

"PROJECT AMERICA"

by

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BLACK SCREEN

Someone slowly breathes in and out, trying to keep it quiet and conserve their energy.

FADE IN:

INT. DARK ENCLOSED SPACE

BILL COLEMAN's determined thirty-three-year-old face is barely visible in the faint glow of his Breitling Chronomat wrist watch showing a quarter to three.

He sits in a fetal position, wearing nothing but boxer shorts and breathing slowly from a little oxygen bottle.

EXT./INT. UNDERWATER - DAY

A DIVER in scuba gear approaches a cliff that touches the water surface some sixty feet above him. As he gets closer to the rock wall, he recognizes the contours of a round double gate, forty feet wide.

A large elongated shadow looms over the diver and he staggers to move out of the way, pressing his body to the rock wall near the gate.

The gate slowly parts in the middle and the doors slide aside to let a U-boat in.

The diver waits for the submarine to clear the gate and rushes to get in. He struggles to overcome the torrent of the spinning propellers.

The gate starts to close with a muffled screeching sound and as he tries to stay ahead of it, he gets into the middle of the torrent, which makes it almost impossible to get through.

The five-foot-thick doors are on a steady course to reunite. The diver frantically looks left and right and finds himself in between them, realizing that he may get crushed.

The propellers suddenly stop spinning, which allows the diver to get through the gate in the last second.

The U-boat comes to a halt and starts surfacing. The diver approaches the back of the hull, takes off his mask and mouth piece, and carefully pops his head above water using the hull for cover.

ROBERT DRAKE (47) pushes the dry suit hood back and runs a hand through his sweaty hair, breathing heavily.

He looks around and sees a submarine dock in a rock cavern and Nazi personnel busy mooring the U-boat. Drake takes a glance at his diving watch -- it's nearly three o'clock.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Drake and ANNA WOLF, a beautiful woman around forty, walk on the sidewalk holding hands. His Intelligence Corps dress uniform fits his lean and muscular figure perfectly.

SUPER:

"Five months previously.
London, September, 1944"

Drake tells Anna something and she charmingly bursts into laughter, slightly slowing the pace. He suddenly halts, grabs her elbows and passionately kisses her on the mouth.

ANNA

(slightly confused)

Robert ...

Anna reaches up to fix her hat, but she can't hide that she liked it.

The couple heads to a restaurant across the street.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Drake and Anna sit at a table for two. A waiter pours red wine in their glasses.

ANNA

How's work?

DRAKE

Still monitoring the Nazi rocket facility.

ANNA

Are they up to something?

DRAKE

Nah, it's too late in the game.
The bloody war may be over by
Christmas.

Anna takes a sip of wine and lays her hand on the table next to the glass. He reaches out and gently puts his hand

over hers.

DRAKE

I've been thinking to put an end
to my military career.

ANNA

But, Robert, I thought that job
was what you always wanted.

DRAKE

Not after I met you. I've not been
myself ever since I saw you at
that Legion party. It's time I
settle down, speaking of which ...

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a little box.

DRAKE

Marry me, Anna!

ANNA

(avoiding his eyes)
Robert, shouldn't we wait until
the war --

DRAKE

Is that a no?

ANNA

No, but we've known each other for
a few months only and --

DRAKE

You've got to introduce me to your
family then.

ANNA

I guess I do. It's been a long
time since I last saw my mother.

Anna opens up the box, puts the ring on her finger and
stares at it for a moment of admiration.

ANNA

It's a beautiful ring. Thank you!

EXT. PARK AT RIVER THAMES - DAY

A MAN wearing a long dark coat and a felt hat leans against
the guard rails, staring at the ships and boats passing by.

Anna approaches the man and leans against the railing next to him.

NOTE: THE DIALOGUE IN THIS SCENE IS SPOKEN IN GERMAN AND IS SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH.

MAN

Do they suspect anything?

ANNA

Not at all.

MAN

How's your subject doing?

ANNA

(glancing at the
ring)

He wants to marry me.

MAN

You've got to figure out something.

ANNA

I will. How are things back home?

MAN

"Project America" is moving full steam ahead. We may have a prototype in a few months.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE IN CHISWICK - DAY

Anna stands on the balcony in a night gown, gazing at the early sunrise.

Her eyes fill with tears. She quickly wipes them up and walks into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Drake is still in bed, handsome in his sleep. Anna sits on the bed, gently touches his face and kisses him on the temple.

A knock on the door startles her and she quickly stands up.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

The breakfast is ready, sir.

ANNA

Come in, Rebecca.

A young maid (REBECCA) comes in and leaves a tray with the breakfast on a little table. Her hair-do looks very much like Anna's and she can easily pass for Anna if it's not for her age.

Drake wakes up and stretches in bed.

DRAKE
(to Rebecca)
Thank you.

Drake stands up and reaches for his uniform.

INT. DRAKE'S OFFICE - DAY

Drake stands in front of a big map of Europe hanging on the wall along with many aerial photographs. He meticulously pins a little flag on the map.

SUPER: "3rd Military Intelligence Battalion Headquarters"

The phone rings and Drake turns around to pick up the receiver. There is a picture of Anna on his desk.

DRAKE
(over the phone)
Yes ... I'll come at once.

INT. MILITARY OFFICE - DAY

Drake walks in. The battalion commanding officer, COLONEL RAYNER stands by his desk, reading a telegraph transcript. The rooftops in the window behind him bathe in the last rays of the setting sun.

DRAKE
Colonel.

RAYNER
Major Drake.
(looks up at him)
It has happened. A V-2 rocket has exploded in Paris a few hours ago.

DRAKE
Any early warning, sir?

RAYNER
Not a chance. The damn thing flies supersonic and you are dead meat before you know it.

A single siren starts wailing in the distance and soon more sirens join in.

MONTAGE - ROCKET FLYING IN THE SKY

-- A V-2 rocket with its distinctive checkerboard pattern emerges from the dark clouds of the east.

-- The rocket heads toward the setting sun to the west.

BACK TO SCENE

The colonel and Drake stare each in the eye speechlessly.

A loud thud echoes in the distance.

The phone rings and brings the two men out of the standstill. The colonel snatches the receiver out of the cradle.

RAYNER

Yes.

(back to Drake)

Chiswick has been hit.

Drake's face turns pale and he nervously runs a hand through his hair.

EXT. COLEMAN'S FARM - DAY

A Willys jeep pulls up to the shoulder of the road near a cornfield.

SUPER: "Delaware, U.S.A."

Sergeant Bill Coleman, good-looking in his dress uniform, jumps off the jeep.

COLEMAN

(saluting the
driver)

Same time, same place tomorrow.

Coleman takes the dirt road leading to a farmhouse. The abundance of corn silk on both sides of the road sparkles in the late summer sun.

An old man (JIM) sits on a bench on the porch.

JIM

You remembered you got family,
huh?

COLEMAN

Don't start again, old man.
(motions to the
house)
Where's Sarah?

Jim points with his head to the door. Coleman takes off his cap and walks in.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Coleman is still at the door when LIZZIE (6) rushes toward him.

LIZZIE

Daddy!

COLEMAN

Hi, pumpkin.

He picks up Lizzie and hugs her tight, her legs wrapped around his waist.

COLEMAN

Where's Mom?

Not waiting for an answer, he gently puts Lizzie down and heads to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Sarah, a blonde in her early thirties, stands by the kitchen sink. She hears the ruckus and turns to see Coleman walking into the room.

SARAH

(smiling with
delight)

Bill!

Coleman throws his cap on the table and sits in a chair, stretching his legs.

COLEMAN

How are things?

Sarah reaches out to a kitchen cabinet, pulls out a box and puts it on the table.

SARAH

It's for your birthday.

Coleman opens the box to see a Breitling Chronomat wrist

watch.

COLEMAN

Wow! It sure is beautiful and expensive.

SARAH

Bill, please come back home. Ever since you enlisted things have not been the same around here.

COLEMAN

You don't understand. I just can't.

Coleman puts the watch on his wrist.

COLEMAN

The farm life suffocates me. I wanna travel the world, be somebody --

SARAH

(angrily)

How exactly is that happening after a year in the army?

COLEMAN

It's not just army, Sarah. It's military intelligence.

Sarah's eyes mist up. She grabs Coleman's hand. He moves his eyes away.

SARAH

This war is not ours to fight, Bill. Please come back!

COLEMAN

Things have changed. The oceans can't protect us anymore.

Coleman grabs his cap and stands up.

COLEMAN

I've been training for a mission and may soon be going out there.

SARAH

This is just one big adventure for you, isn't it?

Sarah cups her face in her hands, sobbing lightly.

EXT. CHISWICK STREET - DAY

Drake frantically runs down the street in the morning fog. His jacket is unbuttoned and his cap is missing.

There are piles of debris on both sides of the street. Sobbing voices can be heard in the distance.

The ruins of Drake's house emerge from the fog and he rushes to the rubble. He starts climbing up the pile of wood and stone, desperately looking left and right to see signs of life.

A glint catches Drake's eye and he kneels down to find a woman's hand, gray from the dust. He recognizes Anna's engagement ring. Tears fill his eyes as he realizes that the body is crushed by a lintel stone.

Drake crumbles to the pile of debris, laying on his back and holding the cold hand. A tear goes down his unshaven face, his eyes staring at the gray sky.

EXT. ORIENTAL PALACE IN IRAN - DAY

AMIR (59) stands by the window of his study, arms crossed and deeply in thought. He wears a black jacket and pants. His head is cleanly shaved.

Outside, the bright sun shimmers off the multiple fountains and waterfalls in the palace courtyard.

One of the walls in the high-ceilinged room is entirely consumed by a huge bookcase. Multiple paintings from different ends of the world are hung on the other walls.

A knock on the door takes Amir out of his thoughts.

AMIR

(in Persian, with
subtitles)

Yes?

Amir turns to the door to see HABIB entering the room. He is a man in his early thirties, wearing a white robe and turban.

NOTE: ALL DIALOGUES BETWEEN AMIR AND HABIB ARE SPOKEN IN PERSIAN AND SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH.

HABIB

Sahib, we received the package from Germany.

AMIR

Good. Prepare the horses. We'll leave tomorrow at noon.

HABIB

You sure you want to do that, sahib?

AMIR

I guess it will be our last adventure. I really am tired of this, but one's life is only what they make out of it.

HABIB

Still not too late for wives and children, eh?

AMIR

It's been a long time since I last thought about that ...

Habib leaves the room and Amir goes back to his thoughts.

EXT. HUSAIN KUH MOUNTAIN RANGE - DAY

The silhouettes of a pack mule and two people riding on horses. The sun setting over the barren land at the foot of the mountain.

SUPER: "Naqsh-e Rostam, Southern Iran"

Amir approaches a hundred-and-forty-foot-high cliff of yellow rock. He stops at a distance to admire the four monumental orthodox crosses deeply cut into the stone.

HABIB

Why are we here, sahib?

AMIR

I'd like to take a look at one of the tombs.

He pulls a pair of binoculars and carefully scans the face of the cliff.

HABIB

But these tombs have been looted
two thousand years ago.

AMIR

The eyes of the fools are blinded
by their greed, my friend.

Amir trains the binoculars on the second cross from the right. A narrow hole gapes in the middle. The upper part is covered with intricate reliefs of human figures and inscriptions.

AMIR

(reads)

"I am Darius the Great King, King
of kings, King of countries
containing all kinds of men, King
in this great earth far and wide,
son of Hystaspes, an Acheamenian,
a Persian, an Aryan, having Aryan
lineage."

Amir puts down the binoculars.

AMIR

I've got a customer who's
interested in the Aryan lineage.
That's why we are here.

Amir spurs his horse and heads to Darius' tomb. He brings the horse to a stop at the foot of the cliff, turns around and scans the valley. There is nobody in the evening dusk as far as eyes can see.

Amir and Habib dismount.

Amir takes off his turban and unhooks a coil of rope from his saddle. It has a grapple hook attached to one end.

He twirls the hook and throws it towards the cross where it grabs hold at a ledge halfway to the opening. He starts climbing up with confidence, his body unusually fit for his age.

Habib unfastens a few objects from the mule pack and brings them to the stone wall. They are all wrapped in cloth. Two of them are shaped like four-foot-long cylinders and seem to be heavy.

Amir is already at the first ledge, grappling toward the

second one where the tomb opening is.

Habib starts tying the objects to the loose end of the rope. By the time he is ready Amir is on the second ledge and begins to pull the tools up, not too long before the last rays of the sun fade away.

INT. THE TOMB OF DARIUS THE GREAT - NIGHT

The silhouettes of Amir and Habib appear in the doorway of the tomb barely visible in the twilight. Amir lights up a torch and walks in.

The light reveals the bare walls of a vestibule, cut in the rough stone. There are no signs of reliefs or inscriptions.

Across from the doorway there are three vaults, slightly elevated, each holding three tightly packed burial cists. Some of the cists have remains of cover stones on, but no remains of bodies can be seen.

HABIB

What'd you expect to find, sahib?

AMIR

Legend has it that Darius' eunuch
Bagapates guarded the tomb for
seven years before the king died.

Amir gets closer to the vestibule wall to the right of the doorway and feels the rock with his hand.

AMIR

You see anything in here worth
seven years of one's life?

HABIB

Not anything worth my time.

AMIR

(examining the
walls)

Did you notice that the tomb to
the right of this one is farther
than the one to the left?

HABIB

Is it?

AMIR

One needs to look in order to see,
my friend.

Amir gives the torch to Habib, kneels down and unwraps one of the small objects they brought in.

HABIB

What's this, sahib?

It's a metal box, which has a roll of paper affixed on one end and two needles over it.

AMIR

Ground penetration radar.

HABIB

Ground what?

AMIR

It makes a sound wave, listens for the echo and records both.

Amir places the radar on the vestibule wall to the right of the doorway and flicks a switch. The box starts humming and the paper slowly begins to roll.

HABIB

Your friend must have lots of interesting machines there in Germany.

AMIR

He's no friend of mine, just a client trying to help as best as he can.

The two needles write straight lines with noticeable blips on both traces at the same time. Amir is disappointed. He tries at a few more spots on that wall with no success.

Amir climbs up in the closest vault and stepping carefully on the cover stones of the cists, he tries the box on the same wall.

He notices with excitement that one of the needles starts to fall behind the other and the delay keeps growing as he moves the box to the center of the wall.

AMIR

That's it!

Amir turns to the opposite wall gauging the distance.

AMIR

Set up the jack.

INT. DRAKE'S OFFICE - DAY

Drake stands by the window with Anna's picture in his hands, staring outside at the snowflakes as they touch the pavement and melt.

Suddenly the door opens and Rayner walks in, taking Drake out of his trance.

DRAKE

Colonel?

RAYNER

Major, I need you to put together a team for a joint operation with the Allies.

DRAKE

What's the target?

RAYNER

The Nazi rocket research center in Peenemuende.

Drake raises an eyebrow. He is genuinely interested.

DRAKE

The last few air raids weren't very successful ...

RAYNER

This time we are going to take it down from the inside.

DRAKE

The Yankees must be crapping in their pants at the latest intel.

RAYNER

There'll be no safe place on earth if the Nazis build the bloody intercontinental rocket.

DRAKE

What are the objectives?

RAYNER

Destroy the blueprints of the new rocket and bomb the hell out of this wasp nest.

Drake puts Anna's picture facedown on his desk and gives

the colonel a determined look.

DRAKE

Colonel, if you allow me --

RAYNER

I know what you want, but the answer is no.

DRAKE

I've got a damn good motivation.

RAYNER

I've got no exit strategy for you.

DRAKE

I don't need one.

The colonel looks Drake in the eye for a short moment.

RAYNER

You'll meet the American on site.
See that bugger Harrison from the stockroom for the gear.

INT. STOCKROOM - DAY

Sergeant HARRISON leads Drake through an aisle between ceiling-high racks with shelves full of boxes and various pieces of equipment.

HARRISON

You'll need explosives ...

He stops, picks a carton box and continues further down the aisle.

HARRISON

... diving gear ...

Harrison motions to Drake to pick scuba gear from a shelf.

HARRISON

... dry suit ...

Harrison grabs a dry suit and continues walking.

HARRISON

... something to wear under it ...

Harrison picks a light combat uniform and stops at a nearby table where he drops all things.

HARRISON

... but the underwear is from you,
which shouldn't be a problem given
the short life expectancy for your
mission.

DRAKE

(frowning)

Watch your mouth, smart arse!

Harrison opens up the carton box and pulls out a brick made of some green material. He squeezes it lightly between his fingers and looks at the dimples he has made.

HARRISON

Our favorite Nobel eight-oh-eight
plastic explosive.

Harrison puts the explosive carefully on the table.

HARRISON

Even a bullet won't set it off.

Drake looks at Harrison then at the brick and slams his fist on it as hard as he can.

Harrison, startled, backs off the table.

HARRISON

Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!

DRAKE

(grinning)

Just checking if I should trust
you.

HARRISON

Well, I guess I was right and
you'll need this. Just don't pull
the pin here.

Harrison throws a little detonator in the box and moves on to the uniform. He unfolds it and lays it on the table.

HARRISON

I'll have the Nobel cut into thin
slices. The tailor will make
inside pockets where you can stash
it.

Harrison glances at the manometer of the scuba bottles.

HARRISON

Need to put some air in these
babies and ... wish you luck, bomb
man!

INT. THE TOMB OF DARIUS THE GREAT - NIGHT

A few torches are scattered on the floor of the vestibule and the cover stones of the right vault.

A jack made of two tree trunks -- one solid, the other hollow -- is propped between the walls of the vault at waist height.

Habib works the handles attached to one of the trunks in the middle of the jack causing it to expand while squeaking painfully.

Amir leans on the right wall and looks closely at the rock surface, but it seems smooth and uniform.

Habib stops for a moment to wipe the sweat off his forehead. Then he pushes as hard as he can and a loud creak of a moving stone fills up the chamber.

Amir glances again at the wall to see with excitement the rough contours of a huge stone appearing around the foot of the jack.

He hugs the jack and gives the stone a shoulder as Habib begins to push the handles faster.

AMIR

Push it! Push it!

Before long, the stone is pushed in and there is an opening big enough for a man to get through.

AMIR

(triumphant)

I was right, wasn't I?

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Amir and Habib squeeze in, carrying torches. They face a stairway cut in the stone, leading down in the dark. They start going downstairs.

Amir carefully examines the walls on his way down. There are no reliefs or paintings to be seen. Just rough rock surface.

AMIR

I can tell by the number of steps
this stairway goes below the
ground level.

HABIB

Call me crazy, but I think I hear
water.

The torches soon show a gaping black doorway at the end of
the stairs.

INT. WATER CHAMBER - NIGHT

Amir and Habib get through the doorway and find themselves
in a spacious chamber. In the middle of it there is a pool
filled with dark water stretching from wall to wall.

On the other side of the pool, some thirty feet from them,
there is another doorway.

AMIR

The empty gives way to the full,
my friend.

Amir kneels down to the water, cautiously dips a finger
into it and then brings it up to his nose.

AMIR

It's fresh water. There must be an
underground river.

HABIB

(nervously)

This some sort of a trap, sahib?
It scares the shit out of me. Can
we go back?

Amir rolls his sleeve up and dips his entire arm into the
water trying to feel if there is something underneath.

Startled, he pulls it out quickly to see it completely
covered in black.

HABIB

Leeches! Sahib, let's leave this
place!

Amir gives him a cold and serious look.

AMIR

Calm down and help me get rid of these things. I didn't stay bachelor for this long to have my blood sucked by leeches.

Amir and Habib scrape the leeches off Amir's hand and kick them back into the water.

Amir looks around and picks a few little rocks from the ground. He starts throwing them into the water about seven feet from the edge of the pool while walking from one of the walls to the other.

He stops at one place and throws a few more rocks from there.

AMIR

You notice the waves? It seems the water is shallow over there.

HABIB

You're not going to jump in there just like that, are you? You can't make me do that.

AMIR

Whatever is written on the forehead is always seen, my friend.

(smiling)

I hope this will convince you.

Amir unsheathes his knife and while Habib steps back with a terrified look in his eyes, he pulls a string out of his pocket, ties one end to the knife and throws the knife into the water where he has thrown rocks previously.

The knife drops into the water, but doesn't sink as it can be seen from the string, the other end of which is being held by Amir.

Amir rushes forward and jumps into the water after the knife. He lands on an underwater stone and turns back, stretching his hand to Habib.

AMIR

Your turn!

Habib jumps and grabs Amir's hand, safely landing on the stone.

Amir takes his knife and throws it again a couple of times to find another safe spot to jump to.

As the light of the torches comes closer to the doorway on the other side, it reveals intricate reliefs surrounding it.

AMIR

This is the real thing, my friend.

INT. THE BURIAL CHAMBER OF DARIUS THE GREAT - NIGHT

Amir and Habib enter the burial chamber to see walls covered from floor to ceiling with Acheamenian reliefs and inscriptions.

A stone sarcophagus is in the middle of the chamber.

Amir and Habib put their torches in ancient holders on the walls and get closer to the sarcophagus.

Amir places his hands firmly on the side of the cover stone and prepares to push.

AMIR

(smiling at Habib)

Ready to see your ancestor? I bet
his face is uglier than yours!

Both push hard on the stone. It doesn't budge at first, but not before long it yields to the push with a loud scraping sound.

For a very short moment they stare at the bearded face of a man in the sarcophagus wearing a gold-woven garment. In a second the face falls to dust revealing a grotesque skull.

Amir reaches in and pulls Darius' scepter out the clenched fingers of the skeleton. He takes the three-foot golden staff to the light and gazes at it for a moment while rotating it with his fingers and examining the inscriptions.

AMIR

(reads)

I am Darius the Great King, an
Acheamenian, a Persian, an Aryan.

Amir looks at Habib and raises the scepter.

AMIR

This is the proof of the Aryan lineage my client needs. Let's get outta here!

HABIB

(shyly)

Sahib, it's not good to take this thing.

AMIR

Well, you can call your brother from the museum tomorrow and let his people make their lifetime discovery.

HABIB

I will. I just don't think we should steal the staff.

AMIR

(irritated)

So we are robbers and the museum folks are not! What do you think Darius would say to that?

Amir wraps the scepter in a piece of cloth and heads to the doorway.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

A train arrives. A sign on the side of the glass canopy covering the platforms reads: "Peenemuende".

Bill Coleman, carrying a small suitcase, gets off the train and looks around.

It's a cold January day and he can see his breath. He pulls up the collar of his casual winter coat, lowers his hat and heads out of the station.

EXT. PEENEMUENDE STREET - DAY

Coleman walks on the sidewalk skirting knee-high piles of snow. He stops by a townhouse, looks left and right while putting his suitcase on the ground, and cautiously knocks on the door.

A WOMAN in her sixties opens the door a little and looks him up and down.

COLEMAN

(shyly, with
American accent)

Guten tag!

The woman frowns, but lets him in.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Coleman follows the woman through a dark vestibule as she goes upstairs.

WOMAN

(in German)

The American arrived.

JIM HENDERSON, a casually dressed man in his forties, meets Coleman at the top of the stairs.

HENDERSON

Jim Henderson -- major -- if you care to know. You must be Coleman.

COLEMAN

(shaking
Henderson's hand)

Bill. Call me Bill.

HENDERSON

(to the woman, in
German)

Thanks, Heidi!

Henderson motions to Coleman to enter a room. There is a dining table with a map on it. Coleman puts his suitcase down, takes off his coat and hat and leaves them on a chair.

HENDERSON

Heidi is with the resistance. You can trust her -- the Nazis killed her Jewish husband and all their children ... How's your trip?

COLEMAN

I tried to keep my mouth shut most of the time, 'cause my German's pitiful.

HENDERSON

There won't be much talking where you're headed, soldier. I'd be glad to chit-chat with a fellow American, though.

Henderson leans over the map.

HENDERSON

The Nazi rocket research center, Baltic Sea from three sides. We dropped loads of bombs there earlier in the war. No success, though. They keep a small concentration camp for the workforce.

Coleman gets closer to the table and takes a look.

HENDERSON

They brief you on the mission back home?

Coleman shakes his head.

COLEMAN

All I know is I gotta snatch the plans of some rocket.

HENDERSON

The V-3 flying bomb also known as "Project America". A two-stage rocket designed to reach North America.

Henderson lights up a cigarette.

HENDERSON

A guiding system with radio beacons across the Atlantic ... There's some darn good science behind all this!

Henderson opens up a briefcase and pulls out a few photos.

HENDERSON

Look here. These are aerial photos of their test stands.

COLEMAN

You think it's built yet?

HENDERSON

Nah, but I can tell the Nazis are scampering around to finish it.

COLEMAN

How am I gonna get into the facility?

HENDERSON

The Nazis will be moving the blueprints to their underground production complex Mittelwerk in Nordhausen. They think it's not safe enough here and I gotta agree with them.

COLEMAN

How's the convoy gonna be guarded?

HENDERSON

Better than you can imagine. This is their winning ticket for the war.

COLEMAN

What's the plan then?

HENDERSON

We got information that they will be sending in a lightly guarded truck with a safe that will later on hold the blueprints on their way to Nordhausen. This is our only chance. There will be help from the Brits on the site.

Henderson puts the palms of his hands on the table and looks Coleman in the eye, waiting for questions.

HENDERSON

And there's a secondary objective. We've promised to make everything possible to extricate our Polish informer from the workers camp.

Henderson puts the photos back into the briefcase.

HENDERSON

Get some rest now.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's a very small room with a twin bed by the wall, a chair and a sink.

Coleman puts his suitcase on the bed, opens it and pulls out a picture of Sarah and Lizzie on the farm. Holding the picture with both hands, he gently touches Lizzie's face with his thumb, deeply in thought.

EXT. PEENEMUENDE BAY - DAY

A black car goes off the road and stops by the Baltic shore. It's a desolate area with low vegetation covered in light snow. Seagulls squawk in the distance.

Amir and Habib get off the car and approach the sea. They wear long coats and felt hats.

Amir scans the opposite shore of the bay with a pair of binoculars. He sees a military compound perched on a hill.

Amir moves the binoculars away from the barracks and focuses on a cliff where a black whale gapes, a stream of water flowing out into the sea.

AMIR

This is it.

He gives the binoculars to Habib.

AMIR

Memorize this place.

HABIB

I will.

AMIR

I'll need you there if things go sour.

HABIB

You can count on me as always, sahib.

EXT. NAZI ROCKET RESEARCH FACILITY - DAY

A car approaches the barbed wire fence of a military complex. Habib is behind the steering wheel.

SUPER:

"German Army Research Center
Peenemuende, January, 1945"

Two soldiers stand guard at the barrier. There is a one-story concrete building in the distance.

Amir, wearing white hat and suit with a red flower in the lapel buttonhole, is in the backseat of the car. His hand rests on a leather drawing tube.

He takes a look at his watch -- it's nearly three o'clock.

A GUARD approaches the car and Amir lowers his window. The sounds of the Baltic surf and seagulls fill up the air.

GUARD

(in German)

What's your name?

AMIR

(in English, with
Middle Eastern
accent)

My name is Amir. Standartenfuehrer
Mueller is expecting me.

The guard takes a brief look into the car and waves to the other soldier to lift the barrier.

INT. UNDERGROUND SUBMARINE DOCK

Drake cautiously moves towards the bow of the U-boat using the hull for cover. The dock is busy with people carrying stuff in and out of the submarine.

Drake puts his mask back on and dives in. There isn't much light coming from the surface and he turns on a little flashlight.

He approaches the front wall of the dock and soon finds a three-foot-wide grate. He pries it open using his diving knife.

Drake unstraps his air bottles, takes one deep breath and drops them into the dark abyss.

He then squeezes his body into the tight opening and moves forward, working with his fins.

The water in the horizontal pipe is clear at first, but as he goes farther, it gradually gets murkier in the light of the lamp. He soon finds himself swimming in something like a soup of pale cloth-like pieces.

A bigger object comes by. Drake convulsively presses his

body to the side of the pipe as he recognizes a human leg with the flesh ripped up. The sudden surprise causes him to lose some of his air.

Drake keeps pushing forward but the end of the pipe is nowhere to be seen. He is soon out of air and his body starts thrashing against the pipe walls.

When he is just about to faint, he spots the opening ahead.

INT. MUELLER'S OFFICE

Standartenfuehrer HERMAN MUELLER (50) puts a record on a phonograph and drops the needle on it. Vivaldi's "Spring" from the "Four Seasons" concertos fills up the room.

Mueller gets closer to a birdcage to admire a yellow canary singing to the music. He is a tall blonde man with steel-blue eyes and a muscular body, dressed in an SS uniform.

A GUARD walks in, extends his arm and clicks heels.

GUARD

Heil Hitler!

Mueller puts some food into the bird feeder and slowly turns to the guard.

GUARD

(in German, with
subtitles)

The visitor is here, sir!

MUELLER

(in German, with
subtitles)

Let him in.

The guard motions through the open door to Amir to come in, then steps out of the room and closes the door.

Amir, with the drawing tube slung on his shoulder, comes closer to Mueller and sticks out his hand for a handshake.

AMIR

(in English, with
Middle Eastern
accent)

Herr Mueller, I'm so glad to
finally meet you.

Mueller ignores the handshake and shows him to a chair.

MUELLER

(in English, with
German accent)

I take it the little gadget I sent
you did work since you're here.

Amir sits into the chair while Mueller remains standing
with hands behind his back.

AMIR

Indeed, it did and I was able to
obtain an artifact that might
interest you, knowing your
research on the Aryan lineage.

Amir opens up the drawing tube and pulls out the golden
staff.

AMIR

I give you the scepter of King
Darius the Great!

Mueller takes the staff and carefully runs his fingers
through it, then takes it closer to the light to look at the
inscriptions.

MUELLER

Remarkable craftsmanship, I must
admit. What does it say?

AMIR

It says "I am Darius the Great
King, an Acheamenian, a Persian,
an Aryan".

MUELLER

Interesting. Are you suggesting
that the Aryan and Persian
lineages have common roots?

AMIR

These are not my words, Herr
Mueller. King Darius has ruled
over many nations including
Macedonians, Armenians, Jews,
Assyrians, Babylonians, Egyptians,
and others.

Mueller lets out a loud sarcastic laugh. He leans over
Amir, grabs his jaw and looks him in the eye.

MUELLER

Look at me, Persian! Look at the color of my hair and my eyes! Do we look alike? Everyone, but you knows that the Aryan race comes from the North.

Amir, starting to feel uncomfortable, lightly pushes Mueller's hand away.

AMIR

Herr Mueller, I did not come here to argue about history. I'd rather discuss the compensation for my effort.

Mueller ignores him and continues with his passionate speech.

MUELLER

(with contempt)

The Aryan race is superior to all races. It's the purest race of all and is destined to rule world. It will crush all Jewish, Armenian, and other dogs that claim to share the Aryan bloodline.

For a short moment he looks at the scepter with admiration and puts his temper under control.

MUELLER

(smiling)

I'll take this as I promised and you'll see my generosity promptly.

(in German, with subtitles)

Guard!

The guard opens the door and walks in.

MUELLER

(in German, with subtitles)

Throw the Persian dog into the dungeon.

GUARD

(in German, with
subtitles)

What should I tell the driver,
Herr Mueller?

MUELLER

Send the driver off. Mr. Amir will
be my guest tonight.

The guard motions to Amir to leave the room. Amir, slightly confused, grabs his drawing tube, nods to Mueller, and goes out the door.

INT. THE MEAT GRINDER

Drake surfaces with a loud gasp. It takes him a moment to get back to his senses. He then takes his mask off and looks around to find himself in a twenty-foot-wide round pool.

He spots a wall staircase and heads to it.

A nauseating smell makes him wrinkle his nose as he climbs up the five-foot-tall staircase. It causes him to gag when he sees dead bodies thrown on top of each other in the corner of the barely lit room.

The concrete walls are covered with water streaks. A few dried red puddles can be seen on the floor.

Drake takes off his dry suit and throws it into the pool, keeping the combat uniform and the diving knife. He looks at his bare feet and heads to the dead bodies, hoping to find shoes.

As Drake is busy putting shoes on, he hears voices coming and quickly blends into the corpses.

The metal door of the room opens up and two Nazi soldiers walk in, pulling and pushing a cart loaded with bodies. They leave the cart by the pool and one of them, whistling a song, goes to the wall where a huge knife switch is mounted.

The soldier flicks the switch on and an escalating whir fills up the room. The water in the pool starts spinning and forms a pit, the axle of a massive propeller in the center.

One of the soldiers waves in the deafening noise toward the

pile of bodies on the floor and both head there, grab a body, and start to lift it up.

Drake jumps up from under the corpses and rips out the guts of the nearby soldier with a single blow of his diving knife.

Startled, the other soldier drops the body and reaches for his pistol.

Drake's fist meets his jaw before he can unbutton the holster. Drake doesn't lose a second and with a quick series of punches into the stomach and the face, he pushes the soldier into the pool.

For a second the soldier's body is shoved from one end of the pool to the other, horror written on his face and screams joining the deafening whir. The water turns red and the body quickly disappears into the torrent.

Drake takes the pistol from the other soldier's body, drags the corpse to the edge of the pool and kicks it in.

He calmly kneels down to tie his shoes, then walks to the power switch and shuts off the propeller.

INT. DARK ENCLOSED SPACE

Coleman closes his eyes in calm determination, trying to take control of the cold shiver. He hears muffled voices, engine noise, and feels a jerking motion.

Straining his lungs, he takes a last breath from the oxygen bottle and moves it away from his face.

The jerking suddenly stops and the noises go away.

After a moment of silence that seems like an eternity, Coleman hears footsteps approaching and his muscles tense at the faint sound of jingling keys.

INT. STORAGE ROOM

A Nazi soldier comes to a four-foot-tall metal safe propped on a waist-high stack of pallets. It is in the middle of a spacious room without windows, full of wooden crates and pallets scattered about.

There is a big metal sliding door for trucks on one side and little personnel door on the other.

The soldier picks a key from a key ring and unlocks the

safe. The mechanism inside makes a loud click, which hasn't faded away yet when the door of the safe bursts open, causing the soldier to take a couple of steps back in surprise.

Coleman rushes out of the safe and grabs the startled soldier by the uniform. He then swings behind him and wraps an arm around his neck.

The soldier leans back against Coleman and kicks the pallets with both feet.

Coleman's legs, still stiff from the long sitting in the safe, give in and the fighters tumble down. Coleman falls on his back, one arm locked around the soldier's neck.

The soldier reaches for his pistol, but Coleman is faster and quickly turns him face down and plants a knee in his back, not letting go of the neck. The soldier's spine breaks with a pop and his body slackens lifeless on the floor.

Coleman finally has a moment to look around, and seeing no danger, he slowly gets off the body. He stretches his limbs and briefly rubs his neck.

The winter chill reminds him that he is still almost naked, and, rubbing his ripped chest, he kneels over the body and starts taking off the uniform.

INT. CORRIDORS TO THE DUNGEON

Amir is escorted by two soldiers, one in front and one behind him. They walk in the dimly lit concrete hallways of the facility. The soldier in the front carries Amir's drawing tube.

They soon reach a metal door beyond which a stairway cut in the rock awaits. The escort heads down where the light is even scanted.

As he climbs down, Amir stares at the rough stone walls. Water drops fall in the distance. Amir turns his head left and right and gives the soldier behind him a fearful look.

AMIR

Where are we going? There must be some mistake!

Silently, the soldier gives Amir a ferocious blow in the back with the butt of his rifle. Amir bends slightly but

continues to walk as he sees no other options.

The escort arrives at a corridor with dungeon cells on both sides.

As he walks between the cells, Amir sees through the barred gates bodies covered in blood and cuffed to the walls. In one cell a heavysset soldier without a jacket is busy mauling a prisoner chained to a chair.

The first soldier of the escort opens up the gate of the only empty cell at the end of the corridor.

Amir is roughly pushed inside. He falls to the ground and casts a look of disbelief at the soldiers.

The soldier that carries the drawing tube opens it to see that it's empty, throws it in the cell and slams the door shut as Amir's screams echo in the corridors.

INT. STORAGE ROOM

Coleman, dressed in a German uniform, drags the naked body of the soldier to an empty crate, flips him into it and puts the cover on.

He locks the safe, looks at the keys in a moment of hesitation, and puts them into his pocket anyway. He then approaches the personnel door.

A power distribution box is mounted on the wall near the door. Coleman winks at his reflection in the shiny cover of the box.

COLEMAN

Let's roll, dude!

He straightens his jacket, lowers his cap and grabs the door handle.

INT. HALLWAYS

Coleman opens slightly the storage room door and, seeing no trouble, squeezes his body into the corridor. He looks left and right, unsure which direction to take.

There are no windows or signs on the concrete walls. He hesitantly picks a direction and starts walking.

He tries to step lightly at first without making much noise, looking back every few steps.

Coleman soon realizes that he looks off-place. He then tips

his hat and starts confidently stomping the heels of his German boots.

Coleman approaches a corner and hears footsteps and chatter behind it. There is no room nearby to hide in and he bites the bullet and turns the corner.

A Nazi OFFICER and two soldiers following closely walk toward Coleman.

Coleman raises his right arm and clicks heels.

COLEMAN

Heil Hitler!

The officer barks at him in German in return of his salutation.

OFFICER

(in German, with
subtitles)

Has the safe arrived?

Slightly confused, Coleman stops in his tracks for a moment, then nervously pulls the keys out of his pocket and shows them to the officer with a grin.

The officer gives him a cold look and heads down the hallway followed by his escort.

After they turn the corner, Coleman, encouraged by his success, raises his arm again.

COLEMAN

(smiling,
whispering to
himself)

Heil Hitler!

He sticks out his hand for a handshake and nods slightly.

COLEMAN

Guten killing, meine Herren!

Turning serious again, he straightens out his uniform and continues walking.

Before long, he spots a document in a frame posted on the wall and comes closer. It is a map of the facility. He studies the map carefully, his lips moving silently.

Confident in the Nazi uniform, Coleman starts down the

hallway toward the next corner. As he makes the turn, a figure rushes out of the shadows and knocks him down.

He falls on his back and stretches his hands to grab the attacker's fist swaying a razor-sharp diving knife to his throat.

Coleman's eyes widen up as he realizes that his opponent doesn't wear a Nazi uniform, but before he can say anything, he gets a heavy blow in the temple.

COLEMAN

(mumbles)

Aw, shit!

Darkness falls before Coleman's eyes as his lips continue mumbling indistinctly.

INT. UTILITY ROOM

Coleman regains consciousness to find himself propped to the wall of a narrow utility room between humming transformers and various pieces of facility equipment.

Drake, leaning over him, slaps his cheek for one last time.

DRAKE

Robert Drake. Sorry to meet you under such dire circumstances.

COLEMAN

Bill Coleman. I'm glad I didn't meet your knife this close!

Drake sits on the floor across from him, rubbing the knuckles of his hand.

DRAKE

Nothing gets through that hard head of yours, doesn't it?

COLEMAN

You sound like my wife already!

Drake looks down for a moment and then stares at Coleman blindly.

DRAKE

Got any children?

COLEMAN

Yeah. One six years old.

DRAKE

Then what are you doing here? Why aren't you with your family, enjoying life?

COLEMAN

I don't know. Valor and glory. That kinda stuff, I guess.

DRAKE

(shaking head)

You've got no clue what you are getting yourself into.

COLEMAN

You maybe right. What brings you here?

Drake runs a hand through his hair.

DRAKE

I lost someone I loved.

COLEMAN

So this war's a personal vendetta for you?

DRAKE

Maybe. Maybe not. If you could see what I saw on the way here, you wouldn't have a speck of regret for slicing a Nazi throat.

COLEMAN

What's your plan?

DRAKE

We've got to get out of this facility and find the section of development buildings on the east side of the complex.

COLEMAN

I think your intel is a little off, my friend.

DRAKE

What do you mean? We've got aerial photos showing those buildings and activities around them.

COLEMAN

That's what I was told too, but looking at a map of the complex I found on the wall, the corridors continue underground and under those buildings and that's where the real labs must be. All those brick houses you see from the air are nothing but camouflage. No wonder why the air raids haven't made much of a dent.

DRAKE

I guess we've got to give that a shot. When we get out of this room, I'll be your prisoner since you are dressed to the local fashion.

Drake tucks the gun and the knife into the belt of his pants and pulls the combat uniform jacket over them.

Both get to their feet and cautiously leave the utility room.

INT. HALLWAYS

Drake walks before Coleman, holding hands behind his back. Coleman keeps his pistol pointing at Drake's back.

A few soldiers head their way. Coleman lowers his cap and gives Drake a push.

As the soldiers pass by staring at them, Coleman gives Drake a hard blow in the back with the butt of his Luger. Drake lets out a grunt, bends a little and speeds up.

Soon Drake and Coleman turn a corner and find themselves against a dead end. The corridor ends with a plain concrete wall. No doors, locks, nothing.

DRAKE

So much for your map!

COLEMAN

I'm sure I got that right. I'm good at memorizing images.

Drake gets closer to the wall and knocks on it.

DRAKE

It's solid. We've got to find a way out of here and get to those brick buildings.

COLEMAN

(speaking to himself)

Why'd they end a corridor just like that? No doors, nothing ... I could swear the floor on the way here was slanted.

Coleman looks at the side walls, the ceiling, and the floor. He kneels down and feels the floor it with his hand.

COLEMAN

It seems worn and smoother in the middle. Why'd anybody walk to this end if there are no doors around?

DRAKE

(loosing patience)

Might be guards going back and forth.

COLEMAN

You see any? I didn't. What would the Nazis do?

Coleman starts marching toward the dead-end wall, reaches it and turns around. Then he makes a grumpy face and raises his arm.

COLEMAN

(clicking heels)

Heil Hitler!

Drake's eyes widen up.

COLEMAN

What?

The wall behind him silently moves up.

DRAKE

Turn around!

INT. LAB COMPLEX

As the wall lifts up, a spacious round anteroom is revealed. A few double doors with windows on the upper side

lead to the research labs.

DRAKE

(whispering)

Wow! Who'd have thought ...

There are lots of activities going behind each door as it can be seen through the windows. There are multiple drawing boards scattered around and a lot of personnel wearing white smocks.

There are two guards behind each door observing all the action inside. Each door has a sign above it.

COLEMAN

(reads the door signs)

Propulsion ... Fuel ... Guidance
... Warhead ... Documentation --
that's what we need!

The documentation room seems to be the quietest place. No one can be seen between the rows of ceiling-high file cabinets, except for the two guards, their backs facing the door.

Drake and Coleman cross eyes. Drake pulls out his knife and makes a silent move with it towards the documentation lab. Coleman nods and they both approach the double door as silently as they can.

Each grabs a door handle and upon Drake's nod they rapidly throw the door wings open and burst inside.

Then everything happens in a split second.

Drake slashes his guard's throat from behind and pushes the body away from the door where a puddle of blood quickly starts forming up.

Coleman locks an arm around his guard's neck and snaps it before the soldier can realize what happens.

The door wings close by themselves as the body of Coleman's opponent sags to the floor.

Drake and Coleman glance back through the door windows and, relieved by seeing no ruckus on the other side, move to the rows of file cabinets. They look at both sides of each row to find no witnesses about.

COLEMAN

Look for anything that says
"Project America".

Drake nods silently and takes on a row of cabinets. Coleman starts with the opposite row, back to back with Drake.

A short moment later, Coleman looks over his shoulder to see Drake not going through the cabinets, but pulling Nobel out from under the lining of his uniform.

COLEMAN

What the heck?

Drake glances at him and continues to meticulously pile the green clay in a drawer.

COLEMAN

Is that your mission -- to wipe
out this place?

DRAKE

Just doing mankind a favor.

Suddenly the door opens and a man wearing a white smock appears in the frame.

He spots the blood puddle and the two bodies left and right of the door. Then he lifts his eyes off the floor to see Drake and Coleman rummaging through the documentation and opens his mouth to scream.

Drake and Coleman freeze in their tracks. Coleman pulls out his Luger and trains it at the scientist, but hesitates to shoot.

In a split second the scientist is out, frantically running and screaming in German.

Drake and Coleman drop the files and rush into the anteroom. They are halfway through it when a loud siren starts blaring and red lights begin to flash from the walls.

The moving wall starts going down and a white gas starts quickly filling the room from vents near the floor.

Before they could reach the wall, Drake and Coleman start coughing and gasping for air.

Drake eyes the wall which is still not completely shut. Then he looks at Coleman who is down on his knees and

gagging. Drake hesitates for a second and throws his body sliding on the floor in an attempt to squeeze under the door.

It is too late and the wall meets the floor with a loud thud before he can get close enough.

INT. HALLWAY TO THE LAB COMPLEX

Standartenfuehrer Mueller, wearing a long leather SS coat, walks down the hallway toward the lab complex. He is followed by two officers and two guards.

The sliding wall is up. Drake and Coleman, stripped from their weapons, are in the middle of the anteroom on their knees with hands behind their heads. They are surrounded by five soldiers, five rifles aimed at them.

The white gas is being sucked out of the room through the vents near the floor.

Mueller stops before them and puts his hands on the hips.

MUELLER

(ironically)

Well, well, well. Look what we've got here! Two lost puppies ... or should I say two foxes in the barn, chasing my supersonic birds?

Mueller starts to take his coat off and one of the guards grabs it from his shoulders.

MUELLER

Let's see. How can these two foxes get into my barn? May be my top security dog knows something about that. Obersturmbannfuehrer Hundman?

HUNDMANN, one of the officers accompanying Mueller, steps forth.

HUNDMANN

I don't know, mein Herr. It seems impossible to breach the security.

Mueller looks at the prisoners, looks at Hundmann, then again at the prisoners and at Hundmann.

MUELLER

(sarcastically)

Impossible!

(clapping hands)

Unbelievable!

HUNDMANN

(nervously)

I mean it's hard to comprehend,
mein Herr.

Mueller looks at Hundmann with contempt, pulls out his pistol and shoots him straight in the forehead. The face of the nearby guard gets splattered with blood, but he doesn't move a muscle, pretending he hasn't seen a thing.

Mueller turns back to the prisoners, his gun pointing at them.

MUELLER

What should I do with you? Maybe
we can play a little game of
questions and answers.

He looks around the room as if looking for volunteers.

MUELLER

Who's the Yankee and who's the
Brit? If I don't get it right,
I'll shoot the one of you I get
wrong. How's that?

(thinking)

Oh, I'm sorry, that means I'll
have to shoot both of you in that
case. What a pity!

He points the gun at Drake, who turns his head aside.

MUELLER

Brit or Yankee? Yankee or Brit?
Look at me, fox!

Mueller cocks his gun. The other officer leans to him and whispers something in his ear.

MUELLER

Whatever. I'll kill both of you
anyway, but I have a launch to
attend now.

(to the soldiers)

Take 'em in.

He turns to the officer.

MUELLER

Send Obersturmfuierer Wolf to
interrogate the prisoners. We must
find out how they broke in.

He turns around and walks away followed by his guards.

INT. DUNGEON

Drake, Coleman, and an escort of four SOLDIERS, two to the
front and two to the back, walk between the prison cells.

SOLDIER #1

(in German, with
subtitles)

Shit, we are full today.

SOLDIER #2

(in German, with
subtitles)

It doesn't matter where we put
them. They will be feeding the
rats before we get off shift.

One of the soldiers opens the last cell and Drake and
Coleman get thrown inside. The soldiers lock the door and
walk away.

Amir, sitting on the floor by the wall opposite the door,
presses his body to the stone as the newcomers roll inside.

Drake and Coleman lift up and sit on the floor opposite
each other.

COLEMAN

So much for saving the world!

DRAKE

Never thought it would be easy.
Look on the bright side -- we are
still alive.

COLEMAN

Yeah, right. And who's saying that
-- the man stuffed with
explosives, ready to blow himself
up.

Coleman and Drake realize they are not alone and both look
at Amir at once. He seems so miserable and out of place in

his white suit, clutching a drawing tube.

COLEMAN

Look what the cat's dragged in!

DRAKE

Who are you?

AMIR

Amir -- unfortunate fellow just like you.

COLEMAN

What brought you here?

AMIR

(sarcastically)

Couple of soldiers, but I'm sure you already know that.

(seriously)

No, I came here on business, which turned out a disaster. One should expect that when negotiating with the devil.

DRAKE

Your accent ... let me guess ... the Middle East?

AMIR

Close enough. Iran.

Coleman sticks out his hand.

COLEMAN

Nice to meet you, Arab!

AMIR

(shaking hands)

Persian, not Arab.

COLEMAN

Same to me, but no offense.

DRAKE

(to Amir)

What do you do?

AMIR

Um, I'm not particularly proud of what I do, but it pays well if it doesn't cost you your life.

DRAKE

What's with the tube? Carrying
stolen paintings or something?

AMIR

Sort of.

Amir moves closer to Drake and Coleman.

AMIR

What were you two after?

Coleman glances at Drake, then looks down.

COLEMAN

I guess it doesn't matter anymore.
We're supposed to ...
(looking at Drake)
... capture some blueprints.

Amir is genuinely interested.

AMIR

Oh, blueprints of what?

COLEMAN

(sadly)
A weapon ... a rocket. But we
failed miserably.

AMIR

One who runs will also fall, my
friend. As long as we're alive,
there's hope.

Amir brings up the drawing tube and starts ripping up the
leather at the edge of it.

AMIR

(whispering)
Look ... I did not come to the
lair of the beast unprepared.

COLEMAN

(sarcastically)
You got a flying carpet in there,
Arab?

Amir gives him a cold look and pulls a large sheet of paper
halfway. It looks like a floor plan. He then pushes it back
under the leather lining of the tube after Drake and
Coleman have had a quick peek at it.

AMIR

(whispering)

It's a map of the facility sewers.
We've got to find a way to get out
of this cell.

DRAKE

Where'd you get it?

AMIR

You have no idea what a big chunk
of money can buy.

COLEMAN

(encouraged)

I wonder how much time we have
left.

DRAKE

If you are asking when the air
raid is going to start, it's a
couple of hours, give or take.

(ironically)

As for our next encounter with
Herr Mueller, it may be less.

INT. CORRIDORS TO THE DUNGEON

An SS officer wearing a long black leather coat with the
collar pulled up walks in the corridor leading to the
dungeon. We can't see the face of the person, only the
back.

The officer goes through the door and down the rock
stairway. Two soldiers stand guard at the foot of the
stairs.

GUARDS

Heil Hitler!

OFFICER

(female voice, in
German)

The key to the British and the
American! Now!

One of the guards hastily produces the key.

OFFICER

(in German)

Wait here!

GUARDS

(in German)

Yes, Frau Wolf!

The officer walks between the cells until she reaches the last one and turns to the barred gate. The prisoners, sitting on the floor, slowly lift their eyes in fear.

Drake's eyes widen up and his jaw drops in disbelief.

DRAKE

(muttering)

Anna ...

We can now see Anna's face. She has a stern look in her Nazi uniform with the visor cap and the leather coat.

DRAKE

(devastated)

I thought I buried you ...

ANNA

I'm sorry, Robert! Must have been Rebecca who you've buried.

DRAKE

But the ring --

ANNA

I saw an opportunity --

DRAKE

How could you?

ANNA

-- an opportunity to get out of your life without blowing my cover.

Drake slowly stands up and gets closer to the gate.

DRAKE

You've been spying on me all this time? This whole relationship was a hoax?

The firmness in her eyes lets go and emotions flood in.

ANNA

(eyes mist up)

I'm sorry, Robert! That was my assignment, but I failed ... I fell in love with you!

Drake waves his hands, turns his back to the gate, steps inside and turns to Anna again.

DRAKE

How'd this whole thing happen?

ANNA

I grew up here, Robert. My father pushed me to enlist in SS, which I now regret ... but what's done is done.

DRAKE

I thought you had a family in England. You spoke of your mother...

ANNA

My mum did move there after the first war.

DRAKE

(to himself)

I thought I'd found the love of my life!

ANNA

(eyes filling with tears)

I did love you, Robert! That's why I had to do what I did.

Coleman takes his eyes off Robert and Anna and looks at the Chronomat.

FLASHBACK - EXT. CORN FIELD - DAY

Sarah laughs while running and zigzagging through a corn field. Her head barely clears the plants. Sarah's blond hair shimmers in the sun as she turns to look back every few steps.

Coleman follows her, pushing plants left and right to make his way.

Sarah comes out of the field and crumbles to her back on a patch of grass, laughing.

Coleman catches up, lies next to Sarah and starts kissing her.

BACK TO SCENE

Amir gets up to his feet.

AMIR

(to Drake)

I'm sorry, if I may interrupt ...
can your lady friend do something
about our situation?

Coleman shakes off his thoughts and stands up too.

Anna wipes her eyes, scans the determined faces of the prisoners and unlocks the gate.

ANNA

Get ready!

She turns to the guards in the other end of the hallway.

ANNA

(yells in German,
with subtitles)

Guard!

One of the guards approaches the cell. Anna pulls her pistol and points to Amir with it.

ANNA

(in German, with
subtitled)

Move this clown out of here!

She opens the gate and steps aside to let the guard in. He makes a step toward the cell, rifle trained at Amir. As he lifts a foot to get in, Anna trips him up and pushes him forward.

While the guard goes falling, Coleman grabs his rifle and Drake gives him a powerful blow in the temple. He is unconscious before his face falls flat on the ground.

Anna turns to the other guard in the end of the hallway.

ANNA

(yells in German,
with subtitles)

Guard, we need some help with the
prisoner!

The guard comes to the cell to see the other soldier
standing in front of Amir, his back to the gate.

ANNA

(in German, with
subtitles)

Help him cuff the prisoner!

The guard enters the cell and Coleman and Drake jump on his
back. He lies unconscious on the ground a second later.

Amir lets go of the body of the other guard, which sags to
the floor.

AMIR

Did you call me a clown?

ANNA

Sorry, just trying to sound real.

Anna looks at the unconscious guards lying on the floor and
then at Drake.

ANNA

You have to dress up. We stand no
chance with your outfit ...

(to Amir)

... and you too, if you're coming
with us.

AMIR

You bet I am.

INT. LAB COMPLEX

Anna, escorted by Drake, Coleman, and Amir, all in Nazi
uniforms march through the anteroom of the lab complex and
head to the documentation room. Amir carries the drawing
tube.

Anna opens the double door and the guards click their
heels.

GUARDS

Heil Hitler!

ANNA

(in German, with
subtitles)

I need the blueprints of the new
rocket. They're going to the
production facility in Nordhausen.

The guards nod and step aside. The escort walks in and
heads for the file cabinets.

INT. CORRIDORS TO THE DUNGEON

Mueller, followed by two soldiers, climbs down the stairs
to the dungeon. He stops at the foot of the stairway,
looking for the guards.

Not seeing them, he curses angrily and rushes to the last
cell where he finds the two guards lying conscious on the
ground in their underwear. Their hands, feet, and mouths
are tied with strips of cloth.

Mueller storms through the gate into the cell, his face red
with anger.

MUELLER

(in German, with
subtitles)

Fools! I am surrounded by fools!
How am I supposed to run this
place with all these idiots?

The guards blink and mumble in response, their mouths
stuffed.

MUELLER

(in German, with
subtitles)

How pathetic!

Mueller pulls out his gun and shoots them in the head. Then
he walks out of the cell.

INT. LAB COMPLEX

Anna and her escort walk out of the documentation room.
Amir replaces the cap of the tube as they go.

All of a sudden the loud siren starts blaring, the red
lights begin to flash, and the sliding wall starts going
down.

COLEMAN

Aw, not again!

DRAKE

They must've found the guards.

The wall threatens to cut out the escape route again. This time the team is ahead of it and all get through successfully.

Amir is the last to slide underneath while pulling the drawing tube out a split second before the wall comes down with a thud.

INT. HALLWAYS

The team takes a run along the corridor as the sliding wall comes down behind them. Red lights keep flashing throughout the hallway and the siren keeps blaring.

AMIR

(panting)

We gotta get to the sewers.

COLEMAN

I think I know how. Follow me.

Coleman leads the team to the utility room.

INT. UTILITY ROOM

The team bursts into the narrow room and Amir closes the door shut. Coleman, breathing heavily, points to a trap door on the floor.

Drake goes around the room and finds a board on the wall with an ax, two knives, and three flashlights hanged on it.

DRAKE

I was already missing my knife!

AMIR

I'm more comfortable with a knife too.

(to Coleman)

Take this!

Amir hands Colman the pistol he has recovered from the guard in the dungeon. Drake and Amir take the knives and each man gets a flashlight.

Coleman opens the trap door and motions to the team to get

into the gaping black hole.

COLEMAN

Anybody afraid of the dark?

AMIR

Darkness is my friend now.

Anna takes off her cap and the leather coat and goes in first.

INT. SEWER TUNNELS

Coleman comes down the wall staircase last, shutting the trap door closed.

It takes a moment for the eyes to adjust from the bright light of the utility room to the faint glow of the flashlights.

The fugitives find themselves in a dead-end tunnel carved in the rock. The walls are uneven and wet. Water drops can be heard falling in the distance.

AMIR

We gotta find a place that I can recognize on the map.

DRAKE

Let's get moving.

The team heads down the tunnel, Amir in the lead. They soon reach a crossroads and Amir stops to look at the map.

AMIR

Not sure yet.

Nevertheless, he confidently takes the tunnel to the right and moves forward.

COLEMAN

You seem at home here, Arab.

AMIR

Persian. The knowledge comes with the experience. Pick a direction, left or right, always make the same turn and you won't get lost.

Before long, they arrive at a five-way crossroads. One of the tunnels crossing the spacious chamber is wider than the others and has a little stream of water in it.

Amir looks at the map again.

AMIR

(encouraged)

Here. I got it! I know where we are.

DRAKE

That's a relief, but where are we headed anyway?

AMIR

Look!

Amir shows them on the map a winding route from the five-way crossroads to a dead-end corridor stretching the farthest from the center of the map.

DRAKE

What's on that end?

AMIR

(slyly)

You'll see when we get there!

DRAKE

(irritated)

What's the secrecy about? Why would I trust you?

AMIR

I'm not sure if I can trust your lady friend. That's what it is!

Anna turns her head away from them.

COLEMAN

Hold up, people! We got into this one way or another and we'll get through it together, so shut up and move.

AMIR

Let's get going.

Drake is not very happy with the situation, but he swallows it and moves on.

INT. GRAVEYARD IN THE SEWER TUNNELS

The fugitives keep going down the tunnels in silence.

Suddenly Amir stops and raises a hand.

COLEMAN

What is it?

AMIR

Hush, keep it quiet!

Their ears catch the rustling sound of a thousand running little feet. Amir points the light close to the ground and they see a dozen of little eyes flashing back.

AMIR

Just rats. Not nearly as dangerous
as the folks in black above.

The team continues forward, kicking curious rats along the way. The rustling gets louder and louder.

Soon the fugitives find themselves in a spacious cavern stretching on both sides of the tunnel. There are multiple indentations in the walls filled with something pale, reflecting the light back.

The rats are busy scurrying around.

Drake comes closer to the walls to see that the indentations are filled with human bones. Rats climb up and down the bones, going in and out of the skulls.

Drake fights to suppress his gag reflex.

DRAKE

Bones! What's this place? A mass
grave?

COLEMAN

Must be a hundred skeletons in
here.

AMIR

Who could these people be?

ANNA

The people who carved these
tunnels.

Drake, Coleman, and Amir look at her.

ANNA

(embarrassed)

Most likely they've been brought here and shot after the work has been completed.

Drake shakes his head in despair.

DRAKE

How could you have anything to do with these murderers?

ANNA

(shivering)

I never wanted this, Robert! I was too young to understand the consequences!

Amir and Coleman turn their backs to the couple and focus on exploring the cavern.

ANNA

(eyes mist up)

Once you get in this game, there's no way out!

Drake runs a hand through his hair and looks down. Anna rips her jacket open.

ANNA

Shoot me! Is that what you want?
Shoot me! I deserve it!

Drake turns his head away and heads to Amir and Coleman who are busy studying the map.

Anna falls to her knees sobbing.

Amir lifts his eyes off the map and looks at the tunnel the fugitives have come from.

AMIR

I thought I heard voices!

A growing ruckus and growl starts to fill up the silence. Suddenly the rats rush out of the cave, desperately rolling over bones and each other. Anna gets back to her feet in disgust.

Four Dobermans storm into the cavern, their muzzles salivating. They stop in their tracks for a quick moment, blinded by the flashlights.

Amir bends down, grabs a thigh bone and throws it at the dogs. One of them catches it in the air and tries its teeth on it. Another dog grabs the other end and they both start pulling and growling.

A dog approaches Drake and Anna, barking loudly and baring its teeth. Drake motions to Anna to get behind him and pulls out his knife.

The dog jumps toward Drake who raises the forearm of his free hand. The Doberman locks his teeth around his arm, but a split second later its guts are spilled on the ground by a mighty slash with Drake's knife.

Coleman picks up a skull, weighs it in his hand and throws it fiercely with a leg kick at one of the Dobermans. The skull hits the dog on the head and knocks it down unconscious.

Coleman turns to see that the two dogs fighting for the thigh bone a second ago have resolved their argument and approach Amir, who backs up to the wall, holding the map and the drawing tube in his hands.

The two dogs jump for Amir's throat.

Coleman rapidly pulls his pistol and shoots both dogs while in the air. The lifeless bodies fall on the ground with a thud.

Amir wipes the sweat off his forehead.

AMIR

Thanks!

COLEMAN

(grinning)

You are welcome, Arab!

Drake wipes his knife onto the dog's fur and puts it under his belt, shooting a disapproving look at Coleman.

DRAKE

How lovely! If the Nazis weren't sure where we were, there's no room for doubt now.

AMIR

There's no time for sarcasm! We gotta to run.

The team heads swiftly down the tunnel, trying to splash as

little as possible in the ankle-deep water.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL CROSSROADS

The fugitives keep moving down the tunnels, but the water gets deeper and deeper, which slows them down. The noise of footsteps behind them gets louder and louder. They can hear occasionally shorts burst of muffled booming.

Anna glances back in the meandering tunnel and sees shivering bursts of light reflected by the wet walls.

ANNA

Flamethrowers!

The fugitives speed up a little and arrive at a place where their tunnel splits two-way. Amir looks at the map.

AMIR

The two tunnels join back together
a few yards ahead.

DRAKE

Let's split up. They'll do the
same and will be an easier game.

Coleman motions to Amir to follow him in one of the tunnels. Drake and Anna take the other.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL

Drake and Anna move forward in waist-deep water. The flickering light behind them gets brighter and brighter.

Drake makes a sign to Anna to slow down, pulls out his knife and slowly disappears into the water.

A Nazi soldier wearing a heavy armor and carrying a flamethrower emerges from the dark. His face is completely covered with a mask. Large armor plates protect his chest. His flamethrower is lit, casting shadows on the walls.

The soldier notices Anna a few yards ahead. She struggles to move through the water, clutching a flashlight. He pulls the trigger and a burst of flame shoots forth with a booming sound, almost reaching Anna. The flame touches the water with a sizzling sound.

Anna turns back with a great fear on her face. The soldier makes a couple of steps and pushes the trigger again, this time confident that the fire is going to reach his target.

The fire erupts from the muzzle, but dies halfway as the soldier's body starts jerking in the water that turns red in the light of the flamethrower.

Drake stands up and throws the soldier's body aside. It tumbles into the water, the flamethrower's stand-by fire dying with a sizzle.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL

Amir and Coleman walk in knee-deep water, Amir leading the way. Coleman frequently turns back to check on the followers. The light behind them gets brighter and brighter.

A soldier wearing the flamethrower equipment and armor appears in the tunnel. He produces a burst of flame towards Coleman, but it is a long shot.

Coleman moves in front of Amir and covers him with his body.

COLEMAN

Stay behind!

Coleman pulls out his gun and shoots a hail of rounds at the soldier. The bullets hit the Nazi's armor plate and ricochet with a whistling sound.

COLEMAN

Damn it!

He makes a step back in disappointment. Amir hides behind him.

The soldier gets closer and throws another flame. Coleman starts shooting at the same time. Fire and bullets cross, sounds of shots and booming of fire filling the tunnel.

Coleman shoots desperately at the soldier's helmet with no success. His Luger clicks empty and he throws it angrily in the water.

COLEMAN

Where's my fucking Colt when I
need it!

Suddenly, flame erupts behind the Nazi and he starts frying in his own armor. He drops the flamethrower and his body, jerking and thrashing, collapses in the water a short moment later.

The fire dies and reveals Drake, wearing a flamethrower and a victorious grin.

DRAKE

He almost toasted you, didn't he?

INT. SEWER TUNNEL

The fugitives walk in a wide tunnel, knee-deep in water. Amir leads the way, looking at the map from time to time in the dying glow of his flashlight.

AMIR

We're almost there. Pray for the light to last!

A few steps farther and they face a brick wall blocking the tunnel from wall to wall, floor to ceiling.

COLEMAN

Fuck! It was too good to be true.

He rams the wall with his shoulder to no effect.

Amir nervously brings the map to the light, his hands shaking.

AMIR

There's no such thing on the map.
I ... I don't know what to do
next.

COLEMAN

All this water must be going
somewhere. There's gotta be a way.

He kneels in the water and starts feeling the wall underneath.

COLEMAN

(gloomily)

There are small openings for the
water to get through. Too small
... way too small for a man to
pass.

Drake stands aside, hands on the hips.

DRAKE

(to Amir,
sarcastically)

I'm hell bent on finding what's on
the other end of this wall. Step
aside!

Drake gets closer to the wall and starts carving a pit in
it with his knife.

COLEMAN

How encouraging! Everyone, ready
your nails and start clawing.

DRAKE

(winks at Coleman)

I may have some dough left.

He reaches into his inner pocket and pulls out a paper thin
slice of Nobel and then the little detonator out of his
sock. He molds the explosive into the pit and sticks the
detonator in it.

DRAKE

Back up!

He pulls the pin on the detonator and rushes a few yards
back where the rest of the team is, pressing bodies to the
walls.

The deafening bang of the explosion fills up the tunnel.
When the dust settles, it reveals that the wall has been
reduced to a pile of bricks on the tunnel floor.

The team gets through the debris and runs forward, Amir
leading the way.

COLEMAN

I think I see stars.

DRAKE

Yeah, if you didn't shut your eyes
when the wall blew up.

COLEMAN

No, look at this!

EXT. CLIFF ON THE BALTIC COAST - NIGHT

The fugitives emerge from the tunnel to find themselves
standing on a ledge on the face of a cliff. The surf beats
relentlessly some hundred feet below.

Stars twinkle in the cold evening sky.

Coleman looks up to see that the cliff ends about twenty feet above them. He feels the rock, searching for something to hold on to.

COLEMAN

(disappointed)

It's too steep and smooth.

Amir lets out a sharp whistle. A rope comes down from the top of the cliff. The fugitives raise their eyes to see Habib's face grinning at them in the moonlight.

AMIR

Nice to see you again, Habib! I've got quite a few friends with me.

HABIB

(with Middle

Eastern accent)

What took you so long, sahib? You get what you came for?

AMIR

The deal fell through, but I get to keep my life ... or I hope so.

Amir signals to Coleman to go up first.

EXT. BALTIC COAST - NIGHT

Amir is the last to climb up the rope that is tied to a tree in the nearby grove. Habib, wearing dark clothes and no turban, steps forward with arms wide open and gives him a hug.

HABIB

I thought I wasn't gonna see you again, sahib!

AMIR

Thanks for waiting, my friend!

Habib looks at the others, then at Amir again, all in rumpled dirty Nazi uniforms without caps, jackets unbuttoned.

AMIR

(laughing)

Blending in as much as we can, aren't we?

HABIB

We're not exactly safe. I had to cut through the fence after nightfall to get here.

AMIR

Let's go.

The team leaves the coast and heads for the woods, Amir leading the way.

EXT. LAUNCH PAD IN THE WOODS - NIGHT

The fugitives move cautiously through the grove in silence. Light snow covers the forest floor.

As they approach the edge of the grove, they notice lights flickering in the distance.

The team comes to a large clearing shaped like an oval arena, in the middle of which some complicated ninety-foot-tall installation can be seen. It's a brightly lit scaffolding structure made of metal and wood.

A railway crosses the mound surrounding the arena and leads to the installation.

Close to the edge of the grove there is a three-story building complex. It's about three hundred feet from the scaffolding.

There are a lot of scientists and military personnel scurrying about.

ANNA

(whispering)

Test Stand VII. There's a launch planned for tonight, but I don't know any more details.

COLEMAN

I think I know where we are ... Listen, we gotta split. I need to take care of my Polish informer.

AMIR

Habib and I can go find a transport out of here.

DRAKE

Good. I want to check all that
fuss over there. Anna and I will
get closer using the building for
cover.

COLEMAN

I'll join you in a half-hour ...
if everything goes well on my end,
but you never know --

He extends a hand to Drake and they shake hands.

COLEMAN

My ears are still ringing from
your punch!

DRAKE

You're quite welcome.

Coleman approaches Amir.

COLEMAN

(shaking hands)
I'm glad to have met you, Arab!

AMIR

(smiling)
Persian. And remember - those who
die today will be free from
tomorrow's sin. Good luck!

DRAKE

(to Amir, sternly)
We'll find you at the parking lot
in front of the main building, but
I need you to give me the plans.

Amir reluctantly lets go of the drawing tube.

AMIR

As you wish.

DRAKE

We've got about an hour to get out
of this place before the bombers
strike. Let's move it, people!

EXT. WORKERS CAMP - NIGHT

Coleman walks cautiously at the edge of the woods. Out in
the clearing there are a few flimsy wooden barracks, a

guard walking around each of them.

The windows of all barracks are dark, except for one little building in the middle of the settlement.

Coleman waits to break the line of sight with the guard of the nearest barrack and runs to the lit building using the shadows for cover. He then presses his back to the wall and looks around to see if he has been noticed.

He hears indistinct voices coming from the nearby window and takes a peek inside, kneeling by the window sill.

Four soldiers sit at a table, caps off and jackets unbuttoned, playing cards. Cursing in German, they bang fists on the table, causing the half full glasses on it to shake.

Coleman turns to see with fear that the guard of the nearby building stares at him, his body exposed in the light of the window.

He freezes in his tracks and suddenly drops on his knees, drunkenly wiggling from side to side. He then rises slowly, brushing the dust off his wrinkled uniform with unsteady motions.

Coleman shops for a cigarette in his front pocket and not finding one, he lets out a loud grunt.

COLEMAN

(muttering)

Haben Sie eine Zigarette?

The guard lowers his rifle and reaches into his pocket.

Coleman gets closer to him with a winding walk, trying to stay in the shadows.

The guard pulls out a cigarette pack and shakes it to get a cigarette out. He then lifts his eyes to meet Coleman's determined look. The guard's eyes grow bigger realizing that he has been tricked.

Before the guard can make a sound, he faces a powerful fist with his jaw and sags to the ground unconscious.

Coleman pulls the body into the shadows behind the building and checks the pockets. He finds a ring with keys and takes it.

Coleman goes to the front of the building and tries the

door. It is locked. He then tries the keys one after the other, looking left and right if he has been spotted. He finally finds the key and opens the door cautiously.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

Coleman enters the barrack building to find one single big room with bunk beds in two rows. The only light comes from the moon outside through a few dirty windows. The silence is deafening.

Coleman approaches the beds close by and sees fragile underfed men lying on bare dirty mattresses in the cold. Their eyes stare up, pretending to not see him.

He kneels at the nearby bed and the man in it starts to shiver, clenching his fists. Coleman puts his hand on the man's arm, trying to calm him down.

COLEMAN

(whispering)

Panne Lechowicz?

The man's pale face cautiously turns to Coleman and the eyes scan his wrinkled and dirty uniform. He lifts up slowly, showing surprise and interest. The man points to the middle of the room and Coleman stands up.

Coleman makes a few steps farther into the room to see more and more eyes staring at him, men and boys getting off their beds.

He is soon surrounded by a crowd of weak and thin people of all ages, kids as little as ten years old holding on to the tails of his jacket.

COLEMAN

Panne Lechowicz?

Many step forward, muttering indistinctly in Polish and tightening the circle around Coleman. He tries to push them away, but their voices only go louder.

Suddenly, the door opens and a Nazi soldier appears in the frame. He sees the prisoners crowding in the middle of the room, raises his automatic rifle and starts shooting at the crowd, not caring whom he hits.

Men and boys fall, blood splattering all over the place. Desperate cries shatter the night.

Coleman rushes toward the far end of the building as the

crowd starts to disperse. He sees through the windows other soldiers lining up along the building. A second later half a dozen muzzles open automatic fire at the building.

Glass windows shatter and bullet holes open up in the wooden panels of the flimsy building, letting the moonshine in the dim room.

Bodies keep falling down in puddles of blood.

Coleman looks frantically around, his face twisted in anger and horror. He rushes to a window overlooking the woods and jumps through it head-first.

EXT. WORKERS CAMP - NIGHT

Coleman flies out of the window through the shattering glass. He rolls onto the ground, quickly rises up, and runs for the woods.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Coleman runs between the trees without a sense of direction, his heart beating furiously. He looks back every few steps, but no one follows him.

He soon slows down and sits on a rock, gasping for air. His face is splattered with blood. Some of it is his, coming from a few cuts on the forehead and the cheeks.

COLEMAN

(through his teeth)

Fucking murderers!

He wipes his face with a hand and stares at the blood on it.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Amir and Habib approach the parking lot in front of the main building. The barrier Amir passed through earlier can be seen in the distance under the faint light of the lamp posts scattered around.

Two soldiers guard the parking lot and the entrance of the building. One of them stands guard by the door while the other walks the area.

Four black Mercedes-Benz 260D passenger cars are tightly parked in front of the building.

Amir gets closer to the cars using the shadows for cover.

He checks one of them and finds the doors to be open, the key in the ignition. He waves to Habib to join him.

AMIR

(whispering)

We'll take the one that is closest
to the woods and damage the
others. Watch out for the guards.

Habib nods and moves silently to one of the cars.

He cautiously unlatches one side of the folding hood, flips it over, and pulls a handful of wires. He looks at them, decides to keep one and throws the rest under the car, closing the hood shut after that.

Amir kneels by one of the cars, watching the patrolling guard. As soon as the soldier turns his back to him, a knife flashes in Amir's hand and he jumps up and slashes the guard's throat from behind. The lifeless body sags to the ground and Amir drags it under the car.

Amir reaches behind the front wheel and starts cutting the brake lines. He doesn't notice that the other guard impatiently looks around and not seeing his partner, heads to the cars.

The guard is a few steps from Amir, when he gets suspicious and leans forward to get a better view. Amir notices the looming shadow and turns back.

Both stare at each other for a short moment. Before either of them can make a move, Habib jumps on the guard from behind and weaves the cable around his neck.

The guard drops his rifle and reaches for the wire, his body convulsing and thrashing.

Habib's lock is unbreakable and the guard is soon laid lifeless on the ground.

EXT. LAUNCH PAD IN THE WOODS - NIGHT

Drake and Anna hide in the shadows of the building near the launch pad. They notice a bunker-like booth between the launch pad and the building. There are various size cables laid on the ground between the booth and the launch pad.

DRAKE

This must be the control center.

Anna nods confidently.

Suddenly Drake hears footsteps approaching from behind. He quickly turns back and presses his body to the building wall, pistol at the ready. Coleman emerges behind the corner with a limp walk, panting.

Drake and Anna stare for a moment at the ripped up uniform and cuts on his expressionless face.

DRAKE

What happened? You find your bloke?

COLEMAN

Those bastards killed a whole barrack of people ... men and boys ... I ... I don't know if he was in there ... I got in and they started shooting ... I saw these kids cut down like grass ...

DRAKE

Calm down. It's not your fault. These people have been dead long before you've come in, if you know what I mean.

Coleman leans on the wall and takes a moment to shake off the gruesome reality.

COLEMAN

You find anything? What are they up to here?

ANNA

Not sure yet. We should get closer to the booth and see if we can take a better look.

Drake motions to Coleman and Anna to follow him and heads for the control booth, bent down and zigzagging in the shadows, the blueprints tube slung on his back.

As the team gets closer to the launch pad, they recognize the contours of a massive two-stage rocket towering up to the top of the ninety-foot-tall scaffolding.

ANNA

This is "Project America".

COLEMAN

No kidding! I thought it wasn't built yet.

ANNA

It's a prototype.

Anna points to a tall steel tank nearby, pipes leading to the rocket.

ANNA

This is a liquid oxygen tank. They are filling up the rocket with fuel.

Drake, Coleman, and Anna keep moving until they stop at a bunch of barrels a few steps from the control booth. From there they can see that the booth is a thick-walled structure with narrow openings overlooking the launch site and window-sized holes on the back facing their hideout.

A few scientists in white smocks are busy around control panels full of switches, knobs, levers, and dials.

Mueller arrives at the launch site by foot, followed by his two guards. He stops near the control booth and looks at the rocket from top to bottom in delight. He then walks into the booth, leaving the two guards at the door.

INT. CONTROL BOOTH - NIGHT

Mueller takes another peek at the rocket through the narrow openings. He then looks at the scientists, who have seized all activities in expectation of his orders.

NOTE: THE DIALOGUE IN THIS SCENE IS SPOKEN IN GERMAN AND SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH.

MUELLER

This is a great moment in the German history.

He victoriously scans the scientists one at a time.

MUELLER

What the world did not deem possible, the German people have achieved. Our ingenious science and engineering has built the most advanced rocket in the world.

He makes a pause to look at the proud faces of his staff.

MUELLER

Our enemies will be shivering
before the German power, soon to
dominate the world. With God in
our hearts we will establish a new
order and --

A junior OFFICER walks in.

OFFICER

Heil Hitler!

Mueller turns to him, irritated.

OFFICER

Herr Mueller, there's an important
message.

MUELLER

Nothing can be more important than
this moment. We're creating
history right now.

OFFICER

Herr Mueller, this can't wait.

Mueller is just about to snap, but he regains self-control
and signals to the officer to get closer.

OFFICER

(whispering)

We have information that there are
Allied bombers headed our way.

Mueller looks to the ground for a short moment, biting his
lips.

MUELLER

(to the scientists)

What's the projected course?

SCIENTIST #1

If everything goes well, the first
stage will fall off in the
stratosphere and the second stage
will continue until it reaches its
maximum height and then it will
disintegrate.

Mueller stares at the scientist in disbelief.

MUELLER

So much science and work to blow
it up where no one can see it?

SCIENTIST1

Herr Mueller, we'll be watching it
on the radar --

Mueller stamps his foot with rage.

MUELLER

Shut up, you ... imbecile!

He slaps the scientist with the back of his hand, sending
him rolling on the floor. Mueller points to another
scientist.

MUELLER

You! Change the coordinates to New
York.

The scientist turns pale and starts shivering.

SCIENTIST2

Herr Mueller, I ... I'm just a
scientist ... I can't do that.

Mueller's face turns red and he can hardly control his
rage.

MUELLER

Before everything you are a solder
of your country, you ... you
useless prick!

His face twists in contempt and he pulls his pistol and
shoots the scientist in the head. Blood and bones splash on
the control panels. The first scientist, still on the
floor, withdraws frantically into the corner.

MUELLER

Any more scientists?

The remaining scientists swiftly turn to the controls and
start punching in the new coordinates.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CONTROL BOOTH - NIGHT

Coleman, Drake, and Anna watch as the events unfold in the
control booth.

COLEMAN

We gotta stop these bastards!

DRAKE

Listen, this is the first prototype. The chances that it launches successfully --

COLEMAN

I don't think I can take a chance with this. I need to stop this insanity.

DRAKE

This is a suicide. It's swarming with Nazis all over the place.

COLEMAN

It's my fight. I'm not asking for help.

Before Drake can answer, Coleman rushes to the edge of the woods and using the trees for cover, he heads to the fuel tank.

Drake runs a hand through his hair in disappointment.

DRAKE

Looney bastard!

ANNA

Don't judge him. You'd have done the same thing if your country was at stake.

DRAKE

I guess this is the valor and glory moment he was after ...
 (shaking head)
 ... but it seems so bloody foolish...

Coleman approaches the fuel tank. A sign with a flame icon on it reads "Danger: Liquid Oxygen" in German.

Next to the tank a droning pump keeps pushing the fuel into the rocket through two five-inch-wide hoses covered with frost.

A soldier stands guard in front of the tank.

Coleman sneaks behind the guard, wraps an arm around his

neck in a deadly lock and a short moment later the soldier's body lies lifeless on the ground.

Coleman turns to the fuel pump and briefly studies the controls. He then flicks a switch and the drone winds down.

Bent down, Coleman makes a run for the rocket along the fuel hoses.

AT THE CONTROL BOOTH

a scientist notices the fuel pressure gauge needle going down. He knocks on the dial with a finger yielding no response.

SCIENTIST

(in German, with
subtitles)

We have a fuel problem.

Mueller glances at him and then peeks through the narrow opening at the fuel tank. He spots Coleman running towards the rocket.

Mueller's face turns red with anger.

MUELLER

(in German, with
subtitles)

Shit! I should have killed this
measly fox earlier ... Guards!

He looks at his guards standing by the door and before he can open his mouth they are headed after Coleman.

AT THE SCAFFOLDING

Coleman reaches the base of the scaffolding from where his eyes can behold the monstrous rocket. It looks like two rockets, one attached to the tip of the other. Each of the two stages has its own stabilizer wings.

The installation is supported by four massive pillars in the corners, the rocket towering through holes in the three floors.

On the nearby pillar there is a sign with a flame icon, which reads "Fire Danger" in German. Next to it there is a box with fire emergency gear, the handle of an ax protruding from the bottom.

Coleman's eyes trace the cables from the control booth to

the rocket and he spots an opening in the hull where the cables lead. He rushes to it and starts ripping up the electrical conduits.

One of Mueller's guards, a tall muscular man, reaches the scaffolding and approaches Coleman from behind, his huge fists at the ready.

Coleman is busy tearing through the cables when a powerful blow in the temple knocks him down to the floor. He scampers to get back to his feet, but he gets a kick in the groin and curls in pain.

The guard grabs Coleman by the lapels, pulls him up against the pillar, and starts mauling his face with fists.

Through the blood streaming down his face Coleman spots the fire emergency gear within reach, grabs the handle of the ax and plants the blade in the Nazi's head. The big body sags to the floor as a puddle of blood forms up.

Coleman looks at the fuel hoses to see that they lead to the upper floor. He then grabs the ax but it is stuck in the guard's skull and Coleman needs to step on the soldier's head to pull it out.

Coleman rushes to the second floor through a vertical metal staircase, holding the ax in one hand.

He emerges from the stairs to see the middle part of the rocket, one of the fuel hoses sticking to the hull, the other going up through the ceiling to the first stage.

Coleman puts the ax on the floor and unsuccessfully tries to unlatch the fuel hose from the hull. His hands stick to the frost-covered latch and when he finally lets go of it and looks at them, they are dripping with blood.

In that moment the second guard climbs up the staircase and rushes to Coleman.

Coleman notices the soldier, grabs the ax and with two mighty whacks chops the hose off and steps aside.

The liquid oxygen from the rocket erupts towards the guard, who instantaneously stops in his tracks. The oxygen freezes everything in its way, filling up the air with cold mist. It takes a couple of seconds for the soldier's body to turn into an ice block while screaming and thrashing on the slippery floor.

AT THE CONTROL BOOTH

Mueller watches Coleman freeze to death the second soldier. He can hardly control his temper.

MUELLER

(in German, with
subtitles)

Idiots! Every single uniform at
this base is worn by an idiot!
I've got to do everything myself.

He grabs the rifle of a nearby soldier who easily lets go of it with fear in his eyes.

Mueller trains the rifle at Coleman through the narrow opening and holds his breath for a long shot.

AT THE SCAFFOLDING

the fuel flow subsides. Coleman steps toward the frozen corpse and kicks it off the floor. The body falls on the ground and shatters into a million pieces.

Coleman, engulfed by the cold oxygen fumes, raises his fist toward the control booth.

COLEMAN

Shoot, mother-fuckers! Don't have
what it takes to bring the Yankee
down, huh? Assholes!

He starts singing and dancing a country dance, stomping his feet on the floor.

AT THE CONTROL BOOTH

the scientists watch Mueller aiming for his shot. They look at each other with fear and no one has the guts to stop him. Finally, one of them finds enough courage to step forward as Mueller's finger starts to squeeze the trigger.

SCIENTIST

(in German, with
subtitles)

Herr Mueller ... the fuel is
highly flammable. This whole place
can be wiped out if --

The bullet is out on its way and Mueller, startled, turns to the scientists.

MUELLER

(in German, with
subtitles)

You, stupid bastards --

AT THE SCAFFOLDING

Coleman stands in the middle of a huge puddle of fuel flowing over the edge of the floor to the lower level.

Mueller's bullet hits the metal scaffolding and sparks the fuel. In an instant the whole floor is on fire, flames streaking down to the ground floor and up to the tip of the rocket where the warhead is.

Coleman's body is engulfed in flames as he makes a couple of steps to the edge of the floor.

AT THE CONTROL BOOTH

Mueller and the scientists watch the raging fire in shock and disbelief. Mueller shakes off the trance and rushes out of the booth.

IN THE OVAL ARENA

everything is brightly lit as in daylight. Drake and Anna scramble to stay unnoticed.

The whole scaffolding is on fire, flames towering over it. Coleman's little figure makes a step forward into the void when the deafening explosion of the warhead fills up the area.

The launch pad turns into a ball of fire, which grows instantaneously, almost reaching the control booth. Pieces of wood, metal and concrete shoot out of the place where the scaffolding has been a second ago. Coleman's body flies out like a little distorted rag doll.

Mueller and the personnel around him fall on their knees, covering their eyes from the blaze.

Before long, the fire subsides and reveals a two-hundred-foot-wide crater at the place where the launch pad has been. There is no trace either of the scaffolding or the fuel tank.

Rubble is scattered around the whole area. Pieces of wood are still on fire, providing scant light in the night.

Drake and Anna sit on the ground, pressing their backs to

the barrels behind the control booth. Streaks of blood go out of their ears. Drake stands up.

DRAKE

I'll go have a look -- he may be alive.

ANNA

Forget it. Let's get out of here.

DRAKE

I'll be a minute. We owe him that. Wait for me at the building.

He points to the three-story building nearby and leaves his hideout.

EXT. MAIN BUILDING - NIGHT

Amir and Habib drawn by the loud explosion nearby leave the parking lot and sneak around the corner of the main building to see the raging fire over the tree tops.

HABIB

You think it's your new friends, sahib?

AMIR

Don't know what to think right now. Sit tight and we'll soon find out.

They don't notice how two officers leave the building and head to the parking lot.

HABIB

We should go, sahib. The longer we wait the more difficult it will be to escape.

AMIR

I'm not sure. With such a ruckus over there, I doubt the Nazis still care about us.

The two officers in the parking lot get into the car that is closest to the woods and take off. Neither Amir nor Habib notice that.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Three Allied bombers roar through the star-sprinkled sky.

EXT. LAUNCH PAD CRATER - NIGHT

Drake, bent down, wanders around the crater, looking for a trace of Coleman. The drawing tube is slung on his shoulder.

The dust has not settled yet and the visibility is poor. Drake has almost given up and is about to turn back when he hears a faint moan.

He follows the moaning to find Coleman, helplessly lying on the ground. The skin on his hands is charred. His clothes are charred too. His hair and eyebrows have burned, leaving scorched tissue around his face. His limbs are awkwardly twisted as if he were a puppet.

Drake kneels down and leans over him.

DRAKE

Bill ... how you feeling?

Coleman slowly opens his eyes, struggling with the pain.

COLEMAN

(sarcastically)

How ... am ... I ... feeling? I'm feeling ... great. Can't you see?

Drake carefully props Coleman's head against his knee.

A distorted grin lights up on Coleman's face.

COLEMAN

I wiped out the heinous thing. You didn't believe I could -- a damn good reason to feel great.

DRAKE

(smiling with grief)

You, stubborn bastard!

COLEMAN

I served my purpose and I can die now. My life is ticking away ...

He struggles to take a look at his watch -- cracked glass, charred strap, and motionless hands holding the moment of the explosion.

COLEMAN

My time's run out ...

DRAKE

Is there anything I can do for you?

COLEMAN

Take this watch ... and give it to my wife. I hope she'll remember me this way.

Coleman bursts into a retching cough.

COLEMAN

You'll find her -- the most beautiful girl in Delaware ...

DRAKE

I will.

COLEMAN

... the most beautiful girl with hair like corn silk.

DRAKE

I'll find her.

COLEMAN

Tell her I'm sorry for being a lousy husband and father. I hope she'll forgive me.

Drake nods silently. Coleman starts retching and his mouth fills with blood.

COLEMAN

(whispering)

Go now and make sure the blueprints don't fall into bad hands.

Coleman's jaw drops motionless and his eyes freeze open, staring at the night sky.

DRAKE

(eyes mist up)

It was an honor.

Drake closes Coleman's eyes and gently lays the body on the ground. Then he takes off the charred watch and puts it in the drawing tube.

Drake gets back to his feet and heads to the building by the edge of the woods.

EXT. BUILDING BY THE LAUNCH PAD - NIGHT

Drake approaches the building.

In the scarce light coming from burning debris he can see the brick façade with dark windows in three rows. The window panes are shattered from the explosion.

There is a big double door -- a black gaping hole on the face of the building. Drake can barely recognize Anna standing inside, a few steps from the door.

Drake looks around and not seeing anybody else, he confidently heads for the door.

DRAKE

Let's get outta here.

Anna continues to remain still.

ANNA

I'm sorry, Robert!

The lights in the building gradually turn on with a series of loud clicks to reveal Anna standing before the muzzle of a gun. Drake instantaneously puts a hand on his pistol.

INT. BUILDING BY THE LAUNCH PAD - NIGHT

Drake walks inside the building. It's a large hangar-like structure with three floors in the back and an open space up to the roof in the front.

A crane is mounted on the ceiling, the heavy hook dangling nearby. There are various apparatuses scattered about.

A Nazi soldier standing by the light switch panel near the door trains his MP40 submachine gun at Drake.

Mueller steps away from Anna, keeping his pistol aimed at her.

MUELLER

Well, well, well. We meet again.
You and your American friend sure
know how to stir things up.
Where's he -- fried like a
chicken? Such a fool!

Mueller gets closer to Drake, the tall and muscular body of the German looming over the Brit.

MUELLER

(through his teeth)
We'll build this rocket, again and
again, as many times as it takes
to wipe America and Britain off
the face of the earth.

He turns his back to Drake and takes a walk around Anna,
keeping the pistol trained at her. She turns her head away.

MUELLER

As you can see, I caught my canary
on its way to fly out of the cage.

Mueller stops and turns to Drake.

MUELLER

Or should I say your canary?

He eyes the drawing tube slung over Drake's shoulder.

MUELLER

(slyly)
You've got something that's mine
and I believe I have something
that you care about. Do I, Briton?

Drake and Anna cross eyes. Drake makes a slight motion with
his eyes toward the crane hook dangling between him and the
soldier.

DRAKE

You've got nothing that I want,
other than your miserable life,
Nazi pig.

MUELLER

Really? You sound much less
convincing than you want to be.
Just tickled my interest to see
how far you're willing to go.

Mueller comes closer to Drake and, standing between him and
Anna, he extends his hand with the pistol toward Anna's
head. Then he locks his eyes on Drake.

MUELLER

The blueprints or you'll be
sweeping your canary's brain off
the floor.

Drake hesitates for a moment and Mueller pulls the trigger.

Drake's face twists in shock as the shot echoes in the enclosed space. The bullet flies an inch from Anna's face, smashing into the wall behind.

MUELLER

I'm not joking, Briton. Hands off
the gun!

(extends hand)

Give me the tube!

Drake slowly takes the drawing tube off his shoulder and hands it to Mueller. As the Nazi locks his fingers around it, Drake makes a high kick to the crane hook, sending it into the soldier's face.

Anna grabs Mueller's hand with the pistol and kicks him in the groin. He drops the gun and the drawing tube and bends over.

The soldier, startled, shoots a few rounds into the ceiling as the heavy hook smashes into his face, making him drop the submachine gun.

Drake sags to the floor to avoid the shots.

Mueller quickly regains his posture and slaps Anna with the back of his huge hand, sending her rolling on the floor toward the soldier.

Drake, rising from the floor, pulls his pistol out of the holster, but before he can point it to Mueller, the big German swings back and gives him a ferocious kick in the head.

Drake is thrown back a couple of yards, losing his gun.

Mueller grins with self-satisfaction and motions to Drake to get up.

MUELLER

Show me what you got, Briton!

Drake slowly rises up, his face bleeding heavily from a cut over his eyebrow. He clenches his fists and puts them up in a boxing position.

In the other end of the room Anna gets back to her feet. She glances at Drake and Mueller and seeing them busy fighting, she turns to the soldier.

The soldier rises to his feet after the fearsome smack in the head, face covered with blood. His submachine gun lies on the floor. He spots it and rushes toward it.

Anna beats him to the MP40 and grabs it by the muzzle. She then plants the butt into his neck.

The soldier wiggles back as Anna turns the gun around and empties the magazine into his body. The bullets tear up flesh and uniform, splattering blood around.

In the other end of the room Mueller attacks -- a massive fist flying toward Drake's face. Drake blocks it but doesn't notice through the blood streaming from his eyebrow the other fist of the German, which gets planted deep into his stomach.

Drake steps back with a grunt, gasping for air.

MUELLER

How'd you like that, British
maggot? There's more where this
came from. Show me what you got!

Drake painfully raises his fists and steps forward. He braces for an attack and makes a misleading motion with his left hand, then swings his right with all the power he has left.

Mueller doesn't see it coming and gets a heavy blow in the jaw, which throws his body back. He crashes into a control panel on the wall opposite the main entrance.

The panel is full of switches and dials. A sign on the wall reads "Supersonic Wind Tunnel" in German. Mueller's body must have flicked a switch on, because engines start humming, the sound gradually increasing.

Next to the panel a thick glass window overlooks a wind tunnel with metal walls and a five-foot rocket model mounted inside. A red light flashes over a metal sliding door that leads into the tunnel.

Mueller pushes his bulky body away from the panel, wiping a streak of blood off his lip.

MUELLER

Not bad, Briton, but you haven't
won the round yet.

The whining of the engines grows louder and louder. The air

in the hangar rushes toward the wind tunnel door with the flashing light.

Mueller attacks again with a powerful punch into Drake's face sending his head into a spin, blood and sweat streaming away.

MUELLER

How'd you like that? No, no, don't thank me. It's a pleasure!

DRAKE

The pleasure was mine to see your bloody rocket blow up.

The gusting wind around the fighters starts picking up light objects -- paper, bolts, nuts, tools -- and sucks them into the tunnel.

The needle of a big dial on the control panel comes to life and passes the 100km/h mark in the beginning of a scale up to 10,000km/h.

Drake slowly makes a couple of steps sideways, circling around Mueller and getting closer to the wind tunnel door.

Mueller lunges toward him with a fury. Drake manages to block his right hand, but Mueller scores brutally with his left, breaking Drake's nose with a crunch.

Drake steps back and leans on the wall by the wind tunnel door, struggling to stay up on his shaking legs.

The wind gets stronger and stronger. The dial shows 300km/h and counting.

MUELLER

Prepare to face your God, soldier!

He rushes towards Drake, who barely keeps his fists up.

A split second before Mueller's ferocious knuckles reach his head, Drake's muscles tighten up, he trips Mueller and deflects his body toward the wind tunnel opening.

Mueller, eyes filled with horror, loses balance and gets sucked into the wind tunnel with a scream.

Drake sighs loudly and sags to the floor with relief.

The dial shows 500km/h, the whining of the engines still growing.

Suddenly, Mueller's fingers lock on the side of the door frame. His knuckles turn white, fighting to overcome the wind.

Drake presses his chest to the wall and peeks into the tunnel.

Mueller's body flutters horizontally some ten feet from a metal grate that fills up the square tunnel from wall to wall. Frost starts to form on the walls and the grate as the wind flow increases.

DRAKE

If you haven't tried manned
flights yet, now is the time.

Mueller tightens all of his muscles, his face turning red with a vein pulsing on the forehead. He starts pulling himself with a grunt.

The dial shows 600km/h, the whining of the engines still growing.

Drake reaches under his jacket and pulls out his knife.

DRAKE

Rot in hell!

He presses the blade with both hands over the knuckles of one of Mueller's hands and cuts the fingers off, blood splashing over the door frame. Mueller releases the grip of his other hand with a hopeless scream.

Mueller flies into the wind tunnel where the powerful air flow pins his body to the grate, legs and arms widespread.

The dial shows 900km/h. The wind tunnel walls and the grate are completely covered in frost.

Drake struggles to grab the door handle and, finally overcoming the wind, he slides the door shut, cutting Mueller's screams off. The red light stops flashing.

Then he crawls to the window to see the wind tunnel gaining pressure and the dial needle rapidly jumping to 1,000km/h, 2,000km/h, 3,000km/h and going.

Mueller's body is covered with frost, his face frozen in a horrific grimace. The engines continue to accelerate and in an instant Mueller's body breaks into pieces and gets sucked into the grate.

DRAKE
(sarcastically)
Heil Hitler!

He reaches out to a big red knife switch on the control panel and pulls it down. The engine noise gradually subsides as the dial needle departs from 10,000km/h.

Drake turns to the main entrance to see Anna standing by the door, loading a new magazine into the MP40.

Anna smiles at him.

ANNA
You're still good at this. What was that retirement talk awhile ago?

Drake wipes his face with the back of his hand and looks at the blood on it.

DRAKE
I've had enough exercise for today. It's time to get out.

Drake picks up the drawing tube from the floor and they walk out in the night.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Three Allied bombers roar through the star-sprinkled sky.

EXT. MAIN BUILDING - NIGHT

A siren blare shatters the night.

Amir and Habib, still standing in the shadows of the main building, look at each other, startled.

MONTAGE - BOMBING OF THE ROCKET RESEARCH CENTER

-- A bomb falls into the sea by the shoreline. It sinks in, passing by the submarine gate, barely visible in the dark water. An instant later an underwater explosion shatters the gate.

-- At the submarine dock the water rushes out of its bed pushing the back of the U-boat above water as the front sinks deep. The mass of water sweeps screaming people and equipment off the dock.

-- Bombs fall over the forest in the compound and explode with a deafening sound. In an instant the grove is on fire.

-- A bomb falls near the wind tunnel building and blows it up into bricks, wood, and chunks of concrete.

BACK TO SCENE

Running, Drake and Anna emerge from the woods by the main building, ahead of the air raid that keeps thundering in the distance. Amir and Habib wait nearby.

AMIR

It's about time! What's up with Coleman?

Drake stops to catch his breath.

DRAKE

He ... as you put it ... is free of tomorrow's sin. He didn't make it. I'm sorry.

Amir moves his eyes away from Drake and stares in the dark forest behind.

AMIR

He was a good man. If it weren't for him, I wouldn't be breathing this air.

Drake opens the drawing tube and pulls Coleman's watch out.

DRAKE

He was. I promised to find his wife and give her this watch to remember him.

He wipes the soot off the face of the watch with his thumb.

DRAKE

(to himself)

He blew up the bloody rocket, the son of a bitch!

Drake puts the watch back in the tube.

ANNA

We've got to go now.

Amir motions to the corner of the building.

AMIR

This way.

Amir leads the way to the parking lot where three black

passenger cars remain. He point to the one that is closest to the woods.

AMIR

This one. We've taken care of the others.

DRAKE

Good. I'll drive if you don't mind.

AMIR

Sure. Habib and I are more comfortable with other means of transportation, if you know what I mean.

Drake looks around to assess the situation -- guards in the booth at the barrier in the distance, no one at the building entrance and the parking lot. He motions to the car.

DRAKE

Get in the car. Now!

The fugitives sprint to the car and get in. Drake is in the driver's seat, Anna is next to him. Amir and Habib are in the back.

The air raid keeps going strong, explosions coming closer and closer, blaring sirens filling the silence in between.

IN THE CAR

Drake shoves the drawing tube to the back.

DRAKE

Hold on to this.

Amir takes the tube and carefully puts it down next to his feet.

Drake turns the key and starts the engine. He takes the car out of the parking lot and heads to the barrier.

AT THE GATE

the guards notice the car and one of them gets out of the booth and walks in front of the barrier.

IN THE CAR

Drake drives slowly, still deciding what to do.

DRAKE

(through his teeth)

I've had enough of these folks for today!

He floors the pedal and the car rushes to the barrier at full throttle.

AT THE GATE

the guard realizes too late what is about to happen. He barely manages to fire a few stray bullets when the car rams into him, sweeping his body off the feet.

The barrier breaks into pieces and the guard flies out of the way as the car passes through.

The other soldier, still in the booth, picks up the phone and frantically starts barking into it in German.

INT. FUGITIVES' CAR - NIGHT

Amir sighs with relief.

AMIR

We made it, didn't we?

DRAKE

I hope it's not too soon to tell.

Amir looks through the rear window to see the compound growing distant.

EXT. MAIN BUILDING - NIGHT

Two Nazis, an officer and a soldier, walk out of the building and rush to the nearby car.

The air raid keeps going strong, explosions thundering in the distance and sirens wailing everywhere.

The car heads to the gate where the guard keeps waving and pointing down the road.

GUARD

Schnell, schnell!

The car flies through the gate.

The guard watches it speed down the road for an instant and then turns to the main building. At that exact moment a bomb hits the building and in a second a powerful explosion shakes the ground.

The building bursts into pieces. The shockwave throws the last car from the parking lot in the air. The car hits the ground a few yards away and bursts into flames.

Pieces of concrete, brick, and wood fall from the sky. Black smoke weaves through the remnants of the building.

EXT. ROAD TO PEENEMUENDE - NIGHT

The two cars speed on a straight line, departing from the military compound.

Explosions echo in the distance.

INT. FUGITIVES' CAR - NIGHT

Drake drives, his knuckles white from the tight grip on the steering wheel. A road sign reads: "Peenemuende".

Amir looks through the rear window to see the growing headlights of the chasing car.

AMIR

Speed up! We got company!

The car approaches a right turn. The road is covered in light snow.

MONTAGE - DRAKE'S CAR HAS A RUPTURED BRAKE LINE

-- Drake's foot releases the gas pedal.

-- One of the front wheels of the car spinning on the road.

-- Fluid drips from the ruptured brake line behind the wheel.

-- The car is halfway through the corner.

-- Drake's foot floors the gas pedal.

BACK TO SCENE

Habib takes a glance through the rear window to see the other car closing in. He interlocks fingers and starts mumbling a prayer.

INT. CHASING CAR - NIGHT

The officer drives with a grin on his face. The soldier is in the front passenger seat.

OFFICER

(in German, with
subtitles)

We're catching up. Ready your
weapon and take these pigs down.

The car approaches the turn.

MONTAGE - THE NAZIS' CAR HAS A RUPTURED BRAKE LINE

- The officer's foot gets off the gas pedal.
- One of the front wheels of the car spinning on the road.
- The officer's foot taps the brake pedal.
- The ruptured brake line behind the wheel squirts fluid.

BACK TO SCENE

The rear end of the car sways toward the road shoulder and the officer works hard on the steering wheel to regain control.

OFFICER

(in German, with
subtitles)

Shit! It's slippery.

The lighter car of the Nazis quickly closes in on the fugitives. Before long, it is at a shooting distance.

OFFICER

(in German, with
subtitles)

Shoot! Kill these bastards!

The soldier rolls down his window and starts shooting at the car ahead.

EXT. PEENEMUENDE OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

The two cars keep speeding on a straight line.

Contours of houses can be spotted further down the road. Most windows are dark. Dimmed lights can rarely be seen.

Sirens wail in the distance. Automatic fire joins in.

The hail of bullets from the chasing car punctures the trunk and busts the taillights of the car ahead.

The rear end of the fugitives' car wobbles in response.

INT. FUGITIVES' CAR - NIGHT

Drake swings the steering wheel left and right in a desperate attempt to stay clear of the bullets.

Anna hands the submachine gun to Amir.

ANNA

Use this.

Amir grabs the weapon and shoves the muzzle into the rear window, crushing it to pieces. Then he opens fire at the car behind. The big round headlights die first.

Habib's lips move faster and faster, his clutched hands shaking.

HABIB

We're going to die, sahib, aren't we?

AMIR

If there's a will ...
 (aiming the gun)
 ... there's a way, my friend.

HABIB

I'm so scared!

INT. CHASING CAR - NIGHT

The officer ducks his head and swings the steering wheel, trying to avoid the incoming bullets.

OFFICER

(in German, with
 subtitles)

Do something, you useless prick!

The windshield shatters to pieces and the howling night wind rushes inside.

The soldier pulls his head into the car and takes a good aim at the fugitives, this time no window in the way.

He squeezes the trigger of his submachine gun and a steady stream of bullets flies into the rear window of the other car.

INT. FUGITIVES' CAR - NIGHT

Amir keeps shooting from the rear window.

AMIR

(to the Nazis)

Reap what you sow, murderers!

Suddenly, Habib stops shaking and murmuring prayers.

AMIR

There you go, my friend! I knew
you had the guts to defeat the
fear.

He slaps Habib on the shoulder, but his body leans on the door motionless.

Amir drops the gun and with horror in his eyes grabs Habib's face.

AMIR

Habib, my friend, what is it?

Amir slaps his cheeks, but Habib's eyes don't open. Amir frantically feels his neck for a pulse.

AMIR

(eyes mist up)

Don't go away, my friend. We're
not home yet. The snow-capped
mountains of Iran and the clear
waters of the Persian Gulf are too
far away to lie down and die.

All the noise of flying bullets, explosions, and sirens in the distance seems to have subsided as if the time has stopped for everyone but Amir.

He shakes Habib's face again.

AMIR

Looks at me, my friend! We're not
home yet!

Amir feels Habib's chest and then looks at his own hands, covered with blood.

AMIR

We're not home yet ...

(sobbing)

We're not home yet ...

The sounds of the ruckus outside roll back in as the speeding car approaches a tight left turn between two houses in the outskirts.

MONTAGE - DRAKE AVOIDS USING THE BRAKES

-- Drake's foot releases the gas pedal and hovers over the brake pedal.

-- Fluid drips from the ruptured brake line behind the wheel.

-- Drake braces for a sharp turn.

-- The chasing car rams the rear bumper of the fugitives' car sending it into a sideways skid.

-- Drake slams his foot on the gas pedal and takes the corner sliding sideways.

END MONTAGE

INT. CHASING CAR - NIGHT

The fugitives' car in front makes a sharp left turn sliding sideways and reveals that there is no road ahead.

MONTAGE - THE NAZIS' BRAKES ARE FLAWED

-- The officer's foot slams on the brake pedal, which sinks to the floor.

-- The front wheel starts to turn, but does not slow down.

-- The officer's foot releases the brake pedal and slams on it again to no effect.

BACK TO SCENE

OFFICER

(in German, with
subtitles)

Shit!

He desperately spins the steering wheel, but the speed is too high and the image of the other vehicle floats away as the Nazi car turns into a spin.

EXT. PEENEMUENDE OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

The Nazi car misses the turn and crashes sideways into the corner of a brick building. The body of the car bends in the middle with a screeching sound, wrapping around the corner.

Blood streams over the faces of the officer and the soldier, their lifeless bodies trapped in the wreck.

EXT. PEENEMUENDE STREET - NIGHT

The fugitives' car enters the town.

Three-story townhouses line both sides of the street. It looks like a ghost town. Most windows are dark.

Occasionally a dim light behind curtains can be seen.

Sirens wail in the distance.

INT. FUGITIVES' CAR - NIGHT

Amir takes a look through the rear window to see the Nazi car wreckage in the distance. It is twisted beyond recognition, parts rolling on the street.

AMIR

We might actually make it.

ANNA

Nothing's over till it's over.

DRAKE

Can't feel safe before we put a hundred ...

(changes gears)

... miles between us and those bloody murderers.

He slams on the gas pedal and the engine roars in the night.

The car approaches a sharp left turn before a wharf. The Baltic surf beats against the piers ahead.

MONTAGE - DRAKE'S BRAKES ARE FLAWED

-- Drake's foot taps the brake pedal.

-- Fluid squirts from the ruptured brake line behind the wheel.

-- Drake floors the brake pedal.

-- The front wheel continues to roll.

BACK TO SCENE

The wharf gets closer and closer.

Drake's face is twisted in horror. He slams the brake pedal a couple of times in disbelief.

ANNA

What is it?

DRAKE

This can't be happening!

ANNA

What? What's happening?

DRAKE

The fucking brakes are busted!

Amir's face turns pale.

AMIR

You sure?

DRAKE

Am I sure?

Drake turns halfway to Amir with rage in his eyes. He furiously slams a foot on the brake pedal.

DRAKE

The damn brakes don't work! What proof do you want?

Amir looks down with guilt.

DRAKE

What do you know about it?

AMIR

We might have picked the wrong car. I don't know ...

The wharf gets closer and closer. Anna grabs the door handle.

DRAKE

Lovely! I didn't get through all this today to end splattered in a car crash.

AMIR

It doesn't matter anymore. If that is our fate, so be it.

Amir turns to his dead friend. Habib's head is tilted towards the door, mouth open. Amir takes Habib's pale hand and clutches it in his hands.

Drake wraps fingers around the shift knob, knuckles turning

white.

DRAKE

Brace yourselves!

He puts the shifter into first gear and pulls the hand brake as strong as he can.

The sharp noise of grinding gears fills up the night, almost instantaneously overpowered by the engine roar.

The bodies of the passengers rush forward, hitting the dashboard and the front seats.

The car slows down, but continues on its steady course to the water.

Drake turns the steering wheel sharply in a desperate attempt to keep the car on the street.

EXT. WHARF - NIGHT

The fugitives' car gets into the corner, engine roaring and tires screeching.

The front wheels make a turn and the rear end quickly catches up with the front. The tires lose grip and the car goes into a sideways skid towards the water.

Both wheels on the right side hit the curb at the same time, sending the car into a sideways roll. Parts and pieces of glass shoot out of it.

The car bounces off its right wheels for one last time and flies off the wharf. It makes one more flip and falls into the water with the top first, causing a big splash.

EXT./INT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The water quickly floods into the car through the broken windshield and the rear window.

Inside everything is upside down.

Anna's body is motionless with the neck pressed to the ceiling, feet stuck under the dashboard. The water swallows her upper body in a couple of seconds.

Habib's knees touch the chin, his lifeless body curled on the ceiling.

Amir struggles to open his door, the window still intact. The door latch breaks and he turns to the rear window with

horror written on his face. That window appears too small for a man to pass through.

Drake grabs the windshield frame and pulls his body from behind the steering wheel and through the broken windshield. He flips into the water to regain his sense for up and down and rushes back into the wreck to pull Anna out.

The car is completely immersed in the water. The front and rear lights are still on, barely breaking through the cloud of particles stirred by the plunge.

Amir bangs the door window with his forearm without success, his motions hampered by the water.

Drake grabs Anna's arms and pulls her body through the windshield frame. He turns to Amir to see him breaking the window.

Amir motions to Drake to go up. Drake gives him a "thumbs up", wraps an arm under Anna's shoulders and swims toward the surface in a stream of bubbles.

EXT. WHARF - NIGHT

Drake's and Anna's heads surface above the black water that boils with bubbles.

Drake looks around to see piers standing on massive pillars protruding from the water. The far pillars of the platform on the shore side are dug into sand above the water level.

There is no one on the piers, only sirens wail in the distance.

Drake, pulling Anna, swims to the sand under the platform that is some thirty-feet away from the spot where the car has dived into the water.

Drake walks out of the water, tugging Anna's motionless body to the shore.

He lays the body on the sand. In the scant moonlight passing between the platform boards Anna's lips look black and her skin is pale.

Drake kneels over her and with shaking hands he feels for a pulse on the neck. Not finding one, he opens her mouth and blows in air a couple of times. Then he rips up her uniform and vigorously starts pumping her bare chest.

DRAKE

Come back, Anna!

(pumping)

Listen to me!

He blows in air again and continues to pump.

DRAKE

Come back to me, damn it!

He slaps her face real hard twice, her head flipping left and right.

DRAKE

(screaming)

Listen to me!

He continues to pump.

DRAKE

(eyes filling with
tears)

Don't die on me again ...

Drake's lips are black, his body shaking from the cold water and the physical and emotional exhaustion. He keeps pumping, but not as strong as before, starting to lose strength and hope.

DRAKE

Don't die on me, Anna ... don't
leave me again ...

Drake stops pumping, lies next to her, and starts kissing her neck and face, tears rolling down his cheeks.

DRAKE

(whispering)

Don't leave me again ... don't
leave me ...

He clears the hair from her face and kisses her on the lips.

DRAKE

(whispering)

Don't leave ... don't ...

Drake lies on his back with teary eyes staring at the star-sprinkled sky, his hand on Anna's cheek.

All of a sudden, Anna lets out a muffled cough, turns her

head aside and water spills out of her mouth.

Drake swiftly jumps to his knees, holding Anna's face in his hands.

DRAKE

Anna!

She slowly opens her eyes.

Drake starts kissing and caressing her face.

DRAKE

I though I'd lost your again!

He helps her to rise up and sit. Her body starts shaking from the cold and he gives her a hug to warm up.

ANNA

Where's Amir?

Suddenly, Drake realizes that Amir is nowhere in sight.

DRAKE

I ... I don't know. I though he was gonna make it.

Drake runs a hand through his wet hair and stands up.

DRAKE

Wait here.

He heads to the water.

ANNA

Robert, don't!

Drake walks into the water.

EXT./INT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The car rests on its top some twenty feet below the surface. One of the taillights is still on, barely marking the spot.

Drake dives toward it. As he comes closer, he can make out Habib's face behind the door window, mouth and eyes open, staring in the void.

Drake swims to the other side of the car and notices the broken window of the rear door.

Amir's body is nowhere to be seen.

Drake sticks his head inside through the window and looks around. There is nothing on the ceiling besides Habib's curled body.

Drake turns his head up to the seats and feels the space between the front and the back seat, looking for the drawing tube.

He soon gives up and leaves the wreck empty-handed.

EXT. TULAROSA BASIN - DAY

A car approaches the barbed wire fence of a military complex at the foot of a mountain. The plains around the compound are covered with low vegetation, scorched by the summer sun.

SUPER:

"White Sands Missile Range
New Mexico, July, 1945"

Two soldiers stand guard at the barrier. Barracks and other buildings can be seen in the distance.

Amir, wearing white hat and suit with a red flower in the lapel buttonhole, sits in the backseat of the car. His hand rests on a drawing tube.

A GUARD approaches the car and Amir lowers his window.

GUARD

What's your name?

AMIR

Amir. I'm expected.

The guard takes a brief look into the car and waves to the other soldier to lift the barrier.

INT. MILITARY OFFICE - DAY

The commanding officer of the White Sands Missile Range, BRIGADIER GENERAL EVERETT, sits at his desk, going through some papers.

The door opens and a soldier walks in. He salutes the general and nods to Amir to come in. Then he leaves the room, closing the door behind Amir.

Amir heads to the general, hand extended for a handshake. The drawing tube is slung over his shoulder.

AMIR

General, thanks for finding the
time ...

Everett leaves the desk and firmly shakes the Amir's hand.

EVERETT

Your story was undoubtedly
intriguing when we spoke on the
phone.

He motions to Amir to take the chair in front of his desk.

EVERETT

Have a seat.

Amir takes the drawing tube off his shoulder and sits in
the chair. The general crosses his arms and leans on the
desk.

EVERETT

First time in America?

AMIR

Yes, indeed.

EVERETT

How do you find the new world?

AMIR

Vast, colorful, and free, if you
know what I mean.

EVERETT

Yes. And my job is to keep it that
way.

AMIR

And so I thought you would be
genuinely interested in what I
possess.

Everett takes a walk around the room, thinking.

EVERETT

And what would the price be?

Amir stands up.

AMIR

I knew a man ... a brave man, who did not flinch in the face of fear. A man, who did not hesitate a second to sacrifice his life for friends and country.

Amir looks the general in the eye with a firm determination.

AMIR

The least I can do is finish the journey that he couldn't ... his mission and his message.

He picks up the drawing tube and hands it to Everett.

AMIR

I give you the blueprints of "Project America" and don't let it spill any more innocent blood than it already has.

Amir turns his back to Everett and walks out, leaving the general speechless.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Drake sits at a dining table, having breakfast and perusing through the mail. The room is brightly lit by the summer sun.

Anna, wearing a white dress, is busy around the table, arranging cups and silverware.

ANNA

Some tea, dear?

DRAKE

Yes, thank you.

Anna pours tea into the cups, an engagement ring flashing on her finger.

Drake opens a news paper.

DRAKE

Look at this ...

(reads)

"Yesterday, the United States formally established the White Sands Proving Grounds, a rocket range in New Mexico operated by the United States Army."

He takes a sip of tea.

DRAKE

(reads)

"V-2 rockets captured in Germany at the end of the war have been taken to the range for reverse engineering."

ANNA

I don't want to hear any more. That's a chapter of my life I hope to have closed forever.

DRAKE

You looked stunning in that black leather coat, though.

She shoots an angry look at him and he focuses on the mail.

Drake picks a letter and flips it in his hands.

DRAKE

What's this? There's no sender address ...

He gazes at the stamps.

DRAKE

... and these stamps ... I've never seen such before.

He opens the envelope and pulls out a short note.

DRAKE

(reads)

"A bird flew over the big pond and found a good place to nest and raise its offspring. There, in the valley by the mountains, in the new state of the new world."

Anna takes a peek at the note.

ANNA

What's this?

DRAKE

There's more.

(reads)

"I wish you to flourish like
flowers, but may your life be
longer."

ANNA

That was nice.

DRAKE

There's no signature, but I think
I know who that is.

EXT. COLEMAN'S FARM - DAY

A Willys jeep pulls over to the shoulder of the road near the cornfield. A soldier is behind the steering wheel and an officer is the in the front passenger seat. Amir, in black clothes, is in the back.

AMIR

Give me a few minutes alone.

The officer nods and Amir jumps off the jeep.

Amir takes the dirt road to the farmhouse. The corn on both sides of the road is waist-high. The sun shines brightly.

There is no one on the porch. Amir opens the screen door and pulls the knocker.

A short moment later Sarah opens the door, wiping her hands with a kitchen towel.

SARAH

Yes?

AMIR

Sarah?

SARAH

Yes. Who are you?

AMIR

My name is Amir. I've got news
about your husband.

SARAH

Where's he? He hasn't called for six months. How's he doing?

AMIR

Can I have a seat? It's been a long trip ...

SARAH

I'm sorry I'm being impolite. Here...

Sarah points to the bench on the porch and both take a seat.

SARAH

Where's Bill? No, wait, you can't tell me that. It probably is a secret.

AMIR

It's not a secret, not anymore.

SARAH

How come the war is over and he's not home yet? How --

AMIR

That is why I'm here.

Sarah's face turns pale, eyes wide open. Her lips part but no words come out.

AMIR

Bill is not coming home, Sarah.

Sarah looks at his clothes.

SARAH

But you're not with the army. Is he just bailing out on me?

Amir shakes his head and stares in the distance. Sarah traces his eyes to the army jeep on the shoulder of the road. Her eyes fill with tears.

SARAH

Oh, God, he's dead, isn't he?

Her body starts shaking, tears rolling down the cheeks.

Amir takes her hand.

AMIR

He was a great man. It's an honor
for me to have known him. He saved
my life not once but twice.

Amir takes Coleman's watch out of his pocket.

AMIR

He wanted you to have this.

Sobbing, Sarah takes the Chronomat and runs a finger
through its cracked glass and charred wrist strap.

AMIR

His struggle was brave ... his
courage never faltered. He gave
his life for others to live.

Amir stands up to leave.

Lizzie comes out of the corn field, skipping, and heads to
the porch.

LIZZIE

Why are you crying, Mommy?

Sarah wipes her eyes with the back of her hand and hugs
Lizzie.

SARAH

It's okay, pumpkin. Mommy is fine.

LIZZIE

When is Daddy gonna come home? He
promised to bring lots of candy.

SARAH

Daddy is not coming back any time
soon, pumpkin ... but I'm sure
he'll send candy.

LIZZIE

What candy is that gonna be --
chocolates, cookies? What?

Sarah wipes a tear.

SARAH

Anything you wished for, but you
must not eat it all at once. Daddy
will be watching you ...

LIZZIE

How come?

SARAH

He'll be watching us from up
there, high in the sky, and will
always be with us ...

(whispering)

... always ...

Amir walks the dirt road back to the jeep.

Sarah and Lizzie hug on the porch, Sarah's eyes staring
blindly in the distance.

FADE TO BLACK.

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER:

"The Germans could not finish Project America before the
end of the war. As the Russian Army marched toward
Peenemuende, the core team of German rocket scientists
moved south and surrendered to the American Forces. Later
on, the scientists were transferred to the White Sands
Proving Ground to continue their work.

For over twenty years the Peenemuende team remained the
backbone of the American rocket research and development.

The military installations at Peenemuende were demolished
by the Red Army soon after the war and the area was
classified as a prohibited zone until the fall of the Iron
Curtain in December 1989."

THE END