your control...

Shoots her a cold stare.

GARY ...but the war was over, you had no reason to shoot my great grandfather...

Nods at her.

GARY

...at least you gave your son to a good family and enabled him to do the same for me...

Sees a look of sorrow on her face.

GERMAN LADY ...now, if you'll excuse me...there is somewhere I have to be...

Gary turns back and resumes leaving this base, looking out at the harbor where his great grandparents met. A chapter in his grandfather's legacy has now been truly closed here.

GERMAN LADY

I am sorry...

One last tear streams from her eye.

GERMAN LADYI am so so sorry...

Pulls out an old World War Two era photo of Max Adams. She lines it up next to the photo of their biological son John Caleb Halvorson before placing it within the letter.

GERMAN LADY ... I wished things had turned out better for all of us...

Kisses the old locket and places it inside the letter with both photos.

GERMAN LADY ...but I guess it is far too late now... Gazes at the outlay of the harbor and visualizes what it looked liked prior to December 7, 1941. A much more populated area with both she and Max eying each other.